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Maxham & Wing

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BY J. W. WATSON.

Author of "The Beautiful Snow."

Steady, boys, steady!  
Keep your arms ready!  
God only knows when we may meet here.  
Don't let me be taken!  
I'd rather awaken  
To-morrow, in no matter where,  
Than lie in that foul prison hole—over there.

Stop slowly!  
Those rocks may have life,  
Lay me down in this hollow:  
We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foe may track me in blood!  
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood;  
No! no surgeon for me, he can give me no aid;  
The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.

What, Morris, a trait? why, shame on ye, man!  
I thought you a hero, but since you've begun  
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,  
By George! I don't know what the devil it means!

Well! Well! I am rough; 'tis a very rough school,  
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!  
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;  
And, boys, that's not a lie, I certainly know.

But wasn't it grand,  
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?  
But we also—did we not—like the immortal rock,  
Unbending their backs and repelling their shock?

Did you mind the loud cry,  
When, as turning to fly, I saw I had died?  
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?  
Our men I'll grant, but I'm not so sure of the die.

God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight,  
No time was given for prayer or for flight—  
They fell by the score, in the creek, hand to hand,  
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Great Heaven! this bullet hole makes like a grave,  
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!  
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray,  
Or speak for a man as he knows how to say?

Pray!  
The light of the day,  
Pray!

Our Father! Our Father! Why don't you proceed?  
Can't you see I am dying? Great God how I bleed!  
Ebbing away!  
The light of the day,  
Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys tell me the rest,  
While I staunch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.  
Put that in! put that in!—and then  
I'll follow words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand;  
And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand,  
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,  
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?

Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head,  
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ God, who died for sinners all,  
Hear then this suppliant wanderer's cry;  
Let not this poor sparrow fall  
Unheeded by the great above."  
Throw wide thy gates to let him in,  
And like him pleading, to thine arms;  
Forgive, O Lord, his living sin,  
And quiet all his fierce alarms.

God bless you, comrade, for singing that hymn,  
It is light to my path, when my light has grown dim,  
I am dying—bend down, till I touch you once more—  
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!  
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—  
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

## MRS. STANHOPE'S LAST LODGER.

[CONTINUED.]

As time went on she began to think that she had been over-anxious, for nothing could be more satisfactory than the course of affairs. There were none of those stairway meetings and talkings she had such a horror of. Only a courteous and rather stately "good-morning" or "good-evening" occasionally, in a swift passage to and from the door.

"There never was such a proper and discreet bachelor, mother," Frank, who must always have her fun, commented to her mother. "He's as grave and proper as one of the patriarchs."

In the mean time this "grave and proper" bachelor, who had learned the family circumstances from his nephew, was wishing he could be of service to his neighbors.

"That little girl who opened the door for us, and laughed in our faces, that first night, Rob, might do something with that voice of hers if she liked," Mr. Hadley said one evening, when Rob Barker had been holding forth on these family circumstances, which he had gathered from indiscreet Harry, who had divulged more of the pinch in the domestic economy than he meant to, in his boyish talk of his own future help.

"You're heard her sing?" Rob remarked questioningly at this assertion of his uncle.

"Oh yes. I often leave my door open when I'm in the house to hear her. She really has a remarkable voice."

And just as he spoke there floated up to them the wild sweet notes of an old German song which Mrs. Stanhope had listened to many a night upon the Rhine. He listened now, smoking his after-dinner pipe slowly and thoughtfully. When it was ended, he knocked the ashes carefully out of the bowl of his meerschaum, and laying it down upon the corner of the shelf, rose up and proposed to Rob that they should go down into the parlor and ask the young lady if she would be kind enough to let them listen to her singing under more advantageous circumstances. "I dare say she sings a great many of those old German ballads, and there's nothing I should like to hear so much."

Rob was, of course, delighted. They found the little family circle complete. Mrs. Stanhope playing her needle by the drop-light, Ellen, near her, going over some school compositions, and Harry putting his flute together preparatory to accompany Frank's playing. If Mrs. Stanhope was not pleased at this interruption she did not show her displeasure, and certainly she could have had no reason to have found fault with Mr. Hadley's manner. He was quite absorbed in the evident memories called up by the songs to which he listened. And after the singing he drifted into a little talk of German life, especially the musical life; and as he had known many of the masters of the present day this little talk was very entertaining.

As he was bidding them good-night, with his cordial "thanks for Miss Stanhope's goodness," he smilingly, though quite in earnest, remarked: "It isn't exactly fair, Mrs. Stanhope, that your daughter should let only a few enjoy such a voice as hers. A church-choir would find her invaluable."

Frank looked up eagerly.

"But, Mr. Hadley, my voice isn't trained at all. It knows as little of science as my fingers. I play and sing a great deal by ear, you know; though I can pick out my notes when Harry pushes me up with that remarkable flute of his," and she looked with one of her little grimaces at Harry.

"You've heard so much good music, Miss Stanhope, that your voice is better trained than you imagine; and I think you would find no difficulty in a choir."

This was a great word for Frank. "If I only could get a situation as soprano!" she exclaimed, with inward exultation. Whereupon she fell to singing church-music with a will. Morning, noon, and night Mr. Hadley would hear that sweet voice ringing high and clear in southern and chorale. One evening he brought home with him a church-organist—a real master of the great art. They sat talking together, over their German experiences, when all at

once a note ascended to them which stayed the words upon the musician's lips. A full, soft, clarion-clear note, which caught up, and carried on a flow of silver song so pure and sweet that even Mr. Hadley held his breath in a little surprise as he listened. As for his companion, he waited a moment as the voice ceased, and then, turning to his host, asked the question which that gentleman was expecting to hear: "Who owns that nightingale, pray?"

Mr. Hadley gave him the desired information; and then they talked animatedly for the next fifteen minutes about this nightingale. And then Mr. Hadley went down to Mrs. Stanhope's door, and asked if he might be allowed to bring a friend of his into her parlor to hear Miss Stanhope sing, if that young lady would be so kind. And Frank unwittingly sang to one of the greatest critics of the day—sang, as she said, without much skill, but with all her heart and her soul, and one of the richest, sweetest voices in the world. The strange gentleman, whose name they didn't hear, made but few comments, but his thanks were sincere, and his face a mirror of delight as he listened.

"Well, you were not disappointed, were you?" asked Mr. Hadley, as they once more sat alone together.

"Disappointed? No! She has a splendid voice. The very soprano we want. I thank you for your suggestion."

A few days following this Mr. Hadley was coming down from his rooms, when Mrs. Stanhope's parlor door was suddenly flung open, and Frank appeared upon the threshold.

"Oh, Mr. Hadley, I want to thank you!" she said, brightly.

He smiled. "For what, Miss Stanhope?"

