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Maxham & Wing

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FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darling,
In their dainty robes of white,
By the mother's knee have me nursed,
"Jesus, keep us through the night,"
To their little crib, white curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Neatly in my arms I take them,
Through the long, unlighted hall.
Swift, in blue silence, round us
Close the deepening shades of night!
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Bertie whispers,
Half in awe, and half in fright.
"Dark!" the baby brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glees;
Then my Bertie, nestling nearer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see!"
Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father, grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that Thou dost see.

THE FORGOTTEN VALENTINE.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The Messenger who brought it,

And who never delivered it. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect of him that he should do so; too much to expect that the little packet, carelessly taken and thrust away amongst others, would ever enter his head again. At any rate it did not. He was a young man still, though he had been for some years a widower; and he had fallen in love, and was on the way to learn his fate.

It cannot be surprising to a young lady, if she knows it, that her father should be capable of taking thought for any one besides herself; but certainly Sir Hugh Rainham tried to believe that he was not making his own happiness altogether the first consideration. There was the well-being of his little girl to be thought of; and what did he know about bringing up little girls? He had heard sensible people say, and he was ready enough now to accept the dictum, that the wisest thing a man in his position could do would be to marry again; wisest both for his own future and his child's. He said this to himself as he stood in Evelyn's drawing room, hat in hand, waiting, looking out upon the bare branches which were soon to be green again, and wondering, in a desultory fashion, if this February day would bring him another spring-time, or only the desolate branches, the dead leaves whirling about, and the cold sky beyond. He had not long to wait.

When she came into the room, and that thrill went through his heart which the presence of one we love alone can bring, it must have left some mark upon his face; for she knew why he came, and in a few rapid arguments had decided upon her answer. He was rich; but she did not care so much about that, not knowing what it was to be anything else; he was Sir Hugh Rainham; but she didn't care for that either, her pride being of another sort: he was good, generous and devoted; these things she did care for. He loved her; and he came on a day when that same pride of hers was smarting under a sense of neglect. In the few seconds allowed her before he spoke, Evelyn Neville made her decision. She had thought that he knew, and was jealous of, her friendship with that cousin Frank, whom she had fancied might one day be nearer than a cousin. But that was over. The cousins had kept up a childish habit of exchanging valentines; and to-day there was nothing from him, while her own had gone as usual. That was the humiliating part of it. If she had broken through the custom, it would have been well; but that she should be the first! and when, too, he had given her cause to expect that his would be no ordinary valentine! Here, within her reach, was the means of punishing him; at any rate, of letting him know that she did not care.

Evelyn listened to Sir Hugh with a forced attention; but he knew not of that. When he spoke of his little girl, falteringly, she rose up and saw the strong earnestness and anxiety in the man's face; and, strange to say, this touched her more just then than any passionate, lover's pleading from his lips would have done. She turned toward him suddenly, and put her hand into his, and said, speaking of the small Cecilia—

"She shall be very dear to me, and precious: I will care for her, as much as you could desire."

And when Sir Hugh had left her, she did not repent. It is true that there came upon her a certain sense of being alone; of having done what could not be undone; and that half-rebellious desire to be free, which is almost always inseparable from an act that seals one's own fate. And then the drawing-room was rather lonely; the trees outside the window got a ghastly look, and seemed to wrap themselves up together as the fog gathered round them; and altogether, she thought she would just go and tell her brother, by way of convincing herself that the thing was finally settled.

When she told him, he lifted up his eyebrows and stared at her.

"Is it true?—You look as if it were. Rather scared, and that sort of thing. Not that there is anything to be scared about; only I suppose it's proper. Hem! I might have thought of Frank Neville; but this is wiser."

She bit her lip, but never answered him. She wished he had not said that about Frank, and she didn't like the word "wiser." What had wisdom to do with it?

She started from her sleep that night, with a mist before her eyes and a great throbbing at her heart, for Frank's voice was in her ears. Would he care?

But what use to ask, now that it was too late? And that it was too late no one knew better than herself; for to her, having once decided publicly as it were, change would have been impossible.

And on her wedding-day she was to Sir Hugh a radiant princess, far away above him, stooping to crown him with the blessing of her love. Any one who had seen him that day might have doubted about his being altogether, or even very much for his daughter's sake, that he took this step.

"I have reason to be grateful," he said to his new brother-in-law, when the speechifying was over, and the bride was going away to change her dress.

George Neville looked at her and nodded. "She's a good girl enough: a little self-willed, perhaps; but then she has always had her own way."

"And will have it still, I hope," said Sir Hugh. "If I don't make her happy, I shall deserve to be a miserable man all my life."

In years to come he recalled the speech, and wondered whether some strange misgiving had moved him to utter it.

Just then Frank Neville was saying to Evelyn, "So you did not think me worth an answer?"

She was passing through the throng toward the door, and she never faltered or raised her head. No one knew that the words fell upon her with a sudden chill, like a cold hand grasping her heart. She had seen her cousin amongst the guests, and knew that he was looking miserably ill, but she had been too much occupied to think about that.

"What do you mean, Frank?"

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1869.

NO. 34.

"Oh; not much. Valentines don't require answers in a general way; but I think you might have given me a few words last February. However you'll keep my secret. No one knows it but you, unless it is your husband. What's the matter, Evelyn? You look as if you didn't understand."

"I don't."

"You must have had it. I missed the post over-night, and gave it to Rainham, there, as I knew he would see you the next day."

"To—my husband?"

"Yes; I'll ask him—"

"Frank," she said, with a heavy hand on his arm, "forget all this. Never speak of it—for my sake."

He looked at her with a perplexed expression of inquiry, but he saw that she was white and flurried, and gave up the point.

"Well, we have always been friends; have we not? I would ask you yet for your good wishes, as you have mine; but the doctors say there's something amiss here," touching his chest; and I may not live to—never mind! God bless you, Evelyn!"

Sir Hugh brought his wife home; and his hair was not gray, neither had any premature wrinkles marked his face. To his servants there appeared no change in him, either for better or for worse. He was just the same grave, silent, rather deliberate master they remembered.

They did think, indeed, that he was dreadfully polite to his lady; but perhaps that was proper—before servants.

Sir Hugh, taking Evelyn to the drawing-rooms, which he had caused to be altered and brightened for her, turned and said to her, "Welcome home."

And as he said it, the memory of his own dreams of that home stung so bitterly that he half put out his arms to take into them the Evelyn he had once known. But she never saw the movement; and would not have heeded it if she had seen. She passed on into the room, the brilliant light of which seemed to hurt Sir Hugh's eyes, for he put his hand over them suddenly; and for a moment he stood at the door, irresolute; then closed it gently, and went to see after his little girl.

That was natural enough, they said—those gossiping domestic women, they always do. But why didn't he take his new wife with him? And why did he stay with the child hour after hour, till none of the evening remained? The first evening too! Above all, why, when the household had retired and all was quiet, did he take that slight figure, which rustled a little as it passed, go into the nursery and kneel down beside the sleeping child and sob?

