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Maxham & Wing

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OVER THE WALL.

I know a spot where the wild vines creep  
And the coral mosses grow;  
And where, at the foot of the rocky steep,  
The sweet, blue violets blow.  
There all day long in the Summer time,  
You may hear the river's dreamy rhyme;  
There, all day long, the honey-bees  
Murmur and hum in the hollow trees.  
And there the feathery hemlock makes  
A shadow cool and sweet,  
While from its emerald wing it shakes  
Rare incense at your feet.  
There do the tremulous harebells swing;  
And many a scarlet berry shines  
Deep in the green of the tangled vines.

Over the wall at dawn of day,  
Over the wall at noon,  
Over the wall when the shadows say  
That night is coming on;  
There comes the silver of the evening  
Climbs in her eager haste, and dies  
Down to the spot where the wild vines creep,  
And violets by the rocky steep.

All wild things love her. The murmuring bee  
Scarcely turns when she draws near,  
And sings the silver in the hemlock tree  
As sweetest for her ear.  
The harebells nod as she passes by,  
The violet lifts its calm blue eye,  
The fern bends low her steps to greet,  
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.

Up in her pathway seem to spring  
Chrysanthemums, and the moth's bright wing,  
Or flower-buds strangely fair,  
She watches the finest bird's nest hid  
The thickly clustering leaves amid;  
And the small brown, tree-trunk on her arm  
Quietly hops, and fears no harm.

All, child of the laughing eyes and heart  
Attuned to nature's voice!  
Thou hast found a bliss that will ne'er depart  
While earth can say, "Be glad!"  
Thou must come, and the years must go;  
But the flowers will bloom, and the breezes blow,  
And bird and butterfly, moth and bee,  
Bring on their swift wings joy to thee!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

[CONTINUED.]

When we met in the parlor on the evening of Mrs. Vinton's party they all exclaimed at my appearance. Papa kissed me with a troubled face, and mamma looked shocked.

"Helen, you look positively wan! If you don't feel equal to going, dear child, stay at home," Gerty would mind.

"No, mamma, I'm only tired; it's the weather, I think. I'd rather go five times over than have a fuss about it."

"It's your white dress, Nelly, with nothing to relieve it," said Gerty.

Little Ditha rose with a look of delight and went swiftly up to her room, and returning brought a treasure in her hand—a beautiful white camellia, with dark glossy leaves, which she had watched and tended in her sunny window.

"My darling, I'm so glad I thought of it! You will look lovely now."

And she fastened it into my breast-pin, while all looked relieved at the adornment, and my weary indifference was almost chased away by the devotion of my loving little sister—"Little Ditha," we call her, even now. She is so fine, with her brown eyes and dainty, creamy skin—nobody speaks of her as a beauty; but to my eyes there is nobody so pretty and complete, and she creeps into all hearts.

The party was as I expected, rather wearisome; only it was pleasant to be so welcomed back after our months of quiet absence. Gertrude, with her flashing brightness and glow, needed no color on her pure white draperies. But, in spite of Ditha's flower, my excessive paleness was remarked by all. There was no dancing, and John found me a seat in a warm corner, where I sat talking to him and my old friend and bore, Mr. Patton. Suddenly I heard a little stir, and Gertrude's voice raised in eager welcome. I looked, and for a moment every thing swam about me; for there, clasping her outstretched hand, yet with his eyes already roving as if in search, stood Will Leslie! I suppose I sat still and tried to conceal my giddiness; and a circle of friends pressing round him shut him for an instant from my view. A moment after I heard his voice, felt his eager grasp of the hand, met his eyes full of unuttered things.

"Why did they tell me you were ill?" were his first words; "I never saw you look better." No need for Ditha's flower now! I saw in a moment that if he went away caring for me a little he came back caring more. I felt in my heart that Athens, and Palestine, and Scottish mountains, and beautiful English girls, pale before a stronger influence. And with the thought a peaceful rest came into my soul, and I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of being happy once more. Later on a sudden wonder came over me. It was the most natural thing in the world to be sitting with Will by my side, talking in the old way—Tom and misery both forgotten; but then it was not what I had expected, and I asked him abruptly what had brought him back so suddenly.

"We heard you were to spend the summer in Great Britain; what changed your plan, Mr. Leslie?"

"A letter from my brother," was his reply.

"Where is your brother?"

"I must have passed him in New York. He went there this morning. He was not looking for my return."

Here was a small grain of comfort to mix with my returning terror of what Tom would do and say; but I could not think of him without a little shiver.

"How good of you to come directly here!" I exclaimed. "It's the only party we have been to this season; and I remember you appeared just as unexpectedly at my first party, my 'coming out.'"

"Yes, I have only been at home four hours," he answered, smiling. "It did seem shabby to mother, but she would not let me stay. Of course, Helen, had you not been here—"

"My dear child, the carriage is here," said Gertrude, saluting up to us in her voluminous draperies. "I'm sorry to hurry you off; but you know those young horses will not stand."

"It's a beautiful, balmy night; won't you walk, Miss Helen?" said Will.

"My dear Will, you've been gone so long that you don't know of course, but Helen has been all the winter, and mamma wouldn't hear of her walking home."

"I should like to, Gerty, I'm not tired a bit; but I knew as I spoke that she was right, and a few moments afterward we were rolling rapidly homeward in the tight little brougham, I feeling that it was an additional aggravation that the larger open carriage was not sent, that we might at least have offered a seat to Will."

"And John," added Gertrude, dryly, when I hinted the suggestion.

"Yes, of course, to John too," I answered. "I only thought Will must be tired out; he landed this morning, you know, and was at home only four hours."

"Oh yes, indeed, the poor dear fellow!" said Gerty, who was really fond of him. "And how handsome he looks! He has become a man all of a sudden! He was a charming boy only a year ago!"

"He has been gone nearly two years," I said. "Oh, is it so long? I had forgotten, and yet I ought to know, I'm sure, for it was just as I was engaged that he went. What a weary,

weary, long time it has been!"

"I did not dare to echo her audible sigh. Had it not been so to me?"

As I came down to breakfast the next morning, guiltily conscious of a long, deep sleep to the utter oblivion of breakfast-bell, I met mamma on the landing, looking very grave. She kissed me, with a long, close embrace, which felt strange.

"What is the matter, mamma? Am I not dreadfully late?"

"We finished breakfast two hours ago, dear. We would not disturb you, you were resting so sweetly. Your breakfast is all ready, dear, in the dining-room." Here she stopped, looked earnestly at me, and kissed me again. "You are looking better than I have seen you for months," she said—then sighed, and let me go.

I, marveling at her odd manner, went slowly down stairs. I saw Ditha crossing the hall and spoke to her! but, without an answer, she ran into the parlor and shut the door, and I heard Gertrude speaking to her. Much wondering at the mysterious manners of my family, I opened the dining-room door and found myself face to face with Will Leslie!

