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Maxham & Wing

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BY JOHN KEBBLE.

Red o'er the forest peeps the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crowned the eastern cope; and chit and din  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;  
Yet wait a while, and see the calm leaves float  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!  
And yet no second spring have they to ask  
But where they fall, forgotten to abide  
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold,  
The green buds glisten in the dew of spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them; in all the boundless sky  
No port, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again,  
Yet he complains, while these unnumbered pair  
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,  
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

## MRS. STANHOPE'S LAST LODGER.

MRS. ARNOLD STANHOPE, or as some persons persisted in calling her—Mrs. Stanup—lived on her narrow income by taking lodgers. Six years before her husband had died and left her a fine old house at the West End, and just five thousand dollars besides. At the best percentage this was very little with which to take care of herself and her three children—children whose ages ranged from thirteen to seventeen, and whose education was then unfinished. At the first crisis Mrs. Stanhope took counsel with herself and her relatives.

"Sell the house and take a smaller one out of town, on a horse-car route, Kate," they one and all advised.

What was their amazement when, after listening to them in apparent heedfulness and respect, she coolly informed them that she had concluded to keep the house and rent her rooms to lodgers. "Kate, you are crazy!" exclaimed her brother-in-law. "This house and lot, in this locality, would bring you fifteen thousand any day. And with that sum well invested, and with what you have, you can live very nicely out of town."

"But I don't want to live out of town, Tom," she answered.

"We don't want to do a good many things that we are obliged to do in this world," Tom Alroyd retorted, a little impatiently.

"Well, I'm not obliged to do this," Mrs. Stanhope returned, rather proudly. "It's a matter of opinion, and I prefer to keep the house. As you say, it is a very desirable locality. It will be no less desirable for lodgers."

"A matter of opinion, as you declare Kate; but I should hardly have thought that you would have preferred to fill your house with lodgers."

Then Mrs. Stanhope flashed out all there was in her mind.

"Tom, you may think me wild, or Quixotic, or what you like. But, until I am actually obliged to, I will never give up the old Stanhope estate. My Harry is the last male descendant of the name. I know it was his father's desire that he should succeed to it as he had done before him. And, besides that, I have a sentiment about it myself. I am proud of the old place, and I want to keep it in the family. Much too proud to let it go, Tom, though you may think I demean myself by taking lodgers."

This settled the matter. Tom Alroyd had nothing more to say, of course, but he nevertheless felt a good deal both of disapproval and annoyance. To his wife Mr. Alroyd prophesied all manner of ill-success to Mrs. Stanhope's plan. Kate was not a business woman, she would lose money. She would be taken in in all sorts of ways, and lead a vexed and disturbed life, when she might lead such an easy one comparatively, by following his advice. And the rest of the relatives hearing this, thought Kate was "so foolish to run against Tom's advice—Tom, who was such a safe counselor in all business matters."

Long before the end of the six years when my story opens Tom Alroyd was forced to confess that Kate had done better than he thought she would. She had certainly made both ends meet, and she had saved a little. If she was ever taken in, if she was ever vexed and disturbed by the way of life she had chosen, her relatives were none the wiser for it. She never complained to them. At the end of the six years Harry was nineteen, in his senior term at college, and with a good chance before him in a great commercial house, whose firm had known his father, and therefore felt an interest in the son. Harry was nineteen. Then came Ellen, who was two years older; and then Frances, or, as she was always called, Frank, with another two years of seniority.

When Ellen was twenty she considerably surprised her relatives by developing a talent for school-teaching. So, at least, she spoke of it, when she walked in one day with the information that she had been offered a situation in one of the grammar-schools at a salary of \$600.

"I always suspected I had a talent for this thing, mother, and you see other people have suspected it too," she never told how she had been waiting for "this thing" for a year, and how this patient waiting and a really splendid scholarship, and last but not least, the influence of an influential man, who had been Arnold Stanhope's intimate friend, had at the end of the year given her the situation she had sought. She was like her mother in this, that she never made a great thing of what she was doing; never talked about it, and laid before anxious friends her hopes and her fears and her patient womanly virtues. But her mother, who knew what silent courage and persistence she was possessed of, guessed that she had been working hard in many ways for "this thing," and at the last spoke of it in this riant manner to cover her real anxiety and perhaps distaste for it. And so she glanced up quickly at Ellen's information and asked her a plain question, while she watched her with searching eyes.

"Are you sure you have a talent for this, Ellen? Do you like it? and shall you be happy in it? Because, if you do not, there is no necessity for it, remember that, for you are not as expensive nearly as you were as a school-girl, you know, and I managed then very nicely. Besides, you are valuable as a helping hand in the care of the house."

Ellen colored a little at this, for she knew what her mother had thought. But she answered honestly enough. "I really think I have the talent, mother, and I dare say I shall like it; you'll let me try, won't you?"

"Oh yes, if you really are in earnest."

That was all the preliminary talk they had about it. And the next week the young teacher had entered upon her duties.

"What started you so suddenly on that track, Elly?" asked eighteen-year-old Harry, rather grandly.

"Oh, my talent, Harry. I couldn't hide it in a napkin, you know, any longer." And Elly laughed.

## Waterville Mail.

"You see, Elly," Harry went on, still more grandly, "in another year I shall be able to take care of myself and do something for the rest of you, I dare say. So there is no need of your doing this thing."

"Thank you, Harry, you are very kind," answered Ellen, with a slight twinkle in her practical eye at Harry's swift surmise of "doing something for the rest of you." "You are very kind, Harry, but there's my talent! I'm a little strong-minded, you know, and I must work out what there is in me."

Not until a year had been passed by Ellen in developing her "talent," as she called it, did any one know just what it was that had started her on that "track." It was Ellen's birthday. She was twenty-one, and her uncle Tom was gayly bantering her as was his custom.

"If Harry stood in your shoes now, Miss Ellen, it would be worth while. But I can't see why girls should ever be twenty-one. They should keep in their teens, you know, while they are girls. Why, there's your mother and your aunt here married off long before your age. Let's see Kate; you were only eighteen, and Mary was but seventeen. Why, what are you two about—you and Frank?"

"Nice-looking young women like you, too," Ellen answered this with great apparent carelessness; and you would never have thought, as she answered, that she was at all disturbed. Frank, who had been playing softly and fitfully at the piano, heard this last remark of Uncle Tom's. Pretty, vehement Frank, who looked much younger than Ellen, but who was two years older, swung herself round on the music-stool and cried out in her little funny, quick-tempered way:

"How can you talk in that style, Uncle Tom? As if a woman's whole earthly concern was to get married! I don't think you need be so proud of early marriages in our family if mother's and Aunt Mary's did turn out well. There's Aunt Harriet's; charming match that is, isn't it? And there's Uncle Dick, great splendid fellow tied to that little girl! Do you suppose if Aunt Harriet had waited until she was in her twenties she would have fallen in love with a man who murders the English language every time he opens his mouth? And do you think Uncle Dick would have married only a pretty doll if he had waited until he was a man?"

Uncle Tom Alroyd wasn't very much pleased with this sudden attack; and there might have ensued quite a tilt of tongues if Harry had not just then come in with a "bee in his bonnet." When Harry had a bee in his bonnet it was a buzzed very noisily without regard for time or place.

