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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 21): November 20, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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## LONG AGO.

As through the poplar's gusty spire  
The March wind sweeps and sings,  
I sit beside the hollow fire,  
And dream familiar things;  
Old memories wake, faint echoes make  
A murmur of dead Springs.

Ah, days when life had aim and meaning,  
What buried years ago!  
When friend—no shadow intervening—  
Was friend, and foe was foe;  
When life had youth, and love had truth,  
And heart had faith to show.

Somewhere now woods are green and tender;  
Somewhere hedgerows are filled  
With buds; somewhere, if winds befriend her,  
The thrush begins to build;  
Somewhere no fears has Spring, no tears  
For hopes that March has killed.

Sing, thrush, your songs of praise and passion;  
Fill all the budding wood  
With music of that bygone fashion  
My youth so understood!  
Now I am old, the world's grown cold,  
And God alone is good.

[Chamber's Journal.]

## MAJOR PARRIFER.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHAVING THE PONY'S TAILS."]

He was one of the worst magistrates that ever sat upon the bench of justices. Strangers were given to wonder how he got his commission. But, you see, men are fit for unit for a post according to their doings in it; and, generally speaking, people cannot tell what the doings will be beforehand.

They call him Major—Major Parrifer—but he only held rank in a militia regiment, and everybody knows what that is. He had bought the place he lived in some years before, and christened it Parrifer Hall. The worst title he could have hit upon; seeing that the good old hall, with a good old family in it, was only a mile or two distant.

They lived away; money was not lacking; the Major, his wife, six daughters, and a son, who did not come home much. Mrs. Parrifer was stuck up—it is one of our country sayings, and it applied to her well. When she called on people, her silk gowns rustled as if buckram lined them; her voice was loud, her manner patronizing; the Major's voice and manner were the same; and the girls took after them.

At the corner of the road, joining Major Parrifer's fence was a cottage that belonged to me. To me, Johnny Ludlow. Not that I had control yet awhile over that or any other cottage I might possess. George Reed rented the cottage; it stood in a good large garden; a high hedge running along the side of it, with a low gate in the middle. Well-kept trim hedges: George Reed took care of that.

There was quite a history attaching to him. His father had been indoor servant at the Court; when he married and left it, my grandfather gave him a lease of this cottage, renewable every seven years. George was the only son, had been very decently educated, but wild when he grew up and got out of everything; by his means he was only a day laborer; steady now, but never likely to be anything else. He took to the cottage after old Reed's death, and worked for Mr. Sterling who had the Court now. George Reed was civil in ordinary, but uncommonly independent. His first wife had died, leaving a daughter, Cathy; later he married again. Reed's wild oats had been sown years ago; he was thoroughly well conducted and industrious now, working in his own garden early and late.

When Cathy's mother died she was taken by an aunt who lived near Worcester. At fifteen she came home again, for her aunt had died. Her ten years training there had done very little for her, except make her into a pretty girl. Cathy had been trained to idleness, but to very little else. She could sing; self-taught; of course; she could embroider handkerchiefs and frills and petticoat-tails; she could write a tolerable letter without many mistakes and was great at reading, especially when the literature was of the halfpenny kind issued weekly. The acquisitions (except the last) were not bad things in themselves, but entirely unsuited to Cathy Reed's condition and her future prospects in life. The best that she could aspire to be, the best her father expected for her, was that of entering on a light respectable service, and later to become, perhaps, a laborer's wife.

The second Mrs. Reed, a quiet kind of young woman, had one little girl only when Cathy came home. She was nearly struck dumb when she found what had been Cathy's requirements in the way of usefulness; or rather what were her non-acquirements; the facts unfolding themselves by degrees.

"Your father thinks he'd like you to get a service with some of the gentlefolks, Cathy," her stepmother said to her. "Perhaps at the Court, if they could make room for you; or over at Squire Todheller's. Meanwhile you'll help me with the work at home for a few weeks first; won't you, dear? When another little one comes, there'll be a good deal on my hands."

"Oh, I'll help," answered Cathy, who was a good-natured, ready-speaking girl.

"That's right. Can you wash?"

"No," said Cathy, with a very decisive shake of the head.

"Not wash! Can you iron?"

"Pocket handkerchiefs."

"Your aunt was a seamstress; can you sew well?"

"I don't like sewing."

Mrs. Reed looked at her, but said no more then, rather leaving it to practice instead of theory to develop Cathy's capabilities. But when she came to put her to the test, she could not, or would not, do any kind of useful work whatever. Cathy could not wash or iron, or scour, or cook, or sweep, or even sew coarse plain things, such as are required in laborers' families. Cathy could do several kinds of fancy work: Cathy could idle away her time at the glass, oiling her hair, and dressing herself to the best advantage; Cathy had a smattering of history and geography and chronology; and of polite literature, as comprised in the pages of the aforesaid halfpenny and penny weekly romances. The aunt had sent Cathy to a cheap day school where such learning was supposed to be taught; had let her run about when she ought to have been cooking and washing; and of course Cathy had acquired a distaste for work. Mrs. Reed sat down aghast, her hands falling helplessly on her lap, and a kind of fear at what might be Cathy's future stealing into her heart.

"Child, what is to become of you?"

Cathy had no qualms upon the point herself. She gave a laughing kiss to the little child, toddling round the room by the chairs, and took out of her pocket one of those halfpenny serials, whose enthralling stories of brigands and captive damsels she had learnt to take her chief delight in.

"I shall have to teach her everything," sighed disappointed Mrs. Reed. "Catherine, I don't think the kind of useless things your aunt has let you learn are good for poor folk like us."

Good! Mrs. Reed might have gone a little farther. She began her instruction, but Cathy would not learn. Cathy was good-humored always; but of work she would do none. If she attempted it, Mrs. Reed had to do it over again.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1868.

NO. 21.

## Waterville Mail.

ON THE WING.

No. 5.

FITCHBURG, MASS., OCT. 28.

I may be telling nothing new to the readers of the Mail, in what I may say of this town, where I am now sojourning, but it is so completely the antipodes of Vineland, that I feel impressed to make a few notes by the way.