The nurse saw, for she was not asleep, as my lady fancied; and she was not likely to keep it to herself, either. These and such things were puzzling. At first they caused a constant source of whisperings and shakings of wise heads; but gradually the gloss of newness wore away from them; the dull days swept on, and something of the grimness of the stone heads that guarded the sweep of steps at the hall-door seemed to have crept into the house. It was so still and silent; so monotonous. But for the small Cecilia, it would have been utterly dismal. But she was a child, and had childish ways, which remained unchecked. She was quite young enough to take very kindly to the new mamma, who was so beautiful and so good to her.

"Not like nurse said she would be—ugly and cross," she said to her favorite playfellow—"but good." I think she could have brought the little princess to life again, as well as the fairy did. You never saw such eyes in your life as she has got; just like the pool under the willows, where we are not to go, Charlie, you know; down, as if you couldn't ever see me too; ever so deep. And she kisses me, too."

To which the boy replied, with decision, that she couldn't be a fairy in that case, for fairies never kissed anybody; it wasn't lucky, that was unless they were wicked fairies. And it was all very well now, but when Cecil married him, he shouldn't allow her to kiss anybody.

By and by, however, as Cecil grew older, she used to wonder in her wise little head what made her father and mother, when they were alone, talk to each other, if they did talk, so like "company."

That was her idea of it. She jumped up from the piano one day, and walked round to the footstool at Lady Rainham's feet, with a sudden thought that she would find out.

"Well," said Evelyn, looking at the pursed-up lips, which evidently had a question upon them, "what's the matter? Is your new music-lesson too hard?"

"My new music-lesson is—is a fidgetty crank," said Cecil, hesitating for an expression strong enough; "but it's not that. I was just wondering why you and papa—"

Sir Hugh let his look fall with a sudden noise, and went out of the room, passing the child, but taking no notice of her.

"Why you and papa," went on Cecil, reflectively, "are so odd, like grand visitors. When there's any one here I know I have to sit still, and not tumble my frock, nor cross my feet; but when there's no one, it's different."

"Your papa and I are not children," said Lady Rainham. "Grown-up people must be steady, Cis."

"Then I don't want to be grown up. And I'm sure, quite sure, that I'll never be married, if one is to do nothing but sit—sit all day long, and have no fun."

Lady Rainham bent down to kiss the resolute lips that uttered this bold decision, and then her face grew sad. There were times when even her pride the life she led seemed almost too hard to bear—times when she was mad enough to think she would tell Sir Hugh that the act which stamped him in her eyes as base and dishonored was no secret from her, as he doubtless believed it to be. But she could not do it. It seemed to her as if the consciousness that she knew would only make him more contemptible in his own eyes as well as in hers. It would but widen the gulf, and make what she was able to bear now utterly intolerable. For she never doubted that the purport of the letter was known to him, and he had suppressed it for his own ends. And the poor boy who wrote it was dead. There was the great mischief of it all. If he had been living and well, so tender a halo might not have rested over the past, and all in the past connected with him; so bitter a resentment might not have been nursed in silence against the wrong which her husband had done them both. But Frank had lived but a few months after her wedding, and

she never saw him again. He was dead and she had killed him—no, not she, but Sir Hugh.

She was thinking such thoughts one day when something made her look up, and she met Sir Hugh's eyes fixed upon her. There was so peculiar an expression in them that she could not prevent a certain proud, antagonistic inquiry coming into her own. He went toward her with his book open in his hand. He bent down and put his finger on a line in the page, drawing her attention to it.

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride," he said, with a heavy hand on his arm, "forget all this. Never speak of it—for my sake."

Evelyn sat on by the window, but the book dropped from her fingers, and she covered her face. What did he mean? If he had only not gone away then!

"How could he do that one thing?" she said to herself. "He meant the line as a reproach to me. And I would have loved him—is it possible that I do love him, in spite of it? Am I so weak and false? I want so much to comfort him sometimes that I half forget, and am tempted. But I never will—I never must. I used to be strong, I shall be strong still."

And so the same front of icy indifference met Sir Hugh day by day and year by year and he knew none of her struggles. But he wrapped himself up more and more in his books and problems and writings. New Mrs. began to grow out of old ones, for he had always been given to authorship, and the accumulation of papers on various subjects. In these days a little fairy used to come in from time to time with a pretence of shutting the door for him. She would open and arrange the study door with a great show of quietness, seat herself on a high chest which was full of old papers, and in which she meant to have a glorious rummage some day; and begin folding up neat little packages; stitching loose sheets together; reading a bit here and there, and looking up now and then with a suggestive sigh till he would lay aside his work, and declare that she was the plague of his life. This was the signal always for the forced hurry to disappear from Cecilia's face; for her to jump up radiant and gleeful, and just have one turn round the room—to shake off the cobwebs, as she said.

"But you know you couldn't do without me, and I do help very much. What do you know about stitching papers together? And you are a most ungrateful man to say I am a plague, only you don't mean it. I wonder what you'll do when I am married."

"Married!" echoed Sir Hugh. "Go and play with your last new toys, and don't talk nonsense."

But the word worried him and made him thoughtful. When he came to consider, it was no longer exactly a child, though she was as merry as a young kitten. He did a little sum on his fingers in sheer absence of mind, and found out that in a few weeks she would be eighteen. It was twelve years since he went, that February day, to plead her cause and his own with Evelyn Neville. He used to go now sometimes to the window and look out, and remember the day when he had stood at that other window watching bare branches and wondering about his future. He knew it now. If only he could find out why it was thus. What had changed her all at once, on her wedding day, from the very moment, as it seemed to him, that she became his wife?

Sir Hugh pushed his hair away from his forehead and sighed. He was getting gray by this time, but then he was past forty, and Evelyn, his wife, must be two-and-thirty at least. It occurred to him that he had noticed no alteration in her. She was as beautiful as ever, with the beauty of a statue that looks upon you to which he thought he would look at her that evening and see if he could trace no change, such as there was in himself. He did look, when the room was brilliant with soft light, and she sat languidly turning over a book of engravings with the Cecil. They formed a strange contrast; the cold, proud, indifferent beauty on the one face and the eager animation of the other. The girl's one hand rested on Lady Rainham's shoulder, carelessly, for the passion of a first friendship than the affection of mother and daughter. Suddenly Cecil pointed down the page and said something in a whisper, and Lady Rainham turned and looked at her with a smile.

As he saw the look, just such a thrill went through Sir Hugh's heart as he had felt when she came to him twelve years ago to give him his answer. No time had not done her so much wrong as it had to himself, and there was one hope in which she had never disappointed him—her care for his daughter.

"For her sake," he said that night when Cecil was gone "I am always grateful to you."

But he did not wait for any reply. He never did. Perhaps he might not have got one if he had; or perhaps he thought the time had gone by for any change to be possible.

