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Maxham & Wing

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A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by thy dreams, the chambers die,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God! but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast—
Some vague impression of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night!
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

MY BROTHER ROBERT.

His was a disappointed life, I have heard people say; but I, who had lived with him from the beginning to the end of it, can assert that it was not a disappointed life nor an unhappy one. Certainly not. What can a man want to see in this world than the accomplishment of his plans, for which he has toiled early and late, expending on them all his youth, hope, health and energy? That others profited by his inventions, and grew rich on them, while he remained poor, neglected, and obscure, is a mere secondary consideration. It was his work that he looked too, and not any possible rewards that it might bring him; and as he brought his work to a fair completion, and did his share of good in his day and generation, he had no right to be dissatisfied; and he was not dissatisfied. I know it for a fact—he has told me so many a time. He would say: "Don't complain, Mary. You might complain if I had failed altogether, but I have done my work, and that is enough. I declare I feel a proud man sometimes when I see what grand things my invention is helping others to do." I was less easily satisfied for him than he was for himself, but when I saw that murmuring really troubled him, I tried to keep my tongue quiet.

People come now and look at his grave under the yew-tree, and say they have seen it; and that is all the honor and profit my brother, Robert Janson, ever reaped from his life's labor. A year or two back some strangers came and proposed to put up a monument over his grave; but I warned them not to meddle with it as long as I lived. He would have been an old man now; but he died at thirty-seven; young, certainly—I grant that, and poor; because in his last broken-down years I had to support him—not disappointed. He would not allow it living, and I will not allow it since he is dead. His was not a disappointed life. It will not do one any harm to tell his story now; and it will give no one any pain. I am the only person left in the world who ever had any interest in him.

We are a large family altogether, living in the farmhouse at Alster: my grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother; Aunt Anna, and five children. This period, of course, dates as far back as I can remember. I was the eldest and Robert was the youngest. The others were Charles, who succeeded to the farm—Mark, who enlisted for a soldier, and was we believed, but were never seen, killed—and John, who died a boy. We got our first schooling in the village: reading, writing, ciphering, and nothing more that I can call to mind. It was thought learning enough in those days amongst the yeoman class of farmers to which we belonged. From quite a little one, Robert seemed different from the rest of us, who were homely, contented folks, and everybody but my mother and me—Aunt Anna especially—made a point of discouraging his studious ways and ridiculing his fancies. Perhaps there was no greater trial in his much-tried life than the consciousness that his own family had no faith in him. His grandfather, father and brothers, regarded him as a fool and idle n'er-do-well.

I very well remember his asking my grandfather one night, "Have you ever been to the city, grandfather, or seen any of the great steamships and manufactories?" And "No, thank God!" was the fervent answer. This emphatic thanksgiving might be regarded as an epitome of the family sentiment: the gratitude of our elders for similar blessings was hourly expressed. They were strong-holds of prejudice, and it was as difficult to effect a change or to introduce an improvement amongst them as it is to overturn the fixed idea of a monomania. They had all, except my mother, been born in Alsterdale, and had vegetated there contentedly in unimpeachable respectability, never travelling more than a half dozen miles from home; there they would die, and there be buried in a good old age. They were proud, too, and that with the most impracticable pride; for they gloried in their ignorant prejudices, and would not have exchanged them for the wisdom of Solomon. Living from generation to generation on their own farm-lands of Alster Priors, in the midst of a scanty and illiterate population of laborers, above the small farmers and beneath the great gentry—on a sort of debatable ground between both—they were isolated almost entirely from society, and secluded in a dignified insignificance, which their hereditary infirmity alone kept from being ridiculous. They felt contempt for all new-fangled ideas; being unable to bring their own to any other standard than that which allows worth only to what has long been established.

Sometimes, like a puff of wind beyond the Fells, the story of some great invention came to disturb the calm torpidity of their existence. Then they would rouse up, wonder what the world was coming to, and hope it was not a tempting of Providence for mortal man to attain to such knowledge and to work such strange and powerful devices. My father, especially, was a lover of all things old; old books, old customs, old fashions, and old-fashion manners. Sir Roger and the Widow, Uncle Toby and Squire Western, might have been the personal friends of his youth, from the figure they made in his talk. He always addressed my mother as dame, and the servant women as lasses, speaking in a loud voice and broad accent that often made my mother wince. She was south country born and bred, and had been left as ward to the care of my grandparents, who, not knowing what else to do with her, married her to their son. She was younger than my father and pretty; but so quiet, delicate and reserved, that Aunt Anna was mistress of the house much more than she. Aunt Anna was a big, strong-featured woman, of great decision, and, as our family considered, of great learning also. She knew the names and properties of plants, was cognizant of signs in the weather, an interpreter of dreams and mysterious appearance in the sky; she was the oracle of Alsterdale, besides being a cunning hand at raising a pie and making preserves, jellies and custards. My brother Mark—the wild one—was her favorite; Robert she had not any love for, nor he for her. She was fond of power, and always seemed most at ease

with herself when she was either ruling or thwarting somebody.

Robert was fond of the wheelwright's and carpenter's shops much more than of bird-nesting and nutting, like his brothers; and Willie Paxton has often said that at ten years old he could handle his tools like a man. It was in those places that he got his first knowledge of mechanics; the schoolmaster, who, for the time and place, was a well-instructed person, brought him on in mathematics; and our rector, who always would have it the lad was a genius, and worth his three brothers put together, lent him books and papers that gave accounts of inventions and things in science, as well as biographical sketches of men who had been distinguished in such matters. Robert used to like to call attention to the small beginnings some of them had risen from; and Aunt Anna would always try to spite him by saying he need not let his mind hanker after those folks, for he was to be a farmer and farm the Little Ings land. But Robert was the pleasantest-tempered creature in the world, and never would be led into retorting on her. Sometimes, in his waggish way, he would draw her on to talk of herself, and would try to enlist her in his pursuits; but she was too wary to be flattered by a boy, and he made no way with her.

One morning, Aunt Anna, Robert, and I were all three in the garden picking camomile flowers, a large bed which supplied the family pharmacopoeia, when one of these talks took place. Robert asked Aunt Anna how far from Alsterdale she had travelled? She replied that when she was young she had been at the Richmond balls, and that once she had gone with her father to the place where they hang folks, which she explained as being York.

"You ought to be thankful you live in Alsterdale, Robert. Don't be always hankering after great, wicked towns," she said; "I never want to see another one again as long as I live—never!"

The last generation of the Janson family had produced an unsuccessful poet, whom our grandmother said Robert was like in almost every point. We had no personal recollections of him, because he had died before any of us were born, but to my fancy and to Robert's Uncle Paul had been heroic. Robert, always on the watch for Aunt Anna's genial moments, now ventured to say:

"I would rather be a man like Uncle Paul than a farmer, Aunt Anna; this seems such a sluggish life."

"Trash!" was my aunt's contemptuous ejaculation. "Your Uncle Paul was a poor, weak creature. What good ever came of his philanthropy and book-printing? If he had taken the Little Ings Farm that you are to have, he might have been alive now, and worth money, instead of lying in Alsterdale churchyard. Poor Paul had a good heart, but not the spirit of a mouse; don't you take him for your model, Robert, if you don't want to come to his end."

