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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 23): December 3, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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INTEREST  
EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY.

Ben Adam had a golden coin, one day,  
Which he put at interest with a Jew,  
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,  
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew.  
And these two, four—so on, till people said,  
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile  
head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin, that day,  
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,  
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.  
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave.  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels, with pride,  
Showed him the wealth his coin had multiplied.

SNUFFY'S SUM.

He did not look much like an arithmetician—Snuffy—as he dropped, with a skillful swing that somehow saved his neck, from the steps of a passenger car, and landed in safety on the platform of the station.

It was the last train of the day. The ponderly boys had bustled through the cars, terribly in Snuffy's way, crying—  
"Pond lilies, five for ten cents! Pond lilies! Pond lilies a cent apiece! Pond lilies three for a cent!"

And at last, as they found time was up, and their chances dwindled out of sight, a comical little fellow had piped out, "Pond lilies for northern!" and sent his whole stock flying free gratis into the laps of the passengers.

Interlopers, Snuffy considered them, for their season lasted but two or three weeks, while was not he the authorized apple and candy merchant whom the regular passengers on the road all knew, and whose fair the conductor even condescended to pull sometimes, as Snuffy stepped aside on the car platform to let him pass!

Snuffy everybody used to call him, from the color of an unfailing suit of clothes, that all could testify to his having worn from the time he opened business on that line, two years before, and which had been altered from one formerly his father's, by his sister Bec.

Bec was not a tall, only a simple-hearted girl who looked upon Snuffy as father, mother, banker, patron saint, and head of the house altogether, and felt that she never could do anything worthy of him. If her devotion inspired her scissors, as well as her heart, the fit would have been better; but the sewing held remarkably well.

Snuffy had closed up for to day, and giving the large basket that contained his remaining stock in trade, a hitch to a more convenient place on his arm, he sauntered through the wood-yard, past the reservoir and engine house, out towards the street.

The weight of the basket gave his head a slight cock on one side, so that the queer time he was whistling seemed to be aimed at the train rushing off in the distance.

His hat, which some unfortunate passenger had lost from a car window, and which Snuffy was wearing subject to the order of the owner, was large, and had to be pushed quite to the back of his head, in order to leave his eyes a fair chance in making change.

The old clothes seemed to hang looser than ever, and altogether, Snuffy made rather a striking figure.

Just at the turn of the yard, Snuffy was seized with an impulse to do a very uncommon thing. Placing his basket on the ground he seated himself astride the handle, and, pulling the hat from his head, laid it upside down, upon his knees. Why not?

Snuffy considered himself a successful merchant; and though he had not half the contents of an upholsterer's shop in his private residence, still, what was his own, was his own and if he chose to consider his basket and hat as chair and desk, what then?

So the whistle was sharper than ever, as he plunged his hands into his pockets, and brought out pennies and small change by the handful, tossed them into his hat, and began counting up his profits, with the quick movement of fingers and wits, learned in the business.

He thought every one had gone; but a long, lank old gentleman, with green goggles, who would have given Snuffy ten cents too much in change on the train, if Snuffy had not told him of his mistake, came up behind him with a brisk step. Without stopping in his walk, he shook his cane towards Snuffy, and said pleasantly, though with rather a cracked voice—

"That's right. Add it up! Add it up! We never can tell what we've made of a day's work, till we add it up! Pennies and shillings, great dears and small ones, add 'em up!"

Snuffy thrust capital and profits into the trustworthiness of his breeches pocket, gave the pocket a slap, returned the hat to the back of his head, lifted his basket and nodding vigorously after the stranger, already out of hearing,

"Bilged, much obliged," and puckering his lips for another whistle, Snuffy moved on.

The truth was, in spite of his unperturbed appearance, he had been feeling a little out of spirits. He was not much of a philosopher, and had got hold of a question that had proved almost too much for him.

Of all the people on the face of the earth, he admired the conductor of the regular train. Such suits of dust-colored clothes! Such wads of bills passed through his fingers! Such dignity! Such short, though polite answers to the most important-looking people who ventured to ask questions. No one ever able to slip into a seat among hundreds without being tapped on the shoulder, in a minute by him! The engine starting at a wave of his hand! So many people trusting life and limb to him, and the president and stockholders making him a present for valued services.

O, what a thing it was! And what was it to be, Snuffy?

And yet he must be Snuffy—nothing but Snuffy. He did not see how he was ever going to be anything more.

To be sure, he made a good deal of money. Every one liked his queer honest face, and all the children were sure to wake up at the sound of his cheery voice. If he could lay the money out, he might buy his way into something better some day; but there was so much to be done with it!

He was not accustomed to any particular process of mind, and all this worried him, especially as he could not see his way through. But the stranger's words seemed to clear every thing up, like a thunder shower on a smoky day. He nodded his head expressively, at every few steps, as he walked on, and an indescribable something, that had been lost out of his whistle, crept back again, and made all right.

He stepped back into a baker's shop. They knew him there, and handed him his loaf, without waiting to be asked.

"Two of them caraway lions, and a pink sugared kitten," said Snuffy, speaking as much like the conductor as he could.

Then he stepped before a toyman's—"You must have one of those fandangoes,—to-night, Crook," said he, as he looked into the window. "You ain't had a new toy for night on a week. Snuffy's been hard on you, my boy."

He went in, and made his selection, and then, with a quick step, passed down a narrow street, and home without further delay. It was

only two rooms, but everybody was so glad to see him! Though everybody was only Bec, waiting to toast the bread for tea, and Crook in his little trundle-chair, for he never got out of it, poor child, only as Snuffy lifted him.

"What yer bought?" he chirped gaily, with his little thin voice. "I'm awful hungry! Lions! those'll do! and, hi! what's this?" as Snuffy gave him a remarkable image, balanced on two sticks, and mounted on a round piece of wood painted green.

"That's a talking canary," said Snuffy triumphantly. "You jest wind up his tail, and he sings like a real thing."

"Lor!" said Bec, coming up behind, as Crook went to work, "that's a new way to turn a tune!"

"Taint much," said Snuffy to himself, when Crook was fast asleep, and he put on his jacket to walk a mile to evening school, "no taint much, that's a fact, to make two trains a day, and sell apples and not cheat, and pay a good price to the old man I buy of and get everything into the house that Bec wants, and keep Crook up to saying his prayers, and get off to school at night, and see to dinner while Bec's at her's in the morning, and look out that Crook has something sweet every evening, and a new toy as fast as he's tired of the old one, and teach him 'who killed Goliath?' and 'where is Bethlehem?' Taint much like being a conductor, no! But add it up, and it comes pretty near like being something;" and his whistle rang out so sharp and clear through the evening air, that the neighbors said, "Snuffy must have had uncommon luck to-day."

When he started for his train the next morning, it was hot and his clothes had never felt so uncomfortable. A new suit light and cool and very near the color of the conductor's, marked only \$8.00 flapped him in the face, as he passed on the sidewalk. He had just left that sum locked up safely at home.

"No," said Snuffy resolutely; Crook needs 'em more, and there's Bec wanting a new saucenpan. Taint much, but add it up!"

Something hit his foot, as he stepped into the car. He looked down. It was a pocket-book.