Vineland is level, and Fitchburg is all hills; there the people are mostly farmers and gardeners, here the majority are manufacturers and mechanics; there you cannot find even a stone, while this is nothing but rocks, indeed they do so abound that every inhabitant has his pockets full.

A small river, affording excellent water power, runs between a line of lofty eminences, and up the sides of these hills the houses are arranged in tiers—every man looking down upon one neighbor while another neighbor looks down upon him; indeed, it would be but a slight exaggeration to say that every man can tell what the neighbor below will have for breakfast by just peeping down his chimney. A man will have from twenty-five to fifty granite steps to ascend to reach his front entrance, and the only way heavy articles are delivered to him is to take them on to the street above and roll them into his back door. An illumination here would be a sight indeed, for every light would be set on a hill, and visible to all eyes.

The town has certainly a picturesque beauty of its own, and the houses are all very "sightly;" but oh, how hard it must be to climb to some of them, especially in the winter, when everything is encased in ice. The sides of these hills are terraced with massive granite walls; if they make a street they flank it with granite; if they level a spot for a yard or garden it must be wharfed up with good solid granite; rocks, rocks, rocks, at every turn, nothing but rocks! Unless they make the children with monitor tops we should suppose that lots of them would crack their heads every year by falling on the sharp edges of the granite. The Fitchburgers live all their days surrounded by granite, and when they die they leave one stony enclosure to enter another like unto it; for their cemetery is but another terraced hill, with tiers of granite walls rising to the top, and almost every lot enclosed in granite. This granite costs nothing, we believe, except the quarrying and hauling; and as the quarry is close at hand, and the supply inexhaustible, they seem to use it in many places where there is no need of it. It comes from old Rollstone, one of the series of hills of which we spoke at the commencement, and which, rearing its bald head three hundred feet above the river, overlooks all the other hills and affords a magnificent outlook upon the surrounding country. Standing upon a single immense boulder on its highest point, we had around us a wonderful panorama of wooded hills and smiling valleys, of winding streams and thriving villages, and prominent in which stood old Wachusett, a mighty presence.

But let us be serious; and although we will abate nothing of our representation of the steepness of the hills, nor spare a single rock, yet we will begin by acknowledging that there are some level spaces in the village, and many sheltered, cozy nooks, and easy slopes. Main street, upon which all the stores and churches are built is quite level for its whole length; and there is considerable territory contiguous to it in the heart of the village, on the north side, of the same character.

Fitchburg is a wealthy town, with evidences of thrift and healthy growth on every hand. These are found in its numerous manufacturing enterprises—busy hives of industry—its extensive public buildings, and its large number of elegant private residences. Now this growth and prosperity are largely due to a wise improvement of their water power, which though not large compared with that of our own village, has been developed to nearly its full capacity. Just imagine, for a moment, what the same enterprising spirit, wisely directed, would have done for Waterville, with our immense water power; and think what the same expenditure of wealth would do for our village, where we have an abundance of room to expand without crowding our houses up the sides of steep hills, and where we might go on for ages, growing in beauty as we enlarged our borders.

The village has a number of large establishments for the manufacture of machinery, several iron foundries, three woolen factories; a cotton factory, we believe; thirteen paper mills, with chair factories, and many others which we will not stay to enumerate. Men here, as elsewhere, have accumulated a large property by the manufacture of apparently small and insignificant articles. The handsome houses are not all owned by lawyers, doctors, merchants and bankers; but you frequently see an elegant residence, and on inquiry learn that it is owned and occupied by a man who has earned his money by the manufacture of button-moulds, or spoons or toothpicks; or perhaps he is a hired workman, and has carefully husbanded his wages. The Pop Corn Man, who still runs on the train, though he has accumulated a large property, is a resident of Fitchburg. Men of large property here, owners and directors of large manufacturing enterprises, are found in working trim, with apron on and sleeves rolled up.

One of the most important manufacturing establishments of Fitchburg, and the best known, is that of the Putnam Machine Co., and of this we would like to make more particular mention, for the reason that in it, and occupying a prominent position, we find a Waterville boy—Mr. Charles Burleigh—to whose inventive genius and mechanical skill, as well as to his untiring energy and business capacity, it is largely indebted for its position and success. No similar company in the country has a better reputation for the quality of its work than

## OUR TABLE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DOMESTIC LIFE. By W. H. Bayard, M. D., of Chicago, Ill. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is not a large book, but it is a valuable one, for it contains heaps of wisdom. It is a series of essays on the family as it exists in our society, and the various relations involved; and we commend its lessons especially to those who are about to lay the foundations for homes of their own, but those farther advanced may read it with great profit.

For sale in Waterville at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews.

CHANGING BASE; or, what Edward Reed learned at school. By Wm. Everett, author of "On the Cam." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book is no doubt modelled after that famous one by Arnold, "Tom Brown at Rugby," and will be to "Young America" what that is to "Young England." That indispensable requisite in a book of this kind—in the interest for the juvenile reader—it is said to possess in an eminent degree, commanding the continued attention of all who have once begun its perusal; and the critic of the Boston Advertiser, who has given the book a careful reading, adds that "The effort to present, without hampering the narrative, the distinctive characteristics of our own school system, is also successful in a marked degree; and hardly less so is the attempt to excite interest in the description of a game of base ball, that sport so inspiring to take part in, so wearying to read about,—though the author was compelled to avoid the monotony by violently cutting short his match after only half its innings were played. The character of the hero of the book is drawn with no little vigor and fidelity, and the dialogue all through has a flavor of reality which most readers of boyish conversations most woefully fail to catch."

For sale by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The proprietors of this excellent magazine are out with the following prospectus:

The third volume and second year of "Lippincott's Magazine of Literature, Science, and Education" will commence with the number for January, 1869; and it is the intention of the publishers that the magazine shall not only maintain the high literary reputation which it has acquired during the first year of its publication, but that it shall be indeed still more valuable, attractive and entertaining.

