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Maxham & Wing

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A LITTLE WHILE.

"What is this that he calls a little while?"  
Oh! for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;  
Oh! for a faith to grasp Heaven's bright light for ever,  
And the shadows of Earth's little while."  
"A little while" for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the storm, to wait with the strong;  
"A little while" to sing the song of weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song."  
"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,  
To toll with weary step through erring ways;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise."  
"A little while" to aid shadow and illusion,  
To strive by faith Love's mysteries to spell;  
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,  
Then hush the voices, "He doth all things well."  
"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking  
To mingle bread from out of golden bowls;  
Then the parched lip its thirst for nectar slaking  
Beside the fullness of the Fountain Head."  
"A little while" to keep the oil from falling,  
"A little while" Faith's flickering light to trim,  
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps halting,  
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn."  
And he who is at once both Gift and Giver,  
The future Glory and the present Smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Will hush the glories of the "little while."

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

PART II.  
After the glory of a summer's day comes the calm twilight of coolness and rest, when the insects twitter and a stray night-bird gives a little song and there is much quiet and tranquillity, half-remembering one of the glory passed away, half of the dawn which is to brighten after the shadows have deepened, darkened, and then fled. To-day it seems to me that my life has reached such a point. A brief day of perfect happiness; now a twilight, gray but peaceful; a quiet and restful evening, whose hours, if they seem long, will only make me the more glad to lie down and rest when the night comes; the more triumphant when the Sun shall call me up again to the everlasting morn. Until to-day I have been perplexed with plans and fears and unspoken thoughts; but last night I gave them all up, and consented to rest in peace and contentment under the kind care of my brother-in-law.  
I have been musing sadly over the past and looking forward with dread to the future. Mother had been called away by the sudden sickness of her only sister. Tom had gone with her. I could see with what kind regret at leaving me alone. The hours were slowly away. Harry was brought for his good-night kiss, and said his little prayer at my knee. The maid replenished the fire and lighted the gas, and looked wistfully at me as she laid the evening paper on the table, and moved one or two easy-chairs nearer the light. I understood her unspoken sympathy, but I could not rest or care to move, and sat still with my eyes fixed on the glowing coals, thinking, thinking. I hardly knew how long it was when I was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door, and my brother-in-law came in.  
"Tom! how does it happen?"  
"I met Uncle James," he answered, "and gave mother into his charge; I could be of no possible use to poor aunt, and I did not like your being left. You look lonely enough, Helen; what have you been doing all the afternoon and evening?"  
"Nothing but thinking, Tom."  
He sighed, but did not ask me what I had been thinking of.  
"What had I been thinking of in those long hours? Memory had gone back first to the days of my childhood, when Dutha and I were the little ones, studying and playing together. Then I thought of the time when Gertrude was a young lady, with beaux and ball-dresses; and we little Cinderellas had the honor of assisting, evening after evening, at her toilet, fastening her bracelets, and arranging her wreaths; and then, after wrapping her white cloak around her and kissing her glowing cheek, we would steal back to our own fireside, and sit hand in hand dreaming the dreams of dawning maidenhood, and occasionally confiding to each other how nice it would be to be grown up and beautiful, and very much admired by all, and very much loved by one.  
I was sixteen when the Leslies moved into our neighborhood—a widow and her two sons. We were intimate at once; for Mrs. Leslie and mamma had been girls together, and her husband had been my father's early friend, and his groomsmen on his marriage; although time and distance had long separated our families.  
Mrs. Leslie won my heart at first sight. Such calm dignity, such winning kindness; so mild, sincere, and loving. She seemed to me more nearly perfect than any body I ever saw—a model lady. Her eldest son seemed old in deed to my youthful eyes—tall, well-made, and distinguished-looking rather than handsome; grave and satirical. I never felt at ease with him, but shrank from his company with a feeling, like poor David Copperfield, of being so very, so unparadoxically young.  
Tom Leslie had been in business for several years, and had grown rich; had been very ill, given up his pursuits, spent a year in Europe, and six months among the Rocky Mountains; and, finally, had induced his mother to leave her city home and move to Oldport, where they bought a pretty country house on the outskirts of the town, and in our immediate neighborhood. Tom Leslie seemed to devote himself to elegant leisure; rode a spirited horse; rowed in a wherry; had a garden, a conservatory, a greenhouse; built a model library as a wing to the house—a sanctuary whose threshold few ordinary mortals were ever invited to pass. He seemed fond of society too, but was chary of his devotion to any of the individuals who composed it. He was evidently an "eligible," but soon the idea gained ground that he was by no means a "marrying man"; and thereafter many a maiden's dawning admiration and aspiration faded quietly away and was forgotten.  
Gertrude liked him greatly, and mamma treated him almost as if he were a son of her own. Even little Dutha found something to admire in him; but he repelled me constantly. I watched him critically during his frequent evening visits at our house. His manners to mamma, I was forced to admit, were perfect—frank, respectful, almost tender; taking her on trust as a friend by inheritance. With Gertrude he was brilliant and amusing, evidently admiring her beauty, and appreciating her sparkling quickness and raciness of conversation. But when he turned, as in duty bound, to Dutha and me, and loquaciously inquired after our studies, and with a gentle sneer, asked if we had met with any accidents lately in driving our fiery steed, I don't know what Dutha felt, but I felt that I hated him! We were little cowards, I know, and much preferred the pony-chaise to the saddle; and shuddered when we saw Gertrude on her high-spirited mare, enjoying its prancing and rearing, while we rumbled along behind with our dear, tame old pony at the rate of six miles an hour! Never mind that was our taste, and we had as good a right to the quiet enjoyment of it as Mr. Leslie had to his own more spirited equestrian pleasures.  
I finally fled to the library at the sound of

