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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 25): December 20, 1867

Maxham & Wing

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BY E. C. STEINMAN.

Prithoe tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin?  
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
Summer's three my fairy queen,  
But a miracle of sweetest,  
Soft approach, a shy retreat,  
Show the little archer there,  
Hidden in your pretty hair;  
When didst learn a heart to win?  
Prithoe tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh! the rosy lips reply,  
"I can't tell you if I try."  
"Is so long I can't remember;  
Ask some younger Miss than I!"

Tell, O tell me Grizzled Face,  
Do you heart and head keep pace?  
When does hoary Love expire,  
When does frosty Love retire?  
Can its embers burn below  
All that chill December snow?  
Care you still soft hands to press,  
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?  
When does Love retire to the chase?  
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,  
"Youth may pass and strength may fly;  
But of Love I can't forego;  
Ask some older sage than I!"

Atlantic Monthly.

PEOPLE AND I.

Said I to my wife:  
"My dear, I don't see why we should not  
stay where we are. We have lived in this  
house twenty years; our children were born  
here; some have died here. Every room has  
some recollection of our past life. I like the  
house—we like the house. It is convenient—it  
is get-at-able. Why should we go?"

"My dear," urged my wife, "it is so far  
down town; and the milliners and dentists are  
crowding in the street now; and besides,  
what would people say? We should lose our  
place in society."

After this conversation, with variations, had  
taken place at least once a week for a year,  
seeing my wife in such great dread of what  
people might say, I began to think that very  
likely she was right, and I moved up town. I  
found a tall, slim, brown stone house, in a dis-  
tinguished neighborhood, and felt that whatever  
people might say after that, that they certainly  
could say nothing about me. Mistaken man!

I had only placed myself, it seems, more con-  
veniently to be observed, as I found on propo-  
sing to retain some of our old furniture.

My wife nearly went into hysterics.  
"Are you crazy, Mr. Smith?—Haircloth  
furniture and three ply carpets—here? What  
would people say? We had better have said  
where we were. Here, who do you suppose  
would enter the house the second time?"

It is no use to humor a woman half way.  
I gave in; my wife had that furniture she liked,  
and I supposed that "People" were satisfied.  
Please to imagine my horror when I discovered  
that "People" were after me again. "People"  
were astonished that I attended an old-fashioned  
church, made up of plain people, "People" knew  
none of its church members, "People" were  
getting ready to say something (according to  
my wife) unless I hired a pew at once in the  
fashionable church near by. I was disposed  
to make a stand, for I loved the old church!

I respected its honest members, and the pastor  
was my warm friend. But my wife had al-  
ready been obliged to tell six distinct fibs to  
hide the facts about our church-going, and my  
daughters on various occasions, had suffered  
agonies of mortification. What man who is not a  
brut and a grouch, would allow his wife to  
fib, and his daughters to suffer agonies, if he  
could help it? I hired the desired pew, and  
"People's" mouth was stopped.

Stopped! No it wasn't! "People" followed me  
up sharp, and were on the very verge of  
discovering that my wife and daughters assisted  
in the domestic work of the house. If "Peo-  
ple" made the discovery fairly nothing less  
would happen than my daughters' prospect in  
life would be blasted. That was not to be  
thought of, and we added two ladies of the Irish  
persuasion to our force.

Would you believe it, that I could not have  
done anything worse for myself? Before  
"People" had been at the necessity of guessing  
my affairs; but I learned from my wife that  
these Irish ladies—all Irish ladies are spies for  
the "People"—who are always about to say  
something, and if anything was vulgar or poor  
in my house, "People" would now be informed  
of it, by one of the ladies aforesaid, at first  
hand. Nothing remained now but to bring my  
house and style of living, if my means  
would allow, up to the standard of the two  
Irish ladies, who, I found, were very severe and  
lofty in their notions.

I began to grow anxious, and my wife said  
mean. Recent losses made my heavy expenses  
difficult to meet; but when I mention economy,  
"People" sternly and disdainfully refuse to hear  
a word on the subject, and I was rather weaker  
in the knees and less able to hold my own, be-  
cause of a dreadful incident that occurred about  
this time.

"As I was walking down the street, who should  
I meet but Peter Burke, an old neighbor,  
and one of the best fellows living.

"Hello!" says Peter. "I guess you have  
forgotten old friends. My wife says she hasn't  
set eyes on you since you moved."

"Not a bit of it," said I. "But we have  
been so busy. Mrs. Smith will be delighted to  
see you. Come home and dine with me to-day,  
and see what you think of my new house."

Peter did not need much urging. Why  
should he? We had almost lived in each  
other's houses. And forgetting all about "Peo-  
ple," I walked home jolly enough with my arm  
tucked into Peter's, and marched him straight  
into the parlor to surprise Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith had company. Mrs. Smith was  
dressed in mauve silk, and the girls in all colors  
of the rainbow. Mrs. Smith turned white and  
red; she looked reproachfully at me, and fur-  
iously at Peter, who worthy man saw nothing  
of it, but burst out in a great laugh and shook  
his hands; and shook them over again, and  
wouldn't let go of them.

"I declare," said Peter, "you have grown  
young and handsome. Fine feathers do  
make fine birds—don't it, Smith. I should  
say he was twenty years younger now."

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Smith, stiffly.  
And drawing herself up with dignity, said aside  
to me, "How could you do such a thing. Clara  
and Herbert Eglantine are here to dinner."

It was all very fine to say—"But the thing  
was done such a very long time ago!"—but  
Peter was delighted with my house, with the  
girls, with everything he saw. It was of no  
use for Clara and Herbert at each of his sallies  
to put up their eye glasses and look at him.  
Peter could not take a hint, and even I found  
myself thinking that he had grown decidedly  
vulgar, or my taste had changed entirely.

I heard my daughters telling Clara privately,  
that he was an odd but excellent person whom  
I had befriended, and whom they allowed all  
sorts of liberties.

But just as I was thinking that this was a  
dear little shield against the sharp things that  
"People" would say, when informed by Mr.  
and Mrs. Eglantine of what they had seen,  
that horrid Peter smashes my daughter's neat  
little lie after this fashion:—

# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1867.

NO. 25.

## LILIPUT LITERATURE.

Once upon a time, the children revolted  
against the old folks, established a provincial  
government, and appointed a king and queen,  
who took up their abode in Pinmore Palace.  
Their Poet Laureate sings the glories of the  
new regime; and first of the revolution:—

Easily the thing was done,  
For the children were more than two to one;  
Brave as lions, quick as foxes,  
With hoards of wealth in their money boxes.

They dressed themselves in the robes of the  
They had pressed themselves, they had arrows and bows,  
So as to put resistance down,  
Order reigns in Liliput town.

Then they gave themselves up to enjoyment  
after their own fashion:

They snuck the jam, they lost the spoons,  
They sent up several fire balloons,  
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,  
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,  
And one for the most magnificent toy;  
They split or burnt the cases of paint,  
They made new laws in Liliput Land.

Never do to-day what they can  
Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran;  
Late in bed and late to rise,  
Was another law which they did devise.

They passed a law to have always plenty  
Of beautiful things; we shall mention twenty:  
A magic lantern for all to see,  
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas tree.

A boat, a house that went on wheels,  
An organ to grind, and sherry at meals,  
Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,  
Whips with whistles let into handles.

