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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 27): January 1, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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## CONTRASTED.

Oh, little ones who sleep is sweet,  
Who have no cares of heart or brain,  
Whose two ships breast no tossing main,  
But anchor where no storms can best.

I know where anchors do not hold,  
Where storms put on their deadliest frown,  
Where helplessly the ships go down  
And straining eyes no land behold!

Your path is where the roses blow,  
Where grateful trees shut out their glare,  
And perfumes fill the summer air,  
With never a hint of frost or snow.

I climb a rough and thorny steep,  
My feet oft slip on treacherous snow,  
And dim and faint my senses grow  
Measuring the near and deadly leap.

The shadows falling on your way  
Are cast by trees and nodding flowers  
Which break the sunshine into showers  
Of shining lines and golden spray.

I see the lengthening shadows grow  
That tell me that my night is near;  
I stand upon its borders drear  
And see my sun grow red and low.

The rains which fall from your young eyes  
Give life and vigor to your spring,  
And soon again the low-birds sing  
A gay song nigh summer skies.

Upon my heart the autumn rain  
Falls with a ceaseless, steady beat,  
Of mingled with the cruel stain  
Which makes it, quivering, shrink with pain.

I dread for you the voyage long—  
The thorny path bare feet must tread—  
The coming shadows dark and dread—  
The weeping heart uncheered by song.

Let ships but keep the port in view,  
And be the path the King's highway,  
Let but the shades precede the day  
And future joys make life seem few.

And helpful storms shall rage in vain,  
And storms rage on the hasting feet,  
And bid by night, shall angels meet,  
And bear where love and rest remain.

—Exchange.

[From Wells' Phonological Journal.]

## DOG STORIES.

## THE DOG IN HISTORY.

The origin of the dog, like that of the ox and the sheep, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Whence, how, and when he came upon the stage of action, we have no means of knowing. He is pre-historic, like his master. He is found among the mummies in the pyramids of Egypt; the Bible frequently mentions him; he occupies a place in the earliest systems of pagan worship, and his name was given to one of the first-mentioned stars of heaven.

The Egyptians were taught, by long observation and experience, that whenever a particular star became visible, the Nile would overflow its banks. They called this star Sihar, which became in Latin Sirius. It is best known as the Dog-Star.

Plutarch mentions that Alcibiades had a dog of uncommon size and beauty, whose tail he nevertheless caused to be cut off; whereas "all Athens," we are told, "rang with folly." "This is the very thing I want; for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they find something worse to say of me."

The early Greeks appear to be acquainted with but two kinds of dogs—the greyhound and the shepherd's, or rather the drover's dog, which answered also for hunting and for watching property. At a later period the true mastiff became known, and the lap-dog was imported from Malta.

The Romans sacrificed the dog to Anubis, and the lesser dog-star to Procyon; as in Greece, Proserpine, Heate, Mars, and other deities were propitiated by similar offerings.

In the Scriptures, we are told that the dogs licked the innocent blood of Naboth, and afterward that of Ahab, his royal murderer, and ate the flesh of Jezebel, his partner in guilt. The carnivorous propensities of the dog were noted by Homer, who speaks of those

Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.

In former times dogs were treated with great honor in Constantinople. They had their attendants and their clothing, and were well fed and cared for. Those of the Grand Turk, Sanderson says, had their trappings of cloth of gold, scarlet, and other colors, and their luxurious couches; and the places where they were kept were "most cleanly and comfortable." At the present time dogs do not fare so well there. The streets are now their only home, and they belong to nobody in particular, though everybody feeds them. They are very useful as scavengers, for as all the leavings of the kitchen are thrown out of doors, the streets would soon become not intolerably filthy but impassable were it not for the dogs, storks, and vultures. The dogs have their separate communities, each confined to a particular district. "We were one found," Mr. Slade says, "in a strange quarter, he would infallibly be torn to pieces by the resident dogs; and so well they are aware of this, that no argument—not even a bone of roast meat—will tempt one to follow a person beyond his district."

## THE DOG'S PLACE IN NATURE.

The dog is grouped, with the wolf, the jackal, and the fox, in the genus canis, because all these animals are closely assimilated in external character and anatomical structure. They have the same kind of teeth, the canines being strong, conical, pointed, and slightly recurved, and the incisors six above and five below. There are five toes on the fore feet and four on the hind feet, to which is sometimes added a small rudimentary claw.

Some naturalists have contended that the domestic dog is sprung from the wolf; others trace it back to the fox; while others believe that it owes its origin to a wild species of dog. We incline to this last opinion, although some of the wild dogs have shown themselves less susceptible of domestication than the wolf or the fox. Sir John Seabright had a puppy of the wild Australian breed. He kept this animal for about a year, most of the time in his own room; fed it himself, and took every means he could think of to reclaim it, but with no effect. He was insensible to caresses, and did not appear to distinguish his keeper from any other person. This dog resembled the wolf in appearance.

**DOGS COMPREHEND LANGUAGE.**—"The wisest dog I ever had," Sir Walter Scott says, "was what is called the bulldog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication between the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp

was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language." An anecdote from Sir Walter Scott must be always pleasing.

**THE DOG AND THE PIEMAN.**—"Mr. Smellie" in his "Natural Philosophy," mentions a curious instance of intelligence in a dog belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh: "A man who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the piaman's bell he ran, impetuously toward him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The piaman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny he instantly carried it in his mouth to the piaman, and received his pie. This traffic between the piaman and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practiced for several months."