"For my situation as soprano at Church. I know it was through your suggestion that it came to me."

"My friend hardly needed a suggestion, Miss Stanhope, when he heard your voice," returned Mr. Hadley.

"But you did suggest it some way, I know, and I am very happy about it."

Mr. Hadley smiled again. "That is very pleasant for me to hear, Miss Stanhope. It's a great thing to be very happy; and I'm very glad if I have been instrumental in the smallest way in bringing about such a desirable end."

Frank laughed, there was such an indescribable air of humor in this little speech, and in the kind eyes that regarded her.

"I dare say you think that expression very exaggerated, Mr. Hadley, but I am very happy about this situation."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stanhope, if I seemed to consider your expression exaggerated. Perhaps I did for a moment, because, as I say, it's a great thing to be very happy. But I see you are in earnest, and I see, too, that it is a very natural thing to be very happy over a situation like this."

He was quite grave and earnest now, and so entirely unlike that Frank, who was so simple herself, and at home with everybody, returned, in honest confidence.

"Of course, I can't help but be very happy, Mr. Hadley, to find myself all at once of so much help. Why, I am to have \$600 a year; as much as Ellen gets for her daily school-teaching. And I have only to sing for it—just think of it!" and she made such wide bright eyes at this that Mr. Hadley couldn't help smiling again. She laughed again at his smile.

"Oh, I dare say that seems a very small sum to you, Mr. Hadley, but if you had spent your usefulness until now in sweeping and dusting and bed making for your board and clothes, and broken your heart several times looking in at the shop windows, I dare say it would seem a small fortune to you."

"I dare say it would, Miss Stanhope," he answered, heartily, and laughing outright.

"Breaking her heart at the shop windows—the child! I dare say she has," Mr. Hadley thought, with a feeling made up of sympathy and amusement, as he went out.

Frank had said truly of herself when she declared that she was very happy about this situation. She was very happy to be of use, to help herself, and to have the means of musical culture. She went about the house singing her scales, or flinging her voice out in some great rolling anthem day after day; and Mr. Hadley used to hear the clear notes breaking into his morning-lumbers, or floating out over the house-tops like a lark's song, as spring came and her attic window was opened to the early sunshine.

Quite frequently now, too, he used to find his way to Mrs. Stanhope's parlor when the sweet voice was singing. Frank was so absorbed in her music at this time, and indeed the interest between them was so entirely musical, that Mrs. Stanhope forgot her uneasiness and watchfulness for a while.

But if Mr. Hadley was interested in the music, he was by no means unconscious that Miss Stanhope was a very pretty and charming girl. She certainly did amuse him very much, and this fact would have filled Mrs. Stanhope with dismay if she had suspected it, for it was the very phrase she always applied to her old friends the Traceys. They amused people, and that was all. But Frank went on her heedless, happy way giving little thought where she amused, but amusing herself vastly. She had made the most of her opportunities and advantages, and risen so speedily into favor that in the early weeks of spring she was engaged to assist at a very *recherché* private concert.

"I am to sing in 'Miriam's Song of Triumph,'" she said to Mr. Hadley, with that peculiar wide, bright-eyed pleasure in her expression.

"Don't you feel a little nervous about it?" he asked, curiously.

"No, I hadn't; but do you think I ought?" she inquired, archly.

"Not by any means!" he replied, laughing.

"Why should I feel nervous?" she said, more gravely; "the director says I have learned my part perfectly, and when I once get to singing I shall forget all the people around me; I always do."

If Mrs. Stanhope had glanced up from her work just then she would have seen an unmistakable look of thoughtful admiration on Mr. Hadley's face. But she did not lift her eyes from her darning, and Frank veered off from her gravity into her amusing vein.

"No, I'm not nervous about the singing, but I am very nervous about my dress. I wanted a new pink silk, but mother said it was too showy for me; so I am coming out in an old blue crepe, which was mother's, and I shall look

like the ghost in Hamlet with my white lace and silver ornaments."

She laughed, but Mr. Hadley could see that she was a good deal in earnest; but he had not enough to conceal both amusement and interest as he noticed her mother's reproving face, and caught the admonitory, "Don't, Frank!" But his artistic sense sympathized with her. Blue did not suit her white but not fair skin; her warm hazel eyes, and chestnut hair. Pink would have made her dazzling. "Poor little girl!" he thought; "so the domestic economy will not yield a pink silk, even with the added \$600 a year. Something ought to be done for her." And something was done.

"I told you I should look like the ghost," she said to her mother, as she came down stairs into the parlor the night of the concert.

Mrs. Stanhope was not quite satisfied herself.

"You might have my coral ornaments," she remarked, doubtfully.

"Oh no! that opaque red against this blue would be dreadful!"

There came a knock at the door. Mrs. Stanhope said, "Come in," and Mr. Hadley entered with his hands full of the most beautiful roses—hot-roses, pink, and pearly, and perfumed. He had timed it well.

"This is to exorcise the ghost, Miss Stanhope. There's nothing prettier, you know, than this deep blush-pink with that light blue. Isn't it what you call 'l'ompador'?"

"Oh, Mr. Hadley, you're like the Fairy Godmother! They are just the thing, and I thank you a thousand times." And, turning to the glass, with quick deft fingers, she very soon metamorphosed herself into a glowing "phantom of delight" truly. "Oh, how it does change all that pallid moonshine, doesn't it?" she exclaimed. "It's marvelous what effect the pink has on the blue! Isn't it lovely?" and she turned herself and her roses full upon him, with the innocent, one-thoughted question.

"Very lovely!" he answered, with more significance in glance and tone than he quite meant to show. The least little blush crept up into Frank's cheeks, and, matching her roses, made her lovelier than ever. Of course Mrs. Stanhope was anything but pleased at this little by-play. At once all her old fears sprang up, and beset her with anxious thoughts; and that old story of the Traceys began to haunt her like a warning ghost. And that evening, when she saw Mr. Hadley about a dozen seats from her talking gaily, and animatedly to a party of aristocratic-looking girls, her mind reverted to Morris Ryder and the Stanleys. He belonged to the same world that they had belonged to; was wealthy, as they had been; and he would, probably, when he came to marry, choose a wife from his own peculiar circle, as they had chosen. If he was pleased with Frank's bright face and natural ways, if he was interested in her music, and enjoyed her singing, it was much in the same manner that he was interested in a little German artist of whom he spoke "as an admirable young woman, who deserved encouragement."

Thus Mrs. Stanhope argued; with how much reason we shall see. And while she was vexing her soul with these anxieties and suspicions Frank was pursuing her course, untroubled by any anxieties or suspicions. Miriam's Song of Triumph was really a song of triumph for herself. And Mrs. Stanhope seeing how happily occupied she was with her musical life, took a little comfort thereby, and made no sign of her inward disquiet, though Mr. Hadley was by no means an infrequent visitor by this time. The bond of their mutual love of music was very favorable to acquaintance, and certainly this acquaintance did progress rapidly, and the conversation between the two was by no means confined to one topic, on the occasions of their interviews.

