



12-25-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 26): December 25, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 26): December 25, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 278.

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HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach, is eye
Men's least attempts approving;
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
Omniscience makes all-availing.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;
More grace, O Lord! more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart!
More sunshine from Thy face.

—Faber.

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert at Music Hall in Boston. Music is poetically and proverbially "the food of love," and in my sentimental state, I consumed a great deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion on hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert, it was crowded to excess, and the rush on leaving, to reach cabs and carriages, was very great. I wore on this memorable night, a blue coat with brass buttons, and flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was struck with was a girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few rows distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a spongy state, worked myself into a towering passion—of love. But how was I to come to the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as devoted, "as shy as I was vain," as an over candid friend once said. Hail Columbia, which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as at my first glance to improve the occasion, and the company were shuffling out, while I stood gaping after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to view.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but alas! the lights in the outer corridor were far and between, so that no glimpse of my star could I get. I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweetheart.

"Hang it!" I muttered impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat tail, and was instantly conscious of one of my hand buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," said I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button, or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashion, a lady now has as many hoops and tangles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation that I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing I only bun, led and twisted the loop more around the button.

"Please let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she unglued her hand, it was a sweet white hand, so I looked at her face. Stars and garters, but it was a fair one, the black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight blush tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she would never undo the loop, and indeed I thought she never would for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for such a lucky entanglement.

"You hinder the people from going out, Anna," exclaimed one of her companions, with some asperity; plague upon the tiresome loop, break it;" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaped forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us.

The crowd bore on, and we were separated, not however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met; I knew that this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view, in the darkness outside.

That night I scarcely closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and by what means I should find her out. I knew little of the city, which was a large one, and to expect to know the name of my fair one by mere description, was hopeless, as there doubtless must be a great many with black hair and dark eyes, within "bill of mortality," as else where.

My love fit grew more violent, in the course of the day, but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took my portmanteau, to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the black eyed divinity so long. It was with no little delight that I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress, still adhering to the button around the shank. I pressed it to my lips, it was lilac in color—and stooped to disentangle it from the bit of brass as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in my skirt pocket. Supposing I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before, I thrust my hand into my pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out?—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have brained me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally, fallen into the coat-skirt with which she was

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WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1868.

NO. 26.

Waterville Mail.

ODD YANKEES.

BY JAMES PARTON.

engaged, and doubtless, on missing it instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find one's self in, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pick-pockets. Was ever an honest lover in such a plight? And to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in the dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her was impossible, but a bright idea struck me, as my eyes lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee room table. I sat down and wrote an advertisement, in the following words:

"If the lady whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at, or send to Tremont Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for the insertion in the paper, there, if that will not give me due to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchantress is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper the next morning. It was brought up into my room down from the press, and then I read in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement—but, my stars! with what an advertisement it was followed in the very same column. I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

\$2 REWARD.—Lost or stolen, at the concert at the Hall, a gold chain bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on leaving the hall. Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief (if it was stolen) will receive the above reward on applying at No. 7 Cambridge Place."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in public papers as a pickpocket when my only crime was, like Othello's, that of

"Loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the identical blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door and asked the servant who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it I said, "Is Miss Raymond in?"

"Yes sir," replied the servant woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her that the pickpocket with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went and delivered my message.

Soon there came out not my fair one, but her stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though you perceive, I wear the blue coat with the brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am no pickpocket."

"Then sir you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for, strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

"The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to the advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and did not wonder the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket."

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may rest assured I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with the story. The lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I have now framed and glazed over the fire-place the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife as a "pickpocket with a gentlemanly address."

When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has this moment done, pay damage for the slander with an amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

DREAMS AND DELIRIUM.—The observant physician occasionally remarks with surprise that in delirium an individual, whose correctness of conduct and conversation leave nothing to be desired, will give utterance to words and sentiments which fill the bystander with horror and that he will sometimes commit actions wholly repugnant to propriety. Scenes like this often induce those who are privy to them to imagine that many an exemplary saint is, but a dainty disguise—a sort of whitened sulphur full of all abominations—yet the surmise is wholly incorrect. Who is there among us who in dreams is not tempted to do and indeed does do (in idea) something which if waking he would abhor? In such a vision I have myself cut a brother open during his sleep that I might take out his lungs and cure him of asthma ere he awoke; and anatomized my father after his death only to awake horrified by the words, which had all the ringing sound of reality, "what are you doing boy? I am not dead yet!"—[The Restoration of Health by Thomas Inman, M. D., in the Medical Mirror.

Dickens says: I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking up to the face. Doubt that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.

THE WEST.—The Houlton Times says: "A lady belonging in this State, who has lately returned from Kansas, says that she and her family have endured so much from fever and ague, the crops were so injured by grasshoppers, and the rattlesnakes were so plentiful, that she was glad to get back to her native State again, and the West has no charms for her now."

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

Generally speaking, this means a working farmer—one who can take hold of any tool or implement used in agriculture, and go ahead with it through the job—one who can carry on the operations on a farm with the raw hands at command, and if needful, conduct the whole with a bevy of greenhorns. There is so much stress laid on this, and on the danger of any one not intimate with the details of agriculture entering upon it, that many are deterred from embarking in any farming undertaking, when perhaps the party thus discouraged is really very much better adapted for a first class agriculturist than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who have been bred to it; for those raised on a farm are sometimes so blinded by the prejudice and antiquated customs handed down from one generation to another, that they do not have the good sense to see through inherited and inbred folly; and some lack courage to reform, for in any attempt to abolish old customs and introduce new ones, there is about as much opposition as there always is by the old Tories of England against every useful and enlightened alteration of the laws.

There is no class of men so slow to advance as the regular home-bred farmer. It was always so; for if a brighter son than usual is in the family, he becomes disgusted with the toiling, drudging habits of the farm and takes to something else. It is likely to be so in future, till farmers' brains can save their muscles some, for why should the practical farmer and all laborers under him be called upon to work more hours than any other class of men in the world? Why cannot the minds of agriculturists devise ways and means to do all that a man ought to do in twelve hours, or even in ten, excepting harvest? Tradesmen, whose labor is of a lighter kind, do not continue on at their work so many hours. The horses and oxen could do all they do now in less time and be much better for it, but then the custom has been and is now to be about all these late hours, and though common sense and every man's own feelings tell him that men and cattle could do all they do or ever can in ten hours' steadfast straight-forward labor, yet longer days, and half the time idling, is preferred.

