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Poetry.

TRANSMITTED FAULTS.

BY N. C.

(Lines written by a mother, who saw her own faults reflected in her much loved child.)

Little faces smiling,
The beloved vine,
Treated to my tending,
By the One Divine.
Little faces, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious,
Growing in my ground?
Have ye leaped the fence?
Have ye climbed the walls?
Where these tiny openings
Ye are very small.
And ye can creep so airy
Through a crevice space,
But I thought I closed up
Every open place.
And I watched by daylight,
And I watched by night,
For the vine that ye are spotting,
Is my heart's delight.
I have kept the earth warm
From its previous root,
I have trimmed its branches,
But it bears no fruit.
For the little faces
Have assumed the vine,
Treated to my tending,
By the One Divine.
But though I've been faithful,
Since his birth day morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.
For they are the seedlings
That I could not see,
When they were my failings,
When they dwelt in me.
Little faults unfolded,
That I now deplore,
For my baby took them,
With my hair and eyes.
And I chide her often,
For I know I must,
But I do it always
Downed down to the dust.
With a few all forgiven,
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.
Oh! my Father, pity!
Pity and forgive!
Slay the little faces,
I allowed to live,
Till they left the larger
For the smaller vice.
Till they touched the dear life,
Dearest far than mine.
Oh! my Father, hear me!
Make my darling true,
Though I am so human,
Make her all Divine.
Slay the little faces,
That both vines may be
Laden with fruit worthy
To be offered Thee.—Presbyterian.

Select Story.

[From the Galaxy.]

MISS FAITH.

"Our ideals, partially realized, are powers for good in our lives." Miss Faith Langley, being my ideal woman, was a power in mine. I used to see her, Sunday, when I first became a teacher in the academy at Winton—a lady with delicate features, bright eyes, and sunny-brown hair. I remember I thought the face a grave one, sometimes, when it was lifted in earnest attention; if, after the service, she turned to speak to those about her, it seemed the very brightest and sweetest face in the world.

Sometimes, in my solitary evening walks, I caught a glimpse of her black-robed figure on the street; or, passing at dusk by the great, old-fashioned white house where she lived, saw the red glow of the fire lighting the walls within.

It was a house that seemed to live a cheerful life of its own. It had great windows, made up of a multitude of little panes; a lawless woodbine ran over and around four of them, and the rose-vine on either side the door had climbed over, and were peering into them audaciously; two irregular gables jutted out in the shadow of the elms; a spacious "yard" was on one side, with a garden and stables back, and, on the other a dwarf hedge ran along the fence leaving a narrow place for a straggling colony of irises and English violets that grew under the window.

When I first used to see the house, in the warm spring weather, the great door was usually open, letting one look in on a wide, sunny hall that ran through to the yard behind; the old trees around it were getting their leaves, and the grass was rich with dandelions.

Everybody in Winton knew Miss Langley, and loved her; so I made her acquaintance, through others, before I ever heard her speak.

But one morning she came down to the school, bringing two poor children. She was standing in the corridor when I came down, at nine o'clock and they were clinging to her skirts and crying.

"Are you Miss Fletcher?" she asked, looking up at me with a little smile.

"Yes," I said.

"I have brought you two new scholars, and I expect they're going to be the greatest scholars in the school. They have always been my pincinnies," she continued, addressing the children more than me; "and they're going to show how much pincinnies know." Aren't you, Julie?"

"May they sit together?" asked Miss Langley, "and not have lessons till they get wanted?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know how it is with children; they want a day to look about."

I put them at an empty desk, where they sat, a miserable pair enough, with their odd, Irish faces drawn down dismally.

"I pity them so much," said Miss Langley, when I came back, glancing at me for my sympathy, "the poor, little deserted things! They never have been used to restraint, Miss Fletcher; you won't mind if they are reckless, will you?"

"No, certainly," I said, following her to the door. "Restlessness is a disease prevailing among my children."

"I suppose so," she said, laughing. "Shall you be at home this evening, Miss Fletcher? I should like to have you take tea with me, and hear about Julie and Lizzie; I think they will interest you, as they do me."

I was only too happy to stop that night at the house that had so often attracted me, instead of going on a lonely pilgrimage over the road beyond to watch the sunset from Brixton Hill. It was a beautiful April evening of warm air and softened sunshine. The lilac hedges in the gardens were budding, and the cherry trees were white with bloom.

As I turned in at the gate, I saw Miss Faith pacing back and forth in the hall beside a tiny old lady dressed in stiff, lustrous, black silk. Everything about this lady was dainty, from the ruffle at her throat to the silk gaiters; her white hair was smoothed away under a plain muslin cap, and her slight hands clasped before her. As she came down the length of the hall, she looked like an ancient countess or court-lady, exiled and worn with years; and Miss Langley, walking beside her in her light dress of grey, was like a sister of charity robbed of gloom.

The latter hastened forward to meet me with a welcoming smile.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Fletcher," she said. "Walk in. This is Mrs. Wall. We were having our evening promenade."

Mrs. Wall lifted a pair of intensely black eyes a moment, and bent her head haughtily. Miss Faith led me into the parlor.

"Sit down," she said. "Now I am afraid this fire will make you uncomfortable. It's one of my selfish peculiarities. I never can get along without a fire. Shall I raise the window?"

"Not on my account; I like a fire," Miss Faith laughed.

"Then I am sure we are kindred spirits, and I congratulate my fire on making your acquaintance. It sounds very heathenish to call one's self a fire-worshiper, Miss Fletcher, but I believe I'm a little of one."

While she was gone with my hat and sash, I looked about me. It was such a comfortable parlor! Large and lofty, with book-shelves covering one side of it, with a great red-tufted rug before the open fire, and a round table drawn close. There was a deep, windowed recess on either side the mantles, and ivy-framed, a quaint picture of the Madonna hanging in one of them.

The room was peopled with pictures, some of them treasures of art; a piano was in an alcove at the back, and between the front windows stood a lady's desk and chair. One of the recesses seemed to be Miss Faith's peculiar province, for a light table and chair were placed within it, and the window-ledge was strewn with books and work. She came back presently.

"I told you Julie and Lizzie were some of my pincinnies," she said. "That's a queer expression; but see if they're not like pincinnies!" And sweeping back a curtain, she let me look out on a plot of green where a crowd of poor children were tumbling and crawling, shouting and swinging from the branches of a ragged apple tree.

"I don't know if you like children as I do," continued Miss Langley, watching them with her peculiar bright smile; "they are very interesting to me. I make a yearly bargain with my special brother, that they shall let me do what I can for them. They dine with me by threes, in turn, and after dinner we have lessons. Julie and Lizzie were so especially bright that I got a notion of educating them for teachers, and I thought the academy would be an improvement on the common schools; but it was a sore trial for them. How have they got through the day?"

"Nicely," I answered. "The scholars have quite patronized them."

"Oh I am very glad," said Miss Faith. "I was afraid they might be insolent to them. How do you like Winton, Miss Fletcher?"

