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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 27): January 8, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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## THE NEW YEAR.

Up into the shining, soul of mine,  
I look no darkness here;  
The sun is shining on the hills  
In the first day of the year!  
The glittering snow is on the pines,  
Like frost comes they rise,  
And the earth below and the sky above,  
Are clad in happy guise!

Up, up, my soul, no longer sit,  
With folded hands, alone;  
The Future opens her arms to thee,  
The past is dead and gone!  
The Future, with her living voice,  
Cries, "hither, hither, sweet!"  
The Past, a shadow of the lost,  
Is tracking at my feet.

Up, up, my soul! no glance behind;  
Turn not one wistful look;  
Leave all the Past to Him who gave,  
To Him, again, who took!  
Press on, my soul, the year of life  
Cannot be always May;  
Yet the snow-birds sing on the leafless tree,  
And why not thou as they?

Up, up, my soul! no longer sit,  
With fear and dread,  
Since Nature's arms are all around,  
And the sky shines overhead!  
Up, up, and climb the mountain path,  
With strong, unfettered will,  
And let thy mind be as the wind,  
"Onward and upward" still!

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.]

## THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC.

BY FELIX CAITER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Those who remember Jenny Lind's first triumph night at Castle Garden, have some idea of the crowd as it filled the gallery and floor of that immense hall when I entered. I had given no thought to the machinery of the show. I only knew that my ticket bade me be here at 2 p. m. this day. But, as I drew near, the throng, the bands of policemen, the long queues of persons entering, reminded me that there was an affair of ten thousand persons, and also that Mr. Burroughs was not unwilling to make it as showy, perhaps as noisy an affair as was respectable, by way of advertising future excursions and distributions. I was led to seat No. 3671 with a deal of parade, and when I came there I found I was very much of a prisoner. I was late, or rather on the stroke of two. Immediately, also, Mr. Burroughs arose in the front and made a long speech about his liberality, and the public's liberality, and everybody's liberality in general, and the method of the distribution in particular. The mayor and four or five well-known and respectable gentlemen were kind enough to be present to guarantee the fairness of the arrangements. At the suggestion of the mayor and the police the door would now be closed, that no person might interrupt the ceremony till it was ended. And the distribution of the cyclopedias would at once go down in the order which the lots were drawn—earliest numbers securing the earliest impressions; which as Mr. Burroughs almost regretted to say, were a little better than the latest. After these had been distributed two figures would be drawn—one green and one red, to indicate the fortunate lady and gentleman who would receive respectively the profits which had arisen from this method of selling the cyclopedias, after the expenses of printing and distribution had been covered, and after the magazine had been ordered.

Great cheering followed this announcement from all but me. Here I had shut myself up in this lumbering hall, for heaven knows how long, on the most important day of my life. I would have given up willingly my cyclopædia and my chance at the "profits" for the certainty of seeing Fausta at five o'clock. If I did not see her then, what might befall her, and when might I see her again? An hour before this certainly was my own, now it was only mine by my liberating myself from this prison. Still I was encouraged by seeing that everything was conducted like clockwork. From literally a hundred stations they were distributing the books. We formed ourselves into queues as we pleased, drew our numbers and then presented ourselves at the bureaux, ordered our magazines and took our cyclopedias. It would be done, at that rate, by half-past four. An omnibus would bring me to the Park, and a Bowery-car do the rest in time. After a vain discussion for the right of exit with one or two of the attendants, I abandoned myself to this hope, and began studying my cyclopædia.

It was sufficiently amusing to see ten thousand people resign themselves to the same task, and affect to be unconcerned about the green and red figures which were to divide the "profits." I tried to make out who were anxious to get out of that den as I was. Four o'clock struck, and the distribution was not done. I began to be very impatient. What if Fausta fell into trouble? I knew, or hoped I knew that she would struggle to the Astor Library, as to her only place of refuge and refuge—her asylum. What if I failed her there? I who had pretended to be her protector! "A protector, indeed!" she would say if she knew I was at a theatre witnessing the greatest folly of the age. And if I did not meet her today when should I meet her? If she found her aunt, how should I find her? If she did not find her—good God! that was worse—where might she be before twelve hours were over? Then the fatal trunk! I had told the police agent he might send it to the St. Nicholas, because I had to give him some address. But Fausta did not know this, and the St. Nicholas people know nothing of us. I grew moody and more excited, and when at last my next neighbor told me that it was half-past four, I rose and insisted on leaving my seat. Two ushers with blue sashes almost held me down, they showed me the whole assembly sinking into quiet. In fact, at that moment, Mr. Burroughs was begging every one to be seated. I would not be seated. "Go if you please!" said the usher next to me contemptuously. "And I looked and there was no handle!" Yet this was not a dream. It is the way they arrange the doors in halls where they choose to keep people in their places. I could have collared the grinning blue sash. I did tell him I would wring his precious neck for him, if he did not let me out. I said I would sue him for false imprisonment; I would have a writ of *habeas corpus*.

"*Habeas corpus* be d—!" said the officer, with an irreverent disrespect to the palladium. "If you are not more civil, sir, I will call the police, of whom we have plenty. You may say you want to go out; you are keeping everybody in."

And, in fact, at that moment the clear voice of the mayor was announcing that they would not go on until there was perfect quiet; and I felt that I was imprisoning all these people, not they me.

"Child of the Public!" said my mourning genius, "are you better than other men?" So I sneaked back to seat No. 3671, amid the contemptuous and reproachful looks and sneers of my respectable neighbors, who had sat where they were told to. We must be through in a moment, and perhaps Fausta would be late also. If only the Astor would keep open after sunset! How often have I wished that since, and for less reasons!

Silence thus restored, Mr. A., the mayor, led forward his little daughter, blindfolded her, and bade her put her hand into a green

box, from which she drew out a green ticket. He took it from her, and read, in his clear voice again, "No. 2973!" By this time we all knew where the "two thousands" sat. Then "nine hundreds" were not far from the front, so that it was not far that frightened girl, dowered all in black, and heavily veiled, had to walk, who answered to this call. Mr. A. met her, helped her up the stairs upon the stage, took her ticket and read "Jerusha Stillinglee, of Yellow Springs, who, at her death, it seems, transferred this right to the bearer."

