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Maxham & Wing

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TRUTHFUL OF SNOW.

Beautiful Snow! No, thank you; oh, no!
I'm not very sweet upon beautiful snow;
For while the earth's wrapped in its spotless folds,
As a rule, I'm rather a martyr to colds.

Beautiful Snow! With a cough on your lungs,
And a chill that sticks to the carefully lungs;
Beautiful Snow! Well, that's rather a jest,
With a big mustard poultice stinging your breast.

Beautiful Snow! When a delicate thaw
Makes the air chilly and damp and raw!
Beautiful Snow! They may sing whom it suits,
I object to the stuff, 'cos it soaks through my boots.

Beautiful Snow! With its floating flakes,
My mind will mix with rheumatic aches;
Beautiful Snow on the hillocks and clumps,
I do not admire white choked with the mumps.

Beautiful Snow!—in fact, is all both—
Crisp, it's a nuisance—thawed, it is slosh—
Beautiful Snow is like beautiful Star,
Admired by me only when seen from afar.

George B. Herbert.

[From Harper's Magazine for February.]

INVISIBLE FEET.

THEY were walking slowly, she leaning on his arm, on the little pier that ran out into the sea. Her little brother and sister were playing on the beach not far away. It was evening, and the sun had gone down, and Venus was just beginning to shine in her mild and silvery splendor over the quiet waves. This was a delicious, hardly known, little village by the sea in one of the Atlantic States. Trade had little to do with it; fashion had not found it out as yet. Perhaps some day it is destined to have its strand covered with bathing-machines, with young ladies in costumes that would have astonished the Nereids; perhaps there will be a band playing every evening on that pier where now our lovers are walking almost unseen of mortal eyes; perhaps there will be fashionable hotels, and six dollars a day for board; perhaps there will be splendid carriages and amiable waiters; perhaps the correspondents of newspapers will devote half a column weekly to an account of the visitors and the doings at this point under the general title of "Fashionable Watering-Places." Perhaps all this may happen. It is possible; it is even probable. But when the place becomes thus fashionable, dear reader, it will care nothing about you or me; and we, in revenge, will care just as little about it. At the time this story tells of, a very few years ago, it was a place as delightful in its seclusion as in its scenery—a place, certainly, where happy people might make love, but which as yet idlers from hot cities had not desecrated by turning into a flirtation promenade.

Elsie Roland, the girl now leaning on the arm of her lover as they walk up and down the pier, had been living for many years a secluded and happy life with her father and mother in this village by the sea. Some time ago Mr. Roland was an enterprising man in commerce, living in New York, and making money very fast; but he broke down in business and in health together, and having saved from the wreck of his fortune, after paying all his creditors, just enough to maintain himself and his children in a very poor and stunted way, he found out this little village, and came and settled there. Either he had too much philosophy or too little spirit to tempt the chances of life any more. He yielded his broken sword to conquering Destiny; escaped with barely life from the wreck, he hung up his dripping garments as an offering to the sea-god, and tempted the winds and waves no more. Elsie Roland hardly remembered what people would have called the better days of the family. She lived a pure, poetical, delightful life, and even knew that she was happy.

Especially did she recognize the fact this evening as she paced the pier and leaned upon her lover's arm. Let us look at them. She is a tall, handsome girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, and an expression at once thoughtful, simple, and noble. There is a certain peculiarity about the expression of intelligent and refined people, women especially, who live in secluded places deep in the country or by the sea. The serenity and stillness of nature herself seem to be reflected in their calm, confident, contemplative eyes. They do not dart flashing glances at you, but look at you frankly and quietly, without hesitating to let fall their eyelids or avert their eyes. Elsie Roland was of this class. Calm nature had set its solemn stamp on her; and you would have known at the first glance that she was not a town-bred girl. You had, on the other hand, only to turn your eyes upon her lover for one moment to see that he had bathed pretty freely in the rough sea of life, and in most of its moods. The first impression conveyed to you was one of striking disparity as to age. Elsie surely was under twenty years old, and this man seemed to be at least forty. He was rather tall, very dark, with wavy hair and beard, which were already showing the first faint dawn of gray; and his handsome face, with its broad forehead and delicate chin, was deeply lined. Much experience and struggle and passion surely, and suffering doubtless, must have gone to mark that face thus distinctly; for now, as you looked a second time, and more closely, there was something in the general contour of the man's face and figure which seemed to declare him younger than the first appearance gave him out, and to tell that that hair was prematurely losing its color, and that forehead was lined and stained too soon. He looked into Elsie's face with an expression of deep affection and tenderness, and she gazed into his eyes with a regard of confidence and love unspoken.

Christie Cleveland—such was the name of Elsie's lover—had been a seaman, a merchant-captain, a lieutenant in the navy, an explorer in the Rocky Mountains, a dealer in furs, a wanderer among the Indian hunting-grounds, a whaler in Greenland, a teacher of navigation, a professor in a mining college. He had lived many lives. He had somehow or other got in to dealing with Mr. Roland at one time, and the latter owed him money—a considerable sum—which Cleveland did not come forward to claim at the time of the settlement. Mr. Roland put the money aside, and waited, and then advertised in the papers for the missing creditor, and at last Cleveland turned up quite carelessly and unexpectedly one day, not to demand the money, but to inquire how his old acquaintance was getting on. He seemed a little diffident about taking the money, and looked as if he would have liked to ask Mr. Roland to keep it, a little longer. But he did not venture on this, being afraid of wounding the old man's feelings; so he lumped the bank-notes into a handsome bag and crammed them into his pocket; and gradually and rather timidly contrived to make useful or handsome presents to Mrs. Roland and the children, and so became by degrees a close and cordial friend of the family. They all grew to be warmly attached to him. As a companion he was very interesting; he had seen so much, experienced so much, and could talk so unpretentiously and so well. In short, he became a devoted lover of Elsie's, and she soon made no secret of her deep love for him; and her father and mother were delighted, and every thing on the horizon looked rosy and bright.

These two lovers, then, were walking on the

pier this beautiful evening, and talking in low, grave, happy tones (I don't think lovers indulge much in loud bursts of laughter generally, do they?) when suddenly Cleveland came to a stand, and caught the hand that rested on his arm, and looked into Elsie's face with eyes that spoke of pain and wonder.

"Elsie," he said, "do you hear nothing—no sound now close behind us?"

"Nothing. Surely there is no sound near us except the talk of the children and the sound of the waves."

"Don't you hear any thing now—this very moment while I speak to you—like the sound of feet; of somebody walking round us? Do you really hear nothing of the kind, Elsie?"

"No, Christie, not a sound."

"Why it grows louder and louder. Good God, how I hate to hear it!"

"Indeed, Christie, it is only something in your imagination."

"Yes," he said, in a low tone, and with a sigh which well suited the haggard look on his now pale face, "it must be so; there is nothing in it; and yet you can't think how it disturbs me."

"What is it like?"

"Like the sound of footsteps, Elsie—didn't I tell you so?" he said, with some sharpness in his tone. "Like the sound of somebody walking slowly round and round me. It's detestable—it's damnable! Oh, Elsie, my sweet, I beg your pardon for such words; but you know what a rough, uncouth, badly trained sort of fellow I am; and this cursed, nonsensical fancy of mine disturbs me in a queer way; and you won't mind me, dear child, will you?"

"No, oh no," replied Elsie, slowly, and with a tone of hesitation at first. "No, Christie, I don't mind that. But I don't like to see you disturbed by any thing. Indeed, I shall grow jealous of this fancy which distracts your attention from me. For you have had it before now. Mr. Christie Cleveland, have you not, Sir? Come, confess."