"Mr. Tate showed me a book of his, and said he was not only a fine genius, but a pious, devoted, and truly admirable man."

"Learn to appreciate the relative value of things, and have an opinion of your own. Are you to receive as gospel every word old Tate says? Just let me state the case to you." Aunt Anna dropped basket and scissors, as she rose erect in her oratorical attitude. "Your father and Paul, when they came of age, got each some money under their grandfather's will. Marmaduke kept to his farming, but Paul gathered his substance together like the prodigal son, and went and spent it—not to riotous living, certainly, but to just as little purpose—amongst fellows in jails and paupers in hospitals. Then he must needs publish to the world a host of abuses that he had discovered, and make himself enemies; so, all his fine schemes came to naught, and he died as much from heart-break as neglect."

"No, Aunt Anna; his schemes have not come to naught; for what he began, other people have taken up and finished." Dr. Monson says so.

"Don't be anybody's mouthpiece; give me your own words or none," rejoined my aunt, stooping to her task again.

"They are my words, too."

"Very silly ones they are then. I don't want to see any of you wiser or better men than your father or grandfather before you. They have always been respected, and Paul was more laughed at than anything else."

"People don't laugh at him now. They honor him."

"Lip-worship. What is it worth, when he has been dead these thirty years? He would have starved to death, if your father had not fetched him home. What is the good of looking at a man's grave? He was a warning, not an example, nephew Robert."

"Was he happy, Aunt Anna?"

"Happy? I can't tell. He said to me, the night before he died, that nobody should take the post of an apostle of reform whose heart was not prepared for martyrdom. He did hope to do good at first, and hope kept him up while it lasted; but he had not pith enough: he was soon worn out."

The camomile gathering was over, and with a retrospective sigh to the memory of her brother, Aunt Anna took up her basket and went into the house. Robert and I, after strolling a few minutes longer in the garden, passed through the wicket-gate and across the bridge, to the church, which stood about five hundred yards off on the hill-side. There were, and are, a great many yews in the graveyard, and under one Uncle Paul lay with a plain slab of the gray stone over him, inscribed only with his name and age. (My brother Robert's grave is to the right of it, only marked by a low head-stone). We sat down on Uncle Paul's grave, and began to talk about him. We both admired him sincerely. As I remember my brother Robert in his boyhood, he was slight and tall, with a great forehead and bushy brown hair; his eyes were blue and his skin brown; he had what was called a true countenance. His temper was cheerful and kind; and with Uncle Paul's love of true and beautiful things, he had a charmed auster of more muscle and force. I always loved Robert the best of my brothers, and sympathized with his dislike to our torpid state of existence. But what could we do against the rest?

From fourteen to eighteen Robert went on fretting, fidgeting, and working alternately, until one day there was a rumor of a grand new bridge to be built over the Alster about eleven miles above our house; besides it, where there was a fall in the water, a manufactory was to

be built for weaving of stockings. Neither good words nor ill words would keep Robert from going up there day after day, and staying till nightfall. It was in the time of hay harvest, and my father was often angry at his absence. One day he said to him in a rage, little thinking his words would be taken in plain earnest:

"If any of those engineering, architect, machine fellows will take thee, Robert, thou mayest bind thyself to them for life; I never want to see thy idle face again."

Robert did not come back that night, but the next morning he fetched his clothes when his father was out in the fields, and only the women at home. Aunt Anna was terribly vexed, and sent to call his father in. My mother would have had Robert go without seeing him, but the lad said:

"Nay, I have my father's leave;" and he stood up with his bonnie young face all glowing and brave, fearing none of us. "When I'm a man, Mary, shall come and keep my house—won't you Mary?" I promised him.

We were amazed to see how my father took it, when Aunt Anna told him Robert was set on going, and nothing could stay him. The two took a long look at each other, as if measuring their strength; then they shook hands. My mother cried to see it.

"If the lad will go, let him go in peace," said my father; "I can make nothing of it. Anne, fetch up a bottle of wine to drink his health at the dinner. Thy grandfather will be displeased, lad; thou'rt as willful as ever Paul, my brother, was; and I misdoubt me that thou'lt prosper as ill; but thou shalt not go with a curse at thy back, my lad."

And so Robert left us.

I should be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old at that time, and in my own mind I had a strange hankering to go after the lad and take care of him; and as if to give me my liberty, in a year that followed the old grandfather and grandmother were both taken away, and those who were left were well able to take tent for themselves. Still I don't know that I would have left home if my own mother had not said, one Christmas night, the first he was away, "Our Robert will be glad to see you, Mary. Your father and I were saying: why should you not go and stop with him for the change?" My mother spoke for me as much or more than for him; but what for, has nothing to do with Robert's story; so I pass over that.

I went away to Robert—and truly, the lad was glad to have a face that he knew about him. I had a little fortune of my own, so that I was no burden on him; but afterwards, as things turned out, a help. I took three rooms in a cottage a good half-mile from the town, and he changed to live with me. In the day time he was at work in one of those vast manufactory of iron machinery—I did see over one once, but with the heat, the noise, and the stir, I could not tell now what it was like—and in the evenings I had him mostly with me. He was not so merry a companion as he used to be, for his great idea had just begun to germinate, and many a silent hour I sat at one end of the table, while he at the other was working out his calculations, and making drawings of different parts of machinery. He got to making models after, and many a one did he fling down and break. There was difficulty after difficulty to overcome.

He would lecture to me about his drawings sometimes, and try to make me understand the relative power of this and that lever and wheel; and though I could have remembered at the time, I could not tell you now, if I would, one fifth part of what he said. This was to save labor and waste; that for safety; this for speed. It was impossible to avoid being interested in his work, seeing how his heart and soul were bound up in it. I was as eager he should succeed as he was himself. "If I do succeed, Mary, it will be the making of me; and I will succeed," he used to say, after every failure. And I believe he would.

Months went on, years went on, and Robert was twenty-five, with his idea still unworked. In the midst of his hard toil and absorbing thoughts I was glad that he still kept his kind, warm, manly heart. There is a short bit in his story that I must not leave out—that about Rosie Kirwan. Her mother was a near neighbor of ours, and we had made acquaintances in our walks. Rosie came to tea with me sometimes, and that was the way she and Robert came, first to know and afterwards to love, each other. Rosie was not so pretty as she was fresh-looking—fresh as a May morning in Alsterdale, or as a half-blown rose; a tall girl, straight and strong, with a round waist and a throat white and smooth as a marble figure; a firm step, a quick eye, and rather a breezy temper. I liked her very much; she was a frank, honest, sensible girl, and her mother had brought her up well.

They came to an agreement between themselves soon, and it was really a pleasant sight to see Robert at his work and Rosie leaning over him, bending her fine brows and setting her lips firm in a conscientious endeavor to take it all in, and then giving me a quick little glance across the table, as much as to say, "I can't understand it one bit."

Mrs. Kirwan was satisfied with the engagement, though I did not quite approve of her way of speaking of it. She said, "It is always a good speculation for a girl to marry a young man of talent and energy, though he may not be rich; he is almost sure to make some way in the world. I must confess that I should not let Rosie throw herself away on anybody; and, if Robert gets forward as he promises to do, I shall be glad to let him have her. She is a good girl."