"You here!" I exclaimed. "You'll think me abominably lazy; I have not even had my breakfast yet."

"I know it's unpardonable in me to disturb you so early, Miss Helen, but I believe I am slightly crazy to-day. I could not sleep, and I can not rest until I have done what I came home to do. I have spoken to your father, he is very kind; and now, Helen, you know—"

"You must know—what brought me home. Two years ago a word from you would have kept me. Now one word from you has brought me back for you to decide for me my fate."

"A word from me?"

"Yes, something you said to Tom about long engagements, and a man's owing it to the woman he loves to give her the choice at least. You see it needed only a word of hope to bring me back to you. I may have grasped at a straw; but, Helen, you little know what I have felt for you these long months. I came back from England to tell you. You know I shall have to wait and work; but with such an end in view it will be to me as Jacob—like one day. Speak, Helen!"

"What shall I say, Will?"

"Whatever is in your heart, dear. I pray God it may be what I most long to hear. You do not speak. Must I go away again?"

"No, no, never!" I exclaimed, involuntarily stretching out both hands to detain him; then as I found myself seized, gathered in his arms, pressed to his breast, I added, half-laughing, half-crying, "Dear Will, if I didn't feel so happy I should be very cross that I could not even eat my breakfast before settling my future in life. But you shan't be teased a moment. Do you think I have not had my thoughts, my wishes too, during these two years? And now I am only afraid I shall awake and find it is all a dream!"

"A dream which will last through life, and we shall awake together afterward into the realization of all dreams—the perfection of all the happiness begun upon earth."

On the evening of that day I sat in my favorite low seat, by Mrs. Leslie's sofa, her gentle caressing touch upon my hair, and Will being near. I wonder which of the three was the happiest? She had told me, in her glad, truthful voice that I was the daughter of her heart; that if Will had married as many wives as Bluebeard, none of them could have been to her what I had always been. She had blessed us, her children, with tender eagerness; and then after a quiet, peaceful hush, filled with thoughts too deep for words, with a change of mood she presently ripped into a little wave of laughter at her boy's boyishness.

"Not even telling you eat your breakfast in peace, you poor child! Oh, Willy, you are a perfect baby yet, my darling; can't wait a moment for what you have set your heart upon!"

"A moment, indeed! I have wanted nothing but her for two long years and more, and every day of those years was a year itself!"

"Tell that sort of thing to Helen, my child; she is young enough to believe a good deal of lovers' talk."

"Mrs. Leslie!"

"Hark! what is that? Oh, Susan mustn't let any body in to-night. Tell her, Will! Quick! she will open the door."

Will started to his feet, but the door opened, and in the dusky twilight, in the sudden silence, my heart stood still—for there was Tom!

All day I had been putting down with a strong will my little qualms of dread and misery. How could I enter a family where one member disliked me so much? Who was I to step between the perfect love of these brothers? In Will's presence I could think of nothing but the present joy, the relief of confessed and indulged feelings, so long stifled and kept down. But all these misgivings rushed over me in a blinding cloud, as from my darkened corner I watched the brothers embrace, heard their voices falter in speaking each other's names, and dreaded the future when I should see my own shadow thrown between their souls. A moment passed, and Tom, clearing his throat, spoke out with suspicious loudness and clearness:

"Well, youngster! I saw your arrival in the paper. That's what brought me home, of course; but pray what brought you?"

"Why, your letter, of course, old fellow."

"My letter! What letter? How are you, mother? I can scarcely see you. And—who else?"

"It is Helen, Tom," said Will, simply.

Tom turned quickly round, looked at him for a moment, and said, "Is it so, my dear boy?" Another long, wringing clasp of the hands. I rose, not daring to speak or look, found myself received in a warm, brotherly embrace, with a kiss of welcome on my brow, and sat down again quite stunned and uncomprehending. It was over, but what did it mean? Was it true that I heard Tom say a moment after in the hall, "I wish you joy with my whole heart, my dear Will; I never was so glad of any instance in my life?" Should I ever know, if so instantaneous and entire was his brotherly adoption of me, what the long barrier had been? why the unconcealed dislike and distrust?

There followed an evening of bewildering pleasure; loved, caressed, welcomed; all conventionalities of reception thrown aside; I felt in half an hour as if I had grown up in the family and knew their most familiar ways and

thoughts. We sat down to a cozy little supper, and listened to Will's adventures, and laughed at Tom's banter; and I could hardly believe myself the same listless girl I had felt so long, shivering in the outer cold, away from all my heart longed for. I suppose I showed the change; for, as we sat in the fire-light, after tea, Tom began to torment me, with a droll meaning in his voice, on my improved looks. Will took up the cudgels.

"She was always the prettiest girl in Old-port," he asserted, stoutly; "and as for being thin and pale—just look at her! It's perfect nonsense!"

"Oh, Will, don't talk so!"

"How, my darling?"

"Hush! so nonsensically in the first place; and then so—as if I were not in the room!"

"Or as if nobody else were in the room?" suggested Tom, *sotto voce*.

"Because I called you the beauty of Old-port? It's perfectly true; ask mother."

Mother laughed. "No, my son, it isn't! Helen is one of our beauties, as people say, but Gertrude is the beauty of the family as well as of the town."

"Oh, Mrs. Leslie! I think Ditha has the sweetest face in the world."

"I quite agree with Helen," said Tom. "Miss Gertrude is superb, flashing, fascinating; but for quiet, deep, true beauty, lying in expression, the soul looking from the eyes, and hovering round the lips, give me Ditha Vane."

Why was it that with a woman's instant propensity I thought: "Tom and Ditha! Why not? That would be perfect!" even as she, my loving, admiring little sister, had pleased herself by thinking that he was indulging in a hopeless preference for myself? I know now how foolish we both were, and how far from the truth.

As I kissed Mrs. Leslie for good-by that evening she thanked me again and again for coming to her, when she was too unwell to come to me.

"Thank you too, my love, for not taking my boy away from me; I could not have spared him to any one but you, and it was so good in you to come and be one of us, instead of keeping him all to yourself."

"You are quite essential to its completeness," I whispered. "I do believe that Will and I were both happier to have you with us than we should have been by ourselves; and it was so cozy—just three of us!"

Tom was nearer than I guessed, and I saw one, just one, shadow pass over his face, and then it was resolutely chased away as he came and took my hand, and said, in the kindest voice:

"And my dear little sister that is to be, I hope you won't leave me out of this little heaven of completeness; let it be 'just four of us.'"

"With all my heart," I answered, as cordially as I could.

But I wondered the more; and as we walked home through the moonlight I could not help telling Will how I had been dreading Tom, and how he had always disliked me. Will was astonished.