Mrs. Wall, who had been continually pacing up and down, paused at the door.

"Hear the birds sing, Faith!" she said; "they sing just as they used—as they used so many years ago. I wonder what the reason?"

"Perhaps they don't learn new songs, dear," said Miss Faith, softly, "their old ones are so pretty!"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Wall, letting her bright glance wander out of the door, "perhaps it's that! but it frets me—it makes me want to remember, and I never can—I never can!"

Miss Faith went and took her hand gently.

"We shall both remember sometime," she said, in a low voice, "and know what it all meant."

"Perhaps he'll tell me sometime, Faith—the time's so long coming!"

"Oh, not very long," Miss Faith answered. "Won't you rest awhile, now?"

"It's a great pity Bridget is ringing the supper bell," she continued, coming back to me; "there's a glorious sunset; but, as practical folks say, 'supper's necessary and sunsets ain't'; so we'll favor the first. Come, Mrs. Tina!"

A gentleman was standing at one of the windows as we came into the dining-room—somewhat undersized, but ruddy and stoutly made, with strongly marked features, keen blue eyes, and a mass of iron-grey hair swept off his brow. The severe gravity of the face rendered it unattractive to an ordinary observer.

Miss Faith introduced him simply as Mr. Canby.

"When we were seated, he said grace, the shortest and most effective I ever heard uttered."

"Oh God, give us kind hearts; give us thankful and faithful hearts, and bless us."

"Mr. Canby," said Miss Faith, when the meal had commenced, "how has Matthew managed with the tulips?"

"Passably well. He wants experience. I looked to them."

"But I can't have you burdened with the care of my garden. Matthew must learn."

"The burden of a garden!" said Mrs. Wall, suddenly. "What a light burden that must be!"

"The bees carry the most of it," remarked Mr. Canby.

"You remember that little poem you read me?" said Miss Faith. "How, coming from the enchanted garden."

The ladies had dropped sweetness from their wings. Upon the scented flowers.

That is such a pretty fancy! Are you fond of flowers and poetry, Miss Fletcher? I mean are you sentimental?"

"Entirely so," said Miss Faith, smiling.

"Sense and sensibility approach nearly there," observed Mr. Canby.

"Don't they meet?" Miss Faith suggested.

"They never meet. One side or the other, always—and sense pays better."

"Now, that's unjust," said Miss Faith. "I have a mania for beauty myself, but if pincinnies Martha was here, she would tell you how extremely practical I can be in case of need."

"You are the exception to all my rules," said Mr. Canby, looking at her with something like reverence; "yet exceptions prove rules."

"And speaking of pincinnies," continued Miss Langley, "I believe they have all gone home. I told Bridget to give them supper, but her life is a catalogue of omissions."

When tea was over, and Miss Faith and I were in the parlor alone, I could not help remarking on the blessedness of silence after the everlasting clatter of school.

"Still one wants the privilege of choosing," Miss Langley said.

"Are you ever lonely?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, I'm not exactly a 'lone lorn creature,'" she laughed; "but I have my blue times, too; now I'm going to tell you about Julie and Lizzie."

It was a simple story—a common one made uncommon by the eloquent telling; a story of drunken parents, a desolate home, and two lives starting all in the dark; then the lives taken and set in the sunlight to learn how to grow.

We sat there in the twilight, and talked a long time; it was nearly eight when I rose hastily, hearing merry voices at the gate.

"Don't hurry," said Miss Faith, "or, if you must go, come to-morrow morning, and let me show you the garden. It's Saturday, isn't it?"

So I went back that night with the prospect of another time of pleasure.

"Did you ever hear of the old lady who was afraid of a broom?" Miss Faith asked, as we came up from the garden the next morning, and paused at the gate.

"There's a resurrection of dust going on in the parlor, and I have been driven out as usual. Bridget glorifies dust; she routs it out of corners and leaves it floating about in the air, where it looks so pretty I half forgive her; but I have an utter horror of Saturdays and brooms."

"If you are exiled," I said, laughing, "it is to the land of lilacs and clouds."

"Oh, they are great vagabonds, those clouds; they can't go along their streets like decent citizens, but they must straggle about like vagrants. Do you love violets, Miss Fletcher; here are some that camped in the wilderness, away from my flower settlement."

"They are all the sweeter for it," I said, putting them in my belt lovingly. "I shall make them tell me stories all day."

"Don't have them prosy ones," said Miss Faith. "Take some lilacs to vary the tales a little. I see Bridget has re-lentled and stopped sweeping."

I went away down the sunny street, and she paced back slowly to the house. My visits at Miss Langley's were frequent after this. Perhaps she saw that I loved to come, and opened the way; perhaps she had some little liking for me herself. She was always cordial and cheerful, always ready to sympathize, always working for others; so that I sometimes wondered if so unselfish and beautiful a life as hers had ever been lived; but as I knew her better, I found there were two Miss Faiths—one with a sturdy cheer about her, bright and vigorous, the other solitary and gentle, living in a wilderness of fancies.

I went there one summer afternoon, when I was tired with school duties. Miss Faith was not in the parlor, and I sat down to wait for her. Presently, Fanny came in, bringing a dish of flowers.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Fletcher!" she said. "Miss Langley told me to ask you to stay the night if you came. Mrs. Wall's sick."

"Sick?" said I. "What is it?"

"I don't know," replied Fanny. "Like she always is. She's been pretty bad for a week."

So I took a solitary supper, then went back to the parlor and sat down alone to watch the twilight, thinking, with a strange sense of wonder, how the dark was growing, and a life was growing, the one into night, the other into light.

I passed a lonely evening. The clock was striking ten, and I was getting tired of moonlight and reverie, when I heard steps on the stairs, and Miss Faith came in. The light of the candle she held, showed her face paler than usual, and a slight pained contraction of the brows.

"Marian," she said, speaking rapidly, without any greeting. "I think Mrs. Wall is dying. Are you afraid of death? Can you stay with her ten minutes alone?"

I shivered with the chill the thought of death brings.

"Where are you going?" I faltered. "To do a little rest of hers."

I followed her without more hesitation than I don't wonder at anything," she said, hastily. "Only be passive, and humor her."

Mrs. Wall was sitting in the bed, propped by pillows, looking life-like with her streaming grey hair and wild eyes. Water and wine were on a table beside her, and a pale candle flickered from the bureau beyond.

My eye went over these details as I entered, then was immediately fascinated by a portrait hanging on the opposite wall—the face of a man of twenty-five, full of singular and haughty beauty, like Mrs. Wall, yet strangely unlike her; wonderful eyes that seemed as if they would haunt one forever; an expression that attracted and repelled—half uncanny, half beautiful.

Mrs. Wall's restless glance followed mine to the picture.

"Ah, Miss Fletcher," she said, "Faith sent you, didn't she? My son James, Miss Fletcher—you've never met him, have you? I suppose Faith wanted you for a witness. She's gone to get ready for the wedding; she went once before, I remember, but something happened; what was it, Miss Fletcher?"