"Frank," began Mrs. Stanhope one day, in some trepidation lest she was making a mistake in speaking at all—"Frank, do you think it quite wise to talk so much with Mr. Hadley, on all sorts of topics, in that intimate way?"

Frank opened her eyes very wide. "For pity's sake, mother, what do you mean by that intimate way?"

"Why, my dear, I only meant that natural way of yours. You are not fast or frow, but you are so at home with every body that some persons might misunderstand it."

"Mother, Mr. Hadley has too much sense to misunderstand me; and no man, unless he was a fool, could think I meant to make any more of our acquaintance than is apparent on the surface."

This was delivered with Frank's most vehement emphasis, and with a scarlet flush on her cheek. Mrs. Stanhope wisely forebore further remark on such a delicate subject, and so the days went on, and brought another day, when there was to be a great musical festival. Mr. Hadley, going up to this room one afternoon picked up a long fluttering scrap of pink silk, that floated down from an upper stairway. He smiled, and thought to himself,

"So, the pink silk is achieved."

Entering his parlor, he went straight to a Japanese cabinet, where he kept choice gatherings from his European tour, and, unlocking it, brought forth from a little inner drawer a collection of camoes. From these he selected three, of a delicate pearly pink—those loveliest and rarest of the camoe variety—and laying them upon the strip of silk contemplated the effect with evident satisfaction. The camoes were without setting of any kind at this time—just the beautiful pink-white shell, cut by a most skillful hand. By the time the pink silk was completed these three camoes were shining resplendent in settings, so cleverly imitating the antique, that one would have pronounced them an heirloom. Frank and her mother, sitting together in the parlor after tea one day, were not surprised to see Mr. Hadley make his appearance. He had quite got into the way of dropping in after tea.

"See how well I can match the pink silk," he began, smiling.

Frank looked up mystified; but he came nearer, and spreading out the scrap of pink silk upon her work-basket, laid upon it the choice pink camoes in their antique settings.

Frank's first exclamation was of delight as the effect struck her. Then that second sense crept on, and she glanced involuntarily at her mother. Mrs. Stanhope's face was overclouded by a very grave look.

"They are some of the thousand and one things I collected abroad, Mrs. Stanhope," Mr. Hadley remarked here, easily; "and when I

picked up that scrap of silk the other day I thought the best use they could be put to would be to be worn as a match for that. They have been knocking about so much I see they are a little scratched; but if Miss Stanhope will wear them she will be more than welcome to them, for I am too heedless a fellow to like the care of such things."

He had been very diplomatic in his careless case; but Mrs. Stanhope, who had lived her day, knew what a costly gift this was. She thought her answer would convey all she wished him to understand.

"You are very kind, Mr. Hadley," she said; "but, under the circumstances, I had rather Frank wouldn't receive so expensive a gift."

There was a grain of impulse in Robert Hadley's composition, which years and experience and a strong will had not quite overcome. It now and then betrayed him into swift speech. So now, in his surprise, or perhaps irritation, he exclaimed, quickly:

"What circumstances?"

Brought to bay so directly, she thought so coolly, Mrs. Stanhope was a little indignant, and she answered therefore rather sharply and to the point:

"You are comparatively a stranger to us, Mr. Hadley, and at the most, our relation is but a business one—at least it began so; and though you have been very kind and friendly to us, yet an acquaintance like this is different, and one feels differently about it than one commenced through intimate friends."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I thought a friend was a friend under whatever circumstances you found him. But as you don't hold the same opinion, Mrs. Stanhope, I ought to beg your pardon for a great many liberties I've taken in the way of coming into your parlor uninvited, for, according to your view, I'm only a business acquaintance. Mrs. Stanhope, you're too bad!"

Mr. Hadley had begun this speech in rather a nettled tone and manner, but at the last he wound up suddenly with a quick, good-natured laugh that disarmed his listener more than anything else. She laughed in return, and retorted:

"I think you are too bad, Mr. Hadley, to willfully refuse to understand me."

"But you see, I'm not up to it, Mrs. Stanhope. I've lived abroad so long, these American delicacies and hair-line distinctions are beyond me."

Mrs. Stanhope didn't believe a word of this; but it was useless to get into further discussion, so made no reply.

"And you won't consider me a friend and let that little girl take these trinkets then?" he asked, rather under his new veil of humor.

"I had rather she did not, Mr. Hadley."

Mr. Hadley bent forward with a vexed look, and gathering the camoes together crushed them recklessly into his pocket.

"You have made me feel like a great blundering boy, Mrs. Stanhope!" he said, out of the quick, impulsive mood she had invoked.

His action was certainly boyish in a certain sense, but just as certainly not blundering or awkward. As he said this, and rose from his chair, there was such a grace and charm about him that Mrs. Stanhope felt that he was more than a match for her caution and watchfulness. She felt it still more as the days went by and he made his "blunder," as he called it, a ground for still closer acquaintance; for every body knows that a laugh or a joke will break down more barriers and build up more edifices of friendship than weeks of serious conversation. He was constantly alluding, when he met them, to the extent and quality of their acquaintance, as understood by Mrs. Stanhope; and this in so gay and witty a manner that one could scarcely find fault with it. Frank grew easier than ever with him on this ground, for it suited her bright, audacious spirit. But Mrs. Stanhope was sorely perplexed. How would all this end? She perpetually asked herself.

"In vain she tried to sound the extent of Frank's interest in this fascinating but most troublesome lodger. That young lady was either untouched, or carrying a high hand with her pride. She was quite capable of breaking her heart with laughing lips. That kind of nature always goes with her quality of high spirits."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**SHALL NEGROES ELECT A PRESIDENT?**—The World is alarmed lest the negroes elect our next President. After claiming Connecticut, California, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania as Democratic States, it finds that their 113 electoral votes would give the Democratic candidate a majority of five in the 221 votes counted at the last Presidential election. But if the Southern States should be reconstructed according to the present laws in force, the Republican party would be reinforced by 77 electoral votes from these Southern States, and so would elect its President by a majority of 72. We have but one consolation for the "The World" under this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence and Thaddeus Stevens; that is, that the negroes of the South always have elected the President since Jackson's Administration. In the capacity of chattels, their importance controlled the white vote which elected Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan. If as slaves they were of sufficient importance to elect eight Presidents through the ballots cast by their masters, will the country perish if as free men they assist in electing one by casting the ballot themselves? The sooner equal rights are given to any class of oppressed human beings the sooner they will cease to be the disturbing and controlling element in politics. The disfranchised masses of England gave rise to the Reform policy, and so control the Government. The enslaved negroes elected Lincoln. The disfranchised negroes reconstructed the South; and the disfranchised rebels carried the recent Northern elections. The quickest way to take away the political consequence of the weak and feeble is to give them their rights.