"Here's a thing to be attended to," said Snuffy, as he put it into his pocket.

"Apples, nuts, or—" he stopped short, for the conductor, an unheard of circumstance, was making a speech.

"Gentlemen, this poor woman has lost her pocket-book containing all her wages, which she had drawn to go to her sick mother. I will throw five dollars into my hat, toward making it up if you will do the rest."

There was a stir among the passengers, and Snuffy stepped quietly into the field of action. "Praps this might be somewhere near the article," he said as he handed it to the conductor. It was identified to the satisfaction of all, and the woman dried her tears, to turn and thank Snuffy.

"Taint much," said Snuffy; "but add it up. Here's candy, nuts, apples 'n' oranges!"

He was making change with a poorly-dressed little woman, whose child teased for an apple, when he saw that the piece of paper currency he was about to give her was counterfeit.

"Hold on," said Snuffy; and tossing the currency from the window, he produced another bright and new.

An old lady had arisen from her seat in terrible trouble, looking for her ticket which every one could see pinned to her shoulder.

"Deary me, deary me!" she said; "I never could see what right them conductors have to make us hold the pesky tickets for them all the way! They ought to take 'em them-selves, as soon as they've punched them through! He owes me the worth of the things already, spoiling all my nap's this morning; and now it's gone, and I expect he'll be after it every minute!"

The inexplicable smiling of the passengers began to add to her trouble, when Snuffy touched her on the arm, and pointed to the lost ticket.

She seized it joyfully, and eying Snuffy from head to foot, said—

"Be you a boy? You look wonderfully like one; but I never knew one before that could behave better than a whole car full of grown folks."

"Taint much," thought Snuffy; "but add it up! Here's apples!"

Trade was brisk that day, and his basket was almost empty when the return train neared his point of departure. A pale, tired little child was crying for candy; but its elder brother, still more tired, apparently, could only say—

"Don't Irving! don't beg! I tell you I must save the money."

Snuffy stopped and looked at them as he passed. He thought of Crook, and emptied the remaining contents into the child's lap.

"Taint much," as he banged the door after him, "but—"

Two years have passed away. Snuffy had a new suit. Crook was so much straightened out, that he could get about by himself. Bec had gone to a place. But Snuffy's philosophy was as good as new.

One day the conductor came through the cars, his thoughts busy with the request of the superintendent—"I wish you could find me a good clerk, Carroll!"

"Apples, candy, nuts and oranges!" It was the old call, but it struck the conductor with a new idea.

"I don't know who would do better than Snuffy," he said to himself. "Honest, persevering, patient, generous, kind and quick at figures. I guess we must give him a lift."

Three days from that time, Snuffy was in the superintendent's office, and to-day if you ride the whole length of the country from New York to Minnesota, your ticket will be asked, somewhere on the route, by a fine-looking courteous man, rather young, for a conductor it is true, but a great favorite, and highly valued on the road. A hump-backed boy, looks reverently up at him from an armful of books he is selling, and the conductor sometimes smiles at him, as he passes, and whispers—

"Add it up Crook. Add it up!"—[Youth's Companion.

MUD-PIES.

It may not be a fashionable fact, but it is a physiological one, that rosy little cheeks, and chubby little limbs, are often nearly allied to small, dilapidated outward apparel, black little fingers, and mud-pies. Happy little witches of the sand, with torn clothes, and grimy aprons, and most irregularly arranged locks! Small bakers of dirt-pastry in broken dishes!

O you city mothers! You nice, over-nice, "particular" mothers! You who embroider, and ruffle, and tuck, who keep the children "in" to keep the flounces clean, what are you doing? There is no more aggravating spectacle in my eyes than that of a white-faced, blue-veined, dressed up little being, who is kept to exhibit the manoeuvres of its mother's sewing machine.

Not long ago, during one of those "calling" expeditions, in which according to custom, I am wont periodically to inflict my card-case and best and stiffest paraphernalia upon my acquaintances, one of them varied the usual, dead call-talk, about the walking and the weather, with an exhibition of her little two-year old.

"How proud you must be of him!" I said, in admiration of his noble head and genuine boyishness of appearance.

"Yes," she said sighing, as she stroked down the little pique skirt, "but if he was only a girl, I could dress him so much more."

"Great-grandmother Eve!" I ejaculated, as I came down the brown-stone steps, "to what a pass from fig-leaves have we come!"

There is much groaning over physical degeneracy in these days, but the vigorous outdoor sprouting. It does not seem to be understood that rosy buds and blossoms, require good, soft earth, as well as air, sunshine and plenty of rain-water. Everywhere I see these puny human sprigs trying to grow in hot-houses—awfully hot, and the windows all shut—and I pity and pity them, and wish they could have the privileges that little cabbages do, or that some good fairy would turn them into young onions.

I recall those delicious old days when I "kept house" out under the apple-tree; when I dug down into the ploughed ground for exquisite bits of pink and blue crockery, that set a table, on the old log, brilliant beyond any subsequent arrangement of Sevres china and silver-plate; and the vandy that went on to that elegant board, the pastries of rich brown omelette, the dandelion-butter, and pickled penny-leaves! Never was there Hyson, young, old, or middle-aged, that equalled in flavor the "tea" there imbibed in plantain-leaves and burdock-sauces. Never was there coffee such as boiled yellow and "strong" over the sands of that muddy brook—that eventful, tragical brook, which ran away with my shoes and stockings, while I was picking primroses; that sent me home dripping and ashamed from many a tumble—that dangerous, rapid piece of water, into which my valiant cousin Tom also fell one day, and through whose perilous six-inch depths, as he boldly and boastfully asserted, he "swam ashore." Even now I feel the pebbles as they rolled under my bare feet, and the thrilling splash-dash of the water over them, and I wonder what poor, rich little children of these days do, who never get a chance to "wade," collect broken dishes, or make mud-pies; who amuse themselves—or try to—with tin trumpets, and stiff, wooden-legged beasts, out of red-painted Noah's arks, or take sedate little promenades with nurse down town. To expect delicate human plants to thrive in a soil of three-ply carpeting and paving-stones! Why, the very pigweed and nettles would refuse to grow there.

There are some specimen copies, here and there, of a genuine, free, open air childhood, but the repressed, over-dressed order of our children seems to be the natural outgrowth of our intense and highly-wrought civilization. The future years will lose many a grand man and woman for all this. Clear, ruling intellects can hold perfect sway only in thoroughly grown and grounded frameworks. Often you and I hear them say, these mothers, "Now, Nellie or Susan, don't go out of doors in those clothes; you sit down and sit still; while restive Billy and Harry chafe under the same restrictions, in their immaculate habiliments, casting any but amicable glances at their bright patent-leather and shining jacket-buttons. This may all be well enough as a means of discipline occasionally; but to keep a child in a perpetual state of dressuppedness is unnatural, and inimical alike to their digestions and their dispositions. Are a few clean, sewed-up yards of linen and muslin to be weighed in the balance against such things as muscle, and nerve, and blessed, healthful child-play? It amazes me sometimes to see really intelligent, sensible women so much more intent upon forcing their children's shoes bright and their skirts flounced than their lungs broad and their cheeks red. They are dumayed if the darlings come in contact with a little wholesome common clay. They may "amuse" themselves to be sure, but let it be in a mild Goddy-two-shoes, old-folks sort of a way. But why if small faces begin to pale and the life-forces to droop? Then there is only one thing to do. Many a child has been saved by being allowed to "run wild" out of doors. Put the little hands into old Mother Nature's, and though she will lead the restless feet into all sorts of places detrimental to shoe-blackening, into mud-puddles, and sand-banks, and ploughed lots, though she paint the lily brows with freckles, and sunburn, and tan, and make sad havoc with that beautiful tucking and tating, still will her cunning hand work marvelously upon the inward bounding pulses, and all the crimson network of artery and vein, and through the delicate tissues will she pour once more only bounteous, brimming life.—[Hearth and Home.

