



12-4-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 23): December 4, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 23): December 4, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 275.

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I come from the polar bear's retreat,
With the cutting wind;
The slanting rain and the stinging sleet;
And the singing nymphs in the waters are still
As I sweep over river and laughing rill,
With icy feet.

No flowers greet me with dewy eyes,
And fragrant breath;
And never a bird sings 'neath my skies!
For at my approach in dread they flee
Far away, where out of the tropical sea,
Enchanted islands rise.

Storm-circled, still onward I swiftly fly
With the driving cloud,
And every casement and crevice I try,
And shriek like a demon in the ear,
Where shuddering poverty crouches in fear,
Or, despairing, sinks to die.

But the rich they laugh when my mad winds blow
Over the earth,
And beat me back with the bright fire's glow—
Slip the red wine, nor yet remember
The wretches who shiver when grim December
Comes white with snow.

MAJOR PARRIFER.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHAVING THE PONY'S TAIL."] (CONTINUED.)

The year was getting on. Summer fruits were ripening. It had been a warm spring, and the weather was upon us early.

One fine Sunday morning George Reed came out of his cottage and turned on Piefinch Lane. His little girls were with him, one in either hand, in their clean cotton frocks and pinafores, and straw hats. People had gone into church, and the bells had ceased. Reed had not been constant in attendance since the misfortune in the winter, when Major Parrifer put him into prison. The month's imprisonment had altered him; his daughter Cathy's mysterious absence had altered him more; he seemed not to like to face people, and any trifling made an excuse to himself to keep away from service. Today it was afforded to the baby's illness. Reed said he would take the little girls out to a bit to keep the place quiet.

Rumors were abroad that he had heard once from Cathy; that she should come back some day and surprise him and the neighbors, and she was "all right, and he had no call to fret after her." Whether this was truth, or pure rumor, Reed did not say; he was a closer man than he used to be.

Lifting the children over a stile in Piefinch Lane, Reed strolled along the cross path of the field. It brought him to the high hedge that skirted the premises of Major Parrifer. The man had taken it by chance, because it was a quiet walk. He was passing along slowly, the children having run into the field, on which the second crop of grass was beginning to grow, when voices on the other side the hedge struck on his ear. Reed gently put some of the foliage aside, and looked through, just as Major Parrifer had looked through the hedge in Piefinch Lane at him that Sunday morning some few months ago.

Major Parrifer had been suffering from a temporary indisposition. He did not consider himself sufficiently recovered to attend service, but neither was he ill enough to lie in bed. With the departure of his family for church, the major had come strolling out in the garden in an airy dressing-gown, and there saw his gardener picking peas.

"Holloo, Hotty! This ought to have been done before."

"Yes, sir, I know it; I'm a little late," answered Hotty; "I shall have done in two or three minutes. The cook makes a fuss if I pick 'em too early; she says they don't eat so well."

The peas were for the delectation of the major's own palate, so he found no more fault. Hotty went on with his own work, and the major gave a general look round. On a wall near, at right angles with the hedge through which Reed was then peering, some fine apricots were growing green yet.

"These apricots want thinning, Hotty observed the major."

"I have thinned 'em some, sir."

"Not enough. Our apricots were not as fine last year as they ought to have been. I said then they had not had sufficient room to grow. Green apricots are always useful; they make the best tart known."

Major Parrifer walked to the greenhouse, outside which a small basket was hanging, brought it back, and began to pick some of the apricots where they looked too thick. Reed outside, watched the process—not alone. As luck had it, a man appeared in the field path, who proved to be Gruff Blossom, the Jacobsons' groom coming home to spend Sunday with his friends. Reed made a sign to Blossom for silence, and caused him to look on also.

With the small basket half full, the major desisted, thinking possibly he had plucked enough, and turned away carrying it. Hotty came out from the peas then, his task finished. They strolled slowly down the path by the hedge; the major first, Hotty a step behind, talking about late and early peas, and whether Prussian blues or marrowfat were the best eating.

"Do you see those weeds in the onion-bed? suddenly asked the major, stopping as they were passing it."

Hotty turned his head to look. A few weeds certainly had sprung up. He'd attend to it on the morrow, he told his master; and then said something about the work accumulating almost beyond him, since the boy had been at home ill.

"Pick them out now," said the major; "there's not a dozen of them."

Hotty stooped to do as he was bid. The major made no more ado and stooped also, he himself uprooting quite half of the weeds. Not much more, in all, than the dozen he had spoken of; and then they went on with their baskets to the house.

Never had George Reed experienced so much gratification since the day he came out of prison. "Do you see the major at it?"—thinking his apricots and pulling up his weeds?" he asked of Gruff Blossom. And Blossom's reply, gruff as usual, was to ask what might be supposed to be all his eyes that he shouldn't see.

"Very good," said Reed.

One evening in the following week, when we were sitting out on the lawn, the Squire smoking, Mrs. Todhethley nursing her face in her hand, with tooth-ache as usual, Tod teasing Hugh and Lena, and I up in a beech-tree, a horseman rode in. It proved to be Mr. Jacobson. Dwarf Giles took his horse, and he came and sat down on the bench. The Squire asked him what he'd take, and he chose cider; he was so thirsty he said. Which Thomas brought.

"Here's a go," began Mr. Jacobson. "Have you heard what's up?"

"I've not heard anything," answered the Squire.

"Major Parrifer has got a summons served him for working in his garden on a Sunday and is to appear before the magistrates tomorrow," continued old Jacobson, drinking off a glass of cider at a draught.

"No!" cried Mr. Todhethley, staring.

"It's a fact. Blossom, our groom, has got a summons served him, too, to give evidence."

Waterville Mail.

FITCHBURG, MASS., OCT. 30.

"Would you like to go up to Hoosac Tunnel?" Hoosac Tunnel! why, that is one of the wonders of the world—or will be when it is completed! Of course I would like to go. "Then meet me at the depot at half past nine o'clock." Now we always make it a point to be ahead of time in taking the cars, and it was well that we did so on this occasion; for the time of leaving was fifteen minutes ahead of our appointment, and it was only through some very "tall walking" on our part as we neared the depot, favored by the influence of our friend with the conductor, that we managed to get on board. It we had been left behind, it would not have been our fault, to be sure, but it would certainly have been our misfortune, for a trip like this is the event of a life-time.