[New York Tribune.]

The Kennebec Journal says there is to be a reduction in the hours of labor to eight hours a day, at the railroad shops in Augusta, and a corresponding reduction in wages. The Directors decided to adopt this course rather than discharge a portion of their force, as probably the business of the road will warrant a return in the spring, if not before, to the old system with the old crew.

## OUR TABLE.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for Young People, for December is an admirable number, and upon looking at the previous issues, we find that there have been eleven more about as good in the year; so that those who have carefully preserved them will have a charming volume when they are bound. "Six Little Princesses and what they turned into," is concluded; and so is "Ting-a-ling," a fairy tale; we have more of "The Once-Upon-a-Time Club," and another "Story of Dory and Dora," "Last Days at Burton Harbor," "The Little Brown," "An Adventure with Wolves," and other articles, will be read with interest; in the adventures of "Three Little Wise Boys" are interwoven some old Christmas Carols, and another is set to music by Karl Roden. The embellishments, as usual, are admirable, both in design and execution—especially the frontispiece, "Some Little Mice were Spinning in a Barn," and another full page engraving, "The Wolf Charming." Always better, never perfect, is the watchword of the publishers of this charming juvenile; and good as it has been they are determined to improve upon the past in the future. In their prospectus for 1868 they say:—

"The purpose of the Magazine, as announced at the outset, will be steadily kept in view: to satisfy the varied taste of the younger public with enjoyable reading matter, accompanied by illustrations excellent in art and interesting in subject; it will attempt to represent the world in which children live, and to enlarge the boundaries of that world for them by satisfying a healthy inquisitiveness in matters of fact; by pleasing the imagination; by exciting an interest in what is worthy attention; by encouraging a preference for what is simple in form, pure in sentiment, hearty and Christian in principle."

The best artists are engaged on the illustrations of this magazine, and a choice corps of our most popular writers are employed in its various departments. More of the famous ballads of the olden time will be given, with illustrations, and the stories from Shakespeare will be continued, with selections of poetry, of classic repute, with full-page illustrations. Outwardly, and in its mechanical execution generally, this juvenile is not excelled by any in the country.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street, New York, at \$2.50 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November** has the following table of contents:—

Reviews—Part II: At the Alps again; Conversations; Linda Tresselt; Part II: Reynolds and the Portrait; Painters of the Past Century; Cornelius O'Dowd; Women in the Middle Ages; The Impending Crisis in America.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and any one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 50 cents a year.

**OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.**—The January number for 1868, the first number of the twelfth volume is already upon its table. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with quite a number of fine engravings; its list of contents is, throughout, a rich feast of good things from some of the best writers of our country affords, and the whole is neatly bound in a tinted cover, printed in color. We advise all the boys and girls to send at once for a sample copy, which will be sent, with full instructions about subscribing or forming clubs, for 10 cents and see what a bright, wide awake, cheerful companion it would make for these coming winter evenings.

Published by J. W. Daughaday & Co., 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year, or \$1.00 to clubs; liberal premiums are also offered to clubs.

**HOW TO DO IT.**—Miss Amanda Sickles writes to a Cincinnati paper some account of her experiences in earning her own living. The following contains a hint which may be of service:

In one of the lectures of Dr. Jackson, published five years ago, he affirmed that there is no essential difference between men and women in their intellectual faculties, nor in their combination or order of making up. When I first read this I thought the statement questionable. Nevertheless it set me at thought, inasmuch that it forced me to inquire for facts to support it, till at last I came to believe it.

By profession I am a tailress, a working-woman, living by my labor. Up to the time when I read Dr. Jackson's statement, I had never cut a garment, only having made them. The consequence was that, for the most part, for the work which I did, I received 50 per cent. less than a man would get for the same work, done in the same manner as I did it. Under my new impulse I determined to try to make myself a proficient in my business. So I went to a tailor—a first-class merchant—and told him my wish and want. He heard me patiently, but told me that he thought woman was not intellectually fitted to succeed in the finer branches of the art sartorial! But I urged till at length he consented to assist me, and in ninety days he confessed that I had real genius, advising me to set up a shop or store for the cutting and making of boys' clothes. I did so, and to-day the city of Cincinnati does not boast a better furnished or better patronized shop of its kind than mine. In mastering my profession I discovered how to get as good compensation for work done as men in the same line get.

**HOW TO JUDGE CHARACTER BY THE HAIR.**—Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine hair and dark skin indicate strength of character along with purity and goodness. Stiff, black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair with florid countenance denotes the highest order of sentiment, and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talent. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent

constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which have undoubtedly some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, whilst very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of those matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or a woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads. [Secrets of Beauty.]

**FREEDMEN AT THE POLLS.**—The following extract of a letter written by a teacher at Enuffa, Ala., will show how the right of suffrage is appreciated at the South.

"It was the 1st of Oct., as I said, and that was the day on which the election was held for delegates to the State Convention. The polls were opened at Clayton for this county, and although the above place is about twenty miles from here, I don't think there were a dozen freedmen left in this city on that day. You see, every freedman, or ninety-nine out of one hundred, in this whole region



# Waterville Mail.

SPR. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 6, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. FETTERHILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; J. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 65 Cedar Street, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The general tenor of the message, on the leading topics it discusses, may readily be anticipated by the common reader. It is but little more than a synopsis of the wisdom evolved by the president while "swinging round the circle" at various times within the past two years. It starts from the position that the rebel States are still in the Union and entitled to representation in Congress. His main argument is that "it cannot be that a successful war waged for the preservation of the Union had the legal effect of dissolving it." "Nor could Congress," he says, "with or without the consent of the Executive, do anything which would have the effect of separating the States from each other." From this position he sums up his objections to the military reconstruction bills. "It must be seen at once," he says, "that they are not authorized" to do this and that, which he enumerates.