The young things made no calculations, being content, apparently, with the present time of loving each other.

At last the day came when Robert walked into my parlor one night and said, "It is done, Mary. His face was all alight with pride and satisfaction, for Rosie was there, and, when he spoke, she marched straight up to him, and gave him a kiss. 'I promised I would Mary,' said she, blushing like a rose; 'I promised six months ago; and the shame-faced girl looked as if she had done wrong, whereas Robert looked as if she had been hard as a flint, and that was the very first time she had suffered their lips to meet. 'Then it is a kiss for luck,' said I; and Rosie was as still as a mouse all the evening after."

We had to hear about his success now. It was a grand invention we knew then, and

all the world knows it now; but, there were many things to be done before Robert was to be made a man by it. I believe people are no more ready now than they were then to adopt new systems; but it had been submitted to a number of men, both scientific and practical, and they all pronounced it the finest invention of the age. He must get it patented; he must do this, he must do that, he must do the other. Words.

He bade Rosie and me good-bye, and carried his model to the city—it was a great expense—and there he stayed; we being very anxious all time. To tell you the backwards and forwards work he had the advice on one hand and the warnings on the other, would be more than I could do, or that you would care to hear. Besides, is it not known well enough, by all who interest themselves in such things, the trouble there is to get a new invention adopted?

All this time was lost. Robert wanted money, and money he had not, and he was not earning any. My father had done for him all he ever intended to do, so I parted with my fortune, all but a bare maintenance, and kept him for a month or two longer, trying on all sides to get some one to adopt his invention. Nobody would or could. It was a depressed season, and there was no spirit to risk the production of anything novel or costly.

He came back to me: that time I was alone and glad I was that it so happened. I should not have known him if I had met him in a strange place unexpectedly. All the healthy brown was gone out of his face, his skin was pallid, his eyes and temples were sunk, his clothes were hanging about him as if they had been made for a man twice his size. When he spoke, it was in a hurried, nervous way, and his hands trembled as if he had had a stroke. O, how ill he looked! It is my belief that, in the last months he had been away, he had never had enough to eat.

One stormy winter night he came, without having given me warning. He was drenched with rain, and I said to him something about the folly of walking in his bad health in such weather, and where was his luggage? He spread out his poor, thin hands, and said, with an attempt at a smile, "I carry all my possessions on my back, Mary;" and then he flung himself down on a chair, and, leaning his face on the table, wept like a child. I shall never forget him as he appeared that night—never, while I live. He was no more like the Robert who had left me nine months before, than the broken bits of drift-wood lying on the sea-shore now, are like the brave ship that sailed out of harbor a year ago. He could tell me nothing that night; but next day he told me that, finding that he should never be able to do better for his invention, poor as he was, he had given it up to the manufacturer of machinery in whose service he had worked, on condition that he would bring it out within three years. "I don't care for profits, Mary; let us have enough to live, and I shall be satisfied," said he. You see he was so weak and worn down that his spirit was half broken.

"But Rosie Kirwan," I suggested. He got up and walked quickly through the room. Don't talk about her, Mary! How long is it since she has been here? Rosie and her mother had been away ever so long, I told him.

"And they have not come back? then you don't know?" He came to a full stop in front of me.

I said no, I knew nothing. What was there to know?

"Rosie and I have broken. I declare, Mary it was almost a relief; for how could I keep her as she had been kept? Her mother heard how badly I was prospering, and said the engagement must be dropped. I did not try to hold her to it—she would have stood by me; but—and the poor lad's voice broke down; and Rosie married a year or two after, a cousin of her own; I believe it was a perfectly happy and suitable marriage."

After this, Robert had a bad illness, and his brain was affected, more or less, to the end of his life in consequence; but, the intervals between were long, and he and I together led a not unhappy life. In less than two years there was scarcely an extensive manufactory in the kingdom that had not adopted Robert's invention, and its usefulness was extended to far other and different purposes than he had designed. It was like a new principle in mechanical powers that he had discovered and developed, for others to carry forward. The person whose capital had enabled him to bring to practical results what Robert designed, grew a very rich man speedily; he once sent Robert money, and we were not in a position to refuse it. As I said before, I had parted with all but a bare subsistence. Robert was never more fit for work. We went to a seaside village; and stayed there a year or two, in hope that the change would restore him; but it never did. He liked to sit on the sands, tracing out impossible designs with his stick, and demonstrating their feasibility to me. From the lectures I got, I ought to be one of the first theoretical mechanicians of the age.

There is nothing more to tell; he lived eleven years longer, and we went home to Alsterdale to my mother. My father was dead then, and Charles had the farm; and old Tate and I held long talks on Uncle Paul's grave, and—I think that's all. He frequently said, especially towards the last, "Mary, whatever people think, and however it may seem, remember I am not a disappointed man. 'I have done my work.'"

Poor Robert's opinion may not be the opinion of those who read these lines; but it was his, and it is mine. After all these years, it matters not a thought who is right and who is wrong. I always hoped that he would be taken first, for who would have cared for him like me? I had my desire. I have out-lived him more than thirty years.

THE WORD WITHOUT THE BLOW.—"I remember," says a writer, "when a boy, how one of our neighbors always excited wonder, by his manner of driving oxen. There was none of the loud shouting and hallooing, the flourishing and cracking of whips that I was accustomed to see in others; but he walked quietly by their side, or rode in his seat, never raising his voice above his usual tone, never speaking a second word; whether he wished them to advance or stop, turn to the right hand or to the left, he gave the appropriate word as he would speak to you or me, and what most of all upset my ideas of requisites of a teamster was, they always obeyed."

him. Whether the load was light or heavy, whether hauling stones or uprooting stumps, 'twas all the same; they girded their stout necks to the yoke with a right good will, as though they had found a master for whom duty was a pleasure and a law."

MORAL EDUCATION.

YOUNG LADY'S LETTER TO HER FRIEND.

My Dear Friend:—You know father is making money, and mother is devoted to her children. She sends me to school constantly, and all my leisure out of school hours is taken up with lessons and musical practice. Five years ago, when we were poorer and I was only ten years old, I could sweep and dust, do plain sewing, and had begun to learn something about cooking. Now I don't even take care of my own room. The chambermaid does all that, the cook gets up my dinners, the seamstress makes my clothes and the laundress irons them. All I have to do about it is to find fault when they are not well done. Everybody is working for me but I am not working for anybody. When my little brother was born I hoped I might be of some use; I was always fond of babies and handy in taking care of them. But I have not done the first thing. Mother keeps a young girl as nursery maid, and I watch her, and report if I see her do anything wrong.

Now it seems to me that all this is very demoralizing. I am getting the habit of having everything done for me and of finding fault at that. I am growing selfish and critical, and I don't see how I am going to help it. Mother says my education will enable me to be useful to others by-and-by, but can I take up the habit of being useful all at once when I am grown, if I go in the opposite course for four or five years more? There is a great deal of suffering in the city this winter, and perhaps you will say I might do something for the poor. But mother says I ought not to go to the Doreas meetings while I am at school, and when we hear of those who are nearly worn out to the distresses, who inquire into their cause. When I want money to contribute for charity my mother gives it to me, and I have just as much for other purposes as if I had not given any away. I don't know whether there is any self-denial on mothers' part in the matter; I am certain there is none on mine.