"Yes, Elsie," he said, and he shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to conceal any thing from you. Twice it disturbed me before while I was with you; but I did not then think it worth talking about, and I didn't know that you observed any thing strange in my manner."

"Oh yes; I have quick eyes, dear, for all that concerns you. Shall I tell you when it was that you had this fancy before in my company?"

"If you can, Elsie."

"Indeed I can, for the very same expression came over your face then that was on it just now. The very first night my father brought you to our cottage, the very first moment when you and I spoke together, you started and looked round on all sides, and your face had just the expression it had an instant ago. Am I right, dear?"

"You are right, Elsie, he said, gloomily.

"The next time," the girl went on, lowering her tone, and looking on the ground, "was the evening here, when—you know—when you told me—"

"When I told you that I loved you, dear girl, better than all the world!" said Cleveland, shaking off in the excitement of the recollection all the gloom and pain of the moment—"when I told you the truth, my love, which I will say now again and again, if you will only listen to me. What do I care about such unseasonable whimsies as these imaginary footsteps? I am ashamed of myself, Elsie, and I don't know what you can think of me. Never mind—and forgive me, Elsie. You have chased away the ghost. I don't hear a sound of her confounded footsteps any more."

"Her footsteps, Christie? Is the ghost a woman, then?"

"Why, yes, dear—at least a light tread, you know; something like the tread of a woman, or a child, perhaps. I suppose all ghosts tread lightly, don't they? Besides, there is no mischief, they say, but there is a woman in it; and I suppose the same rule holds good with ghosts. But, man, woman, or fiend, it's gone now, Elsie; and, please, let us not waste our time by saying any more about it." And he began to talk rapidly and vehemently about their approaching marriage and their prospects; but in the midst of his talk he paused every now and then for a moment, and seemed as if he were listening nervously for some sound.

It was growing dark, and the lovers soon returned to the cottage, and Cleveland presently had to make his way to the house in the village where he had taken a bedroom; and so Elsie and he were separated. He was very tender and affectionate to her on their parting, and she returned his affection with frank maidenly acknowledgment. And why, then, did she go up to her bedroom with a sad and scared face, and shed some silent, bitter tears?

"Why did she do this? She herself probably could not have told the reason why in any distinct, intelligible words. She was a girl of education and sense, and she no more believed in ghosts than does Professor Huxley or Herbert Spencer. But there was something in the manner of her lover which surprised, puzzled, and pained her. Why was he scared by imaginary sounds? Why did he not speak more fully and freely to her? Had he not entire confidence in her? Why should he feel pain of any kind which she must not be permitted to assuage? Was there any secret meaning in all this which she must not yet know? and would that secret endure after their marriage?"

Let me do Elsie Roland justice. No mean and miserable suspicion of the man she loved entered into her generous soul. Brought up not in city life, she had not learned the ignoble lessons of universal suspicion and distrust; and having given her heart to Christie Cleveland, she had given him her confidence and faith to a degree which would doubtless appear unacceptably ridiculous and preposterous in the eyes of a young lady from Fifth Avenue, New York, or Park Lane, London. But it was enough to bring tears to her eyes that there should be any source of disquietude to Cleveland which evidently might not be fully set forth and explained to her. And so, loving him and believing in him no less than ever, she felt that a heavy shadow, the first omen of evil, was being flung itself ominously over her; and being, at last, only a girl, she could not repress her emotions, and she wept.

When next the lovers met, however, Cleveland made no allusion to the occurrence of that evening, and Elsie said nothing, and began gradually to think but little about it. Some happy

days and weeks passed away, during which these two met evening after evening, and talked over their future and their love without any disturbing sight or sound to mar the sacredness of their association; and Elsie felt more closely drawn to Cleveland than ever.

At last came the evening when, the final arrangements being made, the day of the marriage was fixed, and it was to be in the following week; and the lovers left the house for a short ramble toward the sea.

From the moment they left the cottage Elsie saw with pain and alarm that Cleveland's face grew haggard and gloomy, and that his manner was *distrained*. At last he stopped suddenly on the strand and groaned out:

"By Heaven, Elsie, I can't bear it any longer! Human nerves could not stand it. This horrid visitation is sent to punish me, and to take me from you, or perhaps to save you, poor child from me!"

"Elsie looked up into his face with an expression of horrified wonder. A terrible doubt was working in her mind, and must have signified itself through her eyes; for Cleveland replied to it:

"No, Elsie; I am not going mad. I am quite sane—so much the worse for you, and me! I am a scoundrel, Elsie, not a madman. I am not fit to marry you; and the angels have sent this visitation to preserve you. I thought first it was sent by devils to torment me."

"What is it, Christie? What do you mean? Why do you talk so? Do you think I believe anything but about you? Not if all the ghosts came out of all the graves to swear against you! Not I, dearest; I know you better than any of your ghosts."

She was endeavoring to talk cheerily, poor girl, and thus to reassure him, and herself as well. But she was much alarmed and shocked for all her confident words.

"Listen, Elsie. No man like me could care much about the visitation of a ghost, even were it a ghost, unless something within his own heart and conscience made his nerves weak. This wretched sound, which I fancy I hear just at this moment—only the sound of a girl's feet, child—is enough to make a pitiful coward of me; and I have not led a coward's life for the most part. No, Elsie, my love, you must not marry me! I wish, for your sake, I had been down at the bottom of the sea before ever I saw your sweet beautiful face—before ever I was tempted into forgetting the past by loving you, and thinking that you could love me! Good God! I have destroyed your life too!"

For Elsie turned so pale, and seemed so like one about to fall in a swoon, that Cleveland had to catch her, in his strong arms and allow her to rest there a moment. But she quickly grew firm again and spoke with something like coherence, if not composure:

"Christie, Christie dear, can you not speak to me frankly? Tell me what all this means. Let me judge. Am I not to be—was I not to be—your wife, and can you not trust me? Oh, I entreat you, tell me all! I am no child; and before you send me away from you I ought at least to know the reason why. You shall not break off in this way, for I love you, Christie!"

That seemed to the poor girl to give her a supreme, resistless right—to be the utterance of a command which might not be questioned. But Cleveland only looked at her with haggard face, and eyes that were almost void of meaning; and his lips trembled, and his whole aspect was that of one who is unmanned by supernatural terrors. It was a strange and a sad scene. The sea-shore, with its heavy, gray, slumberous waves coming lazily in; the sultry dark clouds of a summer evening, when the air is over-charged with electric fluid and a storm is near; the two lonely figures on the strand—the dark, pale, haggard man, and the imploring girl clinging to his arm.

"Suddenly voices were heard and two other forms appeared in the distance.

"Your father and mother, Elsie," Cleveland whispered. "For Heaven's sake do not say a word to them. Not now!—oh, not now!"

Recovering something of composure, with a strong effort, he gave to Elsie his arm, and then walked slowly and silently to meet the Roland pair. Then Cleveland murmured some excuse about having to go into the village to keep an appointment, and he left Elsie with her parents. She watched him as he strode along the strand. His head was bent; once he stopped for an instant, and almost turned round; but evidently would not allow himself to look back, and he presently disappeared.

That was a sad walk home for poor Elsie—the saddest she had ever had. But she would not submit at the cost of any mental torture to allow her father and mother, as yet, to know anything of what had happened, or of her state of mind. Mr. Roland was a sweet-tempered, placid, feeble man, utterly useless in a crisis or hour of distress. Mrs. Roland was a plain practical sort of woman—what people call a sensible woman—who could hardly sympathize with any but material and tangible sufferings. There was nothing yet which Elsie felt that she could possibly confide to her mother.