"Something?" I said, bewilderedly. "Ask Miss Faith when she comes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wall. "Faith'll know, Faith'll know. It made me ill then; I shall be well again when they're married. I'm tired now—so tired!"

She fell back on the pillows, and I held the wine to her lips and fanned her. Fifteen minutes she lay thus, scarcely seeming to breathe, while I sat beside her in a sort of terror, afraid to look at the portrait opposite me, afraid of the whisper and stir of the night wind; then the door opened again and Miss Faith entered.

She was dressed in a heavy white silk, that shimmered in the lamp-light and hung in rich folds about her; a white lace veil was flung over her head and confined by a string of pearls; the lines of her face were sternly rigid, and her cheeks were whiter than the dress.

"Ah, you have come back!" said Mrs. Wall, with a little spark of returning animation. "How beautiful you are, Faith! but so pale and cold! Your cheeks were like the roses before, and your eyes so bright—but then it's years and years—"

She sank down again, and her breath came heavily.

"Kiss me, Faith," she said, faintly, after a pause, "and then go. You will be my own daughter now—my darling; and we shall be happy after all."

"Her strength seemed to depart with this, and she lay motionless and pallid;—Miss Faith sat down beside her and chafed the cold hands, while I crept softly away to the window. The breeze stole in, stirring Miss Faith's silky veil as she leaned forward with the same fixed face, and fanning my flushed cheek as I leaned on the sill.

We sat there for a time that seemed an age. The figure on the bed never moved. I heard the clock strike twelve.

"Don't stay," Miss Faith said, softly. "I am not afraid to be alone."

But I kept my place and said nothing more. The night hours went on. A faint grey was in the east when the feeble voice murmured again, "so happy!" and the lips put on a smile and closed forever.

Then the watcher laid the hand back reverently, and, hiding her face, burst in to tears.

"Dear Miss Faith," I cried, kneeling at her side, "don't weep for her? I'm sure it is better so."

"Yes," said Miss Faith, simply and sadly, lifting her face again; "a great deal better. The tears were for this side of death."

They were falling thickly, while she spoke, over the little withered hand she had taken again in hers.

"Oh, my poor dear!" she said, "if ever she wronged me, surely I can forgive her now! So death is kinder to me."

She closed the eyes tenderly, smoothed the hair, and turned to me, saying, "We will go now."

It was late the next morning, when I stole up stairs to Mrs. Wall's chamber, carrying some flowers in my hands. Miss Faith was there. I laid down the blossoms, and was retreating hastily; but she called me back.

"Marian," she said, "I owe you an explanation of what you saw last night; and I want to thank you."

"I am glad to do anything for you, Miss Faith."

She seated herself at the table, and leaned her head a moment on her hand.

"The story of my life," she said, slowly, "is a sad story—not a fit story for a young girl to hear."

Her eyes wandered to the portrait, hanging above her, with the morning light upon it.

"Don't tell me," I said. "I know; he was your lover, and he is dead."

"False, then," I thought; but, as if she guessed this, she concluded,

"Nor unworthy."

"He bears the burden of his father's sins," she went on, speaking in a strange, calm way. "It is the hand of fate. I looked at that face—as it is now—not three months ago. He is a maniac, as she has been half her life."

I could not suppress a cry of horror.

"I don't wonder it shocks you," she said, gently. "I have lived with the thought till it has grown familiar. It is a form of death. He has been in heaven for years. I think of him there, and I am glad, knowing his mother has joined him. What is on earth is only a body—to be regarded because it once belonged to him—that is all."

"I cannot tell you the story, Marian. I do not think of it in detail; I just know I had great light, then great darkness; I thought would never end. But God showed me another world to live for; and a dear friend, whom you have known, showed me how to live for it. So the sun came out broad again, and it has shone ever since."

"And I thought you had always been so happy?" I said.

"I am happy," she answered. "I think I am happier every day I live. Why should any one be unhappy in this world? I want you to think of me always as being glad, Marian. Forget all about this old person, who might be gloomy, and let me be the old Miss Faith again."

We had come out of the chamber while she spoke, and I said "Yes," with all my heart.

"An ancient, maiden lady," she said, pausing on the staircase to smile back at me, "just as merry as the birds and flowers—just as contented as everything God has made ought to be."

Youth's Department.

Children's Toys.

It is by no means a matter of indifference what toys are put into the hands of children, since their young minds receive permanent impressions from the objects with which they are surrounded in early years. We think a few hints, addressed to parents, on this subject, will not be out of place.

1. At the present day when the dignity of labor is coming to be more and more acknowledged, and those sciences which touch the workshop are taking their place as the equals of the "learned professions," it is highly important that the perceptive and constructive faculties should be developed and trained in children; and that, as they grow up, both boys and girls should be taught some useful trade.

On the latter point, we shall speak at some future time; we only mention it here because the topic we have chosen is so intimately connected with it. The indications afforded by children in their play are often the key to a knowledge of their natural genius.

2. What sort of toys, then, should be given to children? The answer to this question is not exclusive or dogmatic. It lies in the principle that children's toys should be chosen with a view to the development of all their faculties, and especially of their observant faculties. We say especially, because the observant faculties are those which nature meant to blossom first, and she punishes the neglect of them in early life by the loss of them afterward. How many scholars and men of learning walk through the world blind to every thing about them! When they were young, they learned books, not nature; and now they are men of closet and shelf, not of street and field.

By far the largest class of toys are those which appeal only to the imagination.—Children like to "make believe"; therefore, mamma buys little horses and carts, little cups and saucers, little chairs and tables, little dolls and doll-houses. These things are all well; but a child should not be confined entirely to them, since they stimulate but one part of the mind. Especially should the mistake be avoided of buying expensive, ready-made toy apparatus of this class, such as is imported from Europe, and giving it to children, who find in a few hours that there is nothing left for them to do but to admire that which has been done for them. The children of Nuremberg or the Black Forest, who make these elaborate toys, get all the good out of them; for they are educated to skill in their pretty handwork. But the pampered city boy or girl who receives one of those marvelous complete sheepfolds, or baby-houses, or train of cars, with passengers and conductor and baggage complete, and an engine which papa must wind up before it will go, can do little with it except to smash it; and this healthy instinct, we are glad to say, is generally followed. Children are popularly said to be destructive. So they are; but in many cases their destructiveness is

famished and hungry constructiveness.—Your boy would make a whistle if he had a chance; but you buy him a whistle, and he breaks it. Among the toys for the imagination, to which we have alluded, there are many which call into activity what might be called the practical application of imagination—ingenuity, inventiveness, etc. For girls, no dolls are so instructive, and amusing too, as paper dolls. When girls can sew, it is almost a wicked waste of their time to have them sewing clothes for those great monstrousities of dolls which require as much labor and care as real babies, and are horribly ugly after all. But paper dolls give larger dividends of entertainment, beauty, and education, both in taste and dexterity, than any others.