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his ring; but when even papa deserted me, being attracted to the parlor by the voice of his old friend's son, and turning down the gas, requested me to follow; then Dutha and I retired to the further end of the room, with our work and our drawing, and remained unnoticed spectators, free to indulge in a half-whispered conversation, highly spiced on my part by not very amiable criticisms of the people present, and generally uninterrupted, unless some very small fish, caught in Gertrude's net, should wander in, and being felt to be quite unsuitable to her powers, would be indignantly handed over to us for entertainment.  
Then came the magic time, when I too was a "young lady," emerging from the chrysalis state, and taking my first, bitterly fought, I offered to wait for Dutha, who was a year and a half behind me in age and social privileges; but she declined my kindness, and I am bound to admit that I did not merit it. I went to mamma's and Gertrude's arguments. The latter, to be sure, after four years of gayety, had learned to despise the social delights of Oldport, and was rather inclined to carry me off for a more brilliant debut in Baltimore, where lived our favorite aunt, childless and hospitable. But I steadily refused to leave home; and it was finally agreed that a large "coming out" party should be given, and I should be duly "introduced" to the society of Oldport—every man and woman of which I had known since I was a child.  
How well do I remember the pleasure and excitement I felt as I stood on that momentous evening in the parlor, waiting for the arrival of our guests, and happy in the conscious becoming of my first evening dress! Mamma was imposing in her black velvet and beautiful lace; Dutha, quiet and demure in her white muslin and natural flowers, as befits sweet sixteen. Gertrude sailed in, brilliant and rose-colored, her arms and neck dazzling, her beautiful figure erect and spirited, her eyes dancing, her face all radiant with sweetness and mirth.  
"Let me see you, Helen," she cried, beginning the usual number of sisterly pats, jerks, and twitches. "I meant to have dressed you myself, but as usual was too late. Your hair looks really very nice, my dear; but what did you wear poodles for? It looks like half-mourning. What a funny idea!"  
"Now I think Helen looks very well," said mamma.  
"Certainly!" chimed in loyal little Dutha. "You've no idea of her style, Gertrude, or you wouldn't have brought those flaring red carnations!" We tried them on, and they were hideous!  
"Well," said Gertrude, the purple flowers are becoming, though rather old-ladyish. The *tout ensemble* is just as my own pink crepe suits—what shall I call myself, papa?" and she laughed up at papa, who had just entered, and who surveyed her with a glance of pride and love.  
"I want help you to a title," he replied; "you're quite conceited enough already, and quite too obvious in your compliment to Helen—Sister, you look sweet; how do I look?"—Sister, you look sweet; how do I look?—That sort of thing, eh? Helen, my dear, I hope you'll find partners. I'll ask Mr. Patton to keep you under his wing!"  
Papa enjoyed these mild little jokes.  
"Mr. Patton indeed!" cried Gertrude. "I wish you had to dance with him once yourself, papa; you'd know what we have to suffer! No, Helen, don't be sacrificed! I forbid her to be charitable to bores. None but eligible young men shall bow at her shrine to-night. I have been through it all, and mean to be her guardian angel, and warn off Dutha's flock of alpacas sheep!"  
"Dutha's what?"  
"Well, papa, they are all very sheepish, and they all wear alpaca coats, with very shiny shoulder-blades; most excellent and pious young men, who have Sunday classes in the ragged-school, and walk home with Dutha afterward."  
"Gertrude! how can you? Only Mr. Smith, papa, very kindly lent me his umbrella last week, and held it over me because my hands were full of books."  
"Yes, and it will be 'only Mr. Jones' next Sunday, and 'only Mr. Tompkins' the next! Horrid set! It is all very well for you, Dutha, who are but a babe; but I won't have Helen come into society hampered with such a tag-rag-and-bobtail."  
"What an expression, Gertrude!" said mamma, reprovingly.  
"You are limiting my privileges very much, Gertrude," I remarked. "You say I shall talk to none but 'eligibles,' and only yesterday I heard you say that Tom Leslie was the only 'eligible' in Oldport; and I'm sure I won't talk to him—I detest him!"  
"Yes, and moreover I suspect he is not a marrying man, the more's the pity!" laughed Gertrude. "If he were, I'm not sure I would give him up to any body. I only wish there were more men of that class here."  
"Why, Gertrude, you are positively mercenary!"  
"Well, I am, papa. I do like pretty things, and pleasant people, and grown men, and country places—and the Episcopal Church! and I mean some day to marry somebody who will indulge my likings; and how am I to find him in this beautiful place, where the only men I meet are schismatic fledglings, every other one preparing himself for the Gaboon mission or Boroboo Gha? Do I look like a female missionary? No, I thank you!"  
And she swept a splendid courtesy before papa, looking up at him with laughing eyes full of saucy defiance. Then turning round sharp upon us she added:  
"And you two, sitting shocked and disapproving there—don't think you have absorbed all the romance in the world in your little bread-and-butter harts! For I shall marry for love, and-better harts! For I shall marry for love, and for nothing else—only it isn't in me to fall in love with a forlornity. My imagination needs these little accessories to fan it into the necessary fervor."  
Dutha said: "I've no doubt Gertrude will marry a Congregational minister—a widower with five small children—and live in Fairbrook on a salary of 500 dollars a year and a donation party."  
But I said: "No, Gertrude knows herself, and she has spoken the truth, though it doesn't sound very pretty."  
And then mamma called us to order, for steps were heard upon the stairs, and a moment later Mrs. Leslie entered with a more beaming look