It was a lovely morning, bright and warm; the woods were aflame with the glories of autumn; and as we dashed along there was a wonderful exhilaration for us in the atmosphere, heightened by the presence of pleasant company on board, and glad anticipations of what was in store for us. A company of excursionists were in our car, bound, like ourselves, to the Tunnel, one of whom we spotted for a Universalist clergyman, and some of the others looked as though they might be members of the restless "press gang," who are continually going up and down the earth, seeking material for a paragraph. The Superintendent Engineer of the Tunnel, B. D. Frost, Esq., was also with us, and we found him a very come-at-able man, who kindly proffered all needed information, direction and assistance. Athol, one of the towns through which we passed, we found all alive with a firemen's muster, and to increase the show we contributed from our train a brass band, a lot of boys who "run with the machine," and a host of spectators.

It is a pretty sharp up grade from Fitchburg to the height of land which divides the waters of the Merrimack from those of the Connecticut—so sharp that cars will run down very readily without any help from an engine; and when one was once carelessly left upon the track it started of itself, and gathering momentum as it went, it dashed madly into town and ended by jumping over a house and leaving a nice pile of kindling wood where it struck.

After passing this height of land you very soon strike Miller's River, a very crooked tributary of the Connecticut—whose shallow stream hurries rapidly down a rocky bed, furnishing, we should suppose, a great amount of water power.

We hardly dare to say how many times the railroad track crosses this river, but we should say from twelve to fifteen. The country in this portion of the old Bay State, as seen from the cars, has a very primitive look—not unlike the more unpromising portions of our own State; and if you hear any son of Massachusetts complaining of the roughness of Maine, ask him if he has been up among these hills. At one point as we rode along we had a fine view of Mount Monadnock in New Hampshire, and we afterward saw the same mountain from the top of Hoosac. How often we hear people complaining of New England—the rougher portions particularly—as being cold, bleak and sterile, unfit for the residence of man, during the winter at least. Some one has said that it was fortunate for this portion of the country that the Pilgrims landed no farther south, for if New England had not been settled early it never would have been occupied at all. A wise Providence doubtless regulated all that, and brought the proper and fit instruments here to be hardened, and tempered on these "rock-bound shores" and granite hills, which were afterwards to be used for rearing and shaping our vast national fabric, whose foundation being laid in truth and justice, it shall continue to rise heavenward through all coming time.

As you near the Connecticut, of course the country improves, until you finally find yourself in that beautiful garden land, of which all have heard. Crossing the placid Connecticut river, and immediately toward the Deerfield (near where a bridge on the Connecticut River railroad was burned by northern rebels during the rebellion) we soon arrived at Greenfield. It was at Turner's Falls, three miles above this place, that Mr. T. J. Emery, our live Kennecott, built a big dam a few years ago. Leaving Greenfield, we crossed the Green River, not far from the village, on a bridge one hundred feet above the water. The first bridge erected here was a splendid piece of scientific folly—that is, it was built under the direction of an eminent civil engineer, who was prepared to demonstrate that it was constructed on the most approved scientific principles and was strong enough to sustain any reasonable burden. But alas for science—or rather alas for her overwise pupil—the bridge went down with the first train sent upon it, luckily with the loss of only one life in the experiment. There was of course much damage to property and the reputation of the engineer, though he tenaciously adhered to his first opinion, stoutly insisting that the bridge had no right to fall.

Immediately after crossing Green River the passengers were thrown into ecstasies of admiration by the beautiful views we had of the Connecticut valley, which lay below us to the south. Charming pictures they were, which we shall long treasure in memory's gallery to gladden our heart; but we will not attempt the difficult task of describing them—only the born poet or painter could do that satisfactorily. The village of Deerfield comes into these views, with Bloody Brook and other localities hard by, (made memorable by stirring events in the old wars with the Indians,) and Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, and other heights looming up in the distance.

We soon entered the Deerfield valley, and

Mrs. Todhethley lifted her face; Tod left Hugh and Lena to themselves; I slid down from the beech tree; and we listened for more. But Mr. Jacobson could not give particulars, or say much more than he had already said. All he knew was that on Monday morning George Reed had appeared before the magistrates and made a complaint. At first they were unwilling to grant a summons, laughed at it; but Reed in a burst of reproach, civilly delivered, asked why there should be a law for the poor and not for the rich, and in what lay the difference between himself and Major Parrifer; that the one should be called to account and punished for doing wrong, and the other was not even to be accused when he had done it.

"Brandon happened to be on the bench," concluded Mr. Jacobson. "He appeared struck with the argument, and signed the summons. My belief is," continued old Jacobson, with a wink over the cider glass at his lips, "that the granting of that summons was as good as a play to Brandon and the rest. I'd as lieve, though, that they'd not brought Blossom into it."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Todhethley, who had been grieved at the time at the injustice done to Reed.

"Well, Parrifer is a disagreeable man to offend. And he is sure to visit Blossom's part in this on me."

"Let him," said Tod, with enthusiasm. "Well done, George Reed."

Be you very sure we went over to the fight. Squire Todhethley did not appear; at which Tod exploded a little; he only wished he was a magistrate, wouldn't he take his place and judge the major! But the Pater said when people had lived to his age, they liked to be at peace with their neighbors—not but what he hoped Parrifer would "get it," for having been so hard up on Reed.

Major Parrifer came driving to the Court-house in his high carriage with a great bluster, and his iron-grey hair sticking up, two groans attending him. Only the magistrates who had granted the summons sat. The news had gone about like wild-fire, and several were in the town and about, but did not take their places. I don't believe there was one would have lifted his finger to save the major from a month's imprisonment; but they did not care to sentence him to it.

It was a regular battle. Major Parrifer was in an awful passion all the time; asking, when he came in, how they dared summons him. "Him! Mr. Brandon, cool as a cucumber, answered in his squeaky voice, that when a complaint of breaking the law was preferred before them and sworn to by witness, they could only act upon it."

First of all, the major denied the facts. He worked in his garden on a Sunday!—the very supposition was preposterous! Upon which George Reed, who was in his best clothes, and looked every bit as good as the major, and pleasant, testified to what he had seen.

Major Parrifer, dancing with temper when he found that he had been looked at through the hedge, and that it was Reed who looked, gave the lie direct, and called his gardener, Richard Hotty, ordering him to testify whether he, the major, ever worked in his garden, either on Sundays or other week-days.