The disappointed nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine joined in a rapturous cheer, each man and woman, to show that he or she was not disappointed. The bearer spoke with Mr. Burroughs, in answer to his questions, and with a good deal of ostentation, he opened a cheque-book and passed it to her, she signing a receipt as she took it, and transferring to him her ticket. So far, in dumb show, all was well. What was more to my purpose, it was rapid, for we should have been done in five minutes more, but that some devil tempted some loafer in a gallery to cry "Face! face!" Miss Stillinglee's legate was heavily veiled.

In one horrid moment that whole amphitheater, which seemed to me then more cruel than the Coliseum ever was, rang with the cry of "Face! face!" I tried the counter cry of "Shame! shame!" but I was in disgrace among my neighbors, and a counter-cry never takes as its prototype does either. At first, on the stage they affected not to hear or understand, then there was a courtly whisper between Mr. Burroughs and the lady, but Mr. A., the mayor, and the respectable gentlemen instantly interfered. It was evident that she would not unveil, and that they were prepared to endorse her refusal. In a moment more she curtsied to the assembly, the mayor gave her his arm and led her cut through a side door.

O! the yell that rose up then! The who's assembly stood up, and as if they had lost some vested right, hooted and shrieked, "Back! back! Face! face!" Mr. A.—returned, made as if he would speak, came forward, to the very front and got a moment's silence.

"It is not in the bond, gentlemen," said he. "The young lady is unwilling to unveil, and we must not compel her."

"Face! face!" was the only answer, and an orange from up-stairs flew about his head and struck upon the table, an omen only fearful from what it prophesied. Then there was such a row for five minutes as I hope I may never see or hear again. People kept their places fortunately, under a vague impression that they should forfeit some magic rights if they left those numbered seats. But when, for a moment, a file of policemen appeared in the orchestra, a whole volley of cyclopedias fell like rain upon their chief, with a renewed cry of "Face! face!"

At this juncture, with a good deal of knowledge of popular feeling, Mr. A.—led forward his child again, frightened to death the poor thing was, and crying; he tied his handkerchief round her eyes hastily, and took her to the red box.

For a minute the house was hushed. A cry of "Down, down!" and every one took his place as the child gave the red ticket to her father. He read it as before, "No. 3671!" I heard the words as if he did not speak them. All excited by the delay and the row, by the injustice to the stranger and the personal injustice of everybody to me, did I not know, for a dozen seconds, that every one was looking towards one side of the house, nor was it till my next neighbor with the watch said, "Go you fool," that I was aware that 3671 was I. Even then, as I stepped down the passage and up the steps, my only feeling was that I should get out of this horrid trap, and possibly find Miss Jones lingering near the Astor, not by any means that I was invited to take a cheque for \$5000.

There was not much cheering. Women never cheer of course. The men had cheered the green ticket, but they were mad with the red one. I gave up my ticket, signed my receipt and took my cheque; shook hands with Mr. A.—and Mr. Burroughs, and turned to bow to the mob—for mob I must call it now. But the cheers died away. A few people tried to go out perhaps, but there was nothing new to retain any in their seats as before, and the general rose, pressed down the passages and howled, "Face! face!" I thought for a moment that I ought to say something, but they would not hear me, and after a moment's pause my passion to depart overwhelmed me, I muttered some apology to the gentlemen, and left the stage by the side door.

I had forgotten that to Castle Garden there can be no back entrance. I came to door after door, which were all locked. It was growing dark. Evidently the sun was set, and I knew the library door would be shut at sunset. The passages were very obscure. All around me rang this horrid yell of the mob, in which all that I could discern was the cry "Face, face!" At last, as I groped round, I came to a practicable door. I entered a room where the western sunset glared on me. I was not alone. The veiled lady in black was there. But the instant she saw me she sprang toward me, flung herself into my arms and cried,

"Felix, is it you?—you are indeed my protector!"

It was Miss Jones! It was Fausta! She was the legate of Miss Stillinglee. My first thought was, "Oh, if that beggarly usher had let me go! Well, I—ever—think I have better rights than the public again."

I took her in my arms. I carried her to the sofa. I could hardly speak for excitement. Then I did say that I had been wild with terror; that I had feared that I had lost her, and lost her forever; that to have lost that interview would have been worse to me than death; for unless she knew that I loved her better than man ever loved woman, I could not face a lonely night and another lonely day.

"My dear, dear child," I said, "you may think me wild; but I must say this—it has been pent up too long."

"Say what you will," she said, after a moment in which I still held her in my arms. She was trembling so that she could not have sat upright alone. "Say what you will, if only you do not tell me to spend another day alone."

And I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I said, "Never, darling—God helping me—till I die!"

How long we sat there I do not know. Neither of us spoke again. For one, I looked out on the sunset and the bay. We had but just time to rearrange ourselves in positions more

independent when Mr. A.—came in, this time in alarm, to say,

"Miss Jones, we must get you out of this house, or we must hide you somewhere. I believe, before God, they will storm this passage, and pull the house about our ears."

He said this, not conscious as he began that I was there. At that moment, however, I felt as if I could have met a million men. I started forward and rushed him, saying, "Let me speak to them." I pushed upon the stage, fairly pushing back two or three bullies who were already upon it. I sprang upon the table, kicking down the red box as I did so, so that the red tickets fell on the floor and on the people below. One stuck in an old man's spectacles in a way which made the people in the galleries laugh. A laugh is a great blessing at such a moment. Curiosity is another. Three loud words spoken like thunder do a good deal more. And after three words the house was hushed to hear me. I said:—

"Be fair to the girl. She has no father nor mother. She has no brother nor sister. She is alone in the world, with nobody to help her but the public—and me!"

The audacity of the speech brought out a cheer, and we should have come off in triumph, when some rowdy—the original "face" man, I suppose—said,—

"And who are you?"

If the laugh went against me now, I was lost of course. Fortunately, I had no time to think. I said, without thinking,

"I am the Child of the Public, and her betrothed husband!"

O heavens! what a yell of laughter, of hurrahs, of satisfaction with a denouement rang through the house, and showed that all was well. Burroughs caught the moment, and started his band, this time successfully—I believe with "See the Conquering Hero." The doors, of course, had been opened long before. Well-dressed people say they need stay no longer; ill-dressed people dared not stay; the blue-coated men with buttons sauntered on the stage in groups, and I suppose the worst rowdies disappeared as they saw them. I had made my single speech, and for the moment I was a hero.

I believe the mayor would have liked to kiss me. Burroughs almost did. They overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations. All these I received as well as I could—something I did not feel at all surprised—everything as it should be. I scarcely thought of leaving the stage myself, till, to my surprise, the mayor asked me to go home with him to dinner.