from my friendly Stroke Oar. There was a persistent, impassable barrier placed between us; and even on the very last evening before my journey we were not left in peace. I felt it to be a little cruel. We were so happy on the piazza—Dutha had been there, but had gone in to take the second in a duet with Gertrude—and there, under the soft, flickering moon-shadows, I saw Will Leslie's glowing eyes fixed upon me, and heard his voice full of suppressed feeling saying:  
"Two years! how can I go? I wish I knew whether it is any thing to you that you will come back and find me gone."  
"Oh! we shall miss you excessively," I replied; "you have been so kind, and I don't know how Dutha and I will get along in our gutters without you!" and I laughed, for I felt uneasy at his earnest tone.  
"Never mind Dutha and the gutters," he said, impatiently; "but tell me—I must, ask you—Helen, you must see that one word from you will keep me!"  
"Keep you from Europe, Mr. Leslie! Oh, no! You will never have so good a time to go. You have a splendid, enviable two years before you. Nothing ought to keep you back."  
"Oh, Helen, tell me to stay! or at least give me a word of hope to take with me!"  
I looked at the window. The group around the piano had not yet separated, but I met Tom's restless glance devouring our shadowy figures, full of the same defiant watchfulness which had so long irritated me.  
"Your brother is your best adviser, Mr. Leslie; what would he say?"  
"I started slightly, and looked, I thought, a little guilty and confused.  
"I can't help that," was his tell-tale answer. "Tom is the best and dearest old fellow in the world; but there are some things a man must judge for himself alone."  
"Yes, a man," I answered, gounded on by the magnetism of that set, watchful face; "but you are hardly yet of an age to throw off all restraint and advice."  
"I am a good deal older than you, however," he said, looking vexed and thrown back. "You are grown strangely wise and prudent to-night, Miss Helen! I ought to be more grateful, perhaps, for your sage advice, bestowed upon my extreme youth and inexperience." Then, after a moment's pause, with a sudden change of tone he cried, "How can I waste these last moments so! Helen—if I must go—at least let me tell you—"  
"Miss Helen, I am afraid this air is too damp for you," said Mr. Leslie's calm voice in the doorway; and forthwith we were, after a little fruitless resistance, led in like naughty children, and planted in different ends of the room; nor did we exchange another word until the general farrowls, when, among all the good wishes and parting words, my faltering little "good-by" could scarcely be heard, and I felt rather than saw Will Leslie's longing eyes slowly withdrawn from my face.  
The next morning Gertrude and I were seated by mamma's side on the deck of the steamboat, gliding swiftly on our way. We had started after an early breakfast; but early as it was, the two brothers were waiting on the pier, and my heart was for a moment gladdened by the sight of the unexpected face. But, as usual, fate and older brothers and sisters had it all their own way.  
"My dear Will, how kind in you!" Gertrude cried in her cordial voice. "I shall immediately bestow upon you my heavy bag and shawl"—and, with her free, elderly, patronizing air, she took his other arm, leaving me to the tender mercies of Tom!  
"Good-by" was all we said again.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Blaine, in opposing the Pendleton plan of flooding the country with greenbacks with which to force the payment of United States Bonds, hit the nail on the head when he remarked that "the worst evil of the whole is the delusion which calls this a payment at all." It is no payment in any proper sense, for it neither gives the creditor what he is entitled to, nor does it relieve the debtor from subsequent responsibility. You may get rid of the fifty-twenty by issuing the greenback, but how will you get rid of the greenback except by paying gold? The only escape from ultimate payment in gold is to declare that, as a nation, we permanently and finally renounce all idea of ever attaining a specie standard; that we launch ourselves upon an ocean of paper money, without shore or sounding, with no rudder to guide and no compass to steer by. And this is precisely what is involved if we adopt the mischievous suggestion of a new way to pay old debts.  
EARTHQUAKES DEVIATED.—As all places of any importance have earthquakes of their own this season, the following definition by an eminent authority may not be without interest. The efficient cause of earthquakes, he says, is "a wave of elastic compression, produced either by the sudden flexure and constraint of the elastic materials forming a portion of the earth's crust, or by the sudden relief of this constraint by withdrawal of the force, or by their giving away and becoming fractured." A clear, scientific explanation of this kind is calculated to rob the convulsions of nature of half their terror, it being pretty certain that any one whose mental equilibrium is undisturbed by this explanation can survive even the 600 shocks of Porto Rico.—[Port. Press.]  
A Western paper tells a good story: "Theodore Tilton had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going upstairs very travel-stained to change his toilet preparatory to lecturing, when he encountered on the second floor an over-dressed and vulgar woman. 'Are you the porter?' questioned the woman, laying her hand upon Theodore's arm. 'No, madam,' was the quiet response; 'are you the chambermaid?'"  
MURDER OF A CONGRESSMAN.—Hon. C. S. Hamilton, Republican Member of Congress from the 8th Ohio District, was murdered by his son in a fit of insanity, Sunday morning, being struck on the head with an axe at Marysville, Ohio. Frozened by the sight of blood, the son returned to the house and succeeded in inflicting several severe wounds upon a younger brother before he could be rescued. The murderer is now a hopeless raving maniac. Mr. Hamilton had just returned from Washington.

OUR TABLE.  
THE DIAMOND DICKENS.—The Boston Commonwealth makes the following notice of the tenth volume of this beautiful edition of the works of Charles Dickens:  
"Barnaby Rudge and Hard Times.—The tenth of the 'Diamond' series of Dickens, by Ticknor & Fields, comprises 'Barnaby Rudge' and 'Hard Times' within the same covers, the former having ten of Eytling's illustrations, and the latter six, all of which are most happy, making the usual complement of drawings to a volume of this edition. We can add nothing to what has already been said in praise of this work, but urge it upon all persons of moderate means, equally with those of tasteful preferences, as happily combining their wishes.  
The cost of each volume of the beautiful Illustrated Diamond Dickens is only \$1.50; plain edition, \$1.25. It can be procured of any bookseller, or will be sent by the Publishers, Ticknor & Fields, Boston."  
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is pronounced the best number ever issued, by those who have read a list of the articles and authors furnished good proof of the correctness of the opinion. Whittier opens the number with a poem covering six pages, entitled "The Wife;" Parton does "Pittsburg;" Bryant contributes his version from Homer of the Contest of Diomed and Mars. Our Second Gilt is a story by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; Higginson writes about Oldport; Wharves; Bayard Taylor describes the Balearic Islands; Mr. Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address is printed under the title of Aspects of Culture; Lowell has a poem, In the Twilight; the story of Mrs. Johnson is by W. D. Howells; Hawthorne's private letters are made to describe his life in the Boston Custom House; Eugene Benson contributes an article on The Old Masters in the Louvre, and Modern Art; and Charles Dickens brings up the rear with the first part of George Silverman's Explanations. Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, and Hawthorne, flanked by Whittier and Dickens! What more would one have?  
Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.  
THE GALAXY.—The January number of this lively and genial monthly comes to us with a new and elegant cover and the following table of contents:  
The Story of a Masterpiece—Part I, by Henry James; (with an illustration by Gaston Fay); With My Book, by T. W. Parsons; American and Foreign Theatre, by Olive Logan; A Wedding Song, by Edgar Poe; My Spiritualistic Experiences, by Richard Frothingham; The Political Outlook; The Same Christmas in Old England and New, by Edward Everett Hale; Elizabeth's Christmas, by Harriet Prentiss Spofford; Burgoynes in a New Light, by William L. Stowe; Steven Lawrence, Yeoman, by Mrs. Edwards; Aphoristic Genialism, by Junius Henri Browne; Nebulae, by the Editor.  
It is a good number, and shows that the publishers enter upon the new year with a determination to improve upon the past.  
Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, New York, at \$3.50 a year.  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the January number are—Chattanooga, and How we Held it; The Gates of the Paris Exhibition; and Memoirs of Babylon. A story by Mrs. Child entitled "The Woman's Kingdom" is begun in this number, and is also accompanied with wood cuts. There is the usual supply of good stories and other interesting articles, with well written editorials and a liberal supply of fun in the Easy Chair. "Good wine needs no bush," and the reputation of this excellent magazine is so well established that words of commendation, though justly deserved, seem to be wasted.  
Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.  
GOOD STORIES.—Part 2 has just been issued, with the following attractive contents: The Metempsychosis, by Robert Macnish;—illustrated by S. Eytling; Jr. (the artist who illustrated the "Diamond Dickens"); The Unvisited; The Bellows-Mender of Lyons, illustrated by George G. White; The Smallchange Family, illustrated by W. H. Davenport; The Scotsman's Tale, by Harriet Lee; The Blacksmith of Holsby, illustrated by W. L. Sheppard; A Penitent Confession.  
These stories are not original, but are generally unfamiliar to the present generation of readers. They are fresh, readable, genuinely good stories; printed in clear, legible type, suitable for reading in cars or on steamboats. The price is only fifty cents a number. All booksellers and newsdealers have them, or they may be procured postpaid directly from the Publishers, Ticknor & Fields, Boston.  
THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE is out for January with a new dress and various improvements. Horatio Alger, Jr., commences his promised story of "Fame and Fortune, or the Progress of Richard Hunter," being the sequel of "Ragged Dick," which was such a favorite during the past year. There is also "The Candy Serape," a chapter of disaster for delinquents; the story of "John Maynard," of the heroic pilot of Lake Erie; a poem; another chapter of "Chemistry," with a Declaration of a Dialogue; a piece of Music, etc., etc. The young folks will find this a good magazine.  
Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.  
EVERY SATURDAY.—The current number contains the second part of Miss Thackeray's Jack the Giant Killer, and a completed story, Ten Years a Nun. A poem by Mr. Swinburne; A Round of Opera; Torados; Myope; The Fleur-de-Lys; and the Foreign Notes complete a very attractive number.  
Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.  
THE LADIES' GARDEN COMPANION; a Treatise on the cultivation of Hardy Bulbs, Tuberoses, Rooted Flowers and House-Plants, by William Webster, Landscape Gardener, etc., is the title of a little pamphlet published by John Turner, Rochester, N. Y., a copy of which comes to us from A. Williams & Co., of Boston. The price of the book, which contains numerous illustrations, is 30 cts.  
THE PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January—new volume—is rich in good reading, and profusely illustrated with portraits, sketches of Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, Frederick W. Robertson, Fitz Green Hallack, with Kings, Queens, and Emperors of Europe; Uses of Culture in the Ministry; Napoleon on Solitudes; The Idiot Trained; A Day on James Island; Florida Indians; Oliver Cromwell; A Stuck-Up Nose; Our Country; The Lion, the Lamb, and the Cub—Character and Habits; A Quaker Wedding; Pedestrianism; An Offer of Marriage; the Prince Imperial; with Physiology, Phytology, Ethnology, Psychology, and Social Science. Published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year, or 30 cts. a number.  
KENTUCKY, UNRECONSTRUCTED, by a vote of twenty-five to six in the Senate, asks compensation for emancipated slaves. Alabama, in process of reconstruction, by a vote of the large majority of the constitutional Convention, sets aside one-fifth of the revenues of the State for educational purposes. Maryland, unreconstructed, abolishes her common school system altogether. If black and white predominance give respectively such results as these, there can't be too much of the former.  
A young man whose sister's name was published among the "old maids" in the Troy Sunday Herald, gave the publisher a severe thrashing. SEVENED HIM RIGHT.

