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Maxham & Wing

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## LIGHT BEYOND.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,  
Beyond the calm sweet moon;  
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee;  
Soul! thou shalt venture soon.  
Secure with him who sees thy heart's secret yearning,  
Safe in his arms of love,  
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,  
And thy fair home above.

O! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,  
The Sabbath morn come on,  
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—  
Sweeter the labor done.  
All finished! all the conflict and the sorrow,  
Earth's dream of anguish o'er,  
Deathless, there dwains for thee a nightless morn  
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience! then patience! soon the pang of dy'ng  
Shall all forgotten be,  
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying  
Beyond the vastest sea,  
Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,  
His darkest dealings trace;  
And by the fountains where His love will lead thee,  
Behold Him face to face!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

## MISS SUE AND MR. WILLIAM.

"One's my love;  
Two's my dove;  
Three's my heart's desire;  
Four—I'll take and ne'er forsake;  
Five—I'll leave in the fire;  
Six—Ae loves;  
Seven—their loves;  
Eight—they both love;  
Nine—the come home;  
Ten—he carries!  
Eleven—he courts; and Twelve—he marries."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Sue, and she blushed "rosy red" as she tossed away the apple-seeds she had been counting on her white palm, and walked quickly down the steps of the back porch into the tiny garden to cut flowers for the house, thinking, nevertheless, in spite of her, as she went, of the difference there was between casting away and throwing away, and more annoyed by the difficult question she had undertaken to solve than by the poor rhyme. As she went along the walk, which was bordered by low, glossy walls of fragrant box, her name was pronounced, and, looking up, she saw who stood by the picket fence, saying, "I wish I had a dewy fresh flower to take to town with me."

"Here are some which must have opened for you, I think," she answered, and right and left she clipped with no sparing hand roses, heliotrope, jasmine, mignonette, ivy.

"How glad the city will be to see these! Thank you!" said the bright-faced, handsome young gentleman. It might have been suspected that he had adorned himself that morning with the special hope of attracting her eye, but for the fact that he never went forth from his chamber except as a bridegroom might go, adorned for his bride. He spoke, gratefully, and then he hurried on to the station and the train, which never was known to linger for the talk of young man and maiden over a picket.

Three minutes after he had said "good-morning" to Miss Widdington the train came thundering along. It was the express train, and stopped but a minute at any one of the twenty stations between Greenland and town. At that hour people were hurrying toward the great metropolis from every direction—east, west, north, and south. Greenland was about an hour from the ferry, and hundreds of persons escaped from the city every night to sleep there, or in adjacent lanes as green.

Young Mr. Carpenter was not the only bearer of beautiful bloom this morning. There were portly, middle-aged men who could not be expected to burden themselves with any thing, dozens of these, who complacently carried a pink, or a sprig of southern-wood, or a rose, mayhap, in vest or button-hole; baskets of fresh moss hung from the looks above the car windows; pink marsh-mallows and crimson cardinal-flowers asserted their right to the place they occupied in the huge bouquets of rushes, wild grasses, and ferns, grouped together by some bo'd, beauty-loving sense—woods, fields, and fens had been placed under tribute, as well as orderly gardens, that morning. But no mortal could feel greater satisfaction in floral tro, by than did William Carpenter.

He would not go into the smoking car—not with those flowers—any sooner than he would have sought for a seat for Miss Widdington in that den. So he stood on the platform while he smoked his cigar; and as it was against the regulations that he should do so, he secured a seat inside, and stepped out occasionally as the car stopped at a station, for a whiff. So it chanced that when the swift-moving, little, middle-aged woman, whose gray hair had surely grown out of sorrow rather than age, came up to the steps with a bundle two-thirds as large as herself, and a bunch of sweet peas in her hand, he, fortunately for her, stood where he could easily assist her. "Can I help you, Madam?" "Thank you, Sir." She was just in time for the train, and only in time. The school-boys on board, who went to town for daily discipline, were in the habit of calling out to each other, as the train passed round the curve, whether they saw her or not. "There she is—just in time!" Generally on Tuesdays, always on Fridays, they saw her walking at that quick pace from her house in the little garden near the station, and many a bet had been won by the knowing ones on her "catching the train."

There was nothing about this woman in to attract attention; it was only on account of the nearness of her house to the track, and the frequency with which she went to town, and the school-boys noticed her.

As she went out this morning from the gate a young girl ran after her with a bunch of sweet-peas gathered from the pretty garden which surrounded the house. "There," said the kind girl; "you won't notice how hot and dusty it is if you look at these and smell 'em once in a while. Will you have some sweet-william too?" The girl smiled as she said this, and looked pleased when the little woman answered so kindly. "No, child; I won't rob you of that." "No sweet-william for me—that's uprooted," she continued to herself, as she walked on. The young girl going back into the house put the flower she had plucked in her hair, and sat down to her work, determined that her industry should surprise her employer and friend on her return.