Then I remembered that we were not to spend the rest of our lives in Castle Garden. I blundered out something about Miss Jones, that she had no escort except me, and pressed into her room to find her. A group of gentlemen were around her. Her veil was back now. She was very pale, but very lovely. Have I said that she was beautiful as Heaven? She was the queen of the room, modestly and pleasantly receiving their felicitations that the danger was over, and owing that she had been very much frightened, "Until," she said, "my friend, Mr. Carter, was fortunate enough to guess that I was here. How he did it," she said, turning to me, "is yet an utter mystery to me."

She did not know till then that it was I who had shared with her the profits of the cyclopedias.

As soon as we could excuse ourselves, I asked some one to order a carriage. I sent to the ticket-office for my valise, and we rode to the St. Nicholas. I fairly laughed, as I gave the hackman, at the hotel door, what would have been my last dollar and a half, only two hours before. I entered Miss Jones's name and my own. The clerk looked, and said, inquiringly,

"Is it Miss Jones's trunk which came this afternoon?"

I followed his finger to see the trunk on the marble floor. Rowdy Bob had deserted it, having seen, perhaps, a detective when he reached Piermont. The trunk had gone to Albany, had found no owner, and had returned by the day boat of that day.

I sent Fausta to her room, and sent her supper after her. One kiss, and "Good-night!" was all I got from her then.

"In the morning," said she, "you shall explain."

It was not yet seven. I went to my own room and dressed, and tendered myself at the Mayor's just before his gay party sat down to dine. I met, for the first time in my life, men whose books I had read, and whose speeches I had, by heart, and women whom I have since known to honor; and, in the midst of this brilliant group, so excited had Mr. A.—been in telling the story of the day, I was, for the hour, the lion.

I led Mrs. A.—to the table; I made her laugh very heartily by telling her of the usher's threats to me and mine to him, and of the disgrace into which I fell among the three thousand six hundred. I had never been at such a party before. But I found it was only rather simpler and more quiet than most parties I had seen, that its good breeding was exactly like that of dear Betsy Myers.

As the party broke up, Mrs. A.—said to me,

"Mr. Carter, I am sure you are tired, with all this excitement. You say you are a stranger here. Let me send round for your trunk to the St. Nicholas, and you shall spend the night here. I know I can make you a better bed than they."

I thought as much myself and assented. In half an hour more I was in bed in Mrs. A.—'s best room.

"I shall not sleep better," said I to myself, "than I did last night."

That was what the public did for me that night. I was safe again!

## CHAPTER LAST.—FAUSTA'S STORY.

Fausta slept late, poor child. I called for her before breakfast. I waited for her after. About ten she appeared, so radiant, so beautiful, so kind! The trunk had revealed a dress I never saw before, and the sense of rest and eternal security, and unbroken love had revealed a charm which was never there to see before. She was dressed for walking, and as she met me, said,—

"Time for constitutional, Mr. Millionaire."

So we walked again, quite up town, almost to the region of pig-pens and cabbage-gardens which is now the Central Park. And after just the first gust of my enthusiasm, Fausta said, very seriously,—

"I must teach you to be grave. You do not know whom you are asking to be your wife."

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1864.

NO. 27.

Excepting Mrs. Mason, No. 27 Thirty-fourth Street, sir, there is no one in the world who is of kin to me, and she does not care for me one straw. Felix," she said, almost sadly, now, "you call yourself 'Child of the Public.' I started when you first said so, for that is just what I am."

"I am twenty-two years old. My father died before I was born. My mother, a poor woman, disliked by his relatives and avoided by them, went to live in Hoboken over there, with me. How she lived, God knows! but it happened that of a strange death she died, I in her arms."

After a pause, the poor girl went on:—

"There was a great military review, an encampment. She was tempted out to see it. Of a sudden, by some mistake, a ramrod was fired from a careless soldier's gun, and it pierced her through the heart. I tell you, Felix, it pined my baby frock into the wound, so that they could not part me from her till it was cut away."

"Of course every one was filled with horror. Nobody claimed poor me, the baby. But the Battalion, the Montgomery Battalion, it was, which had, by mischance, killed my mother, adopted me as their child. I was voted 'Fille du Regiment.' They paid an assessment annually, which the colonel expended for me. A kind old woman nursed me."

"She was your Betsy Myers," interrupted I.

"And when I was old enough I was sent into Connecticut to the best of schools. This lasted till I was sixteen. Fortunately for me, perhaps, the Montgomery Battalion then dissolved. I was finding it hard to answer the colonel's annual letters. I had my living to earn—it was best I should earn it. I declined a proposal to go out as a missionary. I had no call. I answered one of Miss Beecher's appeals for Western teachers. Most of my life since has been a schoolroom's. It has had ups and downs. But I have always been proud that the public was my godfather; and, as you know," she said, "I have trusted the public well. I have never been lonely, wherever I went. I tried to make myself of use. Where I was of use I found society. The ministers have been kind to me. I always offered my services in the Sunday schools and sewing rooms. The School Committees have been kind to me. They are the public's high chamberlains for poor girls. I have written for the journals. I won one of Sartins' hundred dollar prizes."

"And I another," interrupted I.

"When I was very poor, I won the first prize for an essay on bad boys."

"And I the second," answered I.

"I think I know one bad boy better than he knows himself," said she. But she went on, "I watched with this poor Miss Stillinglee the night she died. This absurd 'distribution' had got hold of her, and she would not be satisfied till she had transferred that strange ticket, No. 2973, to me, writing the endorsement which you have heard. I had a longing to visit New York and Hoboken again. This ticket seemed to me to be beckon me. I had money enough to come, if I would come cheaply. I wrote to my father's business partner, and enclosed a note to his only sister. She is Mrs. Mason. She asked me, cooly enough, to her house. Old Mr. Grill always liked me—he offered me escort and passage as far as Troy or Albany. I accepted his proposal, and you know the rest."

When I told Fausta my story, she declared I made it up as I went along. When she believed it—as she does believe it now—she joined me in declaring that it was not fit that two people thus joined should ever be parted. Nor have we been ever!

She made a hurried visit at Mrs. Mason's. She prepared there for her wedding. On the 1st of November we went into that same church which was our first home in New York; and that dear old raven-man made us

ONE!