Oh, how tedious, tantalizing, torturing that long evening was! how disturbing the noise of the children! how distracting their endless questions! how weary every thing seemed! how wearisome every body! How profound a relief poor Elsie felt when she could escape to her own room! All through that agonizing evening it had seemed to Elsie that life had left to her no higher hope, ambition, aspiration than a wish to be once more in her own room alone.

At last raised to the height of this poor, sad, and ambitious, she enjoys it by throwing herself on her bed, and pouring out pensive, passionate tears. Suddenly she starts up—she had not undressed—and runs to the window. For she had just heard sung in a low voiced tone beneath the air and some of the words of a song she loved, and which Cleveland used to sing to her in his full sweet tenor. She knew it was Cleveland's voice which now sang in low suppressed notes under her window.

Yes, he was there. The cottage was low, and he could almost touch her window. He sang to summon her. She flung up the window, whispering, "Oh, my dear Christie!" and leaned out.

"Elsie!"

"Love!"

"Child, don't call me by such a name until you know all. Yes, I have made up my mind, and I will tell you all. That is what I came down to say. Then you shall judge and sentence me."

me. If you can endure me I shall believe that God, too, will forgive me. If you condemn me and cast me off I shall only say that you are right and just. To-morrow you shall hear from me. Good-night, and God bless you!" He was gone.

Does it seem strange that Elsie drew back into her room with a sense of relief, almost a feeling of delight? Certainly she went to her rest hopeful and almost happy, for she could not and would not believe that her lover had done anything which could render him forever unworthy of her. This innocent judge could not believe in utter guilt, and was all ready prepared to pardon.

Next morning brought, not Cleveland, but a long letter from him, written in his clear, manly hand—the hand of one to whom writing is no pleasure or light task, and who, when he says much with the pen, must be profoundly in earnest:

"This is a sad story, dear Elsie, but I must tell it. I shall feel the better for telling it, whatever comes; I shall be better able to bear the worst."

Two years ago, Elsie, I was in one of the Pacific Islands trading. A native girl was foolish enough to fall in love with me. She had been educated a little by some of the American missionaries, and she could talk English well. I liked her too; I was fond of her in a sort of way; but I could not bring her with me and bind myself to her for life. I was glad when the time came for me to go away; and I am ashamed to say I did not tell her, fearing scenes. But she found it out, poor creature, and hid herself somehow on board the ship; and she came out when we were far away to sea, and ran to me. I was ashamed and sorry and angry; and I am afraid I spoke some sharp words to her. She looked me full in the face—I shan't soon forget that look—and then ran to the side and leaped right overboard. As I sprang to the side and saw her face again rising out of the sea and the eyes met mine again, and there was the same look in them—so full of disappointment and despair. The sun was just down, the sea was running high. I saw the poor thing's face just that moment, and never again.

"Of course I threw myself into the sea—not many better swimmers than I—and did my best to find her and to save her; and they had the boats out in a moment. All to no purpose; we never saw a lock of her hair again above the waves. There was hard work enough for the fellows to pull me out of the water—I didn't want to be saved! But they dragged me out somehow."

Here were the footsteps that of evenings just after sundown, haunted me when I was most happy with you. I don't—at least I didn't—believe in such things any more than you do. But say that it is only my guilty conscience haunting me and not a ghost, is not that enough Elsie, to make me unworthy of you? For though I never wished to harm that girl—though I never thought she would take the thing to heart—I am her murderer all the same. She killed herself because of me."

"This is the story, Elsie. But for this I have not been a bad sort of fellow: ask any one who knew me. If you do not shudder at me and hate me, and shrink away at the thought of touching my hand—if you could still bid me hope, and could tell me that some time, any time, I may be forgiven by you and by heaven—then I shall feel my soul lightened of a fearful load, and I think perhaps, after all, I might yet make not such a bad husband. But if you are otherwise resolved, I shall bow my head and say that you are right, and that I am rightly punished, and I shall not repine; and I shall always think that but for my own crime you would have loved me."

"Elsie, take your own time and think of it; and if you can still love me, send me one line, one word; say 'Come!' If I don't send me back this letter of mine without a word and I shall accept my sentence, and own that it is just."

"I am, either way one who loves and blesses you."

CHRISTIE CLEVELAND.

Many, many tears did Elsie Roland let fall over this letter. But as though it was, it brought her deep relief. She consulted no adviser but her own soul and Heaven. Neither told her to reject the manly heart which had poured out its penitence and made its appeal to her.

She wrote to him at once:

"Come to me, dearest! This story is your secret and mine. No one else has any right to know it. Let it be my happy task to keep painful memories and haunting footsteps from your for the future."

And Elsie succeeded. Never more did Cleveland start at the sound of a ghostly tread. The love of his wife encompassed him, and the shadows of the past faded away.

COLDS AND HOW TO PREVENT THEM.—One of the leading predisposing causes is eating too much and eating those kinds of food which tend to clog up and burden the system. Anything which weakens the body or depresses the vital powers acts as a predisposing cause. For instance, the use of alcoholic liquors is a powerful predisposing cause, although they are taken under mistaken ideas that they tend to prevent colds. It is now a well ascertained fact that persons who do not use stimulants can endure cold longer and better, and are much less liable to colds—the same is true of all diseases—than those who do. The reason is plain. It is that the effect of stimulation is always exhaustion.

The principal exciting cause of colds is being shut up in over-heated and badly ventilated rooms. Persons who are thus confined are much more subject to them than those who are much out of doors in all kinds of weather. The following fact will serve as an illustration: in the winter of 1861, a portion of a regiment in the army of the Potomac built fire places of turf, stone, and other such rough material as they could find, rude heaters but capital ventilators; while another portion brought little sheet iron stoves that were capable of making the tent as hot as an oven. The result was that among the first class there was scarcely a case of severe cold or pneumonia during the winter, while the second class suffered severely. Pure air, not too highly heated, is one of the first requisites for preventing colds. Each one must determine for himself or herself just how it ought to be to secure it in his own individual case. It should be done, however, so as to avoid a strong draft upon any part of

the body. The diet should be plain, nutritious, unstimulating, and not clogging, and care should be taken not to eat more than the system can properly appropriate.

The body should be warmly clothed, especially the extremities, but not to overheat any part. Protect the feet from wet, dress comfortably. If you have a cold and wish to get rid of it quickly, eat little or nothing, drink cold water freely but slowly and a little at a time, and induce a general perspiration, either by exercise, wet sheet pack, lamp bath, or Turkish bath, if accessible. Colds will make short calls under such treatment and not very liable to repeat them.—[Herald of Health.]

