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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 36): March 5, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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STABAT MATER.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,  
Christians fled in fear and sadness;  
Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,  
By the dreadful scene undaunted,  
Till the gentle sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story;  
Painters decked her brow with glory;  
Priests her name have defiled;

But no worship, song, or glory,  
Touches like that simple story—  
"Mary stood the cross beside."

And when under fierce oppression,  
Goodness suffers like transgression,  
Christ again is crucified.

But if love be true-hearted,  
By no grief or terror parted,  
Mary stands the cross beside.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

MILLY'S SACRIFICE.

It was all the harder to make because no one thought it was one. No one but Milly knew how hard it was to give up her hundred plans for that last year at school; the prizes already in imagination, earned and spent, the final dearth of graduation. To be sure her mother said she might take up her studies again; but to go down into a lower class, to let May Rodney and Ruth Ellis finish before her, she could not think of it. She must give it up finally and forever.

And for such reasons! An aunt whom Milly only half remembered, living two hundred miles away, had written for her to make a three months' visit with her. "She was down with rheumatism again, and Jamie was worse, and it would be less lonely to have her there for a while." Milly said, as she put the letter down, she supposed that meant she was to go and nurse her aunt for a year.

"Three months, Milly," corrected her mother. "It might just as well be twelve. If I stay out a term I shall lose my place in class."

"Can't you take your books with you? I think you had better go, Milly. You're not very well, and it will do you good to rest a term. If you can't keep up, wait a year."

"I don't want to be behind all the girls," Milly answered. "And it will be just like going to a hospital, off there, on the prairie, nobody within miles, and two sick people on my hands."

"I don't know as they would be on your hands, particularly," the mother said, knitting composedly. "But, of course, you needn't go if you don't want to, only I thought I heard you sighing the other day because you couldn't have been an army nurse."

Milly turned scarlet.

"I don't want to leave school."

"I understand that. But it will please your aunt, and you might be of use; and I should like you to know Jamie. Think it over a little. Don't decide hastily."

So Milly said no more, but idly twisting the letter in her fingers, fell into a reverie. She was a little dreamer, and one sentence of her mother's was giving now foundation to a lovely air-castle. To be of use—to do good. Milly had dived deeply into sentimentality. She was impressed that she had a mission, glorious, and public, of course. She had read a great deal about the beauty of sacrifice, its refining influence on the character, and was mistily troubled about a lady who wanted her daughter to have sorrow to develop her voice. And she had never, of course, done any good beyond being pleasant and helpful at home, which amounted to nothing, as there had been no particular sacrifice about it. But here was a chance. She pictured the dreary farm-house, the loneliness of its occupants; she saw herself there, a Nightingale in a small way, accomplishing wonders by her tender care, making them love and admire her very much. They were probably made better by sorrow—they always were in stories—and she would bring sunshine into their hearts. Then, if she went, all the expense of the term at school would be saved, and had not her father complained, only the day before, of Tom's college bills, and said he hardly knew how to get along with so many demands? It is so easy to draw on one's fancy for facts, so nice to paint lovely pictures of the possible. And Milly was only sixteen, touched with the melancholy of many novels, much dreaming, and very little plain work.

But the audience to which she played her little drama of heroism were unappreciative. No one except her bosom friend consoled with her, and even she said at last, "I wish I had such a chance to rest," and Tom, for whom partly she was doing it, said only, "What a jolly time you'll have! I wish it was me that was going." Every body told her what a fine time she would have, and nobody saw any sacrifice in it. And Milly, who would have been willing to do very grand things, provided it was understood that people should, in a quiet way, hear of them, and admire her very much, did not like this secret heroism. And since no one else saw any cross in it, she began to doubt herself whether there was any, our own convictions being chiefly compounds of other people's opinions.

But when she stood alone on the little platform of Ashford, and saw the cars move away, leaving her to get to her aunt's home, five miles off, in a rough, double wagon, she changed her mind. When, after being slowly jolted over a very muddy road, she stopped at a low, old-fashioned brown cottage, and tired and sore, she climbed out, and went up to the still, dark house, she was sure she was making a great sacrifice. She had left all possibilities of happiness at home. Here was only room for work and sorrow, with which sublime reflection she answered the call to come in.

"Dear, dear," said a voice from the darkness, as she entered, "is it you, Milly? Bring a light, Ruth. Come, kiss me, child," as the little maid brought a lamp from the kitchen; "we didn't look for you much, to-day, you see, only Mr. Jones said he'd stop, because you might come. Dear, dear, so like your mother! And to think of your coming here now!" And Milly was kissed over and over by her aunt, and saw with dismay, that instead of the sour, helpless woman, she had expected, she was a bright, cheery old lady, the only trace of helplessness being the foot-pillow on a large stool.

"Let me take off your hat, child," the eager voice went on. "You must be tired and cold with your ride. Ruth, speak to Mary, and then bring the tea right in. You see I can't do much with my lame knee. And how is your mother, child, and how are you? You don't look strong; but girls nowadays don't amount to much."

And Milly answered a series of questions, all the while examining the room with keen, critical eyes. It was small and plainly furnished, its only charms its exquisite neatness, and the flowers, plants, and hanging-baskets in the windows, vases, and saucers full everywhere. They made the room very pleasant.

"The flowers are Mary's," her aunt said, seeing her admiring look. "You don't know Mary. She's my husband's niece. She teaches the school in Ashford; but she's home now

for vacation. She and Jamie think every thing of the flowers."

"Where is Jamie now?"

"O, Mr. Grier came after him last week, and carried him up to his house for a visit. They think every thing of him. But he will be home by to-morrow. He's"—and just here the door opened, and Mary Dane appeared.

Her name—simple and sincere—suited her. A pale, delicate face; its chief expression, earnestness. From the serene eyes, the clear-cut mouth, that element looked out. Her very step, light but decided; her clear voice; the warm, steady clasp of her hand, deepened the impression. Milly, despite an ancient horror of old maids, fell drawn to her instantly, and decided in her small brain that she must have been very handsome once, and had a romance; two things of themselves sufficient to excuse her singleness.

Then came the pleasant tea. Listening and joining in the cheerful talk, watching the two faces opposite her—one so bright and sensible, the other so serene and earnest, Milly quite forgot her homesick feeling, and felt that it was not so great a sacrifice to come here. But the work she was to do—where was it? The only chance she saw now was in Jamie, her lame cousin.

"I have just three more days of rest," Mary said, as they came up from the orchard, in the cool freshness of the next morning. Monday my school begins."

Milly shrugged her shoulders, and answered impulsively.

"I should think you would hate to go. Do you like to teach? Is your school pleasant?"

"I like it tolerably, and as my school is not large, it is not hard work. Auntie generally comes after me Fridays. It's five miles from here, you know; but I fear she can't this Fall."

"Perhaps," Milly began, and stopped. Half an hour after, watching her aunt at her work, she finished her sentence. "I wish I knew how to drive."

"Dear, dear, said her aunt, "don't you? I shall have to turn teacher, I guess; though there's nothing to learn with our horse. He's too lazy ever to run away. You can't do much at walking, I should say, and if you can't drive, why, here you are for all the term. Here's Jamie," and Milly had no time to air further projects in the excitement of seeing him.