The publishers, encouraged by the great success and marked approbation which the magazine has already gained, have made liberal arrangements for the future. Their object will continue to be, to present to the American public a monthly magazine of the highest class, thoroughly National in its tone, and treating the questions of the day in a philosophical and statesmanlike manner. Each number will contain a large proportion of light reading, together with articles of a more thoughtful character. The January number will contain the opening chapter of a brilliant and original American novel, written expressly for this magazine, which will be entitled "Beyond the Breakers, a Story of the Present Day." Short original Tales, and Sketches by the best authors, will appear in each number, together with Sketches of Travel, History, and Biography; Essays; Papers of Wit and Humor; Articles on Popular Science, Finance, and Education; and Miscellaneous.

Our Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day will add variety and interest to each number. Now is the time to subscribe, and secure the opening chapters of the new and entertaining Serial Novel.

Terms—yearly subscription \$4; two copies for \$7; five copies for \$10; ten copies for \$18; and each additional copy \$1. For every club of twenty subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or twenty-one copies for \$60. Specimen number sent to any address on receipt of thirty-five cents. Carrying Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

A full Prospectus, with Premium List of valuable Books, will be sent on application to the publishers.

Address: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION for the Flute, Violin and Piano.—The November number has the "Genevieve de Brabant Polka," containing three melodies from J. Offenbach's Comic Opera; and it also contains "The Sensation Lancers, on twelve of the most popular songs, among which are several of Liard's favorites."

Published by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year.

PETERS' MONTHLY GLEE HIVE for November contains "Starting for Palestine," chorus for mixed voices, from the comic opera, "Genevieve de Brabant"; "You've been a Friend to me," by W. S. Hays; "Thou art the Way," hymn for mixed quartet; "If you love me, do my will," sacred; "Now Our Master is approaching," chorus for male voices from Offenbach's comic opera, "Barbe Bleue"; "We Swear to be true to a Brother," quartet and chorus; "Ladies, we are Hunters free," three-part chorus for female voices from "Martha"; "Smile to-day and frown tomorrow," three-part chorus.

Published by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December, which is issued earlier than usual, has many good and noticeable things. Mr. Swinburne's poem fills four pages, and is entitled "A Watch of the Night." It is political in character, and thoroughly characteristic of the writer. Mr. John Neal has a paper of reminiscences of "Our Painters." Mrs. Austen's contribution, "Caleb's Lark," concerns under an enigmatical title, as usual, an account of a Mount Desert excursion. Mr. E. E. Hale's paper, "The First and the Last," treats of slave-trade. Mr. E. P. Whipple adds to his gallery of pictures of Elizabethan writers a sketch of Hooker. Of less known writers, Mr. O. M. Spencer has "A Day at a Consulate," and Mr. Theodore Bacon "A Gothic Capital," and the following are anonymous:—"Autumnal" (poetry); "The Face in the Glass," conclusion; "Co-operative Housekeeping," second paper; and "Our Paris Letter," a story twenty pages long.

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

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This excellent juvenile magazine is early in the field this month. Its longest and perhaps its best article is by Miss Muloch—a story about "Running Away." Mrs. Spofford and her sister Miss Mary Prescott, Mrs. Whitney and Mr. William Winter all contribute; and the number is ornamented by several pictures selected from the new Christmas books of the publishers. The prospectus for 1869 is given in more detail than before, and promises serial contributions by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. E. E. Hale, Mr. James Parton, Mrs. Agassiz, and many others.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for the present week has the following table of contents:—He Knew He was Right, continued, by Anthony Trollope; The Latest Parisian Whim; More Ghosts, Old and New; Duel Fighting, Nov. 2; Britons at Boulogne; Baby Travellers; Bad English; Foreign Notes; Extracts from Mr. Browning's New Poem, "The Ring and the Book."

Every Saturday, which contains a selection of choice reading from foreign current literature, is published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

"ONWARD"—is the title of a new magazine for the youth of America, to be published by Carlton, of New York, and edited by Capt. Mayne Reid, well known to every boy in the land. Its first number will appear in time for the Christmas holidays; and, in addition to the lore suitable to that mystic season, will contain the opening chapters of a story of South American life, entitled The Lost Sister, a Tale of the Pampas; as also the commencement of The Yellow Chief; a Tale of the Prairies. Look out for it.

The new legislature of Kansas will contain but six democrats—all in the lower house.

"Where on earth will the gentlefolks get their servants from, if the girls are to be like you?" cried honest Mrs. Reed.

Well, time went on; a year or two. Cathy Reed tried two or three services, but did not keep them. Young Mrs. Sterling at the Court at length took her. "I do not think Catherine will be kept anywhere," Mrs. Sterling said to her stepmother. "When she ought to have been minding the baby, the nurse would find her with a strip of embroidery in her hand, or else buried in the pages of some bad story that can only do her harm."

Cathy was turned seventeen when the warfare set in between her father and Major Parrifer. The major suddenly cast his eyes on the little cottage outside his own land and coveted it. Before this, young Parrifer (a harmless young man with no whiskers and sandy hair parted down the middle) had struck up an acquaintance with Cathy. When he was at home from Oxford (where he got plucked twice, and at length took his name off the books), he would often be seen leaning over the cottage gate talking to Cathy in the garden, with her two little half-sisters that she pretended to mind. There was no harm; but perhaps Major Parrifer feared it might grow into it; and he badly wanted the plot of ground to be his, that he might pull the cottage down and extend his own boundaries to Pienfinch Lane.

One fine day in the holidays, when Tod and I were indoors making flies for fishing, old Thomas appeared, and said that George Reed had come over and wanted to speak to me; which set us wondering.

"What could he want, with me?"

"Show him in here," said Tod.

Reed came in: a tall and powerful man of forty, with dark, curling hair, and a determined good-looking face. He began by saying that he, had heard Major Parrifer was after his cottage wanting to buy it; so he had come over to beg me to interfere and stop the sale.

"Why, Reed, what can I do?" I asked. "You know I have no power."

"You'd not turn me out of it yourself, I know sir."

"That I'd not."

Neither would I. I liked George Reed. And I remembered that he used to have me in his arms sometimes when I was a little fellow at the court. Once he carried me to my mother's grave in the church yard, and told me she had gone to live in heaven.

