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Maxham & Wing

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From school, and ball, and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, in summer fields,
She sought the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocoma stealing,
There's iron in our Northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the meadow-meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat,
To share her grateful cooling,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
And smiling mouth and corner
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter."

"To mend your flock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady;
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready."

"Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
To set his white teeth tightly,
"This well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly."

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness,
I tell you love has taught me to do
With meanness or unmeanness."

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken zone or homespun frock
It airs with throbs of passion."

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As if I were a stone or tree,
We two had played together."

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheeks of sunset blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes."

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot of your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me."

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me,
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison walls about me?"

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!"

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding,
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender;
And if I give you mine," she said,
Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor look nor can I hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?"

"I love you; on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for common fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the langbird overhead,
His hair-curling crest straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

—Atlantic Monthly.

LURA DEANE.

"Oh dear! Seems to me I can't get up again, I'm so tired, and its full two miles I have across the lots. These blackberries are so heavy, and then I'm afraid my water-lilies will wilt before I get there. What will Uncle Tom say, I wonder, when he finds I've been round by the old pond?"

The speaker was a little girl, and she sat under a chestnut-tree by the roadside. A large basket heaped up with great ripe berries stood on one side of her, and on the other a couple of water-lilies laid their moist rich lips to the cool grass.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, with the wind loitering down from the distant hills, and moving softly among the rye fields that were "ripe for the harvest."

The little girl under the chestnut tree fanned her flushed cheeks with her gingham sun-bonnet, and read the sweet poem which the summer had written on the hills and the meadows that afternoon.

If you had passed by that way, you would most likely have thought her a terribly sun-burnt little country girl, with remarkably large eyes, and hair whose ripply length a pair of tasteful hands might have made very beautiful. If you are an artist, or a poet, you would have stopped a moment and looked at her, and for a long time after you would have remembered the shifting light in those berry-brown eyes, and the rich mellow color of the hair that hung over the sunburnt shoulders.

Lura Deane was an orphan, and that summer she and her thirteenth birthday had met each other. She lived with her grandmother and Uncle Tim, in the little brown cottage that stood alone, where the roads from Meadow Brook and South Hills intersected each other.

The Deanes were by no means wealthy people, and Lura's childhood had been a very simple, uneventful one, in the little brown cottage with her old grandmother, and her coarse, but kind-hearted Uncle Timothy. Her relatives both loved the little girl, and it is the saddest story you can tell of a little child, they didn't understand her.

Lura had been out in the woods that afternoon gathering blackberries. Her uncle was cutting hay in the meadows near the pond, and the day before she had heard him say the water-lilies were blown out.

Lura had a great passion for water-lilies; and that night she dreamed she was a fairy, guiding her bark, a rose-colored sea-shell, through a lake where the large blossoms made a white island in its deep heart. The flowers bent their long graceful stems to a breeze, whose very murmur seemed an angel's lullaby, and Lura's light feet left no stain on the leaves as she stepped from her sea-shell bark, and the flowers rocked her gently to and fro as she laid down in her white hearts.

Lura did not tell this dream to her grandmother, for she would only have said: "Come, come, Lura, go and wipe the dishes;" nor to Uncle Timothy, for he would have replied: "Dreams are always a pack o' nonsense."

But the lake and the flowers had haunted the

little girl all day and followed her out into the woods, where the longing to gather some of the blossoms had grown so strong she could not withstand it. The pond was nearly two miles from the woods, but she went over to it carrying her heavy basket all the way.

The lilies grew near the water's edge, and the little girl pulled off her shoes, and wading in, gathered her hands full of the large buds and blossoms. She had achieved about half the distance to her home when we met her, and listened to her monologue under the chestnut-tree. Lura was putting on her sun-bonnet when she suddenly caught sight of a carriage coming up the road.

"I wonder now if that isn't Judge Welden?" murmured Lura, who had quite a habit of talking to herself. "They say he rides out every pleasant afternoon with his wife and the baby. If I could only see them, I wouldn't mind my long walk one bit. They say the Judge's wife is so handsome, and then they're such grand people!"

The carriage drew nearer, and Lura looked out eagerly. There were three occupants of the vehicle, and she identified them at once with the description she had heard from the neighbors of the Judge and his family.

He was a young man, not more than twenty-five, recently installed County Judge and he had brought his wife and child to reside at Meadow Brook only the year before. Of course, the advent of so remarkable a personage had electrified all the village, and the excitement had even extended three miles off to that quiet portion of it where Uncle Timothy Deane lived. Lura had taken her share in the general curiosity, and now her heart beat quick at the idea of seeing a "live and breathing Judge"; she who had never been ten miles from home in her life.

"Just see that little girl under the trees all alone, Graham. And oh, do look what beautiful water-lilies! How I wish I had some!"

Mrs. Welden, the speaker, was a very beautiful girl-woman, with May blue eyes and soft golden hair. The great charm of her face was its sweet delicacy and refinement, but there was something about it that involuntarily brought a sigh from your heart. The rich crimson of her cheeks and lips formed too deep a contrast to the Saxon purity of her complexion, and you felt before many years the summer grass would be growing over all that loveliness.

The Judge smiled at his wife's eagerness, and drew up the reins. "Little girl," he called, "won't you come here and show us your flowers?" And the baby boy who sat on his father's knee, with the grave features and dark hair of one parent, and the blue eyes of the other, lifted up its little hands and crowded as the girl came forward.

"Are they not beautiful, Graham? Where did you gather them?" eagerly asked Mrs. Welden, as she leaned out of the carriage and inhaled the delicious fragrance of the blossoms Lura held up to her.

"Down by the pond. They grow there in great numbers. Won't you please take these, ma'am?"

Lura had a soft rich voice, and there was always an instinctive grace about her movements. The lady's eyes turned from the flowers to the girl.