Being of a sentimental turn, Milly had always had a qualm of regret that her cousin's leg should have been taken off by so unromantic a thing as a thrashing-machine. Now, while her aunt wheeled the easy chair round, and Mr. Grier unheeding the boy's request to be set down, carried him in and dropped him among the cushions, she forgot it. This stunted figure, this pallid face, could not be Jamie, the boy whom she dimly remembered as the gayest of playmates, the most active of children. Never very strong, the accident of three years before had made him something of an invalid, and to-day he was weaker than usual. She went up to him with a choking feeling in her throat, and a desire to get out of the room as soon as possible. So when Mary came in she fled to the orchard. Restored to quiet by his peace and loveliness, half an hour after, she went in. Her aunt sat by one window, knitting placidly. By the other was Jamie, absorbed in a book. He looked up brightly as she came in. "You see," lifting it, "I've one of your books already. Mary brought it to me."

"I shall be glad if they give you any pleasure. Can you read or study much?"

"O yes, almost all the time. See here," and he caught up his crutches and limped to a desk in the corner, "this is my workshop. Mary teaches me out of the books. I've not many, but they're all good; and in here, you see," he lifted the lid and showed her a multitude of boyish treasures, arranged with the neatness of a lady's drawer—"this is my ship; that is to be a work-box; that's for mother; these brackets and things are for Mary; that," flushing slightly, "these are whittlings, that may be will turn out to be something some day."

He was so bright and cheerful that Milly looked at him in wonder. "That is my work, you see, and the books my pleasure, though for that matter it's all fun; and he went back to his chair, leaving her to wonder where her missionary work with him was to come in, or how it was to begin.

After the first week things settled into a steady routine at the farm-house. Jamie was not of the type so common in books, a peaceful, smiling invalid, who lay back in his cushions, and said lovely things about life and duty. He was, despite misfortune, a thorough boy. When well he whistled and sang half the day. He limped about the house and yard, tended his plants, studied and whittled a great deal at his desk. Milly found her role of nurse to this interesting invalid unnecessary; instead of amusing him, he amused her. The only real help she gave him was in bringing him her books, and proposing that they should study together. Her trigonometry proved a treasure to him, over which he poured hour after hour, mastering it so completely as to become soon teacher instead of scholar to Milly.

"It's such a pity," Milly began one day.

"Is it?" Jamie asked, whittling at the bracket he was making for her. "I'm sorry."

"I mean—I was going to say," and she stopped again.

"But you didn't."

"That you should have had such a misfortune," she burst out; "you might have been a machinist some day."

"O, I shall yet, perhaps. At least I can invent here, only I should like to study more and see things."

"You're just like Tom," Milly said. "Father is putting him through college, you know, but Tom don't care for much except machinery. He's always whittling at the clock, and piano, and sewing-machine; but I'm afraid he never will do much after all, for he's—just a little—lazy."

"Perhaps I should never have done any thing either if I had been strong and well. Now, you see, this is all I can do," with which moral lesson deduced from his trouble, he whittled in silence for some minutes.

"Milly," said her cheery voice, "are you going to ride to-day?"

"To be sure," Jamie answered for her, whittling his whittling away. "To-day is Friday, and you're to go after Mary."

Milly followed him to the orchard. "Aren't you ever sorry?"

"Of course. I meant to be a soldier, and now you see."

"But you never fret?"

"O, now," said Jamie, with the air of a philosopher, "where would be the use? But I do sometimes when I'm sick, and things go wrong," and shaking down a ripe apple into her lap, Jamie went on to the barn.

Under the beautiful Autumn sky Milly drove to Ashford. The school was just out, and the mistress, quiet as ever, followed out a noisy troop of children, whose shouts hurt her sensitive ears.

"Do you know," Mary said, stepping in, "I feared you wouldn't come? It was so warm, and you dislike driving so."

"How did you know that?" retaining the lines, as Mary would have taken them. "I do not dislike coming after you."

"I'm glad of it. By the way," as they drove out of town into the woods, "I ought to stop and get some ferns. Now that the long evenings are coming my work must begin. You see," answering her questioning look, "teaching is not very profitable, and I have found it pleasant to take out my salary with rustic work. Jamie helps me. He's very nice about such work, and we both like it."

Milly glanced at the bright face beside her. Mary Dane's slender salary amounted to almost as much as she yearly spent on the little extras of dress. Yet she knew Mary was far happier than she.

"Miss Dane," she asked abruptly, "are you ever unhappy?"

"Not often."

"I suppose," Milly went on, repeating something she had read that day, nothing that God has made should be other than contented, but I have never been so."

"Perhaps you didn't go to the right place for help."

"O, that, of course," Milly said, impatiently, "dreading a sober talk; but I mean things don't seem worth while. Everything seems so small and mean, and I get tired of living."

"You don't want me to quote those trite sayings about little things, I know," Mary answered, "but they are true as trite. Weak and low as we are, we are one to us. 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' If He thought us worth that, Milly, shall we dare to look scornfully at poor humanity?"

Milly moved restlessly, while Mary went on. "As for your case, isn't it work that you need? Not something very grand and sublime, though that, of course, would be nicer. I think life grows of more value to us the more we use it, and if you had a steady purpose, you would find trifles suddenly assuming greater value."

"But I hate trifles. I've been doing them all my life; getting p's slippers and reading to mamma; tending to the cat and the birds, and helping stupid girls with their sums and exercises. I want something more, and I thought when I"—she stopped, having nearly betrayed her secret.

"But if the purpose with which you did these things was good—it is that that God sees, you know. I've read somewhere that 'obedience is the only service men or angels can render God, and the lowliest obedience is the highest service.' It is the will that he wants. When that is his, the things by which he proves us matter little, though they seem so different to us."

Milly said nothing, having already received more than she bargained for. "Don't think I mean to preach to you," Mary went on, "but if God has any great work for you, he will show you in his own time, and in the mean while isn't it best to do the little things even if you do dislike them?"

Milly said nothing, but when the next morning, Mary and Jamie began their rustic work, seeing that her aunt missed the reading with which Jamie usually made her morning pleasant, Milly offered to take his place, and read what seemed to her an unusually stupid book for a couple of hours. Finding that despite its dullness, the reading left her in a much better frame of mind, she took up several other, till now despised, tasks—hearing little Ruth's lessons, helping her aunt with some sewing; so that when dinner-time came, Mary, coming into the little home-room, started in surprise at her bright face. For stern truth compels me to say, that seeing her expected sacrifice needless, Milly had refused to make any, and had been unusually blue for a fortnight.

But once started in the right way, Milly progressed rapidly. Slightly ashamed of her heroics, seeing more clearly the significance of trifles, she began to be in good earnest the sunbeam of the house. One night she surprised them by opening the old melodeon and singing in her clear, fresh voice all the songs she knew that would be likely to suit her hearers. And after that the "music hour" after tea was an established institution. Milly restraining her own school-girl's horror of their false tones and the queer pieces they liked, because of their evident pleasure in it. Seeing Jamie's need of books, she wrote to her parents for all books of hers or Tom's that would be apt to suit him, and the little box that came a week later proved a treasure to the ambitious boy.