A poor old stage-horse, lank and thin,  
Not much else than bones and skin,  
Jog along, weak out, weak in,  
Kicked and cursed, and mumbled, and  
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head—  
And the thing I can't at all make out  
Is, what on earth it's all about.  
Why was I made to toll and tag  
For this old, little human bag,  
Two-legged, dunny, and a jug in,  
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—  
Or why was he made, for that matter?  
And if I needs must be created,  
Why is it that I was not fated  
To prance and curvet, sleek and fat,  
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,  
With groom and blanket and all that?  
Here I go, day after day,  
Pounding and slipping down Broadway,  
Pugging these curious biped things,  
With forelegs gone, and yet no wings—  
Where they all go to I don't know,  
Nor why in the world they hurry so,  
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!  
It wasn't my fault, you see at all,  
That my joints grew big, and my muscles small,  
And so I missed of a jug in,  
I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow.  
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know,  
And his ribs can ache with the kick or blow,  
As well as the gleamiest nag that goes,  
O Lord, how long will they use me so?  
And when may the equine spirit rise  
Switching their bright tails to and fro,  
Careless of either wheel or shaft,  
Where oats are always *apropos*,  
And flies don't grow—  
Oh, no!  
Oh!

It is fitting to say something of the dispair and wretchedness which so many married men and women notoriously experience in their relations with each other. It may be useful to state the principal causes of this unhappiness, and to give some definite directions in the way of remedy. Absence of love, absence of reason, absence of justice, absence of taste—in other words, harshness and neglect, silliness and frivolity, vice and crime, vulgarity and slovenliness—are the leading and inevitable creators of alienation, dislike and misery in marriage. Whatever tends to increase these tends to multiply separations and divorces between those who cannot endure each other; and to multiply irritations, quarrels, sorrow and agonies between those who may endure, but cannot enjoy each other. In marriage the intimacy is so great and constant that the slightest friction easily becomes galling. No where beside is there such need of magnanimous forbearance in one, or else of equality of worth and refinement in both. "Love does not secure happiness in marriage—often the contrary: reason is necessary." So said the wise Jean Paul. He also said, "The best man joined with the worst woman has a greater hell than the best woman joined with the worst man." This is no doubt true as a general rule, because woman is so much more capable than man of self-abnegation, silent patience, meek submission, and flexible adjustment to inevitable circumstances. Probably the women who keenly and chronically suffer from unhappy marriages are far more numerous than the kindred sufferers of the other sex. This is because they are more deeply susceptible to cruelty and indifference and to all the repulsive traits of character; are less capable of ignoring such things; have less of absorbing occupation of their own to take up their attention, and are less able to be absorbed in things beyond the personal and domestic sphere. There are unquestionably thousands of married women whose experience is made a living martyrdom by the infidelity, the tyranny, the coarseness, the general odiousness and wearisomeness of their husbands. In most cases, even where a divorce is wished, the shocking public scandal and disgrace are too much; and they wear on to the end. What misery delicate and conscientious women, of dedicated souls and polished manners, who love everything that is pure and beautiful, are compelled to undergo in their bondage to husbands, ignorant, uninteresting, ignoble, relentlessly domineering, is not to be expressed. Their best weapons in such cases, if they knew it, are gentleness, patience, persuasion, and the skillful use of every means to improve and uplift their unequal companions to their own level. The Persian poet expressed a rich truth when he wrote, "Gentleness is the salt on the table of morals." It is a tragedy that the good wife of a bad husband is so identified with the good that the penalties of his offenses fall on her head, often more terribly than on his. A pure woman loving a wicked man must expect to have her affections ravaged by his sins; does not the lightning drawn by the rod blast the innocent ivy entwining it? What lacerating woes the gambler, the drunkard, the forger, the adulterer, inflicts on his wife!

And yet, profound as is the misfortune, sharp as is the suffering of such, it may be doubted whether a noble, sensitive, cultured man, with a yearning heart of softness and peace, a capacious mind full of grand aspirations, married, by some fatal chance, to a woman with a petty soul, a teasing and tyrannical temper, a monotonous and rasping tongue, whose taste is for small gossip and scandal, whose ambition is for fashionable show and noise, whose life is one incessant fret and sting—it may be doubted if the man's lot is not severer with his ill-matched consort than hers would be with the worst husband in the world. He had better marry a vinegar-cruet than such a Tartar. When weary and seeking to rest, to be roused by a scolding; when searching for truth, or contemplating beauty, or communing with God, or aspiring to perfection, or scheming some vast good for mankind, to be aggravated by abuse, insulted by false charges, dragged down to petty interests which he despises, and mixed up with wrongs and passions which he loathes—these degrading injuries, these wasteful vexations, are what he must endure. No wonder if he vehemently resents a treatment so incongruous with his worth. No wonder if, vexed, hurt, goaded half to madness, he gets enraged, and unseemly contentions ensue, followed by painful depression and remorseful grief. No wonder if he finds it hard indeed to forget or to forgive the infliction of an evil so incomparably profound and frightful. There is, to a high-souled man, no wrong more hurtful or more difficult to pardon than to have mean motives falsely ascribed to him, to be placed by misinterpretation on a lower plane than that where he belongs. Every such experience stabs the moral source of life, and draws blood from the soul itself.