"Hotty was working himself," interrupted George Reed. "He was picking peas; and he helped to weed the onion-bed. But it was by his master's orders, so it would be unjust to seek to punish him."

The major turned to Reed as if he would strike him, and demanded of the magistrates why they permitted the fellow to interrupt. They ordered Reed to be quiet, and told Hotty to proceed.

But Hotty was one of those slow men to whom anything like evasion is difficult. His master had thinned the apricot tree that Sunday morning; he had helped to weed the onion-bed; Hotty conscious of the fact, but not liking to admit it, stammered and stuttered, and made a poor figure of himself. Mr. Brandon thought he would help him out.

"Did you see your master pick the apricots?"

"I see him pick—just a few," answered Hotty, shuffling from one leg to the other in his perplexity. "Twarn't to be called work, sir."

"Oh! and did he help you to weed the onion-bed?"

"There wain't a dozen weeds in it in all," returned Hotty. "The major see 'em, and stooped down on the spur of the moment, and me too. We had 'em up in a twinkling. Twarn't work, sir; couldn't be called it now. The major, he never do work at no time."

Blossom had not arrived, and it was hard to tell how the thing would terminate: the major had a witness, such as it was, protesting that nothing to be called work was done. Reed had none, as yet.

"Old Jacobson is keeping Blossom back, Johnny," whispered Tod. "It's a sin and a shame."

"No, he is not," said I, "look there!"

Blossom was coming in. He had walked over, and not hurried himself. Major Parrifer cast daggers upon him, if looks could do it, but it made no difference to Blossom.

He gave his evidence in his usual surly manner. It was clear and straightforward. Major Parrifer had thinned the apricot tree for his own benefit; and had weeded the onion bed, Hotty helping at the weeds by order.

"What brought you spying at the place, James Blossom?" demanded a lawyer on the major's behalf.

"Accident," was the short answer.

"Indeed! You didn't go there on purpose, I suppose?—and skulk under the hedge on purpose?—and peer into the major's garden on purpose?"

"No, I didn't," said Blossom. "The field is open to walk in, and I was crossing it. George Reed made me a sign afore I came up to him, to look in, as he was doing, and I did so, not knowing what there might be to see. It would be nothing to me if the major worked in his garden of a Sunday from sunrise to sunset; he's welcome to do it; but if you summons me here and ask me, did I see him working, I say yes, I did. Why do you send me a summons if you don't want me to tell the truth? Let me be, and I'd say nothing to mortal man."

Evidently nothing favorable to the defence could be got out of James Blossom. Mr. Brandon began saying to the major that he feared there was no help for it; they should be obliged to convict him; and was met by a storm of reproach.

Convict him! roared the major. For having picked two or three green apricots—and for stooping to pull up a couple or so of worthless weeds? He would be glad to ask which of them, his brother-magistrates sitting there, would not pick an apricot, or a peach, or what not, on a Sunday, if he wanted to eat one? The thing was utterly preposterous.

"And what was it I did?" demanded George Reed, drowning interfering voices who would have stopped him. "I went to the garden to get up a bunch of turnips for my sick wife, and seeing some withered weeds flung on the bed I drew them off with the hoe. What was that, I ask? And it was no more; no more, gentlemen, in the sight of heaven."

No particular answer was given to this; perhaps the justices had not any ready. Mr. Brandon was beginning to confer with the other two in an under tone, when Reed spoke again.

"I was dragged up here in handcuffs, and told I had broken the law; Major Parrifer said to me himself that I had violated the sanctity of the Sabbath (them were the words); and therefore I must be punished; there was no help for it. What has he done? I didn't do as much as he has."

"Now you know, Reed, this is irregular," said one of the justices; "You must not interrupt the court."

"You put me in prison for a month, gentlemen," resumed Reed, paying no attention to the injunction. "They cut my hair close in the prison, and they kept me to hard labor for the month, as if I didn't have enough of hard labor out of it. My wife was sick and disabled at the time, my three little children be helpless; it wasn't thanks to the magistrates, gentlemen, or to Major Parrifer that they did not starve."

"Will you be quiet, Reed?"

"If I deserve one month of prison," persisted Reed, fully bent on saying what he had to say, "Major Parrifer must deserve two—for his offence is larger than mine. The law's the same for both of us, I suppose. He—"

"Reed, if you say another word I will order you at once from the room," interrupted Mr. Brandon, his thin voice sharp and determined. "How dare you persist in addressing the bench when told to be quiet!"

Reed fell back and said no more. He knew that Mr. Brandon had a habit of carrying out his own authority, in spite of his nervous health and querulous way of speaking. The justices spoke together, and then said they found the offence proved, and inflicted a fine on Major Parrifer.

He dashed the money down on the table, in too much of a rage to do it politely, and went out to his carriage. There was no other case on, that day, and the justices got up and mixed with the crowd. Mr. Brandon, who felt chill in the hottest summer's day, and was afraid of showers, buttoned on a light overcoat.

"Then there's two laws, sir?" said Reed to him, quite civilly, but in a voice that everybody might hear. "When the law was made against Sabbath-breaking those that made it passed one for the rich and another for the poor!"

"Nonsense, Reed."

"Nonsense, sir? I don't see it. I was put in prison; Major Parrifer has only got to pay a bit of money, which is of no more account to him than dirt, and that he can't feel the loss of. And my offence—if it was an offence—was less than his."

"Two wrongs don't make a right," said Mr. Brandon, dropping his voice to a low key. You ought not to have been put in prison, Reed; had I been on the bench it should not have been done."

"But it was done, sir, and my life got a blight on it. It's on me yet; will never be lifted off me."

Mr. Brandon smiled one of his quiet smiles, and spoke in a whisper. "He has got it too, unless I mistake. He'll carry that fine about with him always. Johnny, are you there? Don't go and repeat what you've heard me say."

Mr. Brandon was right. To have been summoned before the bench, where he had pompously sat to summons others, and for working on Sunday above all things; to have been found guilty and fined, was the bitterest portion to Major Parrifer. The bench would never be to him the seat it had been; the remembrance of the day when he was before it, would, as Mr. Brandon expressed it, be carried about with him always.

They projected a visit to the sea-side at once. Mrs. Parrifer, with three of the Misses Parrifer, came dashing up to people's houses in the carriage, finer and louder and grander than ever; she had not been well and was ordered to Aberystwith. The next day they and the Major were off; and heaps of cards were sent round with "P. P. C." in their corner. I think Mr. Brandon must have laughed when he got his.

