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Maxham & Wing

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GRANT US THY PEACE!

Only thy peace—our summer time is over;
The days of dreaming and delight are past;
Heavy and chill the wintry shadows gather;
One boon we crave, the sweetest and the last,
Grant us thy peace.

The New Year comes with festival and gladness,
In happy homes he sits a smiling guest;
But from his face we turn in silent anguish,
We who have lost our friend and our best,
Grant us thy peace.

To others give the cup of joy flowing,
The bounding hope, the strength for noble strife;
We, too, have known the sunshine of thy favor;
Now in the storm and bitterness of life,
Grant us thy peace.

Thy peace—and by our desolate hearth shall linger
A brightness to our summer days unknown;
A gleam reflected from the open portal,
Whither are fled our beautiful, our own,
Grant us thy peace.

It is enough: be this henceforth our portion,
If less of earth, yet more of heaven and Thee,
Until that hour of triumph and of triumph,
When Thy beloved voice shall set us free.
Grant us thy peace.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

BEEF-TEA.

[CONCLUDED.]

But beef-tea, it is well known, can not be made in an hour, and the evening was well set in before I dispatched mine, nicely held in a pretty glass pitcher, which stood in a silver bowl which had been my mother's; and the whole packed in a fanciful little basket, and looking very tempting and dainty. I had a theory, you see, that a delicious patient would hardly be attracted by the very objects which most revolt a man in senses.

Not long after my basket, freighted with so many invincible things, much more precious and healing than beef-tea, had been sent off, auntie came home, almost rested, almost gay. For she brought good news—tidings of hope and relief, which she told us as we put her down before the fire, and pulled off her muffers, and arranged her feet to toast comfortably while she sipped her late cup of tea.

"I told you, girls, that to-day would be the crisis, and so it proved. John was very ill all the morning, so wild and yet so weak. It seemed as if the fever had burned up all his strength, and yet we could not induce him to swallow either food or medicine. He lay tossing upon his bed, sometimes shouting like a person in a nightmare, sometimes sobbing like a little sick child, and raving about things he wanted and people he wished would come, but his voice would grow so weak that we could hardly distinguish any of his words. And then, when the fit of raving was over, he would fall into a heavy stupor, and each time we were afraid he would never come out of it. But toward three o'clock he sank into a real sleep, which seemed quieter and more natural, and his face began to look more like himself. And the doctor came, and though he hardly dared to feel his pulse, he was sure that this was a very critical and hopeful time; and he said if John could only waken quiet and sensible, and especially if we could prevail on him to take some nourishment, he would pull through yet. Poor Mrs. Holman was quite overcome by the hope, for I think she had entirely given him up, and she went into the next room for fear he would hear her, poor thing! And I followed her and begged her to lie down there for a little while, and let me sit by John. I proposed to call her instantly if there was any change. And so she did; and I sat there, watching the clock, and dreadfully annoyed by some horrid smells that came up from the kitchen; and finally John began to move and moan and contract his eyebrows as if they pained him; and I, nearly in despair, put my hand into cold water and laid it on his forehead; and without waking at all the wrinkles all smoothed themselves down, and he became quiet again, and began to draw long breaths like a healthy child; when who should come creaking up the stairs but that awkward Nora, with a cup in her hand! I could not move without waking John, and I thought to be sure Mrs. Holman would go out and hush her; but the poor woman had fallen asleep—no wonder—and so Nora came to the door on her clumsy tip-toes, and began to whisper in a voice which would have waked the Seven Sleepers: "I've brought ye the tay; and Miss Agnes she stirred it, and she tasted it, and she said shure 'twas awful, but 'twould do this time, and she'd make some better to-night; and I put it in a foine-cup, as she bid me; and oh! have I waked the master?" And I, who had been putting my finger on my lips, and saying "sh—sh—" as softly as I could for fear of waking John, and wishing something would fly away with the unbearable, well-meaning idiot, looked around and saw John's great haggard astonished eyes wide open! And he just sat right up in bed and said, "Bring me that cup!" and he took it, and drank every drop, and then fell back and shut his eyes again."

"What did you do next, aunt?" asked dear Mary, for I could not speak.

"Why, I waited a moment, and saw that he was really asleep again, and then I couldn't help going in and putting my arms around Mrs. Holman and telling her; and we had a good cry together. And the doctor says the worst is over, and he is going to get well. Well, Agnes, I am glad you are moving to go to bed. It's early yet, but I feel as if I should sleep to-night, and with such a weight off my mind."

For many days I went around with a singing heart, the burden of its strain being "John is growing better, John is getting well!" Very weak still, and needing the greatest care, the most skillful of nursing; but still slowly and steadily floating back from the dark shore of shadows where his bark had well-nigh stopped. They said he seemed depressed at times, as if life were almost too great a burden to his weakness; but with returning health, that the brave heart would regain strength, none of us doubted.

But when suspense was over, other doubts and miseries began to whisper to me. Mary and I had taken it for granted, in our excitement, that John had returned to his trust with the same feelings he had taken away with him a year before. But now common sense aroused herself to show me that a man with typhoid fever must needs come home to be nursed. That longing for his mother's care, wishing to recover or die in his own home, was a more probable reason for his pertinacity than a desire to give one more chance to a wayward, ungrateful girl who had wounded his heart and put away his love long before. And now what would he think of me, if indeed his heart were changed? If he could remember any thing of his sickness he must know that I had hovered around the house the day he was the most ill, and that I had prepared the ordered nourishment. At least it should never happen again, said my proud heart; and although I still went on concocting my daily jar of beef-tea, and helping Mary prepare her delicious, quaking moulds of wine-jelly, I took care that no message should be sent with them but "Mrs. Temple's regards," or "Miss Mary's love"—never my name.

Nearly two weeks had passed since the day of change, and we had fallen back into the old groove. Auntie had worn herself out the little with her neighborly cares, and was enjoying a

few days of semi-invalidism, rest, and petting; while Mary had strained her ankle, and was also a prisoner to the sofa, leaving me the one efficient member of our quiet, orderly little home. It was well for me that the light labors of the household, and waiting on the dear two, fell upon me now, for it left me little time to think—none to repine.

"Agnes, dear," said auntie to me, "can you do a little errand for us? The fresh air will be good for you, child."

"Yes, certainly, auntie. Is it the socks for Johnny Talbot?"

"No, dear, not the socks; but it's a message about him. Mrs. Holman has promised me a quantity of old flannel and some coats and vests for him, and I want you to go up there and bring me down a few of them, for Mary and I think this would be such a good time to make them over for him. It will give us something to do now, and it will save poor Mrs. Talbot many a stitch on these long winter evenings."

"Can't Semantha go?"