Husband and wife powerfully tend to a common level and likeness. The higher must redeem and lift the unequal mate, or live in strife and misery. If the lower takes pattern after the superior one, the petty, frivolous, false and fretful becoming magnanimous, dedicated, truthful, and serene, it is a triumph of grace, and the result will be full of blessedness. But otherwise a wearing unhappiness is inevitable, however carefully it is hidden, however bravely it be borne.—[Alger's "Friendships of Women."

M. Prusack, a Russian physician and naturalist, has apparently proved by injection of salt into the blood vessels of animals that the popular notion that scurvy is caused by an undue proportion of salt in the blood, is entirely correct.



# Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 27, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. H. FLETCHER & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; R. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 55 Cedar Street, New York; and W. 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.

Advertisements abroad 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 "MAILMAN & WINE," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

## TICONIC WATER POWER CO.

"Is your Water Power Company still alive, and is it doing anything? or will it fizzle out like its predecessors?" That is the substance of an inquiry made every day, not only by outsiders, but by some of our own citizens, who, seeing no great works going up, and remembering the numerous failures in this line, are not without a fair excuse for their despondent skepticism. True, the directors of the new company have been quiet, but it does not follow that they have been idle; and from the start we have been all the more hopeful of the success of the present movement, because it has been characterized by a quiet persistence, with an utter absence of noisy brag and bluster. Let us look over the field and see what has been done.

A company has been formed with a subscribed stock amounting to eighty one thousand dollars. Three assessments have been made, two of which have been paid, and the other is in process of collection, while several members have cancelled their whole subscription. The directors have secured possession of all the available water power from Ticonic Bay to Kendall's Mills. This, by the estimates of competent and careful engineers, recently completed, affords opportunity for the erection of two dams, with a head and fall of 20 feet each, being an aggregate of 8880 horse power, and sufficient for working 592,000 spindles. These estimates may be well to state, are based on the supposition that we have two-thirds the volume of water here that they have at Augusta; and no one familiar with the matter will say that judgment is too favorable to us. The river bed and banks, at both of these proposed dam sites is solid rock, and the banks of the river covering the sites for abutments, bulkheads, locks, &c. are all of the same substantial material, while the lay of the land on both sides is very favorable for the economical construction of all the necessary works, and all the materials are at hand and accessible at low rates.

They have also secured sufficient territory for the fullest development of this great water power. This has been substantially said before; but very few are aware of the magnitude of this part of the enterprise, or of the great expenditure of patient labor required for its accomplishment, owing to the number of owners and their jealousies and conflicting interests. Many will be surprised to learn that this territory embraces no less than four hundred acres of land, with a river front on the west side of about three fourths of a mile, and on the east side of about one and three-fourths miles; and for their further enlightenment we will give some of the lines and boundaries, so that they may have a better idea of the "lay of the land."

Beginning at the south line of Mr. J. L. Towne, on the Waterville side of the river; the Company own all the land between Front and Water streets and the river, to the wharf in front of Mr. Samuel Redington's house, on the Bay—with the following exceptions, viz.: James Stackpole's brick house and lot, and Miss L. Ingalls's house adjoining; several French houses and lots at the Head of the Falls; Mrs. Scooter's house and lot, the Abijah Smith homestead, the two buildings next above the gristmill; a narrow strip just below the toll bridge, belonging to James Stackpole, and what is owned by the Ken and Port E. R. Co., who are ready to make such amicable arrangements, by interchange of property, &c., as will best accommodate the two companies. On the upper side of Front and Water Sts., the Water Power Co. own the lot on the corner of Temple and Front Sts., opposite Dr. Pulsifer's, the three lots on Front street below the Williams House stable, and including the bake-house, and all the territory from the north line of the James Drummond lot sweeping around to the east line of the Samuel Redington lot, nearly opposite their river line. On this land is a gristmill, a cash and blind manufactory, a sawmill, and several dwelling houses (the Company own about thirty in all) and other buildings, all occupied and all drawing rent. On the east side they own the river front from the head of the flat, or island, as it is sometimes called, opposite the College property, to the end of Fort Point, with the exception of a four rod strip, and this territory varies in width from about twenty

rods to one mile, and includes the Tufton Simpson farm of 185 acres, with good buildings and a large amount of wood and timber, a lot of 50 acres from the Gatchell farm and containing five hundred dollars' worth of timber, with several dwelling houses between the two bridges, and embracing the whole of Fort Point below the road. Let the stockholders traverse this territory, as we have done, and we think they can hardly fail to be convinced that their investment will prove a profitable one. They have the full value of their money in the property secured; for although a small portion may have cost rather high, yet on the whole it has been advantageously bought, and without doubt could now be sold, in the lump or in separate parcels, at an advance on the cost. We doubt if an outsider could have brought this property all under one control by the expenditure of twice the money; and the best of it is that, owing to the admirable management, the good will of all parties has been retained. A large share of their property, even in its present condition, is productive—paying probably four per cent, on the whole investment.

The Company have now secured all the necessary territory; and though the possession of a few more lots might be desirable, yet the lack of them will not delay the prosecution of their work or interfere with the full development of their enterprise. Engineers are now engaged in preparing plans and estimates for one or more dams, which when completed will be examined by the directors, who will then be prepared to submit to the stockholders some project for raising the necessary funds and prosecuting the work to its completion.

It is but just to state that from the inception of this present movement for the development of our water power, both of the railroad companies have shown the best disposition towards the enterprise—wisely, for with its success they foresee a large increase of their business. The Portland and Kennebec Co., at the request of the directors of the Water Power Co., suspended work on their new depot, assuring them at the same time that it should be located and the track raised and placed just where the plans of the new company, when developed, made it apparent would be best for all concerned.

Perhaps we cannot better close this notice of the progress of our enterprise than by copying the concluding paragraph of the report of Mr. DeWitt, engineer to the Spragues, to Walter Wells, secretary of the Maine Hydrographic Survey. He says: "It is believed by practical men that the Waterville Water Power, on the Kennebec river, from the amount of constant power furnished, the facilities for increasing this power in the future by a system of reservoirs above, the economy of construction, the convenience of location as regards freight and passenger facilities, the advantage of a fine farming country around it, and of obtaining plenty of the best kind of mill help, is justly entitled to be ranked as one of the best undeveloped water powers in New England."