The Lewiston Journal says that a decision of the law court has been rendered in the case Sullivan v. Bank book was stolen and his money on his deposit drawn out by the parties who stole the book. Sullivan sued the Bank to recover the value of the deposit, and the case was submitted to the law court on report, which decided in favor of the defendant. This case is one of importance to holders of deposit, as it involves the liability of bank officers to identify depositors.

HURRIED UP.—The Western train was an hour and ten minutes late at Danville yesterday afternoon. One hour of lost time was made up between Danville and this city, the train arriving about seven o'clock. The Maine Central is now as usual, in most excellent condition.

Bangor Whig.

Will TRY IT AGAIN.—Captain C. F. Hall, the Arctic explorer, has been making a speech to the merchants on "change in Cincinnati."

For ten years, subtracting two spent at home, he has been prosecuting the search for Sir John Franklin's men, and having stilled their fate he is ready for further work in the Arctic regions, for geographical discovery and that alone. From the eightieth degree to the ninetieth is but six hundred miles and that journey he proposes to make—"before I die I will plant that foot (stamping his left foot) on the pole. That's the goal of my ambition. I am now acclimated and, in my life with the natives, clothing as they do, can bid defiance to King Cold. I have been colder in Cincinnati than in the Arctic regions. I can live on raw meat and drink oil as long as anybody, and there are plenty of these in that country. It is idle to attempt to take there with you provisions to last you for such an excursion. The man who attempts such a trip must live with the people and as they live. I can show you notes that I have written, with naked hand, with a temperature seventy degrees below zero."

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The new railroad bridge across the Deerfield river, at the east end of the Hoosac Tunnel, has been completed, and the rock from the tunnel is now deposited on the other side of the river. The work at the west end of the tunnel progresses rapidly. Last week forty-three feet were completed, being twenty feet more than during any week under the State management. Messrs. Shunly & Co. are the contractors. The Burleigh drills are used exclusively for this tunnel, but with compressed air as motor. The air is condensed three atmospheres, by means of Burleigh's air compressors, operated by steam power, and the condensed air is carried nearly two miles in an iron pipe before it operates upon the drills. The air which exhausts from the drills gives perfect ventilation within the tunnel. The progress made at the Hoosac Tunnel is nearly one third greater than at Mont Cenis, notwithstanding the supposed superiority and the costly nature of the French machinery.—[Scientific American.

The more we learn of the particulars of the Peightal murder in Pennsylvania, the more horrible becomes our impressions of the crime. Mr. Peightal was well-known to be possessed of considerable wealth. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, very popular in the region where he lived, and particularly remarkable for his benevolence. The three men who confess the murder slept in his house for three nights. Mr. Peightal gave them food and drink, and cared for them without prospect of reimbursement. And yet their hearts were steeled to the commission of his murder. On Wednesday night the Peightals were eating supper in the kitchen of the house at the usual time, all unconscious of their impending doom. The coffee of the old man and the boy had just been poured out, while Mrs. Peightal was engaged in pouring her own. A dish of potatoes, boiled with the skins on, was upon the table; the old man had just taken one on his plate, when the report of a pistol broke the silence, and the old man fell dead. Then another, and the boy was ushered into eternity. Mrs. Peightal must have jumped up and endeavored to escape and been cut down with a hatchet, and afterwards shot when the pistol had been reloaded. The work of blood being accomplished, the murderers searched the house for plunder and then set fire to the building for the purpose of covering up their bloody work.

Bishop Clark once met a female parishioner on the street whom he had not seen for several weeks. His cordial greeting was met by a frigid reserve on her part. He inquired the cause. She replied, "I have been sick for three weeks and you did not visit me once."

"Indeed," replied the Bishop, "I am sorry to hear that. Were you sick enough to have a physician?" "Certainly," he came every day. "How did he know you were sick?" "I sent for him sir," was her reply. "True," answered the Bishop, "and if you had sent for me I would have come too." The point of the anecdote can possibly be seen by people who sometimes complain of the inattention of their pastors.

There has been an over-issue of stock and other irregularities in the Putnam Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., to the amount of \$179,000. The president has resigned. He admits some irregularities of his own and inculcates a late secretary, of the company.

The vote of West Florida on the question of annexation to Alabama was light and only partial returns have been received, but so far as heard from it appears that the annexationists have triumphed.

A western newspaper having repeated the old paradox that if two letters be taken from money there will be but one left, the Vicksburg Times remarks: "We once knew a fellow who took money from two letters and there was none left."

Deacon David Sewall, of Bath, died a few days since. He was over 67 years of age, and had been a member of the Congregational church almost from boyhood, and fifty-seven years of the time had served as deacon of the church. He was a much respected citizen.

The life of a patient has been saved in the Pennsylvania Hospital by the difficult operation of transfusion of blood, two medical students baring their arms to furnish the fresh fluid.

Charles Hamilton, Esq., a son of Senator Hamilton, has been appointed United States Commissioner of the District Court in the district of Maine, to be located at Bangor.

The Machias Union says Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the novelist, has been sent by the Municipal Court in Boston to the Asylum for drunkards.

Gail Hamilton has been engaged by the Harpers to write for the Weekly and the Bazaar. It is rumored that this house will in future be the publishers of her books.

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

Mark Twain says that the Sandwich Islands dish a plain dog "is only our cherished American sausage with the mystery removed."

Western wars are trying to deceive their readers by giving particulars of the shooting of "A. J. Byrd" in their respective localities.

Mr. Henry Day exhibited at the Moonmouth town fair a bushel of Oronto potatoes that comprised but 23 speckles—one to a quart.

Mr. J. P. Jewett, the publisher who made a fortune on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and lost it in subsequent ventures, now works as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

The New York Mail contrasts the conduct towards the fifteenth amendment, of Alabama, which was one of the first States to secede, and Tennessee, which was loyal.

A beggar in England carries a physician's certificate, which, when deciphered, is found to testify that the bearer is afflicted with "hypocrisy and laziness."

# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1869.

NO. 23.

OUR TABLE.