**THE GOVERNOR'S DOG.**—"Mr. Darby, in his 'Angler in the Lake District,' relates the following anecdote: 'When Mr. Darby was at Ceylon, the governor of that island, the late Sir Robert Brownrigg, had a dog of more than ordinary sagacity. He always accompanied his master, being allowed to do so, except on particular occasions, such as going to church or council, or to inspect his troops, when the governor usually wore his sword; but when the dog saw the sword girded on he would only follow to the outer door. Without a word being said, he would return and wait the coming back of his master, patiently remaining up stairs at the door of his private apartment. So it is with respect to my own pet terrier, Phiz. When he sees me putting on my walking-shoes, my great coat, or hat, he is all eagerness to accompany me, jumping about me and showing his joy. But on Sundays it is very different. My shoes, great-coat, or hat may be put on, but he remains perfectly resigned on the rug before the fire, and never attempts or shows any inclination to follow me.'

**CAN DOGS COUNT?**—"Mr. Jesse, in his 'Anecdotes of Dogs,' says: 'It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy, a favorite terrier, which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew. Mr. Southey, in his 'Ominiana,' informs us that he knew of a dog, which was brought up by a Catholic and afterward sold to a Protestant, but still he refused to eat anything on Friday.'

**A TREATY OF ALLIANCE.**—"The following, which is one of the best dog stories we remember to have read, is from Colonel Hamilton Smith's 'Cyclopedia of Natural History': 'In the neighborhood of Cupar, in the county of Fife, there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, and who always fought desperately whenever they met. Captain R— was the master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighboring farmer. Captain R—'s dog was in the practice of going messages, and even of bringing butchers' meat and other articles from Cupar. One day, while returning charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some of the curs of the town, who, no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for. The assault was fierce, and of some duration; but the messenger, after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket. The piece saved from the wreck he ran off with, at full speed, to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it till he had eaten it up. A few snuffs, a few whispers in the ear, and other dog-like courtesies, were then exchanged; after which they both set off together for Cupar, where they worried almost every dog in the town; and what is more remarkable, they never afterward quarreled, but were always on friendly terms.'

**A CANINE MAIL-CARRIER.**—"At Albany, in Westchester," Mr. Jesse says, "a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a half-a-quarter of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having, on one day only, neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on his arrival of the next mail carried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

**NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.**—"Two dogs, the one a Newfoundland and the other a mastiff, lived near a harbor where a pier was building. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had; and each began to make for the land as best he could. The Newfoundland being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself; but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, which, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals; they never fought again; they were always together; and when the Newfoundland dog was being accidentally killed by the passage of a stone wagon on the railway over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time."

"A Newfoundland dog, kept at the ferry-house at Worcester, was famous for having, at different periods, saved three persons from drowning; and so fond was he of the water that he seemed to consider any disinclination

for it in other dogs as an insult on the species. If a dog was left on the bank by its master, and in the idea that it would be obliged to follow the boat across the river, which is but narrow, stood yelping at the bottom of the steps, unwilling to take the water, the Newfoundland veteran would go down to him, and with a satirical growl, as if in mockery, take him by the back of the neck and throw him into the stream."

**THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.**—"A gentleman sold a considerable flock of sheep to a dealer, the latter had not hands to drive. The seller, however, told him he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off; and that when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed the dog and desire him to go home. The dog accordingly received his orders, and set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent for so many days that his master began to have serious alarms about him, when one morning, to his great surprise, he found the dog returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be that the drover was so pleased with the colley that he resolved to steal him, and locked him up until the time when he was to leave the country. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape, and one evening he fortunately succeeded. Whether the brute had discovered the drover's intention, and supposed the sheep were also stolen, it is difficult to say; but by his conduct it looked so, for he immediately went to the field, collected the sheep, and drove them all back to his master."

**ST. BERNARD'S DOG.**—"Sir Walter Scott says that he would believe anything of a St. Bernard's dog. Their natural sagacity is, indeed, so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that their performances are truly wonderful. A sort of language seems to have become established, by means of which communications between these dogs and the good monks of St. Bernard are constantly carried on to an extent perfectly astonishing to those not familiar with these animals. Many persons are annually rescued from death by them. Their peculiar faculty is inherited, like that of the shepherd's dog, is shown by the curious fact that if a whelp of this breed is placed upon snow for the first time, it will begin to scratch it, and sniff about as if in search of something. When they have been regularly trained, they are generally sent out in pairs during heavy snowstorms, in search of travellers who may have been over-whelmed by the snow. In this way they pass over a great extent of country, and by the acuteness of their scent discover if any one is buried in the snowdrift. When it is considered that Mount St. Bernard is situated about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and that it is the highest habitable spot in Europe, and that the road which passes across it is constantly traversed, the great utility of the dog is sufficiently manifest. Neither is the kindness, charity, and hospitality of the good monks less to be admired than the noble qualities of these dogs."

**THE BLOODHOUND.**—"This is the largest of the various kinds of hounds, sometimes measuring from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches to the top of the shoulders. He is a very serious and dignified animal, well calculated to impress the marauder with awe. His almost miraculous sense of smell, together with his fleetness, strength, and ferocity, render him very useful in certain cases, as in the capture of fugitives from justice."

It is related that a servant, discharged by a sporting country gentleman, broke into his stables by night, and cut off the ears and tail of a favorite hunter. As soon as it was discovered, a bloodhound was brought into the stable, who at once detected the scent of the miscreant, and traced it more than twenty miles. He then stopped at a door, whence no power could move him. Being at length admitted, he ran to the top of the house, and bursting open the door of a garret, found the object that he sought in bed, and would have torn him to pieces had not the huntsman, who had followed him on a fleet horse, rushed up after him.

In the West Indies, as formerly in our late slave-holding States, bloodhounds are used to hunt runaway negroes.

**THE TERRIER.**—"There are many varieties of the terrier, all noted for fidelity and affection, as well as for their enmity to rats and other vermin. They are by no means lacking in sagacity. Mr. Jesse had a terrier called Peter, of whom he says: 'He was a dog of extraordinary sense. I once gave him some milk and water at my breakfast, which was too hot. He afterwards was in the habit of testing the heat by dipping one of his paws into the basin, preferring rather to scald his foot than to run the risk of burning his tongue. He had other peculiarities. When I mounted my horse and wanted him to follow me, he would come a little distance, and then all at once pretend to be lame. The more I called the lammer he became. He was, in fact, aware of my long rides, and was too lazy to follow me. He played this trick very frequently. If I called him while I had my snuff-box in my hand, he would come to me, pretending to sneeze the whole of the time.'