One by one the Autumn days went by, and each, it seemed to Milly, brought her some new lesson. The studies and talks with Jamie, the rides with Mary, the kitchen accomplishments her aunt was teaching her, all had their influence. She had meant to teach these people; she sat down and learned of their lessons of patience, and trust, and industry. She had despised their simple life, their hearty enjoyment of little things. She learned the delight of mere living—learned to reverence the heroism and sacrifice so concealed that for weeks she did not dream of their existence. Nor were outward influences for good wanting. The quiet life of the restful beauty of nature soothed her ambitious, impulsive spirit. In after years she counted the lessons of this term, over whose loss she had so grieved, the noblest and best of her life.

So she went on taking of the little crosses till a great one came to her.

Jamie, though usually the brightest of companions, had, not unfrequently, terrible fits of the blues, which all Milly's loving sympathy and encouragement could lighten but little. His murmurings, when spoken—they rarely were, he was one of the "still blue" kind—had one burden. "If I could only have a chance for my life; if I could go away to school—but that is impossible." From Mary,

Milly learned that they had long wanted to send him to the city to be doctor, but that, so far, it had seemed useless to think of it, not only on account of the expense, but because of the necessity of some one's remaining constantly with his mother, which Mary could not do.

Was it so impossible for him to go, Milly thought, her fertile brain devising project after project, by which that end could be obtained.

She came in one day, a fortnight after these projects had first entered her head, looking bright as usual, but a little anxious. She had just heard from home, and had come to tell her news to her aunt, who was fortunately alone. Without hesitation she went straight to her point.

"Wouldn't Jamie be better, aunt, if he could be doctor?"

"Why, of course, dearie," answered the aunt, "but he can't, you know, and he's too good to fret over it."

"But wouldn't it be nice for him to go—to papa's, for instance—to be treated in the city and go to school if he were able?"

"Dear, dear, what a plan!" half laughed her hearer. "Even if we could afford it, dear, he couldn't leave me. I'm always worse in the winter, and Mary stays at the village all the time, and if I should be sick there's no one here but Ruth; so where's the use of talking, dearie?"

"A great deal, aunt," kneeling down by her in her earnestness. "Just say yes to my plan, and Jamie can go. I thought of it a fortnight ago, and now it's all arranged. Papa is sure that the change would help him, and that our doctor, who knows almost every thing, could improve his general health. The schools there are very fine, and Tom is to be at home this winter, and they'll have a splendid time together. Pa don't think the bills will be much, and," getting slightly confused, "he says—that is—he will pay them and trust to Jamie's inventions for the money back." Milly stopped to take breath. "And as for my loneliness, would you be if I staid with you?"

"Dear, dear, dear! Is this all your plan, Milly? What will your mother say? Not that you can do it?"

"I can if you're willing. Mamma says yes."

"But, child, you'll be dreadful lonesome here all winter with no one but me—and the bills!"

"That's pa's business," Milly interrupted quickly. "Dear aunt," speaking low and fast, "do let me. When I came here last Spring I—I thought I was making a great sacrifice. It hasn't been so. I was so sorry to leave school, never thinking of any lessons outside of books. You have taught me ever so much, and now I want to pay the debt."

Mrs. Dane bent and kissed the upturned face, the glitter of tears in her eyes, and though she only said in a choked voice, "We'll see about it," Milly was sure of success.

She might have been pardoned a little flush of triumph when it was over, that she had hidden from her aunt the gain of the sacrifice; for a real and not small one it was to Milly, only she hardly afterward thought of it in that light.

A fortnight later Jamie went, and Thanksgiving Milly had meant to spend at home was at the farm-house—none the less a thanksgiving for that. In her heart she called her sacrifice her thank-offering for past blessings, in helping another to them, and had never been happier than on that day.

It was not a going up for a day. The long, lonely months tested her sacrifice; but never, even in the loneliest of them, was it regretted. She missed the gaiety of home; she missed the lectures, and concerts, and school triumphs of which such glowing accounts were given her by her young correspondents. But by the bedside of her helpless aunt she learned life lessons never to be forgotten. Taught how to crystallize her floating, noble wishes into true Christian work, after years, with their rich fruit of work for the Master, showed how well the lesson was learned.

The winter wore away, and one soft evening in April, Milly drove to the station to meet her cousin. The train had gone; no one was there; but while she stood looking anxiously around, there was the sound of Jamie's crutches behind her, and the next moment he caught her, shouting in thorough boy-rapture,

"Hurrah, Milly! I'm quite well now, and my invention's patented, and we're going to be rich, and I can go to school as much as I please, and you're the best girl in the State."

And that was Milly's earthly reward for her sacrifice.

WHERE WOMAN'S POWER LIES.—The true power of woman is the resistless power of the affections. In asserting this, am I attempting to mask the great question of our day with "a glittering generality"?—Am I disposed to deny any lawful claim which woman may make for a more extensive recognition of her rights, or a larger field for her powers? No, I am not doing any such thing. Let woman do whatever her faculties can achieve—let her work wherever her instincts demand—if she truly follows her instincts, I am sure she will not go wrong. I am sure of this, also, that wherever man may go, woman may lawfully go. Wherever woman ought not to be, it is a shame for humanity to be. I merely insist, upon this, that whatever woman may accomplish in the world, with brain or hands, will draw its vital efficacy, its talismanic virtue, from the heart; and that her strength, in all these various shapes of action and of influence, in its root and essence, will be the strength of the affections. The basis of woman's power must ever be in the fervor and steadfastness of her love. And her most triumphant characteristic is love, culminating in its highest expression—that of self-sacrifice. A thoughtful writer has observed the contrast between the sexes even in their play. "The boy," he says, "gets together wooden horses and a troop of tin soldiers and works with them. The girl takes a doll and works for it." That is woman's great peculiarity—the work of self-sacrifice—working for others.—[Rev. Dr. Chapin.

The recent strange cases of hydrophobia in New York have been investigated by prominent physicians, and they have come to the conclusion that the bite of a dog enraged is as poisonous as that of one that is rabid. Dogs are just as likely to go mad in the winter months as during the heated term.

THREE BUGS.

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for each;  
And one was yellow, and one was black,  
And one like me or you.  
The space was small, no doubt, for all—  
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two;  
And all were sitting in their hearts,  
The same as I or you;  
So the strong ones said: "We will eat the bread,  
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two would hold.  
So they all three fell to quarrelling,  
The white, the black, and the gold.  
And two of the bugs got under the rug,  
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was last in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,  
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,  
When the wind came from his blow,  
Pulled one of the rugs from off the bugs,  
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was war in the basket;  
Ah, pity, 'tis 'tis true!  
But he that was frozen and starved at last,  
A strength from his weakness drew,  
And pulled the rug from both of the bugs,  
And killed and ate them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,  
Though more than it can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree,  
The white, the black, and the gold—  
And share what comes of bread and crumbs,  
And leave no bug in the cold!

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC for March has, for an embellishment, a fine portrait of Rosini, and its table of contents embraces the following articles, many of which are of great interest and value:—The Struggle for Empire with the Mahabharata; Savonarola; Strange Solar Discoveries; Farisian Eccentricities; Materials of the Universe; How He became Court Councillor; Pictures in the Clouds; The Science of Anthropology; The Intellect of Animals; The European Situation; He Knew He was Right, continued; Hints to Owners of Small Temples; How they Make Pops; Voice of Nature; Semi-Detached Wives; Mr. Disraeli on the Jews; Thorwaldsen the Sculptor; Professor Huxley on "Distribution of Animals"; Love's Miseries; Phenomena of Music; Rossini; with some choice Poetry, Notes on Books, Science, Varieties, Art.