"The acts of Congress are not only objectionable for their assumption of ungranted power, but many of their provisions are in conflict with the direct provisions of the constitution. The constitution commands that a republican form of government shall be guaranteed to all the States; that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, arrested without a judicial warrant, or punished without a fair trial before an impartial jury; that the privilege of habeas corpus shall not be denied in time of peace, and that no bill of attainder shall be passed even against a single individual. Yet the system of measures established by these acts of congress does totally subvert and destroy the form as well as the substance of republican government in the ten States to which they belong. It binds them hand and foot in absolute slavery, and subjects them to a strange and hostile power more unlimited and more likely to be abused than any other. I have no desire to save from the proper and just consequences of their great crime those who engaged in rebellion against the government; but as a mode of punishment the measures under consideration are the most unreasonable that could be invented. Many of these people are perfectly innocent; many kept their fidelity to the Union untarnished to the last; many were incapable of any legal offense; a large proportion even of the persons able to bear arms were forced into rebellion against their will; and of those who are guilty of their own consent, the degrees of guilt are as various as the shades of their character and temper. But these acts of Congress confound them all together in one common doom. Indiscriminate vengeance upon classes, sects, parties, or upon whole communities, for offenses committed by a portion of them, was common in the barbarous ages of the world, but Christianity and civilization have made such progress that recourse to a punishment so cruel and unjust would meet with the condemnation of all unprejudiced minds. The primitive justice of this age, and especially of this country, does not consist in stripping whole States of their liberties, and reducing all their people, without distinction, to the condition of slavery. It deals separately with each individual, confines itself to the forms of law, and vindicates its own parity by an impartial examination of every case before a competent tribunal. If this does not satisfy all our desires with regard to southern rebels, let us console ourselves by reflecting that a free constitution, triumphant in war and unbroken in peace, is worth far more to us and our children than the gratification of any present feeling.

I am aware that it is assumed that this system of government for the Southern States is not to be perpetual. It is true this military government is to be only provisional, but it is through this temporary evil that a greater evil is made possible. If the guarantees of the constitution can be broken, provisionally, to serve a temporary purpose, and in a part only of the country, we can destroy them anywhere and at any time. It is the curse of despotism that it has no halting place. The intermitted exercise of its power brings no sense of security to its subjects, for they can never know when more they will be called to endure when its right hand is armed to plunge them again. Nor is it possible to conjecture how or where power unrestrained by law may seek its next victims. The States that are still free may be enslaved at any moment; for if the constitution does not protect all it protects none. It is manifestly and avowedly the object of these laws to confer upon the negroes the power of voting, and to disfranchise such a number of white citizens as will give the former a clear majority at all elections in the Southern States. This, to the minds of some persons, is so important that a violation of the constitution is justifiable as a means of bringing it about. The morality is always false which excuses a wrong because it hopes to accomplish a desirable end. We are not permitted to do evil that good may come. But in this case the end itself is evil as well as the means. The subjugation of the States to negro domination would

be worse than the military despotism under which they are now suffering. It was believed beforehand that the people would endure any amount of military oppression for any length of time, rather than degrade themselves by subjection to the negro race. Therefore they have been left without a chance. Negro suffrage was established by act of Congress, and the military officers were commanded to suspend the process of clothing the negro race with the political privileges torn from the whites.

The blacks of the South are entitled to be well and humanely governed, and to have the protection of just laws for all their rights of person and property.

If it were practicable at this time to give the negroes a government exclusively their own, under which they might manage their own affairs in their own way, it would become a grave question whether we ought to do so, or whether common humanity would not require us to save them from themselves. But under the circumstances this is only a speculative point. It is not proposed merely that they shall govern themselves, but that they shall rule the white race, make and administer state laws, elect presidents and members of congress, and shape to a greater or less extent the future destinies of the whole country. Would such trust and power be safe in such hands? The peculiar qualities which should characterize a people fit to manage public affairs for a great State have seldom been combined. It is the glory of white men to know that they have had these qualities in sufficient measure to build upon this continent a great political fabric and to preserve its stability for more than ninety years, while in every other part of the world all similar experiments have failed.

The president argues against the negro his moral, mental and political unfitness for trust at the ballot box; a trust, he says, that should be reposed in none but those who are morally and mentally fitted to administer it well. He regards the negro as behind foreigners in this respect. The ballot, he says, should be carefully kept from those opposed to free institutions. He yields to none in his regard for free suffrage, but thinks "the transfer of our political inheritance" to the freedmen would be attended with great danger.

The president objects to the existing process of reconstruction on account of the expense, and the consequent effect upon public credit. He calls the reconstructed States "negro governments," and says it will require a strong standing army and an expense of two hundred millions a year to maintain them. Their establishment he says would be an acknowledgment that the national debt was created "not to hold the States in the Union, but to expel them from it and hand them over to be governed by negroes."

The will of the people, he claims, as expressed in the recent elections, and which in a democracy is omnipotent, condemns the reconstruction policy adopted by Congress.

The President discusses the extent to which he may go in protecting the Constitution and in opposing an unconstitutional act of Congress, and says that it has caused him much deliberation, and he believes that Executive resistance to unconstitutional acts might in high times of party excitement lead to civil war. The Executive would concede much to preserve the peace, but there may be times when he should have to take a stand regardless of the consequences. The so-called Reconstruction acts do not come within the purview just mentioned, though strictly unconstitutional. The people were not wholly disarmed of the power of self-defense. In all the Northern States they still held in their hands the right of protection, and the late results of the ballot show, he says, that his faith in the people was not misplaced.

The Civil Tenure bill is next discussed, and denounced as unconstitutional, extra-judicial and promotive of fraud in preventing the removal of dishonest officers.

The President then elaborates the financial question and invites to it the early consideration of Congress. In comparing the currency circulation of seven years ago with the present, he says that the striking fact makes it the obvious duty of the Government to take such measures as will enable the holders of its notes and those of the National Banks to convert them, without loss, into specie or its equivalent. A reduction of our circulating paper medium need not necessarily follow. This would depend on the law of demand and supply, though it should be borne in mind that, by making legal tender and bank notes convertible in coin or its equivalent on the present specie value, it would be enhanced one hundred per cent. The varied issue of our bonds, and the gold and paper interest of the same, are alluded to at some length, and the President declares that equal and exact justice requires that all the creditors of the Government should be paid in a currency of uniform value—not gold for one and paper for another.

He favors the necessity of retiring our paper currency, that gold and silver may cease to be articles of traffic, and return to our avenues of trade. It is unreasonable to expect a return to a sound currency, he says, so long as the Government, by continuing to issue irredeemable notes, fills the channels of circulation with depreciated paper.

The attention of Congress is earnestly invited to the necessity of a thorough revision of our revenue system, and large reduction in the number of articles taxed is urged.

The President says Peace has been secured with the Indians, but that he has no official details from the Commissioners.

The reports of the Interior, Navy, War and Post Office, are briefly alluded to.

Regarding foreign affairs, the President says Mexico is relieved from foreign interposition, and that peace reigns again in Central and South America.

No arrangement has yet been reached for the settlement of the Alabama claims, but the President is confident that they will ultimately be adjusted on equitable terms.

He gives the reasons for the late purchases of foreign territory—Russian America on the Pacific coast, and the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, in the West Indies—the chief one being found in the importance of naval stations in those quarters, especially in case of foreign war.

The attention of Congress is invited to the subject of the rights of our naturalized citizens, who are still held to their allegiance by the government whose subjects they were originally; and an authoritative expression of the national will is asked, for the guidance of the executive and the judiciary, who are at variance in this matter.