The winter holidays came round again; we went home for Christmas, as usual, and found George Reed down with some sort of illness. There's an old saying "when the mind's at ease the body's delicate," but Mr. Duffham always maintained that though that might apply to a short period of time, in the long run mind and body sympathized together. George Reed had been a very healthy man, and as free from care as most people; this last year care and trouble and mortification had lain on his mind, and at the beginning of winter his health broke down. It was quite a triumph (in the matter of opinion) for old Duffham.

The illness began with a cough and a low fever, neither of which can laborers afford time to lie by for. It went on to greater fever and inflammation inside him, on the chest or lungs, or both. There was no choice then, and Reed took to his bed. For the most part, when poor people get ill, they had to get well again, without much notice being taken of them; but events had drawn attention to Reed, making him into a conspicuous character; his illness was talked of, and so he got help. Ever since the prison affair I had felt sorry for Reed, and so had Mrs. Todhethley.

"I have had some nice strong broth made for Reed, Johnny," she said to me one day in January; "it's as good and nourishing as beef-tea. If you want a walk you might take it to him."

Tod had gone out with the Squire, I felt dull, as I generally did without him, and put on my coat and hat. Mrs. Todhethley had the broth put into a bottle, and brought it me wrapped in a paper.

"I'd send him a drop of wine as well if you'd take care not to break the bottles carrying two."

No fear. I put the one bottle to lodge in my breast-pocket, and took the other in my hand. It was a cold afternoon, the sky nearly of a steel-blue, the sun bright and the ground hard. Major Parrifer and two of his daughters, coming home from a ride were cantering into the gates as I passed, their groom behind. I lifted my hat to the girls, but they only tossed their heads.

Reed was getting over the worst then, and I found him sitting by the kitchen fire, wrapped in a bed rug. Mrs. Reed took the bottles from me in the back-us—as they call the back place where washing and the like was done—for Reed was sensitive and did not like for things to be sent to him.

"Please God, I shall be at work again next week," said Reed, with a groan; and I saw he knew I had brought something.

He had been saying that all along; four or five weeks now. I sat down opposite to him and took up the boy, George; the little shaver had come round to me, holding by the chairs.

"It's going to be a hard frost, Reed."

"Is it, sir? Out-of-door weather don't seem to be o' much odds to me now."

"And a fall o' some sort's not far off, as my wrist tells me," put in Mrs. Reed. Years ago she had broken her wrist, and felt it always on change of weather. "May be some snow's coming."

I gave George a biscuit; the two little girls, who had been standing still against the press, began to come slowly forward. I had pressed my hand into the biscuit-basket at home before coming away, and the children guessed it. They put out a hand each without being told, and I dropped a biscuit into them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COL. BENTON AND THE WOOLLY HORSE.

—A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following anecdote of the late Col. Benton:

Next door to Shillington's, on Pennsylvania avenue, a fellow came one day about 1850, and opened a show. He had music playing at the door—a hurdy-gurdy, or something—and across the pavement stretched a gorgeous transparency to this effect:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PONY.

Captured by

CAPTAIN JOHN C. FREMONT, U. S. A.,

On Exhibition Here.

"It is neither horse, nor stag, nor antelope, but a marvelous combination of them all; an extraordinary nondescript, the puzzle of the faculty, the miracle of nature, the admiration of the world!"

The day after this spectacle opened, Dr. Wallace, now of the New York Herald, a favorite of Benton, was looking over the papers in Shillington's, when Colonel Benton, in his ponderous and stately way, turned the corner, coming down four-and-a-half street. He heard the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and seeing the great painted canvas over the pavement, he folded his cloak around him and proceeded to read the inscription. As he did so his eagle nose began to expand; his whiskers, brushed forward like gun-swabs, began to curl; his gray eyes looked fuming.

Wallace, innocently reading the papers, was suddenly disturbed by the Colonel laying violent hands upon him.

"Here sir! You! I want you sir!" said he in his deepest and most dreadful tones.

He put his talons into Wallace's shoulder, lifting him almost off his feet, shoved him ahead, and poked him along into the street and up the pavement. At the door of the show he took Wallace by the nape of the coat collar and gave him a cluck up stairs.

"Stop!" said the showman, "you have not paid your admission!"

"How much, sir, is it?" said Benton, terribly; "what is your fare, sir?"

"Quarter of a dollar!"

Benton produced the quarter and handed it over graciously. Then chuckled Wallace further up stairs.

"Go on, sir; I want you for a witness!"

"Stop!" said the showman below to Benton, who had pushed by him. "I must have your fare, too!"

"I don't recognize you, sir," cried Benton, "Go on," to Wallace.

Wallace, in great consternation to know what this meant, was propelled into the show-room, while the door-keeper followed hard after to recover his money.

There stood the woolly horse, eccentric, indeed, at his ruminations, divided from the people by a rope. Across this rope the Colonel vaulted. He fixed his talons in the nondescript's wool, with another grip at his crupper, and at a jerk, tore away hide, horns, and the whole outtrigery of the quadruped.

"There," said the Colonel, in a scream, standing upon his hide like an eagle upon a steep. "You are an impostor, sir! You slander in this imposition an officer of the army. I give you twenty-four hours to leave this city. Depart!"

He slung Wallace aside, paying no more attention to him, and stalked up toward the capitol.

Shillington says that in ten minutes there wasn't a vestige of the showman left. Dray-horse, hardy-gurdy, and canvas folded their wings like the Arabs, and silently passed away.

A writer in a Baptist paper comments on the absurdity of a preacher's saying Amen to his own prayer, and says: "When the people say amen, it is as if the speaker indited the petition, and the people signed it. But when he says Amen and they keep still, it is as if they said: 'He has had his say, but what is that to us?' For centuries after Christ, the people uttered a loud Amen at the close of the prayer. Chrysostom, of the fourth century, says 'it went off like a clap of thunder.'"

Emerson, in one of his recent lectures, told a very good story of Count Gurowski, illustrative of his sturdy independence of character. "Where is this bog?" asked he of somebody in Cambridge, when he was poor, and in a strait for victuals and lodging; "I wish to dig in it; I too wish to earn some money." And on being remonstrated with that such work would degrade him, he replied, "I cannot be degraded; I am Gurowski!" This is worthy of the stiff old hero.

OUR TABLE.