The world is growing generous—if Christmas may be admitted a witness. It is growing cheerful and merry too, and becoming humanized. Never before, in Waterville, was such profusion of gifts—and "the Lord loves a cheerful giver." New Year will hardly find room to be remembered. At four of our churches [the burdened boughs of Christmas Trees were distributed to joyous audiences. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, there is no estimating the good done to the world by St. Nicholas. The sublime mission of St. Paul was a sober fact, but the merry advent of St. Nicholas is a joy forever. The one may hold the faith of christianity, but the other holds the hearts of the children—and they the hearts of every body else. Christmas at the Baptist church in 1867—at the Congregational church—at the Catholic church—at the Universalist church—at the Unitarian church—will long be remembered.

QUEST.—The Montreal News makes the following announcement for seventy-five miles along the Grand Trunk Railroad water is so scarce that farmers have to drive their cattle ten miles through the snow for drink. Probably the News forgot that the snow which the poor creatures had to wallow through for ten miles, could be converted into something very much like water in a very few minutes. But as the Lewiston Journal honors the statement, it must be true. Probably the point of the joke was buried in the snow.

CLINTON VILLAGE, or Hunter's Mills, as it is sometimes called, is a smart, wide-awake place, but being a little out of the regular track of the newspaper reporters, it does not get a fair showing with its neighbors. Among other improvements, a nice new school house has just been completed there, at a cost of \$3,500, with all the modern improvements—hard finished, with patent seats, and abundant provision for good ventilation. There is an excellent water power at this village, only a small portion of which is now used, affording excellent opportunities for profitable investment. It is a place of considerable trade, and one of the most prominent of its stores is that of Lamb Brothers, which contains an extensive and well selected stock of Hardware. See their advertisement in our columns.

ONE OF THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, of which Mrs. Edwin Dunbar has the agency, can be seen at the Dry Goods store of Mr. Wm. Leslie. If you think of purchasing, call in and look at it.

PACKARD & PHINNEY, the well known Augusta Dryers, have recently increased their facilities for doing business, and added to their working force. They now have an agency at Kendall's Mills. See advertisement for further particulars.

## CHRISTMAS IN WATERVILLE.

Under the guidance of good taste, much labor had been expended in trimming and ornamenting the Baptist Church, and those who looked in on Tuesday evening for the first time were surprised and delighted to see how beautiful it appeared when lighted up, with its numerous wreaths, crosses, and festoons tastefully displayed on pillar and wall. Two tall Christmas trees stood in front of the pulpit, on either hand, their branches brilliant with the lighter gifts, while a pyramid of heavier articles reposed in the background between, over which, above the desk, and from out the folds of the national flag, beamed a bright star with a circling legend in letters of fire, "Star of Bethlehem." Under the management of Mr. Samuel Philbrick, who had this in charge, the transparency was twice changed during the evening, while the audience were listening to the music of the choir with their backs to the pulpit, so that, on resuming their seats, they found in place of the star, first a cross, with the legend, "It is Finished," and then a golden crown. The children of the Sabbath School were treated to refreshments in the vestry, at six o'clock, adjourning to the church, where the exercises commenced at seven. These occupied less than an hour, and were under the direction of the Superintendent, Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, in accordance with the following programme:—1, Singing by the choir; 2, Recitation of Scripture by the school; 3, Prayer and very brief introductory remarks by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Shaw; 4, singing by the choir; 5, Christmas Carol, a recitation in concert, by Miss Ella Stevens's class; 6, The Angels of the Seven Planets, a recitation by Miss M. A. Hodgkins's class; 7, Singing by the children; 8, Offering of the Magi a recitation by Mrs. J. W. Philbrick's class, with chorus by children; 9, Singing by the children. The juvenile singing was under the direction of Miss Hannah C. Marston. The distribution of the presents occupied about an hour, and at the bottom of the pile were found two handsome tables—one for the study of Mr. Shaw, and a work table for his wife. Singing by the children, pleasantly divided the labors of distribution, at the close of which the whole audience joined in singing "Coronation," and then adjourned, well pleased with the Christmas festival of 1867.

The beautiful church of the Unitarians was decorated in charming taste—not too elaborately, and with proper avoidance of all that was merely gaudy; everything blending in fine harmony with the chaste style of the house. "A merry Christmas to all," wrought with some adornments on the front of the desk was seen at the head of the center aisle, between the two heavily burdened and beautifully decorated trees. The gallery, a gem in itself, showed the touch of an artist, and even the stained-glass windows were improved by the slight adornments adapted to Christmas.

Dr. Sheldon, the pastor, led the short exercises that preceded the distribution of presents. Prayer, singing, brief remarks by the pastor, and two or three very pretty recitations by little girls, were all that was allowed to defer the pleasant ceremony to which every one seemed to be looking for the chief joy of the evening. But this closing item of the programme needed all the time thus saved; for we dare not attempt even a guess at the number of packages, large and small, sent to all parts of the house. The little basket that played express from the floor to the gallery was an example of industry even to our Mr. Hilton; and the blunder of making it but half big enough showed that expectation in that direction was more than realized. The size of packages, however, is no index to their value, especially at Christmas; and so a gold watch and an onion told about the same tale to the audience. We saw the pastor's wife smiling over a shining piece of silver ware of no small dimensions; and we know what was in the wrapper of a pretty little neck-tie, beyond which we dare reveal nobody's luck, good or bad. There were smiling faces here and there, and their number multiplied and their smiles grew warmer and brighter up to the moment of the benediction. At an early hour everybody left with grateful feelings towards the few persons whose earnest industry and refined taste had provided and presided over the delightful festival.

Contrary to our announcement last week, which we thought founded on the best authority, there was a Christmas tree at the Universalist Church, arranged, however, at very short notice. Short addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Magwire and others, and the children sang several pieces appropriate to the occasion. Presents were showered upon the children; the pastor received several valuable ones, including a sum of money, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, Mr. C. R. McFadden, was presented with a handsome silver ice pitcher by the members of the school.

The Congregationalists, who are reserving their energies for a levee soon to be held, had a nice, easy, social time, with a treat for old and young in the vestry, where a well loaded Christmas tree was displayed. Presents were distributed profusely, including some nice ones to the pastor, Rev. Mr. Robie, and the ladies of the Society contributed three very handsome chairs to the pulpit furniture.

Christmas was also observed by the Catholics of Waterville in a becoming manner. Peter's high mass was celebrated at one o'clock in the morning, and the church and Father L'Hiver's residence were nicely decorated for the occasion.

A meeting of the shipbuilders of Maine was held at Bath, last week, for the promotion of this branch of industry. A committee was chosen to visit Washington on the re-assembling of Congress, to urge the proper legislation.