"Not very well. Why should she, Agnes? Are you too tired? I'd much rather send you than Semantha, for she will go to Nora, and Nora will go bounding up stairs, and as likely as not waken John out of his afternoon nap. Whereas you can go in without ringing, look into the parlor, and if no one is there, go very softly up and knock at Mrs. Holman's door, without disturbing any body. Come, my dear child, why don't you want to go? It isn't like you to refuse to trot about for poor old auntie."

Of course I went, half glad half loth. It would be a new sensation to be in the very house with John once more; but then I dreaded sensations, and would gladly stay at home, secure and calm. And besides I had not seen his mother yet, and I felt afraid of her—of myself—of him! But still I went, and the fresh wind blew away some morbid thoughts; and I began to feel, as I neared the homestead, that a dear friend whom we had all loved, and prayed for, and worked for, was lying there getting better; and that I need not be ashamed to rejoice in this, whatever the future might bring.

The street door was open. That was well, at all events, and I could enter as noiselessly as a dream. I peeped into the bright sitting-room, and it looked dreary and deserted, as if nobody lived there now. So up stairs I stole with the softest, lightest step, and paused for one moment on the landing to hold my hand over my heart and put down its tumult—for there, in that room, behind the shut door just before me, lay the one friend who in all things satisfied me. And oh! when should I know whether this knowledge came to me too late? whether he and I had changed places? No use to linger; I should not grow more calm, but less so. I passed by his room, still as a shadow, with a prayer in my heart for his happiness, no matter what became of mine, and tapped at his mother's door softly, so softly that there was no response, and I had to repeat my knock before I heard a very low and muffled "Come in."

I turned the handle gently, and opened the door softly, to avoid that terrible creak so jarring to sick nerves, and then stood still in amazement and terror; for there, sole occupant of that room, lying on his mother's bed, wan, ghastly, haggard, with wild eyes fixed upon my face, was John Holman!

For a moment I stood spell-bound, then turned to flee; but his voice arrested me, so full of passion, weariness, and longing, that had he held me by the hands I could not have felt more powerless to escape. "Agnes, is it you at last? Oh, my little lamb, come to me! If you go away and shut that door I really believe I shall die."

I hesitated only a moment, then, with burning cheeks and tearful eyes, went up to the bed.

"I am very glad to see you so much better, John; but I thought this was your mother's room; surely it was once; I came to speak to her."

"Yes, they brought me here. Oh, Agnes, how cool your soft hand is, and how bright you look in your dear little rough coat! Did you know how sick I was, dear? And all along I was looking for you, and dreaming that I could not find you, that you would not come; and then somebody brought me something rather bad in a cup, and told me you sent it, and I drank it and got well. So you cured me, you see! Why did you cure me, Agnes? Life isn't worth having if you don't care for me."

"But I do care for you, John."

"Yes, I see you do; the tears are running down your sweet face! Pitiful little heart! It suffers at seeing how sick I have been. But I don't think I can bear that kind of care and pity. I should have liked it better than any thing from my little girl of ten years ago, but now I want something more."

"And I will give you something more, John."

"Yes, dear, I know you will. You are a woman now, and your heart is larger, and you are capable of being a very devoted, loving friend. But I told you last year that I could not be satisfied with that either. I want you."

"Do you still?"

"I a ways shall, Agnes; I can't get over it, you see, though I vowed I would when I was angry. Mary told me to wait, but I'm afraid she didn't know. Agnes, they say sick people ought to be humored; that it is to bad to deny them anything they want! Do you think so?"

"Yes, very bad!"

"Now you are laughing and crying too! Do sit down by me, and let us talk reasonably about it. There, now you look comfortable! I thought once I should never see you again. I am so happy just now!"

"Don't talk, John; it will hurt you."

"It won't hurt me to talk, but it may to hear. Agnes, I must ask—I can not live without knowing—have you changed your mind?"

"Yes, John."

"Not out of pity, you know! Not because I have been so near death's-door! Oh, my darling! be careful what you say. Look into your own heart, and tell me what you see there."

"Dear, John," I answered, "believe me. It was long before you were sick that I looked in to my own heart, and then—and now—I saw—shall always see—nothing but you!"

Heretofore a long pause of gladness almost too great for his strength—almost too intense for his calmness. He looked so white and wan that I was startled, and would have sprung up for some restoratives, but he held me fast.

"You are pale and faint," I said; "let me get you something."

"No, dear, don't go; I am only trying to

believe it! Do you know, dear child, that you haven't kissed me since you was thirteen years old?"

"There! now you can never say that again, 'Cousin John!'"

"Now I feel better! Now you may get me some of that nice beef-tea in the silver bowl by the fire. Mary made it. Dear Mary! she has sent it to me every day."

"I made it, John."

"Yes, Agnes! Not every day!"

"No wonder it cured me! No wonder I am better! Better! I am well! The idea of my being a sick man any longer!" and he gave a loud, cheerful laugh.

Such an unusual sound proceeding from her boy's sick-room disturbed Mrs. Holman's comfortable siesta, and I heard her move.

"Why do you start so, Agnes?"

"Oh, John!—good-by—it's your mother! Oh, please let me go—I should die if she came in!"

Down stairs I sped, and out of the door, just in time to hear Mrs. Holman's surprised voice say, "Why, John! I thought I heard the doctor in here!" and catch the sound, as I fancied, of a feeble chuckle on the part of her son.

Home I flew! My only thought being to reach my own room, bury my head in my own pillows, and there blush and blush, and laugh and cry, until I had taken it all in, and grown calm in the new state. But fate was against me. Softly as I opened the door I was heard, and auntie's voice summoned me. I was tempted to feign deafness, and go on my way up stairs; but a plaintive sound of mild distress in her tone moved me, and I went reluctantly, not quite into the room—not quite in view.

"What is it, auntie?"

"Do shut that blind, Agnes before you go up. It is slamming constantly, and Mary and I are both helpless—with my cold, and she with her foot."

I did as requested, and then turned to go.

"Where are the clothes, Agnes?"

"What clothes, auntie?"

"Why the things you went for, child! the things Mrs. Holman gave you!"

"I didn't get them," I stammered; "I quite forgot!"

"Forgot! Good gracious! What does the child mean? And she looked quite wild. Look at her, Mary? What is the matter with her?" But Mary raised herself on the sofa and stretched out her kind arms. "Little Agnes, come to me!" And I went straight into them as a bird flies to its nest.

"Never mind, auntie, darling! Only tell me—you have seen John? You are happy?"

"Yes! Oh yes!"

"My dearest! Oh, auntie dear, don't tease her! I will tell you all. Don't you see she has been with John, and they have made it all up?"