So far as I know, all the girls are just so. Even those who are poor have everything done for them; their mothers do the work of a dozen servants, and say, "I will give my daughter an education, for it is all I shall have to give her." Now it seems to me that there is such a thing as a moral education, and that we are all getting very bad ones. "It is more blessed to give than to receive, but we keep receiving and never give, and by-and-by we shall get to think that it is the only correct way. And even if we should learn to be unselfish when we are older, would it not be better to learn it now? Are we not beginning at the wrong end, if we cultivate the mind first, and the heart afterwards, whenever we can get time? If all the girls should learn to be helpful as daughters, sisters and neighbors, perhaps they would not have quite so much time for philosophy, French and music, but do you think it would matter? Please write and relieve the anxiety of CHRISTINE."

RAISING AN ORCHARD FROM THE SEEDS.

I have been thinking, for some time, I would write something for your valuable paper, but being of a timid nature, I feared you would not take notice enough of anything I might write to prepare it for publication. I will, however, attempt to give some account of my experience in raising an orchard.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, I saw that something must be done or soon my neighborhood would be without orchards, for the old ones were fast going to decay, and there appeared to be no new ones taking their place. Being a young man, I thought I would try and see what I could do in raising an orchard. I got some pomeace at the cider mill in the neighborhood, and after preparing my ground, sowed it. The next spring I had seedlings enough. When they were one year old I transplanted some two or three hundred, and in the fall after they were three years old I budded them with such varieties as the old orchard on the farm afforded. Two years after budding I set out twenty-five, and sold the balance to go out of the neighborhood, for my neighbors believed that my trial in orchard raising would be a failure. But by perseverance and industry I have got a nice thrifty orchard, from which I picked more than three bushels of good marketable apples one year ago last fall. Many that saw them said they had never seen such a sight before in their lives—trees so small and so full of apples. My success had just the effect I expected—others have determined to have an orchard too. But I fear that some will be disappointed. Those who put out trees and do not take care of them, certainly will. I can tell them in advance that there is no use in trying to raise an orchard unless they make up their minds to tend the trees well and to keep the cattle out of their young orchards.—[CORN. N. E. Farmer.]

Some inmates of a French hospital were discussing the success of a certain doctor in the art of embalming. One sceptic sneered at the idea and remarked that he had never embalmed anything but rabbits, nor stuffed anything but geese, and would never make a living at that. "Ah, my dear sir," said another, "only last year he made an autopsy of my janitor, and succeeded remarkably." "Just so," exclaimed the first "then he is already reduced to opening porters."

A story of Theodore Hook is told by Cornelius O'Dowd in his last essay, to the effect that at some civic banquet, on the appearance of a fifth course of dainties, Hook laid down his knife and fork, and declared that he would "take the rest out in money." The idea, O'Dowd declares, was "eminently British," and he wishes that such a policy might be pursued as to make King Theodore see the sense of such a course, give up his prisoners, and take the rest of the Abyssinian campaign out in money.

During a recent debate in the Corps Legislatif the speaker, M. Berryer, was interrupted by some one crying out, "This is shameful; it is dastardly." M. Berryer, turning round, asked, "who used the word dastardly?" M. Granier (de Cassagny), arising, "It is I." Upon this M. Berryer, with one of those gestures of sovereign contempt which he knows so well how to employ, and in a tone of voice which made his hearers quiver, ejaculated, "Oh, then, it is nothing."

AN AFFECTING SKETCH.—Lady Herbert, in her "Impressions of Spain," tells the following story of a poor idiotic boy.

In the cemetery near Seville is a very beautiful, though simple, marble cross, on which is engraved these lines in Spanish:

"I believe in God;
I hope for God;
I love God."

It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a "natural." Good, simple, humble, every one loved him; but no one could teach him any thing. His intelligence was in some way at fault. He could remember nothing. In vain his poor mother put him first at school, and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighboring monastery, and implored the abbot, who was a most charitable, holy man, to take him in and treat him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There all possible pains were taken with him by the good monks to give him, at least some ideas of religion; but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still, he was so patient, so laborious and so good, that the community desired to keep him. When he had finished his hard out-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours. "But what does he do?" exclaimed one of the novices. "He does not know how to pray; he neither understands the office, nor the sacraments, nor ceremonies of the church." They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with his hands clasped, his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again: "I believe in God I hope for God; I love God." One day he was missing; they went to his cell; and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined and an expression of the same ineffable peace, and joy they had remarked on his face when in the church. They buried him in the quiet cemetery, and the abbot caused these words to be graven on his cross. Soon a lily was seen flowering by the grave, where no one had sown it; the grave was opened and the root of the flower was found in the heart of the orphan boy.

DECAY OF MAPLE TREES.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer assumes that

maple trees in that State are more rapidly failing than other forest trees, and says that since tapping with a bit has been practiced, maple trees have died faster than ever before. Is this true of the maple orchards of New England? The writer says:—

When an incision is made into the sap-wood only, it will heal up, but when made deeper, it never will, and all the adjacent parts will die, and often decay. Now, in proof of this, let any farmer examine two maples that have been tapped for a dozen or more years—one with the bit and the other with an axe or gouge—the cuts by the latter not made beyond the sap-flowing wood. The inner wood of the former and much of the surface will be found dead, while the other, where it has sufficient time for healing, will be found to have formed a perfect gourd, so tough and sound that it will be next to impossible to split a log of it, stove-wood length. Another proof of this may be made by noting the difference in the decrease of maples in different sugar orchards where the two modes have been practiced.

When a tree is tapped with a bit, the spile stops up the best flowing grannies. When an incision is made with a large auger or gouge, more grannies are opened, and of course a greater flow of sap obtained. It is a fact, however, that when trees are tapped in this way, the wind drives up the wood sooner than when a bit is used, but this is easily prevented by frequent freshening over.

LIFE OF GRANT.—We are glad to learn that Col. Henry C. Dening, who was much distinguished in the last Congress for his eloquence and power in debate, and who was greatly instrumental in procuring the passage of the act creating the office of Lieutenant General, has been engaged for some time on a Life of General Grant.

The terms of intimacy and confidence which subsist between the eminent author and Grant and his friends—Washington, of Ill., Gov. Yates and others—give him greater facilities in his labor than any other writer could have.

Those who have seen portions of the manuscript speak of it as being written with great power and of absorbing interest.

This will probably be the Life of Grant, for wide and general circulation. We learn that it will be published by S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford, Ct., and the National Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.—The Haliburton Co-operative Farm, near the village of Haliburton, Peterborough county, Canada West, advertises in English papers for emigrants. It offers them board at cost price, payment for all labor they may perform, and a share in the profits at the close of the year.