FRENCH PEOPLE.—The current American notions of France have been generally formed from superficial acquaintance with Paris, and a few famous authors like Voltaire, Rousseau, and the modern novelists. But France and French character are suggestive of much more than Paris, and Voltaire, and the novel-writers. What most of us know about France is limited to the external aspects of Paris-life and to the Parisian writers. But these, though naturally having the ascendancy of all light and sparkling bodies, represent only the most superficial traits of French character. The varied elements of race and of temperaments, the opposed and diverse moral and intellectual materials of France, are sufficient to show the fallacy of generalizations which represent the Frenchman as a giddy, extravagant, irreligious, immoral being. Outside of the whirl of Paris, France has engendered men of cold and hard a temperament, as Scotland's Knox, or New-England's Edwards; soldiers as obstinate as Grant; statesmen as pure as Washington and lofty as Burke; she has produced Calvin, the root of a vast and sturdy religious democracy; Descartes, the great reformer and liberator of European intellect, who is said to have done for the intellectual world what Luther commenced in the ecclesiastical world; Pascal, than whom no English moralist is more grave, and precise, and searching; and L'Hopital, the wise and disinterested statesman. The Frenchman most widely celebrated, like Voltaire and Diderot, for vivacity and shrewdness, and yet for penetrating and stimulative wit, are, after all, like the light and sparkling wine of Champagne, significant of but a part of France. We must not overlook the earnest and quarrelsome Norman; we must make room for what Burgundy has given to France, the richest wine and the grandest eloquence, both of which suffer by transportation; fervid and splendid types, like Bossuet and Mirabeau. The truth is, the great renown of France is the result of the variety and keenness, the gravity and depth, the vast and multifarious genius, she has engendered on her soil and nourished by her civilization. Her genius has been light, and keen, and irreligious, in the head, at Paris, but strong, opulent, heroic, at the extremities. Her greatest soldiers, thinkers, and orators, have come from the provinces, and from them again must come her salvation, now that her Parisian head is powerless to deliver her from her enemies. Duguesclin, Montmorency, Turenne, Marshal Saxe, Bonaparte—these great soldiers came from the provinces of France, and likewise the thinkers and statesmen, L'Hopital, Descartes, Pascal, Richelieu, Montesquieu, and Mirabeau. The sad and patient Trochu comes from Brittany, which is said to afford the most unyielding element of the French nation, certainly the most devoted and religious, in the Protestant sense of the term, which is fidelity to an exalted sense of duty. The truth is, French character is about as multifarious and many-sided as we can possibly conceive; and yet such is the force of prejudice, that among the English-speaking nations French character is but another term for frivolity and irreligion. This, in spite of the fact that the historic life of France has afforded the great representative types of character, from Rubens and Montaigne to Voltaire and Renan; the types of Christian sweetness in Fenelon, the type of controversial and haughty logic in Bossuet of Protestant plainness and power in Pascal, of genial humanity in Moliere, of poetic sensibility in Lamartine, of poetic genius in Victor Hugo and George Sand, of intellectual discrimination in Saint-Simon, of piety and grace in Eugene de Guirio. If we would appreciate the French, we must understand the measure of the influence of these men and women, and we must be able to give an account of them, before we can presume to talk about French character, which is not one but many-sided in its historical manifestations.—[Appleton's Jour.]

THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS.—Some years ago there lived on our sea-coast an honorable and earnest Christian man whose life was far above the ordinary plane where Christians live and labor. As a ship-carpenter he was thrown into the company of men of capital, as well of workmen, many of whom were under his control. He had grown up in his native town and established himself in business there; and so pure had been his life, so generous and so open his character, that the greatest scoundrel of his time, if all church members were like him, we should believe, there was power in the religion of the Bible.

This man's humblest duty seemed as if performed unto God, and he walked ever as seeing him who is invisible. He reared up his family as few families are reared; the children all yielding their wishes to his judgment and making his word law. And yet his rule was that of love and not of fear.

When silver hairs began gathering about his temples he buried the wife of his youth, and his eldest daughter took charge of the family, the youngest of which was a curly headed little fellow of four years, the darling and pet of the household. This death was a terrible stroke; but the faithful servant bowed beneath it, and looking back at all the way in which God had led him; at the children spared to honor and comfort him, he asked, "Shall a man receive good at the hands of the Lord and not evil?"

And yet this good man abode in a tabernacle of clay; he was but man, with all his virtues; and the pride of being honored by his children, and by his neighbors for his children's sake, sometimes rose in his heart, and he felt that if all men had reared their families as he had done there would be many more households just like this.

But before the wound made by death had begun to heal, the one great sorrow of his life

came upon him. If God had called him to give up his substance, or his children, he could have done it, and said "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." But none of those model children, when away from his influence, fell into the snare of the destroyer.

Then did that agonized father feel, as never before, the waves and the billows rolling over him. The heavens gathered blackness above him, so that he could not see God's hand nor feel his Spirit. He shut himself away from the world, forgetting that there were weaker hearts than his, also broken and needing his strength to uphold them and to lead them to the mighty Healer. He would see no friend nor yet confer with his men; he felt that his honor was laid low and he longed only to hide himself in the grave. In his anguish he forbade the name of the wanderer to be spoken in the house, and commanded each child to regard her as dead and buried out of sight. The ship he was building might go on to completion or it might fall to decay on the stocks; he had nothing more to do with things under the sun!

And the months wore on, and still he walked about like a man in a dream. Perhaps in the sudden blow he forgot the dark stains of sin in that imperiled young soul, and the scorching effect of example coming from such a source on the young around. The fair fame of his family was sullied, and he could think of nothing else.

The pure hearted girl who had taken the mother's place had been forced to walk through this terrible darkness alone and in silence; but she had laid her burden where it was taken up and borne for her. She came forth from that experience to higher peace and trust than she had ever before enjoyed. She had proved God, and found him true; and his strength had become hers. She now lost all false shame and became hers. She now lost all false shame and became hers. She now lost all false shame and became hers.

When, after months, during which her hands had been tied so that she could not help the fallen up, she heard of the wanderer, sick and alone in a strange place, whether she had gone to seek work in a factory—no door on earth being open to win her back to virtue; then the mother's sister resolved she would be like Christ, —to lift up the fallen, though in so doing she should make herself almost homeless. And when only herself and the pet boy were with her father, she told what had reached her ears, and said, "And father, I am going to her, and I shall never leave her till she is forgiven by God and by you and is one of us again."

Then the father, unused to being disobeyed, and being chafed rather than chastened, broke out in reproaches, and accused the innocent girl of encouraging her sister in evil; and said many things unlike himself. The little girl stood at his father's side, looking in wonder into his face. He had heard a great deal of the gentleness and tenderness of Christ, and about being "like Christ." So, after a truce of little thought, he asked, in a surprise, as he twisted the steel chain of his father's watch, and jingled the key and said which buzz by it, "Papa, is you like your Jesus? By your Jesus be angry, and cross, and sold peoples? My Jesus loves ev'ry body, and he speaks low and kind."

The words came like sun to a dark sky, like music above the tempest. The father caught his baby up and pressed him to his heart, and great tears flowed down his manly cheeks as he replied, "No, my boy, my Jesus does not get angry and sold, and neither will I. I will try to be like your Jesus, darling, for he is my Jesus, too, and he does pity and love me, though I had forgotten it. Surely, do as you will about my poor, poor wanderer. Who can tell but God may bring her back to us and to himself? If she desire to return I will receive her, as my Father received me, a rebel, to his heart."

And from that hour, pride, the last sin which mortal eye saw in that good man, was subdued; and he walked among his neighbors thenceforth as one "risen with Christ," seeking the things which are above.

He lived to lead his erring child back to the paths of virtue and peace, and to see her and every child he loved, numbered in the fold of the blessed. He looked back to that great trial as to the furnace in which his spiritual pride was consumed and he made more like Christ in his humiliation than he had ever been before.—[Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, in Watchman and Reflector.]

THE DEAD FELON. Last week, in our county jail, a man charged with a high crime against the laws, passed to his last account. Whatever his guilt, whatever his crime, however dark the record of his life, God alone is now the Judge. It was known that in the past he had been gay, reckless, eager for the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and that to procure the means of indulgence he had plunged into crime, scoring the slow but sure paths of honest industry. He was no ordinary criminal; of keen, clear and subtle mind, the powers which he lent to the commission of crime would, in honest effort, have given him competence and position among men. But the fascination of vice was upon him, and he died the death of the criminal. What were his thoughts, with disease preying on his vital, and behind the bars of his cell, with no sound all through the dreary hours of the night save the tramp of the armed guards as they went their rounds, we can only conjecture. Though a criminal, he was still a man, and human sympathy went out to him. Kind hands ministered to him, as one whose claims were sanctified by the near and certain approach of death. The wife, still young, with the affection which a true woman manifests, however its object may have fallen, sat at his bedside till the last hour, and kissed the dead face of him to whom her young love had been given in bright and happy days.