"Helen, you were never so mistaken. He admires you above every body. He wrote of you constantly, though I confess he gave me about as little hope of winning you as a poor fellow ever starved upon. You must have fancied it all. I know he thought me too young, and he thought you quite indifferent; but dislike you! Never! He is almost as happy as I am. Then, after a few moments' pause, he said: 'Helen, if you had not been kinder than I deserve this morning—if you had pitied me and sent me away empty—do you know what I should have done? No; I can't tell myself what I should have done—how reckless, how wretched I might have been; but this I know—I should never have spoken a word, not even to mother or Tom. We Leslies are like wild beasts; when we are sick and wounded we go off to suffer or die alone.'"

"Will, that is frightful! You'll never treat me so?"

"I don't feel as if I should, Helen, for you will be as my own soul to me. But that is our nature—it is in us; and I suppose it is this fellow-instinct which makes me know that Tom is suffering—pinning under some hidden wound, some secret loss. I dare say I shall never know what it is. I feel sure that mother doesn't; but there it is, and there it has been for five years past, and there it will be perhaps till he dies. Whatever it may be, you must remember, my darling, that it is a constant sting; and if ever, in word or manner, Tom hurts you, promise me to forgive it, for my sake."

"Yes, indeed, Will; but what can it be? Five years! I did not know him then; did he change?"

"Yes; excessively. I have never known him as much like his old self as he was to-night, in sympathy with me. And even to-night I saw a look of perfect anguish suddenly grow over his face, as if some thought, some contrast perhaps—Well, I shall never know, and I never spoke of it before; only remember your promise, dearest."

"Who was she?" was the question that rose to my lips, but I checked it in reverence to the entire devoted loyalty which would not let his mind wander to curious conjecture, or his tongue reveal, even to me, any of the possibility of his brother's secret.

SINGING WITH POWER.—One who sings himself a "Stranger," utters these thoughts on singing:

Not long since while attending a State Teachers' Association, as usual, a sociable was given at its close, in one of the public halls. A Philharmonic Society was employed to enliven the occasion. By my side sat a distinguished President of one of our colleges. I noticed that he applauded vociferously at the close of each performance. At length said I, "Doctor, you seem to be highly pleased." "Oh," he replied, with a smile, "I was applauding because they have got through." This illustrates the thought we wish to present. The singing in question was pronounced a highly artistic performance. The powers of voice and the perfection of harmony were wonderful, but it failed to touch the popular heart. It was scientific, to be sure, but cold, unimpassioned, and appreciated only by a few. We protest against this style of music in our churches.

We shall not soon forget the effect produced by that simple piece sung by Mr. Phillips at the meeting of the American Board in this city. When we looked over the large audience, so still that the ticking of a clock could be heard, and saw the tears standing in the eyes of those venerable men, we asked the cause of this wonderful power. Analyzing the question as carefully as we could, we came to the conclusion that it was mainly because each word was as distinctly understood as though spoken by an elocutionist. We know it is said that the powers of the voice cannot be displayed by such an utterance. It may be so, but the Hutchinsons did it—so did the Alleghenians, and that is the reason why they carried the world captive. No matter whether in London or a Western village, in the social circle or the crowded hall, among the cultivated or the rude, their power was felt.

INDIAN LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

Beyond the Missouri, in the wilderness is an Indian village, forty-eight miles from Chicago. It is as rude and old-world-like as Longfellow's "forest primeval." It might have been described by the old French fathers two centuries ago, just as you see it, or the illustrious "native of Genoa," or anybody this side of the deluge of Deucalion. It is as much a stereotype, that village is, as a flock of muskrat houses, which it very much resembles. Your ride through the billowy country, seamed with deep "runs," is freckled like a face with yellow flowers. You begin to find out, now it is wanting, how much company a fence may be, running along beside you post haste as you go, how much of their pictorial beauty the "pastures green" owe to flock and herd, and how a little sprinkling of Indians in such a scene seems to date the landscape back to the days of Leatherstocking, Hawkeye, and Pathfinder, and you feel as if one of the old almanacs in which the sun's were all it's would answer as well as any.

But two signs of civilization appear, the trail beneath you that is flattened out into a wagon track, and the little patches of corn, shaped like an old-fashioned harrow, that lie about sunny sides of the hills belittled to vulgar fractions of acres. These spots of earth have been greatly irritated by the squaws, and the maize has grown of itself and amazingly tall. You are nearing the village. Patches of all colors, poor enough to herd with Pharaoh's kine in the lean year—for their masters have just returned from the buffalo hunt—are snooking around, dragging after them long lariats of buffalo hides. Small pieces of bifurcated animal copper "all alive," but not big enough to say "how," are tottering about loose, the soul of a shiny black button in every eye. Fancy thirty muskrat houses removed out of their damp, Hollandic habitation to dry land, ranged in a circle, and magnified to a height of twelve or thirteen feet at the top of the arch, and with a circumference, some of them, of forty. Cut a door in the side and build a narrow hall of approach. Pierce a hole in the top for the light to go in and the smoke to go out. Set weeds and flowers to growing upon these homely domes. Lay lazy Indians at length upon the sunny sides of all of them and you have the picture of an Indian Summer village.

Coming nearer you discover lurking paths running in every direction among the tall weeds. Squaws and children are constantly entering and emerging by the little hall door, like the bees of an old straw hive on a pleasant day. The sun shines, and the tableaux are various and picturesque. Here two squaws, with knives of bones, are currying a buffalo robe on the wrong side, stretched upon four springy sticks thrust in the earth and holding it taut and level as a table. There a mother, with a round black head in her lap, is examining its contents, for the ideas of the urchin are pretty much all external and ridiculous and can be caught with that fine toothed rake called a comb. Yonder, an old grandma with gray hair sits upon the ground, clasping her knees with both hands, and swinging to and fro, for all the world like my lady in her rocking chair. Here a group of boys are shooting at wild thistle heads with bow and arrow. The explosive merriment of white and black races is wanting. They laugh inwardly and silently, the smoky faces just brightening up with a show of teeth at a good shot, and that is all. But the girls have a laugh worth hearing. It bursts out like a peal of silver bells shaken for an instant, and then ceases like a bird you surprise in her song, only to begin again in another place. There, two Indians smoking a red sandstone pipe. One takes a few whiffs, and then the other. Yonder, a brawny fellow asleep on the roof of a wigwam.

Round a little kettle ridden fire a group of a dozen are gathered, some squatting on their haunches, like hungry and expectant dogs; some sitting upon their heels, and one full grown young Indian in a napkin lies, as our first mother's unpleasant friend in Paradise was condemned to travel for all time; his heels thrown up like a couple of flukes at one end, his head on a level with the top of the kettle at the other.

