



3-8-1867

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 36): March 8, 1867

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 36): March 8, 1867" (1867). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 184.

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WORKING so busily hour after hour,
Planting and shaping and building a bower,
Cutting the branches, and trimming a limb,
Making it cozy, and shady and trim,
Here very narrow and there very broad,
Working and waiting, and wishing for Maud.

Stripping the mosswood for many a string,
Hanging a branch in a nook or a sling,
Placing so perfect and places so trim,
Obstinate sunbeams are still peeping in;
Here she'll object, and there she'll applaud,
Dear, little, sweet, but particular, Maud.

There she comes capering down by the brook,
Roughly peering around for the nook;
Quickly I into the bower glide,
Shutting the door—'tis perfect indeed!
Hear her now calling, "Hillo! Mister Claude!
Saucy young mix, I'll not answer you, Maud!"

Softly! her footsteps are pattering near;
Listen! "What's this looking tilted and queer?
Diana must forget this mystery out;
Perhaps a stray wind, I caught on a d'ring about;
Or, what if an Aetion's hillying about?
However, I'll peep," says the beautiful Maud.

Into my arbor so shingled with leaves,
Straight thro' the brambles her fingers she weaves,
Groping around through the foliage green,
Leaflets of poplar and maple between,
Making them flutter, and rustle, and nod,
Snowy white fingers of dear little Maud.

Slyly I reach, where the fingers are thrown,
Softly they drop and are clasped in my own;
Now she protesting and screaming at this,
"Darling, your ransom is only a kiss;
What tho', my darling, I caught on by fraud?
Aetion's very hard-hearted, my Maud!"

Now she consents, I carefully mould
The kiss in the crown of the green and the gold;
With full rose lips the aperture lined,
Twin cherries parted the curtain to find;
Then, trembling with rapture, half-angry, half-awed,
I give and take kisses from dear little Maud.

Many a harvest-bend bound into sheaves
Since youthful advent we kissed thro' the leaves;
The maple and poplar are withered and dead,
And multiplied winters have whitened their head;
But summer or winter, at home or abroad,
There's spring in thy kisses forever, my Maud.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

OLD AUNT MATILDA.

[CONCLUDED.]

One day a letter came to Mrs. Armstrong with a black seal and a border of black. Nathan had lost his wife six months ago, and would his mother consent to take charge of his little Eunice for a while; the only child he had left, and motherless now. "Though for that matter," said Mrs. Armstrong, "she is just as well off as she ever was from what I have heard, one way and another." And then she said to Matilda, who always listened with silent, rapt attention to every thing concerning Nathan, that, although she did not want to say any thing against the dead, it was true that Eunice had never been a faithful wife or a devoted mother, and that she never could like her, over and above, and the truth, she supposed, was as true now as it ever was!

She had put on her bonnet and gone straight with the news to her daughter, as she called Matilda nowadays. "And what do you say, my dear?" she asked, when she had read the letter, word for word, by dint of spelling and going over again and again—shall we take the little thing? though the dear knows, if we do, I for one shall never call her Eunice—there is no sense to the name any how—and I shall always call her plain Eunice, which was her mother's name before her.

"You must do just as you like, mother," says Matilda; "of course you know it can be nothing to me."

"Ah, but it is something to you, my dear! You understand that I shall have to look to you a great deal—more especially about her education; and are you sure you shall be quite willing to take her in your school?"

"And why not?" Matilda answered. "The innocent child has never harmed me, and her father never meant to harm me either."

And this was the first time she had herself spoken his name for twenty years, and now she avoided calling him Nathan. And Mrs. Armstrong kissed the cheek that was burning with that faint, low red that is not rose-like, but like the ashes of roses, and called her thrice over her daughter, and her dear daughter, and then her own dear daughter. And directly she went home with a lighter heart than she had carried with her on setting out.

The next day she wrote to Nathan that she would receive the little Eunice, and bring her up in her old-fashioned way the best she could; and she added, quite incidentally, "I am the more willing to take the child on account of the excellent school here in which I can place her immediately." And then she said: "You will remember your old friend, and my friend always, Matilda Hastings; she it is who teaches the school I have reference to. I hope you will be satisfied."

And when the letter was posted she went straight to Nathan's room and threw open the blinds, and with her own hand cleared it of dust and spider-webs; and then she unlocked the press, and hung the long-cherished linen, piece by piece, in the sun, lingering with tender fondness on the faded markings wrought in so long ago. So long ago, and yet it seemed but as yesterday.

"This room must not be given up to the little Eunice; maybe Nat"—she began to call him Nat again—"would come home sometime, and she would have it all ready for him." So she lived in her dreams; for at what age do women not live in dreams? She lived in dreams, not very clearly defined even to her own heart, but all about the coming home of Natty, to live with her, and be the prop of her declining years, with some shadowy flittings here and there of Matilda, she knew not where nor how.

In due course of time the child came—a bright brunette, with serious wondering eyes, and straight hair as black as the midnight.

"I declare she looks more like you this minute than like her mother!" says Mrs. Armstrong, as she led her one day into the quiet parlor, where Matilda sat sewing. The ashes of roses in her cheeks colored almost to roses as she took the little girl on her knee and kissed her.

"You will know me after a while," she said, "and then I hope you will come to like me a little—a very little."

"No, but I love you now," the child replied. "I don't want to wait, for you are the lady papa told me I must love, aren't you?"

And then she put her soft arms about the neck that was bending toward her, and drew the face close to hers. And perhaps Matilda was not sorry to have her face hidden at that moment, and if she had had a struggle to take her on her knee she had a harder one to put her down. She loved the child from the very first, as indeed who could have helped doing? She was not one of those ordinary children that make you necessary to them—she made herself necessary to you; and when she went out of the room it was like the perfume of fine flowers vanishing, or the sunshine going out.

"Should you like to go in the garden now?" Matilda said, after a little pause, during which her face had been hidden.

"Yes, if you please," and the child slid softly from the arms of Matilda. But at her knees she stopped and hung clinging, with her cheek resting there, as though she disliked to go away.

"Shall we go now?" says Matilda again.

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"No, I must not trouble you, papa said; I will go alone, or grandma will go with me; won't you, dear grandma?"

And she shied away toward the door, looking wistfully back, but not teasing and pulling, or making any noise whatever. Directly she came back, while yet the two women were saying what a dear little thing she was, holding up her tiny white apron, which she had filled with all the flowers she could find. Then glancing shyly up, as if to ask permission, she seated herself on the floor and began to twine and twist them into long fantastic wreaths.

When they were completed she divided them very fairly between the grandmother, and the school-mistress, balancing and weighing the matter a good while in her own mind before she came to a final decision. After this she set herself to work and picked up every smallest leaf from the floor, holding them close in her apron, and making all as tidy as it was before. She slipped about like a shadow, though not as one would be shy, now standing on tip-toe to look out of the window, and now lying with her face close against the hearth to watch some cricket perhaps. She was naturally quiet in all her ways, but toward Matilda she seemed to feel a sort of tender reverence and, as she moved about, followed her with her eyes, as asking leave to be with her and to love her.