"I say, mother," he burst out, "Rob Barker's uncle is coming home from Europe, and Rob wants to get a room for him at the West End here. And I told him I guessed he could have Marchant's room. Marchant's going away, you know, next month."

"Mr. Marchant, Harry. Don't get into that flippant way of calling a man twice or three times your age 'Marchant.' It sounds under-bred," reproved Mrs. Stanhope.

"Well, Mr. Marchant, then. But about the room, mother?" persisted Harry.

"How old a man is Rob Barker's uncle, Harry?" asked Mrs. Stanhope, thoughtfully.

"Old? Well, he can't be very young; he stands in the place of Rob's father, you know."

"Oh!"

There was a satisfactory note in this "Oh!" which Mrs. and Mrs. Alroyd understood perfectly; and the moment they were outside the door they commented upon it freely.

"There's another of Kate's queer quirks, Tom," said Mrs. Alroyd to her husband. "The idea of her setting her face against any lodger entering her house who isn't elderly!"

"She's afraid people will say she's after a husband for one of her daughters. Isn't that it?"

"Yes. She always remembers what Dick's silly little wife said to her at the outset."

"What was that?"

"Why, that she needn't trouble herself to dress Frank and Ellen for parties when they grew up; that they'd find plenty of suitors in her lodgers. It was part malice and part earnest with Matty. You know she was always ashamed of Kate's taking lodgers."

"Pshaw! Kate's morbid!" exclaimed Mr. Alroyd.

"To be sure she is. I always said she was," Mrs. Alroyd returned.

And while they criticize Mrs. Stanhope's "queer quirks," as they styled her sensitiveness and pride, up stairs in their own room Frank and Ellen were having their little tilt of criticism.

"Oh!" shivered Frank, pulling down her long shivering hair with an impatient jerk. "I do get so very mad at Uncle Tom's speeches about marriage. I think it's vulgar to talk in that way, Elly."

"Of course it is," answered the cooler "Elly," with more emphasis than usual. "Uncle Tom evidently thinks it's a girl's bounden duty to marry *somebody*; or, at least, he thinks it's *her* bounden duty. I fancied he'd stop that kind of talk when he saw that I was able to take care of myself."

"Elly!"—and Frank ceased her busy combing as the new thought struck her—"Elly, I do believe it was Uncle Tom's exasperating speeches that first set you to thinking of taking care of yourself, as you call it."

Elly colored a little and laughed a little.

"Well, I suppose it was, Frank. I set me to thinking in various ways. I saw that mother didn't need but one of us to assist her 'talked at' a good deal in the matrimonial key, both by Uncle and Aunt Tom. It occurred to me that school teaching would help the matter all round. But Uncle Tom doesn't appear to believe much in that kind of help, I see. He seems to think that the only decent way for a woman is to get married," and Elly laughed again with the gleam of humor in her eyes.

"Just to think of your earning \$600 a year, Elly; you who are two years younger than I. You always were a great deal brighter than I, Elly. Bless my soul! I don't believe I am sound on my multiplication-table to this day. And when I go shopping I always have to count my fingers in my muff when I reckon up my change; I do truly."

Elly laughed out at this, and Frank, meeting her amused look, laughed too.

"All I can do is to sweep and dust and make beds, and sometimes fuss round in the kitchen"

when Bridget is away. I haven't an acquisition or an accomplishment—not one. As far as that goes I'm a fool." Then making an indescribable grimace at herself in the mirror, she concluded emphatically, "Yes, I've got it—I'm a healthy fool—just that."

Quiet Elly was laughing by this time as nobody but Frank could make her laugh. But as quick as she found her breath she said, animatedly,

"How can you talk so, Frank, when you play so beautifully, and sing, too, like nobody else?"

"Like nobody else"—yes, that is the way, Elly, precisely; there's no training or science about it to make it like any body else. And as for the playing, that's in the same category."

"I heard Mrs. Raymond say the other night that there was no playing or singing touched her like yours," answered Elly, quietly.

"Did she say that?" exclaimed Frank, her eyes all aglow—for Mrs. Raymond was great authority, a woman whose fine natural taste had been cultivated to the utmost. They talked a while of this, and then dropped their voices as they heard the key in the room below them click in the lock. "I'm glad Mr. Marchant's going," said Frank, in her lower tone; "he's such an old butty. I've got tired of creeping round the house and talking in whispers, for fear of disturbing him. Any way Elly, I think it's awful dull and poky to have a house filled with a parcel of old fasses. I do think mother is over-sensitive there. She says with two daughters like us it is better taste and better dignity to have quiet, elderly people in the house. I don't know but it is, but it's awful dull," reiterated Frank, shaking her head pathetically. "And no sooner does one go than another of the same sort comes. I should think they'd call it the Patriarchal Retreat by this time," went on this droll little Frank, with a suppressed giggle.

"Hush! speak lower!" cautioned Elly.

"Oh, nobody can hear!" Then for a minute Frank was silent; but just as Ellen was falling asleep she heard her voice again: "Elly! Elly!" she whispered, "I wonder if Rob Barker's old uncle will come!"

"Stop talking Frank, and go to sleep—do, dear—I'm so tired!" Elly remonstrated. And Rob Barker went to sleep, and dreamed that Rob Barker's uncle was a greater fuss than all the rest; that he insisted on the house being still at nine o'clock; and that he caulked all the windows and listed all the doors; and that he capped the climax of this by entering a protest against her piano and Harry's flute. A month after this, when she had forgotten all about her dream, she came in one day to find the house in quite a commotion. Not only Mr. Marchant's vacant room was being metamorphosed, but the side-room opening out of it.

"Oh, Granny Barker's coming, I suppose, in place of Granny Marchant!" she said to herself, as she caught sight of Rob Barker in the chaos of pictures and furniture. "And the old gentleman's to have two rooms!" she went on with her inward comments; "a parlor and bedroom, eh?" Then aloud to her brother's elum in the rather patronizing style she allowed herself toward that youngster on account of her three or four years' seniority, she said, "Master Robert, I suppose this is all your taste?" glancing at the carpets and the furniture.

"Master Robert!" inwardly writhed and outwardly smiled on this sweet-voiced patronage. "All my taste except two or three old things my uncle always will insist on having." Then, as Miss Stanhope was turning away, he exclaimed suddenly, perhaps to detain that fascinating yet most provoking young woman a little longer—for poor Robbie was notoriously "pony" on Frank's bright face and natural ways—"Miss Stanhope, you'll be sure to like my uncle; he's the nicest old fellow in the world!"

"Oh, is he?" returned Frank, carelessly, and then she went on her way up to her room, to Rob Barker's great disappointment, doubtless.

"The nicest old fellow in the world!" she repeated to herself, with a little shrug of her shoulders. And then she recalled her dream, and laughed. She could not but acknowledge, however, that this nicest old fellow's taste was not out of the way in the choice of pictures, wren, coming down from her room one day at the end of the week, she lingered to look at two lovely landscapes that faced the open door. As she lingered there she heard some one making frantic attempts with their latch-key outside, attempts which proved futile, as a sudden rattle at the bell gave evidence. Frank at this ran swiftly down, and, opening the door, said in explanation:

"It's that stupid new Biddy's work; she will slip the wrong bolt when she goes out."