A row of other dogs, only they are four footed, form the periphery of this family party, a sort of animated onion, if you please; you peel off an outer rind of dogs, then of Indians, and so on, dirt, dogs and savages, until you come to the kernel, which is the kettle. The chef de cuisine is an old witch in a sort of an aboriginal petticoat and short gown, and she is bending over the kettle of boiling fat, cooking "sage biscuit," to wit: "Lumps of leaden dough dropped into the fat. As fast as she forks them out upon the ground—what shall we do without it for everything to fall on?—a smutty arm with a hand at the end of it, is reached out, and the lump is drawn toward the owner, the lips are cautiously retracted and the teeth set into the glowing and greasy morsel, much as a horse manipulates a thistle. The feast is over and the dog licks the kettle.

Passing through one of the narrow halls built up of sticks and sods, you find the hollow dome as cool as a cavern. The floor is of hard, well swept earth, with a raised seat or couch running round the wall. Here, a papoose is shelled, there, a package of skins; yonder, the drowsy master of the household. You perceive the structure of the wigwam: poles braced together in the center, thatched with wild grass and sodded with turf, and the amphitheatre is spacious enough for a large family and day falls pleasantly through the small sky-light. We have seen homes less desirable a thousand

miles nearer sunrise, but the will smoky smell of the occupants suggests a burrow with a beast in it, and a doubtful mingled fragrance of blanket bewilders the sense, and you feel a queer propensity to scratch for somebody else to itch.

A capital place is an Indian dwelling to get rid of sentiment. The reader of Cooper, in love with the ideal red men, will find nothing there to deepen it. There was it our party a lady who had often, as she owned, felt like running away, letting her hair down and being a squaw. The Indian she had known never soiled the clear white page of the book she saw him in, and his language read like a pleasant ballad. But she went about here on tiptoe, her skirts lifted at half-mast, as if in mourning for the sins of the tribe against cleanliness, touching nothing as if everything was contagious, and holding her breath like a pearl diver. Her goals of fine porcelain had turned to the coarsest of clay, and the crockery, like that of Ali Baba, was a greasy jar, with a thief in it. And so good-night to Pocalontas!

But these turfy domes, so cool in summer, and by the same sign, so warm in winter, are deserted with the first frosty howl from the North, for peaked tent of buffalo skin, something like an elongated *chapeau bras*, such as stands yonder, with a dusky face set in the parted flap like a button "with a strange device." They pack pony and squaw and away for tall timber, put up their tents under the lee of the woods, and get the fuel for their winter fires without packing it.

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

Mrs. Grammar gave a fine ball, To the nine different parts of our speech;

To the big and the small, To the short and the tall,

There were pies, plums and puddings for each.

And first little articles came, In a hurry to make themselves known—

At A, An and The, But none of the three Could stand for a minute alone.

The adjectives came to announce, That their friends the nouns were at hand,

Rough, Rougher, Roughest, Tough, Tougher, Toughest,

Fat, Merry, Good natured and Grand.

The nouns were indeed on their way—

Tens, of thousands and more, I should think,

For each name that we utter— Shop, Laundry, or Shutter—

Is a noun: Slander, Lyon and Link.

The pronouns were following fast,

To push the nouns out of their places—

I, Thou, You and Me; For, They, He and She,

With their merry, good-natured old faces.

Some cried, "Make way for the Verbs!"

A great crowd is coming in view—

To bid and to smile, And to light and to fight,

To be and to have and to do.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,

Behind them as footmen they run;

Thus to fight *badly*, They run away *gladly*,

Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—in, By and Near,

With Conjunctions, a poor little band,

As either you or me, But neither they nor he,

They held their great friends by the hand.

Then in with a hip, hip, hurrah!

Rushed Interjections uproarious—

"Oh dear! Well, day!" When they saw the display,

"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"

[From the American Journal of Horticulture.]

WOODPATHS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

EVERY person is sensitive to the beauty of a natural wood. All can feel the comfort of its shade and protection, the freshness of its perfumed air, the quiet of its seclusion, and its many pleasant accompaniments of birds, fruits, and wild flowers. We do not learn by tuition to appreciate these objects; they are adapted not only to our instincts, but they are the real cause of many of the poetic thoughts that imagination suggests to the mind. We feel, while rambling under these lofty trees and over this carpet of leaves and mosses, that nothing which Art has accomplished will compare with the primitive works of Nature. There is no architecture so sublime as that of a forest; there is no garden like the little paradises that abide here wherever accident has left a dell or a dingle open to the sun; there is no music like the notes of its solitary birds, no worship so sincere as in these temples, no cloistered solitude so sweet as under these shadowy bowers.

Yet how much greater are the charms of a natural wood if it be intersected by woodpaths! When the farmer makes a passage for his wagons through a forest, he operates without artistic design, and his work harmonizes with Nature. He thinks only of facilitating progress through his land; for, though he may be alive to all rural sights and sounds, he cannot pause from his labors to do anything for mere embellishment. He is governed only by his ideas of utility and convenience; yet the works of decorative Art are tame and prosaic by the side of this rude pathway, which has expelled no wild plant from its habitats, nor a single forest-warbler from his retreats. We experience within it a true sensation of Nature, with a pleasant reminder of simple rural life. It is hallowed by its humble purpose of utility, by its freedom from artifice, by its perfect resignation to the care of Nature and chance, by its beauty without adornment.

The woodpath becomes henceforth the avenue to all the delights of the season. It introduces us to the productions of the forest under their most interesting aspects. The trees that spread their branches overhead shelter it from cold and heat, and permit thousands of beautiful shrubs to grow there that would be fatally crowded in a dense wood. Multitudes of flowers appear continually in its borders, one host following another in glowing succession, and looking upon us with the eyes of so many little sentinels of light and beauty, placed here to make the scene delightful to the sight and the imagination. Like birds that multiply around a human dwelling in the forest, flowers are always numerous in these woodland paths, and consecrate them to Nature.

There is nothing here to suggest any disagreeable ideas of pride and pretence, or to excite envy by the ostentatious



and that we may, regain our lost Paradise as soon as we have learned to love Nature more than Art, and the heaven of such a place as this more than the world of cities and palaces.

## Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 10, 1868.



### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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### ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

### NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting, held at Town Hall on Tuesday last, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

T. S. Lang, N. Vassalboro', President.  
G. W. Britton, Winslow, 1st Vice President.  
G. E. Shores, Waterville, 2d  
H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, Trustees.  
Geo. E. Shores, Waterville,  
Haines L. Crosby, Winslow,  
Warren Cummings, Belgrade,  
Daniel R. Wing, Waterville, Secretary.  
Ira H. Low, Treasurer.  
Joseph Percival, Agent.  
D. R. Wing, Librarian.