"I guess you will take to her for all," says the delighted grandmother, catching her to her bosom, and kissing her eyes, her hands, and her hair. And the words "for all" included all the allusion that was made that day to Nathan.

It was a month after this, perhaps, that little Eunice said to her mistress one evening after school was dismissed, pulling timidly at her skirt and lifting such beseeching eyes, "May I go home with you and stay a little while to-night—just a little while—I want to go so much?"

"What for, my pet?" And Matilda, well pleased, took the soft little hand in hers.

When they were come into the simple parlor she must put away Matilda's shawl and bonnet, and then she must, all with her own hands, drag the big chair close to the window and have Matilda sit down in it. Then she said, climbing up by the arm of the chair and slipping down into her lap:

"You asked me why I wished to come with you, Aunt Tilly." She had never called her Aunt Tilly till then, and she looked up into her face with that tender beseeching of hers for leave. "I don't want to call you mistress, she said; 'I want to call you something sweet.' And then playing in bashful confusion with the ribbon Matilda wore round her neck, to which a slender finger-ring and a silver pencil-case—the latter given her by her pupils—was attached, she went on: "I want to call you mamma. Would you be angry if I called you mamma?"

"No, darling, I should not be angry," says Matilda, hugging her close, "but it would not be true, and so you had better call me Aunt Matilda as the rest do. And as she said this she blushed, though no eye was upon her save the child's.

"What makes every body call you Aunt Matilda?" the inquisitive prattler asked next, slipping the slender ring on her own finger. And then she says, "This finger-ring isn't like my mamma's used to be."

"No," says Matilda, "it isn't like your mamma's; it is a poor little ring, of no worth to any body but me; and because I haven't a finer one the people are sorry for me, and they call me Aunt Matilda in a sort of pitying kindness."

The child upon her eyes wide with serious wonder, and then she says: "Did you buy the ring, Aunt Tilly?"

"Yes, darling, I bought it with a great price." And the tears that had come to her eyes by this time dropped silently on the upturned face of the wondering little one.

Matilda found a certain sort of pleasure in this talk with the child, though she did not expect nor desire that she should understand a single word of it. She understood more, however, than had been reckoned upon—she was unhappy because of the ring; but whether it was because she had paid so much for it, or for the reason of its being so slender, or for what other cause, she did not at all understand. In her soft, quiet way she kissed Matilda's hands and hugged her arm close under her chin, and told her she would tell her papa, and he would give her a beautiful ring like her own mamma's!

"Oh, no, darling, you must never tell him that as long as you live—not for the world," cried Matilda.

The earnestness of her manner tended doubtless to deepen the impression already made on the child's mind. "I don't mean to tell him for the world," she said, understanding the words literally, "but just for the new ring!"

She had got the central fact, and there was no disguising it just then, and, trusting to time, Matilda smoothed the dark hair in silence as the young head leaned against her bosom, and the child went on directly: "but I haven't told you why I wanted to come home with you yet?"

"No, my darling; why was it?"

"Because I had something I wanted you to see, and somehow I couldn't show it to you in school!"

"And what is it, my dear?"

"Well, then, shut your eyes close and I'll tell you."

Matilda shut her eyes to humor the playful humor of the child and leaned her head low.

"There now, I've told you!"

And slipping from her knees and clapping her hands for delight the child hid behind the chair of the mistress. She had dropped something in her bosom.

The next moment Matilda had a small enameled case in her hand, fastened with golden clasps.

"Unclasp it!" says the child, peeping slyly from behind the chair, and, unclasping the clasps, Matilda beheld the face of her lover—not as she knew him in the days that were gone, but as he was now, a gray, earnest-faced, serious man, past middle life—seeming weighed with memories, and burdened with cares.

"Isn't he nice and pretty?" says the child, stealing round and climbing to the lap once more; "but then he looks so solemn—what makes him look that way? But you don't know him; he is my papa!"

Then she took the picture and kissed it, "but see," she says, "he looks solemn all the same, just as if he would cry," and then she asked Matilda to kiss him and see if he would not smile.

"It is only a picture, my child, and can't want to lay my head on the pillow close to yours," Matilda answered, turning her face aside; but the child would not be pacified— "kiss him and see! just once," she pleaded, clinging to Matilda's neck, and holding the pictured mouth quite against hers, so that she was at length almost forced to kiss it.

Then the child said he was smiling now, and she was satisfied; "But what," she asked, "makes your cheek so bright? did he kiss you back again?"

And then she said, "Oh, how I wish he could see you, he would love you just as I do! And he is so sad now, he never smiles any more." And so she leaned her face against Matilda's bosom and rocked a sleep—as though she would like to be clobbered asleep—she was so tired, she said. Matilda had the picture open now, resting partly on her bosom, partly on the child's head; and as she slowly rocked to and fro the tears fell upon it one by one till the face of the picture was all covered, and they lay there in a gleaming shower.

Twenty years had made no difference with the woman's heart, though she was "old Aunt Matilda!" One day there came a letter to her, perturbed, sealed with wax, and superscribed in a hand that she did not recognize; she broke the seal with trepidation, for it was not often that a letter came to her. "My dear Miss Hastings," it was addressed; she did not know the hand, and curiously turned the page. "Ever and always your affectionate friend," were the closing words, and then it was signed Nathan Armstrong.

There was nothing in the letter of special moment—it did not speak of the past nor of the future—made no allusion to private misfortunes nor poisoned hopes or fears, except so far as they referred to his child. His mother had informed him that his little Eunice (and not say Eunice) had been placed in the care of Miss Hastings, and he could not deny himself the pleasure of expressing to her his very earnest thanks for her goodness in receiving the child in the first place, and for the care and pains she was bestowing on her education. As the twigs bent, you know, Miss Hastings, said; and then he said, with the only attempt at playfulness and familiarity in the whole letter, that in his own case he feared the twigs had been sadly warped from their first righteous bending; "but this, perhaps, my dear Miss Hastings, makes me all the more solicitous for my child—all the more grateful for your generous painstaking. I have not the shallow vanity to suppose such services—here services had been erased and benefits inserted—can be adequately returned, and I beg you will not attribute to me a notion that would so misrepresent me."