The plan of the owners is that carried out by several large manufacturing establishments in England, which reserve from the net proceeds over labor, depreciation of stock, &c., a certain percentage as a fair profit on the capital, and divide the remainder among the laborers in proportion to the amount they may have individually earned through the year. The proprietors also rate themselves as laborers, and charge the time employed in superintendence or business negotiations. They are thus freed from strikes, and a large percentage of waste and drainage is avoided, owing to each workman having a personal interest in economy.

Several quite successful enterprises of the kind have existed for some years in Scotland, the shares of which are in great demand.

Small attempts exist in France, under the title of metairies but under different regulations. A report of the Association for the Progress of economic Agriculture in Austria states that in several villages the principle of industrial partnership has been applied, which enables laborers to participate in the profits of land cultivation.

A foreign journal commits an Irish blunder by saying—"The Irish have a very particular way of boiling their potatoes. They never boil them." This is the way they do it:—"A large pot is always on the fire,—a steady, slow fire,—and every occasion when the contents come up to the very verge of boiling point, cold water is dashed in, and the operation is, in Irish kitchen phraseology, 'backed.' The process is continually repeated till the potatoes are cooked. You get by this means, an admirable potato."

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth it may gladden the last of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.

Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 20, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. H. MAXHAM & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 10 State street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 2 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston. Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and 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 WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

WINSLOW TOWN MEETING.—At the annual meeting on Monday of last week the following officers were chosen:—

Moderator.—David Garland.
Clerk.—C. H. Keith.

Selectmen, Assessors, and Overseers of the Poor.—J. C. Hutchinson, Silas R. Getchell, James W. Withee.

S. S. Committee.—G. W. Files.
Town Agent.—J. C. Hutchinson.

Fence Viewers.—David C. Ellis, J. B. Rhoades, Ira E. Getchell, C. E. Cushman, Silas R. Getchell, Moses Getchell, Howard Getchell, James B. Furber, Isaac Webber, John Wiggin, Amos P. Southard, David Gupit, J. W. Withee.

Tythingmen.—E. B. Richardson.
Found Keeper.—Silas P. Ellis.

Cutters of Staves.—B. C. Paine, Daniel Phillips.
Sealers of Leather.—Abner Nichols, Jabez Jenks.

Surveyors of Wood and Bark.—C. C. Cornish, E. Spring, Stephen Crosby.

Auditors.—C. C. Cornish, C. R. Drummond, H. L. Crosby.

Sextons.—Hazo F. F. Wood, David Burgess.

The town voted to raise for support of the Poor, part pay for Eaton Bridge, and other town charges and expenses, \$2,600; for support of schools, \$1,700; to build new road near A. H. Palmer's \$220; for repairs of highways and bridges, \$2,000; and to pay on the war debt, \$1,000 was voted—the total debt of the town at the time of the annual meeting, including what was due on the Eaton Bridge, being \$1,424.

PRICE OF WOOL.—The Commercial Bulletin says that during last week from ten to twelve millions of pounds of wool changed hands in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. This was all bought by speculators, and embraced all the wool in the "speculative" market. The late advance in price has checked this class of operations. Prices are fully sustained at the hands of regular buyers, and the market shows no signs of relapse. The following prices are quoted in these sales:—

5000 lbs. fine Maine wool, 45 to 47 cts.; 5500 lbs. scoured do. 80 cts.; 100 lbs. do. \$1.05; other lots of fine scoured Maine wool from 70 cts. to \$1.04, according to quality. Pennsylvania extra 63 to 64 cts.; 8000 lbs. Vermont 46 cts.; 200,000 lbs. domestic fleece various grades, 40 to 60 cts.

PAPER MILL BURNED.—On Saturday night last the mill for the manufacture of Sheathing Paper, on the Messalonskee, near Webber & Haviland's Foundry, in this village, was completely destroyed by fire, with all its machinery. The fire was discovered about three o'clock by the village watchman, Mr. A. J. Dunbar, who gave the alarm, rousing the firemen and citizens, who did all they could; and though it was not possible to save the mill they did succeed in protecting the store houses and other buildings, with their contents, valued at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. But for the timely discovery of the watchman, and the prompt action of the fire department these would probably have been all destroyed, for it is doubtful if any one in the vicinity of the mill would have been disturbed by the fire in season to rescue any portion from the flames. A portion of the machinery has been run regularly through the night, stopping, however at 12 o'clock on Saturday nights and resuming at 12 o'clock on Sunday nights. When the workman left at midnight previous to the fire, he supposed everything was safe; but during the evening an unusual odor was discovered by persons in the vicinity, and the fire was even then probably in the rags somewhere, though nothing is known of its origin with certainty.

The mill was owned by Mr. J. S. Monroe, of Lexington, Mass., and was run by Mr. N. Stiles as agent. The loss is about 20,000, nearly covered by insurance. The greatest loss is by persons who are thus thrown out of employment. We hope it will be immediately rebuilt, though nothing is yet known of the decision of the owner in the matter.

PIANO TUNING.—Mr. John D. Conley, of Bangor, late of Boston, will be in Waterville on Monday, the 23d inst., to tune and repair Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, &c. Orders left with G. A. Phillips, Esq., and at the Williams House, will be carefully attended to. Mr. Conley has given the best satisfaction thus far.

Remember the Miltonian Tableaux, this evening and to-morrow evening.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.
CHICAGO, March 3, 1868.

Dear Mail.—We were visited, last Sunday, by the most violent snow storm of the season; and many think that there has been nothing equal to it since the great snow storm of 1864. During Saturday night and Sunday morning small quantities of snow fell; but in the afternoon the wind changed towards the northeast, and then the gale, which at this time amounted to almost a tornado, continued to increase; and just before night it seemed as if old Boreas himself and all his little imps had burst upon us with their united furies. The day was a terrible one, but the night far exceeded it in severity. The wind whirled and whistled with lightning like rapidity around the corners, carrying the snow in every direction; and at times it seemed as if the street was one solid body of snow.

The appearance of the streets yesterday morning was very peculiar and suggestive of almost anything but the early dawn of spring. Nearly a foot of snow had fallen on the average; but instead of its being spread out evenly upon the ground, it was piled up in down east style, some of the drifts in the most exposed situations being at least ten feet high. Signs of all descriptions, and blinds, chimneys and chimney tops, were separated from their fastenings; many buildings were entirely blown down, while others were unroofed. It levelled them with the earth as though they were but toy houses built for the occasion. The trains on most of the Railroads have been behind time for the last two days, and quite a number of them were snowed in and obliged to lie in a snow bank the greater part of the night.

But we have much satisfaction in knowing that Dog-days will give these snow banks a pretty hard sweat, and of the two I think Mr. Dog-days will come out a little ahead. The old adage is, that "When March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb." Whether or not the present month will be an exception to this rule remains to be seen. March certainly came in like a lion, but its going out may or may not be lamblike.

Previous to the storm Sunday we had been having some very beautiful weather, and many of the leading business men in the city thought spring trade was about to open in earnest, and predicted that within a few days the city would be crowded with country merchants buying their spring goods. But the last two days has changed the whole programme, and put off the opening of the trade a week or ten days at least; and the merchants who last week had such smiling faces, to-day are sorer as deacons; for instead of trade being any better it is duller if possible than it was a week ago. How long this dullness will continue, is impossible for any one at present to tell; but we all hope and trust not long.