There is not the least doubt of there being hundreds of men who know nothing about agriculture, and have never had any opportunities of farming or any correct idea of farming, who would yet make excellent men of business as agriculturists, would eventually become better managers than the practical farmer who derives his origin from the land, and rise far superior to any of the regular, common, practical farmers; for when once they master the common routine of operations, and have knowledge of the mode of proceeding through a whole season, they are more open to conviction on any point where improved systems are introduced, and are free from the educational prejudice of the home-bred farmer.

A thorough man of business, whose early associations had not warped his judgment, on hearing that his neighbor's stock was looking much better than his, would not rest till he knew the reason; and, on finding that all kinds of animals were turning out much better than ordinary in a locality some hundreds of miles distant, would visit that part of the country and ascertain how the farmers managed there, and if he found they had caused this improvement by obtaining good males from reliable sources and by generously treating the offspring with uniform, succulent, health-producing food, comfortable shelter from heat, cold and storms, he would immediately adopt the same means, and probably, by having seen the details of management on several places, noted the different degrees of excellence in the animals on different farms, and found out cause and effect, his adoption of the best of these procedures would enable him to go on at once in a more rapid advancement than any one of these men had done.

Mr. Mechi, who is often alluded to in the Country Gentleman is a complete illustration. I can remember the time when he knew absolutely nothing whatever of agriculture. He succeeded in business in Leaden hall street, London, and bought "Tiptree Hall," but, though his views are good in a general way, there are thousands of better stock farmers, and his outlays are too great.

GENTLE UTTERANCE.—When a boy of fourteen, following a plough, drawn by oxen, our father said the first day of work "Let us see who can talk the lowest to Buck and Bright; it isn't the sound that makes the team go, but the understanding that springs up between driver and team." The thing was new to our ears. We had always heard the "woa haw, Buck," or "woa haw, Bright," given in tones of bawling only, and had grown to the belief that bawling was the only way of driving. But a little experience on the low keys showed that an ox, dumb and slow as some call him, had not only a show of intellect, but also of the proprieties of his position. Buck and Bright answered as well to a few words quietly spoken as to the many vociferations.

One of the most ominous signs of the times is the tendency of connecting or rival railroad lines to consolidate, of which our dispatches yesterday gave another signal example. The stockholders who may have had special public or private reasons for their original investment, find themselves embarked in vast enterprises which they never would have taken a part in voluntarily. The public find that consolidation means an increase of tariffs, and the overgrown corporations have little difficulty in controlling Legislatures. Who can estimate the political power which could be wielded by a corporation owning a consolidated railroad line from here to San Francisco, with a capital of say \$500,000,000? Such a corporation is extremely probable. We used to fear the "Slave Power." Will our "Railroad Barons" be less formidable?

THE MAINE FARMER says there is to be an exhibition of potatoes at the agricultural room in the State House, the 4th Wednesday of January next. It is not to be a display of monstrosities or curiosities, but of varieties.

The report of the inspectors of the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific Railway in the interest of the government, is very damaging to the company, and says that an outlay of over three and a half millions is needed to put the road in first class condition.

OUR TABLE.

"ONWARD"—Capt. Mayne Reid's new magazine for the youth of America, is fairly launched and its sails are even now swelling with the favoring gales of popular opinion that will give it a good start on its voyage. It makes a very attractive appearance, is handsomely printed on substantial paper, and contains several illustrations on tinted paper. Its pages, which number nearly a hundred, are filled with the opening chapters of two stories by the editor—and all the boys know what their character is—a variety of shorter sketches, poems, and spicy articles, with short, characteristic editorials. Capt. Reid has lately become an American citizen, and believes that his Republic is the hope of the world. He comes here, he says, to grasp the handle of that lever by which a Republican form of government—and along with it liberty—can alone be established throughout the world. With the lighter reading of his magazine he designs to float the more serious matter and bring it into contact not only with the youthful mind of America, but also the more matured; the aim of the magazine being not alone to entertain and amuse, but to instruct, elevate and conduct the youth along that path leading to the highest and noblest manhood. His ardent sympathy with all the down-trodden and oppressed of earth is well known and crops out in this opening number. What a rush there will be among the boys to get hold of it.

Published by G. W. Carleton, 427 Broadway, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

SPLENDID CHRISTMAS PRESENT, FREE TO ALL.—The enterprising Proprietors of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL have put up 300,000 copies in packages of 3 each, with a finely illustrated Show Bill, Premium List, &c., which they offer to send free, and post paid to all who apply for them. Every Farmer and Stock Breeder should avail themselves of this generous offer (to give away over \$30,000 worth of books), as the three numbers contain nearly 100 pages of choice original articles, and a great number of valuable recipes for the cure of various diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, &c., are liable. Farmers will find this monthly a very efficient aid in all the departments of Farming and Stock Breeding. It has a Veterinary Department under the charge of one of the ablest Professors in the United States, who answers through the JOURNAL, free of charge, all questions relating to Sick, Injured or Diseased Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine or Poultry. Thus every Subscriber has a Horse and Cattle Doctor free. This JOURNAL is furnished at the low price of \$1.00 a year, specimen copies free. Address N. P. Boyer & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Chester Co., Pa.

HOURS AT HOME.—The January number of this popular monthly of Instruction and Recreation has contributions of two stories, "The Clasp of Pearls," by the author of "The Hero of Redclyffe," and "Motherless Girls," by the author of "Mury Howell." It also contains an able article on "Progress," by Dr. Bushnell, which cannot fail to attract much attention; an interesting history of a new religious sect in Persia; a talk on Human Eyes, and several other interesting articles which we will not enumerate. This is an excellent magazine for the family—pure and healthy in tone; and the "Sunday School Advocate" which it is sincerely said to possess, is good evidence that it furnishes a Christian literature.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

THE NURSERY, a monthly magazine for youngest readers, begins the new year with a number charming both in its reading and its embellishments, of which we will make neither enumeration nor description. We will merely mention, by way of illustrating the liberality of its publishers, that one picture, not a large one in the number cost seventy dollars. The publishers say that the work shall be still further improved; but the newspapers generally are of the opinion that it cannot be done. We shall see, however. Subscribe for it and present it to the little ones as a holiday gift. You can hardly find a better, or one that will be more acceptable.

Edited by Fanny P. Seaverns, and published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

OUR SCHOOLYARD VISITOR begins the new year with a very good January number, but no better than will be issued in every other month in the year. One of the best things for the little ones in this number is the humorous story, in verse, of the Crafty Fox and Good Little Hen. The price of this magazine is \$1.25, which is very low; and yet for \$1.50 the publishers will send the magazine one year and also a fine steel engraving of "Gen. Grant and his Family." This engraving is no cheap, cheap-penny affair, but one of rare merit, executed at an expense of about one thousand dollars, and which sells readily at retail for \$2.50, and is worth the money. It ought to draw a host of subscribers for the Visitor.