THE MIMIC STAGE. A Series of Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Farces; For Public Exhibitions and Private Theatricals. By George M. Baker, Boston. Lee & Shepard.

A collection of pieces specially prepared for occasional exhibitions, society benefits, and parlor theatricals and which, though fresh and new to most people, have yet stood the test of public approval. In their selection the author says he has "endeavored to avoid bluster and rant, relying on touches of nature, and hits at follies and absurdities." The volume, which is a handsome one, contains several illustrations.

For sale at Mathews's.

MADAME THERESE, or the Volunteers of '92. By MM. Eckmann—Chattrain. Translated from the 13th edition. With ten full page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This is the story of a *cinquiere* in the army of the Monella—a division of the Republican forces,—left for dead on the battlefield of Assaut, rescued and brought back to life by a brave German doctor. The story abounds in graphic pictures of country life on the borders of France, and is one of the most charming of modern fiction's productions.

Messrs. Eckmann and Chattrain are among the most popular of modern French novelists. Many of their works have reached a sale of fifteen or twenty thousand in the original, and each new production adds to the reputation

Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 8, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTEN, 40, Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. C. 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.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

THE INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.—The first annual catalogue of this institution promises all that could be claimed, under the circumstances. The Freshman class presents thirteen, and all second term is expected to add to this number. The Bangor & Oldtown and the E. & N. A. Railroads have each a Depot within one mile, one on the east and the other on the west. The farm contains 370 acres of the best land in Orono, having the proper diversity of soil. Tuition is free, and \$3.50 charged for board; more or less of which may be paid in labor, as students are required to work from three to five hours a day. The year has three terms of thirteen weeks each, leaving a vacation of thirteen weeks for teaching. The course of study may be general or select. Students are admitted at fifteen. Particulars may be learned by addressing the acting president, M. C. Fernald, A. M., Orono, Me.

The enterprise and industry of the so called "Metropolitan Press,"—which embraces all the papers in big cities like Portland, Bangor, Lewiston, Belfast, Bath and Augusta—is becoming so astonishing as to threaten the very life of the small town papers. They pick up news as a hen picks up corn, and the little weeklies that follow them can only copy their articles a week old. Here is a short chapter of them—not exactly word for word, but substantially:

A man in Belfast went down cellar to get a pumpkin for Thanksgiving pies, and found the rats had gnawed a hole in the side and eaten it to a mere shell. [Copyright to three dailies.]

"B" writes to a western paper that the weather is quite considerable over in Oxford county—also in other places. [For weeklies to copy, without credit.]

A lady of the first social circle in Bangor slipped upon the sidewalk, and would have fallen if she had not caught hold of a fence. Nobody helped her up. [Her husband is a rich lumberman.]

A big dog recently snapped at a very small boy in Augusta—but as the little fellow happened to be looking the other way he didn't notice the accident till too late to cry. [For sensation papers.]

A Washington correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says that an old bachelor in "that city" was heard to say that if he loved a woman as well as he did Mr. Blaine he would have her. [Only for republican papers.]

We are glad to notice that the well known marble establishment of Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, the good works of which will long be held "in memory," has taken a new lease of life and prosperity in the firm of W. A. F. Stevens & Son, as will be seen from their business card. It always gives us pleasure to see Waterville boys taking positions to become Waterville men, especially when they promise to contribute to the business prosperity of their birth-place. In this instance we heartily wish the new firm at least the good measure of success that has so long marked the old stand.

H. Freeman & Co., 101 Federal-street, Portland, so well and widely known as dealers in Oysters, not only survived the great fire, but, like their city, made a bold onward step over the hot ashes. They are dispensing oysters of remarkably fine quality this year. An order by express or otherwise brings them at short notice and moderate price.

"Wholesale Liquor Dealers" is the sign which a business firm in Augusta have been compelled by law to put over their door. Of course this admission would convict them of violating the laws of the State. And here comes in the question, how long will a wholesale liquor store in Augusta and a big hotel in Portland be permitted to set the laws of the State at defiance?

"The Eaton Family and Day School," at Norridgewock, continues to merit and secure its accustomed prosperity, after thirteen years of labor. The number of scholars in the Family is now 25. Its home characteristics are said to be well sustained—the teachers boarding in the family and associating with the pupils. We commend this school to those interested.

There was a pleasant social interview in Ticonic Division, S. of T., Friday evening. Refreshments, an exchange of presents, brief speeches, and a genial communion of friends, made up the programme.

OFFICIAL.—An active contest for signers of petitions has already commenced in this place, aiming at the Waterville Post office. Mr. McFadden, who has held the office for eight years past, petitions for re-appointment under Gen. Grant. Mr. Martin B. Soule, a young lawyer, a son of Waterville College, and later a graduate of the army of the Potomac, where he lost the use of an arm, petitions that the office be given to him. Mr. Soule refused the office two years ago, when it was tendered him by the partisans of president Johnson, but now wants it from the republicans. Mr. McFadden, has discharged the duties of the office to everybody's satisfaction during his long service, and Mr. Soule promises to do equally as well if he gets the office. Some one or two others are mentioned as candidates for the office, though we do not hear of their petitions. The friends of each candidate make their own arguments.

Now we propose to the candidates that they leave the matter to a vote of the citizens. March meeting will be just in time, and let it be agreed between them that an informal vote of those who use this post office shall settle the matter. Mr. Blaine, who is in control of the appointment, will be glad to see it settled in this way, and there seems to be marked propriety in the plan—one often resorted to in such cases. What say you gentlemen candidates?—ought not the citizens to have a voice in this matter?

DEMOCRATIC ARGUMENT.—The Portland Argus can't see how it is that a great fuss is made about whipping thieves in democratic Delaware, while in republican Massachusetts they have a law for whipping "marriageable young ladies" in their public schools—and execute it too. He don't see why it is any worse to whip an old sinner than a young saint. How blind he must be!—one is whipped out of doors, and the other in the school house. Now do you see, Mr. Argus?

Congress will convene on Monday. Mr. Johnson's final message, which will be presented on Tuesday, will be read with considerable interest—more from curiosity than anything else. Mr. Wade presides in the senate and Mr. Colfax in the house. The senate will consist of 54 republicans and 12 democrats, and the house of 166 republicans and 54 democrats—more than three to one in each house.