"Made what all up? Mary, you are dreaming? Agnes is a mere baby—far to young to think of such things! And both Mrs. Holman and I intend John for you!" Oh, how merrily Mary laughed, blither her heart! till I caught the infection, and could not help joining—the more as auntie sat watching us over her spectacles in speechless indignation and dismay.

"L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," quoted Mary, gayly, when she had had her laugh out. "This John proposed more than a year ago, and your baby did not know her own mind, and they've had a sad time of it ever since. You may as well give them your blessing, Mrs. Temple, and put up with me, for surely we are going to lose our little Agnes!"

But auntie wasn't yet appeased. "I don't quite see how she got him!" she remarked, dryly.

I sprang up in a tumult of shame and anger. "Auntie, how can you? You never told me that John was in his mother's room—and of course I went there and knocked, and of course—"

Here I stopped, for peal after peal of laughter greeted my simple explanation, even Mary saying: "Oh! that was the way of it. I confess I wondered!" I turned to go, much hurt. "You are very unkind," I said; but auntie, with tears in her eyes, held out her arms. "Don't be angry, my pet! You know I was so completely unprepared! I see—my little one must grow up—must follow the laws of nature. It comes a little hard to me at first, but there is nothing for it but to submit. Don't I know that I am glad if you are happy?"

Hardly an hour had passed when the one village "hack" stopped at the door and let out Mrs. Holman, who hurried in, excited and eager. "Where's Nest? I want Nest!" (that was always her name for me—a memory of her childhood in Wales). What have you been doing to John, child?"

"Oh, Mrs. Holman, I could not help it! I thought it was your room! Tell me is he worse?"

"Worse! I never saw a man so changed. 'It's all the beef-tea, mother,' he said! Kiss me, my daughter! What do you think this John of ours is doing now! Sitting up in bed and being shaved! and means to get as far as the sofa to-morrow, and wear his dressing-gown. He wanted me to bring you back, but I told him no, he had done enough for to-day, and you would come and sit with him to-morrow. I thought all along there was something on his mind; but I must say I thought it was you, Mary! and I said as much to John."

"She's the oldest and the prettiest, my son," said I (you mustn't mind me, Nest dear; you both of you look well enough); and he said, "I know that, mother; but you see Agnes has always belonged more to me than any body since her father died; and she came here, a little ten-year-old, pale-checked thing, and took to calling me 'Cousin John,' and learning little lessons, and writing little letters for me; and I've never cared for any body but just that child, and never shall!" And then he began to fret and weary. "He wished Agnes would come back. She was afraid of me, and had run away, and never said she would come again. And so, to satisfy him, I sent Nora for the carriage, and drove round to see if it was all right, and to make Nest promise to come over bright and early to-morrow."

And so morning after morning I go to sit by John's side; to read and talk and laugh, and help him all I can to get well. When he is quite recovered we are to be married; and then we are going over the water to spend the rest of the winter in Rome, and the spring in Wales. If Mary would only go too! But she won't. She says young people (John isn't a

bit young) should be left by themselves, and that she can not leave aunts. But even with Mary gone, how happy I shall be! To see Europe! and with John! It will be like having everything that is best on earth, and a little bit of heaven besides, to carry wherever I go! As for auntie, she worries still because I am so young, and don't know enough about housekeeping; and prophesies that John will see his mistake when the honeymoon is over, and daily dinners assume their wonted importance. But John laughs at her forebodings, and says: "You'd better look to your own laurels, for Agnes will beat you all at housekeeping! I never tasted any thing half so good as her beef-tea!"

"Ah!" says Mary. "But you must know she mixed in a love-philter, John; so you can't judge!"

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.—Volumes might be perhaps ought to be written on this subject. Here are a few thoughts:

Did you ever think that one day yonder child trained into a pure, self-reliant manhood will, on bended knee and with swelling heart, say, "I thank God for that home?" Or, warped, crooked, in character, soured in mind, and a failure for life, will perhaps curse the walls that sheltered his body, yet shriveled his soul? Do we dream, often enough, of the characters we are developing as the days go by? Are we mindful of the tender and thoughtful "courtships of every-day life," quick to repress the angry, scornful words and drop the healing balm of a soft answer? Are we tender and considerate of that toil-worn parent now nearing the end of the journey and looking for comfort and happiness in the love of his children alone? Do we grieve the little time and money spent in adorning walls and book-shelves, or vote flowers in the windows and upon the table a "nonsense?" Do we think of the fatal influence of a disorderly attire, slovenly rooms, and the thousand bad habits which we all notice so quickly? But I forbear, though the subject is exhaustless as the *fovea* that whispers "Home and Mother," and consecrates both. I believe that "Home makes the man." Wait till you have gone out from the old roof-tree, as you fancied forever, but months afterward, wounded, dumb and bleeding from the arrow that has pierced your life, you turn wistful eyes backward from the strangers who have won your deathless gratitude for their sweet love and charity and yearn for the old home.

"Let me come home! O, sweet secluded valley, 'Thou ever had'st for me a 'Welcome Home!' I can no longer to the contest rally, I am so weary, let me, let me come!"

They meet you at the door; with a most bursting heart you stand within the familiar room. No word is spoken, for with tender gaze they read below the strange calm of face and eyes the storm of anguish in the soul, but lips mute with love and sympathy press yours; and birds are laid for the drooping head, and while bird voices from their nest in the elm by the door, come stealing in through the window, you restfully close your eyes and murmur, "I thank God for my dear home."

VENTILATION.—The great importance of ventilation in our sitting and sleeping rooms, in our schools and public halls, is not sufficiently appreciated. It was well set forth recently by a Cleveland professor. It is startling to learn the amount of carbonic acid emitted from the lungs of one person, or from a single gas burner; enough to poison the whole atmosphere of a good sized room in a very brief period of time. How many persons think that winter temperature demands the exclusion of fresh air to make their apartments warm and comfortable, when the fact that in the cold season we consume more oxygen, and consequently exhalate a greater quantity of poison as carbonic acid gas, should lead to a directly opposite course. A bed room in winter requires more ventilation than in summer, and the non-observance of this fact will readily account for the awful diseases to which frail humanity is subject.

We wonder if many of our readers are aware of the poisonous exhalations incident to a congregation of their "fellow citizens," in ball rooms, churches, and lecture halls. If they have not fully considered the vast importance of thorough ventilation, let them take these undeniable facts home to their serious thoughts. A person in health has eighteen breathings per minute, and thirty-five hogsheads of air pass through the lungs in twenty-four hours. Of this, from three to five per cent, or about two and a half hogsheads is exhaled as carbonic acid gas, and thus one person would render two and a half hogsheads of air unfit for breathing again. Let every person anxious for the preservation of his health, take care that the windows of the dormitories are kept a little, even during the winter nights. There is far less danger of taking cold than there is of inhaling the noxious atmosphere, which saps the health, undermines the constitution, and embitters life with suffering and disease that might have been avoided.—[Exch.]