And so, coming to the car, the woman was helped up the steps with her big bundle by handsome Mr. Carpenter. She knew that his name was Carpenter, and so almost felt that she was acquainted with him—there's so much in a name. She knew that was his name, she had heard him answer to it, for this same gentleman had given her a seat in the ferry-boat one day when she was ready to drop with fatigue. He was not the only man that was sitting though, nor was she the only woman standing at that moment in the cabin, where gentlemen are notified that the seats are for ladies. He offered her seat to her in preference to giving it to any other woman, and she gratefully remembered it. He had forgotten it, of course. She was but one among hundreds. Who she was, and whether she went, all that was nothing to him. But how he picked up one of the sweet-peas she had dropped and inhaled its sweet fragrance. Then he went on smoking; but after

awhile, and unconsciously, of course, he placed this sweet-pea, with the bloom Miss Widdington had given him, in the bouquet-holder he had made out of an envelope.

Perhaps every man, woman, and child who crossed the rivers that morning, carrying with them bloom of field or garden, might have told some pretty story concerning the treasure, and have owned that it was the one thread that would draw them back out of the hot and dusty city when duty was done.

Mr. Carpenter hurried at his usual rapid pace down to the insurance office in which he was employed, and having procured a glass of fresh water for the flowers, sweet-pea among them still, he took his stand before his desk, opened his books, and as he did so bestowed a moment's grave thought on the proposal recently made by his friend Scratchy, that they should form a partnership in business, and take the chances of securing an independence in a year.

He had already dropped the thought, or rather it was crowded out of mind by the immediate necessity upon him, when Mr. Widdington, who came down always by the second train, entered the office, and walked at the majestic pace which so well comported with his dignified figure to the room devoted to his special use as Treasurer of the Company.

For an instant after Mr. Widdington had passed through Mr. Carpenter was engaged again on the question which occupied him when he opened the books; and he found that it would be impossible for him to give young Scratchy a decided answer yet; he was not prepared to give up certainty for even the most promising uncertainty.

And a year from that date he was revolving the same question, and another still more seriously—even his chances with Miss Widdington.

Miss Widdington, for her part, at the end of the year had given up counting apple-seeds, and was more seriously considering the claim which William Carpenter seemed to make on her thoughts—and why she should like him so much and love him so little. It would have puzzled her to tell when she began to like him—still more to have told whether she had yet even begun to love him.

There was a test which she might have applied. Why, when calamity overtook them, was she willing to look every way that her own thought could suggest except toward him for assistance? What was it that led her to prefer self-help to his help? Did ever man stand more ready to serve woman than William to serve her? Was it because she saw in his manifestations of devotion signs of something different from self-forgetfulness in behalf of another, to which another than herself might be exposed who looked to him for help?

It is only a year since we saw Mr. Widdington in all the glory of his temporal prosperity. There had been since then a stir in the Widdington nest—that soft, warm nest, so deftly sheltered from the sun and the rain, and the rampant influences of the world.

Maria, the younger of the birdlings, was constantly chirping "how terrible!" but in that same voice she could have said "how charming!" "how delightful!" and nobody would have been surprised. When Miss Sue said also "how terrible!" she said it to herself, and to herself kept the conviction.

What was terrible? Mr. James Widdington, who a few months ago had been reduced to a state of partial helplessness by paralysis, was now in danger of losing his sight—a growing cataract was by degrees shutting him out from the light of day, shutting him up in a sepulchre.

Young Mr. Carpenter talked with Miss Maria, who it was clear would never die of grief, about this cataract, on the evening of that very day on which Miss Susanah had privately to herself acknowledged that the condition of things was terrible, with an earnestness of emphasis that showed her clear and deep appreciation of the facts concerning them in all their dreadful bearings.

Mr. Carpenter came to the house with the evening paper and letter, which he had brought the Treasurer, with Mr. Parson's compliments. Mr. Parson was the President of the Insurance Company of which Mr. Widdington had been Treasurer so many years. All summer, since Mr. Widdington was disabled, young Carpenter had brought him night by night, the evening paper—had left it at the door, in passing, or made it the occasion of a call. People who had nothing better to do than observe what was going on in the neighborhood began to say, "It must be one of the Widdingtons. Which?" The majority thought Miss Maria.

The train was in a little behind time this evening, and the day had been unusually warm; reasons good why Mr. Carpenter should be later than usual in making his appearance. Sue read to her father the paragraphs wisely reserved for such emergency from the last night's paper, and said, for the twentieth time, "Yes, I am sure he must come now, in a few minutes," and then listened as Maria opened the front door and went down the steps to look for the haggard, and set the neighbors to talking. "Pshaw!" said Miss Sue; but it would have done Mr. Will Carpenter good to hear his arrival predicted with such confidence as it was predicted by Miss Widdington.

But why did Miss Maria run out, and down to the gate? Because her father's impatience had become intolerable to her. She could not meet him at every turn with Sue's readiness, and soothe him as Sue could; this she freely acknowledged; but she did not add, in her confession, that she was good for nothing in this business of nursing—that, however, would have been a plain statement of fact. Maria was like her father—she was incapable of doing things she did not like to do; at least she supposed so, and with a surprising number of persons the practical result of such supposition is effective as a fact.