I see that the leading Journal in this city estimates that there are at present 25,000 young men seeking employment and that the largest share of them are from the East. Our office is at present frequented by several Maine men, and among that number are—Frank Bunker, son of Daniel Bunker, Esq., of Ken's Mills, two young men from Portland; besides four or five young men from other eastern States—all seeking to earn their living by the sweat of their brow.

A great many young men East have got a wrong idea into their heads about the West; for they think that they have only to come to Chicago, or some other large Western city, and their fortunes are made, as business is so lively and money so plenty that they can soon get rich in picking up the change lying around loose. But to all such I would say that the sooner they get this idea out of their heads the better it will be for them, as not one man out of a thousand ever succeeds in business here except by hard work, or in other words unless he has the "get up and get" in him.

I would suggest to the young man that has about made up his mind to make the far West his future home to look before he leaps, and see if the privations and hardships which he must necessarily undergo, and the separation from home and near and dear friends, is not a much dearer object to his heart than riches. If, however, after fully considering this matter, he is still of the same opinion, that the West is the place for a young man, I should advise him by all means to come out here and try it; for such an one will never be satisfied until he has seen the Elephant for himself.

We have a good story told here about an old chap that settled here when Chicago was in its infancy, that I think will illustrate the future greatness of Chicago pretty well. The old fellow of course became very rich from the sale of his lands; yet the richer he grew the more miserly he became. But having lived in Chicago all his life he naturally thought that this was the only city of any account in the world. A short time ago, however, he got an idea into his head that he must see New York, as he had heard so many big stories about that celebrated city. He accordingly packed up his carpet bag, and taking his green umbrella under his arm he jumped aboard the first train bound for that city, where he arrived in due time, safe and sound, and took up his abode at the "Astor House." The next morning, as he was sauntering leisurely up Broadway, looking at the styles and sights which that street affords, whom should he meet but Mr. A.—a Chicago merchant who was there buying goods, and after they had passed the usual compliments of the morning, Mr. A.—says, "Well, Mr. B., what do you think of New York?" "Well," answered Mr. B.—"I think it's a right smart town, but then it's too far from Chicago to ever be much."

Yours truly,
TRIX.

PRANG'S BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS.—advertised in another column, will be found with dealers in pictures all over the country.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A very hard market is reported this week for the drovers. The Boston Advertiser says of it:—

"The receipt of 1700 cattle, 6500 sheep, and over 150 real calves at Brighton and Cambridge, with the depressed state of the beef market, has turned the tide against the interests of the drovers, and cattle have been sold at a discount of some 50 cents per 100 pounds from last week's prices. Sheep unchanged. D. Wells sold 6 Maine oxen 1700 lbs. each, for 14c. dressed; 4 at 12 1/4c. 35 sk. 1085 lbs. Of workers, Daniel Wells sold 11 pairs, averaging 3016 lbs. at \$3.60 per 100 lbs. live weight; equal to \$259.37 1/2 per pair. Their average girth was 7 feet."

The second trial in Portland, on Monday, resulted, like the former, in no choice—5,626 votes being cast, of which McCallan, republican, received 2,708; Putnam, democrat, 2,431; Deering, independent republican, 286. The election now goes to the city council, when McCallan will doubtless be chosen.

The trial of Jeff Davis has been postponed until the 14th day of April next.

OUR TABLE.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for March has the following table of contents:—
Berberies; The Fuchsia; What Pears shall Plant? The Double-Flowering Peach and its Treatment; Mount Vernon Pear; Rogers's No. 41; Early Rose Potato. Effects of Climate and Soil and the Roots of Trees; Propagation of Grape-Vines from Green Wood; Lowry-Morrison's Red Apple; Forcing Strawberries; Zonal Geraniums; and about thirty pages filled with interesting Notes and Gleanings. Editor's Letter Box, etc.
Published by J. E. Hilt & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following pieces of new music from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—

"Hear I the Ballad Ringing." By Robert Schumann. The Step Mother. A Ballad. Composed and sung by E. G. B. Holder.
The Love Quickstep. A Four Hand Piece for the Piano. By Geo. A. Russell.
Happy Dream Polka Redowa. By Albert H. Fernald.
"Oh! How the charm of all earthly beauty." From "Mares Viscanti," by Petrella.
Sold by Music dealers everywhere.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, as we have once or twice stated, is writing a history of the late Rebellion, which he styles a "War between the States," to be published in two volumes by the National Publishing Company, which has offices in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Atlanta, and Richmond. From advance sheets we get the general plan of the work, which embraces:—

"First, An inquiry into the nature of the government of the United States, or the nature of that Union which exists between the States under the Constitution, with the causes, or conflict of principles, which led to a resort to arms; and the character of the war, thus inaugurated."

"Secondly, The conduct of the war on both sides, so far as it affected Constitutional principles, with its final results upon the organic structure of the entire system of American democratic free institutions."

Mr. Stephens' book will undoubtedly be interesting; but it will be thoroughly Southern in its opinions and interpretations of the facts of history.

ERRATA.—In order to have the printed copy of the article "Comparative Coldness &c.," in last week's Mail in accordance with the registered facts, slight corrections are necessary in three points; thus:—those wishing to have a correct copy can make the following corrections, viz:—

In 3d paragraph 5th line, for "56.7" read 5.67.
In 5th paragraph last line, for "43.3" read 4.33.
In 6th paragraph last line, for "19.7" read 1.67.

How these misprints occurred the compositor can best tell if he chooses. The manuscript was supposed to be all right, it being a mere transcript of registered data.

A mean temperature of 56.7 below zero, or even 43.3, in the latitude of Waterville, would be a wonder in the record of meteorology long to be remembered. The writer never recorded so low a temperature. Verily, it would be more in keeping with the low temperature of the arctic regions.
B. F. WILBUR.
West Waterville, March 16, 1868.

GEN. SAMUEL VEAZIE, one of the venerated and influential citizens of Bangor, and the wealthiest man in Eastern Maine, died on Thursday evening of last week, at the age of 81 years.

WARREN'S IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER PROOF ROOFING—advertised in another column by Mr. G. C. Haynes, has been applied to Furbish & Sanders' new Sash and Blind manufactory in this village, to Hatch's new brick block at West Waterville, the Brewster House and many other buildings at Skowhegan, many of the large factory buildings at Lewiston, and also at Lawrence. When properly applied to good substantial buildings, we are assured that it never fails to give the best satisfaction. A host of certificates from builders and owners, confirms the opinion.

REV. T. W. HUGHES, Assistant Superintendent of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, Boston, Mass., will address the friends of homeless and neglected children, at the Congregational Church, March 27th, at 7 1/2 o'clock. A number of interesting and touching incidents, illustrating the work of the "Home," will be related. A company of interesting children from the Home will also be present, and sing some choice pieces of music. All are invited.

Children connected with the different Sabbath Schools are invited to meet at 4 1/2 P. M., on Friday 27th inst., in the above places, and hear the Little Wanderers sing. The Cadets are expected to be present and take part in the exercise.