It was Rob Barker's face that presented itself first to her, and that young gentleman found tongue to say at once glibly and politely:

"Thank you, Miss Stanhope. But it was too bad to trouble you. And then, in another tone, "This is my uncle, Mr. Hadley; Miss Stanhope, Uncle Robert."

Frank looked at the new-comer, and saw, to her utter amazement, a man rather above the medium height, very square as to the shoulders, very broad as to the chest, very firmly knitted together, yet with the lithe carriage such as one imagines an Arab to possess, and with a face that went well with all this—a face bronzed and ruddy from travel and outdoor life, yet intellectual and refined—the face of an educated gentleman, and this gentleman clearly not a day over forty.

Frank thought of her dream; of the gray-headed, frosty-bearded old gentleman who had hitherto held peaceful possession of her mother's house; and of her mother's intention that only such should hold possession; and the thought was too much for her composure at the moment. She would have given much to have restrained that little irrelevant, and rather irrelevant laugh, but it was beyond her control. There was something so merry and natural in it, however, that it proved contagious, though it was irrelevant. Rob, in his "hobbledehoy" thought, "She's laughing at the mess I made with the latch-key."

Mr. Hadley thought: "Nice, merry little girl; and then they all went up stairs together, and Frank nearly burst out again, at her mother's look of astonishment when "Uncle Robert" was presented to her.

Aunt Tom, as they called Mrs. Alroyd, coming in that evening, Frank could not restrain her fun, and so the story of the new arrival was chronicled in such merry vein as only Frank was mistress of.

"Think, auntie, I fairly laughed in his face when I saw him, it was so funny to imagine mother's amazement and consternation."

Mrs. Stanhope looked excessively annoyed at Frank's merriment, and very soon managed to send her away on some household errand. The moment she was out of sight Mrs. Alroyd began:

"Kate, I think you are perfectly morbid on that subject. The idea of your supposing that every body will suspect you of matrimonial designs for Frank and Ellen if you let your rooms to young lodgers."

"Mary, it isn't merely that—though that suspicion is a very comical one, and one I do wish to avoid. But when we were girls don't you remember the Traceys?"

"Yes, what of them?"

"Well, you were younger than I, so you don't know, I dare say, what I did. Mrs. Tracey rented her rooms to lodgers as I do. They were usually occupied by young men, and of course people were ill-natured enough to say constantly that her three girls were 'setting their caps,' and 'after' this one or that one. Those horrid phrases! But that wasn't the worst of it. The Traceys were a good old respectable family, not aristocratic by any means any more than the Stanhopes. The rooms, however, were rented quite frequently to young men of fashion. It was very natural that pretty girls like May and Alice and Sara Tracey should be pleased by these elegant young men; should accept bouquets and Christmas and birthday gifts from them; should, in short, with such opportunities fall in love with such dazzling heroes, and expect to marry them. But, Mary, not one of these heroes offered himself in marriage to them. Not one of them went further than those flirtations. They were simply passing away the time. It came in their way to laugh and talk, and now and then offer little attentions to these girls, and so the matter ended for them. But not so did it end for the girls. I happen to know that Sara Tracey almost broke her heart for Morris Ryder, and I know that May and Alice were more deeply interested in those young Stanleys than was well for their peace of mind. Then the remarks that were made were of course not agreeable. There is always something humiliating in the position of a woman, when she is so placed or so places herself that she can be flattered with, or approached as an acquaintance to talk and laugh with, without being sought. And any mother should shield her daughters from positions like these if she can."

"Well, I believe you are more than half right, Kate," Mrs. Alroyd returned in a tone of conviction. "I had never looked upon it so deeply before, I must confess. Not having girls of my own, you know, I am not so sensitive as you are."

"Well I am sensitive, Mary, on this point. I would like as well as any mother to see my girls well married, but I don't mean they shall be what is called 'thrown' in any gentleman's way, nor stand a chance of being 'condescended to,' and all that sort of thing. We are poor, and not fashionable people by any means; but my girls are ladies, and I mean they shall hold themselves, and be held as such."

"How your mind does hold on to things, Kate. I should never have thought of making a personal application, or taking a warning from anything so far back as the affairs of the Traceys."

"Well, perhaps not. But I was older than you, and I never forgot the story."

"But Kate, I don't believe you need trouble yourself about this Mr. Hadley. He is not a young man like Morris Ryder or the Stanleys. He won't be likely to flirt on the stairways with Kate or Ellen—a man of forty!" And Mrs. Alroyd laughed.

Mrs. Stanhope laughed too at this close application of her story to the Traceys; and so the conversation ended. But Mrs. Stanhope's thought on the subject didn't end with her words. She knew that this man of forty was one of the handsomest fellows she had chanced to see lately, and whose associations, if not his tastes, were with the fashionable world. And at this conclusion she said to herself: "But, perhaps, I am making an old fool of myself. I do hold on to any thing so, as Mary says."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Latham, a member of the British Parliament, has published a book of travels in this country under the title, "Black and White." A foreign correspondent sketches some of its salient points. The following shows shrewd observation, and is suggestive in itself: "One other remark of the traveller, who, I should state, visited Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Charleston, Augusta, Mobile, New Orleans, &c.: 'I have been struck,' he says, 'with the difference of the hero-worship of the North and that of the South. In the hall or bar-room of every Southern hotel, on every steamboat, and in every public place, you find a picture of Gen. Lee and often of Gen. Beauregard; the honor is given to the leaders. But in the North the glory is attributed to 'our soldiers,' the battles were won by 'our boys.' Not even Gen. Grant is esteemed in the North as Lee and Stonewall Jackson were enshrined in the hearts of the Southerners.'"

INSURANCE is a good thing; it works well. Applied to life it straightens up a man's stature at least three inches. His foot is more elastic; the angle of his head is better. There is more sparkle to his eye, and more expression to his countenance. The air goes nearer to the bottom of his lungs. The grasp of his hand is more cordial. He greets his family with a sunnier smile. In fact he has added years, if not decades to his life. As an insured man he is thoughtful; and if thoughtful, he avoids, so far as he can, everything calculated to abridge his days, disturb his temper, injure his reputation, or in any way depart from the standard by which good men and true are tried and tested in all true and good communities.

[Boston Post.]

TOOTHACHE.—For the benefit of the whole family of toothaches, it may be useful for us to state, that at a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy—powdered alum two drachms; nitrous spirit of ether seven drachms. Mix and apply to the tooth.

## OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY, for December, contains "Democracy," by Walt Whitman; "Our Golden Wedding," by T. W. Parsons; "The Drunken Drama," by Olive Logan; "Boasting," by E. M.; "Words and Their Uses," by Richard Grant White; "A Note or Two on Music," by M. A. Cary; "Small Planters in the South," by Jas. O. Noyes; "How the Spirits Tormented Me," by Richard Edwards; "Waiting for the Verdict," concluded, by Mrs. R. H. Davis; and "Nebulae," by the Editor. Walt Whitman's article is directed against "Shooting Niagara," Carlyle's despairing shriek over the progress of Democracy; and a very fitting opponent of the many worded, scolding philosopher is our "American Poet," who can beat Carlyle in the number and length of his adjectives, and will keep his temper while the early Scotchman raves like a bedlamite.

