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Maxham & Wing

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EARLY LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

It was not day, and was not night;
The eye had just begun to light;
Along the lovely west,
His golden candles one by one,
And, girded up with clouds, the sun
Was sinking to his rest.

Beneath the fawns, brown and dry,
We walked in silence—lute and ly;
We two had been, since morn
Began her tender tunes to bent
Upon the May-leaves, young and sweet,
Together, planting corn.

Homeward the evening cattle went
In patient, slow, full-fed content,
Led by a rough, strong steer,
His forehead all with brass thick set,
His horns of silver tipped with jet,
And shapeless shadow, near.

With timid, half-reluctant grace,
Like lovers in some favored place,
The light and darkness met,
And the air trembled near and far,
With many a little rustle, as
O' milk-pans being set.

We heard the housemaids at their cares,
Pouring their hearts out unawares
In some sad poet's ditty,
And heard the fluttering echoes round
Reply like souls all softly drowned
In heavenly love and pity.

All sights, all sounds in earth and air
Were of the sweetest; everywhere
Ear, eye and heart were fed;
The grass with one small burning flower
Blushed bright, as if the elves that hour
Their coats thereon had spread.

One moment, where we crossed the brook
Two little sunburnt hands I took—
"Why did I let this go?" I thought,
"I've been since then in many a land,
Touched, held, kissed many a fairer hand,
But none that thrilled me so."

Why, when the bliss Heaven for us made
Is in our very bosoms laid,
Should we be all unmoved;
And walk, as now do I, and he;
Twixt the world's furrows, brown and dry,
Unloving and unlured?

(From the Ladies Repository for December.)

CANINE PSYCHOLOGY.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

BROWN FRED.

WHEN I came over to this jolly country, intent on hunting and fishing mainly, and resolved that, whereas I had wrought hard for the best half of a man's life, and done what good I could in it, although well sprinkled, I fear, with unwitting evil of all sorts, I would now take mine ease in mine inn, and with my brown dog Fred for a companion, enjoy thankfully the rest of my golden days. I picked my first tent in the suburbs of Boston, within hearing of the multitudinous laughter of the earth's great bedfellow, the sea, who was always tossing and rolling about on his fat sides as if he had the pleasantest and the jolliest dreams in the world, and exulted through all the pulses of his booming tides in the vast wild life which tumbled his waters into music.

For many months Fred and I had the happiest time of it which people who love sport, and find it in the achievements of the gun and the fishing-rod could possibly enjoy.—There was established between us a genuine understanding. He knew precisely the duties which were required of him, and the reward he was certain to get for their faithful discharge. He was not so much a servant as a friend; and no Christian soul ever studied more anxiously the will and the wishes of the person whom he desired to serve than this brave and loving fellow studied mine. I was very much attached to him, it is true, and of course he knew it, for love is intensely magnetic, and bignets love in noble hearts; and brown Fred was noble—the most unselfish of canine examples.

He was treated by me, in all respects, with the highest consideration, for I designed to educate him to the full extent of his faculty, and see what sort of a thing a dog's soul might become when it was brought up in the nurture of affection and good manners. Always he entered the house with me, if not exactly arm in arm, at all events heel to heel, and generally the tip of his cold snout was thrust in between the closed fingers of my right hand. I had taught him, as my housekeeper was particularly clean—had the clean fever every day, indeed—to remove the dirt in foul weather from his nimble pedestrian digit—in other words, to wipe his feet on entering the hall door; and it was very comical—especially to a stranger who beheld him go through the accomplishment for the first time—to see him how doggedly he insisted on the last stroke that it should vanish from his paws. I began by rubbing them clean upon the mat myself, and kept up this discipline every day for a fortnight—talking to him the while, and letting him see how I also cleansed my own boots—telling him that I required nothing of him in this particular which I did not impose upon myself; and that as he was a gentleman who lived in a decent house, and not in a filthy kennel like ordinary dogs of no degree, I should expect him to conform in all things to the habits of a gentleman. I am sure he fully comprehended the drift of not the words of my discourse, for he soon learned the pretty trick; and often, after I had deposited my rod in its sacred corner, or hung up my gun in its place, and was comfortably reclining on my chair, feet up and book in hand, Fred would encooee himself upon the hearth-rug, and begin licking his hands and paws till they were as clean and bright as my lady's after a bath.

He was a universal favorite, and made friends with every one who came to the house, except beggars or ill-dressed, shuffling men. He knew a rogish gait, and the footstep after off of a bad man.

You must know that I tried to give that dog a conscience—and sure I am that he had a bigger moral nature than a good many men whom I have known. Fred always did as he was bidden to do. If I told him that I had left my gloves at home and wanted them, he would go back, no matter how far the distance might be, and fetch them from the hall table, where they were always placed when I entered the house after a walk. Once, I had been out fishing in a boat all day, and it was nearly dark when I landed, and pulled the boat up on the shore. A misty twilight hung over the darkening river, and all the valley scenery was getting indistinct, mysterious, and artistic—suggesting a great deal, that is to say: overhead the pale white stars were musing for their lonely watch in the heavens, and all the air was alive with the croaking of frogs, and a thousand inarticulate voices; while far and near the wondrous fire-bugs—those couriers of the night geni, and friends of the fairies—burst around me in sudden jets of splendor, and then shut up as if one glimpse of their glory were enough for any mortal to see as once.

That was the landscape in which, as a foreground, my boat, myself, and brown Fred were set, you must understand; for Fred was with me, you may be sure; and after I had unloaded the boat, and got all my fishing-tackle and fishing baskets ashore, I flung as many things as I could carry over my shoulder, and taking the

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rest in my hands, started for home. I had proceeded for about a mile when I missed a flagon basket which contained my "book for the day," and my writing materials. I was too tired to return for it—I could help it—and bethought me that probably I might make Fred understand what I wanted. So I set down the "traps," and showing him a similar basket to that which I had lost, told him that he must go back and seek it, and bring it to his master. The intelligent old fellow looked at me so knowingly out of his large brown eyes as I explained to him that most probably he would find it in the boat, and not on the shore, that I felt certain he would retrieve it. I then affectionately stroked his glossy head, and bade him be off on his errand. In a moment he was gone, and I watched his rapid course till the darkness swallowed him up. Then I sat down on the grass and confidently awaited his return. He was soon back, and sure enough with the basket in his mouth, which he presently deposited at my feet, and then sprang up to my face to give me one of his dog's kisses. Wasn't I delighted with the grand old fellow? and didn't I cover him with caresses? and didn't he get a "tactful pill"—which, according to the "Birmingham blacksmith," is a beefsteak a yard long—for his dinner that day on his arrival home? You may be sure that all these things befell him; and a very jolly dog he must have felt himself to be, as he lay that night on the hearth-rug at his master's feet, in the cozy little study which overlooked the flower-garden.