[For the Mail.]  
Messrs. Editors:—I have been reading a "History of the District of Maine," by Judge Sullivan, printed in 1795, and from it I will make a few extracts.

"Fort Weston (at Augusta, then Hallowell) was erected in 1752. From that fort to Teconnet Falls (now called Ticonic) it is eighteen miles. This is a great fall of water; and on the bank of it, on the eastern side of the river, is the fort which was erected under the orders of Governor Shirley in the year 1754, and called Fort Halifax. This fort is on a point of land which is formed by the confluence of the Sebasticook with the Kennebec, by which the latter is increased one third by the waters of that river. The Sebasticook comes from lakes nearly north from its mouth; and in its windings receives brooks and small rivers, for the space of one hundred and fifty miles," and he adds, "this description is had from Gen. Dearborn, who passed this route with Gen. Arnold in 1765; and who is now a member of Congress (1795)."

It seems that Fort Halifax, which is now standing but is being permitted to go to ruin, is one hundred and thirteen years old, and public measures ought to be inaugurated for its future preservation. Of the healthfulness of the District he says, "there are not so many pulmonary complaints there as are found in other parts of New England. Yellow and bilious fevers are very rare, and the fever and ague is now hardly known to the inhabitants, but it was frequent there within sixty years past."

Of the inhabitants he says, "that in 1750 there were not ten thousand in the whole district."

Of titles he says "Kenebis, a sachem, gave a deed in opposition to the Plymouth patent, which contained the land on both sides of the River up to the fall of Teconnet, but the proprietors under it became discouraged and were content to settle the line at Eastern River."

Of settlements he says, "the remains of a blacksmith forge were discovered at Teconnet Falls, when the troops of the government went there in the year 1774 to build Fort Halifax." "There is a point about twenty seven miles from the head of navigation, on the east bank of the Sebasticook, where within six years now last past (1789) the owner intending to form a brick kiln set his men to dig for clay: when they had removed the soil they found the remains of an ancient kiln, with mouldered or decayed bricks. There was a hemlock tree upon the place where the kiln had stood, of more than two feet in diameter."

"One Hammond, a trader, who lived in a fort on the east bank of the Kennebec, within the town of Georgetown, was called by the business of his trading up to Teconnet Falls where he was imprudent enough to rob the Indians of their furs while they were intoxicated. This offence was retaliated by a sack of his fort, and the killing of Mr. Hammond, on Sunday morning, while the white people of the fort were at their devotion." "The Indians at Teconnet Falls were of the Norridgewock tribe." "The same year one Barrett was killed at Teconnet Falls, and one Wheeler was taken as he was going from Fort Weston to Fort Halifax."

The following votes are recorded in Biddeford and Saco: "In 1686, the inhabitants of the plantation of Biddeford voted to raise a tax for the support of public worship. The assessment of the tax was to certain persons 40 shillings, to some 20 and to others less. In 1682, Scarborough voted in town meeting to raise a tax of two shillings and one penny, on each person, for the Lord."

Among matters of jurisprudence it is said that "George Burroughs, formerly a preacher at Wells and in 1685 a preacher in Falmouth, the cellar of whose house was seen since the year 1780, south of Rev. Dr. Deane's meeting house, and who when Falmouth was destroyed by the Indians, was in the year 1682 indicted of witchcraft and tried at Salem before Judge Sewall and Judge Hawthorn. The indictment read as follows:

"Essex ss.—The jurors for our sovereign lord and lady the king and queen, present that Geo. Burroughs, late of Falmouth in the province of Massachusetts Bay, &c., in the fourth year of the reign of our sovereign lord and lady William and Mary, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland and Ireland, &c., certain detestable arts called witchcrafts and sorceries wickedly and feloniously hath used, and practiced and exercised, in and upon one Mary Wolkott, &c., by which said wicked arts the said Mary was and is tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted and tormented, against, &c. Three other bills of indictment were found against him. One of holding out a gun of seven feet barrel with one hand, another of carrying a barrel of cider from a canoe to the shore. The affidavits of the witnesses were in writing and are now in the files of the court at Salem."

Samuel Webber testified that, "about seven or eight years before that time he lived at Casco Bay. Geo. Burroughs was then minister there, and having heard much of his strength, and the said Burroughs coming to our house, we were in discourse about the same, and he then told me he had put his fingers into the bung hole of a barrel of molasses and lifted it up, and carried it around him and set it down again. Another man testified "he saw Parson Burroughs put his fore finger into the muzzle of a large gun and hold it out straight." Susannah Sheldon testified that "Mr. Burroughs' apparition came to her and told her that he had killed three children of his neighbors, his own two wives and two of his children." Mercy Lewis testified, "Burroughs took me up on a high mountain, and shew me all the kingdoms of the earth and offered them to me if I would write in his book and said he would throw me down and break my neck if I would not; and said he kept the devil as a servant in his shop." Ann Putnam testified "that a woman appeared to her in a winding sheet and told her she had been killed by Mr. Burroughs." Mary Wolkott and three other women testified "that Burroughs had most grievously tortured them by pinching, pricking and choking."

Burroughs was found guilty in all the indictments and suffered death by hanging on the scaffold. Governor Hutchinson signing the warrant for his execution."

"One Bartlett, who was found guilty, by a jury of adultery, was fined 30 pounds, by the Court at Saco which was established in 1636 and held at the house of John Bonython."

In a note explanatory of Whittier's Mogg Megone he says Bonython was a magistrate of the Province. After being fined himself several times in 1645 in the great and general court, Bonython was declared an outlaw. He acted independently of all laws and was called the 'Sagamore of Saco.' The following is his epitaph:

"Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco, He lived a rogue and died a knave and went to Bedlam."

were fined for drunkenness and others punished for other immoralities.

In 1640 at a court held at Saco, John Winter was indicted for extortion, the laws then making it a criminal offence to take more than five per cent advance in trades. Prohibitory legislation was necessary in the infancy of the country. At the same court a clergyman was found guilty of adultery with the wife of one Purington and fined ten pounds.

"In 1652, Hugh Gunnison was licensed to keep an ordinary and to sell wine and strong water."

"In 1663, Wm. Hilton of Arundell, was fined for tearing off the seal of a warrant for electing a deputy, in open contempt of the government authority. Others were punished for opposing the government. Thomas Wiggins was fined for swearing by God that if a dish of fish which he had in his hands was poison he would give it to the Bay magistrates."

"Robert Ford was fined for saying that John Cotton was a liar and had gone to hell. Several were punished for contempt of court."