A real live giant, let to fly,  
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,  
A cart of apples, a box of paints,  
A saw and a hammer, and no complaints.

Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,  
Saw off the legs of the parlor chairs;  
That was the way in Liliput Land,  
The children having the upper hand.

They made the Old folks come to school,  
All in pinafores,—that was the rule,  
Saying: "Faster-deener-dinner-duss,  
Kattler-wheeler-schiller-vuss!"

They made them learn all sorts of things  
That nobody liked. They had catechisms;  
They kept them in, they sent them down  
In class, in school, in Liliput Town.

O but they gave them it for tarts!  
Thick bread-and-butter, and all that;  
Stick-jaw pudding that fires your chin,  
With the marmalade spread over so thin.

They governed the clock in Liliput town,  
They altered the hour or the minute hand;  
They made the day fast, they made the day slow,  
Just as they wished the time to go.

They never waited for king or for cat;  
They never wiped their shoes on the mat;  
Their joy was great; their joy was greater;  
They rode in the baby's evening car.

Then they gave evening entertainments on  
a magnificent scale:

Every one came in a cab to the door;  
Every one came in a pinafore;  
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,  
Loud knock, proud knock, opera hat!

The old folks were made to give "recita-  
tions," as the young ones had to under the  
ancient regime.

One fat man, too fat by far,  
Cried "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"

His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight;  
His wife said: "Mind, dear, sing it right!"  
But he forgot, and said Fa-la-la!  
The Queen of Liliput's own papa!

She frowned and ordered him up to bed;  
He said he was sorry; she shook her head;  
His clean shirt-front with his tears was stained—  
But discipline had to be maintained.

AN OLD FARMER'S SLATE.—Writing about  
improvements, reminds me that a farmer does  
not always think of what is useful and may  
be done when leisure times occur, and it recalls  
to my mind the practice of a large and success-  
ful farmer, who at his death left his affairs in a  
prosperous condition, and his premises in com-  
plete order. His neighbors often wondered at  
the ease with which he conducted his opera-  
tions; he never hurried, but the right thing  
was always done at the right time and his work  
never lagged. Much of the improvement he  
made was in odd spells, when the routine of  
regular farm work was broken by rainy weather,  
or after finishing the work on a crop, and  
while waiting for another to get to the proper  
stage. He kept a large slate hanging in the  
kitchen, where all his workmen could see it,  
and whenever a job occurred to him it was  
noted on the slate. For instance, some of his en-  
tries ran thus:—"Make a gate for the brook  
lot." "Clean out the open ditch in the wheat  
field." "Lay a new floor on the scaffold over  
the barn floor." "Bury the large stone in the  
middle lot." "Get some whitewash to paint  
the mill for making garden fence pickets." "Plant  
shade trees along the roadside." "Dig the al-  
ders out of the fence corners, and look after the  
wild mustard that came up where the threshing  
machine stood in the field last year." In this  
way his slate was filled, and if a leisure half  
day occurred, his men all had plenty of work;  
and if the master happened to be absent, the  
slate told the workmen what to do. After a  
time it was his custom to lay out the day's work  
on the slate each evening previous, and when a  
job was finished the record was erased. To  
get the slate clean was the ambition of the work-  
men.—[Rural New Yorker.]

It is evident that Cleveland does not under-  
stand Mr. Emerson. One of the newspapers  
says:—

"Ralph Waldo Emerson's lecture on Elo-  
quence reminded us of the way it is said vessels  
are built on the St. Lawrence—by the mile,  
and then cut out by suit orders. Mr. Emerson  
turns over about six sheets where he reads one,  
and it is of no consequence where his turning  
over stops; one place to splice on, or to leave  
off, is just as good as another. His lecture on  
"No Equivalents," or by any other name, would  
pass as well, while, no doubt, from that cord of  
manuscript before him, he could extract any  
number of lectures, on any required subjects,  
just as a magician can draw all sorts of liquors  
on demand, from the same bottle. Lectures  
now-a-days are like ready-made doors and  
windows—made by machinery, and adapted to  
any kind of frame; if they rattle in the frame  
it is not to be wondered at."

THE RESOLUTIONS in relation to "Bliss's  
Decimal System of weights, Measures and Cur-  
rency," which were adopted last winter by our

Legislature, were laid before Congress by Mr.  
Perham of this State on Monday. This sys-  
tem, devised by Moses Bliss Esq., of Pittston,  
in this State, is intended as a substitute for the  
French Metric System which has already been  
made legal by Congress.

GREAT GLACIER OF SWITZERLAND.—The  
Westland (England) Observer has an account  
of a visit paid recently by the chief officers of  
the geological department to the great glacier  
on the west side of Mount Cook. The foot of  
the glacier, which is but 13 miles from the sea,  
is 1900 feet wide. Neither the glacier nor the  
immense field of snow which feeds it is visible  
from the river until within a quarter of a mile  
of it, when the stupendous mass of snow and  
ice at once breaks upon the view. Below the  
glacier a recent moraine extends for several  
hundred yards, consisting of debris of the rock,  
20 feet deep, underlain by ice and snow, thro'  
which considerable streams of water run,  
which are rendered visible in round holes,  
caused by the giving way of the ice and by  
cracks in the surface. On the southern side  
there has recently been a great fracture of the  
ice and breach of the rock, which had fallen in  
immense masses. The party ascended on the  
northern side, where the snow or ice formed  
hills, undisturbed by any cracks or fissures.  
The glacier matter is porous, and presents tol-  
erable footing; it is of a gray color, full of  
small dirt with occasional stones, which had evi-  
dently fallen from the surrounding hills. The  
great peculiarity of this glacier is not only its  
immense size but the consequent fact of its de-  
scending to so low a level—640 feet above the  
sea level—instead of ending, as is usually the  
case, at an altitude of some 3000 or 4000 feet,  
close to the limit of perpetual snow, among Al-  
pine vegetation. Here the green bush extends  
some thousands of feet above the glacier, on  
the steep sides of the range in which the glacier  
has cut the deep narrow gorge. Not a single  
Alpine plant retarded the research of the party,  
and the temperature on the glacier was  
scarcely below that on the flat below. With  
some ceremony the party named it the Victoria  
Glacier. The height of the peak of Mount  
Cook is found to be 12,632 feet.

Edmonia Lewis, a young woman, of mixed  
Negro and Indian blood, excited much interest  
during the Union war, by exhibiting, at the  
soldiers' relief fair in Boston, a bust of Colonel  
Shaw—the "fair-haired hero," and martyr to the  
cause of her race; it seemed like an inspiration  
of grateful homage, that so authentic a likeness  
and pleasing a work should have emanated  
from the unpractised hands of a dusky maiden.  
Since then she has modelled, "The Freed-  
woman, on First Hearing of her Liberty"—of  
which it has been said that "it tells with much  
eloquence a painful story." Of the curious  
and speculative interest excited by this notice  
in sculpture, among the Roman studios, we  
may judge by the following description con-  
tained in a recent letter from that city:

"Edmonia Lewis is a little American girl,  
scarcely twenty-two years of age born in Green-  
bush, opposite Albany, on the Hudson, of Indian  
and negro parentage, and bearing in her face  
the characteristic types of her origin. In her  
coarse but appropriate attire, with her black  
hair loose, and grasping in her tiny hand the  
chisel with which she does not disdain—perhaps  
with which she is obliged—to work, and with  
her large, black, sympathetic eyes brimful of  
simple, unaffected enthusiasm. Miss Lewis is  
unquestionably the most interesting representa-  
tive of our country in Europe. Interesting not  
alone because she belongs to a contemned and  
hitherto oppressed race, which labors under the  
imputation of artistic incapacity, but because  
she has already distinguished herself in sculp-  
ture—not perhaps in its highest grade, according  
to the accepted canons of the art, but in its  
naturalistic, not to say the most pleasing form."