Mr. Carpenter, though he had taken his time, came at last, and apologized to Maria as he walked up the steps. When she invited him in he thanked her, and accepted the invitation. The invitation was what he wanted, as he showed by the quick pace at which he advanced to the door of the dark, warm little parlor. And there, in that sitting room, he was content to sit talking with Miss Maria for an hour, because he caught now and then the sound of Miss Sue's voice reading the paper, and secretly he hoped that he should by-and-by be invited into the back porch, where the sound of the voice proceeded. But Miss Maria had no thought of inviting him; so they sat and talked, off and

on, a good many blank spaces occurring between the paragraphs of their speech.

At last the reader's voice was heard no longer—twilight was lost in moonlight—reading in the porch became impossible. Miss Sue had gone conscientiously through the columns of foreign and domestic news, however—through the city items and the gossip of the hour—even until she came to the market prices. Down these, too, she had valiantly advanced (wondering why 28 should be 6 and 8 in the market and 28 per pound out of their butcher's cart), and thence to the shipping list and the report of the dry-goods trade, closing all with an item which made a deeper impression than any other she had found presented.

She had fairly read her father to sleep, and now she sat in a corner of the porch, her arm resting against the balustrade—the newspaper still in her hand—perfectly aware that William Carpenter was in the parlor, and that he was talking with Maria, and that he was about to go away. In her hand she held the letter which William had brought up from the Company's President. She had not read this to her father—it was still unopened. She knew how important it was that he should have a good night's sleep, and how little would sometimes make him wakeful at night, and so secure to all of them a wretched next day.

Presently she heard voices in the entry. William was going. She started up as if about to go into the house; but then she sat down again; the hall door closed; and why did she then feel that the whole world of joy was shut out from her?

Her father did not waken; Maria did not come. These facts were alike satisfactory, and she sat with her face bent on her hand, not turned toward the starlit sky.

Down the road William Carpenter was walking to the great boarding-house in which he made his home—free to go where he would and when—strong, untrammelled. She envied him. "Some day he will go off altogether. He can't be kept running forever between New York and Greenland. He must not stay for me. My place is here. He shall not come into this house and take up my load. I never can consent to that. Farewell, William!" She waved her hand after him, and arose at the same moment with her back still turned on the stars, looking at her father.

Her last word was not the expression of a freak. Miss Sue had for a long time been preparing herself for this decision, and she accepted the decree when she had pronounced it as if not responsible therefor. William had last week given up his situation in the insurance office, and gone into business with young Scratchy, the gold-broker, who had been so successful during the past six months. If success perched on the banners of the partnership such a burden as Miss Sue was thinking of would easily be borne. Then there must have been some reason behind this, another which made her say with composure "Farewell to William." What was it? She could not have explained, for it was not among her imaginations that she had not perfect confidence in him.

While she was thinking of many unutterable things Maria appeared at the door of the porch, and said, in a low voice:

"Sue, come here." She had evidently something to tell which she considered important.

"What do you think Will says? Have you read the letter?"

"Not yet," Maria was glad.

"They are going to continue father's salary this year, just the same!"

"For the year?" repeated Sue.

"Yes; so that thing is settled."

"For a year," said Sue again.

"And by that time," continued Maria, "we shall know how it will be with him. He may be able by then to go back to the office."

"Yes, and he may not be. But it is a great gain to us. We shall know by that time, Maria, what we are good for."

With these words Miss Sue went back to the porch, and when her father awakened from his evening nap she led him to his bedroom, to which her mother had preceded them. It was a sad sight to see him as he came shuffling along, leaning on his daughter's arm, and half-supported by his cane. Whenever Mrs. Widdington saw him approaching in that way she began to tremble and shiver. How sudden and fearful was the calamity which had overtaken them!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Richard Grant White, in his paper on "Words and their Uses" in the current number of the Galaxy, takes up the engels in defence of the common use of the word *some* in the sense of *about*, which many critics have lately condemned as improper. It has been the fashion to attack its use in such phrases as "some five or six hundred," or "some five miles on the road," but Mr. White shows that it is thus used by Thackeray, Prior, Bacon, Raleigh and Shakespeare—the latter in the passage familiar to every theologic-goer—

"Has she forgot all that brave prince  
Edward her lord, whom I some three months since  
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewkesbury."

He then traces the word back to the Anglo-Saxon fountain, and finds it in constant use in the sense referred to, in King Alfred's translation of Bede, in Wycliffe's Bible, and in the translation of the Gospels made A. D. 360 by Gothic Uphilas, on the Dacian banks of the Danube.

In the same essay Mr. White defends the use of "first-rate" to denote a high degree of excellence, often sneered at as "mercantile," and finds examples of it in Scott and Fielding. He returns to his principal business of criticizing misuses, however, and he objects to the employment of "Reverend" and "Honorable" as prefixes to proper names without the definite article; of "abusive" to mean failure of all kinds, as "a thief abominably seized two pieces of alpacas;" of "proven" instead of "proved;" of "leave" without the object, as "Jones left this morning;" and of quite a number of other phrases to a certain extent in colloquial and newspaper use.