This was the only allusion to the blank-check the letter contained—a check for five times the amount which, at her usual terms, would have been due Matilda in five years. Look at it now she would, she felt outraged, grieved and offended. She would send the check directly back, and with such biting and bitter words as should make him repent his cold charity. She was not exactly an object of outdoor relief, and if she were, there were hands from which she would prefer to receive it. In her first proud indignation, and with all her patience and quietude she was quite capable of being proudly indignant, she wrote something very like what we have set down here; but on second thought she saw that such a course betrayed a heart quite too sensitive to the past—she must word her refusal of the donation, for she still considered it a donation, more cautiously. So she threw her first note in the fire, and after some careful consideration wrote another:

Miss Hastings was greatly obliged to Mr. Armstrong; but her terms of tuition were not so exorbitant as he seemed to suppose, and she begged, therefore, leave to return the superfluous check, and would venture to suggest a preference for adjusting her accounts thereafter with her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Armstrong. She went so far as to include this note, together with the obnoxious check, and to superscribe the envelope; but after all she was not satisfied—was this really any better than her first angry dispatch? She was forced to admit that it was no better at all; a little more deliberate, a little more attempt at concealment, perhaps, but in reality no concealment whatever. She had told all that she was most anxious not to tell; had she kept it all these years to blurt it out at last in this way? So the second note was sent to the flames at the first. She would simply inclose the check in a sheet of blank note-paper—that was what she would do! and that was what she did, sleeping upon the resolve; but when the morning came and she thought it over once more, she was as far from being satisfied with herself as ever—as far from being satisfied with Nathan. She would not betray to him any feeling or emotion of any sort; and what could she do that would not betray both feeling and emotion, and, both too, of a peculiar nature? She was betrayed by what she had written and by what she had not written alike!

So at last, with Nathan's letter in her bosom, and bitter tears ready to start, she went to Nathan's chamber.

"Foolish child!" says Mrs. Armstrong, "you had better just keep the money and say nothing about it. Natty never meant nothing but kindness, and he didn't know how to do no better than he has done. The truth is, Tilly, men are just what they are, and we've got to take 'em at that; and no man ever understood a woman, and no one ever will; and no great wonder, after all, for no woman ever understood herself! We're curious creatures, Tilly, the best of us; we stand in our own light a good deal, and what is worse, we won't get out of it when we come to see our fault—no, not though we make pitch darkness all round us! I don't want to find fault, Tilly, and I don't mean to say you hadn't strong provocation; but you got into your own light twenty years ago, and you have been walking in the shades ever since; and now that they are just beginning to lit a little, don't draw them down onto your own head, nor till you have thought a bit, any how!"

The dear woman had never even hinted till now that she thought Matilda had been the least at fault; and for my part, I think she was entitled to say thus much after so long a silence. And it would seem that Matilda thought so too, for she wiped her eyes, kissed her adopted mother, and, with little Eunice in her hand, went away wonderfully comforted.

That night the child would stay and sleep with her. "I am so tired," she said, "and want to lay my head on the pillow close to yours."

Matilda had carried her the last bit of the way, and when she undressed her she saw that her arms and head were burning hot. "I wish papa were here! I don't you, Aunt Tilly," says the child; and then she would have the picture on the pillow between them.

"Oh, no," says Matilda, blushing though it was dark, "your papa won't like that, he'd be smothered; we must put him in the drawer of the bureau where he is used to be."

But Eunice insisted that she liked better, and that pictures could sleep in bed as well as anywhere else. "I know it," she says, "because papa sleeps with one under his pillow every night!"

Matilda felt her brow contract a little at that; and then she said, forcing herself to speak the words, "It is my mamma's picture, of course?"

"No; not my old mamma's. And it is so pretty, with long dark hair all braided to a crown, like yours!" And then she says, laughing, and padding the fair neck back toward her, that she saw her papa kiss it once!

"Oh, you dreamed that!" says Matilda, with almost girlish delight.

"No, I didn't; but papa thought I was dreaming, may be. It was once when I slept with him; and he took it from beneath his pillow and looked at it a long time, and then he sighed and turned his face from me; but I peeped over his shoulder and saw him kissing it! And that is just as true as can be, Aunt Tilly, every word of it!"

"Oh, you silly little darling!" cries Matilda, hugging the child close to her bosom, picture and all, and so passing directly into the land of dreams, but not through the gates of sleep.

In the morning Eunice still complained of being tired, and Matilda carried her half-way to the school. But when she called her, half an hour afterward, to say her lesson, she did not answer; her head was drooping on her arm, and she was fast asleep. It was a weary, unnatural sleep, and when at last she was gotten out of it she seemed confused, and as one still in a dream.

"You need not say your lessons to-day, my dear," says the mistress, and she spread her cloak and shawl, and made her a bed on the school-bench.

In the evening her face was like scarlet and her arms hot as fire. And Matilda carried her all the way this time—her head drooping like a flower that lacks the dew.

"We will rest here a little while," she said, when she reached her own gate, "and then I will carry you home to your grandma." But the child, contrary to her wont, began to moan and fret. "No, Aunt Tilly," she said, "I want to stay with you, just to-night!"

So she laid her on the bed, and when she was quiet went herself to fetch the grandmother, but the grandmother was not at home. She had been suddenly called to see a sick woman who was poor, having but few friends to visit her, and who lived ten miles away.

"Please take care of little Eunice for a day or two," she said, in the note she left for Matilda; "it will be a delight to her, I am sure, and I hope not very troublesome to you. When I come home I will let you know of it at once, but I may be gone a day or two." And then she said, with one of those premonitions, perhaps, that seem to come sometimes: "If any thing happens to Eunice let her father know at once."

Here was a quandary, and one that became shortly more difficult of solution. The child tossed restlessly on her pillow that night, and in the morning, when the doctor was fetched, he pronounced her case to be fever of the most malignant character, and advised that her father should be made aware of her condition at once.

"Oh, Aunt Tilly! dear, dear Aunt Tilly!" the child lay moaning all the while, her eyes following Matilda with such pleading helpless looks. What could she do? What she did was to put herself aside, and send by dispatch a message to the father—a message that was answered in person at the earliest possible moment. But little Eunice, in the mean time, had passed where there was almost no hope. She had not recognized her grandmother when she came, and she did not know Matilda now, nor any thing.

The doctor had shaken his head and said it was not worth while to annoy the poor thing with medicines any longer, and the grandmother, swaying herself to and fro by the bedside, and talking of dear ones dead and gone, and of the other dear one that would so soon have left her too. Then Matilda dried her eyes and stood up her soul with courage, and comforted all about her, taking the child in her arms, and soothing and nursing her with the tenderest care. Who knows, she said, what our good Father will grant to us?"

She was sitting thus, her eyes soft with the dew of tenderness, and her cheek flushed with the anxious beating of her heart, when Nathan came.

Life and death were making their last struggle for the child, and there was no room for any thought but for her. They watched together that night, and the next, and the next, hushed almost to breathlessness by the awful shadow; but in Heaven's own time it broke and parted, and the light came in.

"She will live! my darling will live!" cried the father; his voice shaken with emotion; "and, under God, Matilda, it is all owing to you."

He had called her Miss Hastings till then, but his heart had spoken without his knowledge or consent, and hers responded all against her will, by filling her eyes with tears. Then he repeated the words—"Yes, it is all owing to you, Matilda;" and he spoke her name this time in a whisper, and with his face very close to hers.

When the child is quite out of danger, thought she to herself, I will give him back that blank-check that he had the audacity to send me; and she studied over in her mind a very grand little speech that she would make on the occasion. "He shall see that I can do, without him," she said, "and his money too, into the bargain."

But one while the child was asleep, and another time she was fretful, and another the grandmother was about. So there seemed no favorable time for the placing of herself in her true position.

