




1-17-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 29): January 17, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 29): January 17, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 229.
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WINTER.

BY SYDNEY F. HOLMES.

The squirrel has made up his winter bed,
And in it is snugly lying;
The ducks have ceased to drop overhead,
The clouds have sailed by with wings outspread,
The clouds are all painted in purple and red,
And the autumn in glory is dying.

Hurrah for the winter! down from the sky
Comes the snow in a noiseless hurry;
O the snow does so much, so quietly!
And the bells they jingle, the sleighs they fly;
The skaters shout when the moon is high,
And the stars look surprised at the flurry.

Who says that winter is grim and old?
He's a royal, merry good fellow!
What games are like his, so gay and so bold?
What stories like his were ever told?
His nuts—they are worth their weight in gold;
His apples are choice and mellow.

Have out the mittens! put up the ball!
See that the mufflers are ready!
Get down the sled from its moor on the wall;
Sharpen the skates, for fear of a fall;
The river is frozen! will soon be the call;
And then, who will think to be steady?

Then give him a welcome, bid him draw near.
Enveloped with pine and with holly,
He brings you presents that bring you good cheer;
Tis in fun that he stily nips your ear;
He freezes your nose to make it look queer;
For winter is good and is jolly.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(CONTINUED.)

Did I go over in memory last evening the scenes of betrothal, marriage, motherhood? The pure joys, the perfect trust, the pride, growing daily stronger and more exulting in the beautiful unfolding manhood of him who had been my boy lover? Nay, is there ever a time when my mind is not dwelling on these scenes? They rise so vividly before me sometimes that I feel a sudden flush upon my cheek, as if the remembered words of fondness had just been spoken in my ear—the kiss of love just pressed upon my brow.

Our engagement was not so long as we had planned. Tom seemed to make it his object in life to smooth away every obstacle, I have never known at what sacrifice to himself. Two years of study must intervene—even Will said that; but after that the long waiting for business, and money, and home, seemed to vanish. A partnership in an old established firm of real celebrity seemed to spring up. Tom's wedding-gift was a charming little house in New York; and, with Will's own small patrimony, a little dower of mine, and the pretty gifts and furnishings of bridal days, there seemed no reason for waiting longer. Our wishes were moderate, our love of domestic life so great as to render us indifferent to general society, with all its expensive temptations; and so at the end of two years it had come to pass.

I used to think that no two years could be so happy. True, Will was absent, but how different from the old absence! Letters—bright, amusing, loving—came to gild every day with their sunshine. Shyly and secretly I was enjoying the gradual preparations for the new life; the planning and making of pretty and useful things. Dora was intensely interested and occupied in my affairs, Tom kind and devoted, Mrs. Leslie motherly, their house a second home. Will managed to run up once in a few weeks to spend Sunday—the first of these was, as I well remember, being ushered in by a morning's telegram, with the words, "Go to mother's to tea." Tom was no longer a check, a spoil-sport, but became so completely my brother that I used to marvel at the almost forgotten miseries of last year. One day I was bold enough to speak of it.

"Why was it, Tom? Why did you hate me so?"

I saw his face change, but he tried to laugh it off, and said, "Let bygones be bygones, my child. I never hated you; but if I had there was no love lost between us I suspect."

"I was ready to like you," I persisted, "only you would not let me. But Tom, no wonder you didn't think me good enough for Will; but when you saw he really cared for me why did you oppose him so? You, who would give him the moon any day if you could, how could you find it in your heart to thwart him in this, except from dislike to me?"

"Helen, I would be glad if you would forget and forgive it all, without asking the why. Only let me say, once for all, I never disliked you. I always admired you, thought you well suited to Will in many ways; even thought you had a sort of girlish fancy for him. But I did not believe you would be true or constant, and I would not have my boy run any risk; he is a Leslie, and things cut too deep. Do you see how the wind is whirling the dust about? Suppose we put off our drive till to-morrow morn'g, it would be more pain than pleasure now."

And he went out quickly, evidently determined to break off the conversation, and left me in a state of indignant wonder as to why he had set me down, in those days, as false and fickle. I asked Will when he came, but he could not tell me.

"Some theory of Tom's old grumpy days," he suggested, lightly. "I remember his once saying to me, when I first knew you, 'Women of that type of face are always attractive, but never deep or true.' He has changed his mind now; so why should we waste our precious moments in pondering his dark sayings? Lay them all to dyspepsia, and come out in the woods now."

Gertrude meanwhile had entirely withdrawn her opposition. "I thought it a wretched draw, Nelly," she frankly owned; "and so it would be now, if Tom Leslie were not so superhuman in his kindness. You would wear out your youth waiting, and then marry upon such a bare substance that your life would be one long struggle and sacrifice, and I own I did not think a boy like Will was worth the price; nor did I believe that he knew what he was about, or would be entirely constant. Mind, this is what I used to think. Now I am proud of Will; I think him one of the finest young men I ever met—so brilliant and versatile, and at the same time firm, and deep, and grounded in his principles—and then such a heart! Oh, Nelly, he does love you! Now that I am in love myself, moreover, I am no longer mercenary, and can see why women make imprudent marriages. I am sure I would marry the Colonel to-morrow (if he were within marrying distance) if Fairbanks were sunk in the North River and he had nothing but his good sword."

"And his 'red right hand,'" I added. "I dare say he'll be a one-legged hero on half-pay yet, and you'll have to turn your silks, and trim your bonnets, and be highly virtuous and managing."

But Gertrude did not mind, teasing now, and in her own pretty way she took Will under her special patronage; kept off intruders, planned pleasant surprises, worked him slippers, and, in fact, bestowed upon him all the petting that she would not quite have dared bestow upon her Colonel, even if, as she would have said, he were within petting distance.

My marriage took place, after all, before Gertrude, who became somewhat like Marianna in the "Monted Grange," after the repeated delays which lengthened out the two years into nearly four. Colonel Fairbanks himself grew

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so impatient as to almost resolve on quitting the army, when his furlough came at last, and his regiment was ordered to the East.

I had been three months married when he returned, and I could not help being gratified by his evident admiration of my husband. "Born to be a soldier—missed his true vocation," he pronounced. Just what the dear old Commodore had said once; and when I told Will I was almost startled at the rush of color over his face, and his confession that it was at first his most ardent wish.

"But then, Helen, there was no prospect of war; and a life of drill and parade, of weary watching upon unattractive outposts, monotonous and unsocial, would have killed me."

"Then?" I asked. "Surely there is no prospect of war now!"

But he shook his head and said, "Don't you hear the rumble of the coming storm? And I am glad it is to come if it will only clear the air. But don't look so alarmed, dear. You're a plodding lawyer for a husband instead of a dashing officer so it can't make any difference to you."