"Oh, thank you, my dear, you are very kind, but I don't like to rob you of your flowers! How far is it to the pond?"

"About two miles! But I wish you would take these, ma'am. Uncle Tim will get me some more."

"Two miles! You haven't walked two miles in this heat?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have! I shouldn't have minded it, but for the blackberries."

"And how much further have you to go, my child?"

"It's only about two miles more across the lots, Uncle Tim says!"

"Two miles! more, with that basket of berries yonder. Why, Graham, it will kill her!"

"Perhaps we can make a bargain with her for the flowers, by giving her a ride. We can manage to make room between us, Alice. Where do you live, my little girl?"

"Half a mile from the South End Meeting House!"

"Well, get your berries and jump in here, and I'll see you're safe there in half an hour."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Grandma," cried the child, "it's Judge Welden and his wife. They want to buy my blackberries. Won't you bring the quart cup here?"

"No, there's no use measuring them," answered the Judge, bowing to the old woman, and he took out his purse, while his wife leaned over him.

"There, you can see if it's all right after I'm gone," he said, as he slipped a bill into Lura's hand. "Now, good-by. Perhaps we shall come round this way again and carry you to ride, for Philip seems to have taken quite a fancy to you;" and the father smiled down on the small white arms that were outstretched to the girl.

Then the carriage turned round, and Lura stood watching it, half mournfully, as it rolled into the distance.

Her grandmother's voice recalled her. "Well, if that doesn't beat all nature?" Where in the world did you come across um, Lure?"

"Down by the bridge, grandma! I'll tell you all about it. Dear me, I'd quite forgotten the money. Why, here's a bill!"

So there were two of them, making four dollars in all!—Lura could go to the academy now.

August passed away, and the late September had begun to write her crimson paragraphs on the green sheet of the summer. Lura had not, meanwhile, seen any of the judge's family. Soon after her ride she learned that Mrs. Welden was seriously ill, and that her friends feared the disease, which was indigenous to her family would soon number her among its victims.

That ride was a bright episode in the little girl's life, and she thought of it every day, and in the long summer afternoon she would stand at the little front gate, and look wistfully up the road, longing to see the dun horse and the black buggy once more. But it never came.

"There, Lury, I've got a prize for you," said Uncle Tim, as he entered the kitchen at sundown, and deposited his arms full of water lilies on the table.

His niece sprang forward with a cry of joy. "I came across 'em in a little inlet up in the woods this afternoon, and I thought I'd make sure 'o the whole on 'em, as they're the last you'll put your eyes on afore the next July."

A sudden thought brought Lura to the farmer's side. "Uncle Tim, what are you going to do tomorrow?"

"Do? Why, in the morning, I think I'll dig the most of them potatoes, and in the afternoon I'll cart a load just now down to Mill Side. Pretty busy times just now."

"Well, Uncle Tim, won't you let me ride on the hay down to Mill Side?" And Lura drew her arm coaxingly round the old man's neck. "You know it's only two miles from Judge Welden's, and I want to carry his wife some of the flowers. She's very sick and can't go out to gather any; besides, she's so fond of them."

"But it's a long walk, Lury. What does grandma think about it?"

"Oh, I haven't asked her. You must do that, Uncle Tim! You can tell her it's the best I can do, after that beautiful present the Judge made me. She'll do as you say about it."

Uncle Tom laughed and went to feed his horse.

The next day, at precisely two o'clock, a load of hay, with Lura mounted on the top, might have been seen going out of Uncle Timothy's back gate. The little girl perched on that rather critical elevation, looked very happy in her Sunday bonnet and her blue calico dress.

"Yes, grandma, I'll remember and be back to the mill in time." She called to her grandmother, who screamed a last warning from the front door, where the old lady had stationed herself to watch the departure of the vehicle. An hour later, the same little girl might have been seen walking slowly up the avenue that led to Judge Welden's house.

It was a beautiful country seat, and the shadows of the great elms wound themselves about Lura Deane, as she walked slowly along, her heart baptized with the beauty and the quiet all about her.

Lura knew she was a little stranger, not exactly like other girls, that there were sweet hymns for her in the summer breeze, and beautiful countries in the twilight clouds, which others could not see or hear. But the little girl did not know what it was that filled her eyes with happy tears that afternoon, nor that this outward beauty, called to that inner voice which had begun to awaken in her soul.

The thick shrubbery upon which the frost had not yet laid his fingers, made a soft glow about her, until suddenly the pretty Grecian cottage opened at the end of the path. Lura mounted the steps, and rang the bell.

Mr. Welden is expected to-night; to-morrow we will all ride out again! She was speaking half to herself, now, and with a pretty girlish sort of eagerness.

"How I wish you could drink some of our new milk. Grandma says it's so good for weakly people, if they'll only take it warm."

"Does she? well, we'll stop and get some the next time we go out—dear little Phil!"—and she glanced tenderly toward the crib, "He hasn't ridden out with his mamma since that day you went with us. I am feeling tired, Lura; put your arm around me, maybe I shall go to sleep."

Lura drew her arm around her, and the fair head rested on her shoulder. In a few moments she looked down, and the lady's eyes were closed.

"How glad I am she is sleeping sweetly!" thought Lura.

So she sat there, and the boy and his mother slept on, and the light came softly through the damask curtains, and filled the room with a rosy artist glow.

The little girl had walked a long way, and the slumberous atmosphere of the room stole over her senses. Her eyelids closed and Lura Deane was sleeping.

An hour later, the bed-room door was softly opened, and Judge Welden looked into the room. There was something in that first glance that held his steps on the threshold. It was a painting more beautiful, the gentleman thought at that moment, than any his eyes had ever rested on. The faces of the trio of sleepers were turned toward him; and the sunset came through the damask curtains, and lay about them in a warm golden haze, such as artists used to give to the cloud foldings in their visions of heaven. The head of his wife was laid on Lura's shoulder, and the little girl's arms were around her.