**THE SPANIEL.**—"The spaniel is a beautiful dog, and invaluable to the sportsman. The following anecdote shows that it possesses a degree of sagacity not often surpassed by any other breed of dogs. A gentleman shooting wild foot-one day on a lake in Ireland was accompanied by a sagacious spaniel. He wounded a wild duck, which swam about the lake, and dived occasionally, followed by the dog. The bird at last got to some distance and lowered itself in the water, as ducks are known to do when they are wounded and pursued, leaving nothing but his head out of it. The dog swam about in search of his prey, but all scent was lost, and he obeyed his master's call and returned to the shore. He had no sooner arrived, however, than he ran with the greatest eagerness to the top of some high ground close to the lake. On arriving there, he was seen looking round in every direction, and having at last perceived the spot where the duck was endeavoring to conceal itself, he again rushed into the water, made direct to the spot he had previously marked, and at last succeeded in securing the wounded bird."

**THE POODLE.**—"This is an amiable, frisky, and amusing little animal. There is perhaps no dog that can be taught a greater number of

diverting tricks. It is related that a shoe-black on the Pont Neuf at Paris had a poodle dog whose sagacity brought no small profit to its master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to dirty them by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than once from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit."

"The instinctive appreciation of the nature of property as shown in dogs is exemplified in the following instance: A lady at Bath, walking one day, was impeded in her progress by a strange mastiff dog. She became alarmed, and at the same time perceived that she had lost her veil. Upon retracing her steps, the dog went on before her, till the last article was discovered; and as soon as it was picked up, the animal hastened after his own master."

## SOCIAL ARITHMETIC.

"Two brothers," began the professor impressively, addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street, and one of them stopping at a certain house, knocked at the door, observing: 'I have a niece here, who is ill.' 'Thank Heaven,' observed the other, 'I have got to niece; and he walked away. Now, how could that be?'"

"Why, it's a riddle," exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry simple as it is," observed the professor confidently. Come, ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem.

"I see," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a toy. "Don't let em hear it.—Niece by marriage?—Stuff and nonsense. The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all"—and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much as to say, "such as he would ask you. Nothing can be simpler than my question. I've got a niece here that's ill, says one brother. Thank heaven, I have not got a niece, says the other. How can that be?—You all give it up? Well, the invalid was his daughter."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Housewife despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out!"

"Yes indeed, ma'am," assented the remorseless savant. "The failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes (who was much displeased at being classed among the 'ordinary minds')—"and also, the attention is distracted by the brutality of the father's remark. Now that is in itself a catch in my opinion."

"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the professor coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to each other; come, tell me that."

"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.

"No, sir," answered the professor, regarding Thunderbolt with interest, as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."

"They might be brothers-in-law?" suggested Funnidog.

"Undoubtedly, they might be," replied Puzzleton with a pitying smile; "but they were not."

"Stop a bit," observed Mr. Macpherson hurriedly, like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet does not like to be anticipated.

"The blind beggar had a brother, and the brother died. Well, of course, if one was dead, you know, they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is novel," observed the professor gravely, "but you have not hit upon the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, a blind beggar may be either male or female. In this instance, she was a female. They were brother and sister."

"I call that a catch," said Aloes gloomily.

"Well, at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the professor, with quiet triumph. "Now I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which shall be in all respects bona fide. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on paper.—A man went to a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign and the cobbler, having no change, sent for it to a neighboring public house, and gave it him. Later in the day, the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobbler making it right; which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction? There is no sort of play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course, the cobbler lost just."

"Be quiet, sir," cried Puzzleton very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you can write."

"Scratch a Professor, and you find a Tartar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes."

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained; and it was wonderful how opinions differed within such narrow limits.

The colonel made him lose two pounds.

Mr. Aloes made him lose just a pound and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose just six-and-thirty shillings.

Mr. Macpherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots (which said the professor, it was not necessary to take into consideration).

Mr. Scale Hill, who was used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Mr. Smooth Smyler. Wrote: I am not sur-

but it seems to me he lost only eight shillings besides the boots and his temper."

Housewife wrote: "Why, of course he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves. "They had never been taught," they said, "the Rule of Three."

"You are all wrong," said the professor quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what he gained. The landlord, and the whole story of his changing the sovereign may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better nor worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign, four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

"If one had only a room to one's self, and the whole day before one to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these things."

"Very good ma'am," said the professor. "Then answer me this when I come to see you next. A man bought twelve herrings for a shilling; some were twopenny apiece, some a half-penny, and some a farthing—how many did he buy at each price?"

## OUR TABLE.

**THE NEW ELECTRIC** is the title of a magazine which having reached its 4th volume, almost unheard of by the great reading public, has been enlarged and improved and is now making an effort to secure a more extended recognition and a wider circulation. Like its New York contemporary, from whom it borrows its name, it is made up of selections from the whole field of contemporary periodical literature—French, German, English and American, and will include biography, travels, fiction, history, popular science, education, wit and humor. The January number contains 128 pages of well selected reading, including several chapters of "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," by Anthony Trollope; the continuation of "The Woman's Kingdom," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "The Church and her Young Members," from the Fortnightly Review; a discourse on "Cliff," from "Once a Week"; a biographical sketch of John Ruskin, accompanying a good portrait prefixed to the number, with many other articles.

The New Electric is published by Trumbull & Murdoch, Baltimore, at \$4 a year.