It is but just to state that Mr. Percival, who has served the Society long and faithfully as President, declined a re-election; and owing to the state of Mr. Lang's health, it was only after much urging and promises of all needed assistance, that he was induced to accept the position unanimously tendered him. Mr. Low, too, was anxious to be released from the post of Treasurer, but was finally persuaded to hold over by those who knew his faithfulness and efficiency. The Society voted Mr. L. the usual compensation for his five years' service, but he very generously surrendered it all for a life-membership, which was very promptly voted him.

The report of the Treasurer showed that the expenses of the Society had exceeded the income from all sources during the past year, by about a hundred dollars; but with the expected allowance from the State for the past year, there will probably be a surplus in the treasury, for future operations, of about two hundred dollars.

The Society refused to change the time of holding the annual meeting, and to encourage a large attendance they directed the Trustees to engage some person to deliver an address at the next annual meeting—the address to be upon some agricultural topic and to be followed by discussion.

The proposal to sell the grounds of the Society met with little favor; but it was thought that they should be a source of profit, as they were formerly, by cultivation or use of track, and the Trustees were directed to lease them to some person for a term of years, not exceeding three.

The attendance at this meeting was larger than we have had for some years, and a good degree of interest was manifested. The proceedings were very harmonious, and the members adjourned with the confident hope that, however other similar organizations may have failed, the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, standing upon its present vantage ground, has entered upon a period of enlarged prosperity and usefulness.

### WATERVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

At the annual meeting, on Monday last, the old board of directors was unanimously re-elected, and the officers of the Bank are as follows:—

D. L. Milliken, Waterville, President.  
T. G. Kimball, Waterville,  
Francis Low, Clinton,  
E. F. Webb, Waterville,  
Elias Milliken, Burnham,  
Wm. H. Cates, Vassalboro',  
J. A. Stackpole, Waterville,  
E. L. Gatchell, Waterville, Cashier.

A semi-annual dividend of five per cent was made on Monday.

A LEVEE—with the usual attractive accompaniments of Dramatic Representations, Charades, Tableaux, &c., with an abundant provision of eatables and drinkables—will be held at Town Hall in this village, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, Jan. 15th and 16th, by the ladies of the Congregational Society. A novelty, on the last day, will be an Antiquarian Dinner, at noon, just the time when most people are hungry and can eat, without injury. The price of tickets to this will be 50 cents.

At "FAIR" PRICES, we announced, last week, Mr. J. H. Morgan was selling overcoatings, which was well enough, perhaps; but he says that he offered better terms, and that he is selling at "reduced" prices, so that now is the time to get good bargains.

**CHEAP MEAT.**—Here is a document, found in the archives of the old Waterville Bank, and handed us by the Cashier of Ticonic Bank, that shows how much easier it was to live on fat things forty years ago than now. The document, however, has no date, and we say forty years at hap-hazard. "Account of Beef sold belonging to W. Bank," is the heading, and the filing on the back reads, "Acc't of Beef Oxen and Cow, a cow settled for by N. Gilman." It looks as though the bank came in possession of a yoke of oxen and a cow, that were butchered and retailed to the villagers by N. Gilman for the benefit of the bank. Here are the names of some thirty of the buyers, with the quantity and prices. The best steak sold for 1-2 cts. Sixteen lbs. neck sold to Nath'l Gilman for 1-4 cts. Timothy Boutelle took 53 lbs. at 3-4 cts. Sally Blair bought the tallow at 6 cts. The tongue sold for 25 cts., and the hide for 5 cts. a pound. Joseph Cook was paid 50 cts. for butchering, and N. Gilman had \$2 "commission" for selling. The lowest price by the pound was two cents, and the highest four and a half. Here is a list of the buyers—N. Gilman, Thomas Kimball, Luther Ingraham, Smith Ingraham & Co., John Burleigh, Moses Appleton, Wm. Pearson, Wm. Richards, Alpheus Lyon, Asa Dalton, Lemuel Dunbar, David Emery, James Hasty, Wm. Phillips, John Stackpole, Jona. C. Tozer, Abijah Smith, Mrs. Blair, Avery Briggs, Asa Redington, Daniel Cook, Joseph Cook, Thomas Rice, Levi Rogers, Jotham H. Stackpole.

With good beef steak at 4 cts., and salmon at about the same price, and plenty at that, no wonder that some of these persons are remembered as fast livers. The document has an ancient look, and is a very tangible record if it did not lack a date. Can any body help us to this? Alpheus Lyon is the only one of the purchasers that we recognize as now living—though there may be one or two others.

A BIG BLACK BEAR was cut up at Chalmers' provision and grocery store, one day this week, and distributed among his customers. It was sent in from the logging camp of Mr. Weymouth Jones, on Dead River, some of his men having routed Bruin from his snug lodgings beneath the roots of a tree and knocked him in the head with an axe before he had an opportunity to show fight, though any one looking at the carcass hung up for "a spectacle and show," disemboweled and stripped of everything but his black fur gloves and moccasins, could see evidence, in his muscular limbs and wicked looking head, that there had once been an abundance of "fight" in him. It is well known that Bruin is powerful for hugging, and we are told that with a blow of his strong arm he will often smash in the head of a pork, beef or molasses barrel, when he finds them buried or otherwise secreted in the woods, and help himself to the contents. He is crafty, too; and we were told of an instance where, when a cask of molasses and a barrel of flour were attached by a chain and slung across the upper beam of a barn, a bear climbed the tall post, stove in the heads of both barrels and then went down and leisurely ate the nice sweet cake he had mixed. This one weighed 243 lbs. and from the greasy look of the carcass we should judge that he had had full rations of late.

IN POLICE COURT.—The following cases in Waterville show that the Constable is by no means inclined to be so much engrossed abroad as to neglect his duties at home.

State vs. Person unknown.—Liquor seized at Express Office; one keg beer forfeited to Town of Waterville.

State vs. Frank Lawrence.—Two small lots whiskey seized. Defendant convicted.

State vs. B. D. Davis.—Two jugs and a bottle of whiskey seized in car at depot of M. C. Railroad. Defendant convicted and appealed.

State vs. J. D. Chandler.—A quantity of liquor in bottles seized at his dwelling house; some two bushels of empty bottles of similar stamp being found at his livery stable. Liquor forfeited; defendant convicted and appealed.

It is said that in connection with the above is at least one very marked case of perjury that is held in reserve, because the person is young, and has been led by the example of older men. It is a manifest wrong that these cases of obvious and well known perjury are permitted to pass unrebuked.

### OFFICERS OF WATERVILLE SECTION No. 5.

Cadets of Temperance:—  
Fred J. Hill, W. A.  
Wm. Henry Wentworth, V. A.  
Willie H. Kelley, S.  
Henry W. Runnels, A. S.  
Edy D. Boothby, T.  
Eddie I. Lowe, A. T.  
Herbert A. Clay, Chaplain.  
Ned Meader, P. W. A.  
George E. Page, 1st Visitor.  
Nellie G. Irish, 2d Visitor.  
Stephen F. Bran, Guide.  
Harry Gatchell, Usher.  
Frank W. Downer, V.  
J. Everett Towne, S.