The Standard says at the trial of a case before referees, at Gardiner, last week, B— vs. M—, after the testimony had been received, L—, attorney for the plaintiff, seeing that the case was clear for his client, declined to argue it. W—, attorney for the defendant turning to his client, asked if he desired him to say anything by way of argument on his side. "No," said the client, "my case looks bad enough now!"

A characteristic anecdote is told of Thad Stevens. Being very feeble, he is daily carried to and from the House in a chair by two very stout young men. A few mornings ago as they were lugging him up the steps of the Capitol he complimented them on their care and faithfulness and remarked in his quaint way, "Well, boys, who shall I find to lug me up here when you are both dead?"

Tad Lincoln appears to be a chip of the old block. He is attending school in Chicago, where he occasionally gives evidence that he possesses a share of his father's droll humor. His teacher, the other day, with a severity not altogether unheard of, had inflicted the penalty of "marks" upon another boy for the misdemeanor of blowing his nose. Pretty soon Tad's hand signalled the tutor's eye, whereupon:—Tutor, inquired—"Lincoln, what do you wish?" Tad—"Want to go out, Sir." Tutor—"For what purpose?" Tad—"Want to scratch my head, Sir." He goes.

MR. LANG'S HORSES.

The extent and importance of Mr. Lang's enterprise for the improvement of horses, makes it very proper that the public should have the details of his efforts. Since his return from Europe he has arranged to give his attention, so far as his health permits, exclusively to his stock breeding and farming enterprises. In the last Mr. Farmer we find the following interesting sketch of some things he has been doing in the department of horses.

Gen'l Knox I bought of Messrs. Denny & Bush of Shoreham, Vt. I at the same time purchased and brought to Maine the stallion, "Son of Ethan," by Ethan Allen, and a little bit of heaven besides, to carry wherever I go! As for auntie, she worries still because I am so young, and don't know enough about housekeeping; and prophesies that John will see his mistake when the honeymoon is over, and daily dinners assume their wonted importance. But John laughs at her forebodings, and says: "You'd better look to your own laurels, for Agnes will beat you all at housekeeping! I never tasted any thing half so good as her beef-tea!"

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The Standard says at the trial of a case before referees, at Gardiner, last week, B— vs. M—, after the testimony had been received, L—, attorney for the plaintiff, seeing that the case was clear for his client, declined to argue it. W—, attorney for the defendant turning to his client, asked if he desired him to say anything by way of argument on his side. "No," said the client, "my case looks bad enough now!"

A characteristic anecdote is told of Thad Stevens. Being very feeble, he is daily carried to and from the House in a chair by two very stout young men. A few mornings ago as they were lugging him up the steps of the Capitol he complimented them on their care and faithfulness and remarked in his quaint way, "Well, boys, who shall I find to lug me up here when you are both dead?"

Tad Lincoln appears to be a chip of the old block. He is attending school in Chicago, where he occasionally gives evidence that he possesses a share of his father's droll humor. His teacher, the other day, with a severity not altogether unheard of, had inflicted the penalty of "marks" upon another boy for the misdemeanor of blowing his nose. Pretty soon Tad's hand signalled the tutor's eye, whereupon:—Tutor, inquired—"Lincoln, what do you wish?" Tad—"Want to go out, Sir." Tutor—"For what purpose?" Tad—"Want to scratch my head, Sir." He goes.

He was by Sherman Black Hawk "—sometimes called the "North Horse," he by "Hills' Vt. Black Hawk" by "Sherman Morgan," dam of Sherman Black Hawk, by imported "Matchem," dam of Sherman Black Hawk by young "Hambletonian" by "Leonidas" grand-dam by "Bellfounder." Gen'l Knox is black, with brownish stiles, flanks and nose. Star in the forehead and strip of white on the upper lip and nose, is 15 1-2 hands high and weighs 1050 pounds, in fair condition, ample mane and tail, small, well-formed ears, broad head between the eyes, tapering to a thin, well-defined nose, rather thick neck, excellent fore-leg well under the body, hind leg quite remarkable for development of hock muscle—which he transmits to many of his colts—hock and knee joints well defined, not there, to-day, the least infiltration of fluid perceptible on his limbs and joints, notwithstanding all his violent exercise upon the track with insufficient training and unusual labor in the stud. The feet are perfect, the shell of unusual thickness and toughness, the body round and compact, the back is short and the loin as strong as can be found. In speaking of these qualifications, I cheerfully invite the reader to criticize my description whenever they may see the horse. I may add that in all his sweating and working, he has never shown the first symptom of scratches or foul-blood, has never cut a hair upon his forehead in trotting or breaking. His temper is always good, always cheerful and full of spirits and ambition, and never nervous at the most exciting sights and noises. Strike him in anger or abruptly, and it must be a strong man to hold him even when tired with trotting, yet entirely under the control of the voice—attaches himself readily to those who pet him, and when away from home on cars or boat lies down to rest readily if his groom lies down near him.

Knox trotted for the first time in public, at Augusta, at the State Ag. Show in 1859, beating the horse Brandy, in 2:54; both colts were 4 years old. His next public work was a few days after this first race, when he trotted for the first stallion purse, of any age, of the North Kennebec Ag. Society at Waterville, which he won. His next appearance upon a track was in June, 1860, when 5 years old, when he trotted to show his gait—being then in service at Augusta—in 2:41. But not getting any business in the stud, he returned to Vassalboro', and on the 3d of July went to Skowhegan, and on the next day, July 4th, trotted against the Drew stallion "Penobscot Boy." Knox lost the first heat in 2:52, having broken his martingale ring, and could not be held. The next heat Knox won, in 2:40 1-2, without a break. Third heat, Penobscot Boy was drawn. His next public trial was against "Lewiston Boy" and "Kettle-bail" at the Maine State Ag. Show, at Augusta. Kettle-bail lost a shoe on the first heat, and was drawn. Knox won first and second heats. In the third heat, which was also given to Knox by the Judges, Knox ran badly, Mr. Palmer not being able to hold him. I publicly declined to accept the race unless fairly