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY** for January appears with a new dress throughout, including a handsome new cover, and in addition to the two fine steel engravings usually given, there are several excellent wood cuts. The engravings are of unusual excellence even for this magazine, which has earned an enviable reputation in this line. They are—"Moonrise at Sunset," a spirited seaside view; and "Buds and Blossoms," a charming collection of little heads. Of the literature of this magazine some one truthfully says that it "is constantly imbued with the spirit of Christianity. There is no covert skepticism or infidelity running through its articles; it contains no poison. It is not designed that the articles should all be on religious subjects, nor that its pages should be filled with theological essays or doctrinal or experimental discussions; but that it should be a magazine of sanctified literature, written in the fear of God, and in the belief of the Gospel, and in the spirit of purity, truth and goodness. It is a magazine for the whole family, male and female, old and young, containing something for all readers in the household."

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year. S. F. Magee, Boston, agent.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND**, for January is out, brimful of attractions. It has a large and brilliant Fashion Plate; a splendid illustration on steel, of a story by Miss Amanda M. Douglass, "Chased by Wolves," a striking illustration of Mrs. Wood's novel; for "Roland Yorke, or Done in Passion," &c. "Last Words" (with poetry), is a beautiful engraving. There are also many engravings devoted to lady's attire, and to the work-table, which the ladies can better appreciate than we can.

Published by Dancow & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year. Four copies, \$6.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE** for December is a fitting close for the issues of the past year, which, taken altogether, have been of more than average merit, furnishing a large amount not only of entertaining but of substantial literature. We have so often spoken of the value of this periodical, that we have no doubt most of our readers are familiar with it, at least by repute; and without going further into details, we content ourselves with giving a list of the articles in the present number.

"Doubles and Quits, a Comedy of Errors, Part II," a very amusing story of mistaken identity. "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.—The Sailor," another of those graphic descriptions which bring past scenes and characters before us as in a picture. The present paper gives a sketch of Lord Anson and his memorable voyage. "Kinglake's History of the War in the Crimea," those who cannot afford to purchase this book will find a good substitute for it in this review.

"Dean Milman," a biographical sketch. "Cornelius O'Dowd," a continuation of those favorite light satirical comments on current events. "What is to come of it," an article on the political situation of England.

Reminding our friends that among the host of periodicals now soliciting their attention, Blackwood's Magazine has an eminent claim, we recommend those who have not yet done so to enter their names early for the ensuing year.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM** for January, with an attractive table of contents, is received. The Publisher gives as a premium, for every new subscriber, a patent self-inker; so that, for the small sum of \$1.50, one can obtain an elegantly bound volume of nearly six hundred pages of entertaining reading, edited by Louisa M. Alcott, one of the most charming and brilliant writers for boys and girls that our country has hitherto produced.

Parents and friends of young people can make no more acceptable present than a year's subscription to "Merry's Museum," which will cause the boys and girls to think with pleasure of their benefactors as surely as every month comes round.

A single specimen number will be sent to any address, on receipt of two three-cent postage stamps.

Address Horace B. Fuller, Publisher, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Be careful what you read and how you read.

FITCHBURG, MASS., Oct. 30.

The morning on which we left Central Shaft, to make our way down the mountain, on foot, to the eastern entrance, was in striking contrast to that of the previous day, which had been full of sunshine and gladness. The sky was filled with dark clouds threatening rain; but our spirits were not damped by the gloomy weather, and we trudged pleasantly along, sweetening our way with such well seasoned discourse as arises when friends get near each other in presence of the mighty works of Him who made the worlds. We had a better opportunity, now, to see and admire the grand mountain scenery, but to this there was one drawback; our friend had just returned from the Rocky mountains and would persist in dwarfing what was before us by unfavorable comparisons. Things are small or great by comparison; and it is not wise to quench a man's enthusiasm over a beautiful waterfall on some small mountain stream, by thundering to him of the cataract of Niagara.

At the foot of the mountain we turned sharply to the left, and keeping close to the river soon came to the works at the eastern end, right at the Great Bend, where we found an immense dump of excavated rock which is already encroaching upon the river's bed. We made our way to the machine shop, in charge of Mr. R. J. Parker—a worthy graduate of the Putnam Machine Co.—who kindly showed us about the premises; and the condensers in motion, which are used for driving air into the tunnel for working the drills, and which were idle, the work being suspended; took us up past "Peanut Row" and "Castle Garden"—two collections of laborers dwellings—to the dam across the Deerfield river; and ended by accompanying us into the tunnel. The Deerfield river is here about the size of the Sebasticook in Winslow, and yet this dam, short as it is, cost the State of Massachusetts \$250,000, including, however, a canal of earth for conducting the water to the machine shop, saw mill, &c. Think of that, ye lucky stockholders in the Ticonic Water Power Co., and render honor to whom honor is due. We know it does not become the common people to question the doings of scientific men, yet they will do it; and thus it happens that this dam is pointed at as an instance of the manner in which a piece of work is engineered to death. A short piece of perfectly straight road is also shown, the survey of which cost \$200, and the building only \$90. Perhaps it was all right, but these stupid practical people shake their heads and laugh. Several engineers with a formidable array of instruments were called to the location of the humblest building; and in some instances the cellar wall and the frame would not fit by a foot. In one case it was only after a good deal of careful measuring and a great amount of rough talk, that an honest builder could persuade the engineer that it was the scientifically built wall that was out of square and not the unscientific frame. Under scientific direction a man was kept at work all one winter bailing out the cellar of the little signal building or observatory at the east end, from which the work in the tunnel is directed. Under the dictation of engineers a wheel pit was excavated several feet below the bed of the river at the machine shop to give greater head and fall and thereby increase the power; but it didn't work well, as the poor ignorant Irishman told them it would not. The engineers kept pestering Mr. Ayer, at the Central Shaft, for permission to draft plans for a cross-head, but he put them off, telling them there was no hurry; when he needed it he went to work in a very practical way, without the aid of a paper model made by some engineer clerk in Boston, and constructed a very simple article which answered every purpose. One is reminded of Gen. Bodfish's exploit in the Mexican war—where he reported to the commander-in-chief that "the bridge was all built ready for the army to cross, but the engineer fellers with the pickets had not come yet." Science is good; but a scientific fool is no better than one upon whom no education has been wasted.