A writer in Once a Week tells this story: "A friend of mine was riding on the outside of a North Devon coach from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, 'I've had a coin guv' me to-day 200 year old.' Oh, yes, I have one myself 2000 year old." Ah, said the driver, 'have ye?' and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the

coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to a friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said, 'I told you we drew' about I had a coin 200 year old.' 'Yes,' And you said to me as you had one 2,000 year old.' 'Yes, so I have.' 'Now it's a lie.' 'What do you mean by that?' 'What do I mean? Why, it is only 1867 now!' And they told me that the schoolmaster is abroad."

## Progress of American Chromo-Lithography.

MR. PRANG is rapidly increasing his business and improving his beautiful art. He has begun his contemplated "Gallery of American Painters," in which he proposes to produce at least one characteristic picture by each of our eminent artists. He has already published several landscapes by Britcher, several groups of chickens and the like by Tait, several fruit pieces by Lily M. Spencer, and Miss V. Granberry, of New York, a couple of *genre* pictures by Niles, of Boston, a series of "Ruggles' gems" in oil colors, besides a great variety of illuminated texts and cards by Miss Jennie Lee, of Jersey, and cartoons and lithographs by Mr. Homer, and others.

He has now in active preparation "A New England Winter Landscape" by the late Mr. Morrell of Malden; a figure piece, "The Barefooted Boy," by Eastman Johnson; "Easter Morning," by Mrs. Theresa Hart, wife of James Hart, the landscape painter; two brilliant pictures of children in the woods, "The May Queen" and "The Little Rogue," by Mrs. S. G. Brown; "The Shipwreck of Steerforth," by Moran; "The Friends," by Giraud; "The White Mountains in October," by Mr. George L. Brown; "The Bay of New York," by the same artist; "The Falls of the Yo Semite," by Bierstadt; two fruit pieces, by S. W. Fuller; "Cherries and Basket," by Mrs. Granberry; and besides these he has a number of other compositions on the easels of distinguished New York painters. Tait is hard at work on his favorite subjects. We are not at liberty to name the paintings by foreign artists that are to be chromoed as rapidly as possible, because, in the absence of an international copyright law, fine-art publishers are liable to the same annoyances which are now experienced by the publishers of foreign books.

The "Winter Landscape," by Morrell, is a picture as essentially New Englandish, as we may coin the word, as pumpkin pies or Thanksgiving. Morrell made a specialty of winter scenes, and was admitted to be the best painter of snow in America. This is one of the best of his small pieces. It represents an old farm house by the road-side, with its inevitable L's and out houses; grandma in the yard engaged in feeding poultry; a group of skaters on a frozen pond hard by, with spectators looking on at the sport; in the distance, the village, which is hidden by the trees on its outskirts. A grand old elm, under whose wide spreading branches the farm-house is built, is rendered with wonderful fidelity and spirit; and the apple-tree, on the other side of the road, seems to have been photographed from every family homestead in Massachusetts away from the great iron thoroughfares. The picture is a pleasant one; for it has a warm, cheerful glow—such as every one delights in, on "fine mornings" in winter when the snow lies deep and the sleigh bells are ringing merrily on every road.

The "Falls of the Yo Semite" is a characteristic bit of California scenery in Bierstadt's well-known style. It represents a bright sunset on a lonely lake, whose solitude is disturbed only by a pair of water fowl that hover over and rest on the rocks at the shore. Abrupt, steep and rugged cliffs—over a part of which tumbles headlong a graceful waterfall—from the Southern boundary of the lake; and a fringe of gigantic branchless fir-trees skirt the Northern shore. It is a careful study after nature and every touch is Bierstadtish.

The "Barefooted Boy" is a true artist's rendering of Whittier's lines:

"Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan;  
With thy turned-up pantaloons  
And thy merry whistled tunes.  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face  
Through thy torn and ragged lace;  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prize thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride;  
Barefoot trudging at his side  
Thou hast more that he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy—  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!"

It represents a comely rustic lad, clad in coarse homespun dress, with his trousers turned up, his hands in his pockets and the brightest of "knowing" yet innocent smiles on his face and in his eyes. His face is half shaded by his broad-brimmed hat; his feet are firmly planted on a grey rock; he looks so hopeful, so self-reliant, so entirely at ease, that he seems the perfect incarnation of Young America. The accessories of this picture are a distant landscape with a tree in the middle and foreground. They are well handled, but they serve only to support the figure, which is one of the best pieces that Mr. Johnson has ever produced.

The "Fringed Gentian," after Newman, is one of those fearfully and wonderfully elaborate and truthful representations of vegetable life in which the pre-Raphaelite school of artists of New York and elsewhere seem to delight. It is in water colors. It looks as if it had been drawn with the aid of a microscope—the most Lilliputian details are so exactly reproduced. It is one of the most difficult subjects to chromo; and we shall take an interest in examining the result.