I told you that I did my best to educate him. I gave him to understand that he was a gentleman, and that pains had been taken to teach him manners—that he must never quarrel with any other dog, not fight unless he was right down obliged to do so in self-defense. He was a very high-spirited animal—very ambitious and proud, and would not allow any other dog to excel him in any feat, gymnastic or otherwise. I am quite sure he understood all the lessons and admonitions which I gave him; and I am also sure that he had the faculty of confounding the bad passions of other dogs who came to molest him, by moral power. I have often seen, when driving or walking through a strange village, whole troops of dogs rush at him as if they would tear him to pieces. At such times he would quietly wait till they came up to him, when a mysterious course of smelling went on all round among these dogs. They would smell Fred and Fred would smell them. Then something else happened, which was the action of peace and friendship, and if reciprocated by the other dog or dogs, there was an end of all warlike feeling. If not reciprocated, then up went Fred's bristles, and after radiating from his mysterious moral influence, (Reader, I am certain about that; for 'tis a fact,) he would walk off in a most dignified manner, and leave the baffled hounds to their wonder at this thing which the dog Fred had done. He was a true lover of his race. I never saw a dog so fond of other dogs; and if they were at all respectable he would "cotton" with them, and be their friend. But he knew an evil, mean dog, just as a generous boy knows an evil mean dog, when he sees him on the streets. All such he warned promptly off. Neither would he take the slightest notice of a barking, insolent cur. Many such have run out at him on the streets—barked him—and tried his patience in all ways, but it was no use. He would not descend to notice them at all. Once, however, a little dirty wretch, presiding upon his good-nature, flew at him, and bit the noble fellow on the lip. This was something too much. Dog flesh and blood could not stand that; and I don't think a man's could—so, in one moment, Fred caught him by the snout of the neck, gave him one great shake, and flung him howling into the gutter—an example to all the dogs on that street.

I had taught him many little tricks, which were often amusing enough to the boys and girls who used to be very fond of coming to see the "squire," his books, pictures, and cabinet of curiosities. He would catch a cracker without fail when placed upon the tip of his nose—and he did this by throwing it up a foot high, and snapping at it as it fell. Then for a cracker as reward he would roll over three times; and laugh! You don't believe that, do you? Physiologists and naturalists tell us that no animal can laugh but the biped man. Well, I don't deny that he made his diaphragm shake, and had to hold both sides with his paws when he did that feat, but he laughed for all that; when told to do so. I have seen many a man make a poorer attempt to laugh than Fred made. His nose, mouth, and face did absolutely resolve themselves into wrinkles, while his eyes had a most droll expression in them when he was performing this marvel. It was a laugh which has made me laugh a hundred times—and what is more, he seemed to know that he was laughing.

He knew pretty much all I said to him. I have talked to him for five and ten minutes at a time—praising, blaming, or admonishing him. If he marked a bird—which happened sometimes at the beginning of the season when he was very keen and excited—I have so shamed him by pointing to the bird that he looked as if he would sink into the very earth. He was a retriever, not a "bird dog," as they call setters and pointers hereabouts. And it was beautiful to see him fetch, the moment the ramrod was driven home after reloading. Sometimes it was a snipe, and it had fallen into the reeds, or the water. Then came in his useful nose, which never lost his master a single bird. Now and then, in the duck season, while waiting for the quarry between two lakes, or the river side, he would lie down in fearful excitement, trembling all over like a reed—and it would happen that a duck would get winged or otherwise wounded sometimes, and fall into the water, where it would make vigorous efforts to get into the bushes and skulk and die—poor thing! But Fred never gave up the chase. I have seen him follow a winged bird from dive to dive for half an hour—and once he was so near his game when it dived that he dived after it and caught it, and brought it ashore.

When I had my tent in the Chelsea Marshes near Boston, there was a man who attended to the railroad that crossed the river, who had a wooden shanty hard by, and a large water spout, about the best water dog I have ever seen. Morning after morning, during that very hot Summer, I used to take Fred down to this

shanty, and the railway man would show us what exploits his dog would perform. It almost seemed as if he were amphibious, so extraordinary was his love for the water. He was literally at home in it for hours every day. He would go down into the shallows of the sea ponds, and fetch up pebbles, and pieces of silver. Not that he was willing to become the brown dog's instructor—on the contrary, he always growled and barked, and would have fought Fred whenever he saw him repeat his tricks. Both dogs were of the same color, and both were ambitious. When the railway man sent his dog after it stole into the water away went both dogs—for Fred would follow, no matter where. He was a noble swimmer—but he had a trick of keeping his "hinder ends" quite passive when he swam, and appeared to use only his forefeet. And yet he swam very rapidly, and was hard to beat.

To show what emulation will do for a dog as well as a boy, or man, I will tell you a very strange thing that happened at this very Chelsea Creek. A very high bridge ran over it, and one day a Frenchman came along with a celebrated French poodle which he was training for a wager. It was low tide, and this made the distance between the bridge and the water very much greater than it was at high tide. I met the man who owned the poodle at the bridge, and he told me what he was after. To my astonishment he took from a bag a large cork ball painted white; and showing this to the dog, he threw it into the creek below. In a moment the poodle plunged in after it, and to my utter horror Fred, who had been very much excited by the presence of this clever French dog and his previous performances, immediately followed him. "My heart sunk within me, for I really believed the plunge from such a height of so large a dog would cut him to pieces. But judge of my astonishment when I saw the noble fellow emerge from the deep, and with a yelping tongue and fery eye, breast the waters bravely, following everywhere the smart poodle, and doing all that he did in the swimming line!

But I must close my long talk, boys. I meant to have told you what strange things happened to Fred and me, when, once upon a time, with an old Indian and a half-breed for companions, we made a twelve months' tour in the far west of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, after the earth mounds which are pictured after the hills and prairies of those mighty States. But I have no time now. Fred is still alive and well, although he is now getting a little deaf, and a little gray like his master. He has a very beautiful bent in which to spend his last days—a more beautiful spot, indeed, I think I never saw. And he deserves to be thus quartered in his old age. A little while ago Dame Prue came to see us, and was very sick. Fred, who lives in the house, was very much touched thereat, and went about from room to room as silently as a ghost. Once, when I was sick, he sat by my bedside all the while; and every now and then he would lift his paws upon the bedside and lean over to ask me how I felt; and often he would lick my face when he thought I was asleep. If I wanted help, I used to send him down to say so, when he was sure to return with the right person. He was one stolen, and I lost him for three weeks. One morning in the snow time, I heard a scratch at the front door—and behold it was my dear old dog, dirty from long and weary travel, very lean, and haggard looking, with a rope round his neck, which he had evidently gnawed in two and so gained his liberty. That was a meeting, I tell you! When I am in the city if he loses me he goes to my usual haunts, and if he does not find me, he starts for the horse cars, and hunts through them all. If then he is unsuccessful, the conductor will ask him to lie down under the seat, and when he arrives at my street end he stops, and calls out, "Fred! Franklin-street!" and the old dog gets out like any other passenger who has paid his fare, and tumbles off home.