But engineering science had a difficult task to execute here at Hoosac, and the utmost confidence is felt that it has been well done, for two separate and independent surveys varied only a half an inch in the results. Just think here was a rough, irregularly shaped mountain to be pierced; work was to be commenced at the same time at both ends on a level with the track of the railroad, and two intermediate shafts were to be sunk. You can easily see that there must be no guess work about line or level, or the labor would be lost.

Among the workmen at the shop we found a stalwart son of Maine—"Stephe Goodwin," as he was familiarly called by his mates. He is a model of manly strength, the "picture of health," as we Yankees phrase it, and those rascally Massachusetts nabobs, when they go up to the tunnel with visitors from abroad, proudly point out Stephe as only an average of the boys grown



## Waterville Mail.

BPH MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JAN. 1, 1869.



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## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

## COMPLIMENTARY.

The Proprietors of the Mail tender the usual compliments of New Year, and will be "at home to their friends" during the week, at the office of publication. No "regrets" accepted.

**THE LEGISLATURE.**—Wednesday next is the day for the commencement of the annual session of this body. Of course the republicans, having full control, will have all the odium of the errors that are almost sure to be committed. Large majorities should always suggest caution; instead of which they are apt to lead to carelessness. Hungry men can be fed with less risk of party control, and unpopular laws thrust upon the people before their time, or defeated to the cost of the public. The nation, as well as the state, has an important interest in the legislation of Maine this winter. The permanent rule of a great party—a party to which civil freedom in all the world looks with undivided hope—depends upon the wisdom of the states that severally make up the Union. If the republicans prove honest—redeeming their pledges and keeping in view the best interests of an expanding and undivided country—they will hold the government till the wounds made by the rebellion are healed.

M. T. Ludden of Turner and S. D. Lindsey of Norridgewock are said to be the prominent candidates for president of the senate; and Washington Gilbert of Bath, J. H. Drummond of Portland and W. H. Rust of Belfast will run for the speakership.

**A GOOD ANSWER.**—A correspondent of the N. England Farmer inquires if the lot where his old orchard stood, and which has mostly decayed, is a favorable spot for a young orchard. The Farmer thinks it is not, and says: "No one would expect a horse to do as well where another horse had starved to death, as on a new spot. Still, with hay and provender enough a horse will flourish almost anywhere; and with similar care trees may be made to grow in soil impoverished by the same kind of trees." Probably the Farmer takes it for granted that the old orchard died for want of the necessary elements in the soil to keep it alive. Is this the reason why young trees set to fill vacancies in an old orchard generally do badly?

**BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL.**—From the annual report of the Superintendent Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, made last Sabbath evening, we extract the following statistics.

The school has been in session every Sabbath during the year with one exception. The number of classes has been 25; number of teachers and officers 37; number of scholars 302; whole number 339; average attendance, 1st quarter 142, 2d do. 170, 3d do. 136, 4th do. 153; average attendance for the whole year, 150; largest number any one day, 197; smallest number any one day (and that a very rainy one) 85. The average attendance for the eight previous years has been as follows:—

1860—123; 1861—118; 1862—112; 1863—138; 1864—121; 1865—126; 1866—146; 1867—156. The contributions in the school for the year have amounted to \$34.14; the contributions of the first two quarters of this the year, with contributions of the last half of 1867 made up the hundred dollars pledged in aid of the Classical Institute building. The sum \$115 was raised early in the summer by the friends of the school, which with some addition from the regular contributions, has been very judiciously expended under the direction of Prof. Hall, for the improvement of the library. The regular contributions are now principally devoted to the enlargement of the library, which is in much better condition than ever before. The year's lessons have been occupied with the Acts of the Apostles, and a good degree of interest has been manifested by both teachers and pupils. Twenty-one members of the school have been baptised and have "united with the church during the year; and five members, all adults but one, have died.

The A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Co., of Augusta, have now one hundred men employed in our door work in excavating the earth for the foundation of their new mill, and for the new and deep canal, which is to furnish the power for the mill now standing as well as for that which is in the process of construction. So says the Journal.

**"THE LORD'S PRAYER."**—If we were to give in a single utterance the one strong witness of our saviour's effectual divinity, it would be in the simple words that gave to the disciples their first lesson in prayer. A few poor fishermen, feeling in the dark for God, faithfully caught up the words as he uttered them—"Our Father who art in heaven!"—and passing them from lip to lip and from heart to heart, they took the foremost wave of a new revelation, and became the great "hailing sign" of man to God over all the earth. The embodiment of all worship, they are the substance of all prayer. The soul that looks upward to God through these life-giving words, listens to the whispered encouragement, "This is the way;" and learning its lesson from the divine teacher, is born into newness of life. And who, we ask as we think and reason, could give this Jacob's ladder to a Godward-bound world but his own Anointed? A few sabbaths ago we heard this prayer in Bangor, as it then almost seemed for the first time. The sermon was upon the parable of the wheat and the tares; and a little feeble man had electrified a large audience with so vivid a picture of the relation of man to God, that when he closed every breath seemed hushed in waiting for more of his rich thoughts. We looked towards the choir—the curtains were closely drawn—in the deep silence a soft, sweet breath came from the very soul of the organ; rising tenderly and gently, till the words, "Our Father," fell lovingly and distinctively upon the ear, as the stars come to the dim sky in answer to earnest looking—"Our Father who art in heaven,"—and we heard the combined voice of a new-born world going up to God in the name of the carpenter's son of Nazareth. What human being, we said as we rose for the benediction, can open his lips to this inspired prayer, and not feel his very soul of souls responding, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"