MAINE REGIMENTS.—The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Journal gives the following particulars concerning Maine Regiments. Their whereabouts are as follows:

The 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 16th, 17th, 19th and 20th regiments are with the Army of the Potomac. The 1st regiment of cavalry, 1st company of sharpshooters, 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th batteries are also in the Army of the Potomac. The 8th, 9th and 11th regiments are in South Carolina. The 12th and 14th are in Louisiana. The 13th and 15th are in Texas. The 1st regiment of heavy artillery is stationed at Washington, attached to which regiment is the 3d battery. The 1st battery is in the Gulf Department. The 1st company of cavalry is attached to Baker's Independent cavalry, headquarters Washington. The 1st battalion of infantry, composed of companies A and D of the 10th regiment is in the Army of the Cumberland.

The terms of service of these regiments and corps expire as follows: 3d regiment, June 4; 4th, June 15th; 5th, June 24th; 6th, July 15th; 7th, Aug. 21; 8th, Sept. 7; 9th, Sept. 22; 11th, Nov. 12; 15th, Nov. 20; 13th, Dec. 31; 14th, Dec. 31; 1st regiment cavalry, Aug. 31; 1st Co. Sharpshooters, Nov. 2; 1st battery, Dec. 18; 3d, Nov. 30; 9th, Dec. 11; 4th, Dec. 21; 5th, Dec. 4 of next year. The term of service of the following regiments and corps expires in 1865: 1st, 17th, Aug. 18; 19th, Aug. 25; 20th, Aug. 29th; 1st regiment heavy artillery, Aug. 21; 6th, battery, Jan. 1.

THE HIGH FLOWN STYLE OF ROMANCE. The graphic style of romance now indulged in by sensation writers has been pictured in the following "first attempt," said to have been written under the pressure of a pint of cognac to the square inch:

"'Twas at the time of a full moon, She was riding through the heavens without saddle or bridle. But what has that to do with me? As I was saying, the wind blowed; I'll be blowed if it didn't blow; it blowed so hard that it blowed down a rail fence, on which was reclining a coon. The coon gave one heart-rending shriek that made me 'git up and git down over a log that was also reclining on a log right forlorn me, and on another log that was not far from the Bear River Company's water ditch, whose majestic stream was rolling past with an uncontrollable velocity, almost to overflow a gopher hole that was rooted down, down into an abyss of unknown depth. A person

that I never saw before, or had idea was in existence, or that he would come along so soon, passed along where I was reclining against my will. With a compassion so prevalent among the miners, he hastened to pick up a chunk that shone with all the splendor of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. Just then a stump trying to outstrip an owl that was sitting on an adjacent tree, whose top came within an ace of piercing the stars which twinkled in the firmament, like a toad's eye when devouring bees. Then, and not till then, did my awful situation flash to my mind like forked lightning; that I was away from the busy crowd of loafers that inhabit the regions that surround the peaceful bar-room, seeking whom to devour free of charge, and swallowing at one gulp a whole bit's worth of red-eye, so freely administered by office-seekers."

## Get a Home and Keep it.

A leading object with every young man should be to secure for himself a permanent home, and for his greater stability, it should consist partly in land, and up to a certain limit, more of it the better, if paid for. The home should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and purpose to keep his possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them, amid all changes.

Americans are altogether too roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply, and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away a half dozen times in a life time, in the vain hope of bettering our condition. How much better to choose a homestead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to abiding there. Even though our gains be less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty seldom be given up for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Only those who have experienced it, know how firmly a family become attached to their long-loved homestead. No children love home so well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this will remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will be ever welcome. A pleasing truth confirms our doctrine this:

"There is a great gain in being settled down. It is twofold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened. The rough channels of labor become worn and smooth. A change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid out, the wear and tear of removal is no small item; and above all, the breaking up of old associations is often disastrous in the extreme. Parents and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals. . . . Let the man who has a homestead keep it; let him that has none, get one and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it." To all which every intelligent, thoughtful person must give a hearty approval.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT. The general feeling on this side of the water among the decenter classes in regard to the result of the recent prize fight in England, is one of unalloyed satisfaction. It is not a case in which victory was to be desired, or which any one solicited for his country's honor would care to have the success credited to America. There are many peculiarities in English life and character which we can imitate far more creditably than the brutal prize fighting. There can be no doubt that if he who was put forward by his friends as the great American champion, had beaten his antagonist, a considerable impulse would have been given in this country to an amusement, as it is called, which is disgusting and degrading in its nature, its incidents and its influences. England is the only civilized nation on the face of the earth which tolerates the custom. Even there it is forbidden by the laws, though these are often rendered ineffective by public opinion. We should not like to see the United States share with England in this disgrace of encouaging a pastime which has no single benefit to recommend it, but a thousand evil effects to condemn it in the eyes of all.—[N. Y. Post.]

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The Augusta correspondent of the Portland Courier tells the following: Last night a medium sized man evidently a soldier, dressed in clothes which had evidently seen service, arrived in this city in the four o'clock train and went into the Stanley House and asked if they were full. He received the reply that they were. He wanted to know if he could stop all night. The clerk queried whether he wanted supper and breakfast,—yes, he said, and a room. Can't give you a room, sir, we don't care about entertaining soldiers. The soldier retired from the presence and went to the Augusta House where he made the same queries, but the clerk suspecting something more than the clothes indicated, promptly informed him that he could have a room when he registered his name as C. S. EDWARDS. The rough looking soldier proved to be the gallant and fearless commander of the Fifth Maine.

A NEW PATENT FERTILIZER. An exchange paper makes itself merry over a new manure it has been advertised. It is said to be deposited by a bird with a grandiloquent name, from a southern ocean, which lives on electrical cells, and its offal contains ammonia and lightning combined in remarkable proportions. It recommends that, instead of waiting for a ship-load, in these perilous times, the farmers of a town or county club together, and buy a few birds; for if one of them only flies over a corn field, it will start the corn knee high at a lick! Who wants a bird? They are very scarce as yet.

BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES. Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun, will be much more durable if applied in Autumn or Spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

[American Agriculturist.]