THE ELECTRIC for December is embellished with a fine portrait of Pere Hyacinthe, and is filled with an abundance of the best of reading. The leading article on "France and the Ecumenical Council of 1869" will be found of especial interest, in view of the near approach of that gathering; and all who are interested in schools will find something worthy of careful reading in the paper on "Female Education." In his concluding paper on "Roman Imperialism," Professor Aurelius contrasts the Empire before the death of Marcus Aurelius with that period after the accession of Diocletian, when the Imperial system had been carried out to its logical conclusion. He also sketches once more, and we need scarcely say very ably, the historical rise of Christianity, and the relation it stood toward the decaying Pagan civilization. He says, heartily and truly, that the Church was the last repository of all that remained of human freedom under the deadly despotism of the Eastern Empire; and this is a glory which no hostile criticism will ever be able to tear from the brow of that early Christianity. The other articles we have not space to particularize, but they are all worthy of perusal. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

THE GALAXY for December has the last instalment but one of "Susan Fielding," with an announcement from the publishers that they have already secured Mrs. Edward's next novel, which will probably be begun during 1870. It has another of Mr. Anthony Trollope's clever short stories, with a promise of more. It has the first of a series of articles on "The Moral and Manners of Journalism," by Richard Grant White. It has an account of the late Cardinal d'Andres, by his private Secretary. It has a complete story, "A November Afternoon," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. It has several poems, short essays, sketches of travel, an anonymous contribution to the woman question, and an instalment of Charles Reade's novel. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December contains the following articles:

"The Vicar of Bullhampton (continued)," by Anthony Trollope; "Too Late," by Edward Renaud; "The Coming Crisis in Canada," by Mrs. A. W. H. Howard; "With the Yam-Eaters," by Stephen H. Powers; "The East, How I Entered and How I Left It," by Robert Dale Owen; "The Banned Priest," a Legend of Betadort; "The Seventy Thousand," by Mrs. A. L. Johnson; "Tobacco; One Woman of the World," by Kate F. Kereven; "Shall They be Educated? A Reply to 'The Freedman and His Future,'" by William R. Hooper; "The Actuary's Story," by Edmund Kirk; "The Indian Summer," by Cecil Dore; "Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day."

With the number for January, Lippincott's Magazine of Literature, Science and Education, will commence its fifth volume and third year. The conductors have made liberal arrangements for the forthcoming volume. Their object will continue to be, to present to the American public a magazine of the highest class; and they will avail themselves of every means to render it still more valuable, attractive, and entertaining. In addition to the Serial Novel, Tales, Novels, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Essays, Poems, Papers on Popular Topics of the Day, and Miscellaneous by the most able writers. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$5 a year.

"THE LITTLE NORTONS; a Summer's Life." By Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin, author of Mt. Desert, Story of Muff, etc. Loring, Short & Harmon, of Portland, will publish about December 1st, this attractive juvenile for children, which has already met with a large sale in New York and Philadelphia. It is for children from 10 to 16 years of age, and has been prepared by competent judges, as interesting as "Little Women." It will contain 289 pages, 12 mo., with three first class illustrations drawn by Harley, printed and bound in good style, red and green morocco cloth. Price \$1.25. Orders by mail for single copies or from the Trade solicited.

THE NURSERY.—This charming monthly for youngest readers closes the year with a beautiful number, full of nice reading and equally nice pictures, of which last there is a great profusion; but the editor has reserved lots of good things for a holiday number, with which the volume will begin. Time was when cheap pictures were thought to be good enough for children; but the proprietor of this little work believes that the best are none too good, and procures them at great expense of first class artists, both native and foreign. This little favorite of the juvenile is used in many primary schools in the country as a first reading book, with the happiest results. It ought to be introduced into every family. Published by John L. Shorey, 18 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for December.—The Christmas number of this attractive monthly has two uncommonly beautiful steel engravings—companion pictures, "The Departure" and "The Return." More beautiful engravings than these are seldom seen in a magazine. It has also a gay and stylish page of colored fashions, and a Christmas tidings, showing various modes of celebrating the day. The illustrations of Caps, Bonnets and Coiffures are tasteful, and so are the captivating costumes for little girls. Price \$2.50 a year (which includes a large steel engraving). Four copies, \$8. Five copies (and one gratis) \$8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and one engraving) \$4.00.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—"Take it all in all," says the Sunday-School Times, "this is the best magazine for children in the world." High praise, certainly, and not meant to depreciate other periodicals for the young, but as a simple expression of the writer's estimate of the exceeding care, taste and ability with which The Children's Hour is edited. For beauty of illustration and typography, it is certainly unsurpassed in this or any other country; and we see by the prospectus for 1870, that its pictorial attractions are to be exceeded in beauty those of any previous year. Old and young read his magazine with delight and profit. The secular and religious press speak of it in unqualified terms of praise. The style of its articles is simple and earnest. They give, in easy forms of language, the highest truths. Terms: \$1.25 a year. Five copies for \$5.00. Specimen number, 10 cents. Sewing Machines, Cabinet Organs, Dolls, Tool-Chests, Books, etc., etc., given as premiums for subscribers. Address T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD is the title of a new monthly. Each number contains twenty pages of new music and valuable reading, and owing to its immense circulation (over 20,000 copies), it is furnished at the low price of \$1.00 a year. Elegant premiums are given for clubs, consisting of pianos, organs, sewing machines, writing desks, ladies' work-boxes, chromo books, music, etc. Send ten cents to the publishers, S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, O., for specimen copies, with a large amount of choice music, new premium list, etc.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY for December contains a varied table of contents embracing the usual fine variety of serials, sketches, stories, poems and attractive engravings. The price of this periodical is a treat to everybody—a hundred page first-class illustrated magazine for fifteen cents, or \$1.50 a year, is indeed wonderfully cheap. Elliott Thomas & Talbot, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Where, of all places in the world, should we find the following article but in the editorial columns of the New York Atlas.

TRAPEZE vs. TURKIES.—We presume the largest audience ever known to assemble would be seen upon the occasion of an announcement that several persons would engage in mortal combat upon a stage, and endeavor to kill each other within a given space of time. So any cruel show likely to involve desperate injury or loss of life to anything human, will attract throngs of spectators where a refined, intellectual, elegant and instructive exhibition would scarcely attract a corporal's guard to view it. Hence, while Shakespeare, magnificently and intelligently interpreted, is patronized by the sparsest of audiences, the spectacle of little children twisting themselves into uncouth shapes, and making leaps for life, upon ropes suspended in mid-air, brings together a vast crowd of people, who take extreme delight in calculating at what moment the unfortunate performers are the most likely to lie before them crushed into bleeding masses. Within two or three years—since the fashion of almost inhospitable trapeze feats became prevalent—this inhuman curiosity has been gratified in several instances by falls to the death, and a large number of so-called athletes, principally females, have been maimed shockingly, and crippled for life. The latest victim was a Madame Sangrino, who fell headlong among an audience at St. Louis, and was picked up bruised, battered and with tones broken beyond the hope of recovery. These exhibitions are nearly as brutal and quite as execrable as were the gladiatorial contests of old, and are not a whit more deserving of the support and encouragement of a civilized community than Spanish bull fights, or many of the bloody Indian sports at which we turn up the whites of our optics with well-affected horror. Mr. Bergh issues his proclamation against turkey-shooting, and thousands of good citizens very properly approve his course in the premises, and the laws sustain him. How much of consistency there is in putting a stop to the cruel killing of fowls, while women and children are being subjected to the horrors of the trapeze, we leave the reader to judge for himself.