This institution is a New England Home for Little Wanderers. It receives and welcomes every homeless child, without regard to its creed, nationality, or where it comes from. Since the work began in May, 1865, they have received and cared for over 1800 children.

For more than two weeks the snow has been gradually melting; some days under a warm sun, and others by the help of rain, fog and a low temperature. Our streets are now so nearly bare that none but occasional visitors from the rural districts attempt to use them for sleigh-riding. Wheels go better, as everybody admits; and it is generally conceded that nearly five months of good sharp winter weather is enough for a single dose, without trying to expand it into April. Many go so far as to predict an early spring, and an occasional robin has given its endorsement to the prediction. Let it come when it will.

ALMOST ANOTHER FIRE.—The floor beneath a stove, at the feather cleaning room, in the building north of the Williams House, took fire during the absence of those in charge on Tuesday evening, and the engines were brought out promptly, but there was no occasion for their use, the fire having been speedily extinguished with a few pails of water. A single thickness of brick alone separated the bottom of the stove from the floor, which was thought to be sufficient by the previous occupants.

REMEMBER, ye who buy fish, lobsters, clams or oysters, that Shirland, the soldier with the "empty sleeve," keeps them all, in choice variety, at his place in Ticonic Row. There are many ways of remembering the services of the soldiers, among which the best we know is that of helping them to help themselves. Go and see if Shirland don't induce you to buy.

MR. NYE'S CADETS celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday evening by some very pleasant exercises, singing, &c., with the usual refreshments for old and young. Short addresses were made by Mr. Nye, John S. Kimball Esq., of Bangor, and the Superintendent of the New England Home for Little Wanderers. It was a very pleasant occasion to all present. In a membership of about three hundred not a single death has occurred during the year just closed, which is certainly remarkable.

A JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL, which all the children are invited to attend, will commence at Temperance Hall to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. A competent teacher has been provided by Mr. Nye, and there will be no charge for tuition, but the expenses will be met by the proceeds of a concert to be given in a few weeks.

A CLOTHES LINE that may be left on the reel at all times and will last a life-time, that will not rust nor corrode, and will not mildew the clothes in warm weather as on old rope line will, that will not break in a gale or with any weight of clothes, is an article which has been long sought for and is now found; and with all these desirable qualities it only costs four cents a foot, or about twice the price of ordinary line. G. F. Stevens, of Kendall's Mills, is now prepared to furnish to order, the Patent Metallic White Wire Clothes Line as above, specimens of which may be seen in our village, at Homer Percival's house, corner of Elm and Spring streets, and D. R. Wings on College street. We have great confidence from the short trial we have made of it, that it completely satisfies all purchasers.

TICONIC WATER POWER COMPANY.—The annual meeting, as will be seen by referring to notice in advertising columns, will occur on Monday, April 6th.

See notice of Great sale of Real Estate at Kendall's Mills.

The republicans of Vermont elected their delegates to the Chicago Convention on Wednesday, backing them with a resolution in favor of the nomination of Grant for president.

The barn of Mr. Levi Doe in Vassalboro' was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night of last week. Ten or fifteen tons of hay were destroyed. Loss \$700; no insurance. A large lot of paper, the property of a pedlar, stored in the barn, was also destroyed, on which there was an insurance which fully covers the loss. Fire probably caused by an incendiary.—[Ken. Jour.]

John O. Marble, Henry W. Sawtelle and Solomon S. Stearns, all of Maine, were among the graduates of the Medical Department of Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., at the annual commencement March 11th, 1868.

The storm at the West on Monday night was one of the most destructive that has ever visited that section of the country. The damage done in the vicinity of Chicago is considerable, and the destruction of property near Cincinnati, St. Louis, and in portions of Illinois, is very great.

Gov. Brownlow of Tennessee informs Secretary Stanton that although the rebels are secretly arming with the intention of getting possession of the capital and State archives, he is fully prepared to take care of them with the aid of the State Militia, and that it will not in his opinion be necessary to call on Gen. Thomas for troops.

The House bill removing taxes from manufactures has been acted upon by the Senate finance committee, who have altered the measure by adding certain articles, named in the Washington correspondence, which they are unwilling to exempt from taxation. It will probably be acted upon by the Senate at once.

Preparations for war continue to be made in France, and that country is in condition to make a grand fight. What Power these preparations are directed against we can only guess. It is a year since the Luxemburg dispute began, and perhaps that dispute is to be revived.

It is expected that the impeachment managers will file their replication to the President's answer on the 24th and that the trial will proceed on Wednesday the 25th.

The Turks again proclaim the Cretan-insurrection at the end. The last reliable information from the island, however, is to the effect that the war is suspended only because the Turkish soldiers no longer venture out of the fortresses upon the coast into the interior. As soon as they do the Cretans will again assail them. Meantime, the "bloody instructions" to starve out the whole Christian population of the island by destroying all vegetation, are returning "to plague the inventors;" and the Turkish garrisons are suffering from scurvy and like disorders. Their only supply of fresh provision is from Asia Minor and Egypt.—[Bost. Adv.]

CONFESSION OF A MURDER.—The Calais Advertiser says: "Many will remember the account given some three or four years since of Mr. Seely and his two sons being burnt up in a lumber camp, near Megallowagie. It now turns out that they had had a dispute with a man by the name of Carson, about some land; and that this Carson, considering himself wronged, out of revenge stole into their camp while they were absent about their business and put kerosene into their tea kettle, and while they were asleep set fire to the camp in several places in such a manner as to prevent escape; and they were all destroyed. After the deed was accomplished Carson went to California, where he died a short time ago, and on his death bed confessed to having perpetrated the above horrible crime."

A special despatch from Washington says that there is trouble brewing in Tennessee, though it is not yet possible to say what it will amount to. The secret order known as the "Kuklux Klan" have lately mingled in political disturbances to such an extent as to excite the attention of General Thomas, who, in answer to a request for instructions, has been directed to sustain the State authorities with all the force at his command, and to ask for more troops if necessary.

Wisconsin will not vote this year on female suffrage, but the proposition to amend the constitution in that particular received thirty votes out of seventy-one cast in the Assembly.

[For the Mail.]
A WORD WITH FARMERS.

In a late issue of the Mail I read with a good deal of interest the report of the "Committee on Farm Crops and Manure," particularly the part referring to Mr. Hiram Cornforth's crop of ninety-two bushels of corn on one acre. The raising of corn is that part of husbandry that interests me more than any other; and it is that in which more farmers fail, than in any other branch. If a farmer has a well filled crib of Indian corn he generally has enough of other crops to last him through the year. But how to raise said crib of corn has been the study of thousands, and, probably will be as long as Physicians have labored faithfully to find a remedy for the Consumption. Hitherto both have been unsuccessful; though occasionally a patient has been cured, and a good crop of corn, like Mr. Cornforth's, has been raised. If I am correct in memory a large crop was raised in Penobscot County, of the same variety raised by Mr. Cornforth, on land that had been tilled one or more years and manured heavily in the fall. Mr. Calvin Taylor, of Winslow, was successful in raising a big crop and obtaining the premium, on land that was planted with potatoes the year before; and so did Mr. R. R. Drummond. But now Mr. Cornforth tells us that he broke up greensward two days before he planted, and harrowed in a moderate dressing of green manure, and then mowed lightly in the fall, adding a small quantity of plaster and ashes. Now, which course shall we follow? I have practiced both on different soils, and never yet have been satisfied that there is any sure rule to follow. I think a good deal of faithful hoeing; though the past season Mr. T. J. Hayden raised a good crop without any hoeing. My best success has been on greensward that had been mowed a great number of years.