The Eclectic, which is made up of choice selections from the leading foreign reviews and periodicals, is published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The March number of this popular Monthly of Instruction and Recreation is full of good reading. The two stories, "Mother's Girls," by the author of "Merry Powell," and "Christopher Kroy," by the author of "Storm-Cliff," are continued; Prof. Noah Porter contributes his third paper on "Books and Reading," telling "How to Read with Interest and Effect"; Prof. Wm. Wells has an interesting sketch of "Emile De Girardin"; "Sevastopol in 1855," and "Reminiscences from Schleiermacher" are two interesting translations; and without enumerating the other articles we may safely pronounce them good. "Good Words," a scholarly and instructive monthly, which was started by an association of Christian gentlemen some months since, has been incorporated into "Hours at Home."

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for March is at hand, brimful of good things. J. H. Browne gives a good picture of "Printers—their Character and Characteristics"; J. Franklin Fitz tells us "How Private History Captured the Guerilla's Horse"; Edwin De Leon is down on "Opera Bouffes," which he regards as a great social evil; Horace Greeley continues his thoughts upon "Education as it Should be"; Miss Alice Cary, in her "White Crows," boldly dissents from Mr. Greeley's definition of genius; Ralph Meeker tells "How Beecher Makes his Sermons"; Oliver Dyer gives another "painfully graphic picture of the shady side of metropolitan life in his "Bird's-Eye View of Things"; Mark Twain contributes an "Open Letter to Commodore Vanderbilt," which may be fairly characterized as "blistering"; Mrs. M. L. Rayne gives a genial sketch of "Old Boys"; and there is a crisp Editorial Department. This is emphatically a live magazine.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

ONCE A MONTH, a new literary magazine, unique in size and style, appears for March with choice reading adapted to a variety of tastes. "The Mills of Tuxbury," an original story, gains in interest with each number; "The Great Nebula in Argos, from Frazer's Magazine," will have an interest for scientific readers; "Among the Shops," original, is a graphic description of the wonders of the iron manufactures of Pittsburgh, by the author of "Among the Glass-blowers"; "Life in Japan," "A Dubouff," "Rossini," "The Pigeons of Venice," will not fail to attract attention; "Done in Ebony," and "A Happy New Year," are charming stories; and there is much more, all good. We commend this magazine to the attention of those who desire choice reading at a moderate price.

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

THE LADY'S FRIEND for March opens with a fine steel engraving, "In the Firelight," where fire-side dramas are taking visible but ethereal shapes. This is followed by the usual handsome colored steel fashion plate, and an amusing engraving of "Hall an Hour too Early;" and we have the usual large number of engravings devoted to the fashions, needle work, etc. The literary contents embrace many good stories, as usual, by popular writers.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year, which also includes a large steel engraving.

SOMETHING EXTRA FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—It is well known that The Little Corporal, the brilliant Western Juvenile, has a larger circulation than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world. This has been gained by real merit and enterprise. The publishers are endeavoring to double their immense circulation this year, and have determined to send their magazine free for three months—January, February and March of 1869—free to every family who will send their address before the first of May, with four cents in stamps for return postage. These are intended as samples to those who are not now taking the magazine in its new, enlarged form. Address Alfred L. Sewell & Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is an old favorite, and the March number fully justifies the partiality of its friends. "Father's Return" is a sweet domestic picture; the colored fashion plate and the numerous patterns and designs will please the ladies; and the stories, for which this magazine is noted, are as good as ever.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The March number of this favorite magazine for young people is received, with an attractive bill of fare. The publisher will send specimen numbers, with premium list, free, to any one wishing to examine this magazine. Address: Horace P. Fuller, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

"DISH-WATER" LITERATURE.—"A great many young girls' minds are all washed away by a constant dribble of dish-water stories."

Thus writes Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in *Heath and Home* for February 13. We think the publishers of that beautiful weekly should have this sentence printed in gold, on appropriately tinted paper, suitable for framing, and sent as a prize to each of their forty thousand readers. It should be framed and hung up over every hearth in every home in the land, and stand as a perpetual reproach to parents who so blindly aid in this "dribble," as well as a flea in the ear of publishers who make a virtue of "printing what people will read." We know of no more damning or discreditable business than that of feeding weak intellects on the dish-water dribble of foolish and pointless love stories, such as constitute the staple of very many of our most widely circulated weeklies. The rule with these prosperous publishers seems to be to print that which will promote the greatest sale and bring in the largest returns. It is easily ascertained that there are more foolish, love-sick girls and "spongy" young men than any other class of readers, and so our enterprising publishers "make for them." The more unreal and exciting the fictitious nonsense is, the more readers it will have, and the fatter will grow the publisher's wallet. The tendency of all such efforts is to denude noble aspirations in minds capable of advancement, and to drag down to lower depths of inanity the weak and purposeless souls who can only follow where others lead. The operation may be shrewd, and sharp men seem to thrive on it, but sooner or later they will have their reward. We can think of no severer penalty for such transgressors, in this world, than to be obliged to read what they print. In the world which is to come they will probably fare worse.—[Packard's Monthly.

The N. Y. Post holds to the notion that women need not wear an ugly dress in order to emancipate themselves from their slavery to fashion. They like to look pretty and have a right to indulge the taste. It does not see "why sensible women should not combine to settle upon some fashion of walking dress, like the very pretty, modest and yet convenient short dress which was generally worn last year, and adhere to that as a street costume, tolerating no arbitrary change of cut prescribed by the fashion tyrants. Then, if they would agree upon some equally sensible and tasteful style of evening dress and absolutely refuse to change this style, no matter what Paris or London says, their emancipation would be as nearly complete as seems practicable. With such a set system of dress there would still remain room for the exercise of individual taste in the choice and harmonious arrangement of colors, and in the selection of material. It would be possible to dress as richly, as brightly, and as soberly as inclination dictated."

A LOST GENIUS.—I knew a woman once, gifted so extraordinarily by God that she might have been a florist, a musician, an artist, a physician, a teacher, an evangelist,—since to the mastery of any of these callings she could have brought a nearly equal power and passion. Whatever her fiery mind fastened upon it fused into itself, nor was there anything her cunning right hand sought to do in which it did not excel. At fourteen her precocity was so great that her father cut short her studies, because she "knew enough for a woman," and made her a teacher in his school. At sixteen she married a clergyman. Children came fast. Her health gave way, but her energy remained. She was never idle a moment; but, alas! neither father nor husband nor one of her twelve brothers and brothers-in-law saw that it would be better economy to give the genius they were all so proud of, a musical or an artistic or a medical education, that she might pay with her earnings some commoner mortal to make clothes for her little ones, than to let her do it herself with the painful toil of the needle. And she had been brought up with too narrow a vision of woman's duties and destinies to understand herself that she was wasting her life and abusing her powers. All her ready gifts were, in her eyes, merely appropriate feminine "accomplishments," and to make fame and money out of them never occurred to her as a possibility, far less a duty. And yet her mind was ever in a fever of desire, of invention, of agonized craving for the realization of the dreams of beauty, beneficence, of friendship, that tormented her. The music rang in her ears; the pictures floated before her eyes; the fearful and wonderful human organism haunted her brain; the dread mysteries of sin and suffering, the awfulness of human responsibility, the glories of salvation, burned upon her lips as she taught her children their daily Bible lesson; and still, nailed to her chair, the swift needle went in and out,—went, as it often seemed to her, through her delicate lungs as well as through the cloth,—until at nine-and-thirty the struggle ended; the body, after long paroxysms of exquisite anguish, gave up its strong hold of life, and the rich soul exhaled away to Heaven, rejoicing to escape from the bars against which it had so beaten its bright wings in vain. I saw her in her coffin, with an expression of freedom and exaltation upon her marble features that seemed a glory reflected down from her now triumphant far-off spirit, and I resolved to remember the war and earthly wreck of her thwarted nature, and never to cease until I saw some better way for woman than this which can so horribly waste and abuse their finest powers.—[Atlantic Monthly for February.