WHO IS SAFE?—God has never created a  
mind yet that can safely challenge combat with  
the appetite of drink. Earth has no ambition  
that is not engulged, no hope which is not  
blasted, no tie which is not broken, no sanctuary  
which is not invaded, no friend, no kinsman,  
wife or child, that is not forgotten; no fiber of  
human agony which is not wrung. Minds of  
common mould will get through life without  
excess, while those gifted with God-like powers  
are smitten with weakness. The gifted author  
of Child Harold walked in fetters, and died at  
Missolonghi of drunken debauch. He who led  
the prosecution in the British Parliament  
against Hastings, was hurried to the grave to  
escape the clutch of his landlords. Poor Charley  
Fox! And the author of Gertrude of  
Wyoming died a dizzying imbecile. How the  
"Gentle Elia" went over the habit that en-  
thralled him. Ah! how these tragedies of  
human individual history—of temptation and  
fall,—stark before us! The history of the best  
minds of our land is darkened by these episodes  
of weakness and sin.

APPRAISING STOCK.—Old Farmer B. was  
on a sick bed when the assessors of his town  
came around to take his invoices. He said,  
"my cattle are in the barn; they're a poor lot  
of 'em; they ain't worth much; you can go and  
look at 'em." The assessors repaired to the  
barn, appraised the stock and reported to Farmer  
B. in his sick room. The old man was  
much displeased; they "want't worth any-  
where near it." "Well, Mr. B.," said the  
chairman of the board, "I will take every  
creature at our appraisal." "Shan't have 'em,"  
said the old man with a great deal of emphasis;  
"shan't have 'em—won't have you cheated so  
—I won't."—[New England Farmer.]

Whitewash, as ordinarily made, rubs off the  
walls after it becomes dry, soiling clothes, and  
everything coming in contact with it. This  
may be remedied by slacking the lime in boiling  
water, stirring it meanwhile, and then applying,  
after dissolving in water, white vitrol (sulphate  
of zinc) in the proportion of four pounds to a  
barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency  
of milk. A pound of white salt should be  
thrown into it.

The experiment of making belting from  
paper has proved a success in the hands of a  
company at Dalton, Mass., and the article is  
now used in all their own mills and several  
other manufacturing establishments. The belting  
resembles the genuine oak-tanned leather,  
and serves alike well in a dry or damp atmos-  
phere.

## OUR TABLE.

THE TURK AND THE GREEK: or, Creeds,  
Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and  
the Isles of Greece. By S. W. Benjamin. New  
York: Hurd & Houghton.

The late heroic struggle of the Cretons for indepen-  
dence, which has enlisted the sympathies of the whole  
civilized world, has turned attention anew to the orient,  
that wonderful land of story and song. This little vol-  
ume, written by the son of a missionary, will do much  
to gratify a curious public; for, although it does not pre-  
sent a continuous narrative of residences or travels, or  
any elaborate tables of statistics or descriptions of anti-  
quities, it does give such facts and incidents from the  
experience and observation of the writer as will not fail  
to convey to the reader very vivid impressions of the  
races and countries of the Levant, their character and  
condition. And this is exactly what is now demanded,  
and what will best satisfy the newly awakened interest  
of the public in relation to these countries. These  
sketches are pleasantly written, and make every agree-  
able reading.

We are indebted to A. Williams & Co., of Boston, for  
the book, which is for sale by booksellers everywhere.  
Price \$1.75.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING. By Albert  
J. Bellows, M.D., is a Professor of Chemistry, Phys-  
iology, and Hygiene. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

How few people, even in these enlightened days, know  
what to eat, and how and when to eat it. This book—  
prepared by one who has made these matters a special  
study for years, and who is kindly remembered in vari-  
ous parts of the country as a lecturer upon physiology  
and the laws of hygiene—aims to impart all the im-  
proved information, and to do it in the light of all the im-  
provements in practical science of these later times. It  
furnishes the "ounce of prevention," which is so much  
better than the "pound of cure," and teaches us that to  
preserve health by conforming to established laws, is much  
easier and less dangerous than the entrance of disease  
through our carelessness or ignorance with the hope of  
expelling it by a resort to disagreeable remedies of doubt-  
ful efficacy. Such books cannot fail to do much good  
wherever they are read and we heartily commend this one  
for general circulation.

Our copy comes to us through A. Williams & Co., but  
it can probably be bought of booksellers everywhere.  
Price \$2.00.

THE DIARY OF A MILLINER. By Belle Otis.

New York: Hurd & Houghton.  
The diarist professes to be a woman who, left a widow  
desires an independent position, and accordingly under-  
takes trade in the branch of millinery. She sits down  
in her journal what she sees in the course of her expe-  
rience, and being a woman of philosophic bent she makes  
her observations of human nature serve as the text for  
extended discourses. There is no story further than that  
we get from her increased familiarity with people; and the  
form of a diary admits of disconnected scenes. The in-  
terest of the book rests upon the old pupil set up, the  
counter of a milliner's shop; upon the preacher herself,  
—a philosophic milliner; and upon the congregation,  
women of all sorts trying on bonnets and buying rib-  
bons. There is an originality certainly in such a new  
outlook upon the world, and the result is often a quite  
unique, while the vigor and sharpness of the sketching  
will remind one of the best things of Fanny Fern. Con-  
siderable skill is shown in the keen baring of poor hu-  
man nature, and it is rather disheartening to see to many  
exhibitions of human weakness in shopping; but as a  
sort of compensation the writer grimly suggests that all  
the wickedness is not on one side of the counter after all.  
Milliners and small tradespeople, however, do not often  
get so good a chance to speak so well for themselves, and  
the morals of shopping may be discussed now with new  
light. The scenes and reflections were actually recorded  
at the moment on odd bits of ribbon-paper and the like,  
so that the diary is a veritable one at any rate.  
A. Williams & Co., of Boston, forward us a copy of this  
book which is sold by booksellers everywhere. Price,  
\$1.50.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—Two finely ex-  
ecuted Steel Engravings held off the January num-  
ber is called "My Household" and the young husband  
certainly seems to be very well satisfied with his treas-  
ure; the other is a Dutch Skating Scene, and is a very  
seasonable and appropriate. There is a colored Double-  
page Steel Fashion Plate, as usual; the engraving,  
"Dogs will be dogs," is first-rate; and the many illu-  
strations of the Fashions, etc., all the ladies will know  
how to appreciate. The music for this number is the  
"Moonlight Waltz." The literary matter is by Virginia  
F. Townsend, Elizabeth Prescott—who begins a fascinat-  
ing story, called "A Dead Man's Rule"—Florence  
Perry, the Margaret Hosmer, Aunt Alice, Una Locke, etc., etc.  
Published by Deacon & Peterson, 310 Walnut Street,  
Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The Janu-  
ary number opens with the first of a new series of Tem-  
perance Stories by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-  
Room," entitled "The Son of My Friend." This story  
exhibits, in a narrative of deep and painful interest,  
the evil of drinking at fashionable parties. No one can read  
it without a profound impression of the social wrong  
involved in the custom. Miss Townsend serials a favorite  
with the reading public, begins a new serial in this num-  
ber, entitled "The Holands," which opens with a splen-  
did promise of good things to come. Besides these, the  
number is crowded with good reading for old and young.  
"The Home Magazine" claims to be superior to all its  
contemporaries in the excellence and interest of its read-  
ing matter; while in its fashion and household depart-  
ments, everything is contained that an American wife  
and mother could desire in a periodical.  
Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