It will be seen by advertisement that Jos. Percival has bought of Mr. Fletcher one half of his Iron Foundry, known as the Railroad Foundry, near the depot of the M. C. R. Co. This establishment has already been eminently successful in winning public favor, and with the improvement and extension secured by this arrangement it will soon make itself widely known by its works. As one of the prominent business enterprises of our village, coming at just the right time and place, as well as for the worthy men and good citizens concerned in it, we wish it prosperity.

A man digging a well in Phillips, came to a ledge two feet below the surface of the ground, and on blasting through it four feet, found two frogs imbedded in the rock. They were both alive, and in the course of half an hour after being liberated, hopped off.

### OUR TABLE.

**THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW** for December, has the following table of contents:—Relations of Heathenism and Judaism with Christianity; Modern Provencal Poems; Ralph Waldo Emerson; The Natural History of Man; The Military Systems of Europe; Population; Italy in 1867; The Social Sore of Britain. It is an excellent and very interesting number. Published by the Leonard Scott Co., New York. For terms, etc., see advertisement on our fourth page.

**THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.**—The January number of this popular illustrated magazine of natural history has the following contents:—An account of some Kjekkenmaddings, or Shell-Heaps, in Maine and Massachusetts; The Chickadee; Desmids and Diatoms—their Growth and Geological Importance; The Land Snails of New England; Reviews; Natural History Miscellany; Proceedings of Scientific Societies.

The publishers of this excellent work have more than redeemed the pledges made at the commencement of their labors, both in the amount of reading and the number of embellishments. The volume just closed has contained about 700 pages and 18 full page illustrations. The new volume will be substantially what the former was, with some improvements. The aim of the publication is, to popularize the study of Natural History, by presenting in as familiar a manner as possible, topics that are generally wrapped in Scientific technicalities. Many valuable articles are in course of preparation, with numerous illustrations.

Published by the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., at \$3 a year.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**—The December number has the following table of contents:—Linda Tresselt—part 3; The Church—Her State and Prospects; Nina; Sir Charles Wood's Administration of India Affairs; The Conversion of England; Cornelius O'Dowd; Grimm's Law; Brownlow—part 12; The Government and the Press; Index.

Published by the Leonard Scott Co., New York. For terms, etc., see advertisement on our fourth page.

**THE YEAR BOOK OF THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES** for 1868, containing the statistics of the denomination, with calendar pages, and other valuable matter, comes to us from the American Unitarian Association, Boston, in place of the January number of the "Monthly Journal," a regular publication of the Association.

Mrs. A. M. BURNHAM, nee Bates, (one of Waterville's contributions to the musical talent of the Forest City,) who has been the leading soprano in the First Parish choir in Portland for several years, was presented with a beautiful silver tea service, by the ladies of the society, on New Year's day. The Press says that she now retires from the choir much to the regret of all the Parish.

AN EXPRESS TEAM has commenced regular trips between West Waterville and Keadall's Mills, by the way of our village. It is run by Mr. A. T. Webb, of the West village; and though it now makes trips only on three days in the week, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, it would not be strange if the proprietor should soon find it for his interest to run every day but Sunday.

CARRIAGE PAINTING, Mr. S. D. Savage says, is more conveniently and better done in the winter than at any other time; and having plenty of room, he invites customers to bring in their carriages now, rather than wait until Spring, when there is always a press of other work. See his advertisement.

The Belfast Journal goes beyond the girl who "had the itch and wasn't ashamed to own it." To our assertion that there are papers in the State more rabidly democratic than the Argus, it adds, for itself, "Thank you." You are entirely welcome, neighbor.

THE OLD FOLKS—some of them frisky as colts, yet—had a cozy dance at Town Hall last evening—the first of a series of winter assemblies.

THE U. S. MILITARY ASYLUM at Togus, was burned on Sunday night last, the fire originating through a defect in the furnace. The flames made rapid progress, and lots of clothing in the building were consumed—the whole loss being about \$125,000. The inmates were transported to Augusta; but some of them had made free with the medical stores, and one, who was stupefied with whiskey when he started, froze to death on the way. We see it stated that not one of the inmates of this Asylum was of American birth. The Hollowell House has been leased for the temporary accommodation of the veterans. It is doubtful if the Asylum will be rebuilt, though Gen. Butler and Mr. Blaine favor it.

The Kennebec County Lodge of Good Templars held their regular monthly session at North Vassalboro' on the 2d and 3d inst. The meeting was large and enthusiastic; resolutions were passed heartily endorsing the present liquor law; and at the evening session, addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Magwire, of Waterville, and others, interspersed by excellent music by the choir of the Union Church, and the Brass Band. The next regular meeting will be held at Augusta, on Wednesday, Feb. 5th.

Weeks' Beer has come to grief again, or rather grief has come to it. A half barrel of this beer was sent to Mr. Bickford, at West Waterville last week, and notwithstanding it has been three times decided in Court, once in the Supreme Court, that it is not intoxicating within the meaning of the law, it was gobbled up by the Constabulary. Probably Sir Joshua thinks he has as good a right to operate outside of the law as Congress has to work outside of the Constitution. [Maine Standard.]

It is a sufficient answer to this paragraph to state that, notwithstanding the alleged decisions of the courts, nobody appeared to claim the beer, and that a sample of this innocent beverage having been sent to S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, for analysis, he makes the following return:—

"It contains 8.5 percent. of absolute alcohol, or 7.3 per cent. of spirit of whiskey, or rum strength. This per centage of alcohol is just the average of lager beer."

Don't forget the Temperance Convention at Augusta, next Tuesday. There ought to be a large gathering of the friends of the cause.

**OUR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.**—We (the Senior and not the Junior,) were presented on New Year with a fine carcass of mutton. It came by Mr. C. H. Redington, one of our village merchants, and was presented "In behalf of the Drovers and Butchers." The donors of the Drovers and Butchers. The donors of course we are thankful for the compliment. The friendship of the drovers and butchers for Merino sheep led us to expect it; and as it was one of the kind they usually keep for their home customers, instead of sending to Brighton, we need not say that it made just three meals for our cat! Now, to show our gratitude, we propose to give these generous "Drovers and Butchers" a few figures and facts that may help to a good understanding between them and those farmers who raise big sheep and little wool.