## CHRISTMAS SMASHES.

Talk about Waterville being dull!—you ought to see how the fast horses "take up" at Christmas! "Who's to blame," says young Jehu, "if a fellow can't hold his horse when another fellow comes up alongside with a regular tear-turf?"—and see him go!—and see them both go, neck-and-neck, from street to street, and from the depot to the foundry! Bless your soul, isn't it Christmas?—out of the road, old woman!—look wild, old daddy!—scatter, you yokers!—don't never "stan' agin' a 'oss," says young Whipnapper, "when he's goin' agin the p'lice!"

But the lone horse that came down Main-st. on Thursday morning, leaving the boy driver to come at his leisure—clipping merrily thro' a crowd of customers around Chalmers & Co's., and almost putting his foot upon Carleton's steps as he whizzed down Common-st.—is said to have turned up all right, somewhere down town. Luckily there were no edge tools in the lading.

"Had n't you better hitch your horse?" we asked of a gentleman who had just left a fine horse to stand at a post. "No," he answered very promptly, "I want to give him a chance to get out of the way of your street run-aways." And so, we thought, a careless driver or a bad horse is a pest to careful men and safe horses. How far (will some lawyer tell us?) are they accountable for the damage they may do?

It was a gay afternoon, on Wednesday, with a young gent and a fancy two-horse turnout, on this street and that,—fast gait and slow,—with this girl and that. Who did n't envy the lucky fellow? But an hour later, as he dashed up Main-street—robos gone, hat gone, girls gone, and horses going!—who envied him then? See him fly!—past the depot—up the hill—even past the stable of that best friend of fast horses, the late owner of "Little Fred!" On they go, down the hill, up the hill—kicking and splashing, foaming and snorting!—off to the right—past the Short-Horns,—on—on! Hang to the reins, young gallant!—and farewell! Nobody envies you now.

At a later hour two panting and jaded horses were seen on their way into the village, by the same route over which the merry prancers had disappeared. Behind them, in due time, followed a shattered sleigh; and ere this, no doubt the once gay gallant has reported to "the girls he left behind him." To him probably one Christmas a year is enough.

But a very amiable sample of stupid driving was exhibited just opposite the Elmwood stable. Assessor Webb had been treating his family to a Christmas airing, and had stopped a moment to speak with some one in the street, when one of the blind-guide class of reinsmen thrust a well laden pung upon his rear with such force as to break both shafts of one of the neatest sleighs in town. Fortunately for the careless pung man, he got both eyes opened, so that he distinctly saw himself and his lady companion sprawling in the snow. Probably the Assessor will tax him for driving without license.

But men and boys exchange lessons; and it is not unlikely that the misfortunes we have detailed may profit somebody.

Some folks find so much enjoyment in giving happiness to others, that even the opportunities of Christmas are duplicated in their hands. So it was at the home of one of the denizens of College-street. Not content with a liberal share of everybody's Christmas on Tuesday evening, he spread his tables, erected and loaded his Christmas Tree, and filled his house, on Wednesday evening, with his neighbors and their children. Supper was made to take the usual place, and then the sparkling eyes that turned to the sealed door that concealed the mysterious Tree, must have charmed the soul of St. Nicholas into a broader grin than the pictures give him. The Christmas Tree at home, where the little ones are themselves, and their seniors become children in the goings-out of their sympathies, is not the Tree we saw in the churches last eve. The joyous bursting of little hearts, not sanctimoniously hooped by place and usage; the ardent mingling of souls in the sweet ways that nature suggests; and the retirement that instinctive modesty seeks for the happiest indulgence of the domestic affections—all these, in due time, will bring the Christmas Tree from the frigid air of the sanctuary and plant it in the genial soil of the household. So we thought as we looked and listened, and shared in the harvest; and so we think, as we stop to reason.

The Lodge of Good Templars at Kendall's Mills dedicated their new hall on Friday evening. Notwithstanding the dreaching rain, the audience was a good one, a considerable number of whom went from this village. The hall is in Geo. O. Brown's building, and is well fitted up, large and commodious. That Lodge is said to be in a flourishing condition.

In a late debate in Congress, in which Brooks, the representative of New-York gamblers and roughs, complained of the expenses of reconstruction, Gen. Butler responded by exhibiting a bill presented against the U. S. by the chief of police after the New Orleans riot, which read as follows:—

"To hauling 46 loads of dead and wounded from around Mechanics' Institute to the station house, \$138."

Reconstruction, said Butler, is instituted to save the people of the South from such bills as this, and to close up a rebellion that had received the aid and sympathy of such men as the gentleman from N. Y.

COL. PARKER, whose mysterious disappearance from Washington, on the eve of his intended marriage, must have accounted for his absence in a satisfactory manner, for he has since been privately married.

"FINANCE No. 8" we are compelled to lay over to next week.

The Bell Players' Concert, advertised for Monday and Tuesday evenings, at Town Hall, promises to be one of the choicest entertainments of the kind. The City officials of Boston engaged the entire troupe on the 4th of July last, for three entertainments at Music Hall, when they were assisted by the famous Big Organ, and delighted some nine thousand auditors. That performance was highly applauded by the press, as are their entertainments generally. Their bells are said to be the best in the country, having been manufactured expressly for this troupe in Europe. In various respects their artists are said to be the best, and their entertainments the most unique and pleasant, in this country.

THE NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its annual meeting on the 7th of January, and two novel items in the call we trust will ensure a full attendance. One of them contemplates a change of the time of holding the annual meeting, bringing it nearer to the Fall Exhibition, when grievances and errors, if any exist, are fresh in the memory of the members. The other proposes the sale or lease of the present grounds and the purchase or hire of a small lot nearer the village. Whoever refuses to come out and help straighten matters at the annual meeting has no right to grumble if they go crooked afterward.

A serious accident happened in Clinton on Tuesday. Mr. Hazen McNelly, while at work in the woods hauling logs, had his foot so badly crushed that it was feared amputation would be necessary. A year and a half ago Mr. McNelly lost one of his hands by a shingle machine—which renders this accident the more serious,—and the dependence of a family of motherless children adds to his claims for such tokens of sympathy as his prosperous neighbors will find it profitable to bestow.

ACCIDENTS. On Tuesday last Dea David Webb, of this village, was very seriously injured by falling from a scaffold in his barn. No bones were broken, but the injury appeared at first to be dangerous—though he is now recovering.

On the same day Mr. Abram Morrill was severely injured, and narrowly escaped a worse fate, by being thrown head-foremost from a load of hay in his barn, by the breaking of the binding pole. One arm was badly disabled, in addition to which were other hurts of less consequence. Being somewhat used to hard knocks, he managed to sling himself into shape to ride into the village next day. "Resolute men oftener die of fevers than of broken necks."

They have their new hall so nearly finished at Somerset Mills, that they are planning to dedicate it with a New-Year Ball. The first floor is finished for a large store, with counting room and other conveniences. The hall is 40 by 60 feet, high posted and well finished. That little village, with its fine water power, has got some live business men at the helm, and promises to fill a good place, by-and-by, among the thrifty villages of the Kennebec. It makes but little noise, except with its saws, but they are of a good kind and always going.