A new volume of the Galaxy will begin with the next number; and with increased experience of the wants of the public, and much greater resources, the publishers are confident of their ability to still further improve their magazine. Their aim, they say, is to make a magazine which, while it shall always be readable and entertaining, shall also maintain a high standard of literary excellence; possessing significance to the thoughtful reader, at the same time that it offers lighter matter for those who seek merely recreation in a magazine. Among the special features of the new volume will be the following:

A series of articles on a timely subject, by William Swinton, the well known historian of the War; a series of papers by Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, on subjects of practical interest; Richard Grant White will complete his valuable series of papers on "Words and Their Uses," and follow them with other significant papers; George Wakeman, whose humorous articles on subjects of curious research have attracted so much interest, will explore new fields of literary curiosities; Frost, that will continue to furnish his valuable papers on Cookery; a new and very striking serial story will be commenced upon the completion of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," which will run for several months, and be succeeded in turn by a new novel by a distinguished author; arrangements have been made which will secure contributions from the most distinguished writers of England and France, and also from a long list of the most prominent writers in our own country; illustrations from designs by W. J. Hennessy, Gaston Fay and Henry Fenn, will appear in each number, and a new cover will be furnished.

The Galaxy is published by W. C. and F. P. Church, 29 Park Row, New York, at \$3.50 a year; two copies for \$6; five for \$14; ten for \$25.

## THE NURSERY.

THE NURSERY.—The December number closes another volume of this delightful little magazine for youngest readers—those under nine years of age. It is the only work of the kind published, and it certainly deserves a place in every family of small children. It must be a great help to parents and teachers, in furnishing fresh reading lessons every month to little learners—lessons that are entertaining and instructive, presented in clear type and with numerous spirited illustrations. Miss Fanny P. Seaverns, its enthusiastic young editor, is confident that in the coming volumes she can improve upon the past year. No more acceptable present can be found for a child than a year's subscription to this dainty little magazine.

Published by John L. Shorey, No. 13 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year; three copies for \$4; five for \$6; and each additional copy \$1.

CHARLES DICKENS.—The admirers of Dickens have little reason to complain of want of variety in the forms in which his works are available. Whether they desire an edition ornamental to their library shelves, whether one suitable for loaning to careless neighbors, or one for a pocket companion, the wish in either case may be easily gratified. The illustrious and wealthy Mr. Bohn may purchase the twenty-six "volumes, red and gold, and purple ribbon in every volume to keep the place," and any Pickwickian Club, in its journeys in pursuit of antiquarian information, may carry a library in their pockets, and be no longer dependent upon the stores of decayed clergymen and itinerant players for an evening's entertainment.

It is but natural that it should be found necessary to republish the works of a standard author like Dickens (without which no library is considered complete, in its romance department) in a style equal to that of other works of fiction, and to put them in a dress quite as rich as the attire of their less worthy but gaudy companions. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton were the first to see this want and to meet it with their beautiful "Household Edition," illustrated by our own most celebrated artist, Mr. F. O. C. Darley, and the no less celebrated English artist, Mr. John Gilbert.

During the present year Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have again appeared as the publishers of this author, in two different editions, namely, the "Globe" and the "Riverside." The former edition is now complete, and comprises thirteen volumes, in size and binding similar to the "Globe Shakespeare." It contains all the illustrations by Darley and Gilbert, which appeared in the "Household Edition," and is sold at the low price of \$1.50 per volume. The type is of good size, and it is clearly printed upon paper of fair quality. This edition will without doubt supplant all other cheap editions.

But to the "Riverside Edition" must be awarded the palm above all other competitors. There are to be twenty-six volumes, illustrated with all the designs of Darley and Gilbert, Cruikshank, Seymour, Leech, Phiz and others, newly engraved on steel, thus combining all the illustrations of the English with those of the best American edition. It is printed upon fine heavy paper, crown octavo, and is singularly elegant in shape, while the width of the page gives the column of type a clear and generous appearance. Various styles of binding may be had, from cloth to the most expensive morocco. The price in cloth is \$2.50 per volume.

Whoever desires the best, should immediately examine this edition, of which ten volumes have been already issued.

THE DIFFERENCE.—On the question how large a sum may be saved from a small salary, a lady says, "My income is \$8 a week, which I spend in the following manner: board and washing \$4.25; church contributions, 25 cents; clothes \$1.50; Total, \$6.50. The balance \$1.50, I deposit in the bank." A young man gives his experience thus:—"My income is \$20 a week. My average expenses are, for board and rent \$7.60; clothing \$6; billiards \$2.50, (I play a poor game) drinks \$1.50; horse-hire \$3; literature, True Flag and Police Gazette, 10 cts.; washing \$2.50; church contributions 5 cts.—total \$25. For the balance I draw on the old man. My washing bill last year was \$48, but as my necessary expenses were so high I was able to pay only \$13 of it, which gives the average of 25 cts. a week. I would like to marry, but don't see how I can. The ladies are so extravagant, and have so many habits, that I can't support a wife."

AIR AND EXERCISE. Deprive the laboring classes of these, and they must go without the most precious and often the only boon of their toilsome lives. Air and exercise are indeed the safeguard of all. Specially are they so to those who can command but small freedom and brief leisure.

For instance, the student, the writer, who sits bent forward hour after hour, can, on a temporary change of occupation, vary his attitude by leaning well back in his chair, or by standing erect with well expanded chest, so as not to rob his lungs of their complement of vital air one moment longer than is necessary. When, after long sitting, the circulation becomes torpid and the brain weary, he can set his window open for a few moments, even in mid-winter. And if a short brisk walk out doors during the interval be impracticable, let him go through a series of gymnastics, or wrestle with imaginary burglars in his own sanctum, and he will not find his minutes thrown away. It is better for a person in health and of sedentary habits, to walk in the rain rather than not walk at all.

"Blue pill, madam!—stuff-a-nonsense! you can't want more blue pill, madam; take exercise instead; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." So said an honest doctor to a sluggish patient. "Take exercise; it's only lazy folks who want so much blue pill." This reminds us of our old friend Abernethy, who, after listening to a long list of ailments detailed by the anxious mother of a languid daughter, growled out, as he put on his hat and returned a shilling of the fee, "Buy her a skipping rope."

NEGRO RULE.—The Farmington Chronicle has the following sensible remarks about the childish cry of "negro supremacy," which copperhead demagogues are just now raising to throw discredit upon the congressional scheme of reconstruction:

"Candid men must be tired of the everlasting twaddle in the democratic newspapers about 'negro rule' and 'negro supremacy.' As if the comparatively few negroes in this country were destined to overrule and override the white man in the national and state governments! The present status of the black man affords a difficult political problem, which will ultimately work out its own solution; and certainly it is not justice to them, or to ourselves, to keep alive and intensify our prejudices against the colored race. It affords a poor commentary upon the supremacy of the Caucasian race, if there were really any danger that the Africans, inferior in numbers, and just emerged from a state of servitude, would acquire a political ascendancy in this nation, or



## Waterville Mail.

R. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 29, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
R. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bowdoin Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 25 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York, and T. G. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at the office of the Mail.