The quantity of hay consumed by full grown sheep is in proportion to their live weight. This fact is asserted by the best authorities, and none question it but those who know but little about it. The amount is from two and a half to three per cent. daily. A sheep that weighs one hundred pounds wants from two and a half to three pounds of hay to keep in good condition. One weighing half as much will need but half as much hay, and one weighing twice as much will eat double this quantity. The butcher or drover who tells the farmer that this is not so has a small stock of veracity, and the farmer who believes him has a still smaller fund of intelligence. On this point, mainly, hangs the controversy between coarse and fine wool sheep as the ordinary stock of the farm. When hay is worth twenty dollars a ton it makes some difference whether a sheep eats daily two pounds or four; especially when, as is the prospect this year, sheep are at the barn one hundred and eighty days. Let us see how the account stands between a Merino sheep that weighs 75 lbs. and a coarse wool sheep weighing 150 lbs., taking 3 pr. ct. as the daily feed, and hay \$20.

Big sheep say 180 days at 4½ lbs. 810 lbs.  
Merino weighing half as much eats 405 lbs.  
We have taken the extreme, both in price of hay and length of season, and perhaps in per cent. of feed; but the proportion is the same. Now, without deducting the value of manure, the big sheep eats \$8.10 worth of hay, and the little one \$4.05 worth. If we allow the same rate for pasturage, we may put the big sheep at \$1. and the little one at 50 cts.; so that we have the balance of \$4.55 in favor of the Merino sheep.

Now for the wool. It is as common for good Merino fleeces to average 10 lbs. unwashed wool as for coarse wools to average 5 lbs. washed.

|                              |        |
|------------------------------|--------|
| 10 lbs. fine wool at 30 cts. | \$3.00 |
| 5 lbs. coarse, at 40 cts.    | 2.00   |
| Balance in favor of Merino   | 1.00   |
| Add balance in keeping       | 4.55   |

And we have in favor of Merino \$5.55.

Now the farmer who raises big sheep for our friends the "Drovers and Butchers," must overcome this balance in the sale of his lambs; and if he don't find, in the process of doing so, that the butchers do a pretty severe job of skinning in his flock, his eyes are duller than theirs. We admit the advantage of coarse wool sheep for early lambs for the butcher; but while the first quality of Merino ewe lambs uniformly bring double the price of the first quality coarse wools, the farmer will always find the fat Merino wethers paying a good profit in wool and carcass, at three years old. Judge Randall admits it a safe rule that the ewe lamb of a choice Merino ewe will sell for as much as the fleece. To-day, in Waterville, it will bring twice as much.

Wherever the Merino sheep has been introduced, it has been against the protest of the drovers and butchers; and when sheep are rushed to slaughter as they are this fall, this protest is loudest. They can now buy the choicest coarse wool sheep in this section for two to four dollars; but we venture to inquire of them if they can buy the same class of Merinos for even ten dollars? Farmers make figures, as well as drovers and butchers, even when wool sells at low prices; and they are not slow to see, when mutton will not pay for raising, that they must look sharp to the fleece.

Thus much in gratitude to our friends the drovers and butchers, for their generous donation. If they wish to make any figures in return, our columns are at their service. If their porter comes as heavily laden with arguments as he did with mutton, we shall have another illustration of "Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus,"—and then "rira bien, qui rira le dernier."

**CATTLE MARKET.**—The supply of cattle at the Cambridge and Brighton markets was larger in numbers and superior in quality to that of last week, and the demand was better, with some improvement in prices. Of sheep, both supply and quality about the same as last week, with but little change in prices. Gid-on Wells sold 12 oxen, 1500 lbs. each, at 13c, to kill and weigh; 11 at 11½c, 1423 lbs. each live weight. D. Wells sold 22, average 1500 lbs. live, at 12½c dressed; 2 at 10c, 40 sk. J. F. Conner sold 16 at 12½c, 37 sk. The Boston Advertiser says that prices on the whole are tending upwards, and though the difference between this week and last may be small, there is a perceptible difference between present prices and those of four weeks ago.

The last reports received at Rio Janeiro from the allied armies on the Rio Parana say that preparations were being made on a large scale to storm the fortified position of the Paraguays at Humaita, and it was expected that the attack would be made between the 8th and 12th of December.

### LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

The Legislature is rapidly getting into working order—organizing committees, settling contested elections, &c. The clergymen of Hallowell, Augusta and Gardiner have been invited to officiate as Chaplains. Mr. Grover, democrat, who claimed a seat as representative from the Bethel district, has been dismissed, and the place given to Otis H. Abbott, republican. At the earliest possible moment a movement was made by the democracy for the summary repeal of the Constabulary law—in the Senate by E. Wilder Farley, of Lewiston, and in the house by H. K. Bradbury, of Hollis—without reference to a committee. They were not able to do this; but the whole matter with certain bills and orders relating to the liquor and constabulary laws, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. An order was passed in the House providing each member with a copy of the "Daily Legislative Journal," and also of the "Maine Standard," and the Speaker was authorized to appoint a reporter to make a fair and impartial synopsis of the proceedings, at an expense not exceeding \$250 for the session. J. D. Pulsifer, of Auburn, was appointed.

Petitions, orders, bills and resolves, contemplating private legislation, must be submitted by Feb. 1st, and all other legislation by Feb. 5th, to obtain a hearing with this Legislature.

In the appointment of standing committees, Woodward of Kennebec is on the committees on Military Affairs, and on Education; Snell, of Kennebec, on coms. on Legal Reform and Education; Stevens, of Kennebec, on Com. on Agriculture; Priest, of Winslow, on Com. on Interior Waters; Gould, of Smithfield, on Claims; Blaisdell of Waterville, on Com. on Claims.

On Tuesday, in convention, Franklin M. Draw, was elected Secretary of State; Wm. P. Frye, Attorney General; John C. Caldwell, Adjutant General; and Parker P. Burleigh, Land Agent.

Hereafter we shall give a more extended report of the doings of the Legislature.

A new thing and a good one, and one that will win golden opinions from the entire kitchen department, is an invention for handling all kinds of hot dishes. We can't describe it, but it is manufactured by Mr. Cole, of this place, whose agents are spreading them abroad. Send to the hardware stores and get one, as you are sure to want one whenever you see it.

We are pained to hear of the sudden death of Miss Mary Foster, at Washington, where she has been filling a clerkship in the treasury department. Her remains are expected to arrive by cars to-night. She was daughter of the late John M. Foster, of this place, and sister of Prof. Foster, of Colby University. In mental, moral and social attainments and character she had few rivals, and her death must be a deep affliction to her friends, as well as a loss to community.

MR. ROBINSON'S SELECT READINGS, at the Academy, on Monday evening, were received with marked approbation and interest by a very small audience. Some gentlemen who became interested are arranging for another entertainment, which will probably be on Monday evening, at Temperance Hall—though further notice will be given by posters. We very confidently commend it to all lovers of dramatic readings and recitations, as one that cannot fail to meet the best expectations. Two choice scenes from Shakespeare, with other excellent selections, are in the programme. There will be abundant opportunity to laugh, as well as for high intellectual enjoyment. Tickets 25 cts.