Lady Rainham looked from the window the next morning and saw Cecil under a tall laurel reading something. And the sun had come out; there was a twittering of birds in the shrubbery, and the sky was all floored with tiny white clouds. It was Valentine's Day, and Lady Rainham knew that the girl was reading over again the one which Sir Hugh had handed her with such a troubled face at the breakfast table. What did that unquiet expression mean; and why did Cecil, when she saw it, look from him to herself, Lady Rainham, fold up her packet hurriedly and put it away?

It meant, on Sir Hugh's part, that he knew what it was and didn't like it; that he could not help thinking of his life, doubly lonely without the child. But this never occurred to his wife. Presently some one joined Cecil in the laurel walk, and though of course Lady Rainham could not hear their words she turned instinctively away from the window.

Cecil was saying just then, "No it isn't likely. Who should send me valentines? They're old-fashioned, vulgar, out of date. Charlie, mind I won't have any more."

"Why not?"

"Because—I'm serious now—for some reason or other they don't like my having them," said Cecil, motioning toward the house. "And it's a shocking thing to say, but I'm sure there's something not straight between papa and Lady Rainham, some misunderstanding, you know. I'm sure that they are dreadfully fond of each other, really; but it's all so strange; I do so want to do something that would bring it right,

and—I shall have nothing to say to you till it is right."

"Cecil!"

"I mean it. I am sort of go-between; no, not that exactly; but they both care for me so much. They don't freeze up when I'm there. I can't fancy them without me; it would be terrible."

"But Cecil, you promised—"

"No, I didn't. And if I had, I shouldn't keep it, of course; that is, you wouldn't want me to. It would kill papa to lose me, and as to Lady Rainham, why I never cared for me so much in all my life. I didn't know it was in me till she woke it up. You remember what I used to say about her eyes. They are just like that; like a beautiful deep pool; all dark, you know, till it draws you close and makes you want to know so much what is underneath."

Here Lady Rainham came to the window again, but the two figures had passed out of the laurel walk, and she saw them no more.

In the afternoon Cecil went as usual to her father's study, but he was stooping over a book and did not notice her. He was, in fact, thinking the thought that had troubled him in the morning, but Cecil fancied he was busy, and looked round to see what mischief she could do. It flashed upon her that here was a fine opportunity for the old chest, and so she seated herself on the carpet and began her rummage. Presently Sir Hugh, hearing the rustle of papers, looked round.

"I should like to know who is to be my fairy Order," he said, "amongst all that mess."

"I will, papa. I shall give a tap with my wand, and you will see it all come straight. But look here. Isn't this to mamma? It has never been opened, and it's like—a valentine."

Sir Hugh looked at the large "Miss Neville" on the envelope, and knitted his brow in a vain effort to remember anything about it. He couldn't. It was very strange. He fancied he knew the writing, but yet he could not tell whose it was—certainly not his own—nor collect anything about the packet. He considered it a little and then said "You had better take it to her."

He took a pen and wrote on the cover, "Cecil has just found this amongst my old papers. I have no idea how or when it came into my possession, neither can I make out the hand, though it doesn't seem altogether strange. Perhaps you can solve the mystery."

It was in verse, as Frank's valentines had always been; halting, and with queer rhymes and changes of measure. It was full of the half humorous tenderness of quiet friendship; and it ended with a hope that she would make "old Hugh" happier than his first wife did; that was if she accepted him; and with a demand for her congratulations upon his own approaching marriage; since he was "the happiest fellow alive" and couldn't keep the news from her, though it was a secret from all beside.

And the evening grew old; the white flecked sky turned colder, and the moon came out. But Lady Rainham sat with this voice from the dead in her hand, motionless; full of humiliation and remorse. And she was thinking of many years of bitterness and sorrow and pride; and of a heavy sacrifice to a myth, for she had never loved him. And her husband—whom she did love—whom she had so wronged—whom she was to atone to him?

By and by the door opened and Cecil stole in. And she saw Lady Rainham's face turned toward the window with the moonbeams lighting it, and thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life.

"Mamma," she said softly, "why don't you come down? We are waiting, papa and I; and it's cold up here."

"I will come," said Lady Rainham; but her voice was strange. Cecil knelt down beside the chair and drew her mother's arm round her neck.

"How cold you are! Dear mamma, is anything the matter? Cannot I comfort you?"

Lady Rainham bent down and held her in a close embrace.

"My darling, you do always. I cannot tell whether I want comfort now or not. I am going down to your father, and Cecil, I must go alone; I have something to say."

She went into the drawing-room, straight up to where her husband sat listlessly in his chair at the window. He started when he saw her, and said something hurriedly about ringing for lights, but she stopped him.

"It will be better thus, for what I have to say, Hugh, I have come to ask your forgiveness."

Sir Hugh did not answer. The speech took him by surprise, and she had never called him Hugh before since their marriage. He had time enough to tell himself that it was only another mockery, and would end in the old way.

But standing there, with Frank's letter in her hand, and asked if he could ever forgive her, she was not prepared for the great love which answered her; which had lived unchanged through all her coldness and repulses; and which drew her to him closer now perhaps than it might have done if her pride had never suffered under these years of wretchedness.

Cecil never knew exactly what had happened; but when her father put his arm around her and called her his blessing, she looked up at him with an odd sort of consciousness that in some way or other the old valentine found in her rummage amongst his papers had to do with the change she saw. And it was her doing. So she made up her willful mind straight away to exult and triumph over the fact to poor Charlie; and then, if he wanted to send her another next year—why, after a proper amount of teasing and suspense, which was good for him and kept him in order, she would perhaps say that he might.

If you look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life, the brain, though abundant in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and the efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching boys—it is simply the truth of science.

Trust in God and do right.

OUR TABLE.

THE GOLD HUNTERS IN EUROPE, or The Dead Alive. By Wm. H. Thomas, author of "The Gold Hunter's Adventures, or Life in Australia," "The Bushrangers," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The same characters which figured in the previous volumes will still continue their acquaintance with the reader in this. Daring and cool Fred, bold and rash Murden, Hezekiah Hopeful the mechanical genius—a genuine representation of the Yankee, prompt to fall in love with a pretty face, full of pluck and energy—will contribute their share for the interest of the reader; while the author promises to tell what he saw and what he encountered in foreign countries. Roy, too, shows that his eyes are as bright, and his teeth as strong as when, in that terrible night on the dry and parched plains of Australia, the bushrangers maltreated his mistress and killed his master. The story is told in a straightforward, matter-of-fact manner and cannot fail of holding the attention of the reader.

For sale in Waterville by C. A. Henriksen.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for February has valuable articles on the Autumn Treatment of Orchards, Grafting the Vine, Surface-Drainage of Orchards, Theory and Practice in Landscape Gardening, Select Flower-Seed and Flowering Plants, Fruit-Growing as a Specialty, Squashes, and many others which we will not enumerate, together with nearly thirty pages of Notes and Gleanings, embracing a great amount of information on a variety of topics. As usual, there are numerous embellishments, and the number is presented in elegant style.

Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 per annum.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week will contain a double allowance of "He Knew He Was Right," to make up for past deficiencies. Much other interesting reading will also be given.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

EVERY MONTH.—The February number of this magazine of universal literature presents a bill of fare which will no doubt prove satisfactory to its readers. It includes the commencement of a story by Justin McCarthy; a continuation of "Run to Earth," by Miss Bradburn, etc. etc. In addition to other premiums the publishers offer a fine parlor steel engraving, "The Birthday of Our Little Pet," to every new subscriber. It is 18 by 24 inches and sells for \$2.

Published by C. H. Jones & Co., New York, at \$1.00 a year.

MR. POGGLETHROPE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is not wise to make sport of men. If it does not hurt them, it surely will injure us. "To make game" of anything is a very expressive phrase. To hunt a man, to watch for his habits, to caricature his expressions, to ridicule his weaknesses, and, in short, to make game of him, is apt to destroy that justice and fair dealing which are necessary to good fellowship. And yet, what shall we do? There are men who oblige us either to criticize or quarrel, or in some mild way to cover up their weaknesses and faults with a gentle ridicule. A fault which excites in us a good-natured mirth hardly seems any more a fault. Bitter criticism and scornful raileries are to be reserved for serious offences of a high grade of guilt. But those inequalities and weaknesses in our friends which, like little stones in a good road, jolt and jar our progress with them, are generally best treated with good-nature and especially complimentary persiflage.

Vanity, even, is lawful prey. It would seem, too, as if good-natured banter was a natural penalty appointed for sin of that kind. Vanity is an indiscreet lust for praise. It is well paid off and punished by good-natured ridicule.

Mr. Poggletrope is a good friend of mine, as you will see by the way that I shall pick him to pieces. He has a kind heart, and when his own interests are not concerned he is generous. Being some few years older than I am, and having a reputation, and a deserved one, for good scholarship, he patronizes me. I never go to his study that he does not treat me to portions of his last sermon—as though I had not enough of that food at home. He recounts all the happy turns of conversation which he has lately made. He never leaves out those nice little repartees, and those keen thrusts in which he seems to himself always a victor. I look upon him with envy. How happy he is in himself! How fortunate that disposition be that glows and corruscates with such a summer of self-congratulation! I wonder if he ever thinks meanly of himself, or of his achievements? Does he ever turn over in his disquiet from all his performances, as poor and worthless? Does he ever marvel what he was born for, and what use there is in continuing to live? Does he respect men who deny him, and entertain contempt for those who praise him? Does he feel, about once a week, that he has mistaken his calling—that he never has done anything and never shall do anything?

Never! Such experiences are reserved for men not so nicely endowed with self-complacency. Mr. Poggletrope lives in a blaze of satisfaction. He is his own burning-bush, and his own little god in it. He glows and sparkles, he rejoices and laughs, he bubbles and runs over with his own excellencies. Lucky man that he is!

But so really good of heart is he, that all this wealth of self-appeal makes him kind to others. And one really cannot find it in his heart to get angry at this innocent and childlike gladness which he has in his own doings and endowments.

In a lower sphere I have seen something analogous to this. I refer to the much misunderstood hen. Nothing that I see all summer long seems to me so perfectly contented with itself as a hen. Hens put on no airs, for they need none. They seem immensely busy all day about trifles. There is a bustling industry in scratching, there is such a look of sharp discernment when a speck turns up, and they are so content with their own crooning and singing, that one cannot watch them without a smile.

But of all their doings, nothing fills them with such wonder as the laying of an egg. The hen steals into her nest with the most perfect silence. Patiently she awaits the event. Once sure of the fact, she feels all the joy of a discoverer, the enthusiasm of an inventor, and the vanity of an author! She has laid a world! It is more an era than an egg! She listens. Shall nothing celebrate the event? It shall not die unknown. Off she flies with exuberance of noise, with an intensity of cackle, and excitement of delight that seems to say, "A new thing!" "An admirable thing!" "And I did it!"

She plumps down from the lay-mow. She goes proclaiming aloud her marvellous luck, till all the neighborhood echoes her cackles. The hens in their turn, all join in and cackle. The cock, with imperious satisfaction, moves about cackling—"qui facit per alium facit per se."

To-morrow he will be just so again! The egg of to-day hides the egg of yesterday. The wonder is never stale. The joy breaks out afresh on each occasion, as if there had never been another such experience!

These are the Poggletrope of the barn.—Or is it that Poggletrope is the hen of the pulpit? Every day he lays an egg, and Sundays he lays two!

A TEETOTALER.

We stood, the other day, with a young man in the dressing room of a club-room, after a fashionable entertainment. In accordance with a detectable habit, a supply of liquor stood on the table, that gentlemen might help themselves more privately and freely than in the supper room. An older man came in and invited our young companion to join him in a glass of whiskey. "No," the youth answered, coloring, "I am a teetotaler." The other looked at him over his glass in amazement, saying, "I pity you!" and drank alone.

Many a soldier marches up to the cannon's mouth, amid cheers, and drums, and smoke, with less courage than that young man was called upon to show. For it is easier for many a man to face death than derision.

We happened to know that this young man had, six months before, been a leader in a set of convivial, reckless young men. By a noble effort of self-control he had suddenly wrenched himself away from his former habits, had joined a temperance society, and become as active in its cause as formerly in the career of dissipation. Who can estimate the evil when one such young man is laughed or persuaded out of his good resolutions?

"Ah!" said he to us afterwards, "it costs little for a man who has never used liquor to keep away from it." It is the man who has used it to whom it comes hard, especially when all the usages of society are tempting him. But ladies are the worst. When they press a young man to drink wine it is hard to resist. They ought to help, and not to hinder him in doing what he knows to be right.

Behind the whole question of temperance laws, there lies the question of the drinking usages of society. Are they right or wrong? We hold them utterly wrong.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 19, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State Street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bechler's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
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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."

If there is anything in political party professions, and if men can be found who will risk an effort to carry them out;—if the republican party is any better than the democratic, and affords any hope of permanency or prosperity,—and if there are not other its in the way that nobody can imagine—then certainly the incoming administration is destined to grapple with fraud and corruption under circumstances that render defeat more probable than honest men desire. In all shapes and forms the leeches that are sucking the treasury and cheating the various departments come to light in such numbers as may well break down the last hope of reform.

A few days ago, after an investigation by a committee of congress of alleged frauds in the printing department, a witness who had given testimony was murderously attacked by one of the knavish contractors; so that a joint resolution was at once moved in the house to dissolve all contracts with the party. Whether it will pass is doubtful, though the mover asserted his belief that they had passed their frauds in various ways in various departments. The firm, he said, had notoriously attempted to stifle investigation by bribing the press and by dishonest resorts for concealment. "But unless something should be done to protect witnesses called by the committees, in relation to these rings, it would be useless to attempt to investigate them. Witnesses would be intimidated if they were to have no protection against assaults with murderous weapons."