It was still a time of peace when Harry came—a beautiful, healthy boy, who seemed to fill our cup of pride and joy to the brim. Will grew ambitious, he said; worked harder than ever to earn a fortune and a name for his boy. He used to sit holding the little baby hand and planning the future career and education of his son, while I laughed at his visions and contented myself with studying the comparative merits of catnip and anise, and peeping in fancy in a little girl-baby's cradles to find the sweetest, most star-like little face for Harry's future love. Even now I dream of his wife in the time to come, and hope he will love her as his father did me.

When Harry was two years old the thunder to which I had closed my ears so long pealed out so loud and clear that nobody could mistake or ignore it any longer. Must I say the truth? I was, I am, I always shall be a weak, selfish, fearing woman. My country is to me an abstraction; my own are to me my all. I could not for an instant enter into the unselfish zeal of the wives and mothers and sisters who sent out the brave hearts that cherished them into the field, and gloried to see them go. I saw Will grow moody and absent, passionately interested in the progress of the war, his eyes glowing with inward fire, his cheek pale with suppressed feelings, unspoken desires; and yet I would not see, would not speak, would not consent. Although I even fancied at times that the love-light was dying out of his eyes, that his wife was becoming to him an obstacle in the life he longed for, yet, with all the misery this thought stabbed me with, I felt I could never give him up.

Day after day a strange estrangement grew up between us. There was one subject which we never mentioned, and its restraint shed a blight over our whole lives. Tom came to visit us, and his quick eye penetrated at once to our state, and I could see that with all his pity for me his love for the brother to whom he would have given the moon would carry the day. What Will longed for he must have. It was always so with Tom. He himself had tried to get a commission, but had been rejected. Will heard the statement with incredulous wrath.

"Rejected! You, brother? What possible excuse could they allege?"

"Unsoundness of body," replied Tom, coolly. "We both stared at him. 'Your near-sightedness,' I suggested. 'Surely that is not reason enough.'"

"No, my lungs," answered Tom. "Not in a fit state, the surgeon said, though why he should insist on pounding and stethoscoping me as he did I shall never understand. I am sure it wasn't necessary, according to regulations. If it had been you, Bill, I should have thought Helen put him up to it."

Will changed color, and so did I. I laughed, but he did not; and then he asked, with suppressed agitation:

"And what, dear old fellow, did he say about your lungs? There's never been any thing the matter with them before, has there?"

"Hemorrhages—I had five in one week seven years ago; but I'd no idea the old scar would be in my way now," said Tom, quite coolly.

"Where were you ill? Was it that time in Charleston?" asked Will. Tom nodded. "And I never knew it!" said Will, in the same tone of wonder and suspense. Then, after a few moments, wrenching himself from conjecture and marvel over the hidden past and rushing at once into the bitter present, he exclaimed,

"Tom, why did you want to go? Did you feel as if something were tugging at the very strings of your heart? as if a trumpet-peal were in your ears? as if the voice of God were speaking in your soul, saying, 'Go! leave all and go!'"

"No, Will, I only felt that I was unfettered. That mother had two sons, and if I felt she would still have you—that the country was calling urgently upon men situated like myself. I felt it to be my duty—that was all."

Will sat with his face covered by his hands, and with a groan repeated the word "Unfettered!" Then our eyes met. I was weeping. "Helen," he cried, "you will not speak! Don't you see that this silence is poisoning our very lives?"

Tom softly left the room; and upon that next hour I look back with a hushed feeling of awe, for it seemed as if God's own presence were with us to guide Will and soften me; to break down every barrier between our hearts, and to teach us both the perfect beauty of sacrifice.

It came to be understood between us that nothing more should be said or planned until our baby came. That when I was again strong and able to bear it, if (there lay the hope)—if the need were still urgent, the call still pressing, and if the way should visibly open to Will's joining the army, I would no longer withhold him from what he felt to be the "call of God to his soul," but would cheerfully give him up, not hampering his way and weighing down his heart with my weakness, but cheering him on, as in Roman matron a way as I could assume, I told him, and he answered:

"Not assume, dearest; don't put on any thing. You could not deceive me for a moment, and I want to know every thought of your heart. I only trust and believe that by God's help, you will be able to truly cheer me. I know how much I am asking my precious wife, but I alone can know how difficult it has been not to ask it, how impossible it has proved! For the rest, do you think it is nothing to me

to leave you, and our home, and the boy? I don't think even you can feel the sacrifice more than I do; but there is something in me which I can not withstand which will not let me stay."

And so, in a strange peacefulness, the weeks and months wore on. Perhaps I almost hoped that I might die, and so be spared the seeing him go away from me. But life, not death, was in my heart when the little daughter's head was laid on my breast; when the starry eyes looked up at me from the hair, sensitive, flower-like little face. And I felt, when I saw the almost adoring look with which her father sat and gazed at her, that now it would be nearly impossible for him to go.

Little Annie we named her, after mother. Dear lover of babies as I am, sweet as are all their innocent faces and wondering eyes, I never saw anything so angel-like as my baby's face—the bright, tremulous smile, the loving little red lips wooing kisses, the earnest soul in the baby eyes. Only a few such faces have ever seen in children; mothers see them with a pang. A little creature, but healthy, they all said; and so Will believed, and no shadow of fear crossed his heart that she was too little heaven to be left upon earth. If it did mine, I put it back with the same strength with which I was gradually arming myself for the coming trial. I would leave all to God, if He would only help me to be good now.

And it came. Every difficulty seemed to vanish from my husband's path. He did not seek the place, it came to him. A regiment was formed, which offered him the command. So strong, indeed, was their choice, so unwilling were they to hear of any other leader, that had his own wishes been less strong the call would have made him waver. Need I say how quickly the time sped to our parting? how the hours rushed on, filled with martial confusion, outward glitter, secret woe? How I tried to be brave to the last, and, finally, more dead than alive, when the last echo of the departing tramp was heard, I sank into mother's arms, and we two bereaved women wept together, and, reading each other's heart, confessed the cowardice, coldness, selfishness which would almost make us let our country go, so that our best beloved were spared to be the stay of his own home.

Tom, deeply pitying, could not help reproving from the man's point of view. "If all were like you, mother, we should have to sink down in the face of the nations into slavish inactivity! Don't you think most of these brave boys left a mother at home?"

"Yes, but perhaps not a wife and children too."

"Many have done that also," said Tom; "but, Helen, I had nothing to do with it. For once I did not help him to his wishes; it was because I felt so much for you."

And so Tom and mother tried to comfort me with their love and care, and the children grew in daily beauty—Harry, with a sword and drum, playing at being papa; and little Annie, more and more like a little wondering angel, just lighted on my breast to show me of what the kingdom of heaven.