Next day, an ordinary truck team was driven slowly along, and stopped in the street. The driver had an errand in a neighboring store. Upon the sled was a long box, bearing at one end of the lid only the word "Head," roughly pencilled. It contained the body of the dead criminal. A prison-worn trunk sat beside it, and a small box, through the crevices of which showed the dead man's clothing. The earthly remains and the whole estate were there. The wintry wind blew bitterly cold, the passers by cast glances at the sled and its mournful freight, and hurried to their homes. The driver came out, mounted the sled, and drove away.

The railroad train, that afternoon, bore away the coffin, the trunk and the little box of clothing. In the car sat apart a veiled and sad faced woman. Few in the crowd knew her story—none could share her sorrow. A kind hearted lady whose charity had relieved her husband's wants, spoke words of comfort to her. The conductor stopped at her seat and tendered his services, with the sympathy which a woman in affliction always commands. But the passengers laughed talked, told stories, and a party played cards upon a table improvised of a travelling bag. So nearly do the grief and joys of life meet and mingle. And at the junction, tenderly the coffin was handed out, the awful presence of death casting oblivion over crime—the weeping woman followed—and the disappearing train bore away the body of the dead and the grief of the living.—[Herald Journal.]

Waterville Mail.

EST. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 10, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Cornhill Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 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 by us.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents' name books.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business of the Mail should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, OF WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

T. CONIC WATER POWER COMPANY held its annual meeting at Town Hall on Monday evening last and made choice of the following directors: D. L. Milliken, Samuel Appleton, F. P. Haviland, G. A. Phillips, E. G. Meader, Elias Milliken, Chas. K. Mathews, C. R. McFadden, James Wall. Only a "baker's dozen" were present, one half of them being officers of the Company. In obedience to the terms of the call of the Secretary (an old one copied with change of date) the Treasurer presented a full and clear report of his doings for the year and the condition of the Company—which report it will be remembered, he was directed, (wrongfully as we thought,) to make to the Directors and not to the stockholders. After being read and commented upon, the report was referred to the Directors to be audited and placed on file with the Secretary for the inspection of the stockholders. Though it was not deemed advisable to publish this report in detail, it may be proper to remark—that while the affairs of the company appear to have been honestly, judiciously and economically managed from the commencement—and this includes the purchase of the water power and real estate, the building of the new dam, and the renting and sale of property—yet from the fact that a large outlay has been made, while only a small portion of the water power is rented and improved, it necessarily follows that the Company (as they sometimes say of an idle horse) is "eating its head off." We hope however that with the revival of manufacturing enterprise better days will soon dawn.

In the hearing before the Railroad Committee, in relation to a railroad junction at Waterville instead of Kendall's Mills, Senator Foster is reported as saying that "the College authorities are satisfied, and with the citizens of Waterville hope to have the Union Depot there." Mr. Heath said "the citizens of Waterville want a clause in the bill which will insure them damages for land taken." Mr. Channing of Kendall's Mills, said "the remonstrants had been misinformed and are now satisfied." The bill was reported and is on its way to a probable final passage.

PAINFUL CONVERSION—One of those sudden and mysterious changes of opinion, that generally point out the central attraction of the performer, was made a postscript to the Water-Power meeting Monday night. It was a curious sight to behold Waterville men speaking from an Augusta stand-point in regard to the Sprague fishway. Mr. Phillips said it was not "strictly within the call," but he wanted to be heard—and that dozen men kept sober faces while he played the great hardship it would be to the Sprague-Augusta interest to have to build that fishway! Nobody asked him how many petitions he signed for the other side before the scales (rice hulk) fell from his eyes. He said the fishermen wasted their time; salmon cost them ten dollars a pound, &c., &c.—rehearsing mainly the arguments of a paragraph in the Kennebec Journal on the selfishness of Augusta in asking to be excused from building the fishway she engaged to build many years ago.

Mr. orator Puff had two tones to his voice. "One up thus, [fishway]—'other down so [Sprague-way]."

Unitarian Levee, which is to commence at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, 14th, is arranging some broad plans of attraction. In addition to the usual fancy articles, refreshments, &c., there will be four popular dramatic performances, namely, "Poor Pillicuddy," "Loan of a Lover," "Woodcock's Little Game," and "Shadow Pantomimes." The "side shows" and other incidentals will make a pleasing variety. An elaborate exhibition of paintings and statuary, arranged on the modern plan, that has proved so popular among such as "like a joke," will be arranged by an amateur artist in one of the ante-rooms. Two or three evenings will be required to go through the whole of the attractive programme.

The Bangor Whig says that the dwelling house of Mr. Wm. C. Taylor, of Orono, was seriously damaged by fire on Monday morning last—the upper story and roof of the main building being burned off and considerable damage being done to the ell and stable. Furniture mostly saved. Insured in Bangor for \$500.

WESTERN DIVISION FARMERS' CLUB.

The Club met with Mr. Geo. E. Shores, on Wednesday evening, to discuss the subject of Grain Feeding of Stock. A goodly number assembled in the pleasant sitting room, in front of a genial open fire, though we are compelled to acknowledge that a large half were members of the Southern Division, with a sprinkling from Winslow and West Waterville. President Dow being absent, Mr. Joseph Percival took the chair and proceeded to business by calling upon the hospitable host for his present method of feeding.

Mr. Shores thought it profitable, at present prices, to feed grain bountifully to all kinds of stock, old and young. He would feed on meal to calves; but as corn is comparatively cheaper, makes their feed this winter, two-thirds old meal and one third corn meal; gives them from three pints to two quarts each with as much hay as they will eat; feeds it dry on account of the great labor of mixing it though he thinks there is no doubt it would be better cooked. To his cows he feeds scalded meal—6 quarts each, one half oats and one half corn; gives it all in the morning, but thinks it would be better given half at night and half in the morning. His cows do not eat more than half the hay they would without the meal, and after being fed in this way they are quiet; and he never had his cows do so well for milk nor kept in so good condition as the present winter—they have doubled their yield of milk and are in excellent flesh.

In response to a question by a member of the Southern Club, in which the subject had been discussed, Mr. Shores stated that does not salt his cattle in the winter, having come to the conclusion that they do not need it in the winter as they do in the summer. "And you never had your cattle do so well before?" further queried the anti-salt man. "Never," answered Mr. Shores. "There!" exclaimed anti-salt triumphantly, "there is evidence worth something; facts in support of our theory that salt is injurious to cattle; Mr. Shores's cattle have never done so well as they have since he discontinued the use of salt." Salt went under for a minute until some one quietly put the question—"Mr. Shores did you ever feed so well before?" "No, sir, I never did," promptly responded Mr. S.—and then the laugh was on the other side.

In further response to Anti Salt, who persisted in maintaining that salt was injurious, giving cattle the scours, Mr. Percival said that if cattle were allowed to eat a large quantity of salt after being kept from it for a long time it would frequently trouble them in this way; but if they could have access to it often there would be no trouble, and his experience and observation had convinced him that thus provided it was beneficial and not injurious. His practice is to give it twice a week; and if it is withheld his cattle appear to suffer and do not thrive as well, while the butter is twice as long in coming. His cattle, like those of Mr. Shores, had never done better this winter, and his cattle had been salted regularly. Quoted high medical authority for its use for man and beast, both becoming diseased when deprived of it for a great length of time.

Mr. Shores estimated the cost of the provender given to his cows to be about 15 cents a day. Though this feed much better than roots; and that 12 bushels of corn meal were equal to a ton of hay, but has never settled this by experiment. He has always been regular in his feeding, thinking it very important. Gives three meals of hay per day, his first and last being in fact two separate fodderings, each at short intervals; but he never feeds after dark. In answer to question, said he did not think much of corn meal as nutriment; possibly it might lighten up more substantial, concentrated feed, like corn meal, and lessen the danger of injury when the latter was fed in large quantities. Has fed shots in previous years, but shall not do it again as he thought it too expensive for the amount of nutriment furnished.