Gov. Chamberlain's Lecture.—or rather his "Story," as he pleasantly called it—gave very marked satisfaction to a large audience at the Baptist church Thursday eve. His description of that terrible portion of the battle of Gettysburg which decided the possession of Little Round Top—upon which, indeed, hung the whole great victory—is probably one of the most graphic and thrilling battle pictures ever penned. The Governor's noble position in the foreground—

"All which I saw, and part of which I was,"—modestly obscured by the speaker, but prominently known to the audience, made the recital seem almost painfully real. We have rarely seen an audience so deeply in sympathy with a speaker; and we doubt not that most of them were ready to admit that he is not only a soldier and statesman, but an orator beside.

There has been no arrest for the killing of Cochran at the late fight on Ten Lots. The brother of Cochran and a man named Ellis, who sold the liquor that caused the fight, have been safely deposited in Augusta jail for violation of liquor law. The circumstances connected with Cochran's death are supposed to be such that no conviction could be had. It was simply a crazy row, in which blows were dealt without thought or intention. The wonder is that so few persons are killed in similar fights. Cochran was an industrious young married man, earning good wages at the factory of the Dunn Edge Tool Co., but addicted to occasional spree like the one which cost him his life.

There is always a cause for smash-ups and run-aways; and the latest one we have heard was in explanation of the fact that on Thursday afternoon a horse was seen floundering down Main-st. under great excitement, while a sleigh was "up" in a debilitated condition some fifty rods behind. Reason—the horse would run and the sleigh wouldn't keep up, and so a divorce became necessary. Like other divorce cases, a little wear and tear accrued to both parties.

The late hail-storm, Monday night, was one of the wonders of the year. Probably few persons living remember having seen so much hail at one time. Closing with rain, the trees became so burdened with the weight of ice that in many places they were badly broken down. It was so at Augusta, Gardiner and vicinity; some orchards being damaged hundreds of dollars. The brilliant beauty of the following morning defies description.

Liberty is sweet, and this is evident from the fact that refined sugar has advanced three cts. on the pound in consequence of the struggle for freedom in Cuba? See the connection, do you?

GRANT'S ACCEPTANCE, VERBATIM.—Gen. Grant, in his brief speech accepting the office of President of the United States, said so many things that the people are glad to hear that it is not fitting that we should present anything less than the full text, which is as follows:

Gentlemen:—I can promise the committee that it will be my endeavor to call around me as assistants such men only as I think will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see successful—economy, retrenchment, the faithful collection of the revenues and the payment of the public debt. If I should fail in my first choice, I shall not at any time hesitate to make the second, or even a third trial, with the concurrence of the Senate, who have the confirming power. I should just as soon remove one of my own appointees as the appointee of my predecessor. It would make no difference. There is one matter that I might properly speak of here, and that is the selection of a cabinet. I have always felt that it would be rather indelicate to announce, or even to consult with the gentlemen whom I thought of inviting to positions in my cabinet, before the official declaration of the result of the election was made, although I presumed there was no doubt about what that declaration would be. But after consideration I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man in the country who could be invited to a place without the friends of some other gentleman making an effort to secure the position. Not that there would be any objection to the party named, but that there would be others whom they had set their hearts upon having in the place. I can tell that from the great number of requests which come to me in writing and otherwise for this particular person, or that one, from different sets and delegations. If announced in advance, efforts would be made to change my determination, and therefore I have come to the conclusion not to announce whom I am going to invite to seats in the cabinet until I send in their names to the Senate for confirmation. If I say anything to them about it, it will certainly not be more than two or three days previous to sending in their names. I think it well to make a public declaration of this to the committee, so that my intentions may be known.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says, in explanation. It should not be inferred from the language used by General Grant, in his brief speech on Saturday, that he refuses to talk with his friends at cabinet appointments. He does not call into his councils the great body of congressmen and politicians, but there are gentlemen, both senators and representatives, with whom he frequently speaks on this subject. He has made many inquiries in a quiet way about the standing of various persons, and has asked how the appointment of such and such men would be received by the country. It may also be said that while he has been less bored by delegations than most Presidents of late he has been ready to hear the suggestions of those whose position is such as to entitle their views to weight as being the views of any considerable class of citizens.

"No Great Shakes."—A Waterville boy, who now has his home in San Francisco, is inclined to turn the tables on his eastern friends who expressed mingled alarm and pity for him after the recent earthquake shocks. In a letter to his mother, in this village, he says:—"I regret very much that our people in the east take such a despairing view of our gentle undulations. We are asked by many to give our ideas of the recent shakeup. True, as to facts, on the 21st of October last, we were visited with a shock that did damage to property to the amount of about \$300,000, and occasioned the loss of five lives. The damage to buildings was confined to poorly constructed walls whose foundations were on malle land. No strongly made wall was damaged to any extent, and wooden buildings held their own. The loss of life was occasioned by frantic individuals, who, seized with panic, did what such persons generally do, rushed into danger instead of removing to a place of safety. Sensational stories about great fissures in the earth, vomiting forth smoke and brimstone and divers bad smells, are all moonshine.

This country has been known to Europeans about three hundred years, and was claimed by the Spaniards about one hundred years ago. During the first one hundred and fifty years after the discovery earthquakes were of frequent occurrence, and they were always most severe in Southern California. During the period of the early settlements the inhabitants would sometimes lose their miserable abodes, made of brick dried in the sun. The history of earthquakes, since the formation of missions by the old Padres, proves that they are slowly but surely diminishing. In 1812 was the only shock attended with loss of life to any extent since Cortez discovered and named the Vermillion Sea (Gulf of California). In that year, by the fall of a Mission Church, which was thrown down by a shock, thirty persons were buried, mostly Indians. Since the American occupation, twenty-two years, a half dozen lives and not over half a million dollars in property value have been lost.

Come, you of New England, who sympathize with us so desparingly, let us see if there is not some need of sympathy for your own country? You lose hundreds annually from sunstroke, and hundreds are stricken down by lightning. Have you not lost more lives in a single year, by that most horrible of all deaths, hydrophobia, than California has lost by earthquakes in a century. Have you not an ever-present desolating plague among you, that is silently carrying down to the tomb, each year, thousands of the flower of your people? A plague more dreadful than the spotted fever in London in 1500; more to be dreaded than the terrible black death that swept the Mediterranean in the early ages; more certain in its effects than that mysterious disease that issues from the jungles of the delta of the Ganges, travelling from east to west, never halting in its deadly course until it has made the circuit of the earth, ending where it first originated, called cholera. This is more deadly, because you cannot hope to shake it off; you inhale it with every breath, it corrupts the blood, and finally you hand it down to your posterity; in fact the old Puritan stock is fast becoming thoroughly tainted with it, and will in the end be wiped out by that most dreaded of all diseases—consumption.

You will please take notice that we are exempt from all this catalogue of diseases. Our people sometimes die of consumption, but only when they have brought the disease with them and come here to die. How stands the balance of human life? We cordially extend to you our sympathy, acknowledging we have been well shaken, but not taken.