How differently lots are divided! Here was I, with my two clinging babes, my heart torn and bleeding, my soul reluctant and fearful; but with slender means, withal, and practicing much economy and simple living in the midst of my pretty, tasteful home. And there was Gertrude, in her beautiful country house, with money, ease, society. Her heart not fainting, but exultant, at sending her warrior forth. And yet she envied me my children, and could not be comforted, because to her had been denied that one blessing. Even now I believe she would give all she has, except her husband, in exchange for my little son, with his round limbs and open brow.

Colonel—now General—Fairbanks, with all his military scorn for volunteer officers, preserved still his admiration for my husband. He wrote to my sister, "I always said he was born a soldier, and he is rapidly becoming the very best ideal of a young officer." After the Seven Days' fight, after Antietam, Chancellorsville, and finally glorious Gettysburg, without a wound, sound, hearty, triumphant, with his nobly won by his regiment, my soldier came back to me for a brief fortnight. How the hours flew! How happy we were! If time could but have ceased, and the present been eternity! Our baby had thrown off her first helplessness, and was beginning to make her own little way in the world. Her father taught her her first steps. He tried to teach her her first word, but I had already forestalled him, and "Papa, papa," was her one happy little cry. I knew that I must soon give him up again, my adored husband! but it was a great boon to have seen him thus in the height of his ardor and success. I found myself for the first time growing martial and patriotic. Will's way of describing the battles he had seen was a little different from that of our "Special Correspondent," and I glowed, and shrank, and triumphed with him, and loved him for the dangers he had seen; and when I thought of him unharmed amidst the fire, I came to feel as if he were protected by a special miracle. Angels had charge over him, and I could better bear to let him go again.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.—Monday, the London correspondent of the New York Times, says: "The London Times copies from the New York Times a paragraph on the apparently contradictory testimony of two divines as to European and American drunkenness. The gentleman who said he had seen so little drunkenness in Europe meant the continent—and the Southern part of that. He certainly did not include England. To be drunk three days out of seven is the normal condition of an immense number of Englishmen, and of more English women than an American can have any idea of. It is quite possible to see more drunkenness in one day in Liverpool than in a whole year of continental travel."

In his life of Gen. Grant, the first volume of which is published, Colonel Badeau says: "Born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, in Ohio, Hiram Ulysses Grant entered the Military Academy at West Point in his seventeenth year, where he received, through the error of the Congressman who nominated him, the name of Ulysses S. Grant. The young cadet in vain tried to get his baptismal initials restored, but the ominous 'U. S.' could not be shaken off, as if there were an irreversible destiny about even so small a matter as this."

THE COAST OF MAINE.—"Juniper," of the Gardiner & Home Journal, who has been "bobbing around" among the towns on the eastern coast of our State, draws the following gloomy conclusions as to their future prospects:—

I have made a pretty careful search of the whole coast from Belfast to Eastport, and am decidedly of the opinion that the future of the towns on the coast looks dark. Heretofore they have lived, but not flourished, by the help of the wood and timber in their vicinities; these are wholly exhausted; nine-tenths of the territory has been burned to the ledge, leaving nothing but barren rocks and a few birch bushes, and the inhabitants have to go from home to furnish food for those who remain; the timber which is keeping up the larger towns, such as Ellsworth, Cherryfield and Machias, is becoming scarce; in fact, the whole timber land watered by the Union, Narragansett, Pleasant, Machias, and East Machias rivers, from which so much timber has been taken, is no more than half as large as that watered by the Kennebec alone. When this becomes wholly, as on some of the rivers it is now nearly stripped, they have no farming country to fall back upon, and they must seek a livelihood elsewhere.

JUICY TRUTH ABOUT HOMES.—Among all our acquaintances, scarcely a half-dozen standing at the head of families seem to appreciate the moral bearing of the right sort of homes and the high influences of every name which come from them. Home to a good many men is the place wherein to eat and sleep and loiter and snarl and order children about, and put into practice generally their small views of a husband and father. And then, something higher than these, stand a more intelligent and genial class who have a warm, social side, and are void of tyranny, and cherish every noble hope for their children, and yet do not quite see that home and its influences should be the main thing in the thoughts and plans of every father, instead of being held greatly subordinate to business and politics and out-door pleasures. To provide abundantly and keep the house warm in cold times, and send the young ones to school punctually and have family prayers once or twice a day are not all the things that need doing, but home should be made a really bright and happy place in every way. It should meet the wants of the whole nature of the young. Games should be devised, and a wise man or a careful mother is doing a good thing in spending time to invent and diversify these, with a view to keep the household in good nature and cheer. Festivals should be instituted. Returning birthdays should be emphasized and made memorable. Little expeditions of the household to this place and that should be planned. The right kind of books should be sought and talked over altogether.

Indeed, scarcely anything helps a home so much as general and cheerful conversation. Music should be cultivated. Decorations are excellent in a merely moral view. Flowers and greenery should be made to assist in the general culture. And if time is consumed and some money spent on these things, there is no folly in it, but best wisdom. For boys and girls are blessedly guarded when they find all their faculties well met and exercised at home. They do not care to roam, and so they are detained from a thousand outside dangers. Their passions are kept quiet. They lie open to celestial influences. It is easy, comparatively, for such to be Christians. Indeed, we expect them to be. Solomon's "Train up a child," etc., is likely to be fulfilled in their case. Tippling houses do not draw their pay from youth who have been made to love their homes heartily. Wayward girls are bred in unhappy homes. The mixed Christians (neither saints nor sinners) by whom the church is lumbered and made inefficient, that is, the Christians who have such obstinate kinks in their constitutions that the grace of God is able to straighten them only by slow degrees and a weary drill, they are generally victims of untamed early influences in poorly managed homes.

As if it were not enough to be living in daily fear of steam boiler explosions, terrible tornadoes, destructive fires and other uncomfortable events of that nature, we are told of a theory of Professor Loomis that the world may "come to an end" in a very summary way. Suppose, for instance, that the hypothetical central fire of the earth should open a crater in the sea and let the water in. The steam of ten million boilers with an elastic force beyond calculation might read the planet asunder, and the fragments would then forward do duty as meteorites for Jupiter and Venus. Sleeping on a volcano would be nothing to it. We should see stars in a practical way anything but desirable. It is disagreeable to think about it. To be sure the inhabitants of Jupiter may stand in need of a few lessons in the art of getting on, and the Yankee who should cling to a fragment and make a rapid balloon descent upon the surface of that planet would shortly learn the language and teach the dwellers thereupon how to make clocks, and bootjacks and such things, but the pleasure of the journey would be lost in the unusual rapidity of the motion. The Frenchman perhaps would alight upon Venus, whose people could but rejoice at the opportunity of learning "deportment," though it might be the plight in which he should find himself and the impossibility of obtaining a formal introduction would delay for some time a familiar acquaintance. On the whole we think all parties are better off as they are, and even the Munro Parks of the earth do not care to make exploration in the region of the stars. [Boston Advertiser.]