Then, too, Nathan looked so old and seemed so weary that she could not bear to add a feather's weight to the burdens he already bore.

Still she was fully resolved that when the fortunate hour really struck, why then she would relieve her mind once for all. And in due course of time the hour struck. Eunice was out of all danger, and with a heap of expensive toys about her, was sitting on the snow-white quilt, prattling of a thousand things with that half-insane delight that comes to us with returning health.

Nathan had been away all the afternoon, and Matilda had taken the opportunity to set her house in order, for she desired that things should shine at their best. The dimity curtains were hung afresh; the frilled pillow-cases were in use; and flowers—just enough, and not too many—were placed here and there. Little Eunice was like a daisy in her pretty night-gown, and with the soft wool socks on her feet which she herself had knitted.

And when the house was set in order and the child dressed she arrayed herself in a braided long dark locks with unusual care. And when she sat down by the window, with the check in her pocket, to wait for Nathan, she felt calm, collected, and equal to her task.

There was a little flutter of the heart, just a little, as his step rang on the door-stone, and, looking up, she saw his face so much brighter and younger than she had seen it all day. The gladness in her own answered that brightness before she was aware, and then she lowered her eyes with what she meant to be very quiet coolness. But Nathan had caught the first look, and before the second was gotten ready for him he was by her side and had her hand in his.

"Matilda," he said, with tender gravity, "where do you suppose I have been these three hours?"

Matilda was sure she did not know, and her manner and tone were designed to convey the idea that she did not care. He did not heed this, but kept her hand, though she made an effort to withdraw it.

"I have been sitting under the peach-tree by the beehives, where we sat so long ago, and saw the sun go down—do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it," she said, with a faint smile.

Still she was silent, her hand fidgeting with the check.

"It has been a long night, Matilda, twenty years; is not that long enough?"

Still she said nothing; her grand speech was all gone from her, and she could not recall one word of it.

"There is so nothing for you," she murmured at last, endeavoring to get the obnoxious paper in his hand.

"And here is something for you," he answered, unlocking a small gold case and producing a withered flower. You refused it when I offered it last, will you have it now? It is fresh and young, then like my life; and it is like my life now—faded, faint, not worth your acceptance, I know."

She did not lift her hand to take it. "Let us adjust this matter first," she said at length, really making him see this time what it was she offered.

"On one condition, Matilda," still speaking in the same tone of tender gravity.

"What is that?"

"That you give me the hand as well."

"And can you think you deserve it, Sir?"

"No, Matilda, I make no pretense of that sort. I deserve nothing—noting at your hands, God knows! But whatever my fault has been, whatever my faults are now, look at my gray hairs, look through my eyes down to my soul that is empty of all delight, and tell me if you do not think I have suffered enough. If not, it is in your power, Matilda, to add what more you will!"

There was a deep silence—the twilight was gone and the gray evening setting down with clouds and sighing winds.

"And so you refuse my flower?" he said, at last. "Then there will be no more morning, no more light for me."

"Oh, papa, papa! did you say there would never be any more light?" called little Eunice from where she sat among her heap of toys on the snow-white counterpane. "And will it always be light then, dear papa?" And she began to cry.

"I don't know, my darling. Perhaps you can yet make a little light for me in the world, but it is very, very dark now."

He had gone to the bedside in answer to her crying, and he had her in his arms now, caressing and trying to soothe, though his voice as he did so was faltering and choked with tears. She had her two little hands in her eyes, and kept moaning and making piteous calls; all at once she looked up and said, with eager gladness,

"It will be light by-and-by, won't it be, Aunt Tilly? Come and tell papa it will be light, and make him glad, won't you, dear Aunt Tilly?"

And Matilda only turned away her face, and drew a long, long sigh.

"She is crying, papa," whispered the child; "and I know what it is about; it is all about her finger-ring, because it is such a little slender one. Oh, papa, it cost so much! she told me so, and she said I mustn't tell you. But I will tell you; and you will give her a beautiful new one—won't you papa?—and then she won't cry."

Matilda had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying in earnest now. Then the child would be carried to her, and placed on her knees. "Don't cry, Aunt Tilly," she pleaded, twining her arms about her neck and kissing her. "Papa will give you a new ring, and then he will stay here, and we will all live together, and be so happy. Tell her you will, papa—tell her yourself, and then she won't cry."

And keeping one arm around Matilda's neck, she drew his face down quite against hers with the other, and so clasping the two, waited.

"Shall it be as our child says?" whispered Nathan.

"I can not answer," she said—"I can not speak now." But somehow the hand with the dreadful paper in it had got into his hand, and was being held there with a close and tender pressure. There was no need that she should speak—he was answered.

And Nathan came back to live on the old place, and a fine new house was built in the maple grove at the end of the lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were the great people of the neighborhood, be sure.

And from the day of her marriage nobody ever thought of saying Aunt Matilda, much less Old Aunt Matilda; and when the good mother unlocked the press, and brought forth the long-

preserved linen for the wedding present, there was not a happier woman in the whole country than she, unless indeed we must except the daughter, now a daughter in law as well as in fact.

TOWN WARRANT—WATERVILLE.

Our annual town meeting occurs on Monday next, at which time the following articles are to be acted upon.</

like everything else proceeding from the same accomplished hand, it contained many a picture of English life which deserves incorporation in the English literature; it was obviously the work of one who really loved the old land for its busy present not less than for its historical past; and yet how few of our critics flew into fits of patriotic indignation, because Mr. Hawthorne had ventured to remark that the married ladies of England are occasionally rather fat. Our own novelists and travellers, we imagine, have been quite as "candid" with regard to the ladies of America; only in an opposite sense. Why was it, however, that Mr. Hawthorne's look excited a feeling which could never have been aroused by a hundred thousand Frenchmen? Simply because praise from such a man, the representative of such a nation, was so precious and so welcome, that anything like ridicule or censure jarred harshly on our feelings. Let us cease to taunt our cousins for a sensitiveness which is not confined to them. If the two nations can be got to understand each other better, they are sure to be fast friends, though still generous rivals in that great work of progress which seems confined to their common stock. The Americans, we may hope, have by this time got rid of their notions with regard to our aristocracy; while, for our part, it is surely as well that we should cease to talk of "dollar-worshipping" in connection with a race the most prodigally generous of any on the earth. We are drawn closer together now; we can talk to each other without diplomatic delays. Let us resolve then, on both sides, to speak with a little more kindness and a little more forbearance.

Waterville Mail.

ED. MAXHAM, - DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . MAR. 8, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 22 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 125 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, (excepting those of a confidential character) should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

THE TARIFF. The adjustment of the tariff, after so long controversy, seems likely to give tolerable satisfaction. In respect to wool and woollen goods, the wool growers have secured about what they have been asking for; and the manufacturers, notwithstanding their talk about prospective ruin, have got all they expected to get. A mutual interest will now bind the two classes together in enterprise and industry. The farmer will look for an immediate buoyancy in the market, and the manufacturer will proceed with his estimates for the new enterprises suggested by the settlement of this question.