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

**IMPEACHMENT.**—Contrary to expectations, the several reports of the impeachment committee produced no considerable excitement. Everybody seems to believe that the president deserves to be impeached, for deeds well deserving such signal disgrace; but public sentiment will be content with the testimony without the sentence. The printing of 80,000 copies of this has been moved.

**THE HARD TIMES FOR MANUFACTURERS,** so much talked about just now, have a pungent commentary in a statement made by a Lewiston correspondent of the Bangor Whig. After stating that one of the cotton mills in Lewiston lost \$10,000 in one day by a fall in the goods they were making, he says the business of that mill "has paid, and doubtless will again." He adds this case in proof:—"Five years ago a man invested \$60,000 in one of the Lewiston mills. He has received one hundred and ten thousand dollars in dividends, and his stock can be sold for one hundred and twenty thousand." Who does not pity this poor stockholder in a mill that loses ten thousand dollars by a fall in goods!

**RUM FIRES.** Four barns and the Second Advent church at Hermon Hill were fired by an incendiary, Friday night of last week. The church and one of the barns were saved, the other three being consumed. Three belonged to J. A. C. Mason—one saved—and one to a Mr. Roundy. The barn that was saved contained 50 tons of hay. Investigation gave evidence that rum was at the bottom of the mischief.

**The Maine Farmer** thinks the late temperance meeting in that city was not very interesting, and that the "friends of the cause" did not find it an occasion of much encouragement. So it may seem to the home circle, but outside of the state capital the friends of the cause are cheered to hear that a temperance meeting that did not look abroad for an audience should make any tolerable show there. The suburbs are easily taken, but storming the citadel is not so likely to be "interesting."

**LEGISLATIVE JOURNAL.** Stevens & Hayward, of the Kennebec Journal, propose to publish their usual Legislative Journal during the coming session, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. They will also publish a tri-weekly on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—the two making a daily. Price of Legislative Journal \$1, of the daily \$2. Its size is to be increased from the past, with other improvements.

**THE WAR IN S. AMERICA.**—A special correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says the operations of the allied armies against Paraguay appear to be successful. The Brazilian army is intended to invade the interior of Paraguay, and to drive Lopez into the mountains. The allied fleet in front of Hamata does not inflict much damage on that fortress. The victory of the allies on the 5th inst., at San Solano, over the Paraguayans, was a complete one. The Paraguayans reject all peace propositions that require Lopez to leave the country. Cholera has broken out in both armies.

**Despatches from Europe** state that Garibaldi is better, and that his illness was caused by the brutality of his prison keepers. It is stated that Austria and Russia will join in the conference on the Roman question. The action of Prussia is not yet indicated. The subject of the Alabama claims was to come before the British House of Commons on the 29th inst.

**We regret to learn** that a valuable mare, owned by Daniel Bunker, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, got herself into such a position in her stall as to be choked to death, last week. She was worth some three or four hundred dollars. Mr. B. sold one of her colts for two hundred dollars last spring.

**Twelve thousand bushels of potatoes**—so they say—have been purchased at Kendall's Mills this season, for a Boston market—average price 85 cts.

**Josh Billings** says, "Those who retire from the world on account of its peckiness and sin, must not forget they have got to keep company with a person who wants as much watching as anybody."

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—For Thanksgiving week, the Brighton and Cambridge cattle market was well supplied with cattle, sheep and hogs. The better qualities of each, especially of beefs, were in good demand, while the market was overstocked with inferior grades and prices were full as low as last week. Of the sheep market the Boston Advertiser remarks:—

"The butchers say that nothing like last week's prices has been seen by the Faneuil Hall butchers for many years past. It is currently reported that an offer of 1 1-2c per lb. being made for the dressed meat of the slim droves of last week, by Mr. Boynton, for feeding his swine, no less than 3000 lbs. were immediately delivered, and after he gave notice that he should pay only 1c per lb., we understand a considerable quantity was sent up to his yards at that price. On Saturday night it is said that carcasses were retailed from the wagons about Faneuil Hall at one shilling apiece, or seven for a dollar."

**THE BOSTON ADVERTISER,** one of the most enterprising and reliable papers in the country, has recently changed its headquarters to No. 29 Court Street, opposite the Court House. Increased facilities are afforded in the new place for transacting business, which will enable the proprietors to meet the wants of their readers with more promptness; and certain improvements will be inaugurated that will give the paper even stronger claims upon public patronage than ever before.

**SAVE YOUR BOOTS.** Here is a very simple process for making boots water-proof, and thus avoiding wet feet and bad colds at this muddy season. Melt a paraffine candle, which you may get at the stores, in a quart of lard oil, or in this proportion. Heat well, and mix a little lampblack if you choose. Warm the leather and saturate well. Polish with common blacking.

**At the late term of the S. J. court** in Augusta John D. Dinsmore and Daniel Hanson were convicted under the late liquor law, on appeals from the Municipal Court. A. L. Foy plead guilty to charge of being a common seller, but sentence was suspended during good behavior.

**The Maine Farmer** calls attention to the folly and danger of keeping large sums of money hoarded away in private houses—as is so often done, especially by old people. Many lives, it says, are lost every year by this attraction to thieves and murderers. It suggests as a remedy banks of deposit incorporated for this purpose, with vaults constructed so as to be entirely safe—depositors to pay a trifling per cent. for their use.

**CLOTHING OF FEET PROPERLY.**—The Scientific American says:

It is somewhat surprising that, with all our boasted improvements, we have not as yet produced a proper covering for the feet. Barbarous people, if their climate admits, go with bare feet, or wear sandals, covering only the sole of the foot. We, however, encase the whole foot and a portion of the leg in a material almost impervious to air and moisture, and generally uncomfortably hard and rigid. The color and polish of our boots are directly calculated to attract the sun's rays; and the enamel on patent leather and the blacking on ordinary calfskin tends to harden and solidify the substance, closing the pores and making air-tight cases for a portion of the body which exudes more perspiration than any other, and is subjected to greater strain. Our boots in Summer parboil our feet in a warm bath, and in Winter freeze them in an icy envelop. It is doubtful if we feet are, in themselves, very conducive to disease, some medical men to the contrary notwithstanding; but cramped confinement of the feet, in an icy cold envelop, generated by perspiration and chilled by the external atmosphere, thus shutting the imprisoned feet almost air-tight, is as unhealthy as it is uncomfortable. For hot weather there is hardly any shoe so agreeable as that introduced within the past three or four years, known as the army shoe, and extensively used by base-ball players. It is of a heavy canvas and unblackened leather. It is cool and remarkable easy to the feet. The texture of the canvas allows the escape of the perspiration, and the color of the shoe does not attract the heat of the sun. It would seem that the plan of covering other portions of our bodies with material pervious to air might advantageously be extended to our feet. There is no natural reason why our feet should be so much less sensitive than our hands. They become indurated and deprived of their natural activity by long, close confinement. The people of warm climates, who use their toes as we do our fingers, and the barefooted school-boy, who picks up and throws pebbles with his feet, show that the foot of the civilized adult in our climate is a much abused member. A more flexible and porous material for our boots and shoes might save us from many of those terrible annoyances which, in the form of corns and bunions, make our pilgrimage one of pain.