An attempt was made to rob the Merrimack National Bank, of Haverhill, Mass., on Monday morning last; and although the robber did not secure any money he murdered a night watchman in making his escape.

Rev. Joel T. Bingham was installed as pastor of the South Parish Congregational Society of Augusta on Thursday evening. The right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. B. A. Robie of Waterville.

COMPROMISE CAR WHEELS, or trucks made to run on tracks of different widths, are said to have caused the late frightful railroad disasters in New York.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, following an English fashion, issued a large supplement on Christmas morning, filled with choice reading for the occasion.

A SMART RAIN, on Friday, has left us a good foundation for sleighing—and but little more. A is frequently the case, our "January thaw" comes in December this winter.

A carpenter shop, at the east side of the river at Augusta, belonging to the Spragues, was burned on Friday morning of last week. Loss about \$800.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The market this week was badly overstocked, and the drover had a sorry time. The Boston Advertiser pronounces it the hardest market of the season. Beef is quoted as follows:—Extra, 13 to 13 1/2; first quality, 12 1/2 to 13 3/4; second do., 11 to 11 3/4; third, 9 to 10. Mr. J. W. Wilcox sold, of store cattle, one pair of 7 ft. oxen for \$190 and \$200; 6 ft. 10 in. for \$170; 6 ft. 6 in., \$150 and \$165. Sheep are quoted at 3 to 5 c.; by the head, \$1.30 to \$4.50.

THE STEAMSHIP RALEIGH, from N. York for New Orleans, was turned at sea on Tuesday last, about twenty miles off the South Carolina coast. Of the crew and passengers, numbering sixty-three, a few are known to be lost; but the most of them took to the boats, some of whom have arrived in safety, while others have not yet been heard from.

Gen. Pope it is confidently said, is to be removed from the command of the Third District, and General Wager Swayne is to be relieved from command in Alabama.

Wild Cherry Balsam.—The memory of Dr. Wistar is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, whom his Balsam of Wild Cherry has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Pulmonary disease. It is now over forty years since this preparation was brought before the public, and yet the demand for it is constantly increasing.

The prospectus of the New York Ledger, the great family paper, will be found in our advertising columns. It is a very readable document.

SHARP RETORT BY GEN. BUTLER.—Friday, during the debate in the House of Representatives on granting lands to Southern railroads, Mr. Chandler tauntingly called General Butler "the hero of New Orleans." The General replied that he simply desired to say to the gentleman from New York, and to all others, that he did not claim to be the hero of New Orleans; that honor belonged to Farragut. He did claim, however, to be the hero of New York, for in 1864 he did have a fair election there, something that the people of New York have never had either before or since. The retort provoked a general roar of laughter.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HAIR PREPARATION, valued at home and abroad, a real Hair Restorer or Dressing, (in one bottle.) A great triumph of science. Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved, (new style.) Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar. 25

A private letter from Senor Romero to a friend in Washington, dated Mexico, Nov. 27th, says:—"I find matters here in a very satisfactory condition. I think we are now going to have a permanent peace and consolidate our government. There is some opposition to President Juarez, but it will not embarrass the government very much. Congress will meet on the first of December next, and the government will have a majority of over two-thirds. The best feeling prevails here towards the United States."

DELIGHTFUL SENSATION, and cooling to the head, is "Barrett's Hair Restorative," which took the Medal.

"Action in season," is the sum and substance of an old and tried adage; a timely use of American Life Drops will often prevent a protracted illness; they are a perfect Pain-Killer, curing Coughs, Colds, lameness, sprains, and all the ills of cold weather. Used externally or internally.

THE tone of the Senate debate on the rights of naturalized citizens abroad, on Thursday, was decidedly warlike, both political parties agreeing with Senator Johnson's idea that a continued denial by the British government of the right of expatriation, and persistence in holding naturalized citizens of the United States to answer for words spoken or acts done in this country, would be just grounds for war. Alluding to the recent Fenian trials in England and the denial of a mixed jury on those occasions, Mr. Johnson said that war could be avoided only by negotiation.

Maine has nearly a score of water privileges superior in every respect to those at Lowell and Lawrence; and she manufactures an article which all the world cannot parallel in excellence—the STEAM REFINED SOAP.—Press.

Despatches received from Naples mention that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is continually increasing in power and spendor. Immense sheets of white, yellow and crimson flame rise hundreds of feet above the crater, and at night the Bay of Naples is lighted up for miles. Lava is pouring down the mountain side in immense quantities, and large stones are occasionally thrown out from the mouth of the volcano. A deep rumble, like reverberating thunder, is heard from time to time as if in the earth, and many of the people in the vicinity have left their homes fearing an earthquake or calamity. No such eruption has occurred in Vesuvius for centuries, and the spectacle is regarded as one of the most magnificent and sublime ever witnessed in nature.

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. 1m25

A private letter from Hon. J. G. Blaine in regard to financial matters is published in the Kennebec Journal. Mr. Blaine says he is equally opposed to the expansion of the currency, and to "all silly attempts at immediate resumption." He also gives the gratifying assurance that the project of paying the five-twentieths in greenbacks is not gaining ground, notwithstanding the rumors to that effect.

Accounts from Crete are of a stirring character. The Turks at Dialusari fired upon a company of 500 women and children who were on the eve of embarking for Greece. A number of them were killed, and those who escaped were picked up and safely landed at Piræus. All the Christian powers, excepting the United States and Great Britain, unite in placing their ships at the disposal of those who wish to escape from Crete to Greece.

In the town of W—, in the Pine-tree State, there lived one of those unfortunate lords of creation who had, in not a very long life, put on mourning for three departed wives. But time assuages heart-wounds as well as those of flesh. In due time a fourth was inaugurated mistress of his heart and house. He was a very prudent man and suffered nothing to be wasted. When the new mistress was putting things to rights, while cleaning up the attic she came across a long piece of board, and was about launching it out of the window, when little Sadie interposed, and said, "Oh, don't, mama! that is the board papa lays out his wives on, and he wants to save it!" Nevertheless, out it went.

Secretary Stanton has returned to Washington from Ohio, and announces his intention of appearing in person before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs to answer the charges contained in the President's special message.

The salmon eggs which were taken from the parent salmon on the Miramichi river on the 10th of October, and placed by the New England Commissioners in the Cold Spring Trout Ponds, Charlestown, N. H., commenced to hatch on the 11th inst. The experiment of stocking our New England rivers with salmon and trout, is now in a fair way for a thorough trial, with encouraging prospects of success.

THE DEMOCRATIC BATTLE CRY.—A Economy and retrenchment," will be the battle cry of democracy in next summer's presidential campaign. The division of the House judiciary committee on the question of paying three full millions to the present Congress, show the sincerity of the pretence. The two democrats on the committee were in favor of the payment, and all but one of the seven republicans against it.—[Springfield Republican.]