A STORY FOR LAWYERS.—The Valley of the Hackensack contains still a certain number of old people, descendants of the old Hollandish settlers; people who still speak Dutch in their homes, and who are reported to jog on, faithfully adhering to old styles of living and to old ideas. One of these "old Dutchmen," as they are irreverently called, riding on the Northern Railroad the other day, noticed at Englewood a handsome carriage, and asked a gentleman sitting not



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

For the Mail.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 3, 1869.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 South's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 122 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. For full and complete list of rates, see the inside of the paper. Advertisements are referred to the Agents name above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, including either to the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

North Kennebec Farmers' Club.  
WESTERN DIVISION.

In response to a call issued by the Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, and in accordance with instructions received from the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, a meeting was held at Town Hall last Saturday evening, for the purpose of organizing a Farmers' Club.

The meeting was organized at the call of the President of the Society, Mr. H. C. Burleigh, and then Mr. Wm. Dyer, who had been employed for the purpose, delivered a short address upon the desirableness of farmers combining for mutual improvement; and so well pleased were those present with this address, that a copy was requested for publication, and we give it below:—

Intelligent action has its work half done at the beginning. Man sometimes feels himself to be a mighty independent being, and sets about doing things in his own way, and upon his own hook. Sometimes he runs against a stump; like the man who sold his beans at half price, just because he did not take the papers.

As in union there is strength," is in counsel, inquiry, consultation, and the interchange of opinions, there is sometimes a great saving of strength; and, also, of what most men think a great deal more of—money. Wise statesmen and law makers find great advantage to themselves and their constituents in comparing opinions and observations and in discussing measures. Divines and churchmen make great advances in religious knowledge by an interchange of views; and by comparing notes of progress. All wise, practical men of business take counsel of each other to their profit. Why then should farmers—whose business lies at the foundation of the material prosperity of the community—plot on each in his own old way, without stopping to inquire of his neighbor if he has not found a better way? It is true, the crooked stick plow has gone by long ago, but there are yet many crooked things in our agriculture which need to be made straight.

Agricultural papers, fairs, and occasional lectures do much to enlighten the agricultural community upon the various branches of their pursuit; and random talks in the market place do something beside; but after all these, in a business of such importance as farming, and a business in which so much depends upon doing things in the best way; and where so much—very much—of labor is lost from ignorance in one of what is known by another, there ought to be a more general and systematic exchange of items of knowledge and of intellectual commodities.

Religious men have their stated meetings for conference and for discussions with a view to forward the work in which they are engaged. Men in the pursuit of education have their lectures, lectures and libraries to aid them in the acquirement of knowledge. Merchants have their chambers of commerce, and their club rooms to aid in making their business prosperous. Farmers ought to have every aid to the advancement of their enterprises which can rightfully be brought into their service. They ought to have not only their Agricultural papers, fairs, occasional lectures, and talks, but a regular system of discussions upon the various branches of their industry. If Mr. A. knows how to do one thing to the greatest advantage, and Mr. B. knows how to do another thing to the best advantage, both are made richer by an exchange of information. Again, one man may know a certain kind of soil produces a certain kind of crop better than another kind of soil; another man may be able to tell him why it is so, and thus enable him to take advantage of some conditions which otherwise he would fail of. It is many times, of great advantage to know the why of a thing. Most farmers know a great many things as simple facts while they know nothing of the reasons for the existence of these facts. Sometimes it is fatal to success in an agricultural operation not to know the reason why certain causes produce certain results. It is not enough to know the simple fact. Like the School Committee man who, upon examining a candidate for school teacher, said, "See here, now, we know that A B and C are vowels, but why are they vowels?" We know that barnyard manure makes corn grow, (and in this case we are more sure of our premises than the Committee man was of his) but we want to know why it makes it grow, so that if our supply of barnyard manure is short we may be able to make corn grow with something else containing the same elements.

If leached ashes are as good for the land as unleached, as I have heard some men say, we can sell our ashes for twenty cents per bushel and buy them back in as good condition for the land at six cents per bushel, and if some farmer has proved this by careful experiment, we want him to tell us the fact. But if the potash and other salts which they contain, and which they lose by leaching, are worth the price we get for them, and we can be made sure of this; why, our ashes are not for sale

But, this only for illustration. There are really very many facts—little facts—if you please, which careful farmers become aware of by observation, and which they could communicate to others to their advantage if opportunity was afforded. Now here is one great advantage of farmers' clubs. They furnish the opportunity for farmers to communicate valuable practical information, one to another. The items of practical knowledge which may be gathered up during a winter series of meetings of a well conducted farmers' club, would hardly be estimated high enough. The labor saved in this thing, and the increased profit of that operation—the improved condition of the farm, and buildings, and stock, in time making up a large aggregate.

I have no doubt that there are farmers among us who attended the meetings of the Waterville Farmers' Club which were held during the winter of a few years ago; and which some of us remember with pleasure, who will tell us that they have been benefited in some respects in the practical workings of their business ever since, as the fruit of those meetings.

And there is another advantage coming directly from the club meetings—farmers are stimulated to a deeper interest in their business by each other's interest, and by talking over the various parts and aspects of the work. They get up an enthusiasm by contact with others who are engaged in the same occupation. They come to see their calling in new lights, and feel a new courage and ambition. They esteem their work and position more highly, and have more respect for themselves. They are made both better farmers and better men.

And there is still another good which comes of farmers' club meetings; and one which, though it does not directly increase the profits of farming, must not be overlooked; that is the social good. I know that the members of the old Waterville farmers' club cultivated the social element largely at the same time that they were discussing the various methods of cultivating the soil; and besides this, they found much social enjoyment in the meetings. These last advantages were not enjoyed by the men alone, for in those good times the women were embraced in the gatherings also. While the men discussed the various methods for raising pigs and potatoes, the ladies talked of butter making, spinning yarn, making bread and pumpkin pies; and, very likely, indulged in a little delightful gossip. And when men and women had passed their hour and exhausted their subjects in discussion, they ate apples together, and in a half hour's pleasant conversation destroyed such noxious weeds of social prejudice as might otherwise have borne apples of discord. All were happier if not better for these meetings.

In looking over the record book of the Secretary of this organization I find that they had under consideration such subjects as the following, viz.: "Is farming a paying business as conducted in this vicinity?" "In what way can farming be made to pay better than it now does?" "Grain Crops." "Orcharding." "The winter feeding of stock." "The seeding of grass land." "Root crops." "The making and saving of manures"—and other similar questions. All practical questions—some of them a little broad, to be sure, but calculated to draw out valuable information. In the course of these discussions the "club" knocked over some old erroneous notions of some members and made room for better ones. Some of us village farmers, at any rate, got some of our fine theories knocked down by the sound practical knowledge of some old observing men of the plow; and, possibly, these same old farmers got some "new fangled notions" from us of the village which went to improve their practice. So, very likely, we made an even exchange to the advantage of both parties.