Mrs. Welden's cap had fallen back, and her golden curls lay in exquisite contrast against the mellow brown hair of Lura. Mrs. Welden's face was most beautiful in repose, and the pale soft features in the sunset made them seem like the face of an angel.

Lura's head was dropped down toward the lady's. She was by no means a pretty child, and though that little sun-browned face possessed a revelation of exceeding beauty, you would never have dreamed of it, in its ordinary expression. But, with that quiet smile softening about her large mouth, and that rich hair falling over her brown cheeks, you would not have changed a shade or a feature.

Then the little boy in the crib, his bright curls held breaking over the laces of his pillow, no wonder his father thought, "What a pity I didn't bring home a painter with me."

Judge Welden stood there for some time looking on all this, for underneath the man's grave, proud exterior, were hidden lakes of warm, deep, poetic feeling.

At last he moved forward. "Alice," he said, softly.

She did not stir, and he drew nearer and spoke louder, though it almost seemed he had no right to disturb her—"Alice, dear."

Still no answer, and the other sleeper moved not. The Judge had drawn near the couch, and as he looked in that white, transparent face, a kind of chill crept to his heart. He came close up now, and leaned over his wife. "Wake up, wake up, Alice!" he said, quickly.

Still no reply. He lifted her head up gently. Then the strong man groaned out sharply, and his face grew white as the one on his arm, for he saw that she was dead!

How MUSKRATS SWIM UNDER THE ICE.—Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under water as long as they can. Then they rise up to the ice and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till the recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it again, and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet, for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes him with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way, and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.

THE IMMORTALITY OF FAIRY STORIES.—Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, the gallant and Quixotic Giant-Killer, and dear Cinderella, whom every one must have loved, I should think, ever since we ever knew her in her little brown pinafore; I wondered, as I shut them all up for the night between the green boards, what it was that made these stories so fresh and vivid. Why did they not fall to pieces, vanish, explode, disappear, like so many of their contemporaries and descendants? And yet, far from being forgotten and passing away, it would seem as if each generation in turn, as it came into the world, looks to be delighted still by the brilliant pageant, and never tires or wearies of it. And on their side princes and princesses never seem to grow any older; the castles and the lovely gardens flourish without need of repair or whitewash, or plumbers or glaziers.

The princesses' gowns, too—sun, moon and star color—do not wear out or pass out of fashion, or require altering. Even the seven-league boots do not appear to be the worse for wear. Numbers of realistic stories for children have passed away. Little Henry and his Bear, Poor Harry and Lucy, have nearly given up their little artless ghosts and prattles, and ceased making their own beds for the instruction of

less excellently brought up little boys and girls; and notwithstanding a very interesting article in the Saturday Review, it must be owned that Harry Sanford and Tommy Merton are not familiar playfellows in our nurseries and school rooms, and have passed somewhat out of date. But not so all these centenarians—Prince Riquet, Carabas, Little Red Riding Hood, Bluebeard and others. They seem as if they would never grow old. They play with the children, they amuse the elders; there seems no end to their fund of spirits and perennial youth.

H., to whom I made this remark, said, from the opposite chimney corner, "No wonder; the stories are only histories of real living persons, turned into fairy princes and princesses. Fairy stories are every where and every day. We are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres or wicked dwarfs. All these histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fables because they are so true to it."

Miss Thackeray.

NOTES OF A FUR HUNTER.—From an article with this heading, in the February number of the "American Naturalist," by Mr. Henry Clapp, a Maine Hunter, we make the following extracts:—

Black Bear.—I don't think there are two species of bears in the country here, but the single species varies exceedingly in color and size and disposition. I had at one time two tamed, which I caught with my mother when they were cubs. One was what is called the "Ranger" Bear; that is, it was long-legged and long-bodied, and not so black, and with a little coarser fur than the other variety. The other was what is called a "Hog Bear," and was shorter-legged and blacker. So I am sure the Hog Bear and Ranger are of one species.

I have caught a great many, as many as sixteen in one year, from May 1st to July 1st, around Schoodic and Sebasticus streams, a few miles east of here. I caught seven the last summer. The larger of the two tamed ones I had was of a milder disposition, and would learn more tricks than the other. Both were females. They had a disposition to pry into every thing. One of them got into the poultry house, and upset the flour barrel and went to eating the flour. When she got her mouth so full as to be clogged, she would clear it out with her paws. She threw the sieve and bread-board out into the kitchen very handily. Another time she got in and took the eggs. They like milk, and honey, and molasses. One of mine would drink milk from a dipper, holding it in her fore-paws. One of my tame ones, if she got loose, would find every hen's nest in the barn and eat the eggs. In the woods they feed on berries and beechnuts and acorns and roots; and they will eat meat of any kind, and will take bear's meat for bait; they will eat fresh fish, corn, and pumpkins, and are fond of oats; in the spring they are fond of the offal left where mouse are dressed.

They strike their enemy and try to throw him down, and then bite and tear him. I never saw them hug, and don't believe they do it. They can climb small trees as well as large ones; I have seen where one climbed a cherry tree not more than three inches in diameter. I kept one of my tame ones till she was six years old, and have time and again seen her climb a pole four inches through. She climbed with the ends of all her claws touching the pole; would climb deliberately, and a hundred times a day for gingerbread, apples, etc. She would walk hand over hand along a horizontal pole with her body hanging under it. They climb the tallest of beeches, and break off limbs two inches through, and throw them down, and then come down and eat the nuts. If the limb won't break, they bite it with their teeth, and then pull it toward them and break it. They also gather a part of the tree together, and eat the nuts there.