**WHAT "DEMOCRAT" MEANS.**—The Lynchburg Republican, one of the boldest rebel papers in the South, says:

We hear occasional expressions of regret that the name of "Democrat" is retained in the present division of parties. It might have been better for some reasons, that the opposition to the Radical rule had organized under some other watch-word, but the fact is, that the name of "Democrat" was retained at the North, during the war, by the friends of constitutional liberty, and hence the surrender found our only allies in that quarter enrolled under that banner.

**Let our Southern friends of the old Whig party** remember that the word Democracy does not now mean what it did in by gone days. Past issues are dead; old party lines are wiped out; the true and only meaning now attached to it is that Conservatism, which is engaged in the terrible struggle with the Jacobins of our distracted country.

**The execution of three condemned Fenians** at Manchester, by the British government produces a great sensation in this country and in the United Kingdom.

**A boy 15 years old,** found by the French general among Garibaldi's soldiers, replied to a rebuke, "General, it is never too late to learn to do well."

## OUR TABLE.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for December, which begins a new volume of this sterling periodical, contains the following illustrated articles:—"A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands," in verse; "The Nurseries on Randall's Island," in prose; "A Day's Fighting in Querequaro." The story readers have been well provided for in this number, as they always are; and our good opinion of this department in Harper is best shown by our liberal drafts from it. The commencement of a very good story from this number will be found on our first page. "Fish Farming in Western New York," and "Darwin on Domestication," are two good articles for the thoughtful reader, and there is an abundance of food for laughter in the Editor's Drawer.

In the January number will be commenced "The Woman's Kingdom"—a Love Story, by Dinah Muloch Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This, illustrated under the supervision of the author, will appear in Harper's Magazine simultaneously with its publication in London.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4.00 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

**HOURS AT HOME, A Popular Monthly** of Instruction and Recreation.—In the December number of this excellent magazine Dr. Bushnell, in the tenth number of his series of papers on "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," discourses "Of Inanity." Prof. Wragge gives the "History of the Needle Gun and of its Invention;" Miss Pritchard's story of "Storm-Cliff" is concluded; and another, entitled "The Chapel of Pearls," by Miss Yonge, the popular author of "Heir of Redcliffe," is begun; Miss Caroline Chesebro continues her story of "Christy," and we have the commencement of a series of pleasant "Lays and Sketches," by Roy. G. B. Bacon graphically describes what was seen and heard by "Eyes and Ears in Japan," and Prof. M. S. De Vere has a chapter of lively gossip concerning "A Visit to and a Visit from Frederika Bremer;" and there are other articles which we will not enumerate, but all helping to make a feast of good things, pleasant to the taste and right wholesome.

Avoiding everything sensational, this magazine aims to furnish healthful, instructive and entertaining reading for the family, and the remarkable degree of success which it has reached is the most satisfactory proof that could be given of the popular need of such a periodical. The publishers will spare no pains to make the magazine still more worthy of public patronage.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 65 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, T. S. Arthur's** beautiful magazine for the little ones, has just completed the first year of its existence, and we think the editor has good cause to congratulate himself on the success of his enterprise. With the help of his numerous contributors, he has certainly made a charming periodical for the little folks, whose monthly visits have been eagerly looked for, and which has exerted a healthful influence wherever it has made its way. The setting, too, has been worthy of the gems, for its illustrations and typography are in the best style, chaste and elegant.

The January number, which will begin a new volume, will contain eight extra pages and more than twice the usual number of beautiful pictures; Miss Virginia F. Townsend, a charming writer for youth, will commence a new story, which will run six months; and Mr. Arthur and his other assistants will contribute some of their best stories, etc. Among the other attractions of the January number will be the words and music of some of the sweet old Christmas carols—the very ones sung by English children at hall and castle doors on Christmas mornings hundreds of years ago; and also a number of illustrated evening plays and pastimes. The publisher says he is determined to make it the most elegant and attractive number of a juvenile magazine ever issued.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, 809 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year; five copies for \$5.

**LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—Through the kindness of the publishers we have received the January and October numbers of the present year, which failed to reach us at the proper time. We find in these two numbers the following embellishments:—"By Paths through Woods and Fields," (on the Hudson), a charming landscape; a portrait of Hon. Moses F. Odell, an elegant title page, with a beautiful vignette, "Outward Bound," a picturesque view of "Indian Falls," on the Hudson, (opposite West Point), and a beautifully engraved copy of Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of "Hope and Faith." Retaining the present price, the publishers will give their readers the full benefit of any decline in the cost of publication by enlarging and improving the magazine; and in accordance with this arrangement they will add sixteen pages to each number of the volume, which begins in January, thus swelling them to eighty pages. This enlargement, say the publishers, will be equal to four volumes of reading matter, in the modern style of book-making, worth one dollar and a quarter each; or, in other words, will furnish the family with as much reading as five dollars invested in books, while the whole volume will furnish as much reading for \$3.50, as twenty dollars invested in books containing similar reading matter. And there are twenty-five first class pictures besides—and better ones can be found in no magazine in this country—which are alone worth more than the subscription price.

The Repository is a Christian Family Magazine, and its pages are always filled with a pure and elegant literature, consecrated to religion and with no offensive taint of sectarianism. It is a messenger of good wherever it goes, and its large circulation is a hopeful indication of an improvement in the taste of the great reading public. Published under the auspices of the M. E. Church by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE** for December closes the year as it began it—with its fashion department in a blaze of splendor. There is the usual double-page plate, elegantly colored; a four-page plate, plain, crowded with figures; and minor engravings of dresses, bonnets, styles of hair-dressing, children's dresses, etc., more than we can enumerate, and a sheet of full size patterns for cutting. In its fashion department this Queen of the Monthlies is without a rival. Its miscellaneous department, which is very extensive, is well filled; and though some of its stories are highly sensational, (their highest recommendation with a large class of readers,) many of the articles are very instructive as well as entertaining.

The publisher announces some improvements, to be commenced in the January number, which will make this magazine still more worthy of patronage.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year; four copies to one address, \$14, and extra copy to person getting up club.

**EVERY SATURDAY,** for the current week contains the whole of Miss Thackeray's charming story of "Jack the Giant-Killer," from the Cornhill Magazine; "The Halt before Rome," by A. G. Swinburne, of the Fortnightly Review, and an unusual variety of other pleasant matter.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

**THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, an Illustrated Monthly** for all our Boys and Girls.—In the December number the highly entertaining and instructive story of "Ragged Dick, or Street Life in New York," is brought to a close; but those who have followed the fortunes of the young hero thus far with growing interest and delight, will be pleased to learn that the recital of his adventures will be continued by the same writer, Horatio Alger, Jr., in a story entitled "Fame and Fortune, or the Progress of Richard Hunter," the opening chapter of which will appear in the January number of this favorite juvenile magazine. In this closing number of the year will also be found a continuation of "The Miner's Children," another chapter on Chemistry, and many other good things in prose and verse, with a piece for declamation, a lively school dialogue, and a piece of music as usual.