Address Daughaday & Baker, 424 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

HOW GIFT ENTERPRISES ARE MANAGED.—A writer in Once a Week gives the following exposure of the New York Gift Enterprise:

"These gift enterprise swindlers conduct their business so as to be within the law, and although the attempt to punish them has frequently been made, it never has succeeded. They have been arrested by the police authorities, their place of business entered, their mails, consisting of hundreds of money letters, have been seized, yet in every instance the rascals have escaped punishment, and in the end succeeded in compelling the authorities to restore all the property seized. The reason is this—every ticket which they sell claims to be a ticket of admission to a grand concert, and that is held to be a valuable consideration for the money paid, and hence a perfectly legitimate transaction—a simple case of buying and selling goods."

"You pay your money for that," said the New York manager to me. It promises nothing and you get what it promises. You may be notified that you have drawn a prize valued at \$500 and you send us the five per cent. asked for—we send you a watch valued at \$500 but worth \$20. What are you going to do about it? You have no claims on us beyond an admission to Irving Hall—come to Irving Hall and we'll admit you—when we agree to—we haven't fixed the time yet."

When the New York manager (whom I afterwards ascertained was an ordinary clerk) had learned from me that I held a number of tickets which were said to have drawn prizes, he did not hesitate to inform me that they never intended to give prizes of any value, and justified such a course by saying that every person who bought a ticket did so in the hope of getting the advantage over some one else—of getting a prize worth five, ten, or fifty times the amount he invested. To use the expressive language of the manager, "they hope to beat us, so we make sure of beating them—they want ten dollars for one, while we take one for nothing—where's the difference between us? They try to overreach us and we do overreach them—morally considered which is the worst."

Which side of a horse invariably has the most hair on? The outside.

ON THE WING.

No. 7.

FITCHBURG, MASS. Oct. 30.

Entering the door of the new building, erected over the Central Shaft of the Hoosac Tunnel in place of the old one so suddenly destroyed by fire in the Fall of '67, we found ourselves in that portion of it occupied by the engineer, who, by the aid of two spunky (yes, that's the right word) little steam engines of the Putnam Machine Company's make, was running the hoisting apparatus in obedience to the signals of a bell over his head, which ordered him to wind up the hoisting rope, to stop, or to unwind as was needed. The same machines are to be used for driving the air-condensers, running the pumps, &c., when they are provided, and two engines are provided, so that if one should be disabled the work need not stop. Near at hand was a great lumbering engine, standing idle, having been tried, we believe, and found wanting. From the big drum, near the engines, the iron wire rope goes up into a more elevated portion of the building where it passes over a much smaller drum or pulley and then drops perpendicularly into the shaft below.

We made our way a little farther into the building, descended a flight of steps and stood upon the upper platform of the shaft. This shaft, or hole in the rock, it may be well to state, is oval, being 27 feet long and 17 feet wide; and as there was a covering of soil here upon the ledge thirty feet thick, a wall is built up to that height on the rock. It was well into the latter half of the afternoon that we arrived at the Shaft, and the heavens, which had been so bright and clear during the larger part of the day, had filled with heavy looking clouds threatening rain; and as we stepped down into this tomb-like enclosure, where a few oil lamps flared feebly in the murky atmosphere, in vain attempt to dispel the gathering shadows of night, it was some minutes before our eyes adapted themselves to the subdued light and fairly took in the situation. We found the other coach load of passengers, who had visited the eastern entrance on their way, just closing their note books, and preparing to leave; but their concluding questions, we noticed, were made in a subdued tone, as though they felt themselves in a dread presence, and the same solemn hush fell upon us all. Do you know why? Step cautiously up to this single rail attached to the uprights at the four corners of this opening in the platform under your feet, and which is perhaps six feet wide and ten feet long. Now lean carefully over and let your eye follow that rope into the yawning pit of blackness, down, down, down—ah! you discover a point of light, at what appears an infinite depth. Listen, while the Superintendent in charge tells you that down below that light is, five hundred and forty feet below you, eight miners, having raised the bodies of two of their fellow workmen from the water below to the lower platform, forty feet from the bottom, are putting them into coffins. While on the cars we had been told that nine of these bodies had been recovered and buried; and that owing to the coldness of the water, they had been so well preserved that all had been recognized but one; and this plausible story we afterwards saw repeated in all the newspapers.

Those in charge of the work, however, had a different story to tell. The number of bodies recovered was correct, and they had all been identified, but only by their clothing, with one exception, where the individual was an unusually large and powerful man. The bodies were mere masses of floating putrefaction, and had to be handled with great care—the workmen drawing them on to a submerged plank shelf and then hoisting them to the nearest platform, to be coffined. But hark! a faint signal comes from below; a man at your side, with a cord in his hand pulls it promptly and the thin thread of sound is repeated in loud tones over your head, in response to which the hoisting drum begins to revolve and the rope to rise. Now watch looking down, you find that the one light soon becomes four; then you can distinguish the heads of the men; and in a little while there come up before you four miners, clad in oil cloth suits, and with little lamps attached to their oddly shaped hats. Holding to the rope, they stand upon the upper timber of the cross-head—which is a frame work somewhat like that of an up-and-down saw, and which slides up and down, being held in place by the two "guides" at the sides. They step upon the platform and the cross-head goes down for four more who come up in the same manner.

The men are as wet as drowned rats, and shiver with cold, and they have come up to warm and refresh; for it is exhausting work down in that foul charcoal-house, where the air is yet bad, notwithstanding the introduction of chloride of lime, and the men are frequently nauseated to vomiting, the apparatus for driving pure air into it not having been restored. All hands adjourn to the furnace room, in an adjoining building, where the men light their pipes, warm themselves, and perhaps take a drop of whiskey, which they are allowed to do to keep them in good heart. Of this doubtful privilege all avail themselves but one—a quiet young Scotchman, whose native grit is sufficient to sustain him. "The foreman of the shift"—an Irishman, who has a brother lying dead in that fearsome pit,

"Unhoused, disappointed, unaided," appears a little wild, under the combined influence of whiskey and the excitement of the search. The poor fellows are not hurried, but they are soon ready for action again, and together, this time, step upon the cross-head and once more go

"Down among the dead men."

In a little while the signal is made for hoisting and the men come up as they went down; but after they have stepped upon the

platform, the cross-head goes higher, and see what comes into view: the big iron bucket used for bailing water, and in it, standing on end, two coffins. These are raised to an upper floor, taken out of the bucket, and put upon a wagon, to be transported to North Adams and buried to-night, leaving only two more to be accounted for. I do not envy the driver of that team his long lonely ride this dark night. The men are now dismissed, and the next "shift" will be called at midnight, to bail out the water, of which six or eight feet remain, with the debris of the accident, under which the other two bodies are probably lying.