All the papers say that General Fessenden was held to bail in the Portland Municipal Court for assault and battery. We would discredit the report if we had any reason to doubt it. Some things are so provoking that one can't help striking. One William Wiswell and General Fessenden claimed to be owners of the same patch of land; and so they took to caining one another, and both sued for damage. Both deserve damage.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A large supply of cattle from Cambridge and Brighton this week is reported by the Boston Advertiser, with an improvement in the demand, though prices have remained about the same. The following hints are from the Advertiser's report:

"The supply and prices of beef for the next six months are subjects of no little interest to both producer and consumer. It is remarked by those who have attended the market regularly this fall that the feeders have purchased very sparingly indeed. In fact we think we have never known of so few being taken for this purpose. The very best of beef is rather scarce, and we understand that a few of the choicest Western lots bought and delivered on commission would cost the butcher nearly 14c per lb. The highest price for any that we saw sold at the yards 13c, and but few at that. At Brighton the drovers appeared to be more anxious to sell than the butchers to buy, and the general aspect of the yards indicated a rather slow trade.

The amount of "pellets" as light sheep are called, continues alarmingly large. The butchers do not want them at any price. But still they come, as though the supply was inexhaustible,—as though farmers had nothing else. If "he that drives fat oxen must himself be fat," what must be the condition of those who drive such sheep as have been offered at this market this fall? and what must be the condition of those who raise them? J. Sabia sold 80 such sheep today for \$75. Deduct the car bill and the drovers' expenses, and but a small margin is left on which to write the farmer's profit on such a flock.

At Cambridge, however, the quality of the sheep was better, and better prices were realized, one man selling fifty-five at \$3 a head. Of store cattle we note the following sales:—

J. J. Holbrook sold 6 two-year-olds for \$36 each; one pair of 2-year-old steers for \$55, one pair 3-year-olds for \$100, 4-year-old \$140. Wells & Richardson 6 ft. 8 in. oxen at \$100, 6 ft. 11 in. at \$175, a nice pair of 7 ft. 3 in. \$275. J. Withee sold at \$180, 230 and 240 per pair. R. B. Wells one pair \$225, one cow at \$40.

In the northern portion of our State there is a heavy coating of snow. Between Monson and Moosehead Lake it is said to be piled up even with the fences; and between Phillips and Rangely, where the mail carrier had not missed a trip on account of bad travelling for four years, he was two days in getting through after the storm on Thanksgiving day, as we learn from the Farmington Chronicle. The snow in Avon was piled in drifts twelve feet high, says the same authority.

That everlasting Weston is on the walk again, accompanied by a half dozen other fools, who are wasting their time and strength, (which ought to be utilized in some useful occupation) in a journey of five thousand miles. He is a great goosend, however, to newspaper correspondents and the associated press.

FORT LAFAYETTE, in New York harbor,—in which so many secessionists, northern and southern, were incarcerated during the war—was destroyed by fire on Wednesday. Loss about 250,000.

A CANARD.—The story that Dr. Young, the Norway Bank robber, offered to restore the stolen funds if he could thereby secure his pardon, is a canard. He has made no such offer. The story was probably started by some correspondent with a fertile imagination. [Bangor Courier.]

Yes, that "fertile imagination" of hasty correspondents and ever industrious news collectors, is what is the matter with a large half of the paragraphs that go the rounds of the papers. Take out the wrong statements and their corrections, and some of the large sheets would have a blank look.

GOOD OLD FATHER HILLS is lecturing in Maine. We wish he would come to Waterville.

Mr. Bonner, of the New York Ledger, has succeeded in making even a Prospectus that is readable. It is one of the most interesting of the new advertisements in our present number. From it we learn that Rev. Dr. Tyng is writing a long story for the Ledger.

A correspondent at Kendall's Mills informs us that Miss Cordelia Keene, the young lady who was so severely scalded two weeks ago at the match factory of Benj. Bunker & Co., at that place, died on Wednesday. Her sufferings for those two weeks have been indescribable. It was the most painful accident that has ever occurred there.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE will be delivered by Rev. E. W. Jackson, State Agent, at the Congregational Church, in this village, on Sabbath evening next, Dec. 6th at 7 1-2 o'clock. Let us show our interest in the cause by giving him a full house. See his list of appointments, in another column.

A HOME THRUST, BUT NOT BAD.—We don't care how closely the democrats hold the republicans to their pledges. No doubt that while some of these were made to be broken, others are destined to the same fate by reason of hungry partisans. Mr. Rust, of the Belfast Argus, is a republican applicant for the custom house there. The Belfast Journal, a kind of butcher-knife democrat, gets hold of the fact and imagining Rust at the white house with his documents, gets up this dialogue:

Ulysses, with his cigar in his mouth, fumbles over the papers, and remarks—"Mr. Rust, these documents are all well enough—but you understand that I was elected as a military man, and as a recognition of the services rendered by the army. I am expected, in conferring office, to prefer those who perilled their lives before the enemy. You look like a military man, Mr. Rust. Did you belong to the independent military before the war?"

Rust, "Yes, sir, I was in the Belfast City Guards."

GRANT, "I have heard of it—afterwards Company K, 4th Maine. It did splendid service. How long were you in the war, Mr. Rust?"

Rust, "Me?—I—I—I didn't go, sir."

GRANT, "WHAT!"

Rust, "I sent a substitute, and he was killed at Gettysburg, sir. Wasn't it the same thing as going myself?"

GRANT, "Did your substitute have a family?"

Rust, "Yes—a wife and two little children."

GRANT, "Well, sir, my opinion that if your substitute is dead then the wife of your substitute should have a reward. I think there are soldiers enough in Maine, who served in the war, to fill Custom Houses worthily. If there are not, your claims will be considered along with others."

Rust, "But my fifteen years service, the dollar I haven't laid up, my worn out type and press. Think of them, sir."

GRANT, "Show him out, John, and show in the next caller."

"Comical Brown," the man who goes all over the world to tear down cobwebs with his fun, is advertised for Waterville on Tuesday evening next.

The boys and girls are having nice times in skating, coasting and sleigh-riding.

VALUABLE MINES—on paper—are coming to light in our State every week. Specimens of ore taken from the farm of Mr. William Vosmus, of Danville, are reported by the Lewiston Journal to yield at the rate of \$1900 to the ton on assay.

The steamers for New York now leave Portland at 4 o'clock P. M. instead of 5, as formerly. This is a cheap and easy route which is growing into favor with the public.