Mr. Percival remarked that his theory in regard to shorts is, that they benefit animals beyond the mere amount of nutriment they furnish, in softening the hay, lessening the labor of digestion, and enabling the animal to obtain more nourishment from its other food. He feeds shorts to his milk cows, his practice being to scald them, let them stand some time to steam and cook; and he feeds them as well with great regularity as to time every night. Stopping this feed, lessens the flow of milk more than can be accounted for by the nutriment furnished by the shorts.

Mr. E. C. Snell agreed with Mr. Percival that at night was much the best time to feed provender, and thought Mr. Shores might change in this respect with profit.

Mr. Percival quoted Mr. Waring in favor of steaming all feed, thinking he gains about one-third by the process, in lessening the labor of digestion and in extracting more nutriment from the same food. Mr. Waring runs an engine to cut his feed and to grind his corn in a portable mill, by the same fire that steams his feed.

It was conceded by all that manure was much more valuable where much grain was fed; and Mr. Shores enlarged upon the importance of keeping hogs at work upon the manure heap. He feeds heavily with straw, and his hogs work it all over nicely so that he is never troubled with fire-brag.

Col. Drummond thought it best not to manure potatoes but to apply plaster in the hill, and put on the manure when seeded to grass.

Mr. James Warren thought potatoes no more exhaustive than corn.

Col. Drummond thought newly broken land unfit for barley; and he gave his experience in seeding to grass after potatoes; don't think potatoes so good as corn; he would not plow an old pasture, but would keep it up in feed and renovate by sowing plaster and other top-dressing.

Mr. Getchell did not think well of plowing old pasture, but thought highly of plaster; thought, however, that it paid better for pasture than for fields. He thought the seed was in the air and that the plaster covered it. His method was to plant corn and potatoes in the field with manure alike, except that he added some old manure in the hill for corn.

Mr. Spring had never succeeded in getting a good crop of grass after potatoes.

Mr. Stratton thought ashes better than plaster for potatoes.

Mr. Garland thought he had spoiled his pasture by plowing.

Chose Mr. B. Stratton President for next meeting, which is to be at the house of Mr. S. Warren, with the same subject continued for discussion, GEO. W. FILES, Sec. pro tem.

OUR TABLE.

OLD AND NEW.—Among the articles in the February number are the following:—
Pink and White Tranny, continued; Raphael's Saint Cecilia; Pleasantly Agitated; A Lady's Journey in Syria; Optimism by G. Palfrey; Before I went to Brook Farm; The Nearer Hemisphere; An Eastern Story; Sorrento Papers; Practical Atheism; Letter from Gov. Andrew.

The Examiner and Record of Progress are interesting, as usual.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year. For \$1 it will be sent four months to any address, on a trial subscription.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for February is embellished with two charming set engravings—"The New England Farm, and 'Love Me, Love My Dog.'" Fine wood engravings also accompany and illustrate the following articles: Silent Cities; From Alasca to the Hartz; The Wonders of the Sea; The Female Orphanage at Bareilly, India; St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati. As usual the number is full of excellent reading for the family.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE and Floral Magazine for February is a well filled number of this excellent magazine, containing numerous articles on interesting topics with numerous neatly executed illustrations. This magazine now comes within the reach of all, being afforded for \$1.50 a year. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for February is handsomely illustrated and filled with good stories, poems, etc., for boys and girls. Since this popular Magazine was started thirty years ago by the renowned Peter Parley, a score or more of periodicals intended for the young have been born only to die, or to be absorbed by their rivals. Merry himself has swallowed half a dozen of them. The Museum is published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston. Terms, \$1.50 a year. Specimen, 10 cents.

THE MIRROR OF TYPOGRAPHY "reflecting the beautiful in the art," is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of printers, which furnishes beautiful specimens of workmanship that can hardly fail to excite an enterprising spirit of emulation in all who see it. It is sent to subscribers (with a beautiful chromo to be issued June or September) for \$1 a year.

Address T. H. Senior & Co., Publishers, Rooms 6 and 7 Sun Buildings, New York City.

THE HOUSEHOLD is a well filled paper of 24 pages, quarto size, published monthly at Brattleboro', Vermont. Its mechanical execution is remarkably neat and handsome, and the excellence of its contents, which are largely devoted to the interests of the American Housewife, has made it a favorite wherever it is known. Published by George E. Crowell, at \$1.00 a year.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER, one of the cheapest and most useful publications to be found, presents a February number of unusual interest. Among the articles many of which are accompanied by fine engravings, are the following:—New and important Discoveries in Agriculture; the Use and Manufacture of Gutta-Percha; Saw-Blowers vs. Piston-Blowers; Menhaden Oil and its Manufacture; Self-Instruction in Practical Chemistry; Squaring the Circle. A perspective view of a handsome suburban residence is also given, with plans, elevation and building details.

Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for February, is a very handsome number, not falling behind that for January in any respect. The Fashion Plate is beautiful and stylish, and the colored pattern for a Tidy will please industrious young ladies. Then there is a very natural picture of a Farm-Yard in February, and some attractive costumes for walking and skating and dining. A plate of winter fashions for girls and one for boys will be interesting to mothers. There are numerous designs for winter garments, patterns for which are supplied on application; and the Work-Table Department is very rich in captivating fancy work. The stories and poetry as usual. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

THE MOTHERS' MAGAZINE and Family Circle is a good monthly, with contents of special interest to Christian mothers. The February number has a memoir of Mrs. Ann Louisa Payson, wife of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D., of Portland; articles on Cleanliness; The Duties of Mothers; The Sphere and Mission of Women; Education of Children at the Table; How Harry Became a Christian, &c. Published by E. T. Fay, 5 Beekman St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is one of the cheapest and best periodicals published. It contains a great variety of reading matter, and all its articles are of the highest, moral tone. It numbers among its contributors, some of the best writers in the United States. Every number contains a \$100 Prize Story (complete). The February number furnishes much that is excellent. "Mother's Pet," a Prize story, by Miss Waterbury, is very well written indeed. "Little Jackson and his New Mamma," contains many lessons for parents. The Temperance Story, by Miss Jackson is full of earnestness and pathos. There are also articles by Gail Hamilton, Geo. Burleigh, Wm. Sigourney and others. The magazine is only one dollar a year. Published monthly by S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON, has sold out its stock to the Riverside Press, Cambridge, so that the business of manufacturing and publishing its books and periodicals will hereafter be carried on by H. O. Houghton & Co., of Cambridge, in connection with Hurd & Houghton of New York. The Society thus stands in the same relation to the Publishers that an author does. It is coming to be understood that a large concern, like the Riverside Press, can manufacture books to better advantage than the clerical men who generally manage our benevolent societies. The result of this radical change in the operations of the Boston Tract Society will be, first, an improvement in the mechanical appearance of its books; second, a reduction in the prices at which they will be sold; third, an increase of the circulation of the publications; and, lastly, all the benevolent funds will be applied to distribution, and none to manufacture. The last is a very important item, and we believe, will be found the true principle upon which our literary benevolent societies ought to be conducted. The officers are not generally practical book manufacturers, and cannot be expected to bring to bear the tact and talent gained by one who is obliged to earn his living by such a business. It is understood that this principle obtains abroad, and is found to work with economy and efficiency. The publications of the Boston Tract Society are wholesome, and we look for a much greater circulation of them, now that the matter is in the hands of such practical business men as Hurd & Houghton. If the extensive affairs of the Methodist Book Concern had been carried on in this way, we should not have the present confusion, or worse, which is unsettling public opinion, for the simple reason that the funds could not have been misapplied in the manner alleged. Business is business, and demands to be conducted upon sound financial principles, whether it be the manufacture of spades or Bibles, prayer-books or prunings-knives, tracts or tinware. [Springfield Republican Jan 19th, 1871.]