We adjourned to the office, and Mr. Frost, the Superintendent Engineer, not having yet arrived, and it being pretty plain that we should not get away until morning, we thought it prudent to enquire about food and lodging. "Well," said Mr. Ayer, the local engineer, "we can't give you Parker House fare, exactly, but we will try to make you comfortable, and you shall have the best at our disposal." He accordingly took us into the hostelry of Mrs. Ede, and on to the quarter-deck—where two tables are set in that dining room—where we were joined by Mr. Frost, who had been detained at the eastern entrance.

After supper we adjourned to the office, and a few minutes sufficing to finish the business with Mr. Frost, he left for North Adams, and we spent the evening listening to the talk of earnest, practical, common sense men—who have been in close contact with men and things, know whereof they speak. Facts come to "paper men" by a roundabout way, through books and the medium of others, but a large share of the knowledge of these solid men has come through personal experience, and one can rest upon their calm assurance as upon a rock. The respect of these men for each other, too, is wonderful, as is, also, the deference of those under their control, with whom a quiet word ensures prompt obedience. Looking at a mighty work like this of the Hoosac Tunnel, one gets an idea of the heights of practical endeavor, which gives him increased respect for his fellow man; but if you will listen respectfully and reverently to the conversation of some of these true men, who have been taught lessons of wisdom, patience and charity in the hard school of experience, you will get glimpses of other heights, to which some men attain, that are far above the walk of some who are the favorites of fortune. Office and position, like kisses, so often go by favor, that one is often pained to see the injustice done, and longs for the power to compel empty pretension to give place to modest merit.

We could have listened all night, without being sleepy; but at a late hour we betook ourselves to the mountain inn and "roasted" a good deal higher than ever before. Awakening a little after midnight, we heard the hollow rumbling of the machinery, and knew that the men were busily bailing water from the shaft, preparatory to another search for the two dead men.

Miss Ede (there may have been a Mr. Ede, but he was not "to the fore" while we were there) was up betimes, and a nice breakfast awaited us when we went below. A smart Irish woman, with all the shrewdness and enterprise of a live Yankee, she bewailed her hard luck, and light business, now that the work on the Tunnel was suspended. "An' so ye're goin' to the Rocky Mountains, among the Indians?" "Won't they ate ye alive, the bloody hyathens?" "Oh, no danger of that. Wouldn't you like to go out there, Mrs. Ede? that's a rich mining region, and there are grand chances for smart men like you to get rich." "Ah, indeed, is that so? Well, its little I'd care for the bears and Indians so that I could be doing something to profit, for it gets a dale worse here every day." We carried away her hearty benison at parting; and having secured a bit of rock from the bucket which the unfortunate thirteen miners were filling when death came upon them so suddenly, we prepared for a walk down the mountain to the east end.

The great accident was not the only tragical event connected with this work. One of the men employed in the central shaft—a wild, reckless fellow—was absent when the fire occurred. After listening to the details of the affair, on his return, he expressed his jubilation at his lucky escape, in a coarse, profane manner, and turning away, in a few short minutes had gone to join his unfortunate fellow laborers in the unseen world. Going to the house of a woman whom he had wronged in some way, she met him at the threshold and brained him with a hatchet. An acquaintance of some of the workmen came one Sabbath day to see them put in a platform, and while moving about, a loose tap on the visitor's boot caught in a sliver of the flooring and he stumbled towards the opening. Finding himself falling, he grasped the man nearest to him, and that man caught hold of a third. The last man seized saved himself by grasping and clinging to a "guide," but the other two fell to the bottom and were killed. Once a pointed steel drill, four feet long, fell from the top of the west shaft. Far down the shaft a man was standing beneath a platform and apparently out of harm's way; but it was ticked for him, and just before it reached his level it struck some obstruction, glanced, went under the platform, and through the man diagonally, and then through a four-inch maple plank, which had to be split before the drill could be withdrawn. The poor man was twenty hours in dying—before they fired their charges by electricity, the foreman of a "shift," who rushed up to the rock prematurely, supposing the holes charged had all exploded, was blown to pieces by one which had hung fire. One man lost his life while packing a charge of gun cotton; and another poor fellow made a speedy exit from this world when the bit of lighted candle, stuck upon the front of his cap, fell into the hole he was charging with powder.

JUNIOR.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that on Tuesday evening last, at Orneville, three men, partially intoxicated, one named Ryan and two brothers of the name of Hall, went to the tavern of U. T. Pearson, which was at that moment in charge of Mr. Charles E. Stuart of Bangor, and called for something to drink, which was refused. At this they became angry, and one of the Halls attacked Stuart, and while he was defending himself Ryan came behind and stabbed him in two places, once in the thigh, severing an artery, and once in the back, from which he bled most profusely and suffers intense pain. The parties have been arrested and brought before a Trial Justice, and Ryan was held in \$1000 for his appearance in February at the Supreme Court in Dover, and the Halls were ordered to find bail in \$500 each for further examination as accessories, to be held in one week.

Many experiments made in Portland prove that the most permanent walls are those built of brick in cold weather and the mortar frozen dry soon after the bricks are laid. This is an encouragement to those who wish to build in the winter. Is that so?

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 25, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Allen, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 15 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MARSH & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

A DAY OR TWO IN PORTLAND.

St. Julien Hotel, Dec. 19.

"Come to Portland." Well, Mr. Telegram, here we are, in good quarters—and what now? Nobody needs an apology for coming to Portland as often as economy warrants. Purified by fire, it has become one of the prettiest cities in New England. Now its one thought is business. These splendid shops and stores and hotels and churches, that have sprung up from the ashes, have got to be supported. Their owners are in debt, and rents are high. In this Phoenix half of all that constitutes Portland, the city is forty years ahead of time—set forward by the flash of an India cracker on the 4th of July. In the means of holding her own, the same cracker set her back the same number of years. So her rents and her means of paying them are eighty years apart. A smart people indeed, if their means ever overtake their wants. Whether the paint will wax dim on these elegant blocks—this is the question that Portland may claim twice forty years to settle. No wonder her business men are discussing with deep interest the sober measure of bringing the currency to a specie basis. Men need no spectacles to see their debts when a gold basis is mentioned. But the main thing with a sick man is to keep breathing; and all the men of Portland are united in measures that promise growth and prosperity. In their ambition the City is to draw its breath by railroads and breathe it out by steam ships. All New England is yet to bring water for the great Portland fire.