Let me say just here, that we do not believe arbitrary distinctions should be made between boys and girls. Nature causes their tastes to diverge quite easily enough; and while they are unconscious of such a difference, it is unwise to force it upon them. For girls to engage in out-door sports, and for boys to find pleasure in quiet play, even with dolls, is beneficial to both. Besides, the only way to discover what may be the bent of any mind is to open all the avenues of activity to the child, and see into which it naturally enters.

Marbles, tops, kites, and all games of dexterity, especially when accompanied with healthy exercise, are admirable. But children should be allowed to assist at least in making their own kites and balls. Pine-wood and a jack-knife are better than all manufactured toys put together; and even before the age when these may be employed, it is possible to begin to educate children in the direction of "making things."

But still more important and easy is it to provide entertainment which trains the powers of observation. Lead-pencils and paper, slates and pencils, give pleasure to very young children, and should be furnished them freely. If a child scrawls on the leaves of books, the remedy is to provide it with plenty of fair white paper, or with a pretty blank-book, and to praise its free use of the pencil there. A small magnifying-glass is a wonderful pleasure to a child. Nor is it difficult to interest very young children in the various natural objects around them. The younger child is painfully taught, at three years, the difference between A and B, should rather be learning how to distinguish an oak from an elm, or a cricket from a grasshopper. In those cases (unhappily rare, as yet, among us) where the parents themselves are familiar with nature and natural science, it is astonishing how rapidly the children imbibed the knowledge and the love of it.

Philosophical toys, so-called, are of no great benefit. Either they are quite incomprehensible to the young, or they demand reflection, without particularly stimulating observation. Their proper function is in the school-room.

To recapitulate in better order the hints thus given, we subjoin a list of toys which we would recommend as at once the most agreeable and the most profitable to children. The list is arranged in the order of advancing age, beginning with the time when the child is first able to play by itself. No account is made of sex; but it is evident that the articles mentioned are not equally appropriate to both sexes.

A proper choice should be made. Here is our catalogue: Soft ball, of bright color; blocks not all of one size, but of various shapes and sizes, and with pictures; books containing pictures of animals, trees, and other familiar objects; a little toy cart, which can be loaded and unloaded; a pair of reins for "playing horse"; a rocking-horse; paper dolls; lead-pencils; slate and pencils; a magnifying-glass; marbles and tops; ninnies; mineral specimens, and other objects illustrating natural history. All these may be given before a child learns to read. As soon as possible, the all-important jack-knife should be added, and after that is done, the question of toys will take care of itself.

The prevailing evil at present is, that too many toys are given to children. A few well-chosen ones, susceptible of varied use, are better than many costly but cumbersome and unfruitful contrivances. The children of the last generation, who grew up on one picture-book and a basketful of chips, got as much amusement, and more profit, than do the pampered little innocents of to-day.—[From the Manufacturer and Builder.]

PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS SPEECH.—The Bideford Journal tells of a man in Lyman who is very particular about his speech and constantly makes blunders, a sample of which is this given:

On one occasion some miserable chap in this city engaged J— to haul a load of wood to a certain place. When J— got there the "joker" was not there, and he hauled the wood back again. When asked why he did so, J— replied, "because the feller didn't agree to meet me where he said he would." On another occasion J— was stating his political status, and clinched his position by saying "I always said it and I always did." J— is a democrat and very tenacious of his politics. As he was going to "town meeting" last September he passed the house of Mrs. D., who is a Republican, and who often banters Henry about his politics.—She was in her front yard when he passed, and said, "Now Henry I hope you will vote right to-day." "No I shan't," he replied, "if I can't vote as I want to, I won't vote at all."

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

—Education begins with a mother's look, a father's smile of approbation or sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance, and with thoughts directed in kind tones to the source of all good—to God himself.

—Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into the flock he will hit somebody.

—Josh Billings says he never will patronize a lottery as long as he can hit anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

—The father of an interesting family residing near Detroit, not long since stopped the only newspaper which he had ever allowed himself or family, and solely on the ground that he could not afford the expense. This man chews up fourteen dollars and sixty cents' worth of tobacco every year.

—Them soldiers must be an awful dishonest set," said an old lady, "for not a night seems to pass that some sentry is not relieved of his watch."

—Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

—Of all the silly and "sappy" phrases of flashy and inflated journalism, that of notices to correspondents (which are entirely written in the office) is the weakest. Josh Billings "replies" to a "correspondent" as follows: "Your idea that frogs grow more botaical as they grow older is too cussed good to be lost."

—There is a class of "Perfectionists" in Oneida County, N. Y., who believe that physical maladies can be cured by the simple exercise of the patient's will. One of them says: "I have known nausea and bowel difficulties to be restrained by the will; and I have recently put an end to some

NEW VOLUME.

We are gratified in being able to present to our patrons, the first number of the 36th Volume of The Oxford Democrat, in a new dress and enlarged form. Its mechanical appearance is hardly up to our mark, as we have not been able to re-set our advertisements, and until they are replaced by new ones, a certain portion of old type must unavoidably be used, and this, of course, mars the general appearance of the paper.

We have incurred considerable expense in making these improvements, but we do not propose increasing our terms, to advance paying subscribers. We shall feel sufficiently compensated, if we can establish the advance system, and in this connection, would suggest that the first No. of the Volume is a good time to date from, as it will then be easy for each one to remember to what time he has paid.

We recommend the advance system, not so much to procure the amount in advance, as to be sure of it. While the sum is a trifling one to each subscriber, the aggregate amounts to something to us, and the aggregate of losses from delinquent subscribers is what always keeps the printer poor. His profits are in bad debts.

We have faith to believe that our patrons will appreciate our move, and that, with us, they will take commendable pride in the improvement of their County paper. A good word in its behalf will encourage us and show an interest which we do much to reward us for our outlay.

We promise, in return, to do our utmost to furnish a paper which shall contain choice miscellany, the news of the day, local items of interest from our many correspondents—to whom we feel much indebted for past success—political intelligence and such original views as we are able to give upon the passing events of the times, from week to week.

Thanking our friends and patrons for their many words of commendation, the past year, and bespeaking their indulgence in the future, we hope to continue to merit and receive their kind regards, while our present relations exist.

The Reciprocity Treaty.

The Commercial interests of the country are agitating the question of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty with the British North American provinces. The Boston Board of Trade ask the re-cooperation of the Portland and other Boards of Trade, in this matter, and Portland is waking up and passing resolutions, and talking of instructing Senators and Representatives in Congress on the subject.

Now men are apt to look at questions of a commercial character through a personal lens, magnified more or less by the direct personal interest involved in the matter. Every interest in such commercial places as Portland, Boston, &c., as one speaks said—lumber, fish, dry goods, &c., was in favor of the treaty. How is it with the other portions of the State? The lumber interest of Portland is not manufacturing, but trading. It matters not to the Portland dealer what the price of lumber is—he is a dealer, and his profits are on the sales. Not so, however, with the operator, or manufacturer, or the owner of the vast Timber lands of our State. The difference to him of one or two dollars per thousand in the price of lumber, either in the log or manufactured, is of great importance.