The weather was so cold in Portland, the other day, that persons were able to walk on the ice from Peak's Island to the city.

The Steamship Tennessee, dispatched to San Domingo, on a special mission, is believed to be lost.

A stranger dined recently at a fashionable hotel where they had apple dumplings with sauce "both" for dinner. He got through with the sauce, and mine host kindly inquired, "Will you have some more dumplings, sir?"

"No, sir, thankee," was the reply, "but I will thank you for a little more of the 'sauce.'" "What's the difference between the North Pole and South Pole?" "Why, all the difference in the world," replied a lady unwittingly, and that's the answer.

"GOOD SEED" is the title of a monthly paper, religious and literary, published in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association by F. G. Rich & Co., of Portland. It is neatly printed, and announces a strong corps of editors and contributors, who cannot fail to make an interesting and useful paper. The first number, just issued, bearing date the 1st of March, is full of good reading. Price, \$1 a year.

The Belfast Journal has a shrewd way of finding "apologies for rum"—even better, sometimes, than quoting from Andrew Jackson to prove the veracity of "Old Hickory." Clipping an assertion of the Mail, that most of the convicts in the State prison impute their misfortunes to intemperance, he rolls up the white of his eyes in astonishment, and exclaims: "If this is the result of prohibition thus far, what is to be expected in the future." Don't be alarmed, sweet innocence: this is not the result of prohibition, but of rum and democracy, both of which are going to the... somewhere together, we hope.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The Spring term began on Thursday, and the boys are dropping in slowly, though many are detained by the schools they are teaching.

Many potatoes and apples were lost through freezing during the recent severe cold weather. There was but little snow on the ground, and the violent and long continued wind forced the frost into cellars where it seldom goes. Last Saturday was probably the most uncomfortable day of the season for the traveller.

SHEPHERD S. STEVENS, formerly of Belfast, and recently convicted of larceny in New York hung himself in the Tombs prison on Tuesday night, as we learn from the Journal. He left a letter stating that he had been convicted by perjury and conspiracy and had no desire to live.

A Lady's gray FUR CAPE was left at Town Hall a few weeks since. It may be found at the Mail Office.

"THE LAND OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS." Col. R. C. Shannon delivered his lecture with this title, in City Hall, last evening, to an appreciative audience; every member of which was deeply interested and attentive to the close. The lecturer has lately returned from a three-years' residence in Brazil, and his lecture was mainly devoted to a description of that country, its people, their customs, the government, etc., and a brief review of the nation's history and its prospects for the future. That Col. Shannon has a talent for description—"word-painting"—is a better term—must be admitted by all who hear him. So clear, vivid and comprehensive are his delineations that the picture rises before the eyes into reality, and the information he imparts concerning Brazil could not otherwise be obtained except by a long residence. The lecture was a rare feast for the mind, and we hope the Colonel may decide to favor us with its repetition. [Bangor Whig of Thursday.]

CHURCH GAMBLING. In his charge to the grand jury at Newport, N. H., on the 31st ult., Chief Justice Bellows referred very pointedly to the prevalent practice of gambling among the religionists of the day, at festivals and other "social" gatherings of church membership where lotteries, grab bags, guess-cakes, and almost every known system of gambling was introduced to raise money for the spread of the gospel. All these are recognized in law as indictable offences, and the proper officers failed to do their duty where they were suffered to pass unnoticed.

The house of Mark Waterman, conductor on the Portland & Kennebec Railroad, Skowhegan, caught fire on Thursday morning at half past four o'clock. The ell and roof of the main house were destroyed; stable and furniture saved. Fully insured.

London, Feb. 6. The Cologne Gazette acknowledges in glowing terms the fact that the United States Minister, Mr. Washburne, has, during the siege of Paris, given the needed succor to 1700 Germans.

An exchange says: "In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to those with whom we are brought in business contact, those afflicted may be benefited by trying the following remedy.—Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We dissolved a large teaspoonful of common salt in a tumblerful of cold water, and with this we gargled effectually just before meal times.—The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough had entirely disappeared.

Many good anecdotes are told of the late Thomas Garrett, whose life was devoted to the liberation of the slaves. He never lost a chance to assist a fugitive, and many times imperilled his life and property in so doing. He once forfeited all his goods to the state of Delaware for having aided a slave to escape. At the close of the sale by auction, the officer turned to Garrett, and said: "Thomas, I hope you'll never be caught at this again." "Friends," was the reply, "I haven't a dollar in the world, but if they know a fugitive who needs a breakfast, send him to me."

Every one knows how the sight of one person yawning will often make another yawn, in spite of himself. You can sometimes open and shut every mouth in a room, even though their owners be "pinks of propriety," by simply going through the motion with the lid of the teapot, a few times, in a slow, careless way: it is more catching than the measles.—[Optic Magazine.]

An exchange remarks that many a child sings, "I want to be an angel," who would be much more satisfactory to his friends if he wanted to be a good boy.

A stranger dined recently at a fashionable hotel where they had apple dumplings with sauce "both" for dinner. He got through with the sauce, and mine host kindly inquired, "Will you have some more dumplings, sir?"

"No, sir, thankee," was the reply, "but I will thank you for a little more of the 'sauce.'" "What's the difference between the North Pole and South Pole?" "Why, all the difference in the world," replied a lady unwittingly, and that's the answer.

LEGISLATIVE.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the Judiciary Com. were directed to examine secs. 44 and 47 of Chap. 27, Revised Statutes, concerning intoxicating liquors, for the purpose of determining whether any amendment is necessary to render more certain its meaning, and report by bill or otherwise. A bill was reported to make West Waterville village a body politic with powers as a fire department.

In the House, the bill to prevent the throwing of edgings, &c., into the Kennebec River, was referred to the next Legislature. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order and petitions relating to repealing the law establishing county supervisors for schools; also an order relating to uniformity of text books in schools. "Ought not to pass," was the report on act to enable women to whom a divorce is granted on their own libels to resume their maiden name. Legislation was reported inexpedient on act allowing cows and other beasts to run at large in towns on vote of towns at their annual meeting.

On Monday, in the House, the Com. on Education were requested to report the number of petitions and petitioners for the repeal of the law relating to the employment of school teachers, and also the number of remonstrants against the same, J. G. Cummings and others, petitioning to be set off from North Waldo Ag. Society to Eastern Kennebec Ag. Society, were referred to next Legislature. Mr. Heath presented the remonstrance of A. P. Benjamin and 78 others against the incorporation of a fire department in West Waterville; several remonstrances with numerous signatures were presented against changing the place of holding the next term of the Supreme Judicial Court of Somerset County to Skowhegan.

On Tuesday in the Senate, the remonstrance of Mr. Channing and 150 others, against the change of railroad junction from Kendall's Mills to Waterville, was presented. A bill was reported relating to studies in common schools. The vote of legislation inexpedient in relation to uniformity of school books was reconsidered and recommitted with orders to report a bill.