APPROPOS of that institution descended from the good old days before cheap newspapers and woman's missionary societies, bed-quilt-piecing, an Aunt Lucy of the *Rural New Yorker* says, "I have lived forty-six years and brought up six children, and have never yet found time to buy calico and cut it up into little pieces, half an inch square, for the purpose of sewing them together again, just to see how many I could make of it."

A San Francisco despatch says that the Union Pacific Railroad is still blockaded with snow for many miles. There have been no trains either way between Wascott and the western terminus of the road since the 12th of February. The latest overland mail advices from New York are to the 6th of February.

John Bunyan being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ, and live a holy life, that he might by-and-by go to heaven and see for himself.

Hundreds of tons of ice have been cut near Swan Island, opposite Richmond, and piled up on shore. The heap resembles an iceberg, hauled ashore. It is to be covered with hay and boards and shipped as early as possible.

The Cuban despatches say that the Spanish troops are barely able to hold the ground they now occupy and large reinforcements from Spain will be needed to subdue the rebellion. Great distress prevails among the inhabitants of the inland districts.



## Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 6, 1869.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 4 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Nichols, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seaver's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 125 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, of WATERTOWN MAIL OFFICE."

## TOWN MEETING.

Monday next promises to be a day of considerable interest in Waterville. There is an unusual number of projects for new roads and streets; and the various interests involved in them suggests conciliation, and doing unto others as we would be done by. The town, financially, should not always demand that this feature of progress should "pay." Mutual accommodation is "written in the bond" of the town organization, and should be generously carried out—always keeping in view good economy and fire thought.

The subject of taxes, always interesting, will come up under the plea that it is not "equal taxation" that a portion of the tax payers should pay promptly at the beginning of the year—thus giving the selectmen means to keep the machine moving—while others defer payment to the last minute, and compel them to hire money at high rates of interest to pay honest debts. This is under

ART. 12. To see if the town will determine at what time the taxes assessed by said town shall be payable, and order that interest on the same shall be collected from the time said taxes become due.

Then comes the so called "Gilman Road," through the property of Geo. Gilman, now in N. York, across the Messalonskee, and so on. This article was before the town last year. Perhaps it comes in new shape, or with new inducements:

ART. 13. To see if the town will vote to accept a road, or any part thereof, laid out by the Selectmen; beginning on the west line of Pleasant-st. at a point 3 rods north of an elm tree at the north east corner of land owned and occupied by Johnson Williams 2d; thence north 63 deg. west twenty-five rods to a stake; thence north 62 deg. west forty-one rods to a stone monument; thence north 61 deg. west nineteen rods to a stake; thence north 63 deg. west thirty-one rods and one half to the west bank of the stream, including nine rods and five links across the stream; thence north 63 1-2 deg. west one hundred and five rods to the east line of the Rangeway Road, so called—the road to be three rods wide, and located on the south side of the foregoing courses and distances; and all that part of the road which lies west of the stream is located one half on land of H. W. Getchell on the north side and R. W. Fry on the south side.

And here are two articles (14 and 15) contemplating the discontinuance of a street in West Waterville, laid out last year, and its location in different lines:

ART. 14. To see if the town will vote to accept a road laid out by the Selectmen, beginning in the south line of Main Street, near Cornforth's store, in West Waterville Village; thence south 4 deg. west 11 rods to a stake; thence south 16 1-2 deg. west 12 1-2 rods; thence south 11 3-4 deg. west 14 rods 6 1-2 feet; thence south 19 deg. west 7 rods 8 1-2 feet to a stone monument in the north line of Grove Street—the road to be 3-4 rods wide and on the east side of the foregoing courses and distances—and raise money to build the same.

ART. 15. To see if the town will vote to discontinue the road as laid out and accepted by the town at the same annual meeting on the ninth day of March, 1868, beginning at a point in the north line of Grove Street, in West Waterville Village, at the south east corner of land of Lewis Balenger; thence north 19 deg. east seven rods and eleven links; to the east corner of said Balenger's land; thence north 12 1-2 deg. east thirty-two rods; thence north 7 deg. east five rods and eight links, to the southern line of Main Street, as now travelled; the said road to be on the east side of said laying, and the road to be 3 rods wide.

And here are two more, (16 and 17) involved in Water Power plans and interests, that contemplate pushing Main Street straight forward over "Continental" territory down to the old Samuel Redington homestead, in the Hollow, and discontinuing that portion which now winds down to the nozzle of Ticonic Bridge, and on to the Bay and Plains:

ART. 16. To see if the town will vote to accept a Road laid out by the Selectmen, beginning in the west line of Main Street at the southeast corner of Ticonic Row; thence south 34 1-2 deg. west 53 feet; thence south 24 deg. west 28 rods 11 feet to Water Street; the said Street to be 3 1-2 rods wide, and to lay on the east side of the foregoing courses and distances—and raise a sum of money to build the same and pay land damages.

ART. 17. To see if the town will vote to discontinue that portion of Water Street which lies between Ticonic Bridge and the point to where the proposed new street strikes the said street, near the Town landing, or any portion thereof.

And here is another, that proposes to bring out to daylight some good tax-paying farmers who have "made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before." They deserve accommodation if economy will warrant, and should be heard in a neighborly spirit:

ART. 18. To see if the town will vote to accept a road laid out by the Selectmen, beginning at the north east corner of Leonard Rowe's land near his dwelling-house; thence south 25 deg. west, on the line between said Rowe's land and Lewis Wilson's private way, eighty rods, to Wm. E. Tupper's land; thence across said Tupper's land, south 33 deg. west, fifty rods, to Lewis Wilson's home farm; thence south 58 deg. west, across said Wilson's land and land belonging to Alonzo C. Marston, two hundred and forty-five rods, to the north east corner of John Wheeler's home lot; thence on the line between said Wheeler's lot and land of said Marston, south 53 deg. west, about 82 rods, to land of Gideon E. Haines; thence across said Haines's land, south about 57 deg. west, seventy-seven rods, to the road near the foot of Swan Hill, at a point where the said Wheeler's land and the said Haines's land strike the road;—the road to be four rods wide, and to lay on the east side of said line;—and raise money to build the same.