So, too, in regard to the agricultural products of the country. The interests of the producer and consumer vary. It makes a difference to the farmer of Oxford County whether he can sell oats for 60 to 80 cents, or for 40, when car loads of Canada oats are brought into competition with the products of his farm. And this item only illustrates the principle applying to every article coming into competition with the products of the farm.

Certain industrial interests of our country have always called for protection, and it has been deemed wise to grant it. Thus the Iron interests, the Cotton and other manufacturers have been offered protection which in many cases has been equivalent to prohibition of foreign competing manufactures.

The Lumber producing and manufacturing interests of our State, with the agricultural, while they do not call for special legislation in their behalf, simply protest against legislation which so injuriously effects their interests. They suffered too much from the last Reciprocity Treaty to desire to see it restored. We are quite sure that the material interests of the State of Maine, are not promoted by reciprocity such as we have referred to.

County Officers.

The only change in our County Officers for 1869 is the retiring of E. M. Carter, Esq., who has served two terms as County Commissioner, and the incoming of Hiram A. Ellis, Esq., of Canton. The new Board was organized by the choice of C. C. Cushman, Esq., of Hebron, as chairman.

By reference to advertisement, it will be seen that passengers from this section of the State, who are bound for Augusta, can go on the Maine Central road, from Danville Junction to Winthrop, and from thence by a short stage ride to Augusta the same day. This is a great convenience, as the Grand Trunk Cars very often fail to connect with the Kennebec train at Yarmouth Junction—in which event, passengers are obliged to go into Portland and remain over a day. If the Grand Trunk train is behind time, it is so to stop at Danville Junction, and go by the Maine Central.

VELOCIPEDS. Mr. Judson Morton, of South Paris, an ingenious mechanic, is making a Velocipede for his private use. He expects to complete it in a month, and warrants it to take him to Norway in ten minutes. Success to him, and if the thing works, we speak for one.

The Senator Question Settled.

MR. HAMLIN ELECTED.

The Senator question became daily more complicated, after the publication of the cards referred to last week, until it threatened to terminate in an irreconcilable schism in the party on the day assigned for the election. The supporters of Mr. Hamlin stood firm in the belief that they occupied vantage ground which could not be wrested from them—Unwise and over-zealous adherents of Mr. Morrill openly counselled bolting and trading with the democracy, or taking a new man; and valiant talk came from the Capitol, about sticking and fighting it out. It was hinted, late in the week, that there was a break in the Kennebec delegation, and Senator Morrill returned from Washington, late on Saturday, to find that five of his own County supporters had published a Card setting forth reasons for withholding their support to him longer. He concluded thereupon to withdraw from the contest, which he did in the following Card:

"To my Friends in the Legislature:—With you, I have uniformly entertained the clearest conviction that no authoritative or binding conclusion was reached by the recent legislative Senatorial caucus, but it has now become apparent to me that to continue the canvass would necessarily embarrass those who have honored me with their support. Therefore, deeply grateful for your partiality, I am impelled to withdraw the further use of my name. (Signed) L. M. MORRILL."

Augusta, Jan. 18th, 1869. He does not "go back" upon his supporters, it is true, by yielding the point, as to the caucus nomination, but lets himself and them down as easily as possible. We think he took the only safe and wise course, both for his future standing and the welfare of the party. Let him have full credit. We have no faith in the statements that he was privy to any bargaining or trading with leading democrats to secure his succession. Alike reprehensible is the insinuation that the Kennebec men who have taken so honorable a course, as we view it, were bought.

Mr. Hamlin was handsomely supported by the party, in both branches, on the day of Election, receiving 39 votes in the Senate, to 2 against, and 118 in the House to 20—nearly a party vote. With a settlement of this unpleasant contest, the friends of two such able and highly respected men, let the acrimony and bitterness engendered be buried, and a ghost never rise to disturb the tranquility of a united party.

The card of the Kennebec men is as follows:—

To our Constituents:—That our position and purpose in reference to the Senatorial question may be fully known, we take this occasion to say that in the caucus held on Thursday evening, the 7th instant, we voted for Hon. L. M. Morrill, and regretted that he was not at that time nominated. At the caucus, 75 ballots were cast for Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, and 74 for Hon. L. M. Morrill, and one blank cast by a member who did not intend to vote for either Mr. Morrill or Mr. Hamlin. By the laws of this State and by the customs and usages in all representative bodies and in all caucuses and conventions in this State, a blank piece of paper is never counted. The committee appointed to receive, sort and count the votes did not count the blank as a ballot. The language of their report was that 149 ballots were cast, and then mentioned the blank, thereby excluding the idea that they regarded it as a ballot. Evidently in such a vote, 75 constitutes a majority and makes an election. Had Mr. Morrill received 75 votes and Mr. Hamlin 74, we should have claimed that Mr. Morrill had been nominated and expected the support of Mr. Hamlin's friends in his election; so we feel bound to concede to Mr. Hamlin what we should have claimed for Mr. Morrill. We therefore deem it our duty as the friends of Mr. Morrill, in view of all the circumstances, to advise acquiescence in the nomination of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin. Believing that Hannibal Hamlin was the nominee of the caucus, and that fidelity to the established usages of the party and a just regard for its future harmony and success require us to rise above personal preferences and local attachments, we intend to support Mr. Hamlin as the regular candidate of the Republican party for United States Senator at the time designated by law for such elections to take place.

The card was signed by Wm. B. Snell, of the Senate, and Ezra Kempton, G. S. Palmer, S. D. Richardson and Mason S. Metcalf of the House, all of Kennebec county.

—The friends and neighbors of Hannibal Hamlin, numbering nearly one thousand, accompanied by a band of music met him at the depot at Bangor, on Tuesday evening, upon his return from the successful Senatorial campaign at Augusta. He was received with deafening cheers and escorted to his residence. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

—We saw a splendid sleigh got up by Whitman & Libby, of Bryant's Pond, which would compare, in style, finish and superior workmanship, with anything of the kind manufactured. It had double swell back, full rail on back and dasher, plated posts and leather between, hanging irons and outside braces plated, and all the plating of the heaviest silver that rolled. It was splendidly upholstered with Magenta plush, and was got up for C. Buck, Esq., of Portland, of the firm of Atwood, Buck & Co., and cost \$250.00, there is no need of going out of Oxford county for splendid "turn outs."

—We have received a communication from "TOWNSMAN," complaining that the correspondent writing from his town, is so personal and gives offence by reporting trivial matters. We will endeavor to void such objections, hereafter, by modifying or excluding such portions as seem to us objectionable.

—A PROFITABLE ANIMAL.—At the late Farmers' Convention at Manchester, New Hampshire, Col. T. S. Lang, of North Vassalboro Maine, an extensive stock-raiser and owner of the famous stallion General Knox, stated that this horse had netted him sixty thousand dollars, and increased the value of the horse stock of Maine many hundred thousands.