An exchange says: "We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the sage brush in the back yard. Two of them were making believe keep neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl: 'There now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and don't speak to each other, just like our mother's do, you know. O! that'll be such fun.'"

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

The labor is over and done;
The sun has sunk in the west;
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest—
Sleepers on beds of down,
"Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft as on roses new-blown,
Sleep the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Coy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
"Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Begging or stealing to live, and whined
Like wail on an angry sea!

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of Night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
Sleepers on mother's breast,
And to summer and smother;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,
Never to waken on earth—
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lone;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dew of the sweet May-morn!

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without even a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city
In this most Christian land,
Without even a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

CHILDREN'S FEET.—Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in an attack of croup, diphtheria, or a fatal sore throat.

Always on coming from school, or entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy or thawing weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp, and if so they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand till perfectly dry, and another pair of shoes be put on, and the other shoes and stockings should be placed where they can be dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

THE INCREASING USE OF MUTTON.—We find in a late number of the New England Homestead the following, concerning the use of mutton now as compared with its use in former years:—

In our boyhood mutton was an unpopular meat, and avoided by the city and country as much as the meat of the most offensive animal. To-day, in all the large cities of the country and among the people east of the Mississippi, the best of mutton and lamb commands the highest price of any meat. All nations, as they advance in civilization, abandon the grosser and semi-barbarous kinds of food, and substitute for it the luxuries of the garden and nutritious mutton for the grosser pork, which is far more expensive to produce. The consumption of mutton by a people has been said to be an index of civilization and refinement.

There are some curious facts illustrative of the immensely increased demand for mutton. Within our recollection tens of thousands of sheep have been slaughtered for their hides and tallow, and their meat pressed for swine feed. To-day, take the year round, butchers complain that it takes more time to obtain a mutton supply of mutton and lamb than all other meats. At Brighton, on the day before Christmas, 1839, two men held all the sheep (only four hundred in all at Brighton), yet this monopoly did not raise the sluggish market one-half cent per pound. In 1859 there was in this market, the day before Christmas, five thousand four hundred sheep all sold; while the average weekly supply in 1866 was over eight hundred, and on some market days over sixteen thousand, and not much heard of cheap mutton.

COURTSHIP AND LOVE.—In the new play "Under the Gaslight," the heroine gives utterance to the following:

Courtship is the text from which the whole solemn sermon of married life takes its theme. As lovers are discontented and unhappy so will they be as wives and husbands. So as you would be happy all the years of your life, listen to the voice advising you: Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, be autiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing which she can really give or refuse—her heart! Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments she may sell to you—but her love is the treasure without money and without price! She only asks in return that when you look up in her eyes shall speak a mute devotion, that when you address her your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand all at once your vigorous thoughts and ambitious designs for the greatest purposes, her love remains to console you! You look to the trees for strength and grandeur—do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is all a woman has to give—but it is the only earthly thing that God permits us to carry beyond the grave.

The following comes from Springfield, Massachusetts. A lady, young, attractive and just married, left her home in that city and went into the country accompanied by her husband. Soon after her debut as Mrs. H.—she attended a sewing society. After the usual subjects of conversation had received attention the lunar eclipse was alluded to. "Mrs. H.—did you sit up to see it, eh?" "No, I did not," was the reply; "Mr. H.—sat up. In Springfield, where I came from, they are such a bore—use have them so often!"

It is now rumored that Secretary Seward is anxious to see the appropriation for the purchase of St. Thomas defeated because he believes he can drive a better bargain with San Domingo for the Bay of Samana. The latter will be a far more valuable naval station than St. Thomas.

FINANCES OF THE STATE.—ABSTRACT OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT.—The whole amount received into the treasury during the year 1867 is \$1,604,678 84; balance in the treasury Jan. 1, 1867, \$232,192 49; total, 1,836,866 33. Expended in 1867, \$1,628,024 32; cash on hand Dec. 31, 1867, \$208,834 01; total, 1,836,866 33. Estimated receipts for 1868, \$1,090,866 77; estimated expenditures, \$854,021 52. Resources of the State, \$1,119,893 78; liabilities, \$6,426,764 25. Amount paid for claims due prior to Jan. 1, 1867, \$79,062 97. Cost of the State constabulary, \$9,734 62; estimated cost for 1868, \$10,000. This will not be needed, as the law creating the office is short-lived. The Treasurer says that Maine, after the war, turned her attention immediately to the subject of the payment of our debt. Taxation was resorted to for current expenses, for payment of non-funded debt, and for the establishment of a sinking fund. The last of our State bonds mature in 1889. The tax of 1865 was the largest ever assessed in the State, 15 mills on one dollar. A tax of 7 1/2 mills followed the next year. Six mills is now the ratio of taxation. Not a dollar has been borrowed since 1865. The benevolent institutions having been all well endowed for the present, the demands upon the treasury may be met with a tax of 5 mills on the dollar. This will be one mill less than last year, and an aggregate lessening of the tax of about \$160,000. At the close of the war the State liabilities had reached the high figure of \$5,164,500. This has been reduced to \$4,521,500. For the payment of the war debt we have a sinking fund which amounts to \$123,775 90 per year. When the country returns to specie payments, which the Treasurer trusts it will speedily do, the people may be relieved from the payment of the sinking fund for a year or two without endangering the payment of all debts at maturity. The Land Agent has paid into the treasury the past year the sum of \$31,348 92. The figures of the disbursements at the State Pension Office are given, but these were included in the Governor's address.

INSANE, HOSPITAL.—The reports of the trustees and superintendent of the Insane Hospital represent the affairs of that institution in a healthy condition. The number of patients at the beginning of the year was 276. During the year, 150 have been admitted and 123 discharged. Number remaining, 303; 144 men, 159 women. Of this number, 46 are supported by their friends, and 221 are aided to the amount of \$1 each per week by the State. The last legislature appropriated \$4000 for building a new laundry. The cost of the building exceeds the appropriation by \$2,673 96. The trustees ask the legislature to make an appropriation of \$38,673 96 for balance on laundry, the purchase of land adjoining farm, and for building additional ward. A good degree of physical health has prevailed among the patients. Thirty-one have died, mostly those among the chronic insane, who had spent a third of their lives in the institution. Three thousand one hundred and ninety-four patients have been received into the hospital since it was opened in 1840; 2891 have been discharged, of whom 1320 recovered; 566 improved; 506 unimproved, and 509 have died. The institution has received several donations. From Rev. Williams and Benjamin Brown, in the founding of the hospital \$10,000 each; from the late Bryce McLellan, \$500; and from the late Col. Black of Ellsworth, \$3000. During the past year the number of male patients has exceeded the number of rooms by about twenty-two, and a new wing is much needed. The trustees express entire confidence in those who have management of the affairs of the institution, and it is believed that the report of the investigating committee, soon to be made, will bear the same record.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The news that comes to us from the South is not of a character to inspire pleasure. Famine hovers over its most fertile States; labor is hungry, unemployed and discontented; the leaders of the old South are active in propagating disloyal and anarchical principles; while the fall in cotton is threatening to aggravate the woe and misfortune which already fill the land with gloom; and, as if to make the ills that the South suffers still more disastrous, the President of the United States, with an unhappy zeal for the ideas of her former rulers, discourages every effort to allay her distresses by a voluntary and cheerful obedience to the will of the nation.