NO THOROUGHFARE, the Christmas story  
by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, is issued as an  
extra number of Every Saturday. It is divided into an  
"overture" and four "acts," and occupies forty-two  
pages. The price of the number is only ten cents, and  
all the news dealers have it.  
The regular number of Every Saturday for the cur-  
rent week has an unusually full and varied table of con-  
tents.  
Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at 10 cts. a  
number.

HOW TO BURN COAL.—Now that our  
citizens are beginning to burn coal, some hints  
as to its economical use will not be amiss:—

Nine out of ten burn coal wastefully, and  
consume twice as much as is necessary to pro-  
duce the desired heat. The great error through  
which this waste arises is that they proceed  
with coal just as with wood, and believe the  
more fuel there is consumed, so much the more  
heat there must be. If too much coal is put  
on, an imperfect combustion takes place, for  
the fire is choked, and the greater portion of  
the heat escapes unused through the chimney-  
top. If, on the other hand, only a proper  
quantity of coal is put on, the flame plays  
around in the stove, or fire place, and the gas is  
entirely consumed. The one who handles his  
coal properly will make a ton go as far as  
another, who does otherwise will go twice as  
far.

If you want to make a coal fire, take a couple

of handfuls of pine or other shavings, and lay  
upon them dry wood four or five inches long  
to about the top of the inner brick, and put ten  
or twelve pieces of egg coal upon it. Then  
kindle with paper from below, and in about ten  
minutes put on about twenty more pieces of  
coal. In a short time the coal will be entirely  
and equally kindled.

Never fill a stove entirely with coal, not even  
in the coldest weather. Half full is enough.  
When the fire is burnt low, do not shake the  
grate or stir the ashes, but put on twelve or  
fifteen pieces of coal, and open the draft.  
When these coals get to burning, lay as much  
more on, as is necessary for a new fire; do not  
stir the ashes, but leave the draft open a half  
hour, and then shake the grate. Then the coal  
will be all in a glow, and you will have a bright  
fire.

If it is very cold, put on fifteen or twenty  
pieces of coal every half hour but no more.  
A further saving may be obtained by a  
sifting of the ashes, and repeated use of the  
still unburnt coal; for a large portion of the  
coal—we might say a quarter—always re-  
mains unburned.

A very economical fuel is also made by mix-  
ing coal and coke in equal parts, the latter hav-  
ing first been broken fine.

THE VULGARITY OF LOUD TALKING AND  
LAUGHING.—I see in your excellent paper a  
little paragraph on good manners, in which  
spitting and lounging are described as proofs  
of a semi-barbarous state of society, and I must  
beg leave to notice another peculiarity of our  
state of civilization. I allude to loud talking  
and screeching laughter. This is so peculiar  
to Americans that they are known by it in  
Europe, and as well-bred people there never  
tolerate it, even in the most social circles, it is  
considered a mark of ill-breeding belonging  
only to the lowest class.

Aside from this conventional protest against  
it, there is a regular objection to it, in the in-  
jury it does to the vocal organs. Talking  
through an evening, at the top of the voice, is  
very painful and fatiguing, and yet the noise  
made by the whole company is so great that no  
one can be heard who speaks low, or in a nat-  
ural tone. Many throats are laid sore and  
many heads are made to ache by this unne-  
cessary noise, and persons subject to bronchitis  
are obliged to avoid it entirely.

In all European society the voices are kept  
lower than usual in large parties, and a general  
hum prevails, in which each person is heard  
by those he addresses. The loudness of Ameri-  
cans is very marked, and produces disgust and  
indignation when it breaks the stillness of  
picture galleries and other public places, where  
nothing but whispers are ever allowed. When a  
loud voice is heard from an American traveller,  
every one is startled, and looks around to see  
whence it comes, and the comments on this  
breach of good manners are very severe.

I once introduced some very refined and cul-  
tivated Americans to a gentleman in London,  
who could have done much for their amusement  
and procured their admission to many private  
galleries of paintings and sculpture; but after  
one experience of their vociferation, in a public  
exhibition, he would not again expose himself  
to the pain and the shame they caused him.  
He wrote to me to excuse himself for not hav-  
ing done more for my friends, by saying that  
their loud talking made them not presentable  
in refined society and not bearable in public  
places. He added that he had made a dinner  
party for them of Americans only, and they  
laughed and talked so loud that he was afraid  
the police would come in and see what the  
row was.—[Correspondent of the Liberal Christian.

TRANSPIRE.—Of all misused words this verb  
is probably the most perverted. It is now  
rarely used except for the expression of a mode  
of action with which it has no relations what-  
ever. Transpire means to breathe through,  
and so to pass off insensibly. The identical  
word exists in French, in which language it is  
the equivalent of our perspire, which also means  
to breathe through and so to pass off insensibly.  
The Frenchman says "ai beaucoup transpire"  
I have much perspired. In fact, transpire and  
perspire are etymologically as nearly perfect  
synonyms as the nature of language permits;  
but latter, however, has, by common consent,  
been set apart in English, to express the pas-  
sage of a certain secretion through the skin,  
while the former is properly used only in a  
figurative sense, to express the passage of  
knowledge from a limited circle to publicity.

There is a very simple test of the correct use  
of speech, or that of others. If the phrase  
take place can be substituted for it, and the in-  
tended meaning of the sentence is preserved, its  
use is wrong, preposterously wrong; if the  
other colloquial phrase, *take place*, can be put  
in its place, its use is correct. This is illustrated  
in the following sentence:

An important cabinet meeting was held to-  
day; but what took place did not transpire.—  
[Galaxy.]

The responsibility for the late terrible ac-  
cident on the Vermont Central Railroad, accord-  
ing to the Rutland Herald, rests apparently  
with the engineer, Mr. Abbott. The Herald  
says, however, that many believe that when he  
wished to stop the train, by reason of derange-  
ment of the machinery, his engine was beyond  
his control. He had been in the employ of the  
company for many years and had the reputa-  
tion of being a man of sober and industrious  
habits. The responsibility for backing a train  
of cars over a precipice and killing 18 and  
wounding 25 persons is a fearful one for one  
human being to sustain, whoever he may be.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.—Talking about social  
equality, writes a New York correspondent, I  
was riding in a car, seated near a negro, rather  
nicely gotten up, who was chewing and ex-  
porting right and left.

"You ought not to do that," I said to him.  
"Got as good a right as dat white fellow,"  
he answered, as he pointed to a chap of the  
butcher breed, engaged in the same dirty busi-  
ness.