The new law lays a duty of 10 cts. per lb. and 11 pr. ct. ad valorem on wools worth less than 32 cts. at the place of exportation; and 12 cts. pr. lb. and 19 pr. ct. ad valorem on wool worth more than 32 cts. On manufactures of all kinds, composed mostly or in part of wool, 40 cts. pr. lb. and 35 pr. ct. ad valorem represents about the average.

A NOMINATION.—The "State Constable," whose appointment by the Governor and Council is provided for by the new constabulary law, is hereafter to be one of the most prominent of our state officers. His duty is to see that the laws are everywhere faithfully executed. He is to be appointed for two years, and has power to appoint and continue in service thirty deputies in various parts of the State. The Bath Times presents the name of Joshua Nye, of Waterville, for this office—adding that "Mr. Nye is a gentleman of integrity, of refinement, and of great force of character, and also a most unflinching and industrious laborer in the temperance reform." In all this, and more that might be urged, we most heartily endorse the Times, and second his motion that the interested "present Mr. Nye's name to Gov. Chamberlain in connection with this appointment." Whether he could be induced to accept the appointment would depend more upon the urgency of the demand, and the class of men who made it, than any pecuniary or other advantages it promises. However this may be, we can hardly hope that a man can be found who would better meet the emergency at which this new law aims than Mr. Nye.

PARLOR PRINTS.—From Mr. John Hankerson, 166 Middle Street, Portland, we have received two handsome mezzotint steel engravings—"Going to Bed," and "The Morning Kiss." They are match pictures, which many a parlor will be glad to hang up in nursery or parlor. Mr. Hankerson is agent for the sale of these and many other fine pictures, which he will send to any one on receipt of the price. He also wishes canvassing agents all over the country. See his advertisement in another column.

James D. R. De Bow, the well known southern journalist and statistician, died last week at Ellsworth, N. J.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS. The footing up of the winter's work of the legislature shows a very industrious session. The number of characters for railroads, suggests the inquiry whether it is not easier to charter than to build them. From Bangor to Piscataquis county—Winterport to Bangor—Portland to Ogdensburg, N. York—Dexter to Newport—extension of Me. Central to Portland—and of Androscoggin to Mechanic Falls, tapping the Grand Trunk—is a list that indicates railroad enterprise in Maine as well as elsewhere. A general act authorizes towns to take stock in railroads to a limited amount. Consolidation has struck dead with a single blow. Manufacturing companies have been chartered to an immense extent. Appropriations have been made to the amount of a million and a half of dollars; \$754,400 going to pay soldiers' bounty scrip and other items; \$245,000 appropriated to pay soldiers' pensions; \$19,000 for roads and bridges; \$18,000 for the Reform School; \$8,000 for deaf dumb and blind; \$25,000 for state prison; \$20,000 for Agricultural College; \$20,000 for insane paupers; and \$15,000 for orphans of soldiers and seamen.

We copy the titles of the acts and resolves, of local and general interest:—

Concerning Special Payments.
To authorize the city of Augusta to raise and expend a certain amount of money to purchase and improve the Water Power within its limits, and for other purposes.
To ratify an Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, proposed to the Legislatures of the several States by a Resolution adopted at the first session of the 38th Congress, A. D. 1866.
Additional to an Act to incorporate the Kennebec Company.
To legalize the doings of the town of Skowhegan at town meeting held on the 24th of March and on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1866.
To change the name of Waterville College.
To incorporate the Newport Manufacturing Company.
To authorize certain towns to grant aid in the construction and completion of the Dexter and Newport Railroad.
To provide a mode of estimating and securing damages on the location of Telegraph Lines.
To amend chapter 122 of the Revised Statutes relating to the proceedings of Magistrates in Criminal Cases.
To amend chapter 250 of the Public Laws of 1866 entitled an act for the establishment of Normal Schools.
To provide for recording the description of Burying Grounds and of Deeds of lots therein.
To amend chapter 25 of the Revised Statutes of this State in relation to Libraries of Charitable and Benevolent Societies.
To unite the Maine Baptist Convention with the Maine Missionary Society.
To amend section 1 of chapter 24 of the Public Laws of 1865.
Additional to "An Act to incorporate the Ticonic Water Power Manufacturing Company," approved February 7, 1866.
To amend an Act to incorporate the Skowhegan Hall Association, approved January 23, 1866.
Amendatory and explanatory of an act to encourage Manufactures.
To incorporate the Kennebec Land and Lumber Company.
To incorporate the Trustees of the Norridgewock High School.
To incorporate the Homeopathic Medical Society.
To amend section 52 of chapter 11 of the Revised Statutes, relating to Superintendent of Schools.
Extending the time within which certain Banks shall return their bills.
To set off the town of Plymouth from the West Penobscot Agricultural Society and annex the same to the North Waldo Agricultural Society.
To provide uniformity in the taxation of legal costs by the Clerk of the Courts in this State.
To incorporate the Maine Dental Society.
To incorporate the Skowhegan Gas Company.
To amend chapter 57, section 6 of the Revised Statutes, relating to tolls for grain, cleansing and bolting grain.
To incorporate the North Andros and Skowhegan Telephone Company.
To amend section 142 of chapter 6 of the Revised Statutes, relating to collection of taxes in incorporated places on lands of non-resident owners.
Additional to the acts which constitute the charter of the Maine Central Railroad Company.
Additional to an act to establish the Dexter and Newport Railroad.
Additional to an act to establish the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.
To amend section 36 of chapter 38 of the Revised Statutes, relating to Pressed Hay.
To amend section 36 of chapter 40 of the Revised Statutes, relating to the challenging of Jurors in civil and criminal cases.
In relation to evidence of the enlistment and situation of soldiers during their service under the United States Government.
To amend chapter 34 of the Revised Statutes relating to Auctioneers and Auctioneers.
To amend section 36 of chapter 38 of the Revised Statutes, relating to fees of Sheriffs and their Deputies and Constables.
Defining a mutual and open account current.
Relating to the test of any persons taken in the trial of cases where the issue is one of fact.
Authorizing any town or city in this State to raise money to aid in the construction of any railroad in this State.
To increase the salary of the Governor.
To incorporate the Belfast and Moose Head Lake Railway Company.
To amend chapter 47 of the Revised Statutes relating to proceedings in Court.
To amend section 105 of chapter 82 of Revised Statutes, relating to the Charter of certain Banks.
Providing for the taxation of the property and stock of National Banks and Banking Associations in this State.
To provide for the inspection of steamboats, and of coal oil and burning fluids, and to regulate the manufacture and sale thereof.
To provide for a State Police in certain cases.
Additional to and amendatory of chapter 33 of the Laws of 1866 for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops.
Amendatory of chapter 33 of the Laws of 1866 for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops.
Additional to chapter 11 of the Revised Statutes relating to building of school houses.
To exempt from taxation the capital stock of certain Railroad Companies for a term of years.
To ascertain the will of the people concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors.
Authorizing the town of Newport to take stock in the Newport Manufacturing Company.