Among the fruit pieces in the press, judging from the original, we prefer the "Cherries" and the "Strawberries," of Miss Granberry, which are certainly admirably rendered, with a luscious fidelity to nature. Mr. Fuller's pieces are highly finished and harmonious in color, but it strikes us that the subjects are less likely to be universally popular.

The "Friends," by Giraud, we forgot to name it in our list,—is the picture of a little girl, who is petting a Newfoundland dog. Giraud has an excellent feeling for the conception and execution of this class of subjects, and this is one of his happiest efforts. It will charm the children everywhere.

In an entirely different style, but of the same character, are the companion pictures by J. G. Brown, of New York. This young artist excels in *genre* pictures; he renders children

with a rare ability, especially when there is a single figure at rest, but in an attitude expressive of mental action. These subjects—the "May Queen" and the "Little Rogue"—are just suited to his peculiar genius. The "May Queen" is a little girl in the woods, brilliantly attired, self-adorned with wild flowers, bathed in sunlight, her eyes beaming with delight at the thought of surprising her friends by her new and gay decorations. The "Little Rogue" is the picture of a boy, four or five years old, who is trying to hide himself from somebody, coming— which somebody he is evidently intending to startle. He is stooping under a sumac bush, which he gently bends over him. This gives the artist an opportunity for a brilliant coloring. It is autumn, and the declining sun shoots its rays through the misty atmosphere, brightening the gay hues of the sumac leaves and warming up the surroundings of the figure, which are rather cold and low in tone. The two pictures contrast finely; the clear, bright, summer glow of spring—in the "May Queen"—being harmoniously offset against the dreamy, misty, autumnal vapors in the "Little Rogue." Mr. Brown regards these pictures as his masterpieces.

"Easter Morning," by Mrs. Hart, is a massive marble cross, hung round about with fuchsias, pansies, yellow roses and other exquisitely tinted flowers. It is a combination entirely novel, peculiar and lovely. We have seldom seen an effect so original produced by a combination of such simple and familiar elements. There is an affluence of quiet beauty in the wreath that is essentially harmonious with Easter and its sacred memories. It is altogether charming. If there is a single flaw in it we have failed to detect it. As far as the chromo has gone it bids fair to rival the original; but we reserve our judgment upon it until it is completed, we know only that if it is all comparable to the exquisite painting, it will soon be one of the most common ornaments of our boudoirs, vestries, Sunday schools and libraries.

The last painting on our list was handed in as we were taking notes of the new publications. It is a small reproduction of "The Crown of New England"—a painting which, both in England and America has secured for Mr. George L. Brown some of the highest encomiums from artists and art critics, which American productions have ever obtained. Glowing, poetically truthful, full of brilliancy and light and beauty, it represents the White Mountains when they are seen to the best advantage—when, as the portrait painters say, they are in their "highest moments"—transfigured under the early morning sunburst of a late October day. The original on a large scale is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Childs & Co., where it has been visited and admired by thousands of our wealthiest and best educated citizens. If this beautiful creation, this lyric on canvass, can be reproduced in fac simile, it will mark an epoch in the art; for the vapors and mists that enircle the mountain sides, the subtle gradations of light and shade, and the marvellous lendings of colors and tints render it exceedingly difficult either to imitate or duplicate.

It is gratifying to know that the popular demand for pictures is almost in the exact ratio of their artistic excellence. Every touch of nature, whether on canvass or in chromo, is instantly recognized and applauded. The best things sell best; no reputation awaits against the fact as it is. "Ruggles' gems" have not paid expenses; whereas Tait's groups go off with amazing rapidity. Of Britcher's pictures, on the other hand, "The White Mountains" and "Esopus Creek" and "Sawyer's Pond" (a little gem) and one or two others have a steady and rapid sale, while some others do not move off at all. The people have a truer taste than they generally have been credited with in the critical doomsday book. It is a faith in this instinctive taste that has borne on Mr. Prang to the rare good fortune that has rewarded his efforts.

BERWICK.

EDUCATION.—We find the following synopsis of a lecture recently delivered in Bath, by Gen. John C. Caldwell, our A. J. Gen., in the Times of that city:—Gen. Caldwell commenced by stating that he did not propose to speak with great life or elaboration, taking it for granted that he was speaking to teachers and scholars. All men and all women are in the truer sense, either teachers or scholars. The great work of life is education. What we learn is all that we can carry with us to the future world; and the speaker never felt like making an apology for being interested in schools. If there is anything of which men may be proud, it is that in the broader sense, they are teachers and scholars.

The common idea is that education is the cramming of something into the soul; the true idea is that education is to draw something out of the mind; not to make of the brain a museum, but to train the mind till it shall become fully developed. You can't make a mason by dumping bricks into a man's yard, though these are the materials with which the mason works. So you cannot educate a child by simply cramming the contents of books into his mind.

It was wonderful to think that the child has that within him, which, properly cultivated, may evolve into a Shakespeare or a Bacon. The capacity of progress is in every human soul; and the possibility of attaining to the position held by the great men whom we worship and deify, if not in this, when the soul shall be fully developed, that even in the humblest there shall not be a development beyond anything we have dared to hope. The lecturer illustrated his point most beautifully, by comparing the mind of the child to the apple-seed, showing that as the seed contained the germ of the fruit, so the mind of the child possessed the germ of all possible development.