Bears hibernate, going from three to four months without eating; sometimes during December, January, February, and March; sometimes during January, February, March, and April. This year there are no beechnuts, and they will probably disappear early. As soon as they begin to eat in the spring, a plug comes away from them, black, shining, and hard, resembling gum, so much so, that some say they eat gum to form it; but it is not so, for the same came from the tame ones in my barn, where they could get no gum. I think it is from the mucous in the intestines. In the barn they covered themselves with straw all over, excepting their ears. Their paws were brought forward around the nose, which was dropped forward and downward. They don't suck their paws. When I spoke to the tame ones in my barn during the winter, they would look up very bright, but would run out their tongue, gaps, and drop their heads forward and down between their paws again. I could see the motion of their breathing, and in a cold day could see their breath condensing. I noticed this particularly, because I have heard it said that they do not breathe when hibernating. In the woods they make for winter-quarters a nest of leaves and cedar bark, and I have sometimes seen cedar and fir boughs in their nest. I don't think they get enough of the material to cover themselves as completely as the tame ones did in my barn.

Bears bite fir and spruce trees, and tear down the bark, and when one has bitten a tree, others are apt to do the same, and thus their ranges or lines of travel become spotted as it were. They follow their ranges year after year. The skin of a bear is worth from \$3.00 to \$12.00.

Beaver.—I have caught seventy Beavers. Have killed seven from one house, and left one or more. I killed five from another house, and opened the house, which was about four feet across on the inside, and two feet high. It was oven-shaped. There was but one room to it, and I never saw a house with more. The houses are sometimes round, sometimes oblong. The house is made of brush thrown into a pile, and covered with mud and sticks. The room is eaten out of the brush; that is, the brush is in a pile, and the room is made by gnawing out a part of it. The passage way is a ditch passing downward and forward into the water, and is covered with brush and mud. Right on top of the house is a part of the roof where there is no mud on the sticks, thus leaving the wall open enough there for ventilation.

The Beaver makes his pond to enable him to

bring and store his food, which is the bark of white birch, yellow birch, mountain ash, swamp maple, poplar, and willow, and perhaps some others. They throw their brush over their passage way, so that the top of it is in the water; that is, the butt of the brush is over the passage way, and the twigs of the top in the water. They cut down the trees, which are for food, and stick the butts under the brush, leaving the tops to float. If the tree is larger than one and a half inches, or two inches at farthest, the beaver cuts off the top, and drags it and the stems to his house separately. I have seen the wood as large as five inches, and three or four feet long. Have seen a white birch felled by them four inches in diameter. In the winter they come up under the ice and gnaw their bark there. Gradually in such places air collects under the ice, which is, I think, what they breathe out when they are there. I have seen one stay under the water seven and one-half minutes by the watch, and have heard from a reliable man of their staying twelve to fourteen minutes. The Otter will kill young Beavers. I don't know of anything else that destroys them except man. Their meat is excellent, and the meat from their tail is a delicacy.

The Dam.—I will describe one dam. It was lately built. It was six rods long; not straight across the stream, but the middle was further down stream than each end. The groundwork was full of small alders, cherry trees, and bushes. Nearer the top, trees from one to one and a half inches in diameter were placed on, the butt being hauled over so as to rest on the bottom of the stream below, and the top woven into the dam. On the up-stream side it was covered with moss, mud, gravel, and rocks, and some of the rocks I judge would weigh fifteen to twenty pounds. The water dripped over the dam evenly the whole length. The dam flowed the pond above, which was a mile long. It was not a narrow place in the brook. It had been built the summer before, and in the fall while I was there, I caught six beavers there, and think I caught them all. There were seven houses in the neighborhood, but only one of them was new. I drove them from this to one of the old ones, and then to another. This last was a mile from their dam. They began to haul wood to it. I caught none at the new house, but two at the first old house they fled to, and four at the second. I frightened them from the new house by paddling around it in my canoe. It was on an island. They work on their house, putting mud and sticks on it, till freezing weather.

OLD MAIDS.—Why do not certain women marry? It may be flippantly replied, Because they are not asked. But this is not altogether true, as many men might testify, and besides, the question may be put, why are they not asked? Some of the best women we know are unmarried, and are neither "anxious nor aimless," but living lives which do good service to their day and generation. We never meet them but we wonder why are they not married, and our explanation is not at all complimentary to the taste and good sense of men. Some women adopt a single life as a vocation because they are idealists, and are not willing to enter the married state on any lower plane than that indicated by St. Paul when he said, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." By the way, it is very strange that women should object to St. Paul's teachings concerning the sphere and duties of women! They call him an "old bachelor," but no one has a higher appreciation of women than this apostle, and in ancient and modern literature there is no such idealistic conception of the marriage relation as in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. A sprightly writer thus expresses his opinion of those who are unmarried, but as we look at it, should be:

"I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is out out for an old maid.' And if she is humane to all the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an old maid."

The truth is, we would get on very ill without the single women, for they are the most valuable and indispensable members of society. If there is a "Dorcas" or a "Phebe" needed in a church the pastor instinctively turns to an "old maid;" if some widow's children are to be nursed the maiden sister is called upon; if a sick old woman is to be taken care of a spinster must do it; in fact, "old maids" are just as necessary and as honorable as wives, and in our "republic" they shall be honored for their works' sake. What would families do if it were not for the care and mollifying influence of a maiden aunt? Romanians boasts of its chaste and serviceable nuns, but Protestantism might call the roll of its thousands of women who, under no vow, and without the love of husband or children, are yet wives and mothers in spirit to hundreds who need consolation.

[Watchman and Reflector.