In the House, inquiry was directed into the management of the affairs of the American Bank at Hallowell by the receivers and to see what further legislation if any is needed to facilitate the winding up. The bill was reported to authorize towns to take eligible sites for soldiers' monuments. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order requiring county bridges and roads to be supported by the several counties instead of towns. A bill to incorporate the Fairfield Savings bank was reported. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order relating to repeal of law maintaining Teachers' Institutes. The inmates of U. S. Asylum, petitioning for right to vote in State, county and town elections, had leave to withdraw. Petition against consolidating competing railroad lines was presented. Mr. Heath presented remonstrance of Robert Conforth and others against incorporation of fire department at West Waterville and also petition of Wm. McCartney and others in aid of same.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, an act to authorize the Somerset and the Portland and Kennebec Railroad to connect at Waterville was read and assigned, also an act to incorporate the Somerset Boom Co. An act to incorporate the Vassalboro' Woolen Mill Co. was presented and referred to Com. on the Judiciary. An act to authorize the towns of Benton and Fairfield to make free the Fairfield Bridge was presented by Mr. Foster, who asked a suspension of the rules; but this was refused and it goes over to the next legislature. Two thousand copies of the Report of the Com. on Paper Credits were ordered to be printed.

In the House, a resolve in favor of Zephaniah B. Starbird, (remunerating him for cattle killed on account of contagious disease) passed to be engrossed. Petitioners for holding next term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Skowhegan had leave to withdraw. An act to incorporate the Fairfield Savings Bank passed to be engrossed. An act to incorporate the Grand Lodge of Independent Order of Good Templars, passed to be enacted.

On Thursday, in the Senate, an act to authorize the Somerset and the Portland and Kennebec Railroads to connect at Waterville passed to be engrossed. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order relating to change of law of 1867 in relation to investments of deposits in savings banks.

In the House, an act to exempt females from arrest for debt was read and assigned. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order relating to change of law regulating the sale of milk. Two petitions were presented for redress of wrongs and grievances by the usurpation of certain railroad corporations, and for the passage of laws to protect the people of Maine in the enjoyment of their legal and natural rights.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY IN PHILADELPHIA.—About 7 o'clock Thursday evening, three men disguised as policemen, went to the Kensington Bank, on corner of Beach and Laurel streets, call out the watchman and told him the bank was to be robbed that night, and they had been detailed to remain in the bank to capture the robbers. The robbers then went to work and did not leave the premises till 8 o'clock Friday morning. It seems that the cashier had been notified of the intended robbery by a confederate robber, who represented himself as a policeman, and that he (the cashier) gave directions to admit the supposed officers. There were two watchmen in the bank, but the robbers sent out one of them to get something for the party to drink, and during his absence the other watchman was overpowered, and he and the cashier were taken to the bank and held for ransom. Three other confederates of the robbers were subsequently admitted, and while the gang attacked the safe, one man stood with pistols pointed at the heads of the watchmen, though they were gagged and bound. The burglars were foiled in their efforts to open the main vault and only succeeded in forcing the safe containing special deposits belonging to the customers of the bank. The amount taken is reported to be above one hundred thousand dollars.

Rev. C. Parker has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Norridgewood and accepted the call of the Baptist Church at North Livermore.

Ex Governor Chamberlain is devoting his whole time to lecturing and has engagements that cover almost the entire period till the closing of the latest lecture season.

Tuesday night the house, barn and stock of James Blackwell of Madison Centre were entirely consumed by fire. Nothing saved. Loss from \$300 to \$1000.—[Somerset Reporter.]

Louis Kossuth is lying at the point of death in Turin, Italy.

It is officially stated that Germany does not intend to acquire, through a treaty of peace with France, any possessions in India, Asia or transatlantic countries.

London, 5. A complete rupture has taken place between the Paris government and Gambetta. The restoration of the Empire is most probable. It is reported that the Pope has undertaken to assist in the restoration. In the clubs it is reported that Bismarck is laboring under some mental excitement, his mind being so unbalanced as to render him virtually insane.

A despatch from Saarbruck, dated Wednesday, says another call on the landwehr for men between the ages of 27 and 47 was issued that day from the new reserve, and 800,000 men will be ready to march into France at short notice.

The Germans will enter Paris on the 19th. In those parts of France where the Germans haven't been the war feeling is very strong. A great meeting was held at Lyons Saturday, which resolved not to heed the decree of the Paris government, and the sentiment there is still for war. At Bordeaux there is the same state of things, and several papers have been suppressed for publishing the decree of the government revoking the powers of the Bordeaux delegation.

It is now known that about 180,000 prisoners were taken in Paris, with 1500 cannon and 400 field pieces and mitrailleurs. The gunboats in the Seine, and the rolling stock of the railways are also appropriated by the Germans.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT. Wm. G. Andrews, son of Hon. Leonard Andrews, and clerk at the Biddeford Depot, was instantly killed at that station Monday afternoon, by falling under the engine of the 8 o'clock train from Portland.

The Legislature will probably hold two sessions per day, after Monday. Some of the old stagers predict that an adjournment will be reached one week from Saturday.

The small pox is spreading rapidly at St. John, N. B. and appears peculiarly infectious; but it is not very fatal. Telegraph says the cases are unlike any described in the books, and are being very carefully examined and studied by the physicians.

The New York Evening Post says the following are the terms on which Great Britain is willing to settle the Alabama business:

First—Great Britain to admit her liability in the Alabama claims, and to pay all damages done her.

Second—To submit to arbitration the cases of the Shenandoah, Florida, Georgia and other vessels.

Third—To enter into a treaty binding the two countries hereafter to prevent the sailing of vessels of war from their ports to be used against a friendly power.

Fourth—To make and execute efficient municipal laws for this purpose.

It is the perfection of human life to combine spiritual with natural uses. Spiritual uses are properly of an interior kind, and consist in a man's preparing his understanding and will for God's purposes. From the spiritual states thus wrought in him during the progress of his regeneration, will spontaneously proceed outward uses, both religious and temporal, as opportunities offer. Until the mind is thus devoted to the Lord, although the uses performed may relate to the church, they cannot properly be called spiritual uses.

God will accept your first attempts to serve Him, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning.

A Washington dispatch says the delay in the departure of Minister Schenck for England, which may be protracted for several weeks, is in consequence of the wish of our Government to await the result of negotiations with the Canadian authorities for the settlement of the Fishery question, and in which Minister Thornton and Sir John Rose are now engaged. Mr. Schenck's instructions are not prepared, though gradually assuming a definite form.

TO THE READER.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE stands to-day unequalled in the world without a rival among its competitors. Its wide range of application to purpose and materials, the facility with which it will pass from thick to thin material without change of tension, or tendency to draw or pucker the work, however delicate, and its compactness, simplicity and durability, together with the superior character of its attachments, commend it as one which will fulfil every requirement of a Family Sewing Machine.

These Machines are made of the best materials, with more exactness and precision, and greater durability than is generally considered necessary; but it is essential that a Machine should be well made, if it is to be of good service, and Ladies wishing to introduce the Sewing Machine into their families, will find it a great saving in time, labor and expense, to at once purchase the best.

The same qualities which commend the Howe as the best for Family use, also renders it superior to others for Dressmakers and for light manufacturing purposes, and it is indispensable for Vestments well made, as the only one which can be used satisfactorily on Marseilles, Duck, and Linen Goods.

Yarns poorly built Machines, which are represented as first-class, are being made and put upon the market upon terms apparently more favorable than those upon which the Howe is offered, but on account of repairs constantly needed, time lost when the Machines will not work, or garments spoiled when they will not work, purchasers will realize that it would have been better to purchase a Howe.

The Howe Machine Company do not pretend to make cheap Machines, but aim to have every Machine perfect, and they are now offered on terms so favorable as to bring them within reach of all.

Every Machine is sold with a Hammer, Feller, Brailer and Quilter, Gauge and Thumb Screw, Oil, two Sewing Drivers, Wrench, twelve extra Needles, six Bobbins, and an extra Needle or Thread Plate, and no deduction will be made on Machines ordered without these attachments.

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