In conclusion, and as a further argument in favor of meetings for the systematic discussion of topics pertaining to the varied occupation of the agriculturist, allow me to present one thought for a moment's consideration. The more nearly we can conform to the common laws of nature in our farm operations the more certain will be our success. For instance, if we become acquainted with the leading constituents of the different soils upon our farms, and with the principal elements of the different crops which we wish to grow, we can so adapt our crops to our soils as to make success in growing them much more certain; though they would still be influenced by the weather, and some other contingencies beyond our control. Or, if we feed our live stock upon such kinds of food as are best adapted to their several natures and wants we shall get the best growth and the greatest profit from them. We need both scientific knowledge and practical knowledge. Neither will serve us well alone. And, while we should not let science run away with common sense, we must not let common sense choke out all science. The tendency of the age is toward perfection of system in science, the arts, mechanics, manufactures, and agriculture. The best efforts of the best men in all departments of learning and of labor are in the direction of harmonizing practical life with natural law. Science makes no progress except as it reveals new facts in relation to natural laws, or renders these laws of more practical account. The arts attain their best results by the aid of nature and by imitating nature. The mechanics are of the most practical use when fed close to the common laws of nature. Agriculture will approach its perfection of system just so fast as it gets down to, or up to, a conformity to the laws which govern the growth of plants and animals, and learns how to give to each growing crop, and each kind of farm stock its portion of suitable meat in due season. Here then, as it seems to me, is an object to be aimed at; and, though one of many phases, yet it is one which can be had in view in all our seeking for light upon the great subject of agriculture. We want to get close to nature, and to find out what she requires of us—upon what conditions she will afford us abundant returns for our labor, so that by compliance with those conditions we may reap profitable harvests from year to year. We need to study nature—to learn as nearly as we can, upon what principles she works, in her round of operations, in taking from the soil and the atmosphere salts, gases, &c., and forming them into plant organizations, and then into animal organizations, and then back again into salts and gases. The farmers' club, composed of intelligent, observing men, where all are pupils and all are teachers, is one of the best schools in which to learn these lessons. It should occupy a portion of the long winter evenings, as the district school occupies a portion of the winter days; and be made a permanent institution—a mutual improvement society for old farmers and young farmers, for village farmers and all farmers.

The address was followed by remarks to the same point by Jos. Percival, and others, and it was voted unanimously to organize a Farmers' Club. The following Rules and Regulations were adopted:

ARTICLE 1.—This Association shall be called "The North Kennebec Farmers' Club—Western Division."

ART. 2.—The Club shall hold meetings for the discussion of subjects connected with agriculture, and horticulture, at such times and places as shall be determined upon by vote from time to time.

ART. 3.—The Officers of the Club shall be a President, three Vice Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Standing Committee of three, who shall hold their offices severally three months, or until others are chosen.

ART. 4.—The duties of the President, Vice Presidents, and Secretary shall be such as usually pertain to those offices severally. The Treasurer, under the direction of the President, shall collect the dues and pay the bills of the Club, and keep a correct account of its doings. The Standing Committee shall assess all the members of the Club, equally, such sums as may be necessary to pay the expenses of the Club, and shall make such assessments once in three months, or as often as the Club shall determine by vote of the majority, and shall have a general supervision of the affairs of the Club.

ART. 5.—In case of vacancy of any office in the Club, it may be filled at any regular meeting of the Club.

ART. 6.—Any person may become a member of this Club by subscribing his name to these rules.

ART. 7.—These rules may be altered at any regular meeting of the Club, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

All present having signed these Rules, the following officers were then elected:—

JOSEPH PRACIVAL, President.  
GEO. E. SHORES, 1st Vice President.  
H. C. BURLEIGH, 2d " "  
ISAIAH MARSTON, 3d " "  
DANIEL R. WING, Secretary.  
C. R. STUART, Treasurer.  
L. A. DOW, Standing Com.  
C. H. REDINGTON, " "  
E. H. MAXHAM, " "

On motion, voted that the Address of Mr. Dyer, with the proceedings of the meeting, be published in the "Waterville Mail" and in the "Maine Farmer."

Voted to adjourn to meet at the same place at 7 o'clock on the evening of Dec. 7th.  
D. R. WING, Sec'y.

## EASTERN DIVISION.

A similar meeting for organizing a Farmers' Club in the Eastern Division of North Ken. Ag. Society was held at the School House on Fort Point, on Monday evening, Nov. 29. A goodly number assembled, and after an explanation by President Burleigh, the meeting organized by the choice of Mr. Geo. C. Paine as Secretary, and after listening to an address by Mr. Dyer (the same given at Waterville) and remarks from Col. W. E. Drummond, B. C. Paine, C. Stuart, and others, adopted the same Rules and Regulations under which the Western Division organized, simply designating themselves as the Eastern Division. They then organized by the choice of the following officers:

W. E. DRUMMOND, President.  
B. C. PAINE, 1st Vice President.  
EDWIN TOWNE, 2d " "  
W. R. HOWARD, 3d " "  
C. R. STUART, Secretary.  
W. GARLAND, Treasurer.  
CHARLES STUART, Standing Com.  
J. B. STRATTON, " "  
I. W. BRITTON, " "

They adjourned to meet again at the same place next Wednesday evening, at half past six o'clock, at which time the following question will be discussed: "What is the best method of feeding farm stock?"

This club starts off with the best prospects of usefulness and success, and we were particularly pleased to notice a large number of young men present, who seemed fully alive to the advantages of the organization.

Very friendly greetings were interchanged between its members and the gentlemen who went from this side to aid them in organizing, and also cordial invitations to attend the future meetings of both clubs. When Jack Frost shall have bridged the Kennebec river, and the meetings are held at the houses of the members, we look to see a hearty fraternizing of the two clubs, and a large attendance of old and young.

MR. ISAAC C. PRAY, a well known journalist and dramatic writer, died suddenly last Sunday morning, at his residence in Irving Place, N. York, at the age of 57 years. He was a brother of Mr. Rob't W. Pray, of Waterville; and his brief residence here, with his accomplished family, some twenty-two years ago, is not forgotten by those who enjoyed their acquaintance. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Amherst in '33. He was favorably known in literary circles, where his poetical and dramatic writings and translations gave him a distinguished position. A residence of several years in Europe, with such uses of travel and observation as his education and taste would secure, contributed to make him the accomplished gentleman and scholarly writer so widely and pleasantly known, especially in his connection with the public press. At various times, in some twenty years past, he has held prominent positions in the editorship of leading New York papers.

The death of Mr. Pray was sudden, but not without premonition. He spent a social evening with his family and some friends; and after rising in the morning, died while sitting in his chair.

SOLDIERS!—An entertainment, consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Music, and two Dramatic Pieces, will be given at Coburn Hall in Skowhegan, on Friday evening, Dec. 10, the proceeds of which will be given to the Soldiers' Orphan Asylum at Bath.

DAILY PAPER.—The publishers of the Kennebec Journal announce that they will establish a permanent Daily in Augusta on the first of January.

## OUR TABLE.

HOURS AT HOME.—The December number of this Popular Monthly of Instruction and Recreation is embellished with several beautiful full page illustrations of rare merit. It contains an article on the "Spiritual Muse," by Rev. Geo. B. Bacon; a poem by Alice Cary, entitled "A Backward Look," an article entitled "Strange Wanderers," by Prof. Schels de Vere; "Twenty Minutes Under the Knife," by Mortimer Thompson; "Comfort in its Relations to Physical Culture," by Dr. Sanford B. Hunt; "Compton Friars," continued, by the author of "Mary Powell," "Bible Animals," illustrated; "A New Nationality," by Prof. W. Wells; "Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination," by Horace Bushnell; "Why Love is Blind," by the poet, R. H. Stoddard; Perrin on "Father Hyacinth"—and other interesting matter.