A CAR INCIDENT.—One sees a good deal of character when travelling, especially in horse cars, and as I do a good deal of the latter sort, I often get glimpses of the odd, disagreeable or pleasant side of my fellow-beings. Let me tell you a little scene which was a lesson to all who saw it. Going to Brookline one day, I took a car at the time when it was fullest. As we rolled along I glanced up and down the two rows of faces, and amused myself by studying them. None were particularly attractive except a boy of eighteen or so, who sat reading in the corner opposite. He wasn't handsome, nor very well dressed; but there was something very pleasant to me in the thin, brown face bent studiously over the book. From the cap he wore and the erect carriage of his shoulders I fancied he had been in the army, and I liked him all the better for that. While I sat looking at him an old colored woman got in. All the seats were full, and no one stirred. Two gentlemen had given up their seats to white ladies, but none of the five seated gentlemen offered the old woman a seat. She was very black and shabby, but the ugly face was kind and patient, and the poor clothes were neat. Having no prejudice against color I was about to offer my seat when the boy glanced up, rose instantly, and beckoning, said respectfully—

"Here's a place, ma'am."

She took it with a motherly "Thanky, dear, thanky," and settled herself with a sigh of satisfaction. Two girls looked at one another and giggled, but stopped suddenly, with an altered look when they saw, what none of us had observed before, that the youth was lame. As he arranged his crutch the old gentleman next me bobbed up in an impetuous way which made me suspect that he was a little ashamed of himself.

"Here, you mean't stand, sit down, sit down," he said.

well; and with a decided shake of the head the boy looked down at his book, coloring a little under the four and twenty pairs of eyes fixed on him. The old gentleman wouldn't sit down, and glancing at the boy's cap he said,—

"You've been in the army?"

"Yes, sir, a short time."

"Seen any fighting?"

"I was at Wagner."

At that quite a little breeze of interest blew through the car, and the old woman patted the end of the boy's coat, that lay upon her knee with a look that was a blessing.

"Got wounded there?" said the old man.

"Lost my foot, sir."

Up I got and insisted that he should sit down. But he laughingly refused, saying he was going to get out; and with a military salute, he left the car. It was curious to see how carefully the ladies drew their skirts out of his way—how respectfully a man opened the door for him, and how gratefully the colored woman's eyes followed him.

It was a small thing to do, but somehow I think every one had learned a lesson of that true gentleman, who had proved that he was not only brave or courteous, in the best sense of the word, but something finer than politeness taught him to respect the woman because she was old, and poor, and black—

[Merry's Museum, for February.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 7, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

G. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; E. H. Wiles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 2 Congress Street, Boston, and 63 Old Street, New York; and T. G. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at the office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the office.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

Mr. DYER'S LECTURE, on Friday evening

last, gave very marked satisfaction to what

may be called a good audience in a place where

public lectures have never been fairly voted

into good society. His wholesome every-day

subject, "MAN'S PLACE," was handled in an

unpretending and common sense way that

secured very close attention. Its style of both

composition and thought was simple and chaste,

and its illustrations appropriate and pleasing.

It was designed to be suggestive and useful,

and to fill a place, in this respect, that our

popular lecturers seem to have overlooked. We

have always thought, when listening to the

overwrought, dreamy and metaphysical efforts

of the great lecturers of the day, that passed

over the heads and beyond the reach of most of

the audience, that they were but a waste of

time; and as often wondered that somebody

did not find a place to lecture somewhere on a

common level with the great mass of men and

women who have not been educated out of

their senses. Mr. Dyer seems at least partially

to have demonstrated our idea. Certainly he

made himself understood, in a fuller sense

than is often true of lecturers; while he taught

no heresy to morals, theology or science. We

offer no detail of his wholesome thoughts, be-

cause we hope his lecture will be delivered in

other places in this vicinity; but the closing

paragraph, which was a kind of summing-up,

has a slight spice of the whole:

"The other day I saw a little boy going along

the street accompanied by a little frizzly dog.

Sometimes the dog followed the boy, and some-

times the boy followed the dog; either way

each seemed satisfied and contented in his

place. It does not matter so much whether we

are boy or dog if we fill our place. If we are

boys we must whistle, and if we are dogs we

must run, when somebody else whistles. The

great thing is to fill our place and fill it well;

and the place will be sure to become larger as

we grow. As a general rule, a man's place,

for the time being, is just where he happens to

be, either socially or in a business way—and it

is for him to be true to his place—true to him-

self, to his best light, and best convictions,

and by being true to make every opportunity,

and every condition into which he comes, or

which opens before him a stepping stone upon

which to rise. If all men were eminently

great, society would be like a splendid structure

without a foundation. Small men, as the world

accounts them, if true men, are the base of the

social edifice, and all important to its perma-

nence and prosperity. Henry Ward Beecher

said, recently, in a lecture in Boston, "When

God makes a man with a small brain He gives

him an unmistakable bent as to his position.

He may be respectable, but he must be content

to be small until after the resurrection, when,

perhaps, he may be made larger." There may

be truth in this statement, but there is very

little encouragement to effort in the direction

of self-improvement. None but an idiot has

a right to take it for granted that God has made

him with a small brain, and so fold his hands

and wait for the resurrection to put him into the

way of becoming larger. It is the business of

every one to take himself as he finds himself,

and make all the improvement upon himself

which is in his power to make. God does not

make men full sized and finished off. He leaves

something for them to do, and puts within their

reach the means of doing it. It is by feeding

upon common facts that our ideas become en-

larged. Business, politics, matrimony, all so-

cial relations and conditions, are levers by

which we may lift our selves into higher con-

ditions of life. Every man's mission, and every woman's mission, in life, is, in itself, a noble one. But men do not realize the privilege, nor the importance of each one's life; and are discontented with the dull routine of ordinary experience. This homely life which we all live is not the life we would live. We feel, at times, an earnest desire to live a truer, deeper, nobler life. We beat our half-fledged wings nervously, in efforts to rise above the level of our common life. But, our common life is one continued drama, representing a deeper life and more real things, which are to be ours, if we will.

[For the Mail.]