HOW RAIN FALLS.—Where does the rain come from? You answer, "From the clouds." But where do the clouds come from? You may think the wind blows them over you. But if it blows clouds over you from somewhere else, it also blows them from over you to other places. The fact is, the water of the clouds is just as much over you on a clear day as on a cloudy or rainy day. On a fair day when no clouds are seen, the water is divided up into such small particles, that it does not obstruct the sun's light, and so you see no clouds or water. A change of temperature in the atmosphere, as when a warmer and colder current of the air meet, causes the small particles of water to unite in pairs, and the pairs unite, and these quadruple drops unite; and so on until hundreds or thousands of the small invisible particles unite in one, and even then that one may be many hundred times smaller than a pin's head. A mass of these combined drops which are still small enough to float in the air, reflects, refracts, or bends out of their course so many of the sun's rays that they stop and often darken its light. It is thus that clouds gather in a clear sky. When enough drops unite to make one too heavy to float in the air, it begins to fall. It meets and unites with many others in falling, and often so many unite that great rain drops are formed by the time they get to the ground. Each large drop is made up of thousands, perhaps millions of the small drops that float in the unseen air in a clear sky.—[American Agriculturist.]

The Herald publishes extract from letters written by a citizen of Montreal, who served in the American army and afterwards was in the Papal service. When in the South he became acquainted with John H. Surratt, whom he identified in Italy serving with the Zouaves. This person informed the American Ambassador at Rome, who sent for instructions to Mr. Seward. In conversation Surratt is reported to have said that the assassination of President Lincoln was planned at Richmond and with the assent of Jeff Davis. The informant against Surratt is now on his way to Washington.

INK RECIPE.—In one gallon rain water put 2 ounces of extract of logwood, and 1-2 ounce of bi-chromate of potassa. Heat, and when dissolved, strain, and add 1-2 ounce of aqua ammonia. The articles are kept by most druggists.—[American Agriculturist.]

HOW TO MAKE LIFE PLEASANT.

It is a secret worth learning, to know how to be cheerful one's self, and how to make other people, and especially the home circle, happy. Some people seem to live in perpetual sunshine, and wherever they go, carry sunshine with them; others diffuse a kind of chilliness and gloom, and are always managing to say uncomfortable things. There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable on purpose. I can understand how a boy that never had been taught better, might carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to throw them down at the feet of passers-by and see them bound; but I can not understand how an instructed and well-meaning person could do such a thing. And yet there are men that carry torpedoes all their life, and take pleasure in tossing them at people. "O," they say, "I have something new, and when I meet that man I will give it to him!" And they wait for the right company, and the right circumstances, and then they do with the right disagreeable things. And if they are remonstrated with, they say, "It is true," as if that was a justification of their conduct. If God should take all the things that are true of you, and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it, you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. And is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him, or give him pain? And yet how many there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he can not help himself! Well, you know just how the devil feels. Whenever he has done any thing wicked, and has made somebody very unhappy, and laughs, he feels just as, for the time being, you feel, when you have done a cruel thing, and somebody is hurt, and it does you good.

This bears on another point—that of saying pleasant things; instead of disagreeable things. There is a person that never fails to say a pleasant thing when I meet him. If for the sake of saying a pleasant thing he ever said an untrue thing, I should be sorry; but I trust that all of us do things of one place or another that are sufficiently praiseworthy to justify their being pleasantly spoken of; and I would rather have a person take notice of my good points than of my bad, and speak of them. It makes me happier, and I feel better toward him, and toward every body else. I suppose you feel good when you are praised, do you not? I suppose that, for the time being, you feel benevolent. But this saying of pleasant things is often inveigled against by persons who, not having a natural desire to please, think that many of these little attentions which people bestow on each other are foolish. For instance, if, meeting you, I see any thing pleasant about you, and say, "You are looking well," they stand back and say, "Flattering him! telling him that he looks well! suppose he is handsome, is that any reason he should be told of it?" Yes, if being told it adds to his happiness. If a person meets a friend and says, "That is a charming dress you have on," they say, "Why should you talk to her about her dress, and tell her that it is beautiful?" Because it will please her.

A man has done any thing that is creditable, if he has written an article, or issued a poem, or made a speech, or effected a bargain, or built a house, or done any thing else that reflects credit upon him, it is best to praise him for that, or to find fault with him for something which he has done that is not so creditable. Is it best to encourage men by commending them for that part of their conduct which is commendable, or to discourage them by holding up to condemnation that part of their conduct which is faulty? I know that there is danger of going to extremes in this direction; and yet it is right for you to maintain a thousand courtesies that tend to give pleasure, and to avoid many rudenesses that tend to give pain. Choose things that will please men. Naturalists are not the only things in the world. There are roses and lily-suckles; wasps are not the only things in the world. There is honey as well.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and elsewhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house, you would have thought that they were angels; almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or any where else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demons. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

My friends, our kindness should begin at home. It should not stay there; but there it should begin, and there it should be nourished. And no where else should you be so considerate of politeness as in your own house, when there is no body there but your wife and children; for what has a man that is worth more to him than his wife and children?

I think that there are non-Christian families—families that do not profess to know the truth, or to follow Christ—that might well be models or examples to us in single things.

[Ladies Repository.]

A railroad enterprise is now receiving attention. The road to start from Fishon's Ferry and passing along the valley, through Canaan, Hartland and St. Albans to Dexter, giving to the rich mineral county of Piscataquis a pleasant outlet to the railroad world by a connection with the Portland and Kennebec Railroad. The preliminary reconnaissance is said to be very favorable.—[Kennebec Journal.]

HUMBLED.—In a chapter on this subject by the editor of the "American Agriculturist," he says:—

We have looked into the machinery and operations, and mark our words, all of these soldiers, soldier orphans and widows' charitable festivals, concerts, etc., in which presents are promised by lot to subscribers, are frauds upon the community. There are at least a dozen of a large scale, throughout the country, and many smaller local affairs for monuments, etc. We speak not of legitimate fairs and festivals, but of all those where gifts, presents, etc., are offered for distribution. There are, universally, private parties who really manage them and into whose pockets they generally go. This playing upon people's good intentions and kind feelings towards our soldiers and their families, is the meanest kind of stealing. These enterprises are bona fide lotteries, except in name, and the most disreputable of all lotteries—voluntary in sleep's clothing. There are a score of so of purely gift enterprises, where, for a small sum returned for the tickets sent you, often professedly, but not really, at request, you are offered a chance to draw, or have drawn, a prize varying from \$5 to \$100, or more. We have examined more than a hundred of these, and we here say that there is not one of all these ticket schemes, and gift enterprises that is not a fraud. Not one in a hundred of those who have sent their money for the tickets have ever heard from it, unless to hear the standing falsehood, that it was "lost by mail." Some showy prizes, not really valuable, have been sparingly distributed as a bait to others, but the second crop invariably gets cheated, usually the first one too. Beware of "One price watch companies," and of all water-tight tickets, of "Howard" and all other benevolent medicine associations; of "American Jewelry Association;" of Ann Arbor \$2 tickets; of Jns. Pendegast & Co.'s, of "H. Camp, M. D., who insults respectable young ladies, by sending them circulars offering disgusting medicines; of all cheap sewing machine offers, etc., etc.