"He has no right, and you should set him  
an example of better breeding," I answered.  
Cuff ostentatiously removed his cuff. But  
he had taught me a lesson. I had not noticed  
the white brute. I was very indignant at the  
colored one.

BUFFALO hunting by railroad is a new sen-  
sation. The Leavenworth Conservative of the  
26th ult., says that as the passenger train on  
Union Pacific railroad was going east on the  
25th, it ran into a herd of some two hundred  
and fifty buffaloes. The fireman stood on the  
train and killed a cow at a single shot. The  
train was halted and the carcass taken aboard.

The National Council of the Union League  
at Washington, D. C., has passed a resolution  
urging the National Republican Convention to  
place no man in nomination for President of  
the United States in 1868 who is not himself  
an irrepressible guarantee that he is



## Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, D. A. L. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 20, 1867.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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A. T. WILCOX & CO., Advertising Agents, 74 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by A.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

**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.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**—We have pleasant thoughts for the coming holiday! Many of our very best friends make us a call about that time. Indeed, it has become the rule of quite the larger half of newspaper patrons to pay in advance. It is a good fashion, and to promote it we propose to give it special encouragement from this day to New-Year.

President Johnson, in his statement submitted to the Senate, makes so strong an argument for the removal of Secretary Stanton, that the safe rule of hearing both sides seems to be the secretary's only chance of being restored—and even this chance, in the face of General Grant's much needed measures of reform, is at least somewhat obscured. The President argues that the only ground on which Mr. Stanton could retain his position was the tenure of office law, which law he was one of the loudest to condemn in a cabinet consultation. His refusal to resign was manifested in a defiant and offensive tone, and his neglect to communicate to the President a telegram from Gen. Baird, asking directions in regard to the threatened riot at New Orleans, prevented the issue of such orders as would have stayed that tragedy. The President urges the positive necessity of entire harmony between him and each member of his cabinet, and reiterates his conviction of the unconstitutionality of the law under which the Secretary persisted in his refusal; though he makes no charge of official malfeasance—persisting in the executive right to discharge him at once, though willing to submit the case to the Senate for decision.

This is the President's side of the question, as stated by himself. How Mr. Stanton will make the case appear, remains to be seen.

**CHRISTMAS** will be observed at three of our churches, the entertainment of the children holding a prominent place in each programme. The Baptist Society will give a supper to the children of the Sabbath School, in the Vestry, at six o'clock on Tuesday evening; to be followed, at seven o'clock, by public exercises in the church, singing, recitations, etc., and ending with a distribution of presents to old and young from two Christmas trees.—The Congregationalists have arranged for a social meeting of old and young in the church, on Christmas Eve, with refreshments and a Christmas tree in the vestry.—The Unitarians, on the same evening, will have a distribution from Christmas trees, with exercises similar to those of last year.—At the Universalist church there will be no demonstration, but Rev. Mr. Maguire will give a Christmas discourse on Sunday.

**CONGRESS**—Both branches, on Thursday, adjourned to Jan. 6. This is to give the field to the holidays. It is to be hoped that the President will adjourn to the same time.

The finance committee of the Senate have reported a bill to call in all the bonds of the government now out, and issue one uniform service for the whole amount; principal and interest payable in gold, rate 6 per cent.; one per cent. payable annually to the State in lieu of municipal taxation. This would settle the question of taxing bonds. The proposition seems to meet considerable favor.

But for the unfair distribution of snow, in the late storm, there would now be good sleighing in most parts of the State. Wherever it was possible the five or six inches of snow made its escape from the travelled roads and lodged into drifts here and there; so that if it were not for the drifts it would be better sleighing than sleighing.

**RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.**—Close upon the horrid accident on the Vermont Central road, follows another, more fatal still, at Angola, near Buffalo, N. Y. There were thrown from the track, down a high embankment, in one of which some fifty persons were thrown into such position that none could escape, and the car taking fire, every one was burned to death—so that only three or four bodies could be recognized. One account says a wheel broke, and another a rail.

**PIERCE'S STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES** make charming holiday presents, and so do his elegant photographs. Don't forget them in making up your gifts.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

## FINANCE. (No. 2.)

**GREENBACKS, OR NATIONAL CURRENCY.** Much has been said, of late, of the desirability of substituting greenbacks for our national currency. Such an arrangement, we are told, would not only simplify our monetary system, but save about \$20,000,000 annually to the government. That a currency of one uniform kind of money is simpler than one composed of two kinds is, indeed, quite obvious, and on this account should be preferred if every way as good. But would it be as good? Our national currency, to be sure, rests ultimately upon the same authority as the greenbacks. The government issues them both and is responsible for their ultimate redemption; but the greenbacks alone are a legal tender, and hence can always be demanded of the banks for national currency—thus making the latter, in form at least, a convertible currency. And when specie payments shall have been resumed, this form will become a reality, as coin will then become the "lawful money" in which they are to be redeemed. But if the national currency be mustered out and greenbacks be substituted in its place, we shall have a wholly inconvertible currency until specie payment be resumed. And, indeed, how is specie payment to be resumed with such a currency? Shall the government undertake not only to supply the currency for the country, but to redeem it? Shall it establish agencies all over the land, at which its own bills may be converted into gold and silver on demand, and thus become a vast banking establishment? And if it should not do this, what sort of a currency should we have? Expanding and contracting at the caprice of party, and for party purposes? Thrust upon the people and kept in circulation without any possibility of its being drawn in, however redemptive? Can any one who knows anything about political economy or political philosophy, desire such a currency as this?

And now, as to the saving to the government by substituting its own bills for those of national banks. The Treasurer of the United States has shown that the national banks pay to the government, in the form of taxes, a sum nearly equal to the interest on the bonds, which would be saved by the substitution. This is true. But if, as their own bills are withdrawn, they could be furnished directly with the same amount in greenbacks, they might continue to pay the same amount of taxes to the government. Their bonds would be returned or purchased as their bills were cancelled, and the place of these bills supplied by those equally current. There would, then, be a great saving to the government by the operation. The only difficulty is in bringing about the change so as not to destroy the bank organizations themselves. How are the banks to be supplied with the greenbacks as their own circulation is withdrawn? Here is the chief difficulty in the case. Should the government, as it draws in the currency of the national banks, issue directly to each of them the same amount of greenbacks as it has drawn in of their bills, the government would gain nothing by the operation, but instead would entail upon itself expense and endless perplexity. The government can gain by the operation, only by issuing its bills in the purchase of its bonds or in some other way paying its debts. And how are bills issued to be substituted in the place of the bills of individual banks which have been drawn in? I see no way in which it can be done unless they be issued in the purchase of the bonds of those identical banks whose bills have been drawn in, and in amounts equal to the amounts thus cancelled. And this surely would be attended with great difficulties, if it would not be wholly impracticable. Besides buying up their bonds would take from the banks the means and relieve them of the responsibility of redeeming their bills.