But the ill-will that it is sought to create between the whites and the blacks is even more ominous of coming evil than the merely physical misfortunes that environ the southern States today. It seems to be a latter day fulfillment of the ancient declaration that though a fool be brayed in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him. Mason of Virginia, for example, did not hesitate on a recent occasion to declare that the old ruling class must either control the colored people, or else they must exterminate them. Another Virginia politician of almost equal local celebrity—the well known Governor "Extra Billy" Smith—has publicly announced the theory that every negro before being provided with work should be compelled to agree either not to vote at all or to vote as his employer dictates. These insane and malignant ideas find a large and influential class who are only too willing to put them in practice. In Richmond alone, it is stated that not less than eight hundred freedmen have been discharged for voting against the wishes of their employers. One man alone discharged three hundred at a time. In other States authentic reports state that the condition of affairs in the interior is frightful. A private letter says that in Louisiana freedmen are being compelled to leave their places of employment if they are known to favor the republican party or to belong to the Union leagues. "White Loyalists are everywhere threatened. One of the leaders of Union sentiment—a man who kept the stars and stripes at the head of his paper long after the stars and bars were the ruling symbol of the State and who never took the oath of allegiance to the confederacy—writes that the social persecution is worse now than at any time during the rebellion." Similar reports come from Texas, from South Carolina, and from Mississippi.

People ask in alarm, what is to be the end of this state of things? For our own part we are not appalled at the result. For one thing, we believe that the old South will be taught emphatically that its day is over; that while the nation can forgive the past it can never forget it, and that it will neither suffer its traitors to be again invested with power nor the national yards to be persecuted. If the late rebels are yet unconvinced of the conquering talent of General Grant, their conduct is fast ensuring his promotion to a position in which he will demonstrate it to their satisfaction. And for another thing, rebel employers will discover that in a civilized age, where slavery is abolished, it takes two to make a bargain. If they discharge their laborers they will either make them criminals or landowners; in either case, destroying their value as hired men and enhancing the rate of wages in future.

We see no reason as yet to fear that a gen-

une republican society in the South will not be peacefully inaugurated. We trust that the fanatics of the old system will soon be convinced of their folly, or—which is less unlikely—that the southern people will remember the ruin they have already wrought and refuse to follow their guidance any further. Thus only can peace and prosperity resume their sway in the southern States. Until then, the nation must maintain its guardianship of the loyalists in every State.—Boston Advertiser.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, JAN. 17, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. K. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York, and T. C. Bryant, Advertising Agent, 129 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 relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

The great temperance convention, at Augusta, was probably one of the largest and most earnest, and is destined to prove one of the most influential, ever held in the State. An address is to be circulated, embracing the general sentiments and views of the convention—which they did not embody in resolutions.

REPORT OF STATE CONSTABLE.

This document has been looked for with great interest by all classes, and we should give it entire but for its late hour at which it reaches us. It comes up vigorously to the support of a conviction in the public mind, that the best moral and financial interests of the public demand the continuance of the present law. It contradicts beyond question the groundless assertions and reports that have been so generally credited against it. Instead of an expense of one hundred thousand dollars in the constabulary department, as many have honestly believed, it proves to be only about one-sixth part of this sum. It confirms a growing conviction, indications of which may every where be seen, of the increasing sobriety and prosperity of a class of men for whom the law is intended to be a blessing; and helps to make plain the fact that the venomous opposition it meets is based in the enormous profits of the liquor traffic and the growing cupidity and heartlessness of the rum-sellers. In short, it helps to convince candid men that the law ought to remain as it is, and to be faithfully and vigorously executed; and that its repeal can result only through the agency of the political machinery that selfish men are always too willing to use.

We give a synopsis of the report, which we find in the Lewiston Journal:—

Rum-sellers are naturally violently opposed to the Constabulary, because it enforces the law. There have been 668 searches made for intoxicating liquors, 279 of which have been successful and 1670 gallons obtained, valued at \$3323. Other offenses to the number of 93 of different kinds have been successfully prosecuted. From the reports received, about two-thirds of the amount seized was supposed to have been whiskey, and the balance made up of rum, gin, brandy, &c. The number of seizures made, says Mr. Nye, may seem small, but it only proves how little has been brought into the State, and into what close quarters the sale has been driven. The Liquor Agencies Mr. Nye says he found were conducting their business very loosely, and attention has been directed to them. Some of the deputies report that they are more troubled with licensed agents in their localities than with all other persons. The more the law is enforced against unlicensed persons, so much the more will persons rush to the licensed agencies for liquor, and the many complaints made against appointed agents show conclusively into what close quarters rum drinkers are driven, and how hard it is for them to get their liquor, because the law is so effectually enforced. At the time this law was passed, says Mr. Nye, more than 3000 persons in this State were engaged in the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks. After the passage of the law, and previous to the first day of May, a little more than 2000 of these persons abandoned the traffic without one prosecution; the most remarkable case of the effects of moral suasion within my knowledge. On April 29, Mr. Nye issued instructions to his deputies, who commenced their work, and visited, as he says, the 542 municipalities of the State, calling upon all persons who were supposed to be engaged in the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, and asking them to abandon the traffic at once. Of the 394 hotel keepers in the State, 234 were found to be engaged in the traffic, and 761 persons in shops and private houses were found to be also engaged. The deputy constables notified 346 keepers of hotels not to sell intoxicating drinks, and 961 persons in other business received the same notice.

During the time the State Police force have been on duty they have prosecuted 436 persons, most of whom have been convicted and appealed to the higher courts. The State Constable states there can be no doubt that most of these persons will be convicted on final trial.

There have been paid as fines \$593. The labors of his deputies are satisfactory in the highest degree. They are in constant

communication with him by mail or telegraph. He has in commission twenty-nine deputies residing in the several counties of the State, as follows:—Androscoggin, 3; Aroostook, 1; Cumberland, 4; Franklin, 1; Hancock, 1; Kennebec, 1; Knox, 0; Lincoln, 2; Oxford, 1; Penobscot, 5; Piscataquis, 1; Sagadahoc, 2; Somerset, 1; Waldo, 1; Washington, 1; York, 3.—Total, 29.