RESOLVES.
Relative to the restoration of Sea Fish to the rivers and waters of Maine.
For the appointment of a Commission for Industrial School for Girls.
Providing for an investigation of the management of the State Asylum.
In favor of the Committee on Education.
Relative to the claims of the State of Maine against the United States, for expenses incurred in the late rebellion.
To amend chapter 389 of Resolves of 1866.
In favor of procuring a Portrait of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States.
Additional in favor of claimants under resolves in favor of certain officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary war.
Additional to a resolve approved Feb. 28, 1866, in aid of the State Normal School at Farmington.
In favor of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.
Relative to the distribution of the Report of the Adjutant General of Maine for 1866.
Relating to the defence of the State of Maine.
Relating to State Arms.
Relating to Reconstruction.
In favor of the State Reform School.
In favor of East Maine Conference Seminary.
Providing for a Hydrographic Survey of the rivers of the State.
Of sympathy with the Creoles in their struggle for independence.
Relating to the assassination of John King Robinson, at Sault Lake City.
In favor of the Eastern Normal School.
In favor of the State Normal School at Farmington.
In relation to the new Decennial system of Weights, Measures and Currency.
Authorizing the completion of the State Map.
In favor of the destitute orphans of the soldiers and seamen of the late war.
Relating to the claim of the State against the estates of B. D. Peck, late Treasurer.
In favor of compiling and printing the school laws.

As contributing to human comfort, we should rather be the inventor of the STEAM REFINED SOAP, than the author of Paradise Lost, or the conqueror of Saladin. Webster's Dictionary and the STEAM REFINED are the two triumphs of learning and of art in modern days.

WATERVILLE THREE.—A very well executed sign, plain, chaste and neat, puts a crowning grace upon the handsome front of the engine house of Engine Co. Waterville Three. We may as well hint that this Company are setting their new Hall in order preparatory to a "house warming," that will come off soon. They are furnishing it elegantly and quite expensively—putting in a carpet, chairs, tables, chandeliers, mirror, &c. The mirror is the largest ever brought into Waterville, its dimensions being 5 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 9 inches. It is an imported plate, with an elegant frame; and though its original cost was \$180, the Company obtained it for \$150. It rests upon a narrow marble slab from the shop of Dea. Stevens, which is a good specimen of the handiwork of his foreman, Mr. C. G. Tozier. The chandelier was purchased for the Company in New York by Wm. A. Wales, Esq., who, with his accustomed liberality, claimed the privilege of making a generous subscription in the course of the transaction. The style is new and the pattern and finish very elegant. It cost about a hundred dollars, and is the handsomest one ever brought into our village. When completely furnished, with pictures and their numerous trophies properly displayed upon its handsomely frescoed walls, the Hall of Waterville Three will be an apartment of which the members may well feel proud.

The "house-warming" hinted at in the above paragraph—crowded out of our last week's paper—was realized most gloriously on Tuesday evening, at which time the members with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, our fire department officials, the officers of Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1, and invited guests—over two hundred in all—filled the beautiful hall of the company, and appropriately dedicated it by a good deal of pleasant social chat a little sweet music by Mrs. L. A. Dow and Miss Lucy Carroll, etc. Well lighted, the hall of the Threes makes a charmingly elegant place for a social gathering; and we heard more than one person express the wish that our people, of all the religious societies, could meet there upon a level, several times a year, and by getting better acquainted draw nearer to each other in the bonds of fellowship and good neighborhood. Upon one of the handsome tables in the hall were to be seen the four silver trumpets won by the company in prize contests; and we also noticed a handsome Bible, the gift of Rev. Mr. Robie, pastor of the Congregational church in our village.

At a proper time the large company adjourned below to partake of the refreshments bountifully provided under the supervision of that prince of caterers, Mr. C. E. Williams; and when the tables were no longer needed they were removed and the room converted into a dancing hall, where the younger portion of the company moved about to the pleasant sound of the viol, while their elders looked on approvingly or chatted quietly in the hall above. Even the silver greys lingered until a late hour, as loth to break up a meeting so pleasant, and some of the boys and girls only parted at the boundary of the coming morrow.

REV. DR. PECK'S LECTURE. on Monday evening, drew a good audience who listened with attention, and apparently with keen enjoyment, to an earnest and eloquent exposure of the wickedness and folly of the anti-democratic "Spirit of Caste," which, in larger or smaller measure pervades society everywhere, even in our own model republic. Wholesome and much needed lessons of social equality and practical christianity, were vigorously enforced; and the house came down often in loud applause of the telling hits. It is a lecture that will do good in every community in the land; though we think it would be made more symmetrical by omitting a large share of the political portion. Some of that applause, so sweet to most public speakers, would no doubt thereby be sacrificed, but the lecture would be quite as effective for its main object. At the close, the audience testified their approbation of the ability of the speaker by voting with great unanimity to have his other lecture—the complement of the one they had just heard—on "The Coronation of Labor." Accordingly he will deliver that at the Town Hall, this evening, with an admission fee of 25 cts. We hope to see a full house.

Mr. John T. Gilman, formerly connected with the Portland Press, has lately returned to a position in its editorial corps. The general editorial charge of the Press, during the past year, has been under Mr. Hobart W. Richardson, whose ability has been marked in the growing influence of that paper, and the extension of its circulation among the leading politicians and business men of the state. He will continue his connection with it; and with its editorial force thus strengthened—perhaps we might say perfected—the Press will doubtless stand as near the head of the newspapers of Maine as its distinguished modesty is likely to claim. Mr. Gilman is a tolerably well bred politician, sharpened somewhat on the double edge system, and better able to meet the emergencies of the times than some lower tempered men. The financial and commercial views of the Press generally, and especially with regard to the city of Portland, are to be those of Mr. Richardson, whose fitness for the charge has already become known.

REMOVAL.—We are always glad to see "the right man in the right place." Mr. Boothby, the well known Insurance agent, has secured the elegant office over Alden's Jewelry Store—one of the choicest localities on Main-St.—where he still continues to rush off policies in a way that nobody pretends to excel. Fires, accidents, even death itself, are money-making events when left to his management. It always does us good to advise our friends to call and see him.

OUR TABLE.

MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE; or the Story of a Plebeian Family for 2,000 Years. By Eugene Sue, author of the "Wandering Jew," &c. New York: C. M. Clark, Publisher, 418 Broome St. This work, which is pronounced the greatest of its well known author, is the history of the French people through ages of slavery, serfdom, feudal oppression and monarchial despotism; and though told in a succession of thrilling romances, it strips the illusion from the past and reveals it in its truth. "The lesson which Sue has sought above all to inculcate," says the publisher's note, "is that of Democracy. In this story of the working-classes, he has wished to show, by historic example, the abuses and dangers which grow out of inequality and privilege—the presence of a titled caste and a state religion. This dangerous doctrine procured the suppression of the book in imperial France; but it should be an additional reason for its widespread circulation in democratic America."