It would seem, then, that there is no practicable way of substituting greenbacks for our national currency, with any saving to the government, without destroying the present bank organizations, and thus breaking up the whole system. Nothing but free banking could be the result; or rather, "wild cat" banking, using the government bills without any responsibility for their redemption. For how could any system be devised which could make particular organizations responsible for bills which are in no sense their own—which are theirs only when they are in their hands, and others as soon as they pass out of their hands. Such bills belong wholly to the government, and if redeemed at all must be redeemed by the government alone. The advocates of economy, I think, will hardly consider that the government would make any saving by issuing currency, and then providing and sustaining all over the land the necessary means and agencies for redeeming it. And, if it is wholly irredeemable, or rather inconvertible, there is no test left of its sufficiency for the public wants, and no way of retiring any excess. It should never be forgotten, that if the history of the world has established any point, it is that no government is strong enough, or rich enough, to keep at par a proper currency which is in excess of the wants of the community—much less, that a popular government—or indeed any government—can be trusted to supply just the amount of currency needed. Nothing can safely be trusted to regulate this supply but convertibility into coin on demand. Then, if there be any excess, it will at once be noticed by being converted into coin.

The question, then, stands thus, if the simple issue of a currency by the government were sufficient, it might, by supplying the whole circulation, save the interest now paid on the bonds deposited in its vaults by the banks. But this is not sufficient. A currency, to be reliable, must be redeemable and convertible by some responsible organization. And there can be no manner of doubt, that it would cost the government more—to say nothing of other objections—to do this itself, than it now pays the banks for doing it.

**FIRE AT AUGUSTA.**—A fire in the machine shop of Messrs. Sprague, on Thursday, occupied for various purposes, and ended in the destruction of \$75,000 worth of property, but little of which was insured. Besides the Spragues, the principal losers were Bangs & Mosher and R. A. Scott. The fire took place at noon, in the absence of the men to dinner.

**EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS** are reported in New York, Vermont and Canada, Wednesday morning.

**A ROUSING MASS MEETING** in favor of the nomination of Gen. Grant for the presidency was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening. It was enthusiastic and harmonious.

**THE M. E. CHURCH** at Gardiner, recently rebuilt, was dedicated with appropriate services on Wednesday of last week.

[For the Mail.]

## Messrs. Editors:

I was much interested in reading extracts from Sullivan's History of Maine, given by your correspondent "C" in the Mail of Dec. 6th. There is, however, some discrepancy between Sullivan's account of the murder of Hammond and the destruction of his village, at Georgetown, by the Indians, and all other authorities. Sullivan locates Hammond's Fort on the Kennebec River. This certainly is an error. His fort or trading post, was on Stinson's point, on Arrowsic Island (then a part of Georgetown) and on the shore of Hockomock bay, some miles distant from the Kennebec River. All tourists pass the spot in going from Bath to Boothbay Harbor by water.

Sullivan, according to your correspondent, makes the time "Sunday, when the white people of the fort were at their devotions." The murder of Hammond and the sacking of his town, took place on the night of Saturday, August 13th, 1676. At that time, large numbers of Indians appeared in the vicinity of the fort, but professing great friendship for the whites. Some of their women asked and obtained permission to sleep on the floor, within the fort. A servant girl in the family of Hammond became suspicious of the designs of the Indians. Her warning was unheeded by the other inmates of the fort. She refused to sleep within, and secreted herself in a corn field. There, in close concealment, she soon was startled by the death yells of the savages and the groans and shrieks of their victims. The treacherous female savages within, had opened the doors of the fort to the warriors without, and Richard Hammond, Samuel Smith and Joshua Grant were murdered at once. The other inmates of the fort, thirteen in number, were made captives. The terrified girl crossed the waters of Hockomock bay in a canoe, and fled towards the Sheepscot settlements, the nearest of which was Davis plantation, (the present site of the town of Wiscasset) which she reached before morning. Her warning was timely and probably saved some of those infant settlements from the fate of Hammond's town. The entire twelve miles travelled by the girl on that terrible night was through thick woods and across creeks and marshes. It is much to be regretted that the name of this heroic girl is lost to history.

It may have been true, as Sullivan states, that the murder of Hammond and the destruction of his town was in retaliation for robbing the Indians while intoxicated, at "Teconnet Falls," but contemporaneous history makes no mention of it. Without doubt the Indians suffered much by the dishonesty and cupidity of the traders or "truck masters" as they were called in those days, and it is also true that many of their wrongs were more fancied than real.

West Waterville, Dec. 20th.

**THE NEW YORK EVENING POST**, a paper long established and well known as one of the most candid and reliable journals in the country, makes very liberal offers for the coming year by clubbing with the "American Agriculturist," a first class monthly paper, and the "Riverside Magazine," an elegant monthly juvenile publication. "While the Evening Post is primarily a newspaper," say the proprietors, "in which the current events of world-history, political, commercial, scientific, social and literary, are recorded or glanced at, it is also emphatically a political paper. It cannot separate itself from the life of our times, and particularly from the life of our country, and it must discuss questions of public interest with all the earnestness, all the intelligence, all the force that it can muster and their importance may seem to demand. What its principles in politics are, have been long known. They may be summed up in few words: National Unity; State Independence, and Individual Freedom and Equality of Rights. The perpetuity and supremacy of the Union, as the guaranty of our national strength and glory; the Independence of the States in all their local affairs, as the guaranty against an oppressive and dangerous centralization; the Freedom and Equality of the Individual, without regard to birth or accident, as the rightful end of all government, and the surest means of social development, personal happiness and national progress. These are our general principles, but in the application of them we shall insist upon the honorable payment of our public debts; the retrenchment of expenditures; the most rigid economy of administration; impartial taxation; and integrity and capacity, not partisan service, as the grounds of appointment to office. We hold that the supreme end of all government is to define, decree and execute justice among all its members. All partial laws are iniquitous; all special privileges a wrong; all interference with the natural development of industry, and an unrestricted exchange of the fruits of that industry, an usurpation of power and a pernicious impotence. We believe, too, that every member of society, who contributes to its support or its defence, should be progressively admitted to a participation in its political control. In other words, equal rights, impartial laws, freedom from unjust and unnecessary constraints, and universal suffrage, are our mottoes now, as they have been our mottoes in the past, and, as we trust, they will be our mottoes in the future."

The "Weekly Evening Post," with the "Riverside Magazine," will be sent one year for \$3; with the "American Agriculturist" for \$2.50, and with both for \$4. "The Semi-Weekly Evening Post," and either of the others will be sent for \$1. Address Wm. C. Bryant & Co. N. Y.

**A COMPLIMENTARY BREAKFAST** was given to Hon. Neal Dow, at the Quincy House, Boston, on Thursday morning.

## OUR TABLE.

**ITALIAN JOURNALS.** By W. D. Howells, author of "Venetian Life." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A volume of very pleasant sketches, in the same vein with the author's previous work, which we noticed some months ago. In this, as in that, Mr. Howells strips some of the romance from the idols of the past, but he does it kindly, and with no irreverent hand, and to make amends he imparts a new grace and coloring, and gives vivid pictures of much that is fresh and new in scenery and incident. The book is no tame and dry compilation of guide book history and statistics, but is full of the lively experiences and impressions of one who went through the country with his eyes and ears open, and saw and judged for himself.

It comes to us through A. Williams & Co., of Boston, and will be found with booksellers everywhere. Price \$2.00.

**GOLDEN FRUITS.** "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A handsome little volume, elegantly printed and bound, and filled with well chosen extracts, of a religious character, from the best prose and poetical writers, old and new, under the following heads: "The Inner Life, Trials by the Way, Work for Christ, The Unfailing Friend, The Heavenly Hour. It is a repository of 'broken gold,' and will be especially prized by all who look to Christ as the author of their salvation.