Many good things are promised in the next volume, and a score or more of writers are engaged in their preparation, all of them having been selected on account of their ability to please and instruct the young. The publisher will spare no pains to maintain the present high standing of the magazine, which will continue to be not

only entertaining but healthy in its tone and instructive in its teachings. The illustrations, which have been good, are to be much improved, and a new and beautiful cover will appear with the January number.

Published by Joseph B. Allen, 233 Washington Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**WHAT THE DICKENS IS DICKENS ABOUT?**—He has been in the country over a week, and from the Hub, where he is supposed to sojourn, we get never a crow and hardly a cackle. The following items we hasten to clip from the Boston Journal for the gratification of our curious readers:—

Mr. Dickens visited the School Ship Sunday afternoon, quietly, with Collector Russell, and after hearing the singing of the boys, addressed them briefly with kind and practical remarks, well fitted to instruct his young audience and to make them recollect him with pleasure. One expression of Mr. D. will always be remembered by them:—"Boys, just do all the good you can, and don't make any fuss about it."

Every day at noon, the author of the "Pickwick Papers" quietly leaves the Parker House for a ten mile walk into the country. He has always been noted for a vigorous pedestrian, easily tiring down almost any companion who has rashly ventured to start on a walking expedition with him. But the companion of the "daily constitutional" in Boston is fully his match. A friend driving through Longwood a few days ago met the pair striding on with great vivacity and with such velocity that he stood one side under the impression that a wager was pending between the two, and that it was a fresh start from Boston to Chicago.

In the meantime—to correct the misrepresentations of certain journals in this country, whose aim has been to prejudice the American public against the great novelist—Ticknor and Fields have issued a cheap edition of "American Notes," that it may be seen just what Mr. Dickens did say on his return from his former visit to this country. This book, much talked of but little known, will be found very interesting reading, and its perusal will render harmless the attacks of these mischief-makers.

**A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS,** handsomely engraved on steel and published in the "Eclectic" last January, has been issued on thick paper for framing by B. B. Russell & Co. of Boston. It is a half-length figure, seated, and is said to be an excellent likeness. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cts.

**HOPE FOR THE SHIRTLESS.**—There is but little doubt that Congress will at an early date abolish the tax on cotton. This will bring down the price of cotton cloths, unless the combination among the manufacturers is so complete as to hold it up and put the amount of the tax in their own pockets. The ragged may at least take courage, though the misery of the cotton manufacturers rarely leans towards them.

**COLBY UNIVERSITY.**—From the neatly printed catalogue just issued we learn that the number of students in this institution is as follows:—Seniors, 15; Juniors, 15; Sophomores, 13; Freshmen, 22—65 in all, with 22 in the Preparatory Class of the Waterville Classical Institute.

The Fall term of this institution closed on Wednesday last, in time to send the boys home to eat their Thanksgiving turkey at the paternal board.

The cold hearted and hard faced Winter, that just hopped in upon us some ten days ago has been fairly laughed out of countenance and turned right about-face. Thanksgiving came upon the subdued beams of an Indian summer, and the drifts that promised so fine sleighing for its merryments would hardly serve to make a snow-ball. Mud of course is abundant. But who cares?—is was a lucky hit for short wood-piles, and saved the sheep and young stock from a long penance on frost-bitten grass. Nobody will be the worse in the end. [Our Fairfield friend, who promised, in spite of the snow-drifts, to do six days plowing in December, may now hitch to the plow.]

A highly interesting State Educational Convention has just closed its session at Lewiston. Many of the topics discussed were highly important, and no doubt the result will be eminently profitable.

Thanksgiving turkeys sold for 20 cts. a pound in Portland, and geese for a shilling a pound in Waterville. This promises a good reserve for Christmas and New Year. Very choice mutton can be had for 7 cts. a pound, and even beef steak is not beyond the reach of men of moderate means. Let the world take courage.

**CONSISTENT.**—The power of alo at the ballot-box was very touchingly exhibited at the late city election in Portsmouth, N. H., where Frank Jones, the highly respected brewer of this very useful beverage, was elected mayor on the democratic ticket, while the republicans carried emphatic majorities in the council—the vote being the largest ever cast in that city.

Portland abounds in dramatic, musical, and social entertainment;—so the papers indicate. Waterville was favored with a nigger concert this week, and another may be expected to follow in due time. There is an old rule about "the demand regulating the supply,"—but it relates only to business matters.

**THE MISSES FISHER,** at their store on the corner of Main and Temple Streets, have just received from Boston the latest styles of millinery goods, hats, bonnets, etc., which will be shown to those who call.

**MR. J. U. P. BURNHAM,** a well known photographer, who left Portland a few weeks ago to spend the winter in Cuba, has returned, after having lost all of his stock and apparatus by a disaster to the steamer in which he sailed;—Sheep and young stock have very generally gone back to pasture—more as a matter of taste than of benefit.

**"C. A. CHAMBERS & Co.,"** on one of Savage's handsome signs, puts a crowning grace upon the old corner store, which has recently been so much improved. Their windows present a very tempting display of good things at this festive season.

John and Douglas Wise, son and nephew of H. A. Wise, have been shooting at the notorious E. A. Pollard, in Baltimore. If that's their game, let 'em shoot. They won't do much harm.

**P. L. L.**—The latest interpretation of these cabilistic letters is—"Pandemonium Let Loose"—which is not far from correct, barring the "loose," for the majority are "tight" the most of the time.

**A. H. Small, Esq.,** of Gardiner, has a young horse, bought a year ago of Mr. A. J. Alden, of Waterville, that promises to come in among the notables in due time. A thousand dollars would be no offer for him. The second figure in his time is said to be a 3; and it takes four figures to mark his price.

**PICTURESQUE.**—See card of Mr. Ring, who has bought the daguerrian establishment of Mr. Morrill, opposite the Mail office. Mr. Ring is said to be very skillful in his art, and those who patronize him will no doubt be well pleased with his work.

**HANNIBAL HAMLIN** is named as a candidate for Vice President with Grant to head the ticket.

Religious services were held in two of our churches on Thanksgiving day; Rev. Dr. Sheldon preaching a sermon at the Unitarian, and Dr. Wilson at the Baptist.

We refer to advertisement of the Lewiston Journal. The success of that excellent and popular daily is well deserved. We like it as well for its good moral tone as for its marked and commendable industry.

Mr. Benj. Swan, an old and highly respected citizen of Augusta, died suddenly on Tuesday night, of congestion of the lungs.

Long dresses have nearly subsided, and are only worn to conceal shady stockings.

The present mild weather makes a kind look at the haymow.

**NEVER CONTRADICTED.**—That "Barrett's Hair Restorative" is the best, safest, and most effectual now in use.

The Winthrop Bulletin gives notice that there will be a meeting in the Town Hall in Winthrop, on Wednesday, Dec. 11, at one o'clock A. M., to organize a Holmes' Monument Association. All friends of the late Dr. Ezekiel Holmes are invited to attend.