EXPENSES.
Appropriation of Legislature, 1867, 20,000 00
ACTUAL EXPENSES.
Salaries of Deputies, 10,985 00
Expenses of Deputies, 5,656 74
Printing and stationery, 362 55
Rent of office for State Constable, 50 00
Furnishing same, 153 45
Postage, telegraph, stationery, &c., 102 50

Total, 17,310 24
It will be seen that the appropriation exceeds the expenditures \$2,689.76. All of the expenses of the State police from its organization till Dec. 31, 1867, will not amount to three cents to each inhabitant of the State.
From the expenditures should be deducted the amount already paid for fines, the value of liquors seized and the fines that probably will be paid on final action of the appellate courts, with the saving to the State of the deputies' taxable costs, and the balance will not be more than \$8000 against the State police to December, 1867.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—The old board of officers were quietly re-elected at the annual meeting on Tuesday last, being as follows:—

John Webber, Waterville, President.
Wm. Conner, Kendall's Mills,
Luke Brown, Waterville,
Wm. Dyer, " Directors.
T. W. Herrick, "
L. E. Thayer, "
J. P. Blunt, "
Homer Percival, Waterville, Cashier.

A semi-annual dividend of five per cent. was made on the 6th inst.

TICONIC BANK.—At the annual meeting on Tuesday, the old officers were re-elected without a division, remaining as follows:—

Solyman Heath, Waterville, President.
Samuel Doolittle, Waterville,
Samuel Appleton, " Directors.
Edward G. Mearns, "
Joseph Eaton, Winslow,
A. A. Plaised, Waterville, Cashier.

A semi-annual dividend of five per cent was made to the stockholders.

THE AROOSTOOK PIONEER has just been moved from Presque Isle to Houlton. The Pioneer, under its present management is a wide awake paper, and no can doubt fill a larger sphere. Its editor and proprietor, Mr. W. S. Gilman, has prospered in his old location, and we trust he will in his new one. Mr. George S. Rowell, of Hallowell, who was in the College here for a year or two, is Mr. Gilman's able associate.

A. F. LINCOLN & Co., a young and energetic advertising firm in Boston have recently removed to their new and commodious office, at No. 89 Court Street. They are authorized agents for our paper, and we commend them to public confidence.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Portland, on Saturday evening, at which strong resolutions were passed, urging upon Congress a declaration of the nations will for the protection of our naturalized citizen's abroad. Earnest and eloquent speeches were made by Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, J. E. Fitzgerald, Esq., Wm. W. Thomas, Jr., Esq., and others.

REASONABLE REQUEST.—that made by Mr. Henry Taylor in an advertisement in another column.

CATTLE MARKETS.—There was an abundant supply of cattle this week, and the quality good, the market rather favoring the buyer. The Boston Advertiser says:—

Most of the Maine cattle were large, well fattened animals. The drovers here also complained that the market was against them. As proof of this one of the drovers said that last week he could sell cattle without flinching at all; this week he sold about half without any branch of the truth, but in selling the poorer grades he had to like blazes, and lost money on them after all. Gideon Wells sold 30 Maine oxen at 13½¢ per lb, which were estimated to average 1100 lbs dressed, although some of them were rather small. In this lot were one pair raised by John S. Meserve, of Richmond, Me., a cross of the Durham and Hereford race, 6 years of age, and supposed to be the largest pair in the State, and to weigh well on to 5000 lbs. They have been on exhibition in several places in that State, conceded by all as mammoth bullocks. J. A. Jenkins sold a pair of oxen fed by Widow Craig of Readfield, Me., to W. Scollans, on private terms, which were said to have weighed at home 4670, and which we saw lift the beam at the Brighton scales at 4170 lbs. True they were not mammoths, but they were beauties as to form and development. Daniel Wells sold 7 Maine oxen at 13½¢, 37 sk. 1762 lbs each; 4 at 13¢, 35 sk.; 4 at 12¢, 37 sk.; J. Withee sold 24 oxen, 1452 lbs, at 13¢, 35 sk.; 4 at 12¢, 35 sk.

Our old friend, J. F. Witherell, who published a paper for a time at Dexter, but dropped out of sight a few years ago, has again come to the surface with a new one at the same place, called the Weekly Gazette and Dexter Advertiser. We hope his success will be better in his present venture.

LECTURE.—Rev. J. O. Peck, of Worcester, Mass., whose two lectures were so favorably received in this place last winter, is engaged to lecture here on Tuesday evening of next week, in the Congregational church; the avails to go for the purchase of a Melodion for the Methodist Society. This will be a good opportunity for our citizens to find a liberal reward for a generous act. Let it be seen in this case that "no pent-up Utes contracts our power."

The Congregational levee, which closed Thursday evening, was a very pleasant and successful effort. The net amount realized we have not learned.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC.—The January number of this excellent monthly repository of choice foreign literature has two charming embellishments—"Household Treasures," a fine mezzotint by Sartain; and "Shakespeare before the Court of Queen Elizabeth, reciting Macbeth," a historical picture admirably engraved. The number is full of able and interesting articles, among which we may mention—Voltaire as a Theologian, Moralist and Metaphysician; The Christians of Madagascar; Modern Verse Writers; The Decay of the Stage; Joan of Arc; The Military Armaments of the Five Great Powers; The Great Insurrection and the Greek Nation ally; Abyssinia; The Case of Lebrun; A Message from the Stars; Recollections of Thomas Hood; Great Natural Temple, by Rev. W. H. Bidwell, the editor; and the commencement of The Blockade, an Episode of the End of the Empire, translated from the French. The selections under the heads of Poetry, Science, and Varieties, are always interesting.

The Eclectic is published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 6 Beekman Street, New York, at \$5 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY.—The current number contains a third instalment of the novel "Foul Play," and a large number of other selections from foreign periodicals, including a poem, "The Old Politician," by Robert Buchanan.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year, or 10 cents a number.

THE NURSERY.—The January number of this nice little monthly magazine for youngest readers was out some weeks since, but our copy has only just reached us. It makes a good beginning for the new year and the new volume, with its charming stories and poetry, in beautiful large clear type, and its lifelike pictures. Parents run no risk in subscribing for the Nursery; it cannot fail to please the smaller children, who will be benefited, both intellectually and morally by its regular visits.

The Nursery is edited by Fanny P. Seaverns, (we are glad she does not spell her name Fannie,) and published by John L. Shorey, 13 Washington Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

WORLD AT HOME.—A new magazine with this title comes to us from the city of Philadelphia. This first number, which in its typographical arrangement, bears a general resemblance to Harper's, bearing the engravings, (which are ordinary wood cuts, except a portrait of Charles Dickens as a frontispiece), contains nearly a hundred pages of miscellaneous reading, mostly stories. The price is \$3 a year; but with the numbers the subscriber receives twelve tickets entitling him to as many shares in a scheme of distribution, and any lot of goods designated by them can be purchased for \$2.40. Published by Evans & Co., 814 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

Abstract of a Meteorological Register, Kept at W. Waterville for 1867.