won, and preferred to try another heat. Knox having a change of bit was in hand and won the 4th heat. This race was in the rain, and track very muddy—time 2:41. On the next day Knox was entered to make a field with Hiram Drew—no other stallion having entered. Knox was drawn after the first heat, not being able to compete with so fast a horse. The next year being notified early that a horse fair would be held in Bangor, I prepared my stock to show at that time, but when the bills came out, my horses were barred out on account of being foaled out of the State. I wrote to the manager desiring to be allowed to compete, as my horses expected to stand at service in Maine, as they had been doing, but was notified that it was too late to change the programme. Knox had been trotting quite well, in his work showing 2:30 and under, readily. The next year, being seven years old, Knox was drawn early from his services in the stud, to be prepared to meet the Drew stallion "Gen. McClellan," then owned by G. M. Robinson, Esq., of Augusta, Mr. Robinson having by letter expressed his desire to bring the two horses together. Knox was fitted at the half-mile track at Skowhegan. He worked well and in his private trials, showed 2:30, 2:28, and once in 2:26. While at this track, preparing to meet Gen. McClellan, Knox was entered to trot two races in one afternoon, one in the stallion purse with Penobscot Boy, his former competitor, and the other, in the sweepstakes with Mr. Henry Taylor's black gelding Lucknow. Penobscot Boy was drawn at the close of the second heat, and Lucknow at the close of the first heat, in their respective races. A few days later Knox entered in the sweepstakes of the Waterville Horse Association, expecting to meet Gen. McClellan. The day of the race Mr. Robinson declined to enter McClellan, he having been beaten a few days before at the Maine State Ag. Show, at Portland, by Hiram Drew, and Hiram was now present, and had entered for the sweepstakes. Knox beat Hiram easily in three straight heats, without a break, best time 2:32. Knox was fitted for this race in twenty-two days from the services of the stud, having served 136 mares since April. This season, now near a close, had shown me such qualifications in Knox, as made me desirous to draw him from the track altogether that his services might be had in the stud with no hindrance, and I publicly expressed that determination in the stand. However, during the next spring "Knox" was challenged to meet "Hiram Drew," in June at Bangor. I declined this for reasons which were published, but offered as publicly to trot Knox against Hiram upon the Bangor track in September, without stakes, but for the Champion belt. This was declined.

The reason which induced me to give up my determination not to trot Knox again, was that I desired to satisfy

ties, this premium to be offered at the fall show of each of these Societies, if they choose, and should such prize money not be in condition for service in the fall, the services of the horse may be claimed the following spring. Where there are two, or more Societies in one county, the original county Society must be selected for this year's offer, and a certificate must be sent to me, by the Secretary of such Society, before service can be claimed. Gen'l Knox can be seen by all who desire it, at any time, being as heretofore, in charge of Mr. Albert H. Goodspeed, directed to A. H. Goodspeed, No. 10 Vassalboro', Maine, or to myself will receive prompt attention.

T. S. LANG.

Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN L. RING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE ... MAR. 13, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. K. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beulah's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 21 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. G. Evans, 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 at this office.

Advertisements at the same rates as required by the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "The Mail," or "Waterville Mail Office."

TOWN MEETING.—A pleasant day, so rare this winter, rendered the voters unusually agreeable to each other, and so the regular work of the day went off rapidly and in good order. Indeed the moderator seemed to vacillate the whole house with the idea that "time is money," and they seized upon it, here a minute and there a minute, as greedily as though they had religious doubts of its being thus converted into "the root of all evil."

It was easy to fill offices, for which nobody seemed to care; and the fact that the preliminary caucus made the nomination, by acclamation, instead of ballot—which we hope they will never do again—indicated easy victories for the principal officers. So there was very little indication of interest till we came to the election of collector; and indeed that was hardly discovered till the votes were wanted, when it was found that Mr. I. H. Low had become the successor of C. R. McFadden. No doubt the surprise was mutual.

A proposition to raise \$15,000 to apply to the payment of the town debt failed, and \$10,000 was carried; but a reconsideration, in the afternoon, reduced the sum to \$6,000.

Four new roads were applied for. One of 14-12 rods, from Mrs. Hiram Crowell's to Snow Pond, was accepted, without land damages. One in the west village, through land of Guy T. Hubbard, was the subject of a very pleasant squabble, which resulted in its acceptance, with such land damages as could not be avoided, at the hand of either the selectmen or county commissioners. One from Leonard Rowe's across land of Lewis Wilson, Alonzo Marston and others, to the road near the foot of Swan Hill, was dismissed. There was a sharp contest for the proposed road from Pleasant St. through the land of Geo. Gilman, across Emerson Stream, and through land of R. W. Pray and Horace W. Getchell. The applicants were defeated in the morning; and a reconsideration in the afternoon met the same result, though not till after one of the most vigorous skirmishes in doubting votes, and finally "polling the house," remembered in the history of this kind of warfare. The result was the more amusing from the fact that a victory was a rare thing to the successful leader, and defeat equally as rare to his opponent.

Voted, to adopt the reconsideration of the Selectmen and S. S. Com. that the north line of school district No. 10 be the south line of fifteen mile lot A. 1—being the line established by the town in 1828 as the northern boundary of said district. Voted also, to adopt the recommendation that school district No. 6 be discontinued from and after this date; and that all the territory embraced in this district as it is now established, lying west of the line of the rear end of the second tier of lots, and also the farms now occupied by Joseph Mitchell and Joseph Mitchell, jr. be annexed to district No. 10; and that all territory of said district No. 6 lying east of said line, with the exception of the farms mentioned, be annexed to district No. 8.

The selectmen were empowered to purchase wood lot for the town farm, at an expense not over \$1000, provided that in their judgment it will supply the farm from year to year without diminishing the quantity of wood.

The vote to dispense with the liquor agency passed with a spasmodic thrill that was speedily followed by a kind of hysterical grin, in various parts of the house. The truth is, that during the dry year of the constabulary the Agency proved a great comfort to some who had previously sworn loudly against it; and in the same proportion, many of its former advocates had turned their backs upon it—so that the result of a vote was all on one side, and the Agency died an easier death than was looked for. Next day there was some tough

cursing over empty bottles, just opposite the Mail office, and many went away wondering what had happened and how it came to be done.

Appropriations.—Schools \$4,500; poor \$3,000; current expenses \$1,500; roads, bridges and sidewalks \$4,000; outstanding debt \$6,000.

Joshua Nye was elected Moderator, and E. R. Drummond clerk; and Noah Boothby, Samuel Blaisdell and L. E. Crommett were elected Selectmen, and authorized to act as Assessors. Overseers of Poor, Road Commissioners and Highway Surveyors.

I. H. Low was elected Treasurer and Collector, with one per cent. compensation for both offices.

Inspector of Police—George H. Esty.
Auditor—Joshua Nye.

Traut officers—Joseph Percival, A. P. Benjamin, C. F. Haddaway.

Health Com.—J. Percival, L. E. Crommett and Samuel Kimball.

Cemetery Com.—E. G. Meader, L. E. Crommett and W. L. Maxwell for Pine Grove; and Robert Cornforth, G. W. Hubbard and Alfred Winslow for West Waterville.