KEEP THE VALVES OPEN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In accordance with Prof. Loomis's theory, old Mother Earth recently came near going to fragments in a summary manner. Too much water being let into our hot boiler, caused a severe commotion in the W. Indies; a wall of water rushed into the harbor, 30 feet high, landing the U. S. Ship Monongahela, with all her armament on board, over warehouses and first street up in town, necessitating a launch—the Bahama banks being so disturbed as to cause a change in the current of the Gulf Stream, rendering navigation dangerous. Our principal safety valve, Vesuvius, being free to act, and in full blast, letting off more steam and lava than ever before known, was not of sufficient capacity to keep our old boiler from bursting; and after much quaking, to warn the Engineer of the imminent danger, we find he was busy himself in opening two new volcanoes or safety valves, in Nicaragua, of sufficient capacity to let off the excess of bursting pressure now belching forth and scattering fragments 20 miles around. The professor's theory would have been fully verified, had not the wise old architect appointed an efficient Engineer, keeping the safety valves in order to counteract the over pressure of steam, consequent upon an excess of water let into the mass of liquid fire, contained in the boiler.

This old Mother Earth, or shattered boiler, with its two hundred reits, or volcanic craters, created by over pressure, on the surface of which we are traveling the voyage of life, whirled along at the astonishing velocity of one thousand miles per hour, with an expansive or bursting force of thousands of pounds pressure per square inch, would seemingly afford us a precarious existence. Ignorance of Professor Loomis's theory, or unlimited confidence in the wisdom and beneficence of the Architect, can be the only source of bliss to us travelers in life's voyage. Were the 50 miles of the earth's crust of as equal strength as a common steam boiler, an explosion might occur on a large scale in pursuance of the Professor's theory. But by the one quality of strength and thickness, volcanoes or safety valves are formed in the weaker parts which operate as safeguards against blowing up; and the undersigned sincerely hopes so great a calamity may not occur, at least during this generation. As its duration depends upon its leaky condition, it will probably endure until Young America attempts to patch up the two hundred fissures, so as to pass inspection before some modern board of Engineers, predicated on the supposition that the higher the pressure the greater our speed and progress as a Nation. For some wise and insurmountable purpose, the old Architect has placed all these fissures or safety valves out of our control, (not on being in the boundaries of the U. S.), probably fearing that some live Yankee might lash down the safety valves, assuming the responsibility of running the engine. I herewith, the U. S. Engineer, having recently discovered a defect in a natural law on the working of the steam engine, should be commissioned by Seward to correct Mother Earth in her tantalizing tantrums.

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 25, 1868.

A great many good things are taught us by some kind of mishap. A friend of ours has found a new test for alcohol.—and just by the use of a little frisky black puppy a foot long, tail and all. He bought half a pint of alcohol in Canaan village, to use in bathing a diphtheria patient; and the nurse put half a teacup-full in a dish, to be reduced for use. Pup's habit was to empty every dish he could get his nose into, and so, while the nurse stepped aside for a moment, he restrained his tears while he lapped the dish dry! Wiping his nose, smacking his lips and crying a trifle to a slap in the rear, he trotted here and there for other mischief. Of course he dropped dead in about ten minutes and a half (?)—but he did not! Died of tremens in awful agony?—no. Was awful drunk, but just lived through it?—no. He never staggered, or hiccup'd, or squinted, more than if he had sucked a quart of Danforth's stable mixture! His owner offers to risk him to lap a pint of Canaan alcohol at two jobs, if any respectable liquor dealer will hold the dish.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports an increased supply, this week, and a weak demand, with the market rather favoring the buyer. It says:—"From Maine there were 400 head, mostly heavy oxen, with a few State oxen. The drovers from Maine were very much dissatisfied with prices offered. Mr. Daniel Wells and many others said they must count this week lost as to profit on their stock, and others cyphered up a dead loss. The butchers were accused of combination on low prices. The probability of this being true, the drovers can estimate, we presume, from their own success in "combining," on prices either in buying or selling. By some the market was estimated to be a dollar on a hundred lbs. lower than last week.

D. Wells sold 10 oxen, 1615 lbs. each, at 13c, 36 sk.; and 5 oxen, 1314 lbs. each, at 12 1-2c, 36 sk. J. A. Judkins sold 57 oxen, 1537 lbs. each, at 12 1-2c, 35 sk.; and 13 cattle, 1033 lbs., at 10c, 40 sk. J. Withee sold 12 oxen, 1436 lbs. at 12c, 37 sk.; and 8 P. P. Shores 6 oxen, 1721 lbs. each, 13 3-4c, 34 sk.; and 8 at 12c, 37 sk. H. C. Burleigh 8 at 12 1-2c, 35 sk., 1561 lbs. each.

There was not much change in the market for sheep.

COL. SMITH, the new editor of the Skowhegan Clarion, runs up the name of Gen. Grant for the Presidency.

It is claimed that the presence of Admiral Farragut at Naples has a political significance, and that he is there to sustain the Liberals.

OUR TABLE.

"THE BLUE COATS, and how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union; with scenes and incidents in the Great Rebellion." Philadelphia: Jones Brothers & Co.

The volume is profusely illustrated with over 100 fine engravings, by the first artists, and its contents include reminiscences of camp, picket, spy, scout, bivouac, siege and battle-field, with thrilling feats of bravery, wit, drollery, comical and ludicrous adventures, etc., etc. Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit, and authentic history, are skillfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

It is just such a volume as will find numerous purchasers, and just such a one as persons seeking to act as book agents should add to their list.