What then is the duty of the teacher? He can only draw out that which is already in the soul. The speaker protested against teachers endeavoring to impress themselves upon the minds of the scholar—as do many of our school as well as our religious and political teachers. We have no right to invade the sanctity of the human soul; God has planted in every heart an inviolable individuality, and we have no right to destroy it. Don't compel the scholar to study, you, teachers; but on the contrary, it is your duty to study the scholar.

Teachers do much harm by injudicious praise as well as censure. All minds that are rich

mature slowly. It was common in the lives of great men, that in youth they were incorrigibly slow; in his youth Sir Walter Scott was believed to be a dunce; his subsequent life, however, did not confirm that belief. Don't praise too much the scholar who learns fast,—don't discourage the one who learns slowly. The valuable minds of the world have not been the quickest ones to learn.

He believed text books as commonly used in our schools to be the greatest impediment to the cause of education now existing. Books—many of them—were like oranges; suck the juice from them and they are worthless.—Books have their value; but it was a fatal mistake to believe they must be treasured; they are valuable only as their contents become a part of the man. Not one book in a thousand is fit to chew; not one in a million to digest. He would not speak disparagingly of the noble men who have given to the world the labors of a life in a single book; these are exceptions; and should be appreciated and valued, as they will be. But such books even should not be our masters, but our servants.

If this is true of books in general, how is it with the text books used in our common schools—very few of which have been written by men who understood their vocation. He ridiculed the idea that scholars should be compelled to answer questions as given in text books, contending that if they did this, it should be taken as an evidence that they did not understand the question. For instance, What is arithmetic? It is the science of numbers and the art of computing by them. He didn't believe there was one scholar in a thousand in our primary schools who knew the difference between a science and an art; and this system is not confined alone to our primary schools, but extends through all the various grades, and even to our Colleges. A scholar should be compelled to answer a question in his own language; when he tells you that arithmetic is the science of numbers, have him tell you what is a science, and this in his own language, no matter how awkward the expression. Elegance is the end, not the beginning of education, it comes last not first.

The lecturer also alluded to the study of arithmetic, saying that, when properly taught, it was the most valuable training in our schools. And yet, he suggested that few of our graduates would be allowed to run over a ledger column by a merchant without himself going over it. Examples were given where at teachers' institutes problems of this character were given out, and less than one in four gave correct answers. There was something radically wrong in the system.

In the study of Geography the lecturer was pleased to know that in our Bath schools an effort was being made to follow the order of nature in this study—to learn by the use of the eye. But in our schools generally, the study is very incomplete. The lecturer spoke eloquently of the plan of Guyot; said he had completely revolutionized this important study and made it practical and useful, and had given practical ideas which had never been thought of before—simple as they were.

Of the study of Grammar as taught in our schools, the lecturer evidently had no very exalted opinion. That boy, or that girl, he said, who had arrived at the age of 15, and has never been drawn through a grammar, is to be congratulated. As it has been taught, Grammar is a hindrance to the cause of education. It should never be separated from other studies—should be taught in every study by every mother and by every teacher. When this is done, we have all that is valuable in Grammar. We should devote less time to the study of foreign languages, and more to our own. We have poets as noble as ever sung, and orators as eloquent as Demosthenes. The fashion pursued at our Colleges of going into the past and patting after the style of the ancients was a misfortune. Our students in their productions use the words of books and of men, unnatural to themselves.

They will call a spade an "oblong utensil," and regard it as an accomplishment. We should learn them to be natural, and use their own language, expressing their thoughts in their own way. He believed that every man should know how to speak extemporaneously, if he is a trained man. What reason is there that a man standing on a platform and looking into the happy faces of his audience, cannot think and speak as well as if in his study talking to fools-cap?

The speaker alluded to the study of Reading as taught in our schools, saying it was sadly neglected. The grandest of all instruments is the human voice—a properly controlled, modulated voice. The speaker contended that there were more persons who were good singers than good readers; and said that reading was taught more thoroughly in our schools of twenty years ago than now. And so it was with writing. He did not wish to undervalue the higher and important branches taught in our schools; they should not be neglected. But such studies as arithmetic, writing and reading, should receive more attention than now.

The lecturer closed in a most eloquent manner, by alluding to the great advantages of the scholar of to-day, urging them not to be content with what their fathers did, but to advance in the world of progress; commence where your fathers left off, and go forward.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.—As a lawyer, Lincoln was distinguished in real estate business. He wanted time to think. The criminal lawyer must be superior to that necessity. Lincoln hadn't the flexibility, the facile dexterity, the intellectual unscrupulousness for the peculiar emergencies of a criminal case. Besides, he needed to be sure that he was on the right side. Now and then, when some poor man needed a defence, and couldn't pay for it, especially if there was a probability of his innocence, Lincoln would take the case and by sheer force of benevolent sincerity he would make a mighty impression on the jury. He had some capital qualities for a lawyer. We had a saying at the bar that "when Abe Lincoln had stated a case it was more than half argued." He was wonderfully clear, simple, logical. His mental qualities had been moulded by Euclid. He didn't read many books much. He wasn't likely to be thrown off his guard by a tricky antagonist. He had with common sense a natural skill in controversy. Then he had that rare gift, the gift of keeping cool. I don't know anywhere a man more difficult to encounter than he was; and this, I think, Douglas came to think—Douglas, reputed the ablest off-hand debater in America. Lincoln might have made more money; but he discouraged litigation, and often told clients that they were in the wrong, and urged them to go home and settle with their opponents without resorting to the law.—Independent.