Town Hall Keeper—Simon Keith.
Sup. School Com.—Rev. W. H. Kelton, Dr. Sheldon and Prof. Lyford.

Constables—H. B. White, S. Keith, G. H. Esty, C. A. Dow, F. S. Chase, L. T. Boothby, C. R. McFadden, Alben Emery, Benj. Hersom, C. G. Tilton, M. V. Hersom; J. E. Stevens, Ira H. Low, A. H. Dunbar.

Pound Keeper—W. H. Carter.
Sexton—W. H. Maxwell, N. H. Wilbur.

Collectors of Hoops and Staves—J. Higgins, G. H. Boardman.

Firewards—James P. Blunt, P. C. Benson, Cals in Crowell, H. B. White, J. M. Libbey, E. L. Getchell, Robert Cornforth, J. B. Bradbury, C. R. McFadden, E. H. Piper, B. F. Otis.

Fence Viewers—H. B. White, L. A. Dow, R. Foster, I. T. Stevens, G. T. Hubbard, Abram Morrill, Reuben Cook.

In FAIRFIELD, on Monday, the following town officers were chosen:

Moderator, James Plummer; Clerk, Wm. H. Emery; Selectmen, E. G. Pratt, A. N. Greenwood, Henry Lawrence; Treas. and Coll., Andrew Archer; Sup. School Com., James Plummer; Blagden; Auditors, G. W. Witherell, Stephen Cannon. Nothing was voted on town debt, which is about \$10,000.

Raised for schools, \$3,000; for the Poor, \$1,500; for incidental expenses, \$2,200; additional for Soldiers' Monument, \$500; building new road, from Fishon's Ferry road westerly to the Skowhegan road, by Abel Hoxey's, \$1,000; and \$4,000 to be expended in labor and material for repair of roads and bridges.

Among the solitary democratic victories in the towns and cities of Maine, Augusta stands prominent. She has assumed her normal condition, and rum, negro hatred and repudiation are inscribed on the banner of her city government. These attractive elements have been courted by the republicans till they have at length borne them over to the enemy. Let their fate be a beacon to such as bear the name of a party without defending its principles.

Mr. James Carver of Curtis' Corner, has a lamb that was three months old the 6th inst. and weighed 53 lbs.—[Lewiston Journal.]

A ewe lamb, of our "Green Mountain Boy" weighed forty-eight pounds at two months old; and another, a thoroughbred Spanish Merino, weighed eleven pounds at birth. Some of our ewe lambs of last spring, kept exclusively on hay, may be safely set at 90 to 100 lbs., and are good for 10 lb. fleeces at shearing. "G. M. B." is now raising a 26-lb. fleece on a 175-lb. ewe, two years old past. "We dedicate this paragraph to our friends the 'Drovers and Butchers' in memory of their holiday compliments."—[SENIOR.]

The venerable Isaac Lincoln, M. D., of Brunswick, died on Friday morning last. He was the oldest physician in the State, and was the last surviving graduate of the class of Harvard College which included Washington Allston, Dr. Lowell, Chief Justice Shaw, and our late townsman, Hon. Timothy Boutelle.

MR. KLING, the popular landlord of the Augusta House, gave an entertainment to his numerous boarders and many invited guests on Friday evening. Speeches were made by Gov. Chamberlain, Messrs. Hubbard, Dingley, Hale, and others.

Twenty-thousand dollars' worth of sheds, lime and materials were destroyed by fire in Rockland on Sunday morning last. The property belonged to Cornelius Harrahan, J. W. Soule and others, and only about \$5000 was insured on the whole.

H. J. HAGAR, a prominent shipbuilder, of Maine, died at his residence in Richmond on Saturday.

FIRE IN SAGO.—Hills' market house, Libby's barber shop, the offices of Drs. Grant, Snow and Libby and Gurney's grocery store were burned on Saturday night. Loss about \$10,000; insurance only \$1200. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

MR. NYE'S CADETS OF TEMPERANCE will celebrate their anniversary by a Levee at Town Hall, next Wednesday evening.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports trade dull this week, and rather in favor of the buyer, but without material change in prices. J. W. Withee sold 10 at 13-4c, dressed, 1400 lbs. J. A. Judkins sold 6 at 13-12c, dressed; 8 at 14c, 35 sk. Sheep fared rather worse than cattle and some grades were sold 1-4 to 1-2c. less than last week.

A Court of Impeachment has been organized by the Senate, before which the President has been summoned to appear on Friday, March 13th, to answer to the charges preferred by the House of Representatives.

Through the efforts of Mr. Blaine it has been decided to rebuild the U. S. Military Asylum at Togus, and the House has appropriated \$25,000 for that purpose.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADY'S REPOSITORY for March is embellished with two fine pictures—"Attacking an Outpost," and a portrait of Rev. Samuel Y. Monroe, D. D. There are some very good articles in the reading matter this month, among which we may mention Victor Cousin, from Paul Janet; Women in the Middle Ages, from Blackwood's Magazine; Thoughts on Modern Skepticism, from 2; Science and Atheism—Evangelical Christendom. It is a very good number.

Published by Poe & Hitecock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February has the following table of contents:—
Brownlow's conclusions; Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis; Linda Tresselt, part 6; Cornelius O'Dowd, on Some Things not generally known—Only an Irishman—Taking it out in Penney; The Deadlock at Home—Kralwinkiel; Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II, No. 1; The Queen; Penmanship, and the Irish at Home and Abroad; The Queen of the Highlands.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE and *Gazette of Fashion* for March has the usual array of fashion plates and engravings, with letter press explanations and directions as usual; and there is a great supply of miscellaneous reading, which is also profusely illustrated.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE AND FAMILY CHURCH.—We have received the January and February numbers of a monthly publication with this title, which is filled with excellent reading for mothers and the family circle.

It is published by D. Mead, No. 6 Beekman St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be a series of "Doctrinal Sermons" delivered by Rev. F. Maguire at the Universalist Church, subject for next Sunday morning—"The Rich Man and Lazarus"—at 10 o'clock.

THE UNION MEETINGS will be continued at the Baptist Church to-morrow and Sunday evenings. Notice of further arrangements will be given on those evenings. Rev. Mr. Parsons, who has been laboring here, being compelled to leave by a previous engagement, the meetings will be under the direction of the resident clergymen.

FAT CATTLE.—The customers of Mr. Timothy Hamlin, (who has his headquarters at the store of Mr. Paul, at the foot of Main Street), are lucky people, and must fare sumptuously for a long while. On Thursday we saw in the street three beautiful steers, the equals of which are not often marketed here, but are usually driven abroad. They had just been bought of Mr. Hall Burleigh, a well known stock dealer, by Mr. Hamlin, and he has already slaughtered one and will bring the others to his block as needed. One pair, altogether too pretty to kill, weighed 4635 lbs., and the other, the one he now has hung up at his shop, weighed 2035. They attracted much attention and the mouths of the epicures watered as they looked at them.