See advertisement in another column.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE and Florist's Companion for February has the following table of contents:—

Old and New Homes, continued; The Newhall Pear; Pear Growing in "Egypt;" New Apple; The Phlox; Violets for Winter; An Insect Destructive to Squash; Vines; Peach-Culture; Northern Muscadine; New Tomato; Gen. Grant; Pear Trees in Grass; and about twenty-five pages of interesting Notes and Gleanings. The number contains numerous fine illustrations and is elegantly printed on very nice paper; indeed, it is a work to which the word "elegant" fittingly applies.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, a popular illustrated Magazine of Natural History, completes its first volume with the February number, which has the following table of contents:—

The Insects of Ancient America; The Hand as an Unruly Member, continued; The Southern Muscadine Grape; A Vacation Trip to Brazil; Notes of a Fur Hunter; The Land Snails of New England, continued; Reviews; Natural History Miscellany; Proceedings of Scientific Societies; Glossary.

Several of these are illustrated, and while all will have a value for those interested in natural history, we think the "Notes of a Fur Hunter" will have a special value for readers in this section, as it embodies the observations of a Maine hunter, Mr. Henry Clapp, of Brownville, Piscataquis Co. What he says of the Bear, and the Beaver, we copy in another place.

We commend this work for circulation most heartily. It is thoroughly scientific, and there is not a trace of humbug about it, for it is in the hands of those to whom the publishing is a labor of love.—men whose devotion to science is too great to allow of their "wasting their time in making money."

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

EVERY SATURDAY for the current week has part four of Jack the Giant Killer; The Story of a Theatre; The Jeweled Snuff-Box; How Fashions are Made; A Letter to Sir Walter Scott; Household Service; Curiosities of Sound; Shaluan the Palace; Foreign Notes; De Profundis. An engraving to accompany "Foul Play" is enclosed with the number.

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

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January has the following table of contents:—

Address to Workmen, by Felix Holt; Linda Tressell, Part 4; Sketches in Polynesia; Brownlows, Part 13; Modern Cynicism; What I did at Belgrade; The Night Wanderers of an Afghan Fort; The Education of the People in England and America.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the four Reviews, \$7; any three of the four Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW merits the attention of all lovers of music. It is a mammoth monthly magazine, sheet-music size, containing over seventeen pages of musical news, reviews, and choice art items, every line of which is readable, and we should say, invaluable to all musicians. This alone is well worth a year's subscription, which is only \$2.

The publishers, however, do not stop here, for in addition to the above, each number contains four pieces of choice new music by the best writers in America, thus giving a select library of new music at such a low rate that even the poorest may indulge in what has hitherto been considered a luxury. At least \$9 worth of choice music has appeared in its pages during the last six months.

Published by J. L. Peters, 200 Broadway, New York, at \$2 per year; single copies, 20 cents. No musical family should be without it.

THE MAINE NORMAL for February has a very interesting table of contents:—

Electro-Telegraphy, by Jacob Abbott; The Wonders of Geology, by N. T. True; Letters to a Young Teacher, by Geo. E. Brackett; also interesting articles by A. P. Stone, C. B. Stetson, E. P. Weston, the editor, and other educational writers. This magazine is constantly improving, both in the character of its contents and in its typographical appearance. Every friend of education in Maine should subscribe for it.

Published by Geo. M. Gage, Farmington, at \$1.50 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS AND GIRLS

WEEKLY is always full of attractions for old and young. "Gulliver's Travels" is now running one of its serials, with hosts of other good things and a profusion of illustrations. A Comic Checkboard, a great thing for the boys, is given away with No. 68.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

CRETAN AFFAIRS are approaching a crisis.

The fighting is vigorously continued, and energetic notes have recently been addressed to the Porte by France and England for a redress of grievances, and if not complied with, Turkey will be left to the tender mercies of Russia.

The Alabama negotiations having been broken off, there is some apprehension in England that the matter in dispute may lead to serious trouble between the two countries. Of course the Fenians would be delighted, and regard it as one of "Ireland's opportunities."

The numerous friends of Mrs. Marriener, the eminent vocalist, will be interested by the information that she is employed as a teacher of vocal music in the Female College of the Pacific, located at Oakland, California.

THE MASQUERADE BALL at Gardiner, on Tuesday evening, proved a brilliant success. The only Waterville representative we find in the list of gay maskers was Miss Fannie Plaisted, who appeared as Queen of Hearts.

CHOICE GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS may be had of B. M. Watson, of the Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth, Mass. See advertisement.

GRANT AND JOHNSON.—Not having room for the correspondence between these two gentlemen, (in which a question of veracity is plainly raised), we copy the following synopsis and comments from that candid and reliable paper, the Boston Advertiser:—

The correspondence between the President and General Grant respecting the War Department controversy has not yet come to a close, it appears, but enough has been written and published to show clearly enough how the case stands. Mr. Stanton being out of the war office and General Grant in it, it was the President's avowed purpose to prevent the return of Mr. Stanton, in case the Senate refused to concur in his suspension. To accomplish this Mr. Johnson desired, either that General Grant should resist Mr. Stanton's return, or that he should retire with such notice as should enable the President to appoint a successor to make the resistance. General Grant does not deny that his view of the law some months ago was that Mr. Stanton would be compelled to apply to the courts to reinstate him, that he informed the President of this opinion, and also stated that if his opinion in this respect should change, he would make the fact known to the President. Upon closer examination he found that the law gave him no discretion but that he must vacate the office upon Mr. Stanton's presenting himself after the decision of the Senate. This change of opinion he made known to the President on the Saturday before the case was settled, and it was for Mr. Johnson then to take such course as he thought necessary.

But at this point another purpose of the President comes into view, in such manner as to raise a doubt whether it had not in fact become his leading object. This was, to connect General Grant with the resistance made to Mr. Stanton's return, by inducing him to give notice of his own withdrawal in favor of some friend of the President, in case he would not himself be the agent in the resistance. If this could be accomplished it might be hoped that the popular favorite would be so embroiled with the leading party as to put an end to his dangerous prominence as a candidate for the presidency. This purpose is to our apprehension obvious through the whole course of the correspondence; and General Grant himself charges it upon his titular superior in terms which have not been surpassed in plainness of speech, we venture to say, since General Scott when setting out for his most brilliant campaign called the administration of that day to account for aiding the enemy by keeping up "a fire in the rear."