For sale at Henrickson's.

**CLAUDIA.** By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dune," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This author always has a good end in view and her writings are characterized by a sound morality. Her stories are very popular, and those who have read anything of hers will be pleased to hear of this new volume, which is quite as good as anything she has previously written.

For sale at Henrickson's.

**TWO NEW JUVENILE BOOKS** have just been issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, in good time for Christmas and New Years. One of them, "Beck and Find," by Oliver Optic, is a sequel to "Breaking Away," and gives the stirring adventures of a wonderfully smart, and very good boy, who, partly by good luck and partly by good wit, triumphs over his oppressors, and comes out a conquering hero. The boys have been crazy for it as it has appeared in successive numbers of "Our Boys and Girls," and now that it is to be had in a book by itself it cannot fail to be eagerly sought for.

Tommy Hickup, or A Pair of Black Eyes, is the title of the other, which is one of the very popular "Rosa Abbott" series, and like its predecessors is a good book for the young.

Both of these little volumes are handsomely got up and contain numerous illustrations.

For sale at Henrickson's.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.**—A new monthly comes to us from the City of Brotherly Love with this title. The cover is chaste and elegant, and its typography somewhat resembles that of the Atlantic Monthly. Outwardly and inwardly we like its appearance much, and it reads as good as it looks. "It proposes," says a contemporary, "to be a magazine of literature, science and education, and very properly devotes a portion of its first issue to each of these departments. It has the opening chapters of a new American novel, Dallas Galbraith; a Christmas Story; The Forget-me-not; and one or two short stories. There are two poems, A Welcome to Garibaldi and My Destiny. Science is represented by a paper on the Pre-historic man, based chiefly on the works of Mr. Alfred Maury. An article on Education in a Republic represents the third department of the magazine. There are also several papers on various other subjects. It contains 120 pages and the subscription price is \$4.00 a year. It is wholly anonymous, neither the editors nor authors of articles being announced."

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

**THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE** for January is full of good things for the little folks—stories, ballads, lessons in natural history, and other instructive and interesting reading, with several pages of puzzling patchwork, a page of music, etc. There are numerous nice illustrations, among them a full page one of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and another one of the same size, illustrating the opening chapters of a story by Jacob Abbott, entitled "Hunter and Tom;" two of "Winter Tales;" six of "Squirrels;" four very fine ones of "The Fairy's Rescue," and six funny ones of "Talk Among Toads;" one of "Strabough's Sights;" two of "Patch Work," etc.

In the February number Parte Crayon will commence a serial story, illustrated by himself, exhibiting the manners, characters, games, sports and adventures to be met with in Virginia four years ago; another Shakespeare Story will appear; Miss Phoebe Cary will tell in verse the haps and mishaps of "Grisselda Goose," and many other good things will be given.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

**Reputation is everything**—and so a great many persons still continue to buy Bond's crackers, without so much as trying to find out the fact that Conant's Skowhegan crackers are really the very best in the market. For several years past this brand of crackers have been improving from year to year, till those who are posted need not be assured that they are now equal to any of the fancy brands. Let those who have been accustomed to pay extra prices for Bond's crackers, try the experiment of calling for Conant's Skowhegan crackers, and see if they do not find out something worth knowing. We have tried it, and found it good economy as well as good taste. They are kept at Manley & Tozer's, and probably at most other stores. Call for Skowhegan crackers, best quality, and then taste them carefully.

**Mr. Hiram Cornforth**, of this town whose successful culture of pears we have before noticed, has favored us with a liberal basket of winter pears, of various kinds, which we have put in a safe place down cellar, to get mellow.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The number of cattle and sheep at the Brighton and Cambridge Cattle Markets, this week, says the Boston Advertiser, was large, and the quality unusually good. Prices rather easier for the buyer. D. Wells sold 25 oxen, 1519 lbs. live weight, at 12 1/2 cts. 36 sk.; and ten young cattle, 906 lbs. each, at 9 c. 40 sk. Sheep and lambs are quoted at 4 to 5 c.; in lots, \$1.12 to \$5.

The mysterious disappearance of Col. Ely S. Parker, of Grant's staff, just as arrangements were completed for his marriage, creates considerable excitement in Washington. [He has since returned, giving a curious account of having been drugged by Indians of his tribe.]

**ASTONISHINGLY LOW** is the way Henrickson assures us he is selling his elegant Christmas gifts, and this applies with equal truth to all articles in his store, of which he has a beautiful and almost endless variety. Having bought his goods very low he is willing that his customers should have the benefit of his good fortune. Money is not over plenty, and it is well to make the little we have go as far as possible. This can be done in no better way than by purchasing of those who, making quick turns, are content with small profits.

A bold attempt was made, on Friday last, to release Colonel Burke, a recently arrested Fenian, from the Clerkenwell prison in London, by exploding powder beneath one of the walls. The whole side of the wall was blown into the air, three neighboring buildings were demolished, and several persons were killed; but the prisoner was in an inner cell and could not escape. Since that an apparently organized attempt has been made to fire the warehouses, without much success, however, owing to the vigilance of the police. Much alarm is excited by these evidences of desperation, the police force has been largely increased, and the Times invokes summary vengeance upon all Fenians.

**LATER.**—Another attempt to blow up a prison wall and release certain confined Fenians was made in London on the 18th. It failed, but no clue has been obtained as to the perpetrators. Arms and ammunition, secreted by Fenians, have been discovered and seized at several places in England.

**NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.**—Rev. Samuel L. Caldwell, D. D., of Providence, R. I. a graduate of Waterville College of the class of 1839, has been chosen Professor of Church History in this institution, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Pepper.

**THE CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH** in Washington, which cost over one hundred thousand dollars, two-thirds of which was contributed by Hon. Amos Kendall, was burned on Sunday morning.

**SEIZURES.**—Several seizures of liquors were made in Augusta, on Tuesday, by State Constables. Among the places where found, the Mansion House is mentioned. A large number of searches were, made in nearly all of which the officers were successful in finding liquors.

**A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT**, for boy or girl—or for an adult, as well—is a year's subscription to Henrickson's Circulating Library. Many presents cease to gratify even before the twelve days of Christmas are told off on Time's busy fingers, but this will prove a fresh spring of delight until Santa Claus comes again. It is a pleasure, too, that can be shared by all members of the family. Try it.

**Clear the track!**—the racing of hacks, between the two depots in this place, has become so common an occurrence that the police are in great danger of being run over. The side walks are the only safe places for pedestrians. The law against fast driving is becoming the best joke of the season. It is all well enough till somebody is killed.

**VERY HANDSOME SPECIMENS OF PRINTING** come to us from the Times Steam Job Printing office, Bangor, Wm. Thompson proprietor. We shall hang up the calendar for 1868, as it will be both ornamental and useful.

Some petty thief went through the office of Mr. L. T. Boothby, the station agent on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, last Thursday night, but was considered enough to take only about two dollars in counterfeit scrip and some worthless steamboat tickets.