"When a rich gentleman sets his mind on a poor man's bit of a cottage, and says 'That shall be mine,' the poor man has not got much chance against him, sir, unless he can't own the cottage will be his friend. I know you've got no power at present, Master Johnny; but if you'd speak to Mr. Brandon, perhaps he'd listen to you."

"Sit down, Reed," interrupted Tod, putting his catgut out of hand. "I thought you had the cottage on a lease."

"And so I have, sir. The lease will be out at Michaelmas next, and Mr. Brandon can turn me from it if he likes. My father and mother died there sir; my wife died there; my children were born there; and the place is as much like my home as if it were mine."

"How do you know old Parrifer wants it?" continued Tod.

"I've heard it from a sure source. I've heard, too, that his lawyer and Mr. Brandon's lawyer have settled the matter between their two selves, and don't intend to let me as much as know I'm to go out till the time has almost come, for fear I should make a row over it. Nobody upon earth can stop it except Mr. Brandon," added Reed with energy.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Brandon, Reed?"

"No, sir. I was going up to him; but the thought took me that I'd better come off at once to Master Ludlow; his word might be of more avail than mine. There's no time to be lost. If once the lawyers get Mr. Brandon's consent, he mayn't be able to recall it."

"What does Parrifer want with the cottage?"

"I fancy he covets the bit of garden, sir; he sees the good order I've brought it into. If it's not that, I don't know what it can be. The cottage can be no eyesore to him; he can't see it from his windows."

"Shall I go with you, Johnny?" said Tod, as Reed went home, after drinking the ale old Thomas gave him. "We'll circumvent that Parrifer, if there's law or justice in the Brandon land."

We went off to Mr. Brandon's in the pony-carriage, Tod driving. He lived near Alcester, and had the management of my property while I was a minor. As we went along who should ride past but Major Parrifer.

"Looking like the bull-dog that he is," cried Tod, who could not bear the man. "Johnny, what will you say that he has been to Mr. Brandon's? The negotiations are becoming intricate."

Tod did not go in. On second thought, he said, it might be better to leave it to me. The Squire must try, if I failed. Mr. Brandon was at home; and Tod drove on into Alcester, by way of passing the time.

"But I don't think you can see him," said the housekeeper when she came to me. "This is one of his bad days. A gentleman called just now, and I went in to the master, but it was of no use."

"I know; it was Major Parrifer. We thought he might have been calling here."

Mr. Brandon was little and thin, with a shrivelled face. He lived alone, except for three or four servants, and always fancied himself ill with one ailment or another. When I went in, for he said he'd see me, he was sitting in an easy chair, with a geranium colored Turkish cap on his head, and two bottles of medicine at his elbow.

"Well, Johnny, an invalid as usual, you see. And what is it you so particularly want?"

"I want to ask you a favor, Mr. Brandon, if you'll please to grant it me?"

"What is it?"

"You know that cottage, sir, at the corner of Pienfinch Lane. George Reed's?"

"Well?"

"I am come to ask you to please not to let it be sold."

"Major Parrifer wants to buy it; and to turn out Mr. Reed. The lawyers are going to arrange it."

Mr. Brandon pushed the Turkish cap on his brow and gave the purple tassel over his ear a twist as he looked at me. People thought him

incapable; but it was only because he had no work to do that he seemed so. He would get a bit irritable sometimes, and he had a squeaky voice, but he was a good and just man.

"How did you hear this Johnny?"

I told him all about it. What Reed had said, and our having met the Major on horseback as we drove along.

"He came here, but I didn't feel well enough to see him," said Mr. Brandon. "Johnny, you know that I stand in place of your father as regards your property; to do the best I can with it."

"Yes sir. And I am sure you do it."

"If Major Parrifer—I don't like the man," broke off Mr. Brandon, "but that's neither here nor there. At the last magistrates' meeting I attended he was so overbearing as to shut us all up. My nerves were so unstrung for four-and-twenty hours afterwards."

"And Squire Todheller came swearing," I could not help putting in.

"Ah," said Mr. Brandon. "Yes; some people can throw bile off that way. I can't. But, Johnny, all that goes for nothing in regard to the matter in hand; and I was about to point out to you that if Major Parrifer has set his mind upon buying Reed's cottage and the bit of land attached to it, he is no doubt prepared to offer a full price; more, probably, than it is worth. If so, I should not, in your interest, be justified in refusing this."

I could feel my face flush with the sense of injustice, and the tears came into my eyes. They called me a muf for many things, and this was one.

"I'd not touch the money myself, sir. And if you used it for me, I'm sure it would never bring any good."

"What's that, Johnny?"

"Money got by oppression or injustice never does. There was a fellow at school—"

"Never mind the fellow at school. Go on with your own arguments."

"To turn Reed out of the place where he has always lived, out of the garden he has done so well by, just because a rich man wants to get it into his possession, would be awfully unjust. It would be as bad as the story we heard read in church last Sunday for the First Lesson, of Naboth's vineyard. Tod said so as we came along."

"Who's Tod?"

"Joseph Todheller. If you turned Reed out, for the sake of benefiting me, I should be ashamed to look people in the face when they talked of it. If you please, sir, I do not think my father would allow it if he were alive. Reed says the place is like his home."

Mr. Brandon measured two tablespoonfuls of medicine into a glass, drank it, and ate a French plum afterwards. The plums were in a paper and he handed them to me. I ate one and tried to crack the stone.

"You have taken up a strong opinion upon this matter, Master Johnny."

"Yes sir, I like Reed. And if I did not, he has no more right to be turned out of his home than Major Parrifer has out of his. How would he like it, if some great rich, powerful man came down on his place and turned him out?"

"Major Parrifer can't be turned out Johnny; it is his own."

"And Reed's place is mine sir—if you'll not be angry with me for saying it. Please don't let it be done, Mr. Brandon."

The pony-carriage came rattling up at this juncture, and we saw Tod look at the windows impatiently. I got up, and Mr. Brandon shook hands with me.

"What you have said is all very good, Johnny, right in principle; but I cannot let it entirely outweigh your interest. When this proposal shall be put before me—as you say it will be—it must have my full consideration."