With this purpose existing on the part of the President, which in the notorious condition of political affairs no multiplication of affidavits from members of the cabinet can put out of sight, the position of the parties becomes plain. General Grant had made his views of the law known, as he engaged to do, and he left it to the President to take the responsibility at that point of acting as he thought best. The general for his part proposed to enter into no engagement, to give no information to be used against himself, and to make no adjournment of the discussion which should tie his hands. If the President had merely desired to test the legality of Mr. Stanton's claims he could then have suspended General Grant and named a successor without making his own position any worse. But this was not his whole object; he desired to entangle General Grant as well as to resist Mr. Stanton, and he therefore undertook to use strategy with one who has practiced that art not unsuccessfully against infinitely greater masters of it than Mr. Johnson. We can well understand what took hereupon. The President, we doubt not, used every means to obtain promises and admissions from General Grant; and the general calmly avoided both, not having kept his own counsel through a civil war, it is likely, to have it wrested from him now by any man of Mr. Johnson's calibre.

In fact the scheme which was to destroy General Grant's position as a republican candidate has only served to put the President in a more unenviable position than any he has yet occupied. If he had in view the vindication of a great principle of constitutional law, as is assumed on his behalf, the way was open for him to do this without intrigue of any sort. But he could not resist the temptation to embroil by a trick his most formidable political opponent. Failing in this he made the press of the capital the vehicle of slanders against one whom he could not hoodwink or bend to his purpose, and he closed the descending series of experiments by a petty attempt to raise an issue of personal veracity on a collateral incident of the case. Even in less serious times than these in which we live, Presidents of the United States, even those of them who have been the most ardent partisans, have usually found more important and creditable business to occupy their time and thoughts than this.

HUMBLE PHILOSOPHY.—Close by the old Fort burying ground, in Winslow, stands a dwelling house, whose owner has prudently insured it in the Home Ins. Co. of New York and as usual in such cases, the door bears the sign, on a bit of tin, "Home, N. Y." Two men were riding past the house and the cemetery, a few days ago, when one of them, not well versed in the mysteries of insurance, but glancing from the sign to the grave-stones, said in a subdued tone to the other, "Home new by"—"we've all got to go there; that's solemn, ain't it?"

THOSE who ought to know best feel more assured of the safety of Dr. Livingstone with every day's revelations.

An analysis of the vote in the House on the Constabulary Law shows that 39 Democrats and 61 Republicans voted for repeal; and 32 Republicans against repeal.

THE SPRING TERM of Colby University will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst. We learn that Mr. George Babcock, of Brookline, Mass., lately deceased, has left \$10,000 to this institution, to endow the Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

French parents are prohibited even from naming their children what they will, for fear that some revolutionary character's name will be perpetuated. The name must be selected from the catalogue of saints or from ancient history, and registered with the mayor of the district.

Nearly one half of the Republican delegation from Tennessee to the Chicago Convention of May 20, are colored men. This is a practical exemplification of faith in the doctrines they preach on the part of the Union men of that State.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

On Thursday, Jan. 30, in Senate, the committee on Agriculture reported legislation in expedient on order calling for premiums on buckwheat hay and potatoes. Bill abolishing State Police, was called up by those who were disposed to hurry it through under a suspension of the rules, but it was finally assigned for Friday.

In the House, petitioners for incorporation as "Encampment of Pyramids" had leave to withdraw. A Bill was reported providing for the taxation of shares in National Banks. A petition for law closing barber shops on the Sabbath was presented.

On Friday, in the Senate, an act to extend the corporate powers of the Waterville Bank was presented. The bill to abolish the State Police was read a second time. Mr. Farley moved to amend by including chap. 130 of the Public Laws of 1867, relating to the suspension of drinking houses and tipping shops, but the President ruled it out of order. The same gentleman then moved an amendment quashing all proceedings commenced by the State Police and now pending. Mr. Stevens approved this but favored the repeal of the law, and after some debate the Senate adjourned without a vote. In the House, an order was introduced by Mr. Billings, of Freedom, inquiring into the expediency of requiring municipal officers and town constables to enforce the laws of the State against tipping shops, gambling houses and houses of ill fame. An act establishing a Supreme Court in the county of Cumberland was debated and laid over for Tuesday. An act establishing the salary of the county attorney of Somerset county was debated at considerable length, and Wednesday next assigned for its further consideration. Petitions were presented for widening the draw in the bridge at Gardiner.

On Saturday, in the Senate, Bill in regard to vicious biting horses came back from the House indefinitely postponed, and the Senate recessed and concurred. Bill abolishing State Police was taken up and debated and Tuesday next assigned for its further consideration.

In the House, an act to incorporate the Kennebec Valley Camp Meeting Association was passed to be engrossed. Bill an act to provide for the taxation of shares in National Banks, was read twice and laid on the table to await the action of Congress.

On Monday, in the Senate, an act to incorporate the Kennebec Camp Meeting Association was read and assigned: also act prohibiting Selectmen from being collectors of taxes. In the House, resolve in relation to the sureties of B. D. Peck, was passed to be engrossed. An order passed strictly enforcing the regulation to deduct two dollars from the pay of each member who is absent a day without being excused by the House. An order was passed directing reference to next Legislature, without debate, of all petitions, bills, &c, presented after Feb. 8th, directing all committees to report on or before Feb. 20th.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, legislation was reported in expedient on order for removal of capital to Bangor, where hotel accommodations are ample and prices on a human basis. An extended debate was had upon the bill abolishing the State Police, participated in by Patten, Luddell, Pierce, Wingate, Mitchell, Brown, and Farley; but