SELECTING WALL PAPER AND CARPETS.

The Hall is generally a mere passage-way to something better beyond, and therefore it should not be so embellished as to attract special notice. Paper with figures of light pillars or pilasters, looks well, as does that which is matched off in courses representing marble or stone, or grained to represent oak or other woods.—The Parlor is for a different purpose and should receive a different treatment. It is the flower of the house; the place for superior dress, courtly manners, the expression of the finer sentiments, and its adornments should be delicate and ethereal. The covering of the walls should not be obtrusive and glaring in color and form. An over-dressed wall looks as unbecomingly as an over-dressed man or woman. A parlor wall should be a pleasant surface and background for objects, and not be a conspicuous object in itself. It should seem airy and light, shutting us in loosely, giving a sense of freedom and breathing space. Moreover, this wall is designed partly for the support of paintings and engravings, and these appear to much disadvantage on a surface broken up by scrolls and bosses, and huge bouquets.—The Living-Room should have a cheerful toned paper, less delicate than the parlor, but by no means gaudy and glaring.—The Dining-Room should be plain, but rich. The Bed-Rooms, of course, must be neat and simple, the prevailing colors by no means dark. The Library should be of some sober, neutral tint, yet warm and cheery.

The carpeting of these several rooms should correspond in style to the papering. A few years ago, the designers of carpet figures ran mad with huge designs, and glaring ill-assorted colors. In crossing a floor, one had to tramp over scrolls, cornucopias, and bouquets, several feet long. But latterly, a change has come for the better. Even now, there are vivid colors and monstrous figures enough, but we advise our friends to pass these by, and leave them to upholsterers when hired to embellish flash hotel parlors, and steamboat saloons. Our homes must be embellished with something more subdued and chaste, and therefore more permanently pleasing.

[American Agriculturist.]

TO FRY FISH.—The ordinary manner of frying fish in a shallow pan with only a small quantity of grease, may be much improved upon by imitating the Greeks; from whom we may also learn many other useful lessons in the culinary art. Take a large quantity of lard in a deep kettle, and let it boil as for frying doughnuts. While boiling, drop in the fish, having previously rolled them in flour or meal. In a few minutes they will be of a rich, uniform brown; when they may be taken out and served while hot. They will be found infinitely more delicate in flavor, as well as more inviting in appearance than when cooked in the old way. This is recommended by the long experience of the writer, and it will be endorsed by all who try it.

[The philosophy of frying is well illustrated by the Greek process detailed by our traveled correspondent. We may add that success in trying anything depends primarily on having plenty of hot fat. If there is but little fat, the article cools it down to that degree that is readily absorbed by the food. This fact, that cool grease is absorbed before it has time to cook the article fried, while plenty of very hot grease cooks it quickly, and is not absorbed at all, should be impressed upon all cooks.]

[American Agriculturist.]

THRIVE SLOWLY.—It is dangerous for a man to grow rich and strong faster than he grows good. I do not think it is wise to grow rich too fast, at any rate. I do not mean to say that there may not be men of such stature that they can grow rich rapidly without being hurt by their riches; but generally God makes the road to wealth one of care, so that when a man has attained his competence, he has gone through that which is a strengthening, stiffener, and which prevents his being much injured by it. But when men come into the possession of wealth without having earned it, they are apt to be injured by it, because they have not received that education which is necessary to enable them to administer it properly.—[Becher.]

BY ALBERT J. HASTY.

The ultimate quantity of mechanical power which theory assigns to steam is so great, that there is something tantalizing in comparing therewith the dynamical results attained by even our best engines. Theory, of course prescribes an infinite pressure, and an infinite degree of expansion. As a practical approach to such a pressure, we have the legend of Albin the German Doctor, who sent his steam on the piston, at 1,000 lbs. per square inch. The same thing was done, also, in London, England, sometime ago; and although the performance was for no great length of time, it was not recorded that any one was blown up. Now, to obtain the greatest effect, theoretically, at least, from steam, of whatever pressure, it is necessary to work it in a condensing engine, and to condense down to a perfect vacuum. But as suppose, then, that steam of a total pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch, as measured from a vacuum, is expended to a final pressure of one-tenth of a pound only per square inch, as measured above the same datum. Here the expansion is ten thousand fold; and if the temperature of the steam be maintained during expansion by superheating or steam jacketing, the effect or power obtained will be 10,211 times greater than if the same weight of steam were worked without expansion. This, if all eight work, without expansion, with 8 lbs. coal per hourly indicated horse power, the rate of expansion just considered should result in a consumption of 49 lbs. of coal only for the same effect, this quantity being exclusive, however, of that required to maintain the heat of the steam during expansion. But, if we could impart even three-fourths of the full heating value of good coal to the water in still boilers, we should, upon the same theoretical consideration, attain to a still greater degree of economy. Thus, a pound of good coal gives off in combustion as much heat as would raise 16,000 lbs. of water through a temperature of 1 deg., or more than enough to raise 13 lbs. of water of ordinary temperature into very high pressure steam. If, then, we attained an ordinary rate of evaporation of 10 pounds of water per pound of coal, we should be working with say 9 pounds of coal per hourly indicated horse power, with condensation and without expansion, and, with the allowable efficiency mentioned for maintaining the temperature of the steam during expansion, with hardly more than a 1-4 pound per horse power, with an expansion of ten thousand fold. This would be a tolerably close approximation to the theoretical economy of heat as referred to Joule's equivalent.

If it be obtained from a pound of coal, say 12,000 "units of heat," or in other words, as much heat as would suffice to raise 12,000 lbs. of water through 1 deg., or 10 lbs. of water through 1,200 degs., then the mechanical power represented by each unit of heat being 772 foot pounds, the corresponding total power represented by a pound of coal (even when but three-fourths of its total heating power is calculated upon) is 9,264,000 foot lbs., equal to 9264000 1000000 = 4.67 hourly horse power, corresponding to 0.214 pounds of coal only per indicated horse power per hour.