Great Velocipede race Monday evening.
It is an excellent thing for the public when they are invited to participate in the advantages of capital. No matter what may be the possible profits arising from this or that investment, there is no doubt but that the majority of our people are in such circumstances as make the risk of loss one that it is wrong to incur. Above all things, we should be certain in regard to insurance upon our lives. Any other venture or undertaking may be remedied by hard work and good fortune, but when a man is dead he can make no more money. A loss to his family then is irreparable.

OUR TABLE.

MARCH, with its mixture of winter and Spring, is heralded by the "Riverside Magazine for Young People," which vacillates between Skating and Roses. The frontispiece, by H. W. Herrick, is of maple Sugar-making, and Jacob Abbott furnishes a description of the process, and discloses something of the philosophy of it. The poetic side of the same subject is given in a little sketch called "A Day in March," which also has some of the amusing children's pictures that are a specialty with the "Riverside." There are two poems on "The Fairy Frost" and "Skating," but to offset these are "Stories about Roses;" and Andersen, in his peculiar fashion, humanizes a rose-bush in his fanciful story "Which was the Happiest." "Panama" is an illustrated paper of travel; there are more hunting sketches; Miss Brock, of Virginia, gives her "Recollections of Fredrika Bremer;" and Paul H. Hayne has a suggestive little poem called "Hop, Skip, and Jump." The Editor announces that Porte Crayon will reappear with his stories and sketches in the April number.

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Enterprise Founded on Capital.

It is an excellent thing for the public when they are invited to participate in the advantages of capital. No matter what may be the possible profits arising from this or that investment, there is no doubt but that the majority of our people are in such circumstances as make the risk of loss one that it is wrong to incur. Above all things, we should be certain in regard to insurance upon our lives. Any other venture or undertaking may be remedied by hard work and good fortune, but when a man is dead he can make no more money. A loss to his family then is irreparable.

Therefore it is that we are glad to see the formation of such companies as the National Life Insurance company. This Association, chartered by Congress, backed by a paid-up capital of one million dollars, and having as its directors men whom the country knows to be at the very head of financial affairs in the nation, and many of whose names have been household words among us for years. Here is an institution, vast in its dimensions, plain, useful and certain in its operations, and absolutely secure in its foundations, offering to the public to insure their lives at more reasonable rates than any of the various smaller companies in every State. Not only is the corporation an extensive and secure one, but the advantages it presents, in its various plans of insurance, are such as offer extraordinary inducements to those contemplating life insurance, or an increase of insurances already made. For instance, if a man does not desire to insure his life in the ordinary manner with this Company, at lower rates than those charged by any other, he may take out a policy which will entitle his heirs, at his death, to the return of all the premiums he has paid, besides the full amount of the policy. This is even better than a savings bank accumulation of many years, for it may be the result of but a very short period of payments.

Again, he may secure to himself, by another plan, a regular income, payable annually after a term of years, in addition to the sum paid his family at his death. Or, by yet another scheme, he may receive the whole of his policy at the end of fifteen, twenty, or more years, provided he shall live so long. If he does not, his family will be paid the amount as soon as he may die. He may also insure his life for seven years for a comparatively small premium, and thus provide for some particular contingency. Thus, it will be readily perceived, a person wishing to insure his or her life (no extra rate is charged on the lives of females), can do so in the National Life Insurance Company on terms lower and more advantageous than in any other and yet feel that his expectations are founded upon the most substantial basis, and that the sum he wishes to leave his family is guaranteed to them by men whose signature would produce millions of dollars at any time, and who have already deposited in the treasury of the Company such a sum as to place out of the question any doubt in their ability to meet all and every demand that could, in human possibility, be brought against them. David Cargill, Augusta, Me., agent.

The trial of Howard A. Cleveland for murder has commenced at Bangor.

The House of Representatives refused to concur with the Senate in its action on the usury bill, and the legal rate of interest remains, as before, 6 per cent, while everybody is receiving from 8 to 12.

Rev. C. CORNFORTH, Inspector and Examiner of Soldiers' Orphan's Schools, in Pennsylvania, has sent us a copy of the annual report of the Superintendent, in which is embraced his own report as Inspector. Mr. C. went from West Waterville, and is highly esteemed in his new home.

The Universalist Society of Kendall's Mills are arranging for a levee on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week—Feb. 23 and 24. Of course there will be a good time, the principal items of which are already provided.

Mr. Dow's favorite herd-book Durham cow "Red Rose," has lately added to his fine herd a promising young sprig of Short Horn nobility, liable to be christened "Matadore 3d." The young prince weighed 105 lbs. without bib and tucker, and promises to be the crowning glory of the herd.

See advertisements of Shorts, Plaster and Flour, offered at Kendall's Mills. They do say—no matter, but it is very likely to be true. Better see.

CRETE SUBMISSIVE.—Late official reports at London confirm the news of the submission of the insurgent chiefs.

Corn retails in Lewiston at \$1.12 to \$1.20. Wholesale in N. Y. 88 to 92 cts.

REM DIT IT.—The death of James Doyle, an eminent lawyer in Philadelphia, is ascertained to have been caused by an accidental fall while intoxicated. How many a death from intoxicating drink is hidden under another name.

THE NEW FACTORY in Pittsfield has received its machinery, and the most of it has been set in motion. Five months after the first blow was struck, the factory was in operation.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser, in its report of the market this week, says:—

The market is even more unfavorable to the interests of drovers and feeders than it was last week. The trade in the city beef market is unusually dull for the season. The amount of dressed beef in the commission houses is much larger than last year, and the number of cattle offered is also larger. According to our reports the average number of cattle at each market since January 1, has been this year, 1862; for the same period last year the average was 1524—an increase of over 20 per cent in number. Whether this increase in numbers and consequent reduction in price of cattle from last year, full one dollar per hundred pounds, is one of the first fruits of the sheep-panic, is a question for farmers and not for the reporter. But be the causes what they may, the trade this week is not encouraging to those who have been feeding meal liberally ever since the snow flew, or to drovers who purchased stock with the expectation of realizing last winter's prices. But prices were not the only trouble today; as time passed on drovers were afraid of being unable to sell at all. The number of Western cattle this week is 860, or about two-thirds as many as last week, while there are almost none from Maine. The Western cattle, it is said, cost about 1-2 per lb at Albany more than last week, and the drovers are trying hard to realize a corresponding advance here, but we think they do not generally succeed. Indeed several of the buyers said they thought there was little difference, while others said they could not do as well as last week. Of workers J. Withee sold one pair working oxen, 7 ft for \$225; 6 ft 10 in at \$235 and \$240; 6 ft 3 in at \$185 and \$195; one pair 6 ft at \$165.

Sheep the Advertiser says:—There were over the Northern roads 29,000 sheep, or some 300 more than last week. There were some good lots, some ordinary and some rather slim. The demand was fair, and prices about the same as last week, and as we find by reference to our reports one year ago, are just about the same then as now.