To save his face from the whisking of his cow's tails, while milking, a Herkimer county, N. Y. dairyman stretches a stout wire across the stable, immediately back of the cows. In the brush of each cow's tail he fastens a small iron ring. A hook upon the wire secures the offensive member out of the way of the milker. As soon as the cow is milked, the hook is removed from the ring, and the animal turned out of the stable.



## Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, APR. 3, 1868.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FETTER, G. L. & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 36 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 100 Broadway, New York; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 2 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, No. 20, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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[Old and experienced farmers, who have seen the prices of the various productions of the farm rise and fall, and have noted the results, are not apt to be alarmed because this or that commodity sinks to a low point. They have found it a rule that in due time it will rise in proportion. Younger men are likely to be frightened, and in their agitation to let good opportunities slip through their hands. "Hang on!" should be written on the finger nails of all such. Like the soldier who would dodge bullets, they are more likely to dodge into danger than out. It is the work of years to get a really good flock of sheep for the farm, and to rush them to the butcher at ruinous prices because there is a temporary fall in wool, is sure to prove a losing measure. Let others do so if they will, and thus make it only so much the better for you when the tide turns. Already, even, those who have been led into this folly are beginning to relent, as they see wool rising and the prospect brightening. But it brightens only for those who "hold on." Below we find the right kind of man, who writes to the Country Gentleman in a vein of sound philosophy.]

## A HAPPY SHEEP BREEDER.

I am pleased—exceedingly amused, and enjoy a good hearty laugh at least once a week now-a-days. I grow fat; my appetite improves, and strange to say, the cause of all this hilarity, good nature and improved health, operates on some of my good neighbors "far different," as Artemus Ward says. They are getting peevish, cross, fretful, and write letters telling of their "great sacrifices," pelting sheep that they refused \$25 each for last year—guess they must cross South-Downs on their Merino flocks, etc. "Though," as a neighbor said the other day, "I always noticed that these same persons changed from dairy to sheep farming four years ago, and always were changing to that branch that was then in the ascendancy, and by the time they were just comfortably going in that direction." "Hurrah boys, this would do; there is Farmer Jones making more money out of his flock than I am out of my dairy—sell the cows—get some sheep; and just as they get nicely going, and so they know a wether from a ewe, or that lambs have long tails until they are docked—then "wool is low this year; must cross with a mutton breed, or sell out and go into dairy again"—always sell out when their stock is at its lowest ebb, and purchasing a new kind in at its highest value. This kind of folks never accumulate much, and are always dissatisfied grumblers.

You hardly pick up an agricultural paper nowadays without reading the heart-rending, piteous appeals of some of this class. The coarse wool men are jubilant: "I told you so," "just as I expected"; "these greasy fellows are played out," and the like of that.

Some papers state that they are killing half the sheep in the West for their pelts. Some men here take comfort in seeing how much of a sacrifice they can make, and because they cannot get a fair price for their sheep, they have to sell them—pelts, em, and then go and tell how much they were offered last year for them—close out and buy cows, for which they pay a good figure.

Well, now, Mr. TUCKER, all this makes me laugh. I go out to my barns, look at my flock of Merinos—I have both Vermont and Silesian Merinos—I catch that nice ewe teg or that yennig ewe, look them over, open the wool (two and one-half inches long to-day) on the shoulder of my favorite stock ram, and then lean against the sheep rack and think it over; look over beyond where the breeding ewes are all lying down, quietly chewing their cud, little dreaming of the great slaughter going on. Don't they look good, though? Don't that wool open just as crimply and as brilliant as ever? It seems just as though it did. Would I sell those tegs, that stock ram, or the breeding ewes, at one cent sacrifice, if all christendom pelted their sheep? NO, SIR! Not a farthing off to day, if you please.

Any man that has bred Spanish Merino sheep ten years, through low and high markets, and has to-day a good flock of pure blood sheep, you won't find him making a sacrifice—nary a sacrifice—and the effusions of our weak kneed brethren serve to amuse only.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The supply of cattle has been light for two weeks, and this week the market is better for the seller; but the supply of sheep being relatively larger, the buyer of mutton is better satisfied than the buyer of beef. Among the sales the Boston Advertiser mentions the following:—

H. C. Burleigh sold 8 Maine oxen, 10 1-2 cwt., at 14 1-2c, 35 sk; 9 at 14c, 35 sk; one pair at 13 3-4c dressed; and one ox at 7 1-2c live weight. D. Wells sold 8 oxen, 1432 lbs, at 14c, 35 sk; and 6 at 13 1-4c, 36 sk. G. Wells sold 2 at 13 1-4c; and 4 at 12 1-2c, 37 sk. Of store cattle, G. Wells sold an extra pair, 7 yrs 6 mo., for \$310; 7 ft. oxen at \$250 and \$270. J. A. Judkins, 7 ft. at \$265 and \$272.50.