One more, for which good reasons will be given, closes the list, and is found in

ART. 19. To see if the town will vote to change the location of Church Street, in Waterville village; beginning in the west line of Elm-st., at a point 9 ft. 6 in. southerly from the south line of Church-street; thence northerly 61 3-4 deg. west, to the north-west corner of the grave yard;—said Church Street to remain 2 1-2 rods wide, and lay on the north side of the above named course and distance.

And now our western neighbors come with a proposition to give us an annual ride, at half fare by cars, to offset the pleasure they find in coming here at this time. This is very kind, if they mean it in this light, and we shall very cheerfully vote "one way or 'other?"

ART. 20. To see if the town will vote to hold its annual September meetings hereafter in Mechanics' Hall, West Waterville.

And in the name of patriotism—last but not least—comes up the memory of our fallen soldiers—with what result we dare not predict, so reluctant are men to "pay for dead horses."

ART. 22. To see if the town will vote to raise the sum of two thousand dollars; one-half thereof to be paid to the Waterville Soldiers' Monument Association, and the other half to be paid to the West Waterville Soldiers' Monument Association, for the purpose of assisting them in erecting suitable monuments in memory of those who fell in consequence of the rebellion, which they so successfully helped to put down.

All this, and even much more, comes into the day's work of Monday next. Certainly it demands patience, forbearance, kindness, and all the other Quakerly virtues.

TWADDLE.—If ever the press of this country played the fool over mere humanity, Gen. Grant is surely the victim. Of course we make exception of the apology made for Mr. Johnson's drunken speech, because certain great men shouldered the blame in that case. At first it was his crowning glory, next to the victory of Richmond, that he smoked cigars and whittled a stick. The "inevitable cigar," and the eternal pine stick, were used to smoke out his personal cleanliness and whittle away his dignity before the rabble, till everybody else was disgusted. Then he could not make a speech!—which, to be sure, was a blessing to the country, though a simple deficiency in him. He had not been educated to it,—for a man who can "talk horse" can make a speech if he studies oratory as closely as he does horses. Finally, his wonderful "reticence!"—he would hardly tell Mrs. Grant what he wanted for dinner, so closely did he keep everything to himself. For a time after his election, and especially before the "Washington correspondents" knew even his dreams; and a score or two of cabinets had been reported on his special authority, before his mouth was shut and sealed.

Then even a "young lady who met him in the street and inquired" who was to be prime minister, was assured that he had not yet "even told Mrs. Grant!" Wonderful man!—most sapient press!

The climax of all is an article in the Atlantic Monthly, claiming that the president elect was a mere putty-head from the time he graduated at West Point till he fronted the rebellion at forty years of age. He was merely "kept alive," says that magazine, "and that is about all." He was only a lieutenant in the Mexican war; invested in a billiard saloon in California and failed; only rode a horse well at Sackett's Harbor, failed at farming; was a mere numb head in real estate brokerage; and settled down as a clerk in a leather store at \$600 a year! Here the war found this negatively great and glorious man,—for let it be told, that all these details are condensed to magnify the present greatness of an unquestionably great man! We might doubt this, but set down the Atlantic as an enemy in disguise; but that we find its foolishness circulating through leading republican papers.

Now what is all this for? Are we to conclude that Gen. Grant had no capacity beyond whittling a stick, till he met the war as an accident, and was hurried into it, to be bolstered upon its topmost wave by men who possessed the powers that he lacked? What other deduction is logical? If Gen. Grant was never great but at Richmond, will he be great anywhere else? This is the only inquiry suggested by this negative praise.

Not that anybody cares for all this, or that it does any hurt. It is but the froth of the national ballot box, that must be permitted to run off. This great depositary of everything must have vent, or the mass will purify. It is the vulgar element—the spirit of the "great unwashed," that must go forth somewhere. It impeaches none but those who labor for it; and

even they are unconscious of the hurt done them. Simple greatness, without folly or marvellousness, is not in their instinct. They made "Old Hickory" of Gen. Jackson—"Tippecanoe" of Harrison—"Old Hasty Plate" of Scott—and now they must make a pine stick of Grant. Let them go on; we make no objection,—only to say that from the Atlantic Monthly, and from some of the papers that copy its article, we might look for something better.

The strange course of president (now ex-president) Johnson in pardoning so many of the criminals imprisoned for various crimes of all sorts, must give him a very desirable constituency when he again runs for office. He can boast as many scoundrels among his friends as the mayor of N. York. If he intends to head a regiment of volunteers in Tennessee, it is easy to see the aim of so many displays of mercy.

"His parching grave shall green be made  
With tears by reason's shed."

And here we happen to recall what we thought a rather pungent anecdote at the time—many months ago, when the National Division of the Sons of Temperance met in Tennessee—at a time, too, when president Johnson was at the climax of his ignominy with republicans. A committee of southern members had entertained several northern delegates, after the meeting, with visits to various attractions here and there in Tennessee,—among them the Hermitage and the tomb of Gen. Jackson; the venerable widow of president Polk; and the tomb of that noted man. When the time came for an end of these courtesies, of course the northern brethren tendered warm thanks for the committee's favors; and the committee responded in the same vein.

"If anything remains undone or unseen," said one, "that could add to the pleasure of your visit, we beg"—

"Nothing," said one of the favored—and we must say here that he was a well known Waterville temperance republican, whose name we dare not give.) "Nothing—unless you"—

"Anything that we"—

"Unless—only if—if you could show us the tomb of—one more president!"

SALE OF STOCK.—At the sale of pure blood and grade stock at "Brook Farm," on the 24th and 25th ult., there was a large attendance, the first day over 500 people being present. The stock sold low for the quality; but taking into consideration the season and state of weather and roads—there having been the severest storm of the season on the day first set, causing a postponement,—fair prices were realized. Some of our farmers who were lucky and enterprising enough to get there "through thick and thin," were rewarded by good bargains; thus adding to the value of their farms,—for what is a farm worth unless it has some choice stock that the owner can take pride in showing?

We give below a minute of some of the sales:

"Marygold," a pure blood red Durham cow, 7 yrs old, with calf by Mr. Dow's Matadore, brought \$160.

Her heifer, 3 yrs old, \$98.

"Blanche 2d," grade, well up to pure blood, \$84.

"Winthrop Maid," who has taken several premiums as a dairy cow, \$106.

Her heifer, 2 yrs old, \$76.

The Jersey heifer calf known as the "Barrel Calf," \$76.

The full-blood bull "Charleton 2d," was taken by our enterprising young breeder, L. A. Dow, who knows that "blood tells," at \$100—a quarter of his value, as he comes of the best stock in the country.

Several bulls of Jersey stock were sold at fair prices.

The Colts, 26 in number, mostly "Don Juan" stock, (which excellent horse, we regret to learn, is about to leave this vicinity for Skowhegan), brought, various prices, from suckers as low as \$30, to \$150 for 2-yr-olds, and \$200 and upwards for 3-yr-olds.

The sale was, we understand, a free one, and about everything put up was sold, with the exception of "Don Juan," who still belongs to Mr. Taylor.