No snow in Portland yet; and the dust goes about in clouds, while the light sand whirls into piles in make-believe snow drifts. Everybody but the drivers of horse cars is praying for a snow storm—or would be if there was a cloud to hang their faith on. It will be a losing business for Portland if Christmas comes on wheels. I almost need an endorser when I tell them we have had eight weeks of sleighing at Waterville. A sad thing it is for old Winter to be caught napping when he ought to be up and doing. The example is bad, like three days of grace at the bank.

"Come to Portland." How legally positive! No need of laying-on of hands by the sheriff; and so I found the rooms of the U. S. Court without help. Have heard of the institution before, under the sign of "United States vs. Henry Taylor." Plaintiff is a Washington gentleman, and defendant a Waterville farmer. Plaintiff gathers in taxes by way of numerous agents; defendant declines to hand over all they want, and goes to law. First, four years ago, for letting horses and carriages without license, went before Commissioner Manley and was discharged. Then was bound over by Commissioner for selling horses, and grand jury found no bill. Thirdly, on complaint of acting as a physician without license, by doctoring sundry horses for his neighbors, he went to Augusta and satisfied the claim of the Commissioner without trial. But being taken again, for the same kind of doctoring in a previous year, bound over by the Commissioner and indicted by the grand jury, he comes here to defend himself before Judge Fox. Witnesses say defendant now and then doctors a horse or other animal for his neighbors—sometimes taking them to his own stables—sometimes taking pay and sometimes not—that he is extensively engaged in raising, buying and selling horses and other stock on his farm, but is not called "Dr. Taylor," or generally known as a professional farmer or cattle doctor. Judge Fox charges the jury that he may occasionally or frequently confer these neighborly favors, even taking pay for them, and yet not be liable for the claim of the government for license;—that it is only when he makes this a prominent branch of his business that he becomes liable for license. The jury says, in fifteen minutes, "Not guilty," and the spectators say, with how much truth I can't guess, that these frivolous and malicious complaints against Mr. Taylor have cost the honest old gentleman at Waterville some five hundred dollars, which sum has been distributed among a very few officials and a good many witnesses.

Before any more of these suits are brought up to Judge Fox, somebody may be curious to know where the money goes. It is gratifying to believe, as I listen to the various trials th-

lawyers are hurrying forward here, that while prejudices, spite and falsehood may frequently bring their victims thus far, an intelligent jury and an honest judge are pretty sure to set all right.

I was very fortunate to arrive here just as the parties to a "wedding in high life" were taking the cars to escape the dust they had raised. The guests were still dancing and eating at the Falmouth, and the carpets over which the dainty bride had walked were yet covering the "dirt in front of both church and hotel that marked the alpha and omega of the farce. Miss Fiddlestick with eighty thousand dollars and Mr. Gumfuddle with nary a cent, had united their fortunes for life; and an expense of ten thousand dollars, to make the fact known, had wrinkled a sneer upon every sensible nose in Portland. The example will no doubt prove a great saving of money to young heiresses who are willing to take to their arms such young sprouts as are unable to work their passage to matrimony. The less noise in such cases the better.

Here are a half-dozen of us Watervilleans at this "St. Julien," pleased to the utmost with our pleasant and elegant quarters. This is the first thorough experiment that has been made in Maine of a hotel "on the European plan." If it fails it will be from too large an investment. Luxury, comfort and elegance combine to invite patronage. The entire establishment is warmed with steam—rooms large and airy—furniture all new and elegant. Good rooms for a dollar a day, some a little more; meals taken at more or less cost, according to appetite, at the dining rooms or elsewhere. Those disposed to economy can secure it here, more or less, per order; and with all the attention needed to give the genial "home feeling" so needful abroad. In Mr. Ward, the proprietor, and Mr. Baker, the clerk, many visitors from the Kennebec will find old and pleasant acquaintances; and, if we mistake not, the St. Julien will in time be their favorite quarters in Portland. "So we all say."

P. S.—Written in a hurry, and not "to be continued," as I shall take this home in my pocket.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.—Our readers are referred to the advertisement of this paper in another column. We have too often spoken of its superiority as an able and reliable journal, to render it necessary for us to say a word in its praise now. We can most heartily commend it to the best class of readers, confident that it will satisfy all reasonable expectations. The *Daily* probably contains the earliest, fullest and most accurate market and financial reports furnished by any paper published in Boston.

Its weekly edition, the *Thursday Spectator*, we would especially commend to all who wish for a high-toned weekly combining all the advantages of a first class literary, and political paper, and which at the same time contains a full and accurate digest of the news of the day.

Henrickson is the agent in Waterville, and will furnish subscribers to either edition at the publisher's lowest prices.

SHOW OF HEREFORD STOCK.—Probably the best herd of thorough bred Hereford stock ever brought into Maine has just arrived at the stables of Mr. Geo. E. Shores, of this place, the joint enterprise of himself and Mr. Hall C. Burleigh, of Fairfield. A bull, several cows, heifers, yearlings and calves, in all a dozen head, make up the herd. All are choice herd book animals, purchased of an old breeder in Canada, at very high prices. As this stock will be exhibited at the annual meeting of the N. K. Agricultural Society, on Tuesday, Jan. 5, from 10 to 12 o'clock, we defer a more particular description. Farmers will do well to be in season to see them at that time, as they will be removed previous to the meeting at the hall.

See G. B. Broad & Co's advertisement. It means what it says, and those who want good bargains can have them—if they call in season.

Christmas is having a hearty welcome in the several churches here. The Unitarians loaded a pretty pair of trees at Town Hall on Thursday evening; and with liberal refreshments, vocal music by the Sabbath School scholars, and a "pretty little dance" at the close, by a few of the young folks, they made it a lively sample of a merry Christmas. The Congregational festivities were at their church—finely arranged trees, well loaded with the fruits of kindness and love—refreshments in the vestry—music and a good social time, made a pleasant welcome to Santa Claus. The Methodists are to meet this evening, Friday, at Town Hall, and the Baptists at their church and vestry.

AMNESTY.—President Johnson has issued a proclamation granting full pardon to all persons concerned in the rebellion, "with a restoration of all rights, privileges and immunities under the constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof." This pardon includes Davis, Breckenridge, Thompson, Mason, Slidell, and all others not heretofore pardoned.

A girl in Ohio bruised her lip. Her mother wiped the oil from the bowl of her pipe and applied it to this bruise, and the effect was convulsions and death. From this we see that a smoker or chewer cannot kiss a woman without peril to her life.