**THURSDAY SPECTATOR AND BOSTON WEEKLY ADVERTISER.**—The first number of this paper, issued at the office of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and largely made up from the columns of that excellent sheet, makes a very handsome appearance. It carefully posts up the news of the week, gives a full report of New England matters and Boston incidents, spreads before its readers an extensive and highly interesting correspondence, while topics of current interest are discussed in its able editorials, and literature and art receive due attention. The agricultural department is well filled, and the cattle markets and commercial record are very full and reliable. It is very handsomely printed on good paper, in quarto form, and is in every respect a model family paper.

Published by Dunbar, Waters & Co., Boston, at \$2 a year.

**A RISE IN CALICO** may be looked for, in consequence of the burning of the great American Print Works at Fall River, on Sunday morning, involving a loss of a million and a half of dollars.

**The leading topic** agitated in Portland is, how is the city to be supplied with water. There is no such discussion in Augusta.

Despatches have been received in London which go to show that the English captives in the hands of the Abyssinian King are alive and well. In the meantime measures are progressing for their rescue. A large force of Egyptians consisting of 4000 fighting men, have joined the English expedition at Massowah.

**Hon. George W. Wilcox**, mayor of Gardiner, and assessor of internal revenue for the third district, died on Tuesday evening. His disease was congestion of the liver. He held for several years the office of clerk of the House of Representatives, was a lawyer of good abilities, and a highly respected citizen.

A little daughter of Rev. E. W. Jackson of Gorham, aged eleven years, was accidentally shot while playing with a loaded pistol at her uncle Lewis McCallan's house, a few days since.

**POLYGAMY TO BE ABOLISHED.**—Senator Craig, of N. H., has introduced a bill abolishing Polygamy in Utah. It is the "twin relic of barbarism." Slavery being the other twin.

**THE CELEBRATED OCULIST AND AURIST**, Dr. C. B. LIGHTHILL, we learn, is to return to the Mansion House, Augusta, January 1st, 1868, on and after which date he can be consulted on all diseases of the eye, ear, throat and lungs. Those who have not yet availed themselves of his services, we advise to do so without delay.

**NO BETTER THING** can be found in the world than "Barrett's Hair Restorative." Ask Madames Ristori and Parepa, and all who use it.

We have been privileged to examine the AMERICAN ORGANS, manufactured in Boston, Mass., by S. D. & H. W. Smith. For Parlor or Church music, and as an accompaniment to singing, for an instrument of its size, we have never heard anything more rich or grand. We are not surprised to learn that the manufacturers find it difficult to supply the demand for their instruments. The church demand alone would be a match for the enterprise and skill of this large establishment. No congregation is excusable for having poor music, when it is so easy to improve it at so little cost, by the purchase of one of these organs. As an addition to the parlor, they rank hardly second to the piano. There is a rich fullness in its tone, a variety and power in expression that is an invaluable addition to home singing.—Evansville (Ind.) Journal.

**PROF. L. LYNCH**, of this village, is agent for the sale of these organs.

Moses Noble, Esq., formerly an assistant in the Augusta Postoffice, died suddenly in that city, Tuesday morning, of congestion of the lungs. His age was 70 years.

Despatches from Europe announce the settlement, by the abandonment of the project, of the question of a general conference of European powers in reference to Italian affairs. South American advices by the way of Lisbon state that the Paraguayans in a recent offensive movement were brilliantly successful, obtaining a decisive victory over the allied forces.

The vote in the House on the resolution of Mr. Benjamin, of Missouri, on Monday, was a very emphatic reply to the President's impudent suggestion that the reconstruction acts should be repealed. By a vote of 111 to 82 it was resolved that the "House will never consent to make one retrograde movement, and from the success of the reconstruction acts thus far, in the judgment of the House, there is no good reason for the repeal of said acts."

If the vote of the House on Butler's resolution, introduced in the House, on Monday, is any indication of the strength of the repudiators, they will not succeed in carrying their point. The resolution was rejected by a vote of 83 yeas to 55 nays. Among the latter the only New England members were the three B's, Butler, Banks and Barnum.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

It is stated that seven thousand people, black and white, are on the point of starvation in Louisiana.

The pay of operatives in the cotton factory at Augusta has been cut down ten per cent.

Great indignation was expressed by the prisoners in the Illinois State prison at Joliet because a negro preacher was allowed to address them. They are all demerits.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.

Keep yourself from opportunities and God will keep you from sins.

General Sheridan visited the Chicago high school the other day and made a speech to the pupils. As he was leaving, all the girls in the school made an attack on him and attempted to kiss him, and many of them succeeded, although as a matter of course he tried as hard as he could to prevent it.

"Captain, me jewel, said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement weather, 'have ye a slumkin on board?' 'No, I haven't.' 'Then, he jabsers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes.'"

The first train of cars on the E. & N. A. Railroad crossed the water at Oswego five days since, whereas the people were five miles elated.

The New York Evening Post, alluding to the criticism on the statues by Powers and Story, says, "By and by the Bostonians will be treating the Great Organ with disrespect."

An Alabama paper announced that it would keep silent in regard to a "certain little affair," if a "bottle of champagne" were sent to the office. The editor received seven bottles from seven different parties.

The N. Y. World, speaking of Western wells, says: "Eager as we have been the curiosity of the other towns to see and applaud the young man—wild as had been the excitement all along the young man, in Chicago, it grew to something like a fever, and the city and the country were in a state of excitement all that had preceded it."

A Thanksgiving article very appropriately concludes with this verse:—

"The eagle he is a very nice bird  
For the battle time of the tree;  
But when the war of peace is heard,  
Oh, turkey, the bird for me, my boys—  
The turkey's the bird for me."

The Indians on the border have buried the hatchet. It was in the brain of an Omaha peddler bound West.

Dr. Arnold once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: "Why do you speak so angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can. You are not in the habit of using any other story to your children, and say: 'I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten.'"

Ford Mott—Do you not think, my dear, that our Adolphus has a great talent for saying things which nobody else ever says?—Did he tell Father—Yes, and all for saying things, which nobody ever ought to say.

A man who was a great stickler for etiquette, having married a widow before her period of mourning had expired, soon after made his appearance with a weed on his hat. On being spoken to on such singular conduct, he remarked that he considered it no more than the handsomest thing towards his lamented predecessor.

Lily and Nina prepared a doll's dinner; arranged it to the sideboard and went to take a walk in the garden. Their little brother hastens to get upon the sideboard and at the banquet feast. "Mamma, surprise him. 'Why, Leon, what are you doing?' 'I am playing puppe, mamma.'"

Mr. Ralph Keeler, a young Californian, who is reported to have travelled all over Europe upon the modest sum of one hundred and eighty-one dollars in greenbacks, now appears in the lecture hall at Gardiner, Me. His subject is announced to be "Views of Barnstable." This is a step ahead of Bayard Taylor.

Mr. Abraham Merrill, a man about thirty-five years of age and an esteemed citizen of North Berwick, died on Sunday of lock-jaw in consequence of having his leg broken badly by a loaded team passing over it, about four weeks since.

A lady having accidentally broken a smelling bottle her husband, who was very patient, said to her: "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked."

One of the Kansas papers complains that in the State Agricultural College there is not a professor who has the least practical acquaintance with farming, and it doubts if one of them "knows beans when the bag is open."

One Bull has come again to this country, is going West, and after a professional tour there, will return East and give a few concerts. He is said to have improved during his absence from America.

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