Whatever may have been the result of the much talked of "Inauguration Ball" at Washington, it was successful in Waterville. Even with a blustering threat from wind and snow, the number present was enough for a good time, and mostly of an age to improve it. Choice music from Belfast, good management, and one of the nice suppers so sure to come at the hands of Mathews, the young folks struck a "line" Gen. Grant will not ask them to fall back from—as he did the Washington dancers.

FIRE IN BELGRADE.—The store of Mr. Albert Caswell, of Belgrade, which is in the basement of his house, took fire from the furnace about 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and the building and goods were damaged to the amount of about \$300. Fully insured at the office of L. T. Boothby of our village.

HON. WYMAN B. S. MOOR was reported dead, a few days ago, and highly complimentary obituaries were in many of the papers. He is still alive, though in a very low condition, in Virginia, and his children are with him.

WALTER H. HATCH, Superintendent of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, has gone to Jacksonville, Florida, for the benefit of his health. Mr. L. L. Lincoln is acting Superintendent during his absence.

MR. NATHAN W. FOSTER, chairman of the State Board of Commissioners of River Fisheries, died at his residence in East Machias on Monday last, at the age of 72.

## OUR TABLE.

LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL, embracing a Graphic and Eloquent Delineation of the Early Life, Education, Conversion, Teachings, Labors, Travels, Sufferings, Perils, Persecutions, and Missionary Career of St. Paul, thus constituting a Living Picture of the Great Apostle himself, and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. By W. J. Conybeare, M. A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool; with a Preliminary Dissertation by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., Professor of Revealed Theology in Yale College. Hartford: S. S. Scrantom & Co.

This work is universally regarded as, not only one of the most important contributions to theological literature since the reformation, but one of the most absorbingly interesting biographies ever written. It embodies the results of a profound and appreciative study of the true inner life of St. Paul, exhibited in his letters which delineate the motives which impelled, and the faith which sustained him, during his years of conflict. So excellent is it in the appointments of a good book, that the reader is perplexed which most to admire, the thoroughness of its research, its candid and devout spirit, its clear and attractive style, or the remarkable interest with which it invests every event in the great Apostle's life, every sentence in his epistles, and every event in the entirely aggressive and rapidly diffusing Apostolic Church in which he was the principal worker. Being a complete storehouse of information, it makes the studious reader intelligent in Sacred Geography, History and Theology. It is an invaluable book for the Sabbath School teacher, furnishing improved reading of text and a critical commentary of all the epistles.

This edition, which appears in a handsome volume of over a thousand pages, enriched with numerous maps and engravings, is an exact reprint of the greatly improved "People's Edition," prepared with much care and labor and differs from all other editions by the translation into English of the Greek, Latin, and German quotations. It is the only unaltered edition published in this country. It is not an abridgment, but is, in all respects, an exact reprint of the London edition, with the addition of the preliminary dissertation by Dr. Bacon.

For weighty endorsements of this book, see advertisement on our fourth page.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January is at hand, with the following table of contents:—

The Struggle for Empire with the Maharrats; Richardson's Classics; Our Criminal Procedure, especially in cases of Murder; Mr. Bright's Speeches; Art and Morality; The Adulteration of Food and Drugs; Mr. Darwin's Theories; and Notes on Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for March brings to its readers the usual supply of choice reading for the family, including several interesting stories. The usual number of embellishments, patterns, designs, etc., will be found.

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

DEITZ'S EXPERIMENTAL FARM JOURNAL, devoted to the interests of the American Farmer.—The second number of the first volume of a monthly publication, with this title, comes to us from Chambersburg, Penn. It contains 36 pages of good agricultural reading, and is published by Geo. A. Deitz, at \$1.50 a year.

INAUGURATION DAY.—Bismarck, the great Prussian statesman, sent the following significant greeting to President Grant, on Thursday:—

"My cordial congratulations on this solemn day." The word was well chosen; for, in view of the tremendous responsibilities assumed by the chief magistrate of this great nation, at the present time, it may well be termed a solemn day. The sagacious and experienced European statesman saw it to be such; and Gen. Grant, too, when he invoked the prayers of the nation for the reign of charity and peace; and so did the people who assembled for prayer all over the land, and unitedly put up their petitions for the blessing of Heaven upon the new administration. Founded in faith and prayer, we may well hope that it will rule in truth and righteousness.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST, which is to be issued in elegant style, with numerous beautiful engravings from original designs and several valuable maps, will not be ready for canvassing agents before the month of May. A few specimen pages show that the work will be eminently attractive, and as it is to be sold only by subscription, it will no doubt be one of the best books for agents ever published in this country. J. B. Ford & Co., 164 Nassau St., New York, are its publishers, and H. A. Brown & Co., No. 3 School St., Boston, are agents for the New England States.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—There will be preaching at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association next Sabbath forenoon, at the usual hour, and regularly hereafter, until further notice. Seats free to all.

THE WEATHER.—Spring has begun, according to the almanac, but Winter seems to be tightening his grip upon us. A foot and a half of snow fell here on Friday night last, and on Monday the mercury stood at 30 degrees below zero. We have about four feet of snow here now, and in the northern part of the State there is nearly double that amount.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—Ex-President Johnson (we hope we are properly grateful for the "Ex.") could not leave the chair of state without inflicting upon the country a long farewell address, containing an elaborate vindication of his administration, with considerable abuse of Congress, and homilies on the Constitution. He cannot swing in that circle any more.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—In Lewiston, on Monday, the Hon. Isaac N. Parker, republican, was elected mayor. In Saco, owing to dissensions among the republicans there was no choice. In Bath, James T. Patten, republican, was chosen mayor. In Hallowell, James Atkins, Jr.

Railway travel in Canada is pretty much suspended by the large amount of snow. They tell of eight feet in Montreal.

## PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

"Your suffrages having elected me to the office of President of the United States, I have, in conformity with the constitution of our country, taken the prescribed oath. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, and with a determination to do to the best of my ability all that is required of me. The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unthought. I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscious desire and determination to fill it to the best of my ability, and to the satisfaction of the people.

All laws will be faithfully executed, whether I approve them or not. I shall, on all subjects, have a policy to recommend—none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike, those opposed to as well as those in favor of them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

The country has just emerged from a great rebellion. Many questions will come before it for settlement in the next four years which the preceding administrations have never had to deal with. In meeting these it is desirable they should be appreciated calmly without prejudice, hate or sectional pride, remembering that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object to be attained. This requires security to person and property and for religious and political opinion in every part of our common country without regard to local prejudice. All laws to secure this end will receive my best efforts for their enforcement. A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this principal and interest, as well as the return to a specie basis as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, or to the country at large, must be provided for. To protect the national honor every dollar of government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public place, and it will go far towards strengthening a credit which ought to be the best in the world and will ultimately enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay. To this should be added a faithful collection of the revenue, a strict accountability to the Treasury for every dollar collected, and the greatest practical retrenchment in expenditure in every department of government. When we compare the capacity of the country now—with ten States still in poverty from the effects of the war, but soon to emerge, I trust, into greater prosperity than ever before—with its paying capacity twenty-five years ago, and calculate what it will probably be twenty-five years hence, who can doubt the feasibility of paying every dollar then with more ease than we now pay for useless luxuries?

Why, it looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us a strong box, the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the far West, which we are now forging a key to unlock, to meet the very contingency that is now upon us. Ultimately it may be necessary to increase the facilities to reach these riches; and it may be necessary also, that the General Government should give its aid to secure this access; but that should only be when a dollar of obligation to pay, secures precisely the same sort of a dollar in use now, and not before.