The European & North American Railway has begun to travel and has gone five miles toward Orono, and will continue at the rate of about five miles a month, until it reaches the town of Winn, when it will be open for business a distance of fifty-seven miles from Bangor.

At the railroad gathering in Skowhegan, the other day, Ex-Gov. Coburn said the business of Skowhegan had more than doubled since the railroad commenced running there, eleven years ago next January, and that the export of agricultural products had been doubled twice over in that time.

Only the exterior of the Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College can be completed with the money raised thus far. To completely finish the structure will require some twenty thousand dollars more, which Prof. Smyth is now endeavoring to obtain. It is contemplated to lay the corner stone in the spring with appropriate ceremonies.

The trial of Jefferson Davis has been postponed to the 20th of March, 1868. His bail bond has been extended to that time. A new indictment has been found, which, although it is six times as long as the old one, presents no new points.

The Oxford Democrat says that a man calling himself Isaac W. Bower, hired with George H. Brown of North Bridgeton, a few days ago, and the same day stole \$110 from his employer. Bower said but a few hours, alleging that he must go to his sister's in Portland and get his clothing, but did not return. Mr. Brown traced the thief to South Paris, where he found that he bought a watch and a ticket for Portland. Bower has several aliases. He was brought up by the Shakers in Poland, and has been in State Prison for horse stealing, and pardoned on.

A young lady recently died in Elgin, Ill., and at her funeral, when her relatives and friends were taking a last look at the beloved face, a young man to whom she had been engaged, and who had presented her with an engagement ring a short time before her death, deliberately bent over the corpse, and in the presence of all the church, removed the ring from her finger and walked off with it.

General Howard, who has returned from a tour among the freedmen in Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia and Kansas, reports them in a prosperous condition.

Prince Peter Dolgoroukoff has given a good definition of "Nihilism" in Russia, concerning which M. Schedo-Ferroti published some months ago a volume of formidable dimensions. "Nihilism," he says, "is of two kinds. There is Nihilism of those who have nothing in their pockets and the Nihilism of those who have nothing in their heads."

**WHY USE IT?**—An exchange pertinently remarks: "We saw a bill sticking up on the fence yesterday, informing the people that a fine match cow was lost. We enter an inflammatory protest against the use of that word 'match.' Why use it? Would you talk of the 'mild of human kindness?' Not very frequently. How would it sound to hear one speaking of the 'mild of the cocoa nut?' It would cause the hearer to snicker louder than thunder. Then why talk about match cows? Quit it!"

The annual report of the secretary of war is completed. Gen. Grant estimates the expense of the army for the next fiscal year at \$75,000,000. He regards the Indian treaties as firmly establishing peace, and says that the expense of subsisting troops on the plains is greatly diminished by the building of the Pacific Railroad.

The London Globe says a man named Charlier thinks the notion that horses need shoes entirely wrong. He himself does not cut a horse's hoof. He merely protects it against violent blows and accidents, and against the wear and tear of the Paris pavement, by inclosing it in a thin circle of iron, which wards it from danger without compressing it. In this way the horse stands upon a healthy member instead of upon one which is being constantly wounded by the iron and the knife of the smith. Besides the economy of this reform it is expected to make hoof diseases infrequent.

**A HAPPY HEART.**—A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart just then, so I did not wonder at seeing his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind mamma, if you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it." Wasn't that a brave, sunny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless Fred tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the angels a few years ago, but we have a great many such sweet memories to keep of her.

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams; everywhere you go, [Little Corporal.]

**S. P. MAYBERRY** writes to the Maine Farmer, "a few years since we used to cultivate amongst our apple trees, but took a lesson from nature. Now we know that forest trees drop their leaves, which serve both to protect the roots and loosen the soil. This we imitate by mulching with straw and meadow hay, which we find preferable to cultivating the soil, as it is less work and better secures the object in view."

**THE LINCOLN ESTATE.**—A final settlement of the Lincoln estate was made at Springfield, Ill., on Thursday, by David Davis, administrator. After paying all debts the estate was \$110,294, \$36,765 each for Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons. Robert T. Lincoln received his share and also that of the minor heir, Thomas. The amount due Mrs. Lincoln, less about \$4000, heretofore drawn, is subject to her order.

It appears to be admitted that Mr. Seward offered to Garibaldi the highest rank known in our army, if he would accept a commission under the U. S. government at an early period of the late war. Garibaldi declined because the war was then alleged to be waged to restore the Union, and not to abolish slavery.

While a train of cars was passing through a long tunnel on a Tenn. sea railroad, the rear car, well filled with passengers, became detached, and it being an up hill grade ran back. The train almost immediately started in pursuit of the car just as it was struck by a train coming in the opposite direction. The poor car was badly smashed at both ends but no person was seriously hurt. All this occurred in the tunnel.

The Oxford Democrat, at Paris, published for fifteen years by William A. Pidgeon, esq., has been sold to Major Frederic E. Shaw, formerly of Bangor, but more recently of Portland. Major Shaw won a splendid reputation on the battle-field in the first Maine heavy artillery, and his staunch republican principles are well known. Hon. John J. Perry retires from the editorial chair of the Democrat, and Mr. Pidgeon has become connected with the business department of the Lewiston Daily Evening Journal.

Two men delivered a very impressive temperance lecture, on a railway track near Greensburg, Ind., on Saturday night last. Walking along the track in a state of intoxication, they lay down on the rails and were cut to pieces by a train.

**How DOCTORS DISAGREE.**—It is not often that the absurd and contradictory results of hasty generalizations from a too limited induction of facts are so strikingly illustrated as in the following sentences from two advocates of the temperance cause, residing in different countries:

In the five months I have been absent, I have never seen in Great Britain or Europe, four men or a single woman intoxicated. There is more drunkenness in the United States than to be found among the same number of people anywhere else on the face of the earth.—B. shop Clark.

In America he saw but three or four drunken men; in England he saw as many nightly. He blushed and grieved over drunkenness and vice of Great Britain, and he should be grieved to see any nation brought down to the level of England in this respect.—Rev. Newman Hall.

Nature's laws admit of no infringement; the mind and body both dispute the right to be overworked. Rarely, however, can a bodily ill be found, resulting from undue exposure, that will not succumb to that magic Pain-Killer, American Life Drops. Used externally or internally.

The Toledo blade cuts no less keenly because it is wrought by unknown processes; nor, because elaborated by unknown processes, do the STREAM REFINED SOAPS render aught this side of perfect service, wherever stain or soil is to be combated.

**A FRIEND IN NEED.**—Grace's Celebrated Salve is a friend indeed. Who has not found it such in curing cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, felons, boils, and even the most obstinate old ulcers and other sores. It is a wonderful compound, suited alike to the skin of the child and of the adult.

**WE JUDGE FROM THE IMMENSE SALES** that Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing (in one bottle) is preferred by every one. Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

CANADA follows a good example by banishing liquors from the refreshment rooms of its capital.

It is the opinion of the counsel for the Manchester Fenians that they had acquired belligerent rights. He wants the government to pay his bill for defending them in the courts.