Legislative Proceedings.

Instead of giving the doings of the Legislature in full, we propose making a summary each week, of such portions as are of particular interest.

The Senatorial question has been the matter of chief interest, during the session. Now that it is disposed of, and the Committees are fairly at work, we may look for progress.

The questions for legislation of most importance will be in regard to Temperance and Education. The former interest will be cared for, are doubtless, as the Legislature is considered two-thirds strong, as regards good Temperance men. The friends of the cause are to meet in Convention next week, at the Capitol, and indicate what they desire, in the way of legislation. We hope the Convention will be full, and that prudent counsels will prevail. We do not want extreme legislation so much as certain, enduring laws. The Republican party, being in the majority is responsible for the legislation which will be had this session, and they should not ignore the question. Let the men of principle in the party treat the subject fairly and squarely, and while they insist upon just legislation, they can prevent the adoption of impolitic and radical measures.

The committee on the equalization of the war debts of the several towns, have been in session for the past month, and are hearing towns in alphabetical order. The committee consists of Nathan Dane, formerly State Treasurer; Dennis L. Milliken of Waterville and James L. Milliken of Cherryfield. They find the task a very arduous one, requiring, in most cases, the tracing of the personal history of each man who went into the war. Many of the enlisted men are claimed by two or more towns, and then conflicting claims arise from the fact that many men who re-enlisted, helped make up the quotas of two or more towns at different periods of service.

We understand that they throw out all paper credits. Some towns are procuring the assistance of Adj. General Hodsdon, who is now at Augusta and has facilities for aiding them. Towns which have not kept a full record of the names of their soldiers will be required to procure them, and in many cases they will have to be looked up among the papers at the Adj. Gen's office. By the care and system of Mr. S. P. Maxin, chairman of the Selectmen of Paris, the records of our town are complete in this particular, we are happy to say.

The Probate Judges of the State met by appointment at Augusta, last week, and spent four days in examining the Probate laws, and establishing a system and uniformity of practice throughout the State. Eleven counties were represented, as follows: Dr. Amos Nourse, of Sagadahoc; E. E. Bourne, of York; H. K. Baker of Hallowell; John E. Godfrey of Penobscot; John H. Converse of Lincoln; Jas. B. Dacombs, of Sumner; John A. Waterman, of Cumberland; Enos T. Luce, of Androscoggin; Joseph S. Monroe, of Piscataquis; and A. H. Walker, of Oxford. Several amendments were recommended to the Judiciary Committee, as the result of their deliberations, and have been reported by the Committee to the Legislature.

In the Senate, on the 14th, on motion of Mr. Bolster, it was ordered, That the committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of enacting a law that no agreement or stipulation shall be valid whereby the title to personal property bargained and delivered, shall remain the property of the payee of a note given therefor, unless the agreement or stipulation is in writing and made a part of the note, and signed by the payee or his lawful agent.

This is practical legislation which ought to pass. It would avoid much misapprehension and fraud, especially when the Holmes' Notes are so commonly used. There was to be a Department meeting of the G. A. R. at Augusta, on the 21st, which we should have attended, had it not been for our newspaper engagements, this week, consequent upon the enlargement of the paper.

Congress.

Our review of Congressional proceedings for the week does not afford much of interest. In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Sumner presented petition of Dr. Loomis, of Washington, who claims to have discovered a new mode of telegraphing, dispensing with wires, asking \$50,000 to enable him to show the value of the invention.

After discussion of the concurrent resolution to give the Rotunda for the inauguration ball, it was lost and the Senate soon after adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Anthony presented a petition from Lucetta Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, and other officers of the American Equal Rights Association, praying for a constitutional amendment giving to women the right of suffrage on equal terms with men.

Mr. Morton introduced a bill for the relief to Mary Lincoln widow of Abraham Lincoln. As he was Commander-in-Chief and killed by the enemy, his wife is entitled to a pension, the same as any other soldier.

Mr. Sumner suggested that the amount be fixed at \$5000 per year. Referred to the committee on Pensions.

Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to enforce certain provisions of 14th Constitutional amendment in relation to the disqualification for office.

The House has been busy discussing the resolution extending the protection of the United States to Hayti and St. Domingo.

A PROFITABLE ANIMAL.—At the late Farmers' Convention at Manchester, New Hampshire, Col. T. S. Lang, of North Vassalboro Maine, an extensive stock-raiser and owner of the famous stallion General Knox, stated that this horse had netted him sixty thousand dollars, and increased the value of the horse stock of Maine many hundred thousands.

Great National Peace Jubilee.

Massachusetts Legislature. Boston, Jan. 12th, 1869.

Mr. Editor: Some of your readers may not have seen any notice of the great national peace jubilee and musical festival which takes place in Boston on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of June next. The celebration, though somewhat late, will be an expression of rejoicing over the triumphs of our late war; and if the programme be carried out, will be the greatest musical event ever known in this or any other country. A writer says: "nothing like it has ever been heard or seen in the world, and the monster choruses of the great musical festivals of Europe, sink into insignificance by its side." The building for this immense affair, according to the plan of the architect, Mr. F. Allen, will cover an area of land five hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide; and will be thirty-five feet high at the eaves, and one hundred and ten feet high from the ground to the apex of the roof. The inclined plane, which extends entirely around the structure, will be divided into the parquet circle and balcony, and will be constructed in gradually descending steps. The building to be entered from all points of the compass. It is said the building will seat fifty thousand people. "The profits of the affair are to be distributed among all the cities and towns throughout the country, for the relief of the distressed widows and orphans who fell during the Rebellion." Season ticket, admitting three (one gentleman and two ladies) to all concerts and other entertainments throughout the festival, price one hundred dollars. Popular prices, (according to location of seats), for single admission to each entertainment, will be fixed, as soon as a sufficient number of season tickets are sold to guarantee the success of the festival. The sum given to each city or town to be in proportion to the number of season tickets subscribed for by the people of each place.

All the musical societies in New England and elsewhere, available, will be united, forming a chorus of twenty thousand voices. The orchestra will number a thousand pieces. Mr. P. S. Gilmore is the originator of this idea of a monster concert in honor of the restoration of peace, and has letters from many people of distinction, promising him encouragement in the undertaking, which, it is believed, will be a grand success.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, for 1869, assembled on the 6th inst., Gov. Bullock delivered his valedictory address on the 7th, and Gov. Claflin, his inaugural, on the 9th. The illness of the Governor prevented an earlier delivery of his message. Rev. E. N. Kirk (Congregationalist) was elected Chaplain of the Senate, Rev. O. B. Walker, (Baptist,) Chaplain of the House.

There are seventeen Democrats, one Old Whig, and two hundred and twenty-two Republicans elected to the House. Robert C. Pitman was chosen President of the Senate, and Harvey Jewell re-elected Speaker of the House.