**SUMMARY.**—A West Waterville correspondent of the Lewiston Journal (guess his name is not Emerson,) gives the following chapter of facts (?) in a single letter:—First, that a horse was injured on Ten Lots and the town sued for damage;—second, that a horse kicked up and threw a woman out of the sleigh; third, that Adoniram Bowman has killed five foxes;—fourth, that the Dunn Edge Tool Co. paid \$24,462 freight bills in November, \$15,000 of which was on coal;—fifth, that five buffalo robes were stolen at a singing school at the Marston school-house, and that the thieves were seen to come towards this village;—sixth, that R. B. Dunn is building a \$15,000 or \$20,000 church "all on his own hook;"—and seventh that the conductor (?) of the Somerset Railroad has told the Waterville people that he will have the cars running to Norridgewock by the 4th of July! Among so many items of news, probably several are nearly true. We omit the pleasant paragraph about conductor Gray and his wife, because we know it is true from having seen it in the Mail.

A correspondent at North Wayne sends us the following:—

On Friday morning, 25th inst., about five o'clock, Mr. Joel P. Davis aged 39 years, an axe forger in North Wayne Tool Co's works, at this place, was accidentally killed by being caught in the machinery with which he had worked for years. The deceased was a worthy man and chief officer of the Order of Good Templars in the place where he lived, and he was buried on the 27th, under the direction of the order to which he belonged.

In a discussion about barns, in a late meeting of farmers, Dr. Loring said all farm animals need air and sunshine; "hogs fattened in a cellar are not fit to eat." Does the astute Doctor know that while many New England pork eaters decline western pork that is generally fattened in the open field, they freely take instead that which has been fed upon a dung-hill in a dark cellar?

**THE EASTERN ARGUS,** advertised in our columns this week, is an old and well known democratic sheet, and apart from its politics (which will be its chief recommendation to some) is an ably edited and well managed paper. See advertisement for terms, &c.

**SUDDEN CHANGES.**—and pretty cold weather. On Friday morning of last week the mercury in a very conservative thermometer in our village stood at 12 degrees below zero; on Saturday morning at 6 above; and on Sabbath morning at 18 1/2 below. Still we are having a very mild and pleasant winter, with little snow, excellent sleighing and no rough weather.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The supply of stock, this week, says the Boston Advertiser, with the best qualities in good demand, but the poorer grades neglected—and it may be recorded as one of the dull markets. A large amount of dressed meat is in the market, and that's what's the matter. Among the sheep the supply of "pelts" has finally become exhausted. Of the store cattle the Advertiser says:—

The Maine drovers are in luck: in the first place in having just the right kind of oxen for the finishing touches of the Connecticut feeders, and in the second place of meeting so many of them who came this week purposely to fill up their stalls. Gideon Wells and Richardson sold 14 oxen, 1675 lbs at Brighton, to Mr. Smith at 8c per lb; also to other purchasers 2 pairs of 6 & 7 in workers for \$167.50 per pair. J. Withe sold 11 oxen, 1606 lbs each, at 8 1/4c, and 2 of 1895 lbs at 7 1/2c per lb, live weight.

Dr. Sanger, of Bangor, who was on the train last night, on his way home from a professional call upon Hon. A. A. Wing who was struck down paralysis in Lewiston a few days ago, reports that gentleman in a very critical condition with small chance of recovery.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE.**—To say that the employees of the M. C. Railroad "collided" with their friends at Town Hall last night gives an impression that facts hardly warrant; but certainly there was a big and a long "train" of each, and they came together with steam up, on a broad gauge track—the fragments being enough to show that there had been a pretty emphatic smash. And yet nothing serious happened. There was good music aboard, and the baggage was well stowed; so that at 11 o'clock, when Mr. Conductor Lowe gave the word, a large number of the passengers were found able to "foot it" on time.

Today, when only the memory of a good time remains, no doubt the generous movers of this festival have a genial and pleasant record in the minds of the many friends to whose New Year enjoyment they contributed. Certainly it was one of the best social occasions we have seen for a long time.

**OUR MEMORIAL HALL** is a building to be proud of, and we do not believe that its excellencies are appreciated here at home, mainly from the fact that the material of which it is constructed was not brought from abroad. Strangers, however, are not slow to discover both its architectural merits and the beauty of the stone used in its walls. Dr. True, of the Maine Farmer says of it, "This is one of the finest looking buildings this side of Boston. It is made out of the slate rock in the vicinity, and its walls present the richest looking variety and harmony of colors of any building we ever saw." One can hardly be convinced that it is not made of a yellow variegated marble. The building is so constructed that it presents an entirely different view from whatever side it is examined.

**FINE YOUTH'S PAPER.**—The "YOUTH'S COMPANION," in its new form of eight pages, is one of the handsomest weeklies published. The first number, just issued, is filled with a great variety of delightful reading,—has fine illustrations,—and, taken as a whole, it is certainly a most attractive sheet for either young or old. Many years ago, when it was first published by Mr. Willis, many a boy or girl thought there was no reading to be compared with it, but this number shows that while it has grown in years it has also grown in vigor, interest and brilliancy. It is for sale by Chas. Henrickson, and all newsdealers.

Murray's hotel at North Vassalboro', was damaged by fire to the amount of \$500, on Monday.

**MURDER IN N. YORK.**—A telegram to the family of Mr. Stephen C. Marston, of this village, gives the painful intelligence that C. M. Rogers, Esq. of N. Y. City, father of Mrs. Marston, was brutally assassinated at his own door on Thursday morning. Further despatches to the daily papers this morning, Friday, say that Mr. Rogers was engaged brushing off the sidewalk in front of his residence on East Twelfth Street, when he was accosted by a man unknown, who, without the slightest provocation, applied to him an offensive epithet. Some words ensued between them, when the stranger drew a knife and stabbed Mr. Rogers in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. The assailant then fled, and the wounded man was carried into his house in a dying condition. Many of our citizens are acquainted with Mr. R., and this sad news elicits deep sympathy for him and his afflicted family. Mr. and Mrs. Marston left in the morning train for N. York.