I stopped when I got to the door and looked at him. If he would but have given me an assurance! And he read in my face what I wanted.

"No Johnny, I can't do that. You may go home easy for the present, however; for I will promise not to accept the offer to purchase without first seeing you again and showing you my reasons."

"I may have gone back to school, sir."

"I tell you I'll see you again if I decide to accept the offer," he repeated emphatically. And I went out to the pony-chaise.

"Old Brandon means to sell," said Tod when I told him. And he gave the pony an angry cut, that made him fly off with a leap.

Will anybody believe that I never heard another word upon the subject?—except what people said in the way of gossip. It was soon known that Mr. Brandon had declined to sell the cottage; and when his lawyer wrote him word the price of the offer for it was increased to quite an unprecedented amount, considering the small value of the cottage and garden in question, Mr. Brandon only sent a peremptory note back again, saying he was not in the habit of changing his decisions, and the place was not for sale. Tod threw up his hat.

"Bravo, old Brandon! I thought he'd not go quite over to the enemy."

I was leaning over George Reed's gate in the sunset of the August evening. In passing it on my way home from the Sterlings, he saw me and came running to it.

"I have to thank you for this, sir. They be going to renew my lease."

"Are they? All right, but you need not thank me; I know nothing about it."

George Reed gave a sort of decisive nod.

"If you had not got the ear of Mr. Brandon, sir, I know what box I'd have been in now. Look at them girls!"

It was not a very complimentary mode of speech, as applied to the Misses Parrifer. Three of them were passing, dressed outrageously in the fashion as usual. I lifted my straw-hat, and one of them nodded in return, but the other two only looked out at the tail of their eyes.

"The Major has been trying it on with me now," remarked Reed, watching them out of sight. "When he found



# Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN L. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV 20, 1868.



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

The Maine Farmer asks us to explain what we mean by expressing the hope that the State Fair will hereafter be conducted with less disregard of the interests of the county fairs. We thought our meaning would be understood without details. As it was not, the Farmer is informed that we thought the adjournment of the State Fair for one week, at the very last minute, when much of the stock designed for the local fairs was on its way to Portland, was at least a careless way of treating those county agricultural societies whose long continued labors had made a State Fair possible. The Farmer knows that when a State Fair began to be talked of, the county societies generally waited to see what days the State Society would fix upon for its exhibition. When this choice had been made, a large number of the county societies took the week following as their last resort. At least half a dozen of them did so, and proceeded to advertise and make arrangements accordingly. Persons and stock, it was thought, could be at both the State and local fairs. At an hour, too late for protest, the State Society backed down upon the very day to which it had driven the county exhibitions, with the simple plea that the rain threatened to injure the quality of the track for trotting horses. A giant with iron heels, staggering backward upon a score of barefooted boys, might inquire with the Farmer, what's the matter!

We have before said, that a State exhibition is but the result of the labor and success of the county Societies. If it can be had without injury to these, it may be well to have it; but when it gives them embarrassment and consequent dissatisfaction, it becomes an injury where it aims to be a benefit. We thought the State Society acted with too little regard for the convenience and interest of the local societies—and so we think still. But as to the extent to which "blame exists,"—which is also one of the Farmer's inquiries—our explanation will enable it to guess as well as we.

Mr. Robinson's dramatic readings on Tuesday evening, at Academy Hall, gave very marked satisfaction to a small but choice audience. To great power of voice Mr. Robinson adds a degree of well directed culture that renders him one of the best readers in the dramatic field. We think it one of the ten thousand strange things that mark Waterville, that a village that abounds in public speakers clerical and legal, that is annually making a score or two of them, of all kinds except good—and that sustains a highly cultivated dramatic reading association—cannot muster a baker's dozen of them all who are willing to pay a quarter to attend an exhibition of the very first class. Mr. Robinson was chiefly patronized by the pupils of the Institute, who on this and other occasions have manifested a degree of taste and enterprise honorable alike to themselves and their teachers.

HENRY PAINE, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '26, an early Preceptor of Waterville Academy, and for several years Preceptor of China Academy, died in Rockland on Thursday morning last, at the age of 75 years. Mr. Paine was highly esteemed as a citizen, and through all his life he had been identified with the interests of education in this State. For fifty-six years he had been a faithful and efficient teacher; of course he was widely known, and we hardly need add, remembered with gratitude and affection by hundreds of former pupils all over the country.

"SELF-HELP, or Hints on the Art of Living," is the title of a series of papers, the publication of which will be immediately commenced in the CHICAGOAN, a large and handsome literary sheet published in that city of modest pretensions, located at the head of Lake Michigan. These papers, which are to be written by Wm. Mathews, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago, we shall look for with great interest.

A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION will be held at Augusta, commencing Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present aspect of the temperance sentiment of the State, and to agree upon a plan of operations. An effort will no doubt be made for the establishment of a State Police to see that the present law is faithfully enforced.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, Nov. 18th, 1868.  
Editors Waterville Mail:  
We regret to enter into a public controversy with any of our class-mates; but we cannot suffer the public to be deceived and ourselves to be imposed upon.

A list of officers for Class Day has been published purporting to be the choice of the Senior Class. As members of that class we feel called upon to make the following statements. During the early part of the present term several tickets were prepared, which proved unsatisfactory, and were dropped by common consent. Finally a meeting was called for election. Three members of the class were then absent; but a short time before the hour appointed for the meeting, a telegram was unexpectedly received from one of them, stating that he would be present if it could be deferred until evening. The telegram was immediately shown to the President of the class and the election postponed indefinitely. It was claimed by certain members that this man had no right to vote, as he had for some time been absent from the college; but on soliciting the Faculty they were quietly informed that he was still a member of the class; and his name has since appeared in the catalogue as one of our number. One of the two men who now remained absent arrived the next morning; but although he was secretly called to town we do not complain, for we were willing from the first that every man should have the right to vote. We then thought it no more than fair that the only absent member should also be present, and accordingly sent one of our number for him. While he was gone a meeting was held, of which neither of the absent men was notified, and in opposition to the expressed desire of one half the class. Only six men, of whom one was chairman, were present to participate in the election. The above-mentioned list was therefore the result of proceedings when a quorum was not present.