ANOTHER PREDICTION OF SOUTHERN SUBMISSION.—We have already given the London Times' Richmond correspondent's account of the want of hope which characterizes the people of the South, and now we find its New York correspondent talking in much the same vein, only more explicitly. In his last letter he says:

"That the prolongation of the struggle may within five or six months wear out the South I, candidly speaking, believe by no means impossible. Heroes of the Lee and Davis stamp may choose to break rather than to bend, and for them death or exile will be the more bearable lot; but if resistance in the field is overcome, I do really incline to believe that men will be found in the South willing to put forward or to accept proposals either of submission or compromise; and if the two fractions of these disunited States can ever come to terms, and the implacable leaders of the secession movement are providentially removed, the pacification and conciliation of the rebel districts may turn out less difficult a task than people are now fain to imagine. The States of Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and especially North Carolina, may eventually come under the management of the Washington Government with no greater trouble than Maryland or Missouri, if it so be that the government finds a plausible solution to the slavery question—a matter which, to my mind, is not so very difficult."

The loves of a multitude, says the old Italian statesman, are short-lived and fleeting, and so are their hatreds and rancors also. For my own part, I have found the Americans as fickle and inconsistent a race as any can be, so far as political principles are concerned. The only point to which they stick, most of the Northerners and also many of the Southerners, is the preservation of the Union, the glorification of their big country and nation—a country and nation, as Mr. Beecher elegantly expressed himself in one of his late addresses, which is to walk among the pigmy States of the old world as an elephant treads among mice."

As a symptom of the disposition on the part of the South to relent we may take their slackened energies in deeds of guerrilla warfare. . . . On the whole I conclude that South seems to exhibit signs of weariness and despondency, and peace, if it were offered on plausible terms, might be hailed as a providential deliverance."

GENERAL HARDEE AND THE STRAGGLER.—We recently heard a camp anecdote, which, we think, is worthy of being preserved in print. While on a forced march, in some of the army movements in Mississippi, last summer, Gen. Hardee came up with a straggler who had fallen some distance in the rear of his command. The General ordered him forward; when the soldier replied that he was weak and broken down, not having had even half rations for several days.

"That's hard," replied the General, "but you must push forward, my good fellow, and join your command, or the Provost Guard will take you in hand."

The soldier halted, and looking up at the General, asked—

"Ain't you General Hardee?"

"Yes," replied the General.

"Didn't you write Hardee's Tactics?"

"Yes."

"Well, General, I've studied them tactics, and know 'em by heart. You've got an order that to double column at half distance, ain't you?"

"Well," asked the General, "what has that order to do with your case?"

"I'm a good soldier, General, and obey all that is possible to be obeyed; but if your orders can show me an order in your tactics, or any body else's tactics, to double distance on half rations, then I'll give 'em."

The General, with a hearty laugh, admitted that there were not tactics to meet the case, and putting spurs to his horse rode forward.

EXAMINING BOARDS.—They have at Washington what are called Examining Boards, to inquire into the fitness of officers for the positions held by them in the army. Before one of these, composed entirely of officers of the regular army, was summoned a Pennsylvania volunteer artillery captain. Among the questions proposed was this:

What should you have done had you been in command of Rickett's (regular) battery in the same position in which that was at the first battle of Bull-Run?

I would not have had my battery in such a position.

Mr. Mallory forwarded instructions to cease operations upon them for the present.

"In this connection," says the Secretary, "it is proper for me to state that the great revolution in popular sentiment, both in England and France, toward the Confederate Government, has rendered our efforts to obtain supplies from those countries almost abortive. In view of all possible contingencies, I have instructed the agents of this Department to wait a more favorable opportunity for carrying out the instructions previously forwarded. By the last courier, I sent instructions that will shortly be made apparent to our enemies nearer home."

The services of Captain Semmes, in the Alabama, are spoken of with high approbation.

"During the year he has captured upward of ninety vessels, seventy of whom he destroyed, the others being either bonded or released. One of the greatest drawbacks this officer reports having experienced is the difficulty he now has in procuring full supplies of coal. The provincial English authorities have hitherto afforded him every facility, but recently they have interpreted their neutrality laws so stringently that our war vessels and privateers are much embarrassed in obtaining suitable supplies."

## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL H. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 8, 1864.



### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by this office. S. H. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seaboard building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or" WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

SHALL IT BE DONE?—An eloquent paper from Mr. Hadley, the special agent of the Sanitary Commission, at Portland, sets forth the claims of this great and deserving charity in strong terms. Its benefits to the army and to the country are beyond all estimation. The leading object at present is the collection and shipment of vegetables—potatoes, turneps, apples, cabbages, &c., for want of which the soldiers suffer so much from scurvy and other diseases. In this labor the Commission has met with marked success, and great quantities of these articles have been shipped from Maine to the soldiers in various parts of the country. In the towns about us we hear of liberal contributions. Skowhegan has sent one hundred and nineteen barrels! Waterville has sent 6,000! Through the agency of the Christian Commission our citizens have been liberal in spiritual donations, contributing their money freely to send sermons, tracts, prayers and religious instruction—even adding to other gifts two of their best clergymen. These things are good in their places, and there is need of more than have been sent; but the bodies of the soldiers need food as well as their souls, and potatoes must go with our prayers, if we would meet the whole demand. Our cellars are as full of one as are our hearts of the other—possibly more? The boy who had been refused by the priest a penny, in turn refused to accept his blessing, because it would not have been offered if it had not been worth less than a penny. If our spiritual donations to the soldiers are to be judged by this rule, it is expedient that large quantities of vegetables should forthwith go from Waterville to the Sanitary Commission.

Now, where are the women whose hands set in motion the noble charities that have already blessed the soldiers and honored our town? Here is work for them that must be done. One of them, who opened the first "soldiers' box" and invited contributions for "Our Boys," has come forward to her reward; who will take her mantle, and win the priceless gratitude of the armies of freedom? It is hardly possible that this precious opportunity should pass by without being recognized. It needs but a nod—a single hand would move hundreds of others. Who would not spare a bushel of potatoes, or a few apples, or turneps, or cabbages, for the noble men who are saving our country? Who will take our barrel of apples—and others that may join it—and pass it to Our Boys—who?

NEW YEAR'S EVE witnessed a pleasant interview of friends at the residence of Rev. Dr. Sheldon, pastor of the Unitarian society. It had something more than a social character, according to the liberality of the visitors, and will probably be remembered by the family for some things more tangible than good wishes. Even before the company dispersed there were warm expressions of gratitude, that seemed to carry conviction that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

On the evening of New Year the Sabbath School of the same society held a festival at Town Hall, at which the juveniles entertained their seniors with loud demonstrations of joy. It was a happy mingling of youth and age, in which many who were about receiving the anniversary wrinkle to their brow found it wiped out by contact with the merry face of childhood. Both old and young marked it down as a rare good time.