The "Miltonian Tableau," consisting of scenes from Milton's Paradise Lost, promise to be an attractive exhibition, on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. We have not seen the paintings, but they are well spoken of by the press, and the accompanying "Scenes in the Holy Land" can hardly be otherwise than instructive, especially to the young.

A SUGGESTION.—We are told that the town is feeding the families of several Frenchmen who are out of work at the present time. A friend suggests that the Selectmen set them at work in removing the accumulated filth of the streets and depositing it upon the Common.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—After one of the warmest contests ever known among the granite hills, the republicans have carried the State by some three thousand majority. This is something more than the average majority for ten years past. The victory is decisive and full of meaning. Both parties have exerted their utmost efforts, and with no particular disadvantages.

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Saturday last, after a session of sixty-seven days, having passed 327 Acts and 101 Resolves. We shall publish the laws in an extra sheet, as usual, very soon, and below we give the titles of some of those in which we judge our readers to be interested:—

To amend sec. 19 of chap. 91 of the revised statutes, relating to liens on logs and lumber.

To incorporate the Kennebec Valley Camp Meeting Association.

To extend the corporate powers of the Waterville Bank.

To repeal chap. 129 of the public laws of 1867, entitled "An act to provide for a State Police in certain cases."

To incorporate the Maine State Christian Association.

To regulate the taking of trout, pickerel and perch in certain ponds in Kennebec and Somerset counties.

To amend chapter 86 of the private and special laws of 1866, relating to Somerset Railroad.

To incorporate the Waterville Hall Association.

To further amend an act to establish the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Company.

To authorize certain town officers to remove fences to prevent snow drifts.

To incorporate the Eastern Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

To provide for the taxation of shares in National Banks.

To amend chapter 58 of the revised statutes, relating to Agricultural Societies.

Explanatory of chapter 23 of the public laws of 1858, entitled "An act for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops, and of chapter 139 of the public laws of 1867, additional to and amendatory of the same."

To increase the efficiency of the State Supervisor of Common Schools.

Additional to an act entitled "An act defining a mutual and open account current," approved February 28, 1867.

Relating to liens of mechanics and of persons furnishing materials.

To require municipal officers and constables of towns and cities and assessors of plantations to enforce the laws against drinking houses, gambling rooms and houses of ill fame.

Additional and amendatory of chapter 83 of the laws of 1859 and of chapter 139 of the laws of 1867, for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops.

RESOLVE.
Providing for the publication of certain documents relating to the Hydrographic Survey of the State.

Relating to Maine State Educational Association.

In favor of printing the publications of the Maine Medical Association.

In favor of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

[For the Mail.]

KENNEBEC COUNTY LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS met in this village on the 4th inst.

The attendance was small, owing to the late storm. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Lodge.

Resolved, That the thanks of this County Lodge are due to those members of the Legislature who have nobly stood up for the Constabulary in spite of all the efforts of the rum-sellers and their sympathizers to cause them to betray the temperance men of the State.

Resolved, That while we fully appreciate the importance of the political issues of the country, we believe that there is nothing which so intimately concerns the welfare and prosperity of the State as the temperance cause, and to this end we pledge ourselves to make this question the paramount one in the coming contest.

Resolved, That we deprecate the necessity of taking this question into politics, but if forced to do so, the responsibility must rest upon those who thus force it upon us.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to brother Joshua Nye and his Deputies for their faithful services while in the performance of the duties of their office.

The Lodge adjourned to meet in West Waterville, June 5th, 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.
F. A. A. HEATH, W. S.
Waterville March 6th, 1868.

CARD.

Somerset Mills, March 10, 1868.

At a meeting of Somerset Hall Association, holden at their Hall the 9th inst., it was unanimously voted that the thanks of the Association be tendered to Messrs. ARNOLD & MERRILL, of Waterville, for the beautiful and very acceptable present of an Eight Day Clock, for the use of our new Hall. And may the enterprising donors long live to enjoy the fruits of their labors, and may we ever be able to "come to time."

B. F. WILBUR, Trustee.
E. J. LAWRENCE,
W. H. LOW,
W. H. DOW,
J. D. MOORE.

COMPARATIVE COLDNESS OF THE WINTER OF '67-8.

For the information of those desirous to learn the severe coldness of the past winter, as compared with other winters, the following brief meteorological statements are given, as registered at the Station at West Waterville, from its commencement five years ago. These statements embrace the winter months only.

For the winter, Dec. 1863 and Jan. and Feb. 1864, the mean is 25.22 degrees above zero. The highest range of the thermometer was Dec. 2d, and Feb. 7th, 40 degrees above zero. The lowest range was Jan. 19th, 21 degrees below zero. Lowest mean or coldest day same date, the mean being at zero.

For the winter of 1864 and 1865 the mean is 19.9 above zero. The highest range Dec. 7th, 48 degrees above zero. Warmest day same date, 43.67 above zero. The lowest mean or coldest day, Jan. 17th, 5.67 below zero. Lowest point of thermometer same day 23 degrees below zero.

For 1865 and 1866 the mean is 20.02. The highest Feb. 23d and 24, 48 degrees above zero. Highest mean or warmest day, the latter date, 44.67 above zero. The lowest range Jan. 7th, 23 below zero; lowest mean same date, 14.68 below zero.

For 1866 and 1867 the mean 21.7 above zero. The highest range Feb. 14th, 49 above zero. Highest mean, or warmest day Dec. 5th, 44 degrees above zero. Lowest range, Jan. 20th, 14 degrees below zero. Lowest mean, or coldest day, Jan. 30th, 43.3 below zero.

For 1867 and 68, just past, the mean is 15.76 above zero. The highest range Dec. 26th, 44 above zero. Highest mean, same date, 36 above zero. The highest range Feb. 8th, 12th, and 25, 12 below zero. The lowest mean Feb. 11th, 16.7 below zero.

Thus by comparison the past winter is found to be 4.45 degrees below, or colder than the average of the four previous winters; the mean of the four being 20.21 above zero. In conclusion, let it be remarked, the mean average temperature of our winters in Waterville do not vary much from 20 degrees above zero; so that the past may be called, as it generally is, a cold winter comparatively.