Under such circumstances, we can but regard the so-called election as without precedent, without honor and without legality; and wish it distinctly understood that those who published the above mentioned list had no right to use our names in connection with it, and that we shall not participate in any proceedings recognizing the bogus officers.

H. C. Rowe; N. N. Atkinson; J. K. Richardson; E. W. Norwood; E. P. Roberts; A. W. Jackson.  
AUGUSTA, Nov. 13, 1868.  
Editors Waterville Mail:  
I notice in your issue of this morning a list of names purporting to be the officers elect for the Senior Class of Colby University.

Did not my own name appear as class poet I should personally say nothing at all of the matter, though the election was an entirely bogus affair, discreditable to the college and an insult to the best men in the class. There was a meeting of six members of the class, (three are twelve in all) of whom three, if I am informed correctly, gave me their votes for class poet, and declared me elected. Any reader may judge for himself as to the propriety of such a procedure. I have only to say that I do not consider myself elected class poet, and can but regard the use of my name in such a manner as anything but complimentary.

Very respectfully,  
A. WILLARD JACKSON.  
The looked-for and longed-for ceremony of allowing the waters of the Kennebec to take full possession of the new dam, commenced at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon—the earliest risers on Sunday morning finding the performance complete and full, according to the programme.

The Water Power Co., have now a dam competent to any expected demands; and with 400 acres of land, on both sides of the river, selected with special regard to its value and importance in connection with business, it would seem to be in its power to offer inducements that can hardly fail to attract such manufacturing enterprises as will contribute to the prosperity of the place and the pecuniary profit of the Company.

The Lewiston Journal has a statement of the condition of the subscriptions to the Somerset Railroad, from which it appears that \$451,000 is subscribed by towns and individuals, and that \$229,000 more is needed to complete the whole estimated cost, \$680,000. The Journal says, "The friends of the road hope that this amount will be obtained as follows: \$80,000 from Waterville, \$50,000 from Lewiston, 25 to \$50,000 from Portland, and the balance from private subscriptions, and from towns near the line that have not yet subscribed." Can the Journal tell us why Waterville can find it profitable to subscribe eighty thousand dollars, while Lewiston puts down but fifty thousand?

THE MARKETS.—Bread stuffs of all sorts are making rushing progress downward, greatly to the injury of certain classes of speculators. Whether the great combined capital and railroad monopoly, that has so long grown fat upon the bread of both rich and poor, will be able to resort to any means of keeping back supplies and keeping up prices, remains to be seen. It is said the stock of flour at Chicago is ten times as much this year as last, and of wheat double the quantity. Spring extra flour is quoted at \$5 25 to \$6 at Chicago; and State and superfine in N. York at \$5.50 to \$7.40. Oats 45 at Chicago, and 70 in N. Y. Corn 76 to 80 in Chicago, and 1.14 in N. Y.

Butter, prime lots 48 to 50 in Boston; in Portland 38 to 42 for best table. In Bangor good lump butter is quoted at 40 to 45. Best loose hay in Bangor \$14 to \$17, poorer qualities \$10 to \$13. In Boston \$16 to \$24, according to quality.

LAZARUS & MORRIS, oculists and opticians, will have a member of the firm at the store of Alden Brothers, in our village, on Tuesday, Dec. 15th, to attend personally to any difficult cases. Those persons who have found any trouble in fitting their eyes with glasses, will do well to attend at that time.

THE GRIST MILL of Lowe and Miliken, at Teonite Bridge, is running again, as the public will doubtless be glad to hear.

OUR TABLE.  
LION BEN of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiator," "Good Old Times," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This book has a special interest for our boys and girls, inasmuch as it is a narrative of life in the woods of Maine. It is written, too, by one who has already made himself a favorite with the youth of our country; one who aims to profit while he entertains his readers. It will make a very good gift book for any boy or girl. It will be followed by others of the "Elm Island series." For sale at Mathews's.

"THE NURSERY SERIES OF STORIES AND PICTURES"—"The Sick Doll, and other Stories," "The Child's Auction, and other Stories," "The Great Secret, and other Stories"—three beautiful volumes in one case, and filled with stories and pictures designed for youngest readers—has been issued by Nichols & Hall, of Boston, and no doubt large numbers of these will be distributed as presents during the approaching holidays. Nothing better can be found. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for December presents a rich table of contents among which are the following: Doreas Bentley: an American Story; A Terrible Voyage; The Garden of Adonis; a Poem; England and Napoleon III.; The Art of Swindling; Pearl of Great Price; A Contribution to History; Songs of the Slave; Lonely Spots and Places; Claims of the Anti-Bondholders; Reply to "Claims of the Anti-Bondholders"; The Young Priest; 77 Tale of Louisiana; Charles Loring Elliott; The Artist: On Using Strength to Advantage; in Untroupled Fidelity; A Poem. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The December number of this popular magazine is received. We find it filled with that charming variety of illustration and interesting letter-press so well calculated to keep it at the head of the cheap magazines of the country. Shillaber treats us to one of his most musical illustrated poems; Mrs. Edson closes her interesting serial, "A Woman's Error;" William L. Williams gives the young folks an exciting story; while Jane G. Austin, James Franklin Fitts, Catherine Earnshaw, W. H. Macy, N. E. Darling and several other writers of more or less note furnish each a capital story or poem. The publishers announce for 1869 a new serial by the charming Miss Canella Willian, also an original story for boys and girls to run through the year, by Horatio Alger, Jr., one of the most popular writers for the young. They also promise increased attractions in stories and illustrations, for the coming year, over those of any previous one. As their promises have been more than performed in the past, we have reason to believe they will continue to be in the future. It is sent to subscribers at \$1.50 a year, or in clubs for \$1.25. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, Publishers, Bangor, Me.