**THE METHODIST QUARTERLY MEETING** will be held at Town Hall next Sabbath afternoon. Love Feast at 1 o'clock. Rev. Geo. Webber, D. D., will preach at 2 o'clock. Communion service after the afternoon meeting.

No matter if the following good picture of old times was published in the Mail a dozen years ago. It is good enough to be read again:

**OLD TIMES.**  
Perhaps some of your readers would like to learn how people used to get along in this country, when it was "a new country"—and I will give you my experience. I was the oldest child of the oldest child of a first settler in one of our back towns; so I was amongst the first settlers. The fashion was for a young man to pick out a good, steady, healthy young woman; get married; select a lot of wild land; move on to the same, and build such a house as they could, preparatory to raising some boys and girls.

It was in the process of carrying out this last named, that I turned up to act my part in life. I found myself kicking up both heels in a rough, square-headed cradle, made from pine boards, half filled with cedar boughs; a pillow filled with hen feathers; a small yellow blanket, and a kitten at the foot—my own rig was not of much importance to me, with the exception of a string of beads which hung about my neck, and served as helps in cutting my teeth and of amuse me while my mother was doing her work. So I prospered on the cedar boughs until I could sit alone on the floor. I then began a general survey of the premises. The song of the cricket, under the floor and the "heartstone," first attracted my attention in that direction. The floor was of very rough boards, with a "trap door" in one corner which led to the "latter hole." The "heartstone" and fire place were made of large flat stones. The chimney was "catted out." We had but one room, 15 feet square, entry way and closet; a chamber up stairs and a ladder to get to it. Our pump was a brook a short distance from the house, and our first pair a birch bucket, and our lights, pine knot. As ability increased I surveyed from cellar to garret. So I prospered and grew, living upon pea porridge and Johnny-cake, until it was thought that I was large enough to help "out doors." Then the world opened to view. I was to be the "man of all work," and was instructed in all the arts of getting a living in a new country. My first journey was to the grist mill, some six miles off, to perform which I had two bushels of corn in a bag tied upon the back of the old white horse, and seated on the same, I went to mill, and back with my meal and hominy. This was when I was in my seventh year, and about

this time my grandparents made us a visit and brought a nice lot of apples, dried and green; also, a nice pair of thick cow-hide shoes and a felt hat for me, all "bram new;" and when grandfather heard of my feat of going to mill, she said I was the best boy in town and ought to have had a hat and shoes before.

By this time we began to prosper, and right after me, there were two or three more little chaps, and a little sis too,—little Kate. And we had lots of calves, colts and lambs—and we were all cared for alike. The lambs had to have a little extra care to protect them from the bears and wolves; but old Skip and I were considered a match for any "varmint" we might meet.

The country began to open and lumbering came into fashion as the easiest means of raising a little cash. Our "Opening" had been small, comprising but a few acres. So we must make it larger for the purpose of cutting fodder enough to feed a team, with which to carry on the "lumbering business." For this end, we cut down and burned up many acres of forest, and while we were engaged in this our appearance was such that we might have been claimed as fugitive slaves, if a southern planter had happened along to take a view of us. Nevertheless, we prospered,—farming in the summer to get our bread, cutting and hauling pine logs, in the winter, for which we received the cash in the spring, and each autumn was spent in preparing for a lumbering campaign the next winter. And as lumber became scarcer and more distant from home, the "men folks" had to "camp out" in the winter, living upon baked beans, pork and molasses, and tea; and I had to "cut the wood, take care of cattle and go to school." Yes, from eleven to seventeen years of age, in the winter season, I cut the wood for one fire, took care of two or three colts, six cows, twenty sheep, and went to school, and had good lessons too. The old school house is a place long to be remembered. There I learned to fight my way through life, by fighting snow, fire, smoke and the boys, and sometimes the schoolmaster too. And all the success I have had in life, so far, is attributed to the fact that I never have allowed myself to be sensible that I have ever been fairly conquered in any fair fight in life.

AN OLD SETTLER.

**AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC**, for 1869, has been received by the Druggists of Waterville for delivery gratis, to all who call for it. This number contains proofs to show that some of the stars have existed for sixty millions of years. We had not supposed such proof possible, but the Doctor gives it in a shape which seems indisputable. His witticisms have long made his book acceptable; his medical advice makes it indispensable to families, and now he adds the most startling problems of abstract science to its attractions.

President Johnson made a Christmas present to projectors and directors of the Libby, Belle Isle and Amersonville Prisons; to the butchers at Fort Pillow, the New Orleans and Camilla rioters, the surviving murderers of President Lincoln, and thousands of his other political and personal friends. It goes by the name which Chief Justice Chase and Horace Greeley gave it—"Universal Amnesty Proclamation."—[Bangor Jeffersonian.]

Hon. J. H. Drummond was Monday elected Representative to the Legislature to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Newell A. Foster, of Portland. His vote was 1021 against 351 for Colonel Charles B. Merrill, the Democratic candidate.

It appears that Mrs. Augustus Dickens, the widow of the brother of Charles Dickens, who committed suicide in Chicago on Christmas day was not the legal wife of Augustus, but eloped with him from England, where he has a wife and children now living. This deserted wife and children Mr. Dickens supports. It is very evident why he declined to support his brother's wife No. 2 in this country, as many blamed him for not doing.