It is to be published in eight parts, each complete in itself. The first part has just been issued, in handsome style as above, and can be had for \$1.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—The frontispiece in the March number illustrates that well known juvenile classic, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," who came to grief in consequence of his inordinate love of pork. "The Famous Battle of Bunle-Bug and Bumble-Bee" is told in pleasing verse, with numerous illustrations, and the story of the five little pigs, told off upon the fingers and toes of all little pigs, is nicely done in silhouette. We have the opening chapters of "Philip the Greenland Hunter," and the story from Shakespeare, this month, is "The Tempest."

There are many other nice stories with handsome illustrations, the whole making a charming treat for young people. Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street, New York, at \$2.50 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for March has two fine embellishments—"Western Wilds, Security," and "Oliver Cromwell dictating a State Letter to John Milton." The literary contents of the number are of the usual variety and excellence. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

NORTHERN LIGHTS for March 9th has a continuation of "Neighbors' Wives," by F. L. Hugh Ludlow, and several other stories and interesting articles. Published by the American News Company, New York, and Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale by all periodical dealers. Price, 15 cents a number, or \$3 for a volume of 20 numbers.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for March continues the "Story of Kite Cat the Tin Washer," and gives another chapter of "Hawthorne Blossoms." The other good things we will not enumerate, but the number is very attractive and is pretty embellished. Published by E. Fales, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE NURSERY for March gives four more letters of a pictorial alphabet, and furnishes much easy and delightful reading for beginners. With its nice stories and pretty pictures, it commends itself to small children, those just graduating from babyhood and those who are taking their first lessons in reading. The editor, though no sober matron, as many have supposed, seems to possess in large measure the faculty to interest children, so rarely bestowed, and has the wisdom and tact to call to her aid many kindred spirits. Her enterprise, we are pleased to learn, bids fair to be well rewarded. In a confidential chat with her patrons, Miss Seaverns says:—

"Well, dear friends, starting in this small way; picking up a subscription here and another there; made to tremble daily by the announcement that there were half a dozen other children's magazines coming out on the first of January, backed by capital and by great publishing influence;—we at last launched our small craft, and here it is, afloat on the top-wave of success, with a little pale-faced woman, never in the world will you succeed in such a scheme. There are more magazines now than people know what to do with. And of think of getting up one for little bits of children!—Yes, say we; 'it is more important than all the rest.' 'None sense!' she replied. 'You'll only sink all the money you put into it.'—But I haven't any money to put into it, said we. 'Well, you poor dear thing, here is a dollar and a half for you. But my name down as a subscriber,' said the old lady, relenting; and she has since sent us what we know not how many names."

Published by Fanny P. Seaverns, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

JEDIAH MORRILL, ESQ. our venerable and highly respected fellow citizen, with his friends, celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his birthday on Thursday evening. He is still hale and vigorous, apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, and performing a strong man's labor every day. Whether he chose to "tread a measure" with some fair lady on the occasion we are not informed; but a day or two previous, we heard one of the guests, a sprightly young buck of seventy-five, proclaiming that he should do so and that his partner was already selected.

A NEW ONE.—The magazines must have exhausted the witty sayings of the "little three year-olds," judging from the later issues. Here is a new one to which we make them welcome, and which we guarantee was not got up by either the papa or mama of the little brilliant. A "little three-year old" in one of the F.F.Vs of Waterville, that had what "Auntie" called an impediment in its nasal organ, came running into the nursery just before dinner time, and casting towards the mother a look of remarkable intelligence, cried out, "Butther, bayn't Bary gib be a bice ob bince bie—say butther?"—and then applying its little sleeve to its nasal aforesaid, it started for the pantry. The happy mother wants to see her darling in the next Harper, or any other publications that take an interest in "little three year-olds."

DAM AT TURNER'S FALLS.—Now that there is talk of erecting a new dam at our village, a description of the work at Turner's Falls, on the Connecticut will probably have an interest for our people. This dam, it may be proper to say, was erected under the superintendence of Mr. T. J. Emery, of Kendall's Mills, who had won a good reputation by his success in similar enterprises his native State. The Greenfield Courier, while commending Mr. Emery for his energy in carrying forward this work, says that only one man was injured during its progress, showing a prudent oversight in the management. The following is from the Amherst Express:—

"The work upon the Dam was commenced on the 15th day of May last. The river bed had first to be cleared of the debris of the old dams, and this consumed some week's time, but when done they had a fine red sandstone bottom to lay their foundation upon. Midway between the Montague and Gill shores is a rocky island, presenting about 70 feet front to the stream, the space between the island and the Gill shore is 448 feet from the island to the Montague shore is 492 feet, making the entire length of the dam to be built 940 feet. The average height of the dam is 30 1/2 feet, and the greatest height at any given point is 38 feet. The length of the dam at its base varies from 52 to 30 feet, and the slope is 2 to 1. Mr. Emery has adopted a somewhat novel feature for this dam. It is built of round and massive timbers, matched to fit the irregular bottom, the timbers all laid in crib work, 6 feet square, and the whole filled in with stone, until it becomes a solid structure, capable of resisting more than if the same were solid masonry. The top of the dam presents a surface of 6 feet, planked with 4 inch oak plank, with an inclination of 2 inches, so that the water shoots clear from the base of the dam 6 or 8 feet. The surface of the dam is planked with 4 inch plank, put on with screws, so that it is almost impossible for a single drop of water to force its way through. The dam upon the Montague side is a chord of 492 feet with a vered side of 22 3/4 feet.

"When the dam is completed it will afford one of the best water powers in New England, double that of Lowell, and even larger than that of Holyoke. The power obtained is 20,000 horse-power. The bulk-head is a massive structure of masonry. The canal is 50 feet wide and 10 deep. The guard gates are of granite, 5 of them, and will be hoisted by machinery. The volume of water admitted through them will be 40 feet wide by 19 feet deep. The bulk head will be 20 feet above the top of the dam. The abutment extends 52 feet beyond the guard-gates, and contains a 'wheel-pit for hoisting the gates. The walls around the pit are 2 feet thick on the end and 8 feet on the sides. This whole pile of masonry rests on a solid foundation of rock.

QUERIES.—If Waterville had no water power, what would its citizens probably be willing to give for one as valuable as this which they have failed to improve for these many years? Is there another town in this or any other State, with as many inhabitants, as much wealth, and with such facilities for reaching a market, that fails to improve its natural advantages? Have we the moral right to pursue this "dog-in-the-manger" policy any longer and fail to improve the "talents" committed to our trust are we sure that no penalty attaches to a breach of trust of this sort?

A CHEAT!—Morrill of the Journal is trying to increase his subscription list by offering to get a husband for each young lady who sends two subscribers. Pretty cheap subscribers!—but by offering himself as one of the husbands he makes a fair profit.

EATON FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL. formerly of Readfield, but now located in a new, large, and commodious building at Norridgewock, has won a good reputation during the eleven years of its existence. The Family Department of the school is specially commended for pupils from abroad, and also the thoroughness of the instruction in book-keeping. See advertisement in another column.