By D. F. WILDER.

Exhibiting the highest and lowest range of the thermometer (with dates prefixed); the mean temperature, and amount of rain and melted snow (in inches and tenths) for each of the calendar months; also, the mean cloudiness and mean force of the wind; and the number of entire cloudy and clear days; closing with statistics of storms, &c., &c. The column of cloudiness is reckoned 10 for entire cloudiness, and 0 for entire clearness. So also of the force of the wind, 10 for the highest or strongest wind, and 0 for a perfect calm.

Date.	Max. Therm.	Min. Therm.	Mean Therm.	Am't of Moisture.	Mean Cloudiness.	Mean Force of Wind.	Entire Cloudy Days.	Entire Clear Days.
Jan. 1	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 2	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 3	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 4	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 5	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 6	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 7	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 8	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 9	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 10	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 11	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 12	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 13	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 14	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 15	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 16	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 17	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 18	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 19	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 20	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 21	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 22	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 23	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 24	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 25	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 26	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 27	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 28	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 29	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 30	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0
" 31	32	20	26	0.00	1.00	1.00	1	0

The numbers with the dash (—) before them, indicate below zero—thus, —14 means 14 below zero.

In January, there were five snow storms, and an aggregate depth of 37 inches; no rain. This has been the coldest January since 1861; and is 4.6 degrees below the average mean temperature of the month for four years. The amount of moisture (rain and melted snow) is 0.41 inches below the average of the month during the same years.

In February, two snow storms, in all twelve inches; two rain storms, and one of sleet and hail. The mean temperature of the month is 1.95 degrees above the average mean of the month for four years. The amount of moisture is 0.18 inches above the average mean of the same month for four years.

In March, six snow storms, in all 27.5 inches; two sleet storms and one of rain. Its mean temperature 2.66 degrees below the average mean of the month during the last four years. The amount of moisture is 0.27 inches below the average of the month for the same years.

In April, one snow storm, four inches; and nine rain storms. The mean temperature 1.68 below the average of the month for 4 years. The amount of moisture 0.23 inches above the average of the month for the same years. Robins appeared on the 3d,—16 days later than last year. Sparrows on the 11th; and frogs on the 25th. Spring work began on the farm the 25th. Ice cleared from Snow Pond on the 27th.

In May, eleven rain storms and one thunder shower. First thunder of the season on the 1st. The mean temperature 2.41 degrees below the average mean of the month for 4 years; and the moisture 1.36 inches above. Bobolinks appeared on the 27th. First blossoms of cherry and plum on the 28th.

In June, five rain storms; two thunder showers. Mean temperature 6.49 degrees above the average mean of the month for four years; the moisture 0.33 inches below. First blossoms of apple on the 4th; in full bloom on the 9th.

In July, six rain storms; two thunder showers. Mean temperature 1.54 degrees above the average mean of the month for four years; moisture 0.33 inches below.

In August, seven rain storms; two thunder showers. Mean temperature 3.86 degrees above the average mean of the month for

four years. Moisture 2.73 inches above. Dammeron's barn, in Belgrade, struck by lightning and burned on the 10th. Thunder shower at midnight accompanied by a gale on the 19th—blew down trees, fences, &c., gale continued about thirty minutes—wind west.

In September, seven rain storms—all very light; no thunder showers. Mean temperature 1.3 degrees below the average mean of the month for four years; moisture 1.61 inches below. Slight frosts on the 11th, and also on the 14th; but not enough to kill the vines in our garden. First frost to kill vegetation generally on the 24th. First snow of the season on the 30th; not having enough to whiten the ground. Three inches fell at Greenville, in this State, also three inches at Nelson, N. H. The thermometer here fell to 35 degs. above zero in the afternoon,—being only 2 degrees above the freezing point.

In October, five rain storms; no thunder shower; no snow. Mean temperature 1.99 degrees above the average mean of the month for four years; moisture 1.71 inches above. First ice formed on 4th. Ground froze on the 24th and 25th. The month closes with fine weather for farming.

In November, five rain storms, four snow storms, 10½ inches fell, one sleet storm. Mean temperature 3.3 degrees below the average mean of the month for four years; moisture 0.43 inches below. Darling's barn, in Greenville (Moosehead Lake) struck by lightning on 2d—much damaged but not burned. No thunder storm here on that day, though the clouds gave indication of it. The highest range of the thermometer for the day was at 2 o'clock P. M., 42 degrees above zero, only—far below the ordinary thermal temperature of the air during thunder storms. Snow Pond closed with ice on the 19th—18 days earlier than last year. Robins seen same morning; thermometer at 10 degrees above zero.

In December, six rain storms; in all 13.5 inches; one rain storm. The mean temperature 3.88 degrees below the average mean of the month for four years—9.27 degrees below the same month in 1866, and 17.7 degrees below the same in 1865; moisture 1.09 inches below.

The first fourteen days of the month have been the coldest days of December we have noted during the eleven years of our observations; the mean of the 14 days being 4.69 degrees below the mean of the whole month, 13.96 degrees below the mean of December, 1866, and 22.59 degrees below that of 1865. Pretty cold, indeed!

The mean temperature of the whole year 1867, is 43.43 degrees—0.96 below the average mean of the four preceding years. The mean of 1866 is 44.69; 1865, is 44.26; and 1864, 45.21.

The whole amount of moisture (rain and melted snow) for 1867, is 42.96 inches—2.99 inches above the average annual amount of the four preceding years; the amount in 1866 is 44.60 inches; in 1865, 37.27 inches; and in 1864, 35.05 inches.

The whole amount of snow in 1867 is 104.5 inches; in 1866, 83.5 inches; in 1865, 109 inches; and in 1864, 91 inches.

[For the Mail.]