M. C. A.

[For the Oxford Democrat.]

School Teachers.

The most important trust we have committed to our care is our children, and one of the most responsible positions in the world is that of a teacher. The teacher's duty is more extended than most people imagine. Their duty is to mould the plastic minds of those entrusted to their care, and to train them in the right direction; but how many fall short of the essential qualifications, which are necessary to make a good teacher. It is commonly thought to be sufficient if the teacher has a good amount of book learning to teach the school—that is all that is of any great importance, but this is a great mistake. The teacher should not only have the requisite amount of book-learning but should also be a person of good moral character and of correct habits; one, in whose hands the parent will feel safe if his children are trusted to him and are placed under his sole care. It is, then, of the highest importance that the teacher should be one whose example we would have our children imitate, one who will inculcate into the minds of our children right principles, and will lead them in paths of morality. The teacher, who is in the habit of attending church parties or going to dances two or three nights out of a week, is not very likely to become who would be a very good pattern for our children to imitate. The practice of playing euchre and of dancing, is in itself of no great injury to any one, unless carried to excess, but too often it leads to greater and more destructive evils. Great evils are generally reached through the doors of small ones, and if we would not wish to be engulfed in the greater evils we must shun the lesser. And as the teacher exerts the greatest influence over the minds of the youth, it is highly important that their example shall be such that others seeing their good works, shall follow after them. But a few weeks ago a young man wrote a note to a teacher in an adjoining town and asked her to accompany him to a "select euchre party" composed principally of teachers." She very properly declined the invitation, and it would have been well if the other teachers had followed her example. It would be well if the Committee of the different towns would examine more strictly into the habits of the teachers who apply for recommendations and reject all these who are not of correct habits and good morals. Let the teachers be those who will inculcate right principles into the minds of the youth, for upon the youth depends the future of our country, and to them we look for the preservation and upbuilding of our republican institutions.

H.

—The Portlanders indulged in a Masquerade Ball on Friday night of last week, which passed off finely. Paris Hill was represented—Miss Lottie B. Andrews personating Rebecca, the Jewess, and Miss I. L. Cummings, the Queen of Denmark.

Bryant's Pond Items.

A monster trout, weighing over ten pounds, was caught a few days ago in South Pond, little more than a mile from this village. It was of the species known as the Togus, and identical with the house head lake trout. This species has been known to exist sparingly in the waters of South Pond for many years, but one has rarely been caught.

Mr. Fred. Lovett has erected a house this winter upon the heights north of the village, where from his elaborate porch, he can get a bird's eye view of all the country round.

The officers of Jefferson Lodge No. 100, F. & A. M., for 1869, elected Tuesday, January 12th, and to be installed Wednesday evening, January 20th, by R. W. Wm. B. Lapham, are as follows: Geo. W. Bryant, W. M.; C. R. Houghton, S. W.; Ezra Jewell, J. W.; S. A. Brock, T.; R. K. Dunham, Sec.; E. M. Lawrence, S. D.; William Day, J. D.

The Levee of the Good Templars last evening was a decided success. The house was crowded, and everything passed off harmoniously.

Some sneak thief broke into the Universalist Church on Saturday night, stole a night's lodging, burning up the wood the sexton had prepared for Sunday use, and breaking open the box containing the penny contributions of the Sabbath School scholars and stealing from the same an hundred pennies, more or less.

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South Paris.

At the last election of officers of Post No. 23, Dept. of Maine, G. A. R. at their regular meeting in December, the following Comrades were elected and installed:

Comrades Thomas N. Stowell, P. C.; J. F. Jordan, S. V. C.; Charles Morse, J. V. C.; D. S. Knapp, P. Adj.; M. M. Andrews, Q. M.; W. B. Stewart, Surgeon; G. A. Wilson, Chap.; J. C. Cummings, S. Maj.; C. B. Keith, Q. S.

Comrade G. A. Wilson was chosen a Delegate to attend a Convention of this Dept. to be held at Head Quarters of Post No. 20, at Augusta, Jan. 21st, 1869, for the purpose of electing Dept. Officers, &c.

There have been quite a number of recruits mustered during the last quarter, and other applications are in the hands of the examining committee.

The next meeting will be held Monday, Feb. 1st, 1869.

Norway.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says:—

The flouring mills of A. G. Parsons & Co., during the past year have purchased seventy car loads of wheat and corn, making nearly or quite twenty-one thousand bushels. This, combined with their custom grinding, makes something near 25,000 bushels ground in one year.

The tannery of Denison & Howe used a trifle over fifteen hundred cords of hemlock bark last year, a large proportion of which came from Canada.

On the eleventh inst., Mr. H. G. Cole fell backwards from a load of hay in his stable, striking upon his head and shoulders, and injuring him severely though not permanently.

Hartford.

At the behest of H. Augustus Ricknell of Hartford, on the 8th, to take down a barn 50 x 36, and 40 feet high at one end, the timber above the tie-up slipped out of the mortise where some were at work. Clifford Hutchinson, of Hartford, saved himself by catching hold of a stick of timber above, but Jonah Forbes, of Buckfield, went down twelve feet with timber and plank, striking upon a piece of timber. Upon removing the debris, it was found he had received a severe blow below the eye and was injured on the side. After bathing the side with salt water he could breathe easier, and in four hours he was on the ground again, feeling somewhat sore by the fall. After the accident the men proceeded with great caution, and removed the roof and one bend of the most dangerous part, when night dismissed them. On the 11th, the remainder was taken down without accident, save to Colby Sampson, of Hartford, who, standing on a girl which slipped out of a mortise, fell eight feet, escaping with a severe bruise on his leg.

Hines, Atwood, Moore, traders, Andrews, attorney, Shaw, deputy, and Morrill, drover, all of Buckfield, were summoned to Mass. as witnesses in a case of bankruptcy, where Clinton Ripley, late of Buckfield, is interested, which case went in favor of Ripley.

A pedlar has been through this vicinity of late, with cloth for men's wear, which he would sell, as he said, at a great bargain to the buyer. Some, that bought, after mature reflection, concluded that it would make better horse blankets than pants. Some of both sexes will have reason to long remember the cloth pedlar, as they are minus of their expected dresses.

William Moody, of Rumford, will have to raise 146 pods and 624 more beans from one stalk, before Lysander Bartlett, of Hartford, will yield the bell. Try again, bean raisers.

As a public house tells upon the community for good or ill, the community in the vicinity of the Buckfield House feel thankful that Mr. Warren is bound not only to keep a temperance, but also of good reputation.

I notice 12 Maine boys are in the House of Representatives of Mass. One from Oxford, Lyman S. Hapgood, born in Waterford. One in each of the towns Portland, Harrison, Parsonsfield, Brunswick, Columbia, Woolwich, Dixmont, Hampden, Mercer, Bath and Eastport.

The appointment of Josiah Whitten of Buckfield village, Deputy Sheriff, gives great satisfaction in this community, especially to the friends of temperance.