A SECRET.—Yes, ladies, and one that intimately concerns you; but don't you whisper it to a soul—unless you want to. Listen then—One of the Misses Fisher went to Boston, the other day. "Yes?" [rising in infection.] But she returned. "Oh, fudge! is that your secret? that's too much like 'the King of France and forty thousand men.' Is that all?" All? no indeed! and there's where the Queen of Fashion beats the King of France. She brought home a charming assortment of all the latest novelties in the fashionable world, useful and ornamental, which may be seen at the well known millinery store of Misses E. & S. Fisher, corner of Main and Silver Sts., under the Waterville Bank. Go in and buy something to make you look younger, handsomer and more charming than ever.

Some of our farmers, we learn, were caught napping by the early and sudden advent of winter this season, and suffer in consequence. Grafted fruit, being frozen upon the trees was wasted for cider, and potatoes and other roots are yet under the snow. [Stop your snickering, you Sand-peeps down there in Vineland, and don't waste your sympathy, for you will need it at home next mosquito-time.]

"THE PRINTER'S INK" is the name of a little sheet published at the office of Samuel S. Smith, by his son, Frank K. It claims to be a boy's paper; and if the son is a genuine "chip of the old block" we'll risk him and his enterprise. Here's our with this bit of advice—use your head more than you do your scissors, and don't go too far for your news.

MESSRS. DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & Co's Sash and Blind Manufactory, which has been silent for several weeks, is once more filled with the hum of revolving wheels and the enlivening sounds of active industry. Of course their old friends have not forgotten them, and we hope to see them win hosts of new ones. See their advertisement in another column.

MR. A. M. DUNBAR, whose shop was such a convenience in our village, has returned and again established himself in the same business in the room over the Lockup, where he is prepared to mend almost everything but broken hearts. Give him a call, for he is a deserving young man, one who is willing to render a fair equivalent of service for that living which the world is said to owe every man. See his advertisement.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle and sheep at Brighton and Cambridge was this week considerably reduced, but although trade was less depressed, prices were no materially changed.

WATCHMAN DUNBAR reports a brilliant display of meteors last Friday night. A year or two ago, half the world sat up to watch for them, but this year the night editors and watchmen appear to have had it all to themselves.

MORE.—In our statement of premiums taken in Waterville from the State fair, we overlooked the first premium on three-year-old colts, taken by Henry Taylor on a colt of the Don Juan stock.

Owing to an unfortunate disagreement between the members of the Senior Class of Colby University, the usual fall exhibition has been indefinitely postponed.

A correspondent of the Somerset Reporter states that a rich and promising silver mine has been opened on the farm of Mr. Wm. H. Fowler, on the eastern shore of Sibley's Pond, in Pittsfield.

MAINE STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—Hon. Warren Johnson, Superintendent of Common Schools, extends an invitation to all interested in the cause of public education to be present at the second annual meeting of this Association which will be held at Augusta, Nov. 23, 24 and 25. The convention will be devoted to essays on Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, History, &c., and the Common School System of Maine, each topic to be followed by discussion. Tuesday evening, lecture. Wednesday morning a short session for general business closing in season for [11 A. M. train, West. The Representatives' Hall has been kindly granted the Association by order] of Governor and Council. Messrs. Turner & Williams, Proprietors of the Augusta House, will receive teachers and members of the convention at \$1.50 per day. The people of Augusta have generously invited lady teachers to partake of their hospitalities. The railroads through the State have extended the favor of reduced rates to members of the Association.

WARRANT FOR EXECUTION. The Rockland Press says: Governor Chamberlain has issued his warrant for the execution of Clifton Harris, the colored man who murdered two women at Auburn, to take place Friday the fourth day of December next. As the warrant is directed to Sheriff Laughton, whose whereabouts is unknown, the question is raised whether the office of executioner can be filled by any other person. Such being the case, the edict of the Governor may not be fulfilled at the time named.

We learn from the Belfast Age that Hon. R. B. Dunn, President of the Maine Central Railroad, was in that city on Monday, in conference with the Directors of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad, in regard to leasing the road by that company, and the prospect is that an agreement will be entered into, on very favorable terms to the road. Such an arrangement will insure the prompt completion of the road, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Voice states that a hen hawk dove for a chicken the other day in the yard of Ephraim Joy of Patten. The chicken rushed for the open door into the house and hid himself under the table. The hawk determined not to be foiled in that way and followed chick pell mell into the house, and seeing himself in the looking glass charged upon it with all his powers. The result was a shattered glass and a bruised head. The crash brought in Mrs. Joy just in season to see the defeated hawk, crest fallen, retreating out of the door, as if seven wild cats were after him.

A man at Tennant's Harbor, was recently out in his dory and fell overboard, and not being able to swim conceived the idea of striking bottom and "footing it" ashore. Accordingly, shutting his eyes and teeth firmly together he struck out for the shore, until, believing he must be near land, he opened his eyes and found himself in the middle of a corn field.

BEAUTIES OF MORMON POLYGAMY.—A Gentile woman in Utah lately gave a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial this little, but telling sketch of the practical workings of the Mormon system:

Now there's Eph. Roberts right over there—pointing to a stone house near the mountain—he brought a real young, delicate wife, from New York, now going on sixteen years ago, and she worked awful hard, I tell you; why, I've known her to do all her own work when Eph. had three hands and the thrashing machine at his house, and sometimes she worked out in the field, bound wheat and raked hay, which, you know is awful on a delicate New York woman—'taint as if she'd been raised to it, like we folks—and after all, just last year, Eph. went and married another woman, a real young one, not over twenty, and, don't you think this spring she knocked Maria—that's his first wife—down with the churn dasher and scalded her. Eph. stood by and just said, "go in, Luce; kill her if you can."

It all started about a churn, too. Both wanted to use it at once. Maria had it, and her butter was a little slow a comin', and they got mad, and Luce struck her and then snatched the little right off the stove, and poured hot water on her feet, so she fell down when she tried to run out.

And what was the result, finally? Well, Maria left him; of course, she had to be killed. It's very nice, though, for the men. I had a dozen chances to marry old Mormons, but, law! I wouldn't give that for all of 'em. Why just turn them round, and let a woman have two or three men, and see how they'd like that. There wouldn't be no murdering done in these parts—oh no! And I reckon a woman has as fine feelin's as a man. I tell you if my husband ever jines c'm on, I'll try to get another wife, that I'll hunt up another Gentile. Bet your life on that.