B. F. WILBUR.
West Waterville, March 9, 1868.

The colored people of Iowa have been holding a convention and have adopted an address to the people of the State, in which they say, with great good sense:—

"Our demands are not excessive; we ask not for social equality with the white man, so often claimed by the shallow demagogue, for a law higher than human must forever govern social relations. We ask only that privilege which is now given to every white native-born or adopted male citizen of our State—the privilege of the ballot-box. We ask that the word 'white' be stricken from the constitution of our State; and that the organic law of our State shall give suffrage irrevocable guarantees that shall know of no distinction at the polls on account of color, and in this we simply ask that the two streams of loyal blood which it took to conquer one 'mad with treason' shall not be separated at the ballot-box; that he who can be trusted with an army musket which makes victory and protects the nation, shall also be intrusted with that boon of American liberty, the ballot; to express a preference for his rulers and his laws. We demand this as native-born citizens of the United States, and who have never known other allegiance than its authority and the laws of our State, and as those who have ever been true and loyal to our government from its foundation to the present time, and who have never deserted its interest while even in the midst of treason and under subjection to its most violent enemies."

It is not often that the question of suffrage is put into fewer or better chosen words than these.—[Bost. Adv.]

The new Universalist church at Augusta was dedicated on Thursday. Rev. G. Bailey, F. Maguire; L. J. Fletcher, G. W. Quinby, J. C. Snow and Wm. A. Draw were among the officiating clergymen and the sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. C. R. Moor, from John 4:23 and 10:10. The edifice is a beautiful brick building, with mastic trimmings, of the Romanesque order, and furnished with a graceful tower and spire, 135 feet high, in which is a heavy bell. It will seat about 500 persons. The architect is Mr. Fassett of this city, and Schumacher's artistic skill has enriched the interior. It is a splendid building, finely located, and the whole cost cannot be much less than 40,000.

YET THEY SELL RUM.—They sell it to the beardless boy, and he goes home and abuses his widowed mother; and falling from bad to worse, he is at least only sober to steal, and steals only to be drunk. They sell it to the gray-headed old man, and he moves reeling about the slippery streets of a winter's night; goes to sleep in a gutter and wakes in another world. They sell it to the husband, and his home becomes a hell and his children starve. They sell it to the unprincipled wretch, and he goes forth to murder and to burn. They sell it to the miserable drunkard, despite his bloated

cheek, blood-shot eyes, and faltering speech; and he goes away and falls into the grave. The dramsellers know all this, and yet they sell rum!

The Charleston Courier wisely tells the people of the South that the problem of regeneration and recuperation must be solved by the labor of their own hands, and not through reliance upon legislation. Whatever laws may be passed, or whatever plan of reconstruction may prevail, the heavy mark left upon their section by the iron heel of war can be obliterated only by industry and toil.

WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN.—It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where *Æchylus* and political economy injures one, late hours and rum use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer and every young man who follows it is the early flower exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named "Legion," for they are many—enough to convince every novice that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashers," make war upon every function of the human body, the brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty—are over-tasked, worn and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about!

SCIENTIFIC RASCALITY IN COMMERCE.—It is no longer a secret of the chemist's laboratory that clear, golden syrups can be made from starch and sulphuric acid; that delicious wines and brandies can be made from beet root with others for flavor; that a barrel of peanuts can be transformed into excellent coffee; that lard can absorb an enormous quantity of water in certain conditions; that in fact there seems no limit to adulterations that an intelligent and dishonest chemist cannot practice upon his fellow men. All these marvels of chemical science have in these latter days become degraded into mere tricks of trade, and their chief beauty is in their capacity to enable unscrupulous dealers to lighten the pockets and destroy the stomachs of the confiding and consuming public. Concerning the article of champagne, a writer in the Portland Star tells that it is made from a thousand different substances—even refined petroleum. Yes, from the fiery benzoles a sparkling, bubbling, foaming champagne can be produced, which will delight the eye, tickle the palate, gladden the heart, momentarily—but quicken our paces to the graveyard. This is a new use for petroleum, which those who have been experimenting with it as an agency for generating steam have little dreamed of. Who can say that the Pennsylvania oil territory, now considered mostly worthless, may not some day be regenerating (?) into the great champagne country of the world?

IS ALE INTOXICATING? They tell a good story of a trial justice in the town of Spencer, Mass., in relation to enforcing the prohibitory law. In one case a man was arraigned for liquor selling—the article sold being ale, thin, sour and beady. The judge ordered the officer to bring along with the prisoner a pitcher of ale. The prisoner pleaded that he had not violated the law, the ale was not intoxicating. "We will see about that," said the justice; "you drink half of what is in the pitcher and I will drink the other half, and then I will adjourn the court until two o'clock (now ten) and see."

The ale was divided and drank, and the court adjourned. On reassembling, short work was made of the case. "Guilty, and sentenced three months."

Benjamin Disraeli, the new British Premier, is not, as a paragraph going the rounds of the press says he is, an Israelite in faith. His father, Isaac Disraeli (the celebrated author of *The Curiosities of Literature* and several other works), embraced Christianity some years before Benjamin's birth; and the Premier himself declared, during a cross-examination in court about four years ago, "I am what I have always been, a Christian."

ARKANSAS GRAMMAR.—An Arkansas paper gives the following as a sample of white folks' grammar down South. The *Warrensburg Journal* is responsible. It says the people conjugate the verb "to do"—present tense not used—in this style:

Imperfect—I done it. You done it.—He done it.

Plural—We uns done it. You uns done it. They uns done it.

Perfect—I gone done it. You gone done it. They gone done it.

Plural—We uns gone done it. You uns done it. They uns gone done it.

Plu. Perfect—I done gone done it. You done gone done it. He done gone done it.

Plural—We uns done gone done it. You uns done gone done it. They uns done gone done it.

Future—I gwyne done it. You gwyne done it. He gwyne done it.

Plural—We uns gwyne done it. You uns gwyne done it. They uns gwyne done it.

Future Perfect—I gwyne gone done it. You gwyne gone done it. He gwyne gone done it.

Plural—We uns gwyne gone done it. You uns gwyne gone done it. They uns gwyne gone done it.

Farmer's Dress.—A farmer while laboring, is brought in pretty close intimacy with dirt, and his clothes should correspond with his labor. To wear fine clothes and clean linen while at work in the field, would be highly inappropriate; but when he rides into town with his family, or to market his produce, it would elevate his calling in the estimation of the world, if he were a little more careful of his appearance. No matter how independent we may feel—however we may affect to despise the opinions of others, we are none of us entirely insensible to the fashions of the times or the opinions of the world. Henry Ward Beecher once used the expression—"True; dress does not make the man; but when he is made, he looks better dressed up."—[Am. Farmer.]

An American diplomatist in Europe writes as follows to the Independent:—"I am beginning to await my successor here a little impatiently. I don't want to lose the coming summer at home. I am glad to have spent so much time abroad,