WATERVILLE BANK has declared a semi-annual dividend of three and a half per cent.

One-half of the capital of this bank is invested in government bonds.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Mrs. Ann Appleton, of this place, widow of the late Dr. Moses Appleton, died suddenly on Monday morning, at her residence on Appleton-st., of heart disease, at the advanced age of 84 years. Mrs. A. has been distinguished for her eminently practical Christian character; even the burden of old age had not diminished the activity of her benevolence or abated the warmth of her charity. For many years, and even to the day of her death, she was emphatically a leader in those social enterprises in which humanity and benevolence looked beyond individual effort; and to her earnestness in the great cause in which the country is now engaged may be credited in a large degree the efforts which have resulted in so liberal contributions from the ladies of Waterville; for while her own benevolence of the active kind, it aimed to move others to activity. To the poor, and in all the minor details that constitute a charitable and useful life, the kindness and liberality which spring from enlarged Christian love were the fruit that always bore testimony to the purity and goodness of her heart. Few women have lived for more usefulness in the common walks of life, and few will be remembered with more gratitude, affection and reverence.

**THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.**—We invite attention to the advertisement of *Blackwood's Magazine and the British Review*, and especially to the reduced rates of postage and the premiums to new subscribers. At this time, as the publishers well say, "These publications possess unusual interest, from the numerous articles they contain in relation to our own country, and although many of them are strongly tinged with prejudice and represent us somewhat unfairly, others are entirely free from such objections, and all contain many wholesome truths which it will do us no harm to read and ponder."

The following discriminating notice of these valuable works we copy from a contemporary:

L. Scott & Co. of New York, continue to republish the leading British Quarterly and Blackwood's Magazine. By this arrangement the American public is enabled to obtain them for \$10, while the English people are obliged to pay \$31. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the merits of these periodicals. They contain the richest fruits of the scholarship, wit, and genius of the literary men of Great Britain, and are alike of great value to the scholar, the professional man, or the intelligent reader. Their pages abound with elaborate criticisms, brilliant essays, profound speculations, and with whatever of interest may be found in science, literature, morality, and religion. While they are the acknowledged representatives of certain principles in politics, they are far from being grossly partisan. In this respect they occupy a position we should be glad to see our own periodicals assume—a position which would enable them to discuss great questions of governmental policy independent of party trammels.

*The Edinburgh Review*, in point of age at least, is first in the list. Everybody knows that it was established by Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sidney Smith for the purpose of combating the ruling Tory power, which was carrying everything before it with a high hand. Sustained by the force of brilliant intellect, and upheld by a strong public opinion, it carried on its contest single handed, until its voice made Tory leaders quake, and the very throne tremble. It is still conducted with much vigor and ability.

*The London Quarterly* was established to meet this bold and daring champion on its own ground, and such writers as Southey, Scott, Lockhart, and Wordsworth enlisted as its contributors. It still represents conservative principles, but its pages are by no means confined to their advocacy.

*The Westminster Review* belongs to a more liberal school of politics. Its position is a step in advance of the Edinburgh, and its views come nearest to the American standard. It devotes itself particularly to the topics most interesting to the people, and denounces boldly and fearlessly exclusive privileges, hereditary rights, kingly prerogatives, and all the abuses of feudalism. As a literary and progressive periodical it now stands unequalled.

*The North British Review* made its appearance as a special advocate of evangelical religion. It was founded by Dr. Chalmers, and since his death has been under the editorial charge of Dr. Hanna, and more recently of Prof. Fraser. For some time past it has been less evangelical than in its earlier years, but it has now got back to its first faith, and is conducted on the same principles and with the same vigor which characterized it when under the care of Chalmers.

*Blackwood's Magazine* everybody knows to be the embodied genius of Toryism, yet its wretched rhetoric, profound disquisitions, slashing yet brilliant criticisms, poetry, biography, historical and fictitious narratives, render it the most readable monthly in the world.

**WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—The annual meeting of this prosperous company was held at the Company's office, on Monday last.

We publish the report of the Directors on our columns to-day, and call attention to it. There is no Company in better standing than this; none which pays its losses more promptly;—and we recommend it to all who want a safe, economical and reliable insurance.

The following officers were elected for the year:

D. L. MILLIKEN, President.

C. R. McADDEN, Vice President.

W. DYER, Treasurer.

J. B. BRADBURY, Secretary.

E. F. WEBB, Directors.

GEO. WENWORTH, Directors.

MARK ROLLINS, Jr., Directors.

D. L. Milliken, President.

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# WATERVILLE MAIL.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE TOWN.

Published on Friday, by  
**MAXIM & WING,**  
Editors and Proprietors.

At Free Building, Main St., Waterville.

TERMS.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.  
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 9:45 A.M. Closest 9:30 A.M.	August 10	9:45	9:30
August 11	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 12	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 13	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 14	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 15	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 16	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 17	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 18	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 19	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 20	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 21	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 22	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 23	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 24	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 25	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 26	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 27	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 28	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 29	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 30	9:45	9:30	9:30
August 31	9:45	9:30	9:30

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Think not that baffled endeavors bear no fruits because they do not bear the particular fruits you sought and sighed for.

A beautiful woman, says some ardent lover of the feminine sex, is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no right to cover herself with a green veil, or any similar abomination, than the sun has to wear green spectacles.

There is a reason why—aside from their chronic hatred of the "Yankees"—the "Blue Noses of Halifax" came to the scene of the Chesapeake piracy. They were British subjects. So at least the Providence Journal authoritatively states.

If Janna has its fangs, January has its fireplaces, and each is welcome for its beautiful gift.

Ladies, let your hair, teeth, and complexion be false, if necessary, but let not your heads be false; falsehoods are inexcusable.

Enamored Writing Master to a Young Lady pupil—I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your eye (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw.

Miss Thompson says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

The New Orleans Playhouse notices among the novelties of trade and caprices of commerce the receipt of tobacco in that market from the State of Connecticut.

The patriotic projectors and promoters of the Sanitary Commission Fund, in Boston, closed up their affairs on Monday night, having gathered one hundred thousand dollars for that noble fund. This beats the great Chicago fund by some \$30,000.

A farmer's wife meeting one of her neighbors returning from market, inquired: "What do they pay for eggs at market, now?" "I get only eight cents a dozen for mine," she replied. "Eight cents a dozen!" said the indignant dame. "Well, I shall not sell my eggs for eight cents!" she said, and she was right.