In actual practice, these figures are never reached. Our best engines seldom obtain much over one horse power from two pounds of coal, and, this, among practical mechanics, is generally adopted as the standard of maximum efficiency. Therefore, from the foregoing, we are left to deduct one of two things, either that our present mode of converting heat into mechanical power is very defective, or, that the table set down for the re-conversion of mechanical power into heat contains a great error, and I propose to prove that it is our practice which is wrong. To begin with, then, there is no limit to the capacity of steam to absorb heat, except that of the strength of the containing vessel, and as the elastic force of steam increases in exact ratio to its temperature, it follows that the greater the temperature the greater is the mechanical effect to be obtained from a given quantity of steam, and by a proper arrangement of parts all the additional heat required to produce a higher temperature may be saved from the waste heat, which, in a few cases excepted, is seven-tenths, or three-fourths of all the heat produced. Then by condensing the superheated steam to a perfect vacuum and taking up the water of condensation as the feed water, a further reduction in the amount of heat required to raise one pound of water through 1 deg. can be effected, for it is patent that the higher the temperature of the water, the less heat will be required to convert it into steam of a given density and temperature. Thus, it is evident that "the one thing needful" is a more perfect mechanical apparatus for properly converting coal and other combustible substances into what is called heat; and also, for taking up the heat thus produced and changing it into motion or force. Let me, then, point out several radiant defects in our present mode of burning fuel. Joule, in his equivalent as above stated, gives one pound of coal "12,000 units of heat." Now, if this pound of coal is burned into carbonic oxide, with six pounds of air, instead of being burned into carbonic acid, with twelve pounds of air; the number of units of heat eliminated from it will be reduced fully one half, or say 4,400 to 6,000 units instead of 12,000.

Another cause of the difference is the quantity of unconsumed air passing through the furnace and thus lessening the volume of gases as it cools them, for if the pound of fuel is burned with the requisite quantity of air at an estimated temperature of 4,580 degs. (the common intensity) it will have a temperature of only 2,240 degs., if twice the quantity of air, necessary for combustion is admitted, and such indeed, is generally the case. This causes the

products of combustion to pass through the boiler very rapidly, preventing the complete absorption of the heat by the water, so great is this that it is proven by actual experiment, that while the temperature of the steam in the boiler may be 300 degs., that of the escaping gases in the smoke stack is as high as 800 degs., or 1,000 degs. Fah.; an exhibit which reveals an enormous waste of heat, and provides abundant room for improvement. To remedy this defect, in a great measure, every boiler should possess a regulator to admit the requisite quantity of air, proportionate to the size of boiler.

[Remainder next week.]

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 14, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

R. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely's 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 either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

A letter from Thomas Lang.

[The following letter from Mr. Lang, whose present sojourn in Paris, in the hope of healing a broken physical constitution, is well known to all his friends, will be read with deep interest. It will be better appreciated when it is known—as we are informed in a private note—that his physician directs him to abstain from both writing and thinking, except to a very limited extent; so that his letters can embrace only topics that demand but little thought, and are written out from his brief notes by Mrs. Lang, who accompanies him. The regret forces itself to the mind of the reader, that one so eminently qualified to profit by the observation of travel, is compelled to shut his eyes to all but the simplest objects, and to close his mind against perceptions to which it is so acutely adapted.]

PARIS, Nov. 23d, 1866.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing:—

I was much gratified to receive, by late mail, a few copies of your paper, with the interesting local record. I assure you a sojourner in a far off country is strangely moved by intelligence from home and its neighbor hood. I should be happy to communicate with you, from time to time, such matters as I think might interest your readers, deal health permit of my so doing; writing being prohibited by my physicians, except for a few moments at a time, and then not upon matters requiring thought. I regret this, as I am daily brought in contact with practical matters, which might be of much importance if carefully examined and reported.

All that is elegant, artistic and beautiful is continually before the dweller in Paris, from the stupendous public works to the humblest shop of the tradesman. The study is elegance and artistic display. Something may be judged of the public works since 1852, in this city, by the amount expended in that time, 323,641,862 francs; and now before me is an opera house being built by the government, which has had three years labor, and will take all of one year longer to complete, and has already cost 22,000,000 francs.

This leads me to speak of the material here used for building, which is a soft light colored stone, easily carved or sawed, and not much harder than chalk. Many of the buildings are put up rough and carved or surfaced afterward. The streets made since 1852 have asphaltum sidewalks, 40 ft. wide, while the old trees old road are placed upon each side of the main streets, for the carriages—thus giving two rows for each street. The streets are made as smooth as a floor, by churning the fine broken stone with which they are covered, with stone rollers, weighing from 25 to 35,000 lbs. Carriages make no jar or rattle on those streets.

Carriage horses here are very fine. Taken together, I have never seen their equal. The horses used upon the omnibus lines are the most intelligent and able that I have ever seen for such labor, and in my opinion better fitted for our farm work than I have before seen. They are from 1100 lbs. to 1300lbs. weight, of fine figure, lean head and limbs, short and strong backs, and finely shaped legs and feet, well under the body, with a short light cheerful gait. They are thoroughly made up for draft, quick to learn duty, and lively, cheerful travellers. The private carriage horses are mostly black, bay, brown and sorrel; few grays; are of fine style and easy gait; not fast trotters, but good roadsters. Carriages are here superior to those used in England; and the latter the most clumsy affairs I ever saw—had the horses match the carriages well.

FARMING.—I never saw thorough farming until I visited England and Scotland, particularly the midlothian district of Scotland. The

system of underdrainage, and the extreme care taken to prepare the soil to receive and nourish the seed, were surprising to me. In France farming is poorly done—ploughing badly done—and the soil not half prepared for the crops. Hay very light, and the same may be said of the crops of roots. Cattle, especially cows of Normandy, excellent.

MARKETS.—I go to the markets of Paris often, and examine the variety of products. Not equal to our Boston markets in vegetables and fruits. Everything for sale is finely arranged. Meats are all nicely fitted for the market at the Government slaughter-houses. Veal not allowed to be slaughtered until from six to ten weeks old. Here are to be found plenty of wild meats—deer, rabbits, hare, and game of many kinds. A great variety of fish—Salmon, turbot, soles, crabs, shrimps, mussels—snails in large quantities, both from salt and fresh water, from the size of a bean to that of an apple; plenty frogs, eels, perch, suckers, turtles, fresh water crabs, and many kinds of fish and insects that Yankees are not accustomed to eat.

A few days since I went to a fine shop where horse flesh, or meat was sold exclusively, fitted up in different ways. The steaks and steak looked good, and sells readily at 20 cts. per lb.

The French are economical in living—nothing is lost. The fragments are carefully worked up. Neither do they exhibit a false pride about using economy, even in small things. A Frenchman does not hesitate to say "It costs too much. I cannot afford it." Doubtless the cost of keeping a common family in your town will keep two families of the same number here.

I see by American papers that large manufacturing factories are to be built at Augusta. I am gratified with the prospect, and hope that the efforts of Mr. Phillips and his friends, at Waterville, will be successful in their like enterprise. For many things desirable in a manufacturing place, Waterville cannot be equalled in the whole of New England; and the expenditure of \$100,000 by the town would be a small matter compared with the benefit to be derived from the occupancy of the water there.

With the strong hope of again being permitted to visit the old home in returned health, I am very truly Yours,

T. S. LANG.

REVENUE QUERIES.—Since we published the list of income taxes, last week, so many questions like the following have been passing about, that we can hardly refrain from putting some of them where the right persons will see them.