WELL PUT.—In a certain town in Maine a physician from another State, was discussing, with a Maine man, some features of the "Maine law," and referring to some of the inconveniences of its operation, when he put the following question:—

"Suppose that, in a town where there is no liquor agency, a man is drowned, and in your efforts to restore him and save his life, you want an alcoholic stimulant, what would you do?" A clergyman, also a Maine man, standing by, promptly replied: "We take that risk for the sake of saving the lives of so many more men."

Gen. Jesse Robinson, of this place, reached his ninety-fifth birthday on Friday, the 22d ult. In a half-hour call that morning, we were surprised to find that the past year had apparently given him more than it had taken, not only in mere physical strength, but in those enjoyments which come from the exercise of the faculties that rarely endure to extreme old age. Though he has not been able to see to read for many years, and has been entirely deprived of sight for a few years past, his hearing still remains, and he listens with keen relish to the reading of the news of the day by members of his family. He thus keeps posted in the political condition of the country, as well as in the tactics of parties; and his conversation upon these topics is in the lively vein of an actor in what relates to the prosperity of the country. His many friends will be gratified to hear of the ease with which he bears his burden of years, and to know that while sustained by the most devoted care and kindness, he is sleeping sweetly, eating with good relish, and enjoying the mental and spiritual quiet that God allots to the last years of a well spent life.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser says that with less than 600 western cattle at Brighton and Cambridge, the demand was more spirited than it has been for several weeks past, but a good number of beef cattle from Maine, Vermont and other New England States, prevented as great an advance in prices as was anticipated on the opening of the market on Tuesday. The supply of good mutton was weak; of poor, it was abundant.

The larger part of Wednesday's session of the U. S. Senate was occupied with the consideration of the President's Message, which was sharply criticized for its incendiary sentiments. A bill for the repeal of the cotton-tax was passed without amendment.

THE BATH DAILY TIMES, a lively, wide awake paper, has recently been enlarged. We are pleased to see this evidence of its prosperity and increasing business, for it is a paper always found on the right side. In this connection it may not be amiss to state that the Junior editor, Henry A. Shorey, late Captain in the 15th Maine regiment, has recently received the appointment of Major of Volunteers by Brevet, for meritorious services during the war, and everybody says, "served him right."

OF COURSE.—Under the effect of the recent emphatic condemnation of the Pendleton-Butler-Stevens financial heresies, gold has declined at home, and five-twenties have advanced abroad. Repudiation, even in a mild form, would bring speedy disaster upon the country.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC—a holiday number of the Atlantic Monthly—will be issued early in this month. It will be edited by Dr. Holmes and "Ik Marvel," and in addition to the usual almanac matter will contain choice literature by the first American and English writers, with illustrations by leading artists.

JUSTIN K. RICHARDSON, of Buxton, a member of the Junior class in Colby University, who was wounded while serving as a lieutenant in the 30th Maine regiment, has recently been brevetted Captain and Major for meritorious services in several battles in which he was engaged. We are confident that this honor is well bestowed.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—The monthly edition of this excellent agricultural publication completes a volume with its December number. The very full index shows that a great variety of subjects have been treated, and that the readers have had a large return for the money invested. For the farmer in New England there is probably no better friend than the "New England Farmer," either edition. The price of the weekly is \$2.50 in advance and of the monthly, \$1.50. Published by R. P. Eaton & Co. Boston.

Dr. Tasker, (as will be seen from his card), a young physician of good promise, has taken the place of Dr. Crockett, at Kendall's Mills.

A report has been started that Dr. Livingston is alive, but the foundation for it is rather slight.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December contains the conclusion of Dr. Holmes' "Guardian Angel;" Minor Elizabethan Dramatists, by E. P. Whipple; Among the Workers in Silver, by James Parton; Literature as an Art, by T. W. Higginson; A Young Desperado, by T. B. Aldrich; One Pacific Railroad, by J. K. Medbery; A Visit to the Bolaric Islands, by Bayard Taylor; A Mysterious Personage, by John Neal, and six other stories, essays, and poems.

All the best writers in the country contribute to enrich the pages of this leading literary monthly; and the long list of good things promised during the coming year shows that the publishers are sparing no exertions to keep the Atlantic in the proud position it has occupied from its commencement. In our notice of last month we spread these out in tempting array, and at present, therefore, we will only remind the reader of the original story by Dickens, which will begin in the January number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The December number of this repository of choice foreign literature is ornamented with an elegant portrait of Edmund About, one of the most popular and distinguished of the living writers of France. The recent numbers of this magazine have been unusually good and this one contains articles adapted to a great variety of tastes, but all full of interest and instruction. Among them are: Recent Kingdoms in Palestine; The Marriage Law of the Three Kingdoms; Old Stories Re-told—The Massacre of the Mamelukes; The Romance of Medicine; The Last Supper of Leonardo Da Vinci; The Philosophy of Goethe; Social Aspects of German Protestantism; Why the Leaves Fall; The Symbolism of the Sabbath; The Village on the Cliff; The Morality of the Literary Art, concluded; Franz List, the second Mozart; Physics of the Brain, &c.

The Eclectic, as is well known, gives its readers the cream of the foreign periodical literature, Continental as well as British, and the editor promises that no efforts will be spared to sustain the high character which has made it so indispensable to the scholarly and cultivated classes of this country. The illustrations of this work, mostly portraits of eminent persons, are of unrivaled excellence, and are cheap at the subscription price.

A new volume will begin with the next number, and at this favorable time for commencing subscriptions, we again commend it to public favor.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, 6 Beekman Street, New York, at \$5 a year, with liberal discount to clubs, and handsome and valuable premiums for new subscribers.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS is always good, and the December number is no exception. Dr. Hayes' "Cast Away in the Cold" is continued; and so is "The Good Old Times," by Elijah Kellogg, as well as the rollicking story of "Round-the-World-Joe," by George Eager; Bayard Taylor has a pleasant sketch, entitled "The Pacha's Son," and Sophie May has an amusing little story of "Prudy and the Peller." There are other articles that we will not enumerate, with the usual supply of amusement "Round the Evening Lamp," "The Letter Box," and a piece of music, "Pictures in the Fire." In addition to numerous elegant and spirited illustrations, including the very fine frontispiece, "In Time's Swing," a large and handsomely colored picture accompanies the number, entitled "Little Bo-Peep," which the little folks will be pleased to have framed and hung upon the bedroom wall.

The good things in preparation for the next year are very tempting in the enumeration, and will no doubt draw hosts of new friends and readers for this excellent juvenile. These include an original story by Charles Dickens, to be published in four parts, each with a full-page illustration by John Gilbert; with stories and sketches, by Miss Mulock, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, "George Eager," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Louise E. Chatter, the author of "Leslie Goddard," the author "The Seven Little Sisters," Sophie May, and many others. With the commencement of the next volume this magazine will no doubt make a great addition to its already very large list of subscribers.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

ONE WIFE TOO MANY; or Rip Van Biglum. A Tale of Tappan Zee. By Edward Hopper. New York: Hard & Houghton.