The January issue will be a holiday number. In it will be commenced an interesting and touching story entitled "Hero," by Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," "Lost and Won," "Winifred's Wooing," etc.; a charming paper by Mrs. M. E. Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," entitled "Real Christmas," a Christmas Story by a favorite writer; "The True Ballad of the King's Singer," by H. H.—and the number will be illustrated with four full page wood cuts.

Published by S. S. Packard & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs and valuable premiums to new subscribers.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for December, closes the year with a good number, and announces that with the next number the work will be enlarged by the addition of sixteen pages and will be improved in many respects. The price will be increased to two dollars, but it will be richly worth the money. Oliver Dyer, author of "The Wickedest Man in New York," will continue his interesting sketches which will be handsomely illustrated; Eleanor Kirk will continue her "Facts about Working Women"; and a host of other attractive writers will contribute to fill its pages with interesting and valuable reading.

Published by S. S. Packard, 937 Broadway, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY and Home Magazine for Dec. is embellished with two fine steel engravings—the world renowned mausoleum of Taj Mahal, India, and a portrait of Rev. Robert Newton, D. D., and there are also numerous wood engravings. This Christian Family Magazine has enjoyed a year of prosperity in 1869, and will enter upon a new volume in January with a determination on the part of its managers that it shall be kept well up to the demands of the times and that it shall be made better and more, deserving of favor with each succeeding issue.

Published under the auspices of the M. E. Church, by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORA, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago Ill., is one of our most popular fireside magazines. The publishers offer superior attractions for the new year to subscribers in the way of beautiful premiums.

THE LITTLE CORPORA'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—The Chicago publishers of the Little Corpora, Messrs. Alfred L. Sewell & Co., have started a new magazine, with the above title, devoted to school festivals, dialogues, recitations, readings, tableaux, charades, etc. It is to be published only quarterly, at fifty cents a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for October has the following table of contents:—Juvenal's Mundi; The Massacre of St. Bartholomew; The Different Schools of Elementary Logic; Mr. Brown's Latest Poetry; The Pope and the Council; The Constitutional Development of Austria; Literature of the Land Question in Ireland; and over fifty pages of "Contemporary Literature," notices of new books, after the manner of the Westminster Review.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November is an unusually interesting number, with the following table of contents:—

Earl's Dene, part I.; The Jewish Reformation and the Talmud; Cornelius O'Dowd, who discourses on "Dr. Cumming and the Council," and "The Claims of the Fenians"; The Land Question of Ireland; John, part I.; Saint-Eloy-sur-le-Dun; The Farose Saga; Scotland in Parliament—the Poor-Law Inquiry.

The four great British Quarterly Review 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, \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works 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 66 cents a year.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH for December has much good advice and valuable counsel for old and young, sick and well. We have always regarded this as a very useful publication and very cheap; also; but the proprietor makes the astounding announcement, that the amount of reading in the journal will hereafter be three times as much as formerly, and that the price will remain the same. He ought to have a rush of subscribers. Hall furnishes wholesome reading, and is careful not to injure the souls of men while trying to improve their bodies.

Published by W. W. Hall, 178 Broadway, New York, at \$1 a year.

ONWARD, Capt. Mayne Reid's magazine, closes the year with a spirited number, full of characteristic articles on a variety of topics, stories, poetry, etc., etc. Gen. J. Watts De Peyster contributes his critical review of the battle of Chancellorsville; J. O. Clark has an interesting article on the "Songs of the French Revolution"; Walter Rose contributes a record of Oriental travel in "The Land of the Malay"; but we will not enumerate further. Buy it and see for yourself.

The proprietor promises that ONWARD will continue to improve through the coming year. The price is reduced to \$3 a year. Address Capt. Mayne Reid, 119 Nassau St., New York.

WELLS' PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December, contains interesting sketches and delineations, with portraits, of Liebig, the eminent chemist; Hugh Allen, the Canadian merchant; the Earl of Derby; Charles II. of England; besides illustrated articles on Temperance; Education; Living Ghosts; Salem Witchcraft; Jephtha's Daughter; Valdeictory; Our Experiences; The Holidays and What they Suggest; Serious Fun; The Harbor of Shanghai and its Shipping; Ramie, the new Staple; Music, etc. Price 30 cents; by the year \$3. The 6th volume, is a new form, begins with the January number. Subscribe now. Address S. R. Wells, 889 Broadway, New York.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING!—And Mr. C. A. Henrickson, at his store one door north of the Post Office, is fully prepared to meet all demands upon him for rare and beautiful presents for old and young. He promises to sell low, to do business "on the square," and to guarantee satisfaction to all. Read his advertisements in this week's Mail, and call in and look over his beautiful things. He will treat you politely whether you purchase or not.

A. D. Richardson, an account of whose shooting by McFarland we gave last week, died on Thursday morning. On the Tuesday morning previous he and Mrs. Sage, the former wife of McFarland who had obtained a divorce from her husband, were joined in matrimony by Henry Ward Beecher.

SPEAKERSHIP.—The Portland Press, after alluding to the fact that Mr. Whidden of Calais has "consented" to be counted a candidate for speaker, comments thus:—

"Mr. Whidden is an able man, but he comes into the field too late to compete with candidates already in the field. There is little doubt that Mr. Foster will be the successful candidate. As against Mr. Farwell, Mr. W. would be a formidable candidate, but there is no reason for preferring him to Foster, who has got the start."

We ask no odds for any man on account of his haying the "field." If another is better qualified, either in his integrity or the purity of his political record, connected with undoubted ability for the duties, let him have the office.

We can confidently refer all who want insurance, either on life or property, to the veteran agent in Waterville, L. T. Boothby, whose advertisements will be found in various parts of our paper. He holds to two strong points—caution in taking risks and liberality in paying losses. These two planks make his platform—on which he has proved himself one of the most successful insurance agents in the state.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal reports the trial of Wm. G. Kingsbury, at Augusta, for inciting James Kitchen to burn the Baptist meeting-house at South China, in October. Kitchen confessed the burning. Kingsbury was a liquor seller, and Kitchen one of his victims. The meeting house had given offence by being used for temperance meetings. The two men rode home from Augusta together, the patron indicating to the victim that he wished the church might be burned. It was burned the same night. Nobody doubted who was at the bottom of the crime, but the proof was needless. Kitchen's confession, which implicated Kingsbury, was not enough. It was argued by the defence that the testimony of a confessed church burner should not be received. The result was a disagreement of the jury, in which they were reported to stand eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

A convention of fat men is advertised to take place in Lewiston. A foot race between a Mr. Littlefield and one of the fattest of the city doctors is a part of the programme. They may look for a few delegates from Waterville. We shall not be of the number, but if they will admit merchants, bank presidents, jewellers, sea captains, "and such," we can send them a delegation that will not ask to travel on less than two tickets each.