1.—How is it, that men worth from ten to fifty thousand dollars, with large and expensive families, manage to live on an income less than six hundred dollars?

2.—How is it, that men whom every body knows to be receiving incomes that enable them to devote from one to two thousand dollars to the support of their families, are able to convince the assessor that their income is not over six hundred dollars?

3.—How is it, that well tilled and stocked farms, worth from three to ten thousand dollars, do not yield an income of six hundred dollars?

4.—How is it, that men drawing salaries and perquisites known to be twice six hundred dollars, expect to make their neighbors believe they are honest men when they pay no income tax?

5.—How is it, that some of our traders maintain any credit in market either for integrity or pecuniary responsibility, when their profits are not enough to subject them to pay any income tax?

6.—How is it, that two clergymen of our village, with very small salaries, are required to pay an income tax, when scores of their wealthy parishioners, known to receive more than they, are permitted to escape?

7.—How is it, that Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, of Winslow, supplying two little churches with but half of a meagre salary from each, has a larger income than any man, save one, in the wealthy town of Winslow?

8.—How is it, that men are counted honest towards God and their fellow men, when known to be guilty of cheating their country?

9.—How is it, that men do not expect to suffer in their reputation for integrity, when they not only defraud their country, but throw upon the shoulders of others the burdens that belong to themselves?

10.—How is it, that so many of those who admit an income tax, have put the amount so small, that those who read are astonished that they pretend to be honest men?

11.—And finally, how is it with the assistant assessor at Waterville?—is he doing his duty, and meeting the just claims of honest taxpayers, when he allows men to escape the payment of their just dues in this way?

There!—these questions are honestly put, in behalf of all honest men; and the columns of the Mail are open for any one to answer them—more or less.

"THE WINTHROP GAZETTE and Rural Intelligencer," a new paper just started by Mr. W. K. Moody, late of Waterville College, comes to us with a request to exchange. Certainly, friend Moody, and wish you abundant success in your bold enterprise; at the same time we hope that your pluck and endurance may prove sufficient for the severe experience through which you must inevitably pass, in trying to give your patrons "the best local paper in the State" at a dollar and a half a year.

The evidence of a hearty welcome of Rev. N. M. Wood, by his new pastorate at Thomaston, is found in a notice of a donation which, that profited him about \$130.

OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY.—"Archie Lovell," a charming story, is concluded in the number for Dec. 16th, and "The Claverings" is continued. There are other stories and several new articles, poetry, etc. Commencing with the next number (the first number of the third volume) the Galaxy will be enlarged sixteen pages, and will be printed on new and larger type, and will be provided with a new illuminated cover designed by Mr. Benjamin Day. During the month of January The Galaxy will commence the publication of a new novel, entitled, "Waiting for the Verdict," by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," "Margaret Howth," etc. This author will hereafter write over her own name—Rebecca Harding Davis. She is well known as a writer of profound passion, strength and enthusiasm, of rich and copious style, and of vividly pictorial imagination. The new novel will be a story of characteristic American life, and will be by far the most complete, elaborate, thoughtful and ambitious effort of its author. The Publishers believe they will enjoy the pleasure of introducing to the American Public, in her, a new and powerful novelist, really of high grade, both intellectually and ethically. Mrs. Davis's story will be illustrated from designs by Mr. W. J. Hennessey, who will visit the scene of the novel to make studies for that purpose.

The Galaxy is published twice a month, by W. C. & F. P. Church, No. 39 Park Row, New York, at \$5 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the first to appear for January, 1867. Of the embellishments of this initial number of a new volume we will only mention "The Labyrinth," "An Rival," two fine colored engravings, the double page colored fashion plate, and a banner or handkerchief pattern. In color, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens commences a serial in this number, entitled "Maudie by Mistake," and we find the opening chapters of an exciting story by the author of "Margaret Howth," with the title of "A Long Journey." There are other good stories, etc.

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

MERRY'S MUSEUM for October, has another chapter of "Hawthorn Blossoms," the conclusion of "Wild Oats," by Sophie May; and many other good things, with numerous embellishments, all of which will please its young readers. The publisher promises increased attractions in the next volume of this favorite juvenile magazine, and that no pains shall be spared to make it in the future, what it has been in the past, "the best young people's magazine in America."

Published by E. H. Fales, 172 William Street, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—This widely circulated and popular journal of the Industrial Arts and Science enters its twenty-second year on the 1st of January next, and the publishers propose to signalize the occasion by enlarging it to the size of the most costly Scientific Journals of Great Britain, without, however, increasing the subscription price. It has the largest circulation of any similar journal in existence, but it ought to have a million of readers in this growing country. The engravings of New Inventions, Tools, Implements for the Farm, Workshop and Household are very numerous, and are splendidly executed by the best artists in the world. This feature of the paper is very striking, and has won the praise of the united press of this country and Europe. Now is the time to send in subscriptions to the Scientific American so as to begin with the new volume.

The numbers for a year make up a splendid illustrated volume of 832 pages. Terms: \$3 per annum; \$1.50 for six months; \$1 for four months. Clubs of ten and upwards, \$2.50 each. Specimen numbers sent free; also, a pamphlet of advice to inventors. Address Munn & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New York City.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Oliver Optic's story, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Arctics of Island," is concluded in the December number, which contains the second part of "The King of the Play Ground," "A Boarding School Romance," a dialogue; "The American Soldier," a piece for declamation; and many other interesting articles, in prose and verse, with numerous splendid embellishments. A new volume will commence with the next number, which the publisher says will be an improvement upon its predecessors.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 118 Washington Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

HURRAH!—There is a new building going up in our village, and that building is a manufactory! While public attention has been directed to a gigantic enterprise at Ticonic Falls, Messrs. Farish & Sanders (the last a new comer, but the first named one of our active business men, "the irrepressible Jere," formerly of the firm of Farish & Drummond) have quietly secured the old Crommett Grist-mill privilege, one of the best on the Mes-salonskee, on which they are erecting a building, 86 by 40 feet and two stories high, to be occupied for a door, sash and blind manufactory. The frame is of wood, boarded, with saw outside of brick, and patent cement roofing. They are already putting in the wheel, and hope to have the establishment running with a full complement of hands early in the Spring.

CONGRESS.—Committees have been appointed to investigate the matter of the release of persons convicted of murdering U. S. Soldiers in South Carolina, and the riots in New Orleans. Bills to admit Nebraska and Colorado as States are before the Senate. A bill to regulate the franchise in the District of Columbia is under discussion. A resolution of inquiry, as to the expediency of a joint resolution declaring the purpose of Congress to admit the lately rebellious States, on ratifying the amendment to the Constitution and establishing a republican form of government, was adopted. A bill providing for the meeting of Congress on the fourth of March, hereafter, passed the House on Monday. Several measures hedging up the President and limiting his power, are before Congress.