The following are the officers of Ticonic Division for the ensuing quarter, elected March 27:

J. Nye.	W. P.
A. C. Skates.	W. A.
W. F. Dyer.	R. S.
L. F. McCausland.	A. R. S.
T. B. Page.	F. S.
C. G. Tozier.	T.
M. C. Low.	Chap.
J. H. Emory.	C.
Emma Tobey.	A. C.
Edith Furbish.	I. S.
S. Keith.	O. S.

The members are all requested to be present next Friday evening, to make arrangements for an anniversary celebration.

The "mental feed" will consist of a paper prepared by the young ladies of the division.

[W. F. Dyer, R. S.]

MR. CHARLES FRENZ, the gentleman who is advertised to lecture here upon Mental Science next week, is no stranger here, having addressed our citizens upon the same subject a few years ago, giving very good satisfaction, we believe. He is a modest, unassuming man, with no trace of true science in his teachings than many of much louder pretensions.

Montreal is having another Fenian scare, in consequence of the discovery of a quantity of Greek fire in the Irish portion of the city.

**TICONIC WATER POWER COMPANY.**—Annual meeting next Monday evening. Let every stockholder be present.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.**—The April number of this beautiful magazine is at hand, with its ever fresh gleanings from the wide field of natural science. It has a very interesting paper, "Rock Ruins," by Alpheus Hyatt; another on some of the habits of the Mottled Owl; an account of "The Cruise of the 'Abolition,'" by C. F. Harrit; Robert's Test Plate and Modern Microscopes; and ten or a dozen pages of interesting Natural History, Miscellany, Entomological Calendar, etc.

Published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass., at \$3 year.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for April has a picture—a story in itself—"Caught by the Tide," and the usual supply of fashion plates, and engravings, with a piece of music, and stories in abundance.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** for April contains a continuation of Virginia F. Townsend's story, "The Hollands," with many other good stories, and much valuable and interesting miscellany, including choice poetry, hints for housekeepers, toilette and workable, etc. There are also several embellishments, and a piece of music.

Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE** for April contains, as usual, a brilliant array of fashion plate with numerous patterns and designs, elegant and useful, and a full size pattern of the Polonaise Dress, for cutting. The number is full of stories, including a continuation of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," and much agreeable miscellany.

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

**THE WORLD AT HOME** for April contains a continuation of the story of Madame Chamblay, a translation from the French, and many other good stories, with interesting miscellany, well filled House, Juvenile, Fashion, Household and Editorial Departments, etc. A brilliantly colored frontispiece is filled with the "Flags of All Nations."

Published by Evans & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year with chances in a dividend department.

**THE SCHOOLMATE** for April has a continuation of that amusing and instructive story, "Fame and Fortune, or the Progress of Richard Hueter," and in addition to several other nice stories, there will be found another chapter on Chemistry, a temperance declamation, a lively school dialogue, a piece of new music, &c.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum.

**OUR BOY'S AND GIRLS.**—In number 66, (March 28) was commenced a new story by Oliver Optic, entitled "Make or Break; or, The Rich Man's Daughter," also a new feature; a full page illustrated by the celebrated American artist, Thomas Nast, who will furnish one (a complete illustrated story in itself) each month. An interesting series of papers on The Poets' Homes, by one personally acquainted, will also be commenced in this number. This is a capital opportunity to subscribe. Published by Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington Street, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.**—The April number is fresh, racy, vigorous. Among the Portraits and Characters are, Adeline Patti; Isaac Jennings, M. D.; Allen A. Griffith, the Western Elocutionist; Charles L. of England; King and Queen of Greece; Rev. M. J. Raphael, M. S.; Isaac Leaser, A. De Solà, Dr. Allen, Dr. Hlowy, and six other prominent Jewish Divines; Articles and Sketches on Phantasmagoria—Association of Ideas in Memory; Who shall be Chief? or, Mrs. E. O. Smith on "The Family"; The Pipe and its Story; Incurable Affectation, by Rev. G. J. Geer, D. D.; Disunion—Disunion; Our Congressmen, etc. Price, 30 cents a number, or \$3 a year. Address S. H. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

**FRANK LESLIE'S BOY'S AND GIRLS.** WEEKLY comes regularly freighted with rich stores of the wild, the wonderful, the curious, and the entertaining, presented in a very attractive way by pen and pencil, the illustrations being very numerous.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.**—We know of nothing nicer for the little folks than this monthly, with its charming stories and beautiful pictures. Its contents are remarkably well chosen, and its mechanical execution would justify very extravagant praise.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE** for March has