**SINGULAR CASE OF ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.**—A very singular accident occurred in Kennebunk on Saturday night which very nearly proved fatal to a citizen of that place. A young man named W. T. Branley left Biddeford that evening to make a usual weekly visit to the house of a family named Bean residing in Kennebunk. He has been in the habit of sleeping with a loaded revolver under his pillow. Upon awaking this morning he remarked to his room-mate that he felt queerly and faint, and asked for a glass of water. The water was brought and his bedfellow, Mr. Henry Bean, noticed some blood upon the pillow. On examination it was found that one chamber of the revolver had been discharged during the night, and the ball passing through the pillow had grazed Mr. Branley's temple, inflicting a severe wound, and lodged in the plastering overhead. It is thought the young man may recover though there is danger of the inflammation of the wound causing derangement of the brain.—[Boston Adv.]

Workmen on the dam at Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, recently found imbedded below the upper stratum of rock, seven feet below the surface, the remains of a human being, petrified, measuring ten feet nine and a half inches in length. A large flat limestone rock covered the grave in which the giant was buried, evidently by human hands. The local papers think that if further search is made it will be found that Sauk Rapids is an "antediluvian graveyard."

Maj. Deering of Richmond who is lecturing under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, in York County, writes that a healthy public sentiment on the subject of Temperance is springing up all through that section of the State. He addresses good audiences every evening.

"Mary," said an old Cumberland farmer to his daughter when she was once asking him to buy her a new dress, "why doest thou always tease me about such things when I'm quietly smoking my pipe?" "Because ye are always best tempered then feyther," was the reply. "I believe, lass, thou'rt rest," rejoined the farmer, "for when I was a lad, I remember my poor feyther was the same; after he had smoked a pipe or two, he wad ha' gien his head away if it had been loose."

John Neal, of Portland, is out strongly in favor of woman's suffrage. He wants this State to hold a convention to forward the cause, and thinks Congress has ample power to regulate that as well as male suffrage.

**GIVING AND SELLING.**—"Hoping for nothing again." How adverse we are to such giving—where we are under no obligations, where the gift will not be appreciated, where no one will hear about it! Selling is not giving.

The New Year opens with a bitter cold day.

**BURGLARY IN AUGUSTA.**—The store of Thomas Noble, of Augusta was broken into Tuesday night and robbed of a large quantity of cigars, tobacco, &c., together with a small amount of money in the drawer. No clue of the robber has been obtained.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A Chicago despatch to a Cincinnati paper announcing the arrest of Mr. Baker, principal of the Skinner school, for brutally beating a boy, has to read that "Mr. Baker, principal skinner of a school," was arrested, which was not very far out of the way on the whole.

Two of the light-houses in Newport harbor are attended by ladies, in one instance by the wife and daughter of a cripple, and in the other by the widow of a former member of Congress. The latter lady says that there are not two lights on the whole coast better taken care of, and no change could be made for the better.

The landlord of a hotel at Oldtown was recently beaten and kicked out of doors by a gang of lumbermen. They then drove the family out of the house and demolished the furniture, after which they went to an auction room and after offering off the auctioneer, whipped him and then let him go.

There was discussing with a friend the recent English and French elections, when the latter said: "For my part, I think we are all going down hill, every year more and more rapid; I firmly believe that in fifty years all the people will be 'republicans.'" "Why yes!" replied M. Thiers. "I only live twenty-five."

It is a strange coincidence that, in Chicago, two persons—Collier and Colyer—both Roberts, reside, both reverends, both formerly of the Methodist persuasion, both now of the Unitarian, and both popular lecturers.

Carl Benson being challenged to make a rhyme for velocipede, got off this impromptu:

There was a man on a velocipede,  
Who said "I need not give my horse a feed;  
Without wheels or hay,  
He will go all the day.

It's a cheap thing to keep a velocipede."

A foreign paper contains the following announcement: "It will, no doubt, interest the general public to learn that M. M. Wurtz has succeeded in preparing by synthesis, chlorophyll of trichoclyonolimonium. It is a beautiful green, resembling the natural one, and the neuride usually obtained from brain matter." Of course the public will be delighted to hear it.

The New Orleans Picayune relates the following incident which occurred at a recent trial in the Recorder's Court, of a case of assault: "And you struck the man?" "No, sir," replied the culprit, "I did not. Then you did wrong." "You don't say so." "But I do." "If a man would call your honor a coward, wouldn't you strike him?" "No, it would be wrong." "Bedad, I believe it would!" replied the culprit, as a universal laugh evoked the appreciation of the crowd.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another, if not better." And I, replied the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse."

**DYSPEPSIA AND SCOPULA** are two hydra-headed monsters from which nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to originate. For dyspepsia, the *Pernicious Syrup*, a protected solution of the proteid of iron, is a long-tried and successful remedy. For scopula, or for scrofula, all its manifold forms, Dr. H. Anderson's *Kidney Water* is a specific. If these afflicted will try these remedies they will thank us for calling their attention to them.

The Chicago Advance, in view of the tumultuous scenes at the recent army banquet in that city, ventures to suggest that the President's Office, and for aforesaid, as a feature of future programmes for army re-unions.

The Winthrop Bulletin says a rowdy at Roxford depot one day last week grossly insulted ex-governor A. P. Morrill who, on the repetition of the offence, knocked him down and gave him a thorough horse whipping.

European railroads are trying the experiment of running at low fares, and find their receipts increase. Why don't our roads try it?

Why is the letter Y like a lady? Because it makes Pa Pay.

It don't follow that a man dislikes his bed because he turns his back upon it.

The Somerset jail has no inmates.

WATERVILLE LODGE No. 33.

SPECIAL meeting Monday evening, Jan. 1, 1869, at 7 o'clock, half past seven o'clock.

Waterville, 30th Dec., 1868.

J. W. BASSETT, Sec.

## THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NEW VOLUME JANUARY 1ST.

## THE

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For 1869.

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## 1868. EASTERN ARGUS. 1869.

## SIXTY SIXTH YEAR.

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I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods

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