It is remarked by the Pall Mall Gazette that the casualties in election riots during the past few weeks exceeded those which were sustained by the British forces in the Abyssinian expedition, and it is admitted that "with regard to disorders at elections the Americans have far once the benefit of the comparison."

OUR TABLE.

"HEARTH AND HOME"—the new Agricultural and Fireside Journal, which we have announced in course of preparation by Pettengill, Bates & Co., of New York—has made its appearance, and fully justifies all the promises of its projectors. It is a handsome sheet of sixteen folio pages, printed from new type on superfine paper, and is elegantly illustrated by the best artists. Its editors are Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is devoted to the interests of the farmer, planter, gardener, fruit grower and the florist; and ornamental gardening, rural architecture, plans of country houses, will be illustrated from time to time; and it will also contain full market reports. To the family circle it will bring all that can interest the household; plain rules for healthy living and domestic management, from the folding of a napkin and the cooking of a good dinner, to the education of children. The Boys and Girls, too, will be liberally provided for. One of the contributions of Mrs. Stowe to the first number is a chapter from her long promised novel, "Old Town Folks;" and it seems to indicate that the work will be a picture of New England life in the last century. The first serial story, entitled "In the Ice," and is written by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who seems undaunted by the remembrance that the last two of his novels have embarked on unlucky voyages in the Northern Lights and the Illustrated Chicago News. Arrangements are already made for the next serial, which will be by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.

Terms: Single Copies \$4, invariably in advance; 3 Copies \$10; 6 Copies \$15. Any one sending \$45 for a club of 15 Copies (all at one time,) will receive a copy free.

Address all communications to Pettengill, Bates & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

THE ELECTRIC for January is embellished with a fine picture of "Tasso, Reciting his Poem at the Court of Ferrara," and has the following table of contents:—The Phantoms of St. Mark's; Among the Masquerades; The Hindu View of the Late Eclipse; Legends of the Black Forest; Madame de Lafayette; The Sun's Disappearance; Clever Women: He Knew He Was Right—Chap. VII. Will. IX.; Ancient Manuscripts; The Munchies; or Cardinal Mazarin; The World's Sympathy; Some New Facts in the History of Queen Mary; Asleep and Awake; Marrying by Lot; Comets of Short Period; Weak Sisters; Poetry; Notes on Books; Science; Varieties.

These articles are selected with care from the best foreign reviews, magazines and journals, and make a rich literary treat for the reader.

The *Electric* is published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton St., New York, at \$5 a year, two copies \$9; five do. \$25.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January is thus summed up:—Mr. Theodore R. Davis describes and illustrates a recent visit to "The Buffalo Range," some of the plums, in pictures and anecdotes, are picked out of Du Chailu's book; Mr. Conway comes in his "South-Cross Saunterings;" and there are two illustrated poems, one of which is by John Broughman. A story which seems to be a new English serial, anonymous, is begun, entitled "My Enemy's Daughter." Major De Forest has another of his southern studies, this time entitled "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southerners." "A Public Building" is Mr. Harriet Prescott Spofford's description of the Capitol at Washington. There are papers on "The Rishaps of Rome," "The Murder of Escovedo," and "Abba Pacha of Egypt." Mr. Curtis discourses in the "Choir," of Hawthorne, Emerson and Brook Farm, of the "New England Tragedies, and of Boston."

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year. Sold by all periodical dealers.

THE SCHOOLMATE, an illustrated monthly for Boys and Girls, and a great favorite with them, begins the new year with the opening chapters of another story by Horatio Alger Jr., entitled "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York News Boys." The other contents of the number will not enumerate except to mention that among these are a dialogue and a piece of poetry for declamation, with the appropriate gestures, marked by an elocutionist, with an accompanying chart of figures, and a piece of music. The *Schoolmate* is a great favorite with the young, and its circulation increases yearly.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 203 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week, contains another instalment of Anthony Trollope's new story, "He Knew He Was Right," and the conclusion of "The Abbot's Pool." There is also much other good reading. The next number will begin a new volume of this popular journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature, and this makes it a favorable time to subscribe.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

"FALLING WEATHER" ruled the early part of the week, during which every tree and shrub stood enrobed in new grace and beauty. We have only a few inches of snow, even now, but the sleighing never was better.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, a charming number, will be found at Henrickson's, one door north of the Post Office. It is rich in illustrations, and full of interesting reading. The New England News Company, of Boston, supplies Mr. Henrickson with this and all the other magazines, as soon as they are published.

LEGISLATIVE JOURNAL for 1869.—Whoever wishes for a full, accurate and prompt report of the doings of our Legislature which is to assemble on the first Monday in January, will do well to subscribe for the Daily or Thrice-Weekly Kennebec Journal, published by Owen & Nash, of Augusta. Both editions will contain, in addition to the Legislative proceedings, all the latest news, market reports, &c. The price of the Daily will be \$2; of the Thrice-Weekly, \$1.

HON. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND has been nominated for representative to the Legislature by the republicans of Portland, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Foster. Mr. D. is also endorsed by the Union Temperance Association.

A GOOD BEGINNING.—A small seizure of liquors was made at the Falmouth hotel in Portland, on Wednesday.

A Mr. Varnum, who was lying upon the Me. Central Railroad, was struck by the passing engine on Tuesday afternoon, and so badly injured that it is doubtful if he survives. He was thought to be deranged at the time.

MR. LANG, we are sorry to say, will not be able to give his address before the N. Ken. Ag. Society, at the annual meeting, owing to other engagements; but he will probably favor us with it in the course of the winter.

We have received a beautiful Specimen sheet of Calendars for 1869, from Mr. John K. Rogers, Agent of the Boston Type Foundry. This is the handsomest specimen in the art of printing that we ever saw. Mr. Rogers will please accept our thanks.

The divorce case, Alice M. Taylor vs. Henry Taylor, terminated at Augusta on Wednesday. Divorce granted, with alimony and the custody of the children to the mother.

DO YOU TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY?—The moral of the following anecdote is not bounded by its temperance application. Who cares to take the responsibility of leading any one into any wrong doing?

A young man had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often, in turn, would he in vain urge his friend to take the social glass. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the barkeeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass! Even in his madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license and pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of money did not rule, "Take back the license?"

Quite a serious fire occurred at Bath, Saturday morning. The houses of Capt. Chadbourne and Mr. William Webster were burned. The inmates of Capt. Chadbourne's house barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Chadbourne's sister had her hand and arm burned quite severely.

FIRE IN SAGO.—One of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred there took place Sunday night. It originated in the York Hotel, which, with stables, and out buildings, was entirely destroyed, many of the occupants barely escaping with their lives. The fire then extended to the stables of the Saco House, Bake House, Deering's barber shop, American House, Tibby's tenement, and several smaller buildings, all of which were burned. Total loss is \$30,000.