M. About, in a recent work, speaks of an aversarian man who, after having kindled a fire, stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

The Radicals have won the fight on the Missouri question. The official order anticipated so long, and telegraphed as certain to be made so often, is an acknowledged fact, and General Schofield is finally ordered in command of the Department of Missouri. Gen. Rosecrans takes his place.

Show can easily be purchased, but happiness is always a home-made article.

Mr. Jefferson Davis' "Congress" seems like an exceedingly small affair, numerically. When it came together the other day, his "Senate" and his "House of Representatives," including his bogus delegations from Missouri and Kentucky only about fifty. "Small potatoes," and so to speak, few in the bill.

The large Dodge Tannery in Freedom was entirely consumed by fire on the 4th inst., together with all the manufactured leather and stock. Loss \$15,000—supposed incalculable.

Some gay and festive writer says that "a varoloid is a mild and comical type of the small pox." Guess he never tried it on.

**FIRE AT ATHENS.**—A hotel, two stores and a stable were burnt in Athens on Monday. One of the stores was owned by Leavitt & Toby and the other by A. H. Cook, and the stable by H. S. French.

Archbishop Hughes of New York, died in that city on Sunday last, after a brief illness.

The Company of Maine Sharpshooters having re-enlisted for the war, have been ordered home to recruit. They will rendezvous in this city on Monday evening, where they will rendezvous for recruiting and re-organization. Several other Maine regiments have re-enlisted to serve out the war, and will be ordered home to recruit. It is not nearly all the army of the Potomac whose term of service expires within the next six months will re-enlist. Those re-enlisting in the old regiments will be credited on the quotas of the several States.

## NOTICES.

**IMPORTANT TO FEMALES**  
**D. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS**

Important to Females.  
The combination of ingredients in these Pills is the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, painful menstruations, morbid obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, white, and various affections, hysteria, fainting, pain in the back and limbs, etc., disturbed sleep, which arise from impurities of nature.

**DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS**  
was the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have long been considered inveterate. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing regularity, permanent regularity, etc. They are known to thousands, who have used them with different results throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Special directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box—PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOX, containing from 60 to 70 Pills.

Solely sent by MAIL, promptly, by remitting to the proprietors.  
**HUTCHINGS & HILLMAN**, Waterville, Me., and by all druggists, Grocers, and Dealers.

For sale in Waterville by I. E. & J. W. GARDNER, Grocers, and by all druggists, Grocers, and Dealers.

**DR. TORLANS' V.I. VENTRICULAR LINIMENT.**  
A certain cure for pain in limbs and back, sore throats, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. A perfect family medicine, and never fails. Read! Read!

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Torlans' V.I. Ventricular Liniment, and found it to be a most valuable remedy for all the above mentioned ailments, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with any of the above mentioned ailments.

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For sale in Waterville by I. E. & J. W. GARDNER, Grocers, and by all druggists, Grocers, and Dealers.

**DR. TORLANS' V.I. VENTRICULAR LINIMENT.**  
A certain cure for pain in limbs and back, sore throats, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. A perfect family medicine, and never fails. Read! Read!

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# Palmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!!

A CARD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a sure cure for Cough, Spitting, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing a prescription will please address  
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

**CAUTION!**  
We have this day obtained a Patent for our Manufacture, known as "FAMILY DYE" (DYE). The Dye manufactured by other persons, under the name of "DYEING DYE," &c. are made in violation of our Patent. We caution all persons making or selling the same hereafter, that we shall prosecute for all infringements which they may be guilty of.

ROSE & STEVENS,  
Boston, Oct. 15, 1865.

**To Horse Owners.**  
Dr. SWIFT'S INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, and in all cases of Lameness, at leg from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. It cures all kinds of Lameness, at leg from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. It cures all kinds of Lameness, at leg from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain.

The rate of the Plantation Bitters is without precedent in the history of the world. There is no secret in the matter. They are the most powerful, strengthening health restorer ever discovered. It requires but a single trial to understand this. Their purity can always be relied upon. They are composed of the celebrated Calisaya Bark, Cascarella Bark, Dandelion, Chamomile Flowers, Lavender Flowers, Wintergreen, Anise, Clove buds, Orange-peel, Snake-root, Caraway, Coriander, Bunchard.

They are especially recommended to clergymen, public speakers, and persons of literary habits and sedentary life, who require free digestion, a relish for food, and clear mental faculties.

Delicate females and weak persons are certain to find in these Bitters what they have long looked for.

They purify, strengthen, and invigorate.  
They create a healthy appetite.  
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.  
They overcome effects of disipation and late hours.  
They strengthen the system and cultivate the mind.  
They prevent indigestion and intermittent fevers.  
They cure the headache and actuate the stomach.  
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.  
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus.  
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.  
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer.

The following startling and emphatic statements can be seen at our office.

Letter of Rev. F. C. GRANT, Chaplain of the 10th New York Regiment:

Near Aquia Creek, March 4th, 1863.  
Owing to the great exposure and terrible decomposition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated and very sick. My stomach would not retain medicine. An article called Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake, New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise, they gave me immediate relief. Two bottles almost allowed me to join my regiment. I have since then used them in many cases and am free to say, for hospital or private purposes I know of nothing like them.

Rev. F. C. GRANT, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. GILES, St. Clairville, Pa.:  
Gentlemen—You were kind enough, on a former occasion, to send me a bottle of Plantation Bitters for \$2.50. My wife having derived so much benefit from the use of these Bitters, I desire her to continue them, and you will please send me six bottles more for the money inclosed.

I am, very truly, yours,  
N. E. GILES, Pastor, Gen. Ref. Church.

Sole Agent: HON. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,  
CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 15th, 1862.

I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who top here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvelous and gratifying.

Such a preparation as this is a heavenly visit in every family in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

Dr. W. A. CHILDS, Surgeon of the Tenth Vermont Regiment, writes: "I wish every soldier had a bottle of Plantation Bitters. They are the most effective, perfect, and harmless tonic I ever used."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23d, 1863.

Gentlemen—We require another supply of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which daily increases with the guests of our house.

Respectfully,  
STILES CHADWICK & CO.  
No. 202 Broadway, N. Y.

Be sure that every bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel plate label, with our private stamp over the cork.

**P. H. DRAKE & CO.**  
202 BROADWAY, N. Y.

**Marriages.**  
In this village, on New Year's eve, by Rev. Mr. Hayes, Mr. J. Frank Elden (firm of E. T. Elden & Co.) and Miss Sarah Stark, daughter of the late Hon. Stephen Stark.