CONGRESS.—In the United States Senate on Saturday the consideration of the tariff question was resumed. The bill passed by the House in July came up, all amendments having been withdrawn. It passed by—yeas 31, yeas 12, and goes to the President. It is the wool and woollens bill introduced into the House during the last week of last session by the Ohio delegation, and passed by that body two days before the adjournment. It is generally satisfactory to the wool growers. The House indemnity bill passed by—yeas 36, yeas 8. It is to legalize the doings of courts martial and military commissions, and to protect ex-army-officers from disturbance for acts done in obedience to military orders.

The veto of the bill to regulate the tenure of office was received. The bill was passed over the veto by—yeas 35, yeas 11. The veto of the bill for the better government of the Southern States—the reconstruction bill—was received from the House and at 8 o'clock was taken up, and after some debate was passed by—yeas 38, yeas 10, and is now a law. The deficiency bill after much delay was passed; also a bill amending section 5 of the tariff of 1864. In the House the credentials of Mr. Turner, M. Marquette, representative elect from Nebraska, were presented, and that gentleman took his seat. A resolution was passed to allow disabled soldiers the contract price for artificial limbs, instead of the limbs, as they may choose. The veto of the reconstruction bill was received at twenty minutes before 2 and was read. The rules were suspended and the bill was passed over the veto by—yeas 135, yeas 47. The bill to regulate the tenure of office was also passed over the President's veto by—yeas 131, yeas 37. The bankrupt bill, as agreed to by the conference committee, passed the House on Friday, 7th to 71, and the Senate, on Sunday morning 24 to 20.

Washington dispatches of the 4th say that all the important appropriation bills were passed, and the President has signed all the money bills, including the tax bill. He has approved the bankrupt bill, the indemnity bill, and the wool tariff bill.

The Colorado bill failed of a two-thirds vote in the Senate, and that territory is still in the cold.

CAUCUS NOTICE.
The Republican voters of Waterville are requested to meet at Town Hall on Saturday, 9th inst. at 4 o'clock P. M. to nominate candidates for town officers for the ensuing year.
E. F. WHEAT.
For Rep. Town Committee.

TOWN MEETING next Monday. The financial report, just printed, will show the doings of the past year, and, with the warrant, enable voters to act understandingly upon the matters to be submitted to them. The latter document will be found upon our first page.

THE RULING PASSION.—That graceless scamp, Morrill, of the Gardiner Home Journal, has lately taken to Bible reading from which, however, he only manages to bring the material for a poor joke. Let him read Ezekiah 1:9; and profit thereby.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The number of cattle at market this week was about double that of last, and there were about a thousand more sheep. Trade was dull, and beef declined a little, though sheep were unchanged. J. A. Judkins sold one pair of working cattle 7 ft. 2 in. for \$250; 6 ft. 10 in. \$235; 6 ft. 7 in. \$225; 6 ft. 6 in. \$170 to 175.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—A little girl named Emily Shepherd Brown, aged 8 years, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Brown, of Benton, was killed under painful circumstances on Thursday last, while returning from school. With other scholars she was riding upon a log drawn upon a bob-sled, and fell off in such a position as to be drawn under the log. She was so badly crushed across the stomach and lungs that she died in a few hours.

A STARTLING TRUTH!—Thousands die annually from neglected coughs and colds, which soon ripen into consumption, or other equally fatal diseases of the lungs; when by the timely use of a single bottle of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* their lives could have been preserved to a green old age.

The Herald's special says: The President, his Cabinet and Gen. Grant are very busy preparing to put the military reconstruction law in force. This correspondent is reliably informed that Gen. Thomas, Sheridan, Sickles, Schofield and Ord, will be the district commissioners.

SUICIDE.—Last Saturday morning Miss Cora Stevens, whose parents reside at Kendall's Mills, a young lady about 17 years of age, committed suicide by throwing herself into the Kennebec at Skowhegan. Her body had not been discovered at last accounts. No cause is assigned for this rash act.—Lewiston Journal.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Despatches from Dublin, announce the capture of the famous Col. O'Connor, leader of the late revolt in Ireland. He was overhauled by the authorities in Westmeath County, nearly 200 miles from the scene of the insurrection. From Florence it is announced, that Garibaldi, having sent his sons to Crete, promises now to go himself and take up arms.

The Belfast Journal says a man named Evans, of Monroe, cut his throat at his residence in that town on Monday last. The deed was done about noon, and the first intimation the inmates had of it, was that Evans walked into the family room with the blood streaming from the wound. His brother caught him in his arms, when he died at once.

The Bangor Whig states that the U. S. revenue officers recently made a descent upon two or three stores in Belfast in search of smuggled goods. Evidence was secured to warrant the attachment of the property of Hugh J. Anderson, Jr., and S. A. Howes, to the amount of \$30,000, that being the estimated value of the goods smuggled.

The United States Supreme Court has decided against the liquor dealers on their appeal from Massachusetts, thus claiming that the payment of a tax on liquor gives them a right to sell it. Over 2500 cases in Massachusetts, have been appealed on this ground, all of which will now be called up for sentence. Rum selling will be found a hard business.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 3.—Notices were yesterday posted in all the leading woolen manufactories of the State that the wages of the help would be reduced 10 pr. cent on the 14th inst. A large proportion, nearly half, of the woolen machinery in that State is lying idle.

Late despatches from Europe state that the English government promises a reform bill of a liberal character.

Ambrose Buck, of Backfield, was on Saturday at Paris bound over for trial on the second Tuesday of March, on a charge of procuring the burning of the building of Irvin Robinson of Sumner last November. Goodwin, another suspected party, cannot be found. Buck was complained of by Robinson for selling liquor.—[Lewiston Journal.]

The mystery of the dead bodies found at the Grand Trunk Railway station in Buffalo, N. Y., is explained. Dr. Malden, resident physician of the county poor-house, confesses to have packed the bodies for Ann Arbor, Mich., to accommodate the medical college there, which is short of subjects. Dr. Malden was arrested and held to bail in \$1000.

The election in Alexandria, Va., on Tuesday, passed off without serious disturbance. The negro votes, not received by the commissioners of election but by commissioners appointed for that purpose, number 1323, cast solid for Turner, the republican candidate for mayor. The white votes received and recorded amount to 1157, of which 56 were cast for Turner. The republicans propose carrying the matter into the courts or before Congress, and a bill declaring the election invalid was introduced into the Senate this morning.

In the United States Senate, Wednesday, a bill to admit Colorado, and a bill to provide a republican form of government for the States lately in rebellion, were introduced. A joint resolution declaring the municipal offices of Alexandria vacant was introduced and ordered to be printed, and the Senate adjourned.

A Washington correspondent says an amount of the war claims of the State of Maine against the General Government has been allowed which will be sufficient to pay the direct tax of the State (\$520,726) and leave the State \$150,000 in money. It will be paid very soon. There is a balance of \$261,000 yet to be audited, and the supplementary account of \$180,000 is being prepared by J. A. Manley, Esq. Ex. Gov. Cony is in Washington, and is occupied in the settlement of these matters.