Strange that Waterville is always ignorant of the various items of her prosperity till she hears of them from abroad. Somebody writes to the Lewiston Journal that "Waterville is looking thrifty," and gives as evidence the several facts that we have a new dam, a memorial hall, an observatory, a long railroad wadded, and a new Methodist church—with the prospect of a new house next summer for the president of the M. C. Railroad. These are all good signs, as far as they go, and we are glad they are seen abroad. We knew them some time ago—all but the president's new house, which we hope will prove to be a verity.

The Bangor, Oldtown and Milford Railroad, popularly known as the Veazie Railroad, the first one built in Maine, and the second passenger road in operation in the country, was sold on Saturday to Messrs. Geo. K. Jewett and Noah Woods, of the E. & N. A. Railway Co., for \$135,000. The road is to be discontinued.

SOCIAL.—Waterville Lodge of Good Templars will have a social gathering at their Hall on Tuesday evening next, at which refreshments and other elements of a good time will be liberally circulated.

JOSEPH BILLINGS will speak his piece on "Milk and Natural History," at Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, next Monday evening, Dec. 6th. The rules of admission are rather peculiar: "Persons wishing to pay without going in, can do so, but they can't go in without paying." Children in arms not admitted.—Whistling, talking, and the barking of dogs will not be allowed.

REV. B. F. Shaw, who resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in our village a few weeks ago, is still inclined to retain his residence here, though engaged abroad at present, and we are pleased to learn has purchased the house on College Street now occupied by Mr. Albert G. Bodfish.

THE COFFIN HOUSE, on Chaplin Street, which came so near being entirely consumed in the big fire, has been purchased by Mr. J. Procter, who is repairing it for rent. The neighboring residents are glad to learn that it will not be quite so numerously inhabited as before.

THE BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER is to appear in an entire new dress on the first of January. In the hands of Mr. Lynde, this paper will not be suffered to fall behind the most enterprising sheets in our State, and we are pleased to see this indication of prosperity.

FIRE AT NORTH NEW PORTLAND.—We learn from the Anson Advocate that the saw mill of Bartlett & Plummer, on the Gilman Stream at North New Portland, was burned on Friday morning last, together with the grist mill of John Bartlett and the carding and cloth dressing mill of Jacobs & Norton. Considerable portions of the gear of these last named mills were saved.

THE MOST UNHAPPY PERSON in the world is the Dyspeptic. Everything looks dark and gloomy; he feels 'out of sorts' with himself and everybody else. Life is a burden to him. This can all be changed by taking Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron). Cases of 27 years standing have been cured by it.

THE BAPTIST Church and Society in our village, have extended a call to Mr. Harry S. Burrage, of Roxbury, Mass., to become their pastor, with a salary of \$1200, which call he has accepted and will commence his labors about the first of January. Mr. Burrage is a young man, a graduate of Brown University in 1861. He entered the army early, a private volunteer, served through the war, and being promoted step by step, was honorably discharged as Major. Since the completion of his course at Newton in 1867, he has been attending the theological lectures with Dr. Tholock in Germany. Those who know him well are confident that he is well adapted to the field of labor to which he will come.

MORE DOGS!—Some of the boys were highly amused, a day or two ago, with the efforts of a sheep drover to drive a little flock of sheep through Main Street. Such an array of untaxed dogs is rarely seen; and as sheep have been learning some sorry lessons this year, this flock seemed determined to run no risk. They were finally allowed to go back and try some other street.

Now, as our selectmen seem to be frank and free in answering questions, we respectfully inquire how the matter of the dog tax stands in Waterville? A few years ago we made this inquiry of Joseph Percival, then chairman of the board, and were informed that nearly one hundred dogs were taxed according to law. We cannot doubt that the voters of Waterville would have this tax continued, and as thoroughly and uniformly as possible. It is both expedient and just. Will the selectmen give them information necessary to enable them to act understandingly?

The Atlantic Monthly for January will contain a poem by James Russell Lowell, "The Cathedral," worthy to rank with the very best of his works; poems by Dr. Holmes and by Mr. Whittier, who will immortalize another New England legend in "Nauhaught the Deacon"; a paper on "Americanisms in Literature," by T. W. Higginson; an essay on "The Study of History," by Goldwin Smith; and contributions by W. D. Howells, F. A. Walker, and others, with the beginning of Bayard Taylor's novel.

THE RED RIVER REBELLION.—The Winnipeg insurgents are holding out firmly as appears from the following published in the Minneapolis Tribune of the 24 ult.:

The latest news from Winnipeg is dated October 10. They indicate that the insurgents are increasing their strength, having enlisted over 1000 men. They are commanded by Louis Reil, and the discipline maintained is remarkably perfect. A republican form of government is to be instituted, and a Congress of all parties is to have met for that purpose on the 16th. Five Indian chiefs arrived at Fort Garry on the 6th and tendered the services of their bands. These were accepted, and the force of the insurgents is thus increased by thousands.

EDUCATIONAL.—We clip the following paragraphs from the Castine correspondence of the Boston Traveller:—

Educationally, Castine stands alone. Here Ellis Peterson (shall we say the first of New England teachers?) afterwards of Bangor High School, latterly of Worcester High School, and now in Europe, taught eight years. Here William H. Lambert, one of Maine's youngest, most talented and most successful teachers, taught two years. The former introduced and the latter enlarged and beautified that system of class criticism, adopted wherever understood. Alas! it is not generally understood. The first educational journal which parades its merits with an enviable distinction. It ought to be the normal method everywhere. Would college professors but learn of it, they might convert their recitation rooms into arenas of exciting debate, where they would only stand as umpires, and, like Speakers of the House, with gavel knock to order.

Only a brief outline of its merits can be attempted here. When a scholar makes an error, observed by another, the latter raises his hand and the former addresses him. Perhaps an immediate acknowledgement of error ensues, perhaps an animated discussion, only to be decided by the teacher. Ordinarily the scholars will settle it among themselves. What can exceed that beautiful picture of the school-room, the earnest debate of two youthful orators, maintained until one acknowledges, "I think I was wrong." A recitation thus becomes little else than a parlor conversation—spirited and dignified. Its very failures may be its glories; at least a poor lesson will be discovered in a manner humiliating to the learner. What else can better determine comparative merits and awaken the disposition to study? The pupil feels that the forthcoming recitation is to be an intellectual contest. Bright minds are to measure him. He is to draw others out and completely to be drawn out. His mistakes and corrections count. In the primary and intermediate schools, little jacketed fellows warmly dispute the seat of an accent or the sound of a vowel.

THE FELDSPAR MINES in Bowdoinham promise rich returns to the owners.

In the election in Texas, this week, Hamilton's friends claim the State by 25,000 majority.

They had a light snow storm in Boston on Thursday.

Farmers!—Come out to the Farmers' Club, which holds its next meeting at Town Hall next Tuesday evening, and bring the boys with you. We wish to see more young farmers interested.

GOLD has been down nearly to 1.20, but is a little higher now.

The Lewiston Journal says that the foundation of the new building of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, is completed and covered for the winter. The granite for the trimmings and the bricks for the superstructure are nearly all on the ground, and it is intended to commence laying brick as soon as April 15th. The building is designed for a chapel, library, and recitation rooms, and will be an ornament to the place, supplying a long needed want.