JERSEYS ARE COMING DOWN—down East, we mean, from Massachusetts. Two of our citizens—Mr. William Dyer and Dr. N. R. Boutelle—who are interested in this kind of stock, have recently looked over the best herds, near Boston, and the latter brought home two fine animals, a cow six years old and an eighteen months heifer.

HELMHOLD, the well known New York Druggist, has lately re-opened his beautiful store, 594 Broadway, after extensive repairs and adornments had been made. Some mischievous reports in regard to his sanity have been recently put in circulation; but if he is mad "there is a method in his madness." His head is level enough, we venture to say, to manage his extensive business in a way to "put money in his purse," and that is the crucial test nowadays.

Keep "this little bit of advice in mind for a month to come, and you will find your account in it:—

A useful article is oftentimes more acceptable as a holiday gift than one which only pleases the fancy or increases a love for the beautiful; and yet beauty and utility can be easily combined. People should think of this when they select their goods for the approaching gift season.

The trial of Dea. Samuel M. Andrews for the murder of his friend, Cornelius M. Holmes, is progressing at Plymouth, Mass.

REV. E. W. JACKSON, late Chaplain of Amory Square Hospital, Agent of State Central Temperance Committee, will speak on the subject of Temperance as follows:

Waterville, Sunday Dec. 6.—Winslow, Monday, 7.—Sidney, Tuesday, 8.—Hallowell, Wednesday, 9.—Winthrop, Thursday, 10.—Wayne, Friday, 11.—Kendall's Mills, Saturday and Sunday, 12 and 13.—Pittsfield, Monday, 14.—Skowhegan, Tuesday, 15.—E. Madison, Wednesday, 16.—Solon, Thursday, 17.—N. Anson, Friday, 18.—Readfield Corner, Saturday, 19.—Kent's Hill, Sunday, 20.

The Louisville Democrat has been sold, and the retiring editor fires this cool parting shot: "The worst sin I have on my conscience is helping to make great men out of very small material."

That is a sin that can be safely charged upon every editor in the land.

DRUNKENNESS cropped out alarmingly at Dexter on Thanksgiving day, according to the Gazette. Stir up your temperance men and give the liquor dealers a taste of the law as it is.

A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION in Maine is talked of.

YOU WANT IT.—Your Wife wants it, and your Children want it—a pretty extensive want! We refer to that magnificent journal, the American Agriculturist, which is just entering upon its 28th annual volume. As it is now taken and read by more than 150,000 families, we suppose most of our readers already have it; yet there may be some who do not know its value, and to such we would say, unhesitatingly, give it a year's trial, beginning now with the volume. It is full of good, reliable information, illustrated during each year with hundreds of beautiful, pleasing, and instructive engravings. Though its name indicates that it is an agricultural journal, and as such it was originally started, it has been gradually enlarged, to embrace industrial pursuits generally, and especially household labors, and it is adapted to meet the wants not only of farmers and gardeners, and of merchants and mechanics, having their little plots of ground, but it is also of great utility to all classes in Cities and Villages. The department for Children and Youth is worth to every family far more than the subscription price, which is only \$1.50 a year, or four copies for \$5. Let every one take our advice and subscribe for a year. It will pay. Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New York City, are the publishers. A post-paid specimen copy can doubtless be obtained on remitting 10 or 15 cents to the publishers.

Our Fur Traders and Trappers, in fitting out here, find Ayer's medicines one of their most profitable articles of traffic. Around Slave Lake and the wild regions of the north, the Indians know their uses and have an abiding faith in them. They say: "Ayer's great medicine—cure sick man," and his remedies for the diseases from which they suffer will often bring forth their stock of skins even quicker than wampum, rum, or tobacco. Savages are not fools if they are unsophisticated in some of the arts of civilization. [Montreal Pilot.]

Hon. Rufus D. Walcott of Bangor surprised the masonic fraternity of that city on Thanksgiving Day, and gave them an additional cause for thanksgiving, by presenting them one thousand dollars to be appropriated towards finishing and furnishing the new masonic hall now being erected in the city. This sum is in addition to a former liberal subscription for the same purpose.

JUMPING MATCH.—A young man of our village (he relates the story himself) who fought but did not die at Antietam and Gettysburg, went into the Province on foot with some small articles for sale. One night, just as the sable curtains of evening were being lowered upon him, he applied at a very respectable house for entertainment. He was very kindly received by a young lady, who happened to be the only one of the family at home, with whom he partook of the evening meal, and everything seemed to be going "merry as a marriage bell." It seems, however, that the young lady began to suspect that "entertaining a stranger" she had not entertained "an angel." But how to get rid of him was the trouble! At length she asked him if he could jump well, saying that she could jump further than any Yankee living. This was a "stump" which the hero of a dozen battle fields was not indisposed to take, and so they arranged for a trial of leap frog.

The young lady placing herself against the opposite wall, at three jumps reached the door. Our Yankee now took his station for the trial. At two bounds he nearly reached the door, when Miss Blonson, with all the feminine fascination imaginable, said she would open the door for him, so that he might have a chance to see how much he excelled her, and he took the third leap which landed him outside.

The young lady instantly closed and fastened the door; took hat, mittens, overcoat and valise of merchandise, into the chamber, threw them out of the window to him, and told him there was a tavern seven miles below, where no doubt he could be entertained. He went on his way meditating on the mysteries of women. [Presque Isle Loyalist.]

ACCOUNTS WITH THE FARM.—Every farmer should keep a regular set of accounts in which all of his receipts and his disbursements should be carefully entered, and a balance struck once a year. Some keep an account for every field on the farm, in which the outlay for manuring and tilling the soil, and sowing and harvesting the crops is recorded, and can be referred to at pleasure. Regularity in keeping accounts indicates regularity in the operations on the farm and favors the adoption of an improved system in everything. The time of sowing seed should be noted down, and when fruit trees are planted, the date of planting, varieties of trees, etc., should be recorded so that these particulars can be ascertained at any time.

Mr. John Stevens of this city, was found dead in bed on Wednesday morning last, having died apparently without a struggle during the night. He had been afflicted with heart disease for many years, and the result of the coroner's inquest was to the effect that he died of that disease. His age was about 65 years. [Ken. Jour.]

SUDDEN DEATH.—Hercy Bishop, Esq., of Bangorville, dropped dead in that place on Friday last. Probably the cause was heart disease or apoplexy. His age was 77 years. [Piscataqua Obs.]