AND THEN WHAT?—A bill is on its way through the legislature giving to "Tonic Village Corporation power to 'raise money for certain purposes.' What these purposes are remains to be seen, but report says the Water Power Company is aimed at. Meantime a protest signed by a large number of our business men, is on its way to oppose the measure.

HURD & HOUGHTON, of New York, will immediately issue a complete edition of the works of Hans Christian Andersen. It will be issued in elegant style, with numerous illustrations.

WHO WANTS A GOOD GRAPE VINE?—Read Mr. Hathaway's advertisement, and you will find out where you can obtain a good one at a reasonable price.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES in Waterville and Kendall's Mills have extended a call to Rev. J. H. Farnsworth, of Meriden Conn., with an offer of a salary of \$1600, which he is inclined to accept.

HOSAC FUNNEL.—The completion of the work at the west end, under the contract of Mr. B. N. Farron, was celebrated by a complimentary supper at North Adams, on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Farron was four months inside of the time fixed by the contract. The new contractors have taken possession of the works, and will begin active operations about the first of March.

Hon. J. H. Drummond has been nominated as republican candidate for Mayor of Portland.

A MINIATURE VINELAND, so far is temperance is concerned, is to be found in Maine, according to the Maelius Union.—"Five or six years ago, the Messrs. Hill of Calais started a tannery twenty-five or thirty miles above Calais on the St. Croix. A village formed there, now numbering twenty-four families, and the settlement is known as the 'Forest City.' From the first the proprietors have prohibited the sale of ardent spirits in the place, and the Good Templars have formed a Lodge, numbering thirty-five. At a meeting last Saturday evening twenty more were to unite with the lodge.

"Every young lady in 'Forest city' and every young man at home is a Good Templar. It is said that all young men now absent have promised to join when they return, and all the heads of families, husbands and wives, have agreed to unite with the Lodge. This includes four aged persons whom it is proposed to make honorary members, to complete the good work."

"By the first of March it is anticipated the additions will be made, and then our informant adds in this respect, no other place will equal 'Forest city' in the State."

General Lee has just expressed the opinion, in a way to reach the public, that the time has come for the people of Virginia to modify their action on the suffrage question, and that they cannot maintain their former opposition to all forms of negro suffrage. As it now appears that General Lee has no objection to the exercise of political influence, the strictures to which his stolid silence for the last three years has exposed him, and the unfavorable contrasts drawn between his conduct and the wise and frank course of men like Longstreet, are now justified in the fullest manner. His present position is well enough; but why did he not speak before, when it was in his power to save Virginia from the suicidal folly of which she has been guilty?—[Bost. Adv.]

A singular discovery has just been made at Cincinnati. It seems that a man upset his kerosene lantern into his meal bin, and he noticed afterward that his hogs ate the damaged fodder with avidity. This gave him an idea and by experiment he found that five weeks' feeding on the kerosene mixture made one of his hogs so fat it could scarcely stand. The animal was then tried into the lard with the following result: When cool the lard did not congeal, but the addition of a certain amount of potash resolved the contents of the kettle into three distinct substances—the first, a light transparent oil, better than kerosene or sperm oil; the second, a jelly-like substance which turned to soap; and last a small residuum of insoluble muck.

GOOD NEWS FOR PENSIONERS.—The Secretary of the Treasury is making preparations to have the necessary funds ready for the pension agents, so that the instalments of pensions due on the 4th of March next may be promptly paid.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

On Monday, in the Senate, an act to prevent the destruction of baggage passed to be engrossed; a resolve authorizing the publication of the final report of the Superintendent of the Hydrographic Survey, was read and assigned; an act relating to the County Commissioners of Kennebec Co. passed to be engrossed.

In the House, an act in relation to the Waterville Classical Institute was read and assigned; also an act to incorporate the Pittsfield, Harland and St. Albans Railroad Co.; act to amend chap. 127 of the revised statutes, relating to malicious mischief and trespass on property; and an act authorizing Ticonic Village Corporation of Waterville to raise and expend a certain amount of money for certain purposes. The committee on Fisheries were directed to inquire what legislation is necessary to secure the passage of salmon, shad, and alewives to their original spawning grounds in the upper waters of the Kennebec river; also what legislation is necessary to prevent the wholesale destruction of smelts, small bass and other winter fish by set nets in the waters of Merry Meeting Bay and the mouth of the Androscoggin river. An act concerning the Militia was amended and recommitted with instructions to report the probable expense of the organization.

On Tuesday, in the House, an act relating to the increase of the compensation of the County Commissioners of Kennebec County was read and assigned. An act in relation to Waterville Classical Institute was passed to be engrossed; the interest bill was debated.

On Wednesday, in Senate, an act to authorize Ticonic Village Corporation to raise money for certain purposes, was read and assigned; an act was reported to incorporate the Waterville Savings Bank.

In the House, a resolve authorizing the publication of the final report of the Superintendent of the Hydrographic Survey was read and assigned; the Committee on the Judiciary were directed to inquire into the expediency of amending chap. 244 of the statutes of 1868 in relation to punishment for the sale of intoxicating liquors; an order relating to the propriety of making it obligatory upon cities and towns to appoint agents, was referred to Committee on the Prohibitory Liquor Law; a resolve was reported in favor of Insane Hospital; an act to incorporate the Pittsfield, Harland and St. Albans Railroad was amended and passed to be engrossed; the interest bill was refused a passage, 64 to 61; memorial of the Board of Agriculture and bill an act to secure harmony of action between the Board of Agriculture and the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, were referred to the next Legislature.

On Thursday, in Senate, the Committee on Agriculture, on bill an act to secure harmony of action between the board of Agriculture and the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, reported the same ought to pass.

In the House, the Committee on Agriculture, reported resolve in favor of the State Agricultural Society, which was read and assigned. The vote whereby the House referred the Memorial of the Board of Agriculture to the next Legislature was reconsidered, and six hundred copies of the same were ordered printed for the use of the Legislature. The militia bill was passed to be engrossed. The House refused to reconsider its vote referring the question of female suffrage to the next legislature. Mr. Blaisdell presented the petition of E. R. Brummond and twenty others of Waterville, for appointment of Clerk of Courts by the Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court.

THE STATE LIBRARY.—The brief report of J. T. Woodward, State Librarian, shows that whatever extravagances the State may indulge in, books are not among them. Since April of last year, when Mr. Woodward became Librarian, the expenditure for books and for incidental expenses has been \$791.22. Eight hundred and seventy-four books and pamphlets have been added during Mr. Woodward's administration. The donations of books have been about the same as in former years, with the exception of the gift of 92 volumes of Congressional documents from Senator Morrill, which are of great value in completing sets. The Librarian strongly recommends, as his predecessors have done, a suitable enclosure of the alcoves in order to prevent loss of books, eight having been lost during the past year. No definite appropriation for the library is asked, but Mr. Woodward thinks it ought to be as liberal as is consistent with the demands upon the Treasury of the State. Appended to the report is a list of books added to the library during the past year.