David Faulkner, policeman of Malden, a highly respectable citizen, was shot dead on Tuesday morning, near the railroad depot. He hailed two unknown men who had been hanging around the depot during the night, when one of them shot him through the heart and both fled. There is great excitement in Malden.

The Rev. Charles Brooks, father of State normal schools in America, was asked by a teacher this question: "What shall I teach my pupils?" He answered: "Teach them very thoroughly these five things:—

1. To live religiously.
2. To think comprehensively.
3. To reckon mathematically.
4. To converse fluently; and,
5. To write grammatically.

If you successfully teach them these five things you will have nobly done your duty to your pupils, to their parents, to your country, and to yourself.

Amen, said the preceptor.

SPRINGFIELD Dec. 19.—Orders have been received at the U. S. Army in this city, to pay the workmen four fifths of the usual rate per day for all work done since August 20th, when the eight hour law went into operation. Work will be resumed next month upon the ten hour system.

Bingham had a town meeting and voted to direct the selectmen not to pay any future assessments that may be made against the town of Bingham in favor of appropriating money to be expended in or for the construction of the Somerset Railroad until further orders from the town.

On Wednesday night J. A. Whitehead a clerk in the Union Pacific Railroad freight office at Omaha, while at Cheyenne, was robbed of \$900 while on his way from the depot to Wells, Fargo & Co's office. The robbery was perpetrated by three men, who held pistols at Whitehead's head and walked him out half a mile on the prairie, where they tied and gagged him.

CATTLE MARKETS.—There was an abundant supply of cattle for Christmas week and the market was harder for the drovers than the previous one.

J. W. Withee sold eight oxen, average live weight 1477 lbs, for Mr. Lord's farm, in Epsom, N. H., at 8c per lb; also one pair workers, 6 ft 10 in, for \$195; one pair 6 ft 8 in \$175; two cows at 9c per lb.

DISFRANCHISED DEMOCRATS.—Some democratic papers are publishing a table of rebels who have forfeited their rights by treason, under the head of "Disfranchised Democrats." Every mother's son of them is set down as a democrat; which nobody can deny.

FIRE IN NEW PORTLAND.—The Anson Advocate learns that the dwelling house of Mr. B. E. Bartlett was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last. The furniture was mostly saved. The stable connected with the house by a shed, was saved by tearing down the shed, and applying water and snow.

Senator Sprague has purchased a valuable island on the Georgia coast near the mouth of St. Mary's river, and also near Fernandina, Florida. It contains an area of 9000 acres, and is said to be extremely fertile. He will plant the whole with cotton to supply his northern mills, and thus be independent of the markets.

A business meeting of the Waterville Young Men's Christian Association will be held at their rooms on Monday evening next, at 7 1/2 o'clock. A full attendance is particularly desirable.

The mercury stood at from 12 to 15 degrees below zero.

CONGRESS on Monday adjourned over the holidays to Tuesday, Jan. 5th. All the business that was completed before the adjournment, was the passage of resolution condemning President Johnson's repudiation message, and declaring for good faith in paying the national debts.

Henry Ward Beecher's church has revived the ancient and honorable order of deaconesses, and on Sunday evening elected Mrs. Morrill, Mrs. Fanning and Mrs. Thalheimer to that office.

The great reduction of the Internal Revenue taxes is shown by the fact that since the Revenue Act was passed, the North Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company have paid a tax as high as \$13,000 per month; while their tax for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, 1868 was only \$554, the sales of the Company being nearly the same.

Planchette has remarkable powers in Texas. Three gentlemen were recently learning the events of the future by this means in Brownsville, when it was suddenly discovered that they were spell-bound. Neither could rise from his seat, and all were so frightened that they were unable to speak. Fortunately a lady came in and spoke, thus breaking the spell and the writing of planchette at the same time.

THE EASTERN CASE.—London, Dec. 25. The report of the proposed conference on the Eastern question is fully confirmed. The Vienna Press, Government organ, says semi-officially that the plan originated with Russia, backed by Prussia, and that the scheme is favored by Austria and Italy. The effort to settle the question without bloodshed will undoubtedly be successful.

MONEY AFFAIRS.—New York, Dec. 23. Money market stringent with active demand and a general calling in of loans. The pressure was equal to the worst time of last spring. The banks are unable to expand owing to the near approach of the quarterly statement, and business at legal rate or 7 per cent. currency was quite small.

Late Paraguayan advices, say the position of Lopez is critical in consequence of his differences with the United States, and that he will probably seek a reconciliation with the American Government. Paraguay continues to make energetic resistance to the movements of the Allied Army.

There is talk of tunnelling the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Camden.

A proof-readers' society in Boston calls itself the "House of Correction."

If books are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

Mrs. Emeline Chamberlain, of Fayette, spun 735 skeins of yarn between the 1st of March and the 1st of December.

The insurrection in Cuba is growing more formidable notwithstanding the arrival of troops from Spain.

A young lady who saw a steam fire-engine in Boston recently for the first time, innocently inquired why they boiled the water before they drew it on the fire.

There was a man with a velocipede, who said "I will not do so gross a deed As to make any fuss About horse car or 'bus, When I can ride on my velocipede."

A large volume would not contain the mass of testimony which has accumulated in favor of Water's *Remedy for Wild Chills* as a safe, efficient, and reliable remedy in curing colds, and pulmonary disease. Many of the cures are truly wonderful.

When you pass a door after nine o'clock at night, and see a young man and woman, and hear a smug, you may bet your bottom dollar that the young man don't live there.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; it may be that you will not meet again in life.

HARNESSES!!

AND

Harness Makers' Goods

AT GREATLY

Reduced Prices!

Contemplating a change in some branches of our business, we have determined to reduce our present stock by selling for a few days at just such prices as the goods may command, even in this quiet market, and in these very quiet times.

HARNESSES of all kinds; Bridles, Halters, Buffalo Robes, Blankets, Circles, Gigs, Saddles, Coach Pads, Saddle Trees, Winkers, Plated and Covered Trimmings, Whip Sockets, Whips, &c. &c.

This sale, without regard to cost, is to continue only a short time, and when we shall return to moderate paying prices. Only those who call or order very soon will secure the advantage afforded by this sacrifice on our part.

G. B. BROAD & CO.

Waterville, Dec. 21, 1868.

DR. HUTCHINS'

HEADACHE AND CATARRH PILLS.

All persons suffering from Headache of any kind, may be cured by using

Dr. Hutchins' Headache and Catarrh Pills.