In West Waterville, Jan. 2d, by Rev. Mr. H. Kelton, Mr. John Ham of Bangor, and Miss Caroline S. Austin of Bangor.

In Waterville, Dec. 31st, by Rev. Mr. A. P. Dillingham, Mr. Andrew H. Dunning of Waterville, and Miss Sarah M. Dillingham of Waterville.

In Waterville, Dec. 31st, by Rev. Mr. H. Kelton, Mr. Charles W. Bates and Miss Eliza J. Lewis, both of Waterville.

In Skowhegan, Jan. 2d, by Mr. J. M. Greene and Miss Eliza J. Lewis, both of Waterville.

In Waterville, Dec. 31st, by Rev. Mr. H. Kelton, Mr. Charles W. Bates and Miss Eliza J. Lewis, both of Waterville.

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# Little now and then by "Stealing and Picking!"

If we buy our Dry Goods of ESTY & KIMBALL, we can save enough in a month to pay our losses for a year.

Bedder, depend upon it there is too much powder used in our clothing, and it will ruin the fabric. Do not the editor of a celebrated Philadelphia paper did, in confiding with a lady acquaintance who had lost her husband. "Madam," said he, "words cannot express the sympathy I feel for you in the loss of such a husband, but I shall put his obituary in my paper. It will be the making of him."

**YARNS! YARNS!**  
SCARLET, Magenta, Blue, Black, Drab, and White.  
FOR 13 CTS. PER SKEIN.  
At E. & F. FISHER'S,  
Corner Main and Temple Streets.  
Jan. 6th, 1866.

**GROCER'S NOTICE.**  
NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!!  
THE Subscriber, having disposed of his old Stock, has opened a new and choice assortment of  
**GROCERIES,**  
In the Store lately occupied by Gilbert & Co., corner of Main and Temple Streets, opposite Taylor & Morton's Clothing Store. He has a large stock of choice Groceries, and all kinds of fresh and salted meats, and all the goods selected are of the choicest kind, and cannot fail to suit the most particular. He will sell for Cash or Country Produce only, at as low as the lowest.

Also, a fresh lot of Special Family Wine; and Malt Potatoes for Cough Medicine, the best in use.

**SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT**  
OF THE  
**Waterville Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
DECEMBER 20, 1865.

THE Board of Directors, in compliance with the provisions of the statute of this State, herewith present to the Stockholders their sixth annual report.

The year has been one of remarkable success to the company. The entire loss of the company from Dec. 20, 1862, to Dec. 20, 1865, has been only \$1,569.68 (All losses but one of \$200.00 not yet due, are settled.) With over \$50,000 premium notes on hand, it will make the next assessment by far the lightest that has ever been made.

By selecting the better class of risks and rejecting all poor ones, we hope to make the company the best mutual in New England.

It will be seen by the following statement that the expenses of the company are graduated by the strictest economy.

Policies issued during the year, 453  
No. of policies held actually in force, 2,376  
Amount at risk on said policies, \$1,318,680.00  
Amount of premium notes, 61,776.00  
Amount due on premium notes, 57,776.00

Expenses for the year.

Postage, \$31.24  
Stationery and Printing, 111.45  
Rent, from June 1, '62, to Oct. 1, '63, 60.00  
Revenue tax, 17.95  
Officers' salaries in full, 165.00  
Incidental expenses, services and expenses, adjusting losses, and visiting agents, 55.58  
Total expenses, 441.85

Deductions from Company.

Consisting of notes for money hired to pay losses, 2,064.00  
Amount due officers, 62.00  
\$5,469.85

Deductions due to Company.

Cash in hands of Treasurer, 68.83  
Amount due from Agents, m. ally for assessments, 355.26  
Amount due from Agents, 100.00  
Personal property in office, 554.00

Per order of Directors,  
E. F. WEBB, Sec'y.  
Waterville, Dec. 20, 1865.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE**  
AND THE  
**BRITISH REVIEWS.**

PRICES CHEAP AS EVER,  
TO THOSE WHO PAY PROMPTLY IN ADVANCE.

POSTAGE REDUCED!!  
Premiums to New Subscribers!!

NOTWITHSTANDING the long delay in the publication of this work, it has been more than doubled in consequence of the enormous rise in the price of paper and of a general advance in all other expenses—and notwithstanding other publishers are reducing the size or cutting out all the choice of their publications, we shall continue, for the year 1866, to furnish our complete, as heretofore, at the old rates, viz:—

THE LONDON QUARTERLY, 10s. 6d. per annum.  
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, 10s. 6d. per annum.  
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, 10s. 6d. per annum.  
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, 10s. 6d. per annum.

For any one of the four Reviews, 2s. 6d. per annum.  
For any two of the four Reviews, 4s. 6d. per annum.  
For any three of the four Reviews, 6s. 6d. per annum.  
For all four of the Reviews, 10s. 6d. per annum.

For Blackwood and one Review, 3s. 6d. per annum.  
For Blackwood and two Reviews, 5s. 6d. per annum.  
For Blackwood and three Reviews, 7s. 6d. per annum.  
For Blackwood and four Reviews, 10s. 6d. per annum.

POSTAGE.  
The postage to all parts of the United States is only Fifty-six Cents a Year for the Whole Five Publications, viz:—twenty-four cents a year for Blackwood and only eight cents a year for a Review. Postage is payable at the office where the numbers are received.

PREMIUMS.  
New Subscribers to any two of the Periodicals for 1866, will receive as a premium their choice of any one of the four Reviews for 1866. Subscribers to all five will receive their choice of any two of the four Reviews for 1866. Subscribers to any one of the four Reviews for 1866, will receive as a premium, at the old rate, viz:—

Remittances and communications should be addressed to  
JAMES M. SCOTT & CO., Publishers,  
No. 88 Wall St., bet. Broadway and Church St., N. Y.

We also publish the  
**FARMER'S GUIDE.**  
By HENRY STEPHENS of Edinburgh and the late J. P. Norton of Yale College. 2 vols. Royal Octavo, 1860 pages and numerous Engravings.  
PRICE: 50c. for the two volumes. By Mail, 60c.

**List of Prices for Manufacturing.**  
Ladies' Work—Double Sole—We'd.

French Glove-Calf Balmora, Fancy \$5.00  
French Glove-Calf Balmora, Plain 4.50