The tannery of Neal Dow & Son at Portland, was burned Thursday evening, and a special despatch says that the loss will be about \$50,000, upon which there is \$30,000 insurance.

Over thirty miles of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad are now graded. The number of men at work on it has considerably diminished at approach of cold weather, but a force will work in the "deep cuts" through the winter, and by April most of the road will be ready for laying the track. [Observer.]

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Mindless innocents and quiet, take
That for an hermitage!
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

The dentists of the United States have been holding a convention, for the purpose, as the Chairman said, of devising some means whereby they can pull together.

A letter from Zurich states that the greater portion of Switzerland is completely buried in snow. It fell incessantly for two days and two nights, and the railways were only rendered passable after great exertions.

A Washington despatch says that members of the British Legation say the Alabama treaty has been rejected and returned with amendments. The indications are pretty clear that the treaty is already dead so far as this administration is concerned.

James Grant, who shot H. R. Pollard in Richmond, has been bailed in ten thousand dollars.

Jefferson Davis, who is stopping at Learnington, England, has delivered a discourse on the importance of exploring Jerusalem, and the peculiar fitness of Englishmen for the honorable task.

The admission of Colorado agitates both the republicans and democrats of that territory, and both parties have held conventions at Denver, in relation thereto.

Dr. J. C. Ayer has declined the Republican nomination for Mayor at Lowell.

The Commissioner of Agriculture will it is said, take ground in his forthcoming report against the renewal of the reciprocity treaty so far as agricultural products are concerned.

A New Hampshire editor, who has been keeping a record of big bees, announces at last that "the best that best bee that best bee that best bee, is now beaten by a bee that beats all the bees, whether the original bee, the best that best bee, or the best that best bee that best bee that best bee." [N. Y. Mail.]

Three of the four candidates for congressional delegate from Hancock claim to be elected.

A contemporaneous weekly speaks of a play which has been "divested of all exuberances which are not exorcised by pure pudicity."

When, the murderer of McGee, who is now under sentence of death, exhibited his peculiarly adapted for country circulation. He still stoutly maintains that he is innocent.

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

MARBLE WORKS. The subscribers, will furnish at short notice, MARBLE & GRANITE MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, &c., made of the best marble. They have on hand a large assortment of the above articles.

Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine. W. A. F. STEVENS & SON, Waterville, Dec. 1, 1868.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. I HAVE this day admitted CHAS. W. STEVENS, as a Partner in the business of the firm of W. A. F. STEVENS & SON, known by the name of W. A. F. STEVENS & SON. Waterville, Dec. 1, 1868. W. A. F. STEVENS.

EATON FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL. Norridgewock, Me. WINTER TERM of the Eaton Family and Day School will commence Monday, December 14th. Boys placed in the Family will receive the advantages of a first class school, and such guardianship and discipline as may be needed. Send for Catalogue to 3w H. F. EATON, Principal.

52 Beecher's Sermons.—FOR—**TWO DOLLARS.**

A THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER, (weekly) and BOSTON TRAVELLER (semi-weekly), peculiarly adapted for country circulation. Every week during the year they will contain one of Beecher's Sermons.

Full Reports of Current News, Editorials, Circulars, and Miscellaneous Articles. Giving in each issue over Thirty Columns of Reading Matter, Making them, at the low price at which they are offered, the BEST AND CHEAPEST PAPERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Daily, by Mail. 50c per year. One copy one year \$4.00 Five copies 20.00 Ten copies, and one to the getter up of Club of Ten 20.00

One copy one year \$2.00 Five copies 10.00 Ten copies, and one to the getter up of Club of Ten 10.00

One copy one year \$1.00 Five copies 5.00 Ten copies, and one to the getter up of Club of Ten 5.00

Specimen copies sent free. WORTHINGTON, FLANDERS & CO., Publishers, Flanders Buildings, Boston.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1868.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER. The Ledger is the most interesting paper in the world. More people take the Ledger than any other paper in the country.

It has the largest number of great and distinguished writers. It contains the purest, sweetest, and most delightful lore, stirring narratives, and such guardianship and discipline as may be needed. Send for Catalogue to 3w H. F. EATON, Principal.

All questions growing out of domestic relations lovers' quarrels, and such matters, are regularly attended to by the principal Editors, Doctors of Divinity, and Clergymen write for it.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRANT, the great American poet, has been laid, expressly for the Ledger, a thrilling story, which we shall publish during the new year.

Rev. Dr. Tracy has now engaged upon an Original Story, which will be continued through the Ledger.

We are now publishing a series of twelve short, true stories, by two of the most distinguished writers in the United States.

Our standard popular writer, Mr. STEVENSON, JR., is at present writing for the Ledger.

The millions of admirers of Mrs. BOWEN'S will find her latest work, "The Story of a Life," a thrilling story, which we shall publish during the new year.

ALICE CARY, JAMES LYNCH, DR. CHARLES D. GARDNER, and other prominent writers are engaged for the Ledger.

Professor WILLIAM HENRY PEE, JOHN G. SAGE, and MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. have been engaged for the Ledger.

Two of our contributors have been named in the story of the "Ladder." Within the past year, the son of another of our contributors has been elected President of the United States. The best that a long experience enables us to select, and that money without stint, can buy, will be constantly sent before the readers of the Ledger. The reader always get more than his money's worth in the "Ladder."

Our Terms for 1868—Now is the Time to subscribe! Single copies 25c per annum; 10 copies \$2.50, which is \$2.50 a copy; eight copies \$2.00. The party who sends us \$2.00 will receive a copy free. Postmasters and others who get up clubs at their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at the same price. We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to Cor. William and Spruce-sts., New York.

NOTICE. All persons having bills against me are invited to present them to H. F. EATON, at the People's Bank, for payment; and all indebted to me are requested to make payment. WATERVILLE, Nov. 28, 1868. H. F. EATON.

WATERVILLE NAT. BANK. The stockholders of the Waterville National Bank are hereby notified that their annual meeting, for the election of Directors, will be held at the Banking House, in Waterville, on Monday, January 12th, 1869, at 10 o'clock A. M. Waterville, Dec. 1, 1868. S. W. G. H. ELLIOTT, Cashier.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator, with the will annexed, on the estate of JOHN HALLETT, late of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to call and state the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to ROBERT BRANN, Nov. 23, 1868.