They are a sure cure, and shall return to moderate paying prices. Only those who call or order very soon will secure the advantage afforded by this sacrifice on our part.

Try a box, for the choice of Officers for the ensuing year.

Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Feathers,

Of every style, for sale by

E. & S. FISHER.

BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency.

Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$3,516,406.

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,000,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,234,195.

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$781,067.90.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$401,274.78.

will write Policies on Live Stock, and against Accidents of all kinds.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

Waterville, June 1, 1868.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

I have this day bought the interest of

F. W. HASKELL

in the business recently carried on by us, and shall continue to manufacture and sell of

Boots and Shoes,

at the old stand directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due to the late firm may be brought in to the above sale, I would request an early payment.

I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods

for the ladies and children's wear.

Particular attention will be given to

Custom Work,

on Gentlemen's. Estimates of all kinds neatly done.

W. F. HASKELL, Jr.

Waterville, Jan. 22d, 1867.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys

is derived from the fact that it cures

many of the most dangerous and

incurable diseases of the blood.

It is a powerful purifier, and

restores the system to its natural

state, and cures all diseases

which are the result of impure

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blood.

It is a powerful purifier, and

VINELAND.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

New Settlement of Vineland.

A Rare Opportunity, in the best Market and most de-

lightful and healthful Climate in the Union. Only 30

miles South of Philadelphia, on a railroad; being a

rich and very productive wheat land, among

the best in the Garden State of New Jersey.

It consists of 50 square miles GOOD land, divided into

four different sizes to suit the purchaser—From 20 acres

up to 125.

PRICE AND TERMS.

The land is sold at the rate of \$25 per acre for the farm

land, payable one fourth cash, and the balance by half-yearly

instalments, with legal interest, within the term of four

years, upon farms of 20 acres and upwards.

Twenty-acre lots, at \$100; ten-acre lots, at \$200; five-acre

lots, at \$400; and town lots 50 feet front by 150

feet deep, at \$100 to \$200—payable one-half cash and the

balance within a year. It is only upon farms of twenty acres

or more, that four years time is given.

The whole tract, with 7 1/2 miles of front on the railroad, is

laid out with fine and spacious avenues, with a town in the

centre.

THE SOIL.

Is, in great part, a Rich Clay Loam, suitable for Wheat,

Grass, and Potatoes—also a dark and rich sandy loam,

suitable for corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, all kinds of vegetables

and root crops, and the finest variety of Fruit, such as

Grapes, Peaches, Apples, Nectarines, Blackberries,

Raspberries and other fruit, which will grow in great

abundance. In respect to the Soil and Crops there can

be no mistake, as visitors can examine both, and none

expected to be before doing so. And noting these statements

correct—under these circumstances, unless these statements

were contrary, there would be no use in their being

made. It is concluded.

THE BEST FRUIT SOIL IN THE UNION.

[See Reports of Solon Robinson, Esq., of the N. Y. Tribune,

and of Chas. T. Jackson, State Geologist of Mass., which

will be furnished to requesters.]

THE MARKETS.

By looking over the map the reader will perceive that it

enjoys the best Market in the Union, and the direct

communication with New York and Philadelphia twice a day, being

only thirty-two miles from the latter. Produce in this market

is sold at double the price that it would be in New

York markets. In respect to the Soil and Crops there can

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Kendall's Mills Column.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,

First door north of the Court House, and continues to execute

all orders for those in need of dental services.

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

Has a splendid assortment of

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware,

&c. &c.

All at sale as low as can be bought on the river.

May, 1867.

F. KENRICK, JR.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. GRAY'S

Magic Blood Bitters.

VALDE RESE.

FOR SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS

of every kind. And all Diseases arising from Impurities

of the blood.

Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases.

A certain cure for the various

Diseases of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, and an

invaluable remedy in General Debility and frequent

Emigration arising from Derangement of the

Digestive and other Organs.

And often misapprehended as Consumption. An immediate

relief for Loss of Appetite, Sinking at the Stomach,

Acid Stomach, Flatulency, &c. A renovating and restituting

alterative in Cerebral or shattered conditions of the

system.

Dose:—A tablespoonful three or four times before eating.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Wholesale Agents: G. C. Goodwin, 38 Hanover Street,

M. S. Burr & Co. 20 Tremont Street, Boston.

Prepared and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by E. C.

Low, Apothecary, Kendall's Mills, Me.

Buy your Hardware

AT

GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,

and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price.

Fresh Arrivals—Latest Styles—New

and Elegant—Lowest Prices.

W. A. CAFFEY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTION.

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses,

children's Carriages, Willow Ware,

Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany and Walnut Bedsteads

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Birch and Pine Coffins, on

stantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order

ATWOOD CROSBY, M. D.

WITH

DR. BOUTELLE,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Residence on West Temple Street.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

opp. People's Nat'l Bank,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous

Oxide Gas administered when desired.

DR. E. F. WHITMAN,

Oculist and Aurist.

Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

Treatment for Catarh.

No charge for consultation.

ICE NO. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

DAVIS, BERRY & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Sash, Doors,

BLINDS, AND WINDOW FRAMES.

THUNDERBOLT, a New Factory at Grinnett's Mills,

Waterville, are making, and will constantly on hand all

the assortment of various sizes, the prices of which will

be found as low as the quality of work can be bought

anywhere in the State. The stock and workmanship will be

of the first quality, and our work is warranted to be what it

is represented to be.

Our Doors will be fitted with DRYBATH, and not

with steam. Orders collected by mail or otherwise.

FURISH & SANDERS.

45 Waterville, May 10, 1867.

FIRE INSURANCE

Meador & Phillips,

AGENTS,

WATERVILLE.

Offer Insurance in the following companies:

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1810, with perpetual charter.

Capital and Surplus, \$1,688,163.62.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1819!

Capital and Assets, \$3,850,651.78.

Losses paid in 45 years, \$17,486,894.71.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD,

Assets, July 1, 1864, \$408,886.63.

These Companies have been so long before the public, and

the extent of their business and resources so well known,

that no recommendation is necessary.

Apply to

MEADOR & PHILLIPS,

Waterville, Me.

NOTICE!

We keep constantly on hand the following articles:

PICKLES, by the Gallon or Jar; Cranberries by

the bushel; Fresh Ground Buckwheat;

Fresh Ground Graham Meal; Rye Meal; Oat

Meal; Rye Meal; Soda Crackers;

SMOKED HALIBUT;

Smoked Salmon; Pickled Trout;

SWEET CORN TOBACOS,

Domestic and Foreign;

Pickles;

French Mustard;

Corn Starch; Green Corn