An amusing story, in verse, of one of the early dwellers on Tappan Zee, an honest, well-meaning Dutchman who eventually finds himself blessed with one more wife than the law allows or is comfortable for any but a Mormon to have. "Enough's enough of any bliss, especially of 'wife,'" is the concluding lesson of the moral. It is very pleasant, reading without rising to the dignity of poetry. The volume is very handsomely printed and bound, like all the publications of this house.

For sale at C. K. Matthews's, Waterville.

COLTON'S JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY.—G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co., the well known map publishers, have issued the first number of a quarterly with the above title, which will aim to present in a condensed and attractive form matters of interest connected with the Globe we live on, and thus supply a demand which has long existed. The price is \$1 a year, and all subscribers will receive a copy of a map of our new territory of Alaska.

Address G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co., 172 William St., New York.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER has recently been enlarged, giving its readers about six columns more of reading matter than formerly, and various typographical and mechanical improvements have been introduced which will make it still more acceptable. This excellent paper has now a large circulation in Maine which is constantly increasing. Published by Dunbar, Waters & Co., 29 Court Street, at \$12 per annum, with a liberal discount to clubs.

Horace Greeley has been confirmed as Minister to Austria, but he refuses to cross the herring pond and some else will have to take the position.

We refer to the card of Dr. Crosby, "with Dr. Boutelle," in whose extensive practice he will share. His experience in the surgical department during the war, with an active practice since, has given him a good reputation for skill, as well as for earnest devotion to the duties of his profession.

THE THURSDAY SPECTATOR AND BOSTON WEEKLY ADVERTISER is the title chosen by Dunbar, Waters & Co., Boston Daily Advertiser, for a first class Family Weekly, the first number of which will be issued early in this month. It will be printed in quarto form, giving eight pages and forty-eight columns of choice reading in each number—embracing the news of the week, New England matters, Boston incidents, correspondence, able editorials, literary and art notices, a serial story, short sketches, agricultural articles, a full report of the cattle market, commercial records, &c. The price will be \$2 a year, and \$12 will pay for the "Thursday Spectator" and "Daily Advertiser" for one year.

LOOK AT YOUR COAT, and see if the collar and shoulders are not covered with dandruff. If such be the case, use "Barrett's Hair Restorative."

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF TREASURY.—Mr. McCulloch refers to the reports of the different Treasury bureaus, drawing from them facts and figures in support of the views advocated in his own report and elaborating upon them at length. Mr. McCulloch alludes to his earlier reports, going back to the time of his nomination, and also to the reports of Secretaries Chase and Fessenden in support of his views and his policy of continuing to contract at the rate of four millions per month as provided by law. He shows that there were months when he could have contracted the above amount, but refrained from doing so because he did not think it necessary or expedient. He takes strong ground against expansion, which, to use his own language, would be ruin and lead to repudiation.

The views of Gen. Butler, Mr. Stevens and others, are commented on, and the tendency and results of the different finance schemes, if carried out, are enlarged upon and contrasted. He interprets the law in reference to the five-twenties as binding the country to their payment in coin, principal and interest, and believes that if the policy, looking to their redemption in currency, shall be adopted, the effect will be disastrous. He states that he has sufficient gold in the Treasury to meet the demands on the Government and keep the market in check. He gives his reasons for not selling more gold and endeavoring to bring about resumption in that way. The speculators would to-morrow buy up all the gold he could offer, and could then easily control the market and make the premium higher than ever it has been.

He believes that the policy of immediate resumption of specie payments would lead to an immediate crash in business which he hopes to avoid. He comments at length on the Internal Revenue Commissioner's report, and gives it as his opinion that if the internal revenue department and the treasury had sole control of the system, the taxes would be fully collected and an end put to fraud and corruption.

A HELPFUL BOOK.—We clip the following article, with regard to Prof. Stowe's valuable work, which we have not seen, from the editorial columns of the New York "Independent," of Nov. 14th:

"Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a few Sundays ago, announced from his pulpit that the members of his congregation would be called upon by a Book Agent, having in charge the sale of Prof. Stowe's new work, 'The History of the Books of the Bible,' adding, 'I hope every person who comes to Plymouth Church will put that excellent book into his library.' We believe we are doing our readers, of all denominations, a signal service by repeating this advice to the Christian public at large. Every clergyman, every Sunday School teacher, every theological student, every pious-taking Bible reader, will find this new volume a useful, interesting, and invaluable help in the study of the Sacred Word."

"It is not our custom to make mention of books in these editorial columns; and we make this present notice (which is additional to a critique pointed two or three weeks ago) solely with a view to the intellectual and spiritual profit of the eight thousand Sunday School teachers who take THE INDEPENDENT. Prof. Stowe's book ought to have wings, wherewith it shall fly to every minister's study-table, and perch in every Sunday School library."

This popular work is sold only by Agents, and nearly twenty-one thousand copies have been delivered. It is published by The Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

Official information leaves no doubt but that the election for a convention in South Carolina has been carried.

A MASS STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION will be held in Augusta on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th and 15th of January.

A very brilliant meteor was seen here about half past ten o'clock on Tuesday evening last. It crossed the heavens from north to south.

A PLEASANT TIME IN PROSPECT.—We learn that the ladies of the Congregational Society of our village are preparing for a Levee.

MR. G. P. RING, who has taken the rooms opposite the Mail office, recently occupied by Mr. Morrill, is executing very fine photographs, some of them large sized. We think an examination of these specimens will convince any one that he excels in this department. Step in and look at them.

We are indebted to Hon J. G. Blaine for a copy of his recent able speech on the finances of the country.

Bath builds our ships, Rockland burns our lime, Bangor saws our lumber, Augusta makes our laws, Brunswick turns out our writers, and Waterville our scholars, but Portland reserves for herself the metropolitan honor of manufacturing the STEAM REFINED SOAPS.—[Advertiser.]

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children." 35 cents expended for a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup when teething, and again, for a bottle of American Life Drops, when troubled with a Cold, sore throat, or any outward pain requiring a Pain-Killer, will more than half do the business.

The Way "to minister to a mind diseased" is to take Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the protoxide of iron, which gives strength and vigor to the whole system, restores the digestive organs to perfect health, thereby restoring the mind to its natural vigor.

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.

GEN. HORACE CAPRON, of Illinois, has been confirmed Commissioner of Agriculture in place of Isaac Newton, deceased. He will enter upon the discharge of his duties this week.

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

Mr. Perham has introduced into the house a bill requiring that shares in National Banks shall be taxed in the towns where the shareholders reside, rather than where the Bank is located.

Much excitement prevails at Galesburg, Canada, over a success of a salt well just sunk there. In many respects one is reminded by it of the oil fever.