HARTFORD.

—There is a religious revival in Peru and East Dixfield, says a correspondent of the Lewiston Journal.

Bethel Items.

As there has been but little said in the Democrat this winter in regard to large hogs, I thought I would put the ball to rolling by sending to you the weight of a hog slaughtered by Dea. L. P. Holt, Jan. 20th, weighing, with the ears, after tried out, seven hundred and one lbs. Now we think that Bethel stands ahead, till we hear of a larger one.

If it does not intrude too much upon your columns, I will give you my experience in pork raising the past five years. Previous to that time I had fed my hogs on boiled potatoes and meal. I became satisfied that it did not pay to feed out potatoes to hogs at the price they were bringing, and I came to the conclusion that I would make my pork from pigs. In 1867, I commenced with two pigs, feeding on corn-meal and milk, scalding the milk and adding a little salt once a week. Keeping them till eight months old, they weighed 297 and 377, selling the small one for 18 cents per lb., paying for the pigs and corn and a little over. In 1865, I commenced with two, feeding as above; one was taken sick; I gave him a large portion of blood root in milk, and he died in a few minutes after eating. I killed the other, when eight months old; it weighed 397 lbs. In 1866, I had two, weighing 385 and 395 lbs. In 1867, I also had two, weighing 357, and 360. In 1868, two more, their weight being 278 and 315.—The last two did not have so much meal through August and September as they could eat; if they had, I think they would have been quite as large as the others.

J. T. K.

At the annual communication of Bethel Lodge No. 97, held Thursday evening, Jan. 14th, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—C. P. Wiley, W. M.; S. R. Sheehan, S. W.; G. Howe, J. W.; L. D. Bean, S. D.; J. A. Morton, J. D.; J. E. Ayer, S.; Mr. Kimball, G.

About two feet, with a good prospect of more, that's the report from heralds, on the state of the snow. Thus far our snows have come in a very dignified manner and have been little given to friskiness, after they have got here—so we have good sleighing in abundance and our wood and lumber men are pushing their work to completion, with few drifts to molest and make afraid.

Last fall, our hop growers in this vicinity were offered from fifteen to twenty cents a pound for their hops, but they refused, thinking, if they kept them till into the winter, they would get twenty-five cents a pound; but within a few weeks past most of our farmers have sold for ten cents, while a few others say they shall hold on a few weeks, smoke their pipes and possess their souls in patience, with a view to keeping up their spirits, and in hopes of a better time coming, putting off getting rich till other days.

Last Thursday, the Methodist society of this town passed a very agreeable afternoon and evening at the house of their Pastor, going as a donation party, surprising him to the amount of \$70, in corn, apples, potatoes, and currency to the amount of \$55, with many other articles furnished by the ladies, which well filled the pantry. There were two very nice cakes carried in—one made by Mrs. Jacob Annis, the other by Mrs. E. B. Brown. Mrs. Annis has been a pastry-cook in the eating saloon at South Paris, for quite a number of years; and we would say few can excel her in making a nice cake. The company sat down to a supper at 6 o'clock, after which amusements of a varied character commenced, lasting until the small hours warned all that it was time to go home.

As I look around, over town, I find some changes have taken place of late. Mr. A. S. Chapman has purchased a house on Clark Street known as the Rev. M. Wright stand. Mr. Joseph Chapman has remodeled his shop on Broad Street, by putting on another story, using the basement as a confectionery store, and the second floor for a dwelling house. Mr. M. W. Chandler, who has served faithfully for three years as baggage master at our station, has been appointed Depot Master at West Paris.

J. A. Rodick & Co. of Lewiston, have hired Mrs. Lane's store on Church Street, and have put in a large stock of new goods. They are doing a good business. Mrs. A. Mason, the wife of Dr. Moses Mason, who died a few years ago, died on Wednesday morning, 6th inst, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, and two months. She was a native of Newfield, having no children of her own, she resided with her nephew and niece, On Tuesday, she visited a friend on the other side of the river, and was in apparently good health. On Wednesday night, it was observed that she was failing, but finally she went calmly to sleep and never awoke. Her departure was like that of the departing day that melts away into the soft and genial twilight, and disappears. Her memory will long be kept sacred by her friends.

Buckfield.

The Rev. A. F. Benson, who supplies the Baptist Church at Buckfield and East Sumner, was the recipient of a donation visit and fifty two dollars, from the Buckfield church, on the evening of the last day of the year. On the 13th inst. he received a visit from the brethren and friends in Sumner and Hartford, who left money and other things to the value of sixty-five dollars.

Sueden.

Mr. Editor. Having seen from time to time, statements concerning the great yield of beans, in your paper, I will add an item concerning a bean that I raised the past season, and challenge any one to beat it.

Whole number of pods 358, containing five beans to the pod—making 1790 beans from one bean.

H. SACREDUS.

—We are indebted to Senator Bolster for the annual Reports of the State Departments.

Dr. True's Lecture.

The Lewiston Journal gives the following report of the closing Lecture of Dr. True's course on Geology, at that place. The subject was Man. He stated that man had always been a mysterious problem to himself. Although man's opinions wisely differ in regard to the race, yet great progress had been made. Men know more of their physical structure than formerly. The founder of modern Natural History during the last century could not tell the anatomical difference between a monkey and a man. He then ran a parallelism between man and the gorilla, showing in what he resembled and in what he differed from the highest of the monkey tribe. Man was the only animal having a special peculiarity over all other animals. The earth was described as a happy race.

"The happy race of some new race called Man."

He then compared the intellectual powers of man with those of the rest of the animal kingdom. Man was the only animal that could reason on general principles. They could not collect facts on any one subject and then draw a general conclusion. Animals had the germ of the reasoning power in common with man, and that was all. They cannot use abstract language. They know nothing of the laws of progress, or of a perpetual maternal instinct, or the use of the powers of nature or of tools. The difference between the highest of the animal kingdom and the lowest of the human race was an impassable gulf that could not be bridged over.

He then spoke of the moral element in man, which brutes do not possess. Man can distinguish between right and wrong. He recognizes a Supreme Being, and manifests a desire for immortality. He then spoke of the antiquity of man, remarking that a large amount of the so-called evidence in favor of a great antiquity must go for nothing, and that no positive proof had been produced to show that man existed before the last great geological changes on the earth. He then spoke of the unity of the race presenting a series of convincing proofs from the laws of the animal kingdom, that the human race must have sprung from one common centre.

The lecture was listened to with the greatest interest by an intelligent audience. Dr. True is well known as an ardent student of nature, and the manner in which he communicates to others his extensive knowledge on that subject, is at once pleasant, striking and instructive. We are glad to learn that several prominent citizens who have listened to the course have expressed a strong desire that Dr. True should repeat his lectures here so that others of the citizens may enjoy them. The Dr. has prepared another series of lectures on Natural History, which promise to be of great practical value and interest, and we predict for them much popularity.

Editorial and Selected Items.