These statements are of great use to young farmers, if they do not "pin their faith" too tightly on these statements. Mr. Cornforth must live in a neighborhood where labor can be obtained much cheaper than in any other part of the state. He says it cost him \$3.50 to plow the acre. In plowing sward of six years on rocky land, or even clayey, we use four oxen that would cost \$1.50 per yoke a day, and two men at \$1.50 each, making \$6.00 instead of \$3.50. Then he charges nothing for the plow, which was worth \$5.00, thus making a cost of \$6.50, to say nothing about feeding the team. As to the value of the manure he may be right, as the locality fixes that. \$6.00 is charged for carting and applying the manure, ashes and plaster—probably about 35 loads. He does not tell how far he had to cart it, or how long it took a man and team, or how long the man was spreading it. But it looks like a \$10.00 job. "Harrowing \$3.00;" this looks reasonable. "Furrowing \$4.00;" "Cultivating twice 90cts." The farmer can tell whether it will cost more to draw a small plow once across the field than a cultivator four times. "Hoeing twice 3 days \$5.00;" \$1.50 and board was paid to men in Winslow, who did not hoe more than a half acre in a day. "Harvesting \$4.00;" did men want money so badly as to cut, bind, shock and haul into the barn such an amount of corn and stalks for that sum? The remainder I leave for some one else, simply saying that if farmers attempt to give facts; let us have facts.

A BROTHER FARMER.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

M. E. QUARTERLY MEETING at Town Hall on Saturday evening, 28th and Sunday 29th inst. Rev. W. C. Wether, the Presiding Elder will be present and preach. Love Feast at 9 o'clock Sunday morning.

UNION MEETINGS will be held at the Baptist Church to-morrow and Sunday evenings, at which notices of further meetings will be given. Prayer meetings at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Boutelle Block every noon from 12 to 12.30.

The second Sermon of the Doctrinal series will be given Sunday morning, at the Universalist church. Subject, "The Rich Man and Lazarus, as Parable."

The subject of Rev. Dr. Sheldon's lecture for Sunday evening, will be the inquiry, "Why should we be Christians?"

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his show-window with the pertinent inscription, "Cheaper than dirt."

SUCH IS FAME!—The London Quarterly Review makes the surprising statement that the instances are rare in England in which, even among educated persons, young men or young women under five-and-twenty know anything at all either of what Sir Walter Scott wrote or of what he did.

On Sunday a son of Samson Colby of Topsham, aged about thirteen, was playing on some logs on the bank of the Androscoggin, collecting pitch, when the snow which held one of them crashed down, and fell over him, crushing his skull, breaking his arm and inflicting other severe injuries. He lived but three hours after the accident.

London despatches state that it has been discovered that disaffection in certain Irish regiments exists to an alarming degree.

There was a terrible hurricane in Toronto on the morning of the 16th inst. It damaged the depots, dwelling houses, churches, etc., to the extent of \$50,000. One man was killed at the Grand Trunk Railway roundhouse, and several others were wounded.

The reports of revivals and additions to the Methodist churches since the year began, show an increase exceeding that of all the other denominations in the same time.

Punch prints the following note by a fashionable young married woman: "The latest thing out—My Husband!"

"Joe Howard," the proclamation forger, lately announced his intention of writing biography, as the most remunerative kind of literary labor, and was encouraged by a friend, who said, "Yes, Howard, write about Lafayette; that's your forte."

Florida did its reconstruction work in such a fair and sensible manner that at least one democratic paper urges the adoption of the constitution and supports the republican State ticket.

Let not every pain send thee to the doctor, every quarrel to the lawyer, nor every thirst to the dram-shop.

You may joke when you please, if you are careful to please when you joke.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

The country pays more for alcoholic drinks than for all its colleges and schools.

The dearest word in our language is Love. The greatest is God. The work expressing the shortest time is Now. (The three make the greatest and sweetest duty of man.)

A man from the Auburn prison says, he lost there all admiration for Auburn locks.

Isn't a woman wet enough with a catarrh in her eye, a waterrail on her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirt, high tied shoes, and a notion in her head?

Bells and priests may call others to holiness, and know nothing of it themselves.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier.

A young Chicago girl, one of the "first families," replied to a "personal" advertisement, "first for fun," and wrote four notes to the advertiser, which her father has just paid the low sounder \$1,500 to deliver up.

Mrs. F. W. Harper, the eloquent and lady-like colored speaker, of Boston, was put out of a street car in Richmond, Va., the other night, while it was raining.

Halifax papers are still discussing the question whether it will be best for the Nova Scotia members of the Dominion parliament to go to Ottawa. The conclusion seems to be that they will do well to go, as acquiescence would have a better effect than sullen refusal to take any part in the government which is at present theirs, though against their will.

An exchange says the present insatiable appetite for "latest news" makes man appear to be a telegraph-animal.

Pennsylvania prisons are so full that in all of them it is the rule to confine three or four convicts in each cell.

Two new church edifices will be built, in Bath the coming season, one by the Wesley Methodist Society and the other by the Corlies Street Free Baptist Society.

LOCALS.

MADAME MANCHESTER.—Those desirous of consulting this distinguished clairvoyant Physician will be pleased to know that she has decided to remain at the Williams House till March 23d.

She will then go to North Vassalboro' and remain one week at Murray's Hotel.

A perfect house-cleaning soap is one that will loosen and dissolve dirt, but is not sufficiently harsh in quality to eat up the oil of the patient. The best example we know of, is the STEAM SOAP.

WORKS WONDERS with your hair. The first application of "Barrett's" will convince you.

The Question Settled.—Those eminent men, Dr. James Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bouvier, who met and conferred on the cure of the disease known as this when he discovered his widely known BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The festivities were presided over by Chief Justice Chase, with most admirable aspects. The Academy was crowded with a most appreciative audience, and a chorus of six hundred children sang with inspiring effect: with their clear, fresh voices, supported by a superb, real Organ, which was so unusually fine that it deserves especial notice. We have never heard such a beautiful musical effect from so comparatively a small instrument. We learn from the programme that it was one of the same kind as the one at Andover, manufactured by S. D. & H. W. Smith, of Boston, and can appreciate the high praise which every one accords them, as they are among the very finest in America. Smith's organs have a purity and volume of tone rarely attained by their size. One of our first musicians said to us, "The American Organs of Messrs. Smith are the most perfect and beautiful I have ever seen." We agree with him, and having heard the instruments carefully, must give them unreserved praise.—Philadelphia Item.

PROF. L. LYNN, of this village, is agent for the sale of these organs.

ITS GOOD EFFECTS ARE PERMANENT.—In this it differs from all hair dyes. Its use luxuriant growth is guaranteed, natural color and curls are restored. One trial will cause you to say this of