DRIVING A DEBTOR TO MADNESS.—It is now argued that the man who killed Gen. McConnell the other day, was maddened by the latter's provoking greed in enforcing a debt against him, and the New York Sun draws a parallel between the case and that of the killing of Dr. Parkman, who had goaded his debtor till he lost both pride and temper.

A child of Samuel Whitney, about three years of age, residing in Auburn, was put to bed Saturday noon. Its mother, going to the bed a short time after, found the child burned in a most shocking manner. The child had taken matches to bed, which were ignited, and the bed-clothes set on fire.

The Ring saw mill, at West Bath, was entirely burned a few nights since. The mill occupied the site of what was probably the oldest tide mill in the country. The first saw mill was built in 1741, and was a double mill, built in the oldest style. It stood but a few years before it was destroyed by fire. The second mill was built in 1749 and is known to have stood less than fourteen years, as in 1763 a third mill was built, and still a fourth one was built on the same site in 1782, which stood twenty-four years. The fifth and last mill was built in 1806, and embraced all of the then latest improvements.

The Kansas Senate defeated the proposition to amend the Constitution by striking out the word "white," by a vote of 14 to 17. Three Senators voted no because they wanted the word male stricken out before the word "white."

THE FACT EXPLAINED. The Maine State Superintendent of Schools, in his recent report, alluded to and commented upon the fact that there was a decrease in the school population of the State from 1858 to 1865. A country editor accuses the Superintendent of impropriety in this statement, remarking: "This period includes the time when so many young married men were absent in the service of their country," and adds: "Now if anybody is simple enough to expect chaste and virtuous wives at home are to bear children as rapidly as if their husbands had remained with them, and the lead had remained living, we think he would do well to go to a woman's school awhile."—[Exchange.]

A Western engineer tells the following story about himself: One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "homespun, curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up at me and said: "Stranger, are this a locomotive?" "Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?" "No, haven't; never saw one afore. Mo'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the biler, ain't it?" "Yes, certainly." "What yer call that 'you're in'?" "We call this the cab." "And this big wheel?" "That's the driving wheel." "That big black thing on top is the chimney I suppose?" "Precisely." "Be you the engineer wot runs the machine?" "I am the engineer." "Bill," said the fellow to his mate after eying me closely for a few minutes, "it don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?" "All aboard!"

The New York Musical Gazette throws out these suggestions to choirs that wish to sing church music with expression:

Let a choir sing a tune through as they have been in the habit of doing, with voices full and unrestrained. Let them then sing it again in precisely the same way as regards time, pronunciation, expression, etc., but diminishing the power twenty-five per cent, that is, singing with about three-fourths the usual strength of voice, and those who listen will find the effect improved at least one-half. In fact, this proportion does not adequately express the difference, for the distinction is really between bad and good. When the power is unrestrained every voice stands out separate and distinct from every other, causing each individual effect to be intensified and exaggerated. When the voices are subdued they are far more likely to blend and become, as it were, transfused, a process strongly tending to absorb individual faults and to create an agreeable result even out of unfavorable materials.

For rough estimates of the value of foreign coin most frequently met with in cursory reading, it may be well enough to remember that a piastre is 5 cents; a franc, 20 cents; a guilder, 40 cents; a rix-dollar, a florin, or a rupee, 50 cents; a rouble or a thaler, 75 cents; a tal (Chinese), \$1.50; a pound sterling, \$4.84; and a doubloon, 15.75.

Mr Edmunds, from the Judiciary committee, has reported on the President's message regarding his Christmas amnesty proclamation, that it was not authorized by the constitution or the laws.

Father Lucey, of the Catholic Church in Lewiston, is out in a strong letter against the liquor traffic, in favor of the enforcement of the law. He is drawn out by a card of a member of his parish, insinuating that he (Lucey) had done all he could to prevent the conviction of another of his parishioners who had been detected in rum-selling. He says: "The scenes that I, more than many others here, have to witness, are at once horrid and repulsive—the natural effects, of course, of this vile traffic—are nearly beyond description and call loudly upon all legal means for the suppression of it."

The Lewiston Journal narrates that a "party from the rural districts" lately came to a post-office on the Kennebec and asked if there were any papers for him. In reply to the clerk's question whether it was a regular or a transient newspaper he expected, he stated that "twas neither—it was a methodist paper."

The number of persons that compose the Penobscot tribe of Indians is four hundred and fifty-two. The census lists, says the agent in his annual report to the Governor, vary from year to year more on account of the absence and return of different members of the tribe, than on account of births and deaths. Many of the Indians are of a migratory disposition, and extend their wanderings through the different Provinces and through the Northern and Western States, and prolong their absence sometimes to three and four years. The general health of the tribe is about the average of that of previous years.

A Belfast man advertises in the Age that he is a candidate for collector of customs in that district. He does not want it for the honor it confers but the salary and offers to with draw if five men in the district, or three in the city, of unspotted integrity, shall show any good reasons why he should not be appointed.

The most of unpunctual people are pretty sure to be in time when they travel, which proves that their want of punctuality is but a habit. "Brethren," said a minister once to his congregation, as he rose to read the notices just before preaching, "I have been thinking that if this church were a steamboat, leaving the dock at half-past ten, a good many of the passengers would have been left this morning." Some of the late "passengers" looked as if a new idea had entered their minds.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

LOVELOCIPEDS.

Lord Lovell he stood by the garden gate With his shining velocipede, And whistled farewell to his Lady Bell, Who wished for his Lordship good-speed.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said, Placed his feet in his stirrups, and galloped away On his famous velocipede.

Then Lady Bell cried, in frantic alarm, "What a monster my Lord is, indeed, To ride thus away, from his loving young wife, On that horrid velocipede!"

Lord Lovell returned, broken hearted and sore, Broken, armed, and alas! broken-kneed; For he struck on a post, nearly gave up the ghost, And smashed his velocipede!

MORAL.

Remember the fate Lord Lovell has met, Let this be your warning and creed; Stay at home with your wife for the rest of your life And beware of the velocipede.

A mother reproved her three-year-old for eating ice-cream. The analytical infant replied: "I didn't eat 'em, mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

One of the Massachusetts railroad presidents has sent to the Rev. George Trask a pass for a year, inscribed as follows:—"Pass the Rev. George Trask, for services in fighting the devil on his own hook, until Dec. 31, 1869."

Because a "poor, lone widow" was allowed to work in the Westfield (Mass.) cigar factory, the gallant workmen struck. Glorious strikers!

A German couple, both between forty and fifty years of age, lately went to Wisconsin county, mutually praying for a divorce. It was a question of salutaris or no salutaris in flajjacks.

Not having heard from the debating societies in relation to the conundrum, "Why do heathen always lay eggs in the day time?" a contemporary answers, "Because it might be their roosters."

In General, of the Boston Advertiser, is simply awful. Here is his latest:—"A Virginia humorist calls the squalling of a North Carolina baby a 'coo-de-star.'"

An exchange says that a fellow in that locality is riding a hog through the streets as a preparatory practice to managing a velocipede.