MESSRS. EDITORS.—When one is filling his purse by "pulling wool" 'tis perhaps annoying to have notice taken of the manner in which the operation is conducted; but as your columns are always open to both sides of a subject, and an article in your last issue figured with mathematical precision the difference to the farmer between keeping Merino and coarse wool sheep, there can be no harm in looking the facts and figures over to ascertain their correctness. Allowing for a moment that they are correct, I can hardly see where the profit in keeping either kind of sheep comes in. The able "Senior" makes it thus: wintering a coarse wool, \$8.10; pasturing same, 1.00; total 9.10. He credits the same sheep with five lbs. wool at forty cts., making two dollars, leaving a balance of \$7.10 to be obtained from the lamb or lambs. Now although the coarse wool lamb will bring a good price to butcher, he will not make up this balance; so coarse wools surely won't pay. (1) Merinos, he says, will eat only one half as much, viz. \$4.55; he credits them 10 lbs. wool at 30 cts. \$3.00, and the lamb to make up the balance. Now this certainly figures nearer the thing than the other side, and "figures won't lie," but let us see if there are no more figures to be added to the debtor side of fine wools. If I am not mistaken, to obtain these choice fine wools, such as are referred to when questioning if they can be bought for ten dollars, sometimes as high as five dollars is charged for service of a buck; a small item to be sure, but one that helps count. I do not mean to intimate that this charge is high, as there is a great difference between investing from six hundred to two thousand dollars in a fine wool buck, or some six or ten dollars in a coarse wool. I merely mention it as one trifling item in the cost of breeding fine wools. (2) As for getting much from the lambs of the fine wools, 'tis hardly worth attempting, as so many of them die, owing to their being too delicate for our cold climate. I have been told that in the vicinity of Anson, where fine wools have been bred for years, 'tis as common to find in the spring a pile of dead lambs back of the barn, as it is to find the manure heap. (3) The "Senior" says "choice Merino lambs will always sell for double the price of coarse wools," and asks if the best Merino lambs can be bought here for less than ten dollars. I presume those who are engaged in breeding this variety for fancy prices and who can find somebody to sell to, with "wool on the brain," demand fabulous amounts, but I am told by one of the "Butchers and Drovers," whom I speak for, that he can buy plenty of them for sixty cents per head. I do not speak from my own knowledge, but as the humble representative of the class alluded to last week; (4) but one thing I can say, that it is enough to make a lover of good fat mutton sick at heart to look into our farmers' barn yards and see the miserable looking apologettes for sheep that are there to be found. Say anything to the owner, and with a shamefaced look he will say they sheared perhaps some six pounds. (5) Say to him, "what did you do with your lambs?" "Well I have not sold them yet, they are sorted out in the pen here to be fed—what will

you give for them?" One look is enough, as the Senior will testify, judging by his "New Year's offering," which was possibly a trifle smaller than an average. As for his remark, that "Drovers and Butchers keep that sort for their home customers," the reason must be plain, as freight and commission cost some two shillings per head.

But enough—I have no personal interest in the matter, and have only attempted to express the views of those whom I speak for. My own opinion is that a medium grade is what our farmers had better keep—such a flock, for instance, as has been kept for the last few years by Chas. C. Hayden, of Winslow; who has sold his lambs very early in the season for four dollars per head, and his sheep have sheared, I judge, from four to six pounds good washed wool. They are hardy and prolific, and if any sheep will pay, I think they will. The "Senior," I am aware, has a very choice fine wool buck, one of the very best. He prides himself, and justly too, on his pedigree, and I am heartily glad to see him take so much pleasure in exhibiting and tending him. I wish him personally a full measure of success, and hope he may find, as he doubtless will, plenty of purchasers for his choice lambs; and if any one wants "pure bloods" he is the man to get them of. But I must say I don't like them to butcher—and as for the "farmers" they will of course take care of themselves—caring neither for "Butchers or Drovers," or perhaps, even Editors. (6)

Per Order, C. H. REDINGTON.

(*) Certainly no harm; and we could have excused our correspondent if he had not found it necessary to return our courtesy by an insinuation of dishonesty; for we cannot demonstrate to him by "figures" that men may differ in their opinions without calling each other knaves, or that any qualities in coarse wool sheep necessarily make their owners coarse.

(1) Let our correspondent ask any intelligent farmer if he thinks he can buy hay at \$20 to feed to sheep, adding corn, if he will, at \$1.60 cts., or oats at 85 cts., and make it pay, with wool and mutton at present prices? But let them figure hay at \$10, which is perhaps all it usually costs the raiser, working in one third of their feed in straw and other coarse fodder; making the foddering season five months instead of six, counting the manure at 50 cts., and wool and mutton at their average price for ten years past, and the result looks better, even on coarse sheep—and better still on fine. Just figure and see.

(2) The raising of extra breeding animals is not the basis of our estimates; if it were our figures would be quite different. Don't waste your ammunition.

(3) This talk of "too delicate for our cold climate" is never made by men who know any thing of the real qualities of the Merino sheep. How much colder is the climate of Maine than that of Vermont or New Hampshire? It is an established fact that in large flocks the Merino is kept in much better condition, and with less loss of lambs or sheep, with the same care, than the coarse wool sheep. For this assertion, if you doubt, inquire of Joseph Percival, H. G. Abbott, or Geo. E. Slores—gentlemen whose intelligence gives weight to their answers, though their flocks are generally coarse wools.

One of these gentlemen partially contracted the use of some Cotswolds to a young farmer of this section, for one year, commencing last fall; but when informed that he had leased some of our Merinos for the same period, to herd with them, he at once declined letting the Cotswolds—for who does not know that in the same flock they will grow poor while the Merino grows fat. And who does not know that in "our cold climate" the best flocks of Cotswolds decline from year to year, till they have to be turned off for a new stock? The beautiful flock of Joseph Percival, of this village, which was sold at auction a few weeks ago, was by no means equal to the same flock six or eight years ago,—and this while carefully tended by one of the best farmers of Maine. Suitably graded, this may not be the case, but it is true of thoroughbred Cotswolds. On the reverse, the Merinos have steadily progressed for fifty years; their live weight coming up from an average of fifty pounds to an average of seventy-five to one hundred pounds, with a proportionate increase of wool. We speak of choice flocks. The story about "piles of dead lambs" must have come from a few of the coarse flocks in this vicinity, where for some reason, last year, nearly fifty per cent. of the lambs went to the manure heap. Does Mr. R. believe it true in Somerset?

(4) A little of "your own knowledge" would be an improvement. One of your "drovers and butchers" certainly owned a dozen ewe lambs, a few days ago, stock of "Green Mountain Boy," which he held at prices from four to fifteen dollars each. Was he the one you refer to? If so, tell him to go to the flocks of Dr. Boutelle, Joseph Nye, Messrs. Merrill of Sidney, or others to whom we will direct him, and buy lambs of this stock at five times that price, and bring them to us for an advance of one hundred per cent. Is this profit enough? Then set him to work on his own figures.

(5) Is this a fleece to be ashamed of, compared with about the same class of coarse flocks that average three pounds? Both might be better, and would if the drovers and butchers were not allowed to pick the best lambs for slaughter, and leave the culls for breeding sheep.

(6) Your "own opinion" is just our opinion, and it does you more credit than lugging the bundles and errors of other men. But how are you to get "grades" without thoroughbreds?—and if the farmer begins to grade his flock with Merino blood, would you have him stop so long as he finds both carcass and fleece increase?—or so long as he finds the fleece increase without any decrease of carcass—or even so long as he finds that the carcass and fleece together give him an increased net profit? In all this we shall certainly agree; and this is

just what we urge the farmers to settle for themselves.

WATERVILLE, ME. 23

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