GOLDWIN SMITH, an eminent English liberal, is coming to this country with the intention of making it his home.

THE HALLOWELL GAZETTE is out with a new dress, and other improvements. We are pleased to see these evidences of prosperity, for the Gazette is a good paper, and Bro. Nash deserves a large measure of success.

NOTHING has yet been learned of the fate of young Hosea P. Kimball, who recently so mysteriously disappeared from Lewiston.

The sale of one half of the Railroad Foundry for \$4,500 is an indication of the value of real estate in that section.

It is to be expected, of course, that all the abominable crimes committed on British territory will be charged to the Fenians. But the last case of the kind comes in a paragraph that begins by saying, "A body of Fenians robbed the magazine at Cork, Ireland, of half a ton of powder," and closes with, "There is no clue to the perpetrators of the act." It is a good Irish paragraph, at least, though there may be "no clue" to the writer.

No EXCEPTIONS can possibly be taken to the use and miraculous effects of "Barrett's Celebrated Hair Restorative." It satisfies everybody.

Common and good dairy cheese is quoted at 12 to 14 cts. in Boston.

We learn from the Journal that Fred. Flye, aged about eight years, youngest son of Mr. Frank Flye, living on the east side of the river in Augusta, was drowned at the Kennebec dam on Saturday afternoon. In company with other boys of his age he was fishing in the vicinity, and while attempting to pass the walk crossing the upper gate of the lock, slipped and fell into the water and immediately disappeared under the ice.

What has Portland ever produced? Longfellow, N. P. Willis, and the STEAM REFINED SOAP. Is not that an honorable record of faithful ministry to the esthetic and the useful?—Star.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Madison Quarterly Meeting convened at Wellington Dec. 21st, at 10 o'clock. After the meeting was called to order by the clerk, Elder Withee was chosen moderator.

1st—Heard the report of the last Quarterly Meeting.

2d—Heard the reports from the several churches by letter. These reports were very cheering.

Preaching on Saturday, 21st, by Elders Washburn and Friend, of Exeter; and on Sunday, 22d, by Elders Blake of Exeter and Hutchings of Belgrade.

The meeting was well attended, considering the stormy weather. The Lord met with us by his spirit, and the deepest interest was manifested.

Cambridge Quarterly Meeting met at Garland, Dec. 23d, at 10 o'clock. Meeting called to order by the clerk, and bro. Otis chosen moderator. Heard report of the last Quarterly Meeting, and the reports from the churches, which were cheering. Also heard the report of the Home Missionary.

Preaching Saturday, 28th, by Elders Pettigrove of Harland and Withee of Madison, and on Sunday by bro. W. Pettigrove of Palmyra, and Elder Hutchings of Belgrade.

The meeting was well attended and deeply interesting. Eld. GEO. MAIR, Home Missionary.

[For the Mail.]

In Boston, some years ago, as I walked up Washington St., I saw a boy briskly turning a wheel, a few doors ahead. As I approached a little nearer, and noticed the dexterity with which he applied himself to his business, I concluded he was the right person in the right place, understood his work, and would be successful in it. Coming closer, and looking more carefully to see the object of his labor, I discovered just over his head, "Coffee Ground Here." But to my surprise I also discovered that the boy was a wooden one, and instead of turning the wheel, the wheel turned him!

I found a similar case in the present chief magistrate of our nation. When he first came into office I thought him the right man in the right place. On further trial I began to query what he was doing; and as he "swung round the circle" I read "Coffee ground here!" and discovered that instead of controlling rebels, rebels were controlling him,—instead of "rendering treason odious," treason was rendering him odious,—instead of turning them, they were turning him.

A REBEL PLOT.—The War Department has received a letter from Breckinridge County, Kentucky, giving an account of a most horrible outrage attempted upon the inmates and friends of one of the largest colored schools in that county. It appears that a teacher proposed to have a concert and exhibition Christmas eve. She was warned that it could not be permitted, but refused to believe that the rebels would carry their threat into execution, and went on with her preparations. The exhibition was finally held in one of the colored churches, which was packed with friends of the school and children. Within a few minutes after the exercises closed, but not until the people had left, the church was blown to pieces by the explosion of a keg of powder that had been placed under the platform on which the children were seated, and probably touched off with a slow match. An explosion during the exhibition would probably have destroyed the entire audience.

GOOD NEWS FROM CRETE.—Official Cretan accounts of Dec. 2 report that a battle had been fought between the Christians and Turks on Nov. 25 and 26 in the village of Lake, in which the latter were defeated, and obliged to retire with severe loss. The position of the Sultan's Grand Vizier in Candia, in the midst of the clamor of arms and the cry for "Christ and liberty," becomes daily more critical. The Cretan caricature his efforts to solve the contest between the Cross and the Crescent by his convoking a packed assembly composed chiefly of Turks and renegade Levantines. The war fever in the camp of the Christians has received a further impulse from the enthusiasm evinced by the Cretan refugees in Greece on the recent arrival of King George and Queen Olga in Athens.

The Showglass Clarion of this week records an accident to Mrs. James Fellows, of that village, she falling and severely injuring the spinal column; that the widow of the late Gilmann Hall of Athens, was severely injured by being struck with the shaft of a sleigh; that Max G. Jewett, Jr., broke his leg by a fall, and that Ezra McIntire of Norridgewock, fell down cellar and will not probably recover. Also, that Mrs. Hall of Palmyra, mentally deranged, left her home during one of the cold nights with no covering but her night clothes, and was soon after discovered under a tree near the house, frozen to death.

The Machias Union says weather reports from all parts of the United States for September, show that, taking the country from Maine to Maryland, and West Virginia, south, to Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, west, the average of autumnal frosts in Maine, is but a very few days if any earlier than in the States north of Kentucky.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius appears to be increasing in violence. A despatch from Naples states that the condition of the volcano excites great alarm among the inhabitants at the foot of the mountain.

THE BUCKFIELD TRAGEDY.—The jury of inquest on the death of Michael Bridgman have given their verdict and exonerates Thomas S. Bridgman from any intention of shooting him. They say the death was by "mischance."

Late despatches from Europe state that nearly all the London newspapers, in recent leading articles upon the subject, urge the adoption by the British government of the American view of the status of naturalized citizens. A Paris despatch says that the recent speech of the Emperor is accepted by all the governments of Europe as a pledge of peace.

Wistar's Wild Cherry Balsam. This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequalled remedy. It can be relied upon, as the mass of testimony that has been published since its introduction is ample proof of its efficacy.

A decision has recently been made by the Court of Claims, to the effect that all soldiers who enlisted under the President's proclamation before July 22d, 1861, are entitled to bounty, whether discharged for disease or other honorable cause. This will give bounties to hundreds of discharged soldiers who were refused it because they had not served two years.