LEVEE AT WEST WATERVILLE.—The Universalist Society propose a Levee on the evenings of the 18th and 19th inst. at Mechanics Hall. They promise a choice entertainment, especially in the dramatic department; and their guarantee of a good time needs no endorsers beyond the names of a few of the "artists" whom we happen to know are engaged in it.

We call attention to the business advertisements of R. P. Shores & Co. Their stock of goods is all it claims to be, as those very well know who trade there, and their establishment one of those we like to have visitors look into. They are always prepared to furnish the best of everything in their line. (N. B.—We mean all we say.)

We learn that Mr. Charles H. Smith, formerly of Waterville, but for several years past landlord of the Canaan Hotel, has leased the Williams House in this place, to take possession in a few weeks. Mr. Nye, the present lessee, retires on account of poor health.

GOOD!—Somebody tells the Lewiston Journal that oysters are selling in Portland at very moderate prices, and of remarkably fine quality—the Journal says \$1.40 a gallon. This is cheap enough for such oysters as are usually obtained of James Freeman, now at No. 2 Union Wharf. Mr. Freeman very largely controls the oyster trade of this section, and if he sells at moderate prices, in these days of monopoly, he deserves not only patronage but thanks. Hand your orders to Hilton, at the Express office, and you are all right.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This excellent agricultural paper is to be enlarged at the beginning of the next year; so that even if no better, (for it has always been as good as it could be,) its subscribers will certainly get more of a good thing. The Monthly New England Farmer, which was always a great favorite, will also be revived at that time. We can confidently commend them both to those desiring a good practical agricultural paper. Very full, accurate and early reports of the cattle markets are found in the weekly edition. The price of the weekly is \$2.50 in advance, and of the monthly, \$1.50. Address R. P. Eaton & Co., Boston.

CATTLE MARKETS.—About the same number of cattle were reported last week as the week previous, with nearly 3000 more sheep, and of these Maine contributed 646 cattle and 1020 sheep. Prices were firm at the quotations of the previous week, and trade quite brisk, rather favoring the seller. First quality beef, 12 to 12 3-4 second do., or good fair beef, 10 1-2 to 11 3-4; third quality, 9 to 10. D. Wells & Co. sold 14 fine Maine oxen, 1600 lbs. each, at 12 3-4c, 36 sk; 2 at 12c, 30 sk. Sheep, sheared Northern, 5 1-2 cts.; in lots \$2 to \$3 25 per head. The reporter of the Boston Advertiser says:—There were some very good lots this week. We heard Mr. G. W. Hollis say that he never dressed as good a drove of 300 as he bought of Mr. J. A. Judkins, of Maine. The sheep—nearly all lambs—were from the Province of New Brunswick, and averaged 50 lbs. of meat. Such mutton lambs are worth raising. He also makes the following comparisons:—Mutton costs considerably less than it did at this same time last year, while pork is just about one third lower—the quotations this week being 8 to 8 1-2c, while one year ago they stood 12 to 13c. This state of things of course affects the cattle trade, although prices are about the same now that they were then. The receipts for the past three weeks are two thousand head less than one year ago.

THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR, the able organ of the Baptists, will be enlarged to as nearly the size of the N. Y. Independent as the mechanical appliances of Boston will allow. It will be a double paper like the N. Y. Observer, with a "secular" and religious department. Nine editors and assistant editors besides from 20 to 30 contributors are already engaged. Published by Ford, Olmstead Co., Boston, at \$2.50 in advance.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, under date of Monday, says: The first political speech of the session was made in the House this afternoon by Mr. Blaine. It was fully up to the most advanced standard of the republican union party, and will prove a happy introduction to the winter's work. He held that the elections had shown that no Southern State could be admitted till the amendment to the Constitution is adopted and he now, in view of the fact that so many of them had rejected this demand that we should advance at once to the platform of negro suffrage. The speech attracted marked notice, and won commendation from the best men in the House.

TWO DESIRABLE ANNUALS.—The publishers of the "American Agriculturist" will issue, some time this month, two little works that people will be glad to secure—"The American Horticultural Annual," and "The American Agricultural Annual," for 1867. They will both be filled with interesting and valuable matter.

So prompt and energetic have been the precautionary measures of the English government, that all chance of a successful Fenian rising in Ireland is said to be extinguished. A reward is offered for Stephens, dead or alive.

"THE ECLECTIC," a well known repository of foreign literature, is advertised in our columns this week. It is the best publication of the kind in the country.

By the accidental breaking of a kerosene lamp, on Sunday evening last, Miss Alice Gilmore, a young lady about 15 years of age, daughter of Mr. John Gilmore, of Bath, was so severely burned that she cannot probably survive.

The numerous friends of Gen. Selden Connor will be glad to learn that he is getting better of his wounds, and will probably be about again in a short time.

A CLERGYMAN writing to a friend, says, "My voyage to Europe is indefinitely postponed. I have discovered the 'fountain of health' on this side of the Atlantic. Three bottles of the Peruvian Syrup have rescued me from the fangs of the fiend Dyspepsia." Dyspepsia should drink from this fountain.

Despatches from Candia state that the Cretons are submitting to the power of the Turks, all means of further resistance having been exhausted. The report that the Cretons had blown up a convent garrisoned by Turkish troops is confirmed, but the loss of life among the Turks was small.

Mr. Bigelow has forwarded to the State Department the verbal reply of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to Mr. Seward's note on the Mexican question. M. Moutier says that France has only substituted for the evacuation by instalments, at first proposed, the removal of all the troops at once.

I am happy to say that "Larokah's Vegetable Pulmonic Syrup," which was so kindly sent for the relief of the Bronchitis, from which I suffered so much during six years, seems to have completely restored me to health. Previous to taking this Syrup, I had consulted many eminent physicians, and tried a multitude of remedies prescribed by the medical faculty, and a great variety of patent medicines, with little permanent effect. Last winter and spring my strength was nearly exhausted; my cough and sore throat continued, and pains came on my left side, which were sometimes so distressing that I could not sleep nights. Hope of recovery almost expired. When I looked upon the dear partner of my life, then in tears for me, and the three precious jewels but recently set in the golden chain of affection, my heart sank within me at the painful thought that I must soon leave them, to move to return. I turned for relief to the hope of the resurrection of the dead. But, unexpected as it was, this remedy was providentially sent me, and after taking about ten bottles, I find myself entirely relieved of my cough, sore throat, bleeding, pain in the side, and I feel as strong, vigorous, healthy and happy, as I have been these twenty years. It seems, also, to have greatly fortified me against taking cold, to which I was extremely subject before. I can therefore, with the greatest pleasure and confidence, recommend this medicine as pre-eminently adapted to restore to health and vigor those who are suffering from colds, coughs, throat and lung diseases, and consumptive tendencies. In my judgment, Dr. Larokah's I. V. P. Syrup, for Pulmonary Diseases, stands unrivalled by any medicine yet discovered.