While the question of specie payments is in abeyance, the prudent business man is careful about contracting debts payable in the distant future. The nation follows the same rule. A prostrate commerce is to be rebuilt and all industries encouraged. The young men of the country—those who form this age and must be its rulers twenty-five years hence—have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor. A moment's reflection as to what will be our commanding influence among the nations of the earth, in their day, if they are only true to themselves, should inspire them with national pride. All divisions—geographical, political and religious—can join in this common sentiment. How the public debt is to be paid, or specie payments resumed, is not so important as that a plan should be adopted and acquiesced in. A united determination to do its worst more than divided counsels upon the method of doing. Legislation upon this subject may not be necessary now, nor even advisable, but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channels.

It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith; to collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly accounted for and disbursed. I will, to the best of my ability, appoint to office only those who will carry out this design.

In regard to foreign policy, I would deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other, and I would protect the law abiding citizen, whether of native or of foreign birth, wherever his rights are jeopardized or the flag of our country floats. I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us we may be compelled to follow their precedent.

The proper treatment of the original occupants of this land, the Indians, is one deserving of careful study. I will favor any course towards them which tends to their civilization, Christianization and ultimate citizenship.

The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public so long as a portion of the citizens of the Nation are excluded from its privileges in any state. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now, and I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the 15th article of amendment to the constitution.

In conclusion, I ask patient forbearance, one toward another, throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen to do his share towards cementing a happy union, and I ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this happy consummation.

TICONIC WATER POWER COMPANY still lives, and is quietly active. The Redington property under the bill, including the old Asa Redington homestead, has been purchased, which is regarded as a very important addition to the real estate of the company.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports the number of cattle smaller this week than last, with prices slightly advanced.

HENRICKSON has Harper's Magazine for March, and all the other late magazines and periodicals on his counter, fresh from the New England News Company, Boston.

President Johnson issued a batch of pardons at a late hour of his official existence, including two for Spangler and Arnold.

## MAINE LEGISLATURE.

On Thursday, Feb. 25th, the Senate refused to concur with the House in indefinitely postponing the resolve in favor of the State Agricultural Society and passed it to be engrossed. In the House, petition for female suffrage was referred to next Legislature.

On Friday, in Senate, petitions for a law allowing apothecaries to fill the prescriptions of physicians, without rendering themselves liable to penalty, were referred to the next Legislature; bill to extend the Somerset and Kennebec railroad to Carratunk Falls was indefinitely postponed—a triumph of the Maine Central; Committee on Manufactures reported a bill to authorize Ticonic Village Corporation to raise and expend money for certain purposes; a bill an act to protect smelts in Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers was presented. An act for the promotion of medical science passed to be engrossed, 64 to 49, but the yeas and nays being ordered there were thirty-six absentees.

On Saturday, in Senate, a resolve appropriating \$200 towards a monument for the late Dr. Holmes was reported, and it was twice read and passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the Committee on the State Constabulary and Liquor Law, on bill an act to prevent the manufacturing or sale of poisons or adulterated liquors, reported the same in a new draft and that it ought to pass; an act authorizing Ticonic Village Corporation to raise and expend money for certain purposes passed to be engrossed.

On Monday, in Senate, bill for protection of smelts in Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers was read and assigned; an act to authorize Ticonic Village Corporation to raise and expend money for certain purposes passed to be engrossed; bill to protect pickerel in Three Mile Pond in Vassalboro', China and Windsor, passed to be engrossed.

In the House, an act establishing County Teachers' Institutes was reported; bill authorizing the towns of Hartland and St. Albans to raise money to aid in the construction of the Pittsfield, Hartland, and St. Albans railroad, passed to be engrossed, in concurrence; resolve inquiring into the expediency of requiring uniformity of railroad gauge in this State, passed to be engrossed.

On Tuesday, in Senate, the bill for the promotion of science (pauper dissection bill) was indefinitely postponed—12 to 10.

In the House, a bill was reported to promote Scandinavian emigration; bill to incorporate the Athens Railroad Company was passed to be engrossed; bill increasing the amount of money which towns shall raise for the support of schools was indefinitely postponed.

On Wednesday, in Senate, resolves providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature and elections of State and County officers, were unanimously passed to be engrossed; a bill for promotion of medical science was presented.

In the House, bill for protection of smelts in Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers passed to be enacted. Resolve in favor of State Agricultural Society passed to be enacted; an act to authorize Ticonic Village Corporation to raise and expend a certain amount of money for certain purposes passed to be enacted. The House refused, 93 to 25, to pass the resolution instructing the Senators and Representatives to urge the re-establishment of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces.

On Thursday, in the House, on the question of adopting Mr. Read's amendment to the bill for defining and punishing murder, the yeas were, 95, yeas 45, inflicting the death penalty.

SHERIFF BUNKER of Anson, who has been looking for the thieves who operated in this vicinity, during the winter, arrested a young man by the name of Love, a few days ago, who had disposed of some of the missing property in that vicinity, including the robes and tools of Mr. John W. Drummond, of Winslow. The young man, formerly a resident in this vicinity, owned up to having sold the property, but while failing to account for the way in which it came into his possession, denied having stolen it. On Thursday evening, however, while in the charge of a keeper, by the connivance of certain parties, as is pretty certain, the young man escaped, and Sheriff McFadden of our village, who had been sent out to escort him to Waterville for trial, was compelled to return without him.

MR. LEWIS P. MAYO, our talented young musician, who was compelled to suspend his studies by the failure of his health last fall, has so far recovered it as to be able to give lessons on the pianoforte and organ. See his advertisement in another column.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, the French poet and statesman, died on Monday last.

Rev. Mr. Gunnison, of Dexter, will preach in the Universalist church in this village next Sunday.

The defeat of nearly the entire republican municipal ticket in Portland is explained in various ways by the papers. The mayor elect, Putnam, squarely relieves his opponent, Mr. Drummond, of the suspicion of a party defeat. The Morrill and Hamlin question—the temperance question—breaking up of old cliques, &c., are no doubt among the true reasons.

CLEVELAND, on trial for murder at Bangor, has been convicted.

DR. TRUE has retired from his position as editor of the Maine Farmer.

MR. T. C. WENDENBURG, son of W. Wendenburg of Augusta, came home to his father's house on Saturday, apparently in his usual health. Sunday morning, his father hearing a strange noise proceeding from his room, went to it and found his son dying. His age was about 23 years.

The Belfast Journal says an animal that has been prowling about Seasmont village, leaving big tracks in the snow, was trapped by Mr. A. D. Keene, and found to be a loup-garrier, or wolf-cub, three feet long and weighing 27 pounds.

The Progressive Age says Capt. Mark Welch of Belfast committed suicide last Sunday by cutting his throat with a sheath knife. The act was performed while in a state of partial insanity caused by a painful and aggravated disease from which he had long been suffering. His age was about 55 years.

The use of earth instead of water closets in the Pennsylvania Hospital has led to the discovery of the remarkable curative qualities of dry earth. Sores and wounds that yielded to no other treatment have been dressed with dry earth with the happiest results.