THE WATER POWER OF MAINE.—The report of Commissioners appointed to conduct the hydrographic survey of the State of Maine contains some interesting statements. Returns were obtained from 2,015 sites of water power, all located within an area of 14,000 square miles, the entire area of the State being 31,000 square miles. The Penobscot River, in the twelve miles above Bangor, has power equal to 40,000 horses. The Kennebec River has power equal to 32,800, divided as follows: Augusta has 5,000; Waterville, 8,900; Solon, 4,900; Skowhegan, 6,700; Fairfield, 7,300; Anson and Madison, 2,000-horse power. The Androscoggin has power equal to 58,900 horses, divided as follows: Lewiston, 14,500; Brunswick, 4,600; Lisbon, 6,740; Livermore, 3,200; Jay, 4,950; Rumford, 21,000. From these figures it appears that the three principal rivers of the State afford power equal to over 130,000 horses. The report gives a total of 450,000 and taking into account the powers not reported, the aggregate water power of the State will not fall short of 1,000,000 horses. Lowell, in Massachusetts, has 9,000-power. The water power of Maine indicated above is, in the drouth of summer and at its present stage of development, equal to the working power of 4,000,000 of men, and is twice greater than the power, both steam and water, employed in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1856, in cotton, woolen, worsted, silk, and flax manufacture.—[Scientific American.]

STUNS ON WOMEN.—At a recent dinner in this city, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast, "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet, and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, not to ours."

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; the maligner of woman was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words on this subject.

Of all the evils prevalent among men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of woman—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

Plain words should be spoken on this point for the evil is a general one, and deep-rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or even low women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of no honest and respectable citizens by the development of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their FAITH IN WOMAN. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.—[Packard's Monthly.]

TOAST—HOW TO MAKE IT.—Did the reader ever ask for toast at a hotel? If so, he probably was served with a piece of fresh bread, burned before the fire, the charcoal mostly scraped off, and served under the name of toast. Now there is a little science involved in making toast. It should always be made of stale bread. The heat drives off whatever acids may have formed in the loaf, but, more than that, the starch of the flour is more or less converted by the heat into a more digestible substance, dextrine. By nicely toasting a slice of bread we save the digestive organs a certain amount of labor; hence toast is usually acceptable to invalids and those of impaired digestion. So much for the philosophy of the thing. Now for the practice. Make the toast from a stale home-made loaf. Bakers' bread will make an imitation of toast, but not the thing itself. Slice moderately thin, and place on the toasting fork, or in some of the wire toasters, and hold it near the fire until it is well warmed through. Then here comes the rub—bring it near the fire where it will quickly become of a light brown, or rather of a deep golden yellow, turn and treat the other side the same, and serve. If buttered toast is desired, apply butter in moderate quantity while hot. Toast should not be piled upon a plate, as in that case the crispness is lost. If there is no toasting rack, lay the slices lapping over one another, single fashion, so that the moisture of the lower slices will escape, and not be absorbed by the others.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power.

In Chicago (of course) a fellow named Reed was recently arrested, charged with passing two \$10 counterfeit notes. The charge was fully proven, whereupon Reed proved that he had stolen the bills from a comrade. The fact that he stole the money was considered evidence that he supposed the money to be good, and the fact that the money was counterfeit, being not money in the eyes of the law, it was contended that no offence was committed in the stealing of it, and he was forthwith discharged.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.  
A southern paper remarks that "the country has most unaccountably declined democratic sentiment though they were tendered upon cheaper and better terms than by official rivals." The easy explanation is that the democrats offered an inferior article.

The United States minister has been authorized by the revolution junta of Seville to build a Protestant chapel in that city.

A western paper thus addresses delinquent subscribers: "A man might as well attempt to quench the phosphorescent emanations from the tail-end of a lightning bug with a squirt-gun, as to try to run a newspaper without money."

Bideford is the only democratic city in the State. By mistake Augusta chose democratic officers last spring.

Augusta paid \$1600 a few days since, to a person who fell through a scuttle door, left open, and was injured by the accident.

Bangor is to have a grand concert and levee to raise funds for the needs and comfort of the Children's Home in that city.

A man called another an extortioner for suing him. "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed, how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

The latest returns from the Alabama election indicate that the State will give General Grant about 3500 majority.

Work is being driven on the European and North American Railroad. In a few weeks, the track to Greenbush will be ballasted and a large part of the work between Greenbush and Passadumkeag will be done by the middle of next month.

What a popular man is Mr. Seymour! He only runs 12,000 behind the vote for Governor, in his own State. It is a way he has.

When butter was ten cents a pound, a pound would buy a yard of good cotton cloth. In these days a pound will buy two yards. The truth is, farm labor will bring in more money than mechanical labor.

Late Tuesday evening a loud and persistent knocking at the door of a room in which the inspectors of a Ward in Albany were engaged in canvassing, was at last answered. In passed the head of a citizen, with the remark: "Mr. Inspector, when you come to my vote have it out. I have my reasons; will you?"

It is said that the Pope has informed the provisional government of Spain that he does not wish religious liberty established. But it is not believed that the government asked his advice in the matter.

One of Sylvanus Cobb's mysterious taverns has been found in Illinois, with eight skeletons under the cellar floor, and bloody corpses in the barn.

Not a democrat was elected to any office within a hundred miles of the publication office of the La Crosse Democrat.

Prentiss M. Woodman, of Auburn, has declined to serve as a representative, because he thinks that democratic votes elected him.

"No presents received," is printed on the cards issued for a wedding to take place in New York on the 18th inst.

The pending fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States has been ratified by twenty-six States.

It is only twenty-six hours' staging from the end of the Union Pacific to Salt Lake.

An "engagement" ring worn by a young lady bears on its inner surface this inscription: "Each for the other, and both for God."

WHAT MAKES YOUR HAIR SO BEAUTIFUL? Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing (in one bottle). Price One Dollar. Every Druggist sells it.

"Corvante," said Emerson, in one of his recent lectures, "went out of the world one day that Shakespeare might be born the next."