From Rev. John C. Ingalls, Melrose, Mass.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.—There is no need of any one's having the dyspepsia; for it has been demonstrated beyond fear of contradiction that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will certainly cure it. Constipation, the most prolific cause of ill health, is surely cured by the Cure: Stomach-ache, cramps, pains, or cold in either stomach or bowels, instantly yield to its power.

Housekeepers will observe in using the Steam Refined Soap of Messrs. Leathe & Gore, that they can get up a "fine suds," and yet the piece of soap will hardly seem to be washed at all. This is due to the fact that these soaps have the *Stark*, the substantial material, put into them in the process of manufacture.

The War Department has come into possession of certain papers showing the working of the vagrant law of Georgia. It appears that Rev. William Fincher, a colored missionary, who was preaching to and teaching the people of his own race in Pike county in that State, on a salary of thirty-five dollars per month paid by certain Northern benevolent associations, was arrested as a vagrant, tried and sentenced to the chain gang for one year. His case was carried up and the action of the lower court was approved, the judge holding that the North had no right to send money South for such purposes, and further, that his support was so precarious that he was a vagrant within the meaning of the law. He is now serving out his sentence. The matter will probably be brought before Congress at an early day.

The steamer Bolivar has been seized in the Medway on suspicion of being a Fenian cruiser. A large quantity of arms and ammunition and thirty tons of gunpowder were found on board the steamer.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A Boston correspondent of the Independent says:—After having one's ancestors come over in the Mayflower, the next best thing is to write for the Atlantic.

A correspondent of the Portland Argus writes that the amount of lumber saved on the Machias River this year is over 85,000,000 feet—an increase of 10,000,000 feet last year, and about one third over former years.

One of the editors of the Louisville Courier was sent to Brazil; got naturalized, and is back again. He says the "South, poor, ruined, and desolate as she is, is worth a hundred Brazils yet."

A fashionable lady at Pittsfield, Mass., wore her new bonnet to church last Sunday morning, before her new what to the amusement of the few who knew the difference. None of those religiously inclined noticed the error.

The Pope in an allocation of Oct. 30th, says that his temporal power is indispensable to his spiritual power, and cannot be abridged.

Alonso Wing, a wealthy resident of Jefferson, Wisconsin, former y of Maine, has sent a donation of \$76 to the widow of the late Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, of Wintthrop, for encouragements and instructions received from her late husband.

Representatives of the United States government have just returned from the civil courts against several parties in France, who furnished ships and material of war to the Southern confederacy during the late war in the United States.

The President of Peru has taken a charming method of insuring his reelection. He has arrested the opposing candidates and sent them out of the country.

In Sturgis is erecting in Pittston a steam saw mill with the latest improvements in machinery and construction, which, when completed, will cost \$40,000.

The governor of Alabama on the 6th inst. sent a message to the legislature advising the ratification of the amendment to the Constitution, in the expectation that complete restoration may follow.

Many of the Southern papers on Thanksgiving day published a notice of the late Dr. J. M. McKim, of this city, and the attempt to introduce it among them.

The Pacific Railroad extends three hundred miles beyond Omaha.

The Universalist Society in Augusta propose building a new church edifice the coming spring.

A Norwich clergyman has been led by his zeal in the temperance cause into making a bet, offering to forfeit \$10,000 if a quart of pure spirits can be found in the city.

The Argus correspondent says the rolling stock of the Maine Central Railroad consists of 18 locomotives; 15 first class passenger cars; 2 smoking cars; 6 baggage cars; 310 platform cars, and 25 cattle cars.

Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which probably gives more than any other substance.

The Maine Musical Association will hold its next session at Central Hall in Lewiston. Great preparations are making for the occasion.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

Rev. George Bullen of South Reading, Mass., formerly of this State, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in consequence of enfeebled health.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The pressure of the freight business on this road continues unabated. The Directors have recently purchased and put upon the road two splendid locomotives, and they have contracted for thirty-five box and platform cars to be built by Thomas Lambard Esq., of Augusta.

Capt. Fred C. Low, of Bangor, of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, has received his promotion to the rank of brevet Major, to take rank from March, 1865. Capt. Low was in every engagement in which the regiment took part.

Waterville Engine Co. No. 3.

At a monthly meeting of Waterville Engine Co. No. 3, held Dec. 3d, 1866, it was Voted That the Company hold a Levee for the purpose of raising funds to furnish their Hall. A general committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of E. G. Mander, J. McFarland, W. A. Caffrey, Geo. Jewell, John P. Caffrey, Joshua Nye and J. P. Hill.

The Clerk of the Company was instructed to extend an invitation to Ticonic Ones to assist them in carrying out their arrangements for the proposed Levee. It was also voted that an invitation be extended to the ladies of Waterville to participate in the above.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Waterville Mail.

G. B. BROAD, Clerk.

MY AUNT HANNAH.

When I was a boy, about seven years old, I was told Aunt Hannah was comical and witty. And I will remember a story she told, Of a man on a special committee.

The story ran thus of a tailor and wife, She was not receiving any more pay, And the poor tailor, to enjoy life, Would be out on a special committee.

Very patient she'd wait for him night after night, But at last he became little better, She took him to bed, he said 'twas all right, He was out on a special committee.

They both then retired, but got no repose, Such a yawning round the house was the pity, She said 'It's our turn at, and you may suppose, He too's on a special committee.'

A patient then ensued, you'd better believe, But this doesn't end my ditty; After this he was waiting for his turn to please, Always shunning a special committee.

There are those who say, and others that know, Two hundred young men are waiting to go, All doffed and attired in masculine clothes— They were out on a special committee.

They were promanaging with a girl on each arm The principal streets of our city; We'd like to have joined them, oh, where is the harm, While out on such special committee.

But where is the Colonel? No poetry to write, No elephant to ride, and is single; Could afford to sell goods so remarkably low, 'I would clasp me to haul in my single.

I have no fears from that quarter just now, The Colonel may slumber but I shall not fail, For I drive my own team and hold my own paw, And advertise weekly in the Waterville Mail.

SOME nice Porto Rico Molasses, and extra Pickles, at CHIPMAN'S.

NOTICE.

HAVING bought the stock and good will of 1. H. DOOLIT. THE & CO. and fitted up with stock and goods.

FIRST CLASS GOODS, which we paid the cash for, and selected with care, we would like to see any or all of the old customers and as many new ones as may favor us with their patronage. We have ourselves we can sell as low as the lowest, considering the quality of the goods. We shall keep none but the BEST.

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We have also arranged to secure choice selections from the French, German, and other Continental Periodicals, translated especially for the Eclectic, and it is hoped this new feature will add greatly to the variety and value of the work.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

The January number of THE ECLECTIC for 1867 begins the Fifth Volume of the new series, and its proprietor confidently hopes that it will exceed any of the preceding volumes. The field of

