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Maxham & Wing

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THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,
So terrible alive,
Blended by the desert's sun and wind, became
The wandering wild bee's hive.
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore
Those jaws of death apart,
In after time drew forth their honeyed store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend; but it only slept
To wake beneath our sky;
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason crept
Back to his lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain bounds,
A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive, where, on their flowery rounds,
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and shell,
Through valley and on hill,
The low reveille of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer;
With deeper peace in summer noons their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day,—
To wake beneath our sky;
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked away
From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Treason's death we drew a purer life,
As, from the last of strife,
A sweetest sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

NETTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY TWO CHURCHILL.

The gorgeous tintings of the summer sunrise
Flamed up the east like banners heralding a
king and all his loyal subjects; tree and flower,
half-raised expectant eyes in joy, half-bowed
themselves in homage, as the grand old monarch
beamed his smile of benediction o'er hill
and dale, and wood, and lawn, and coppice.
The birds took up the flowers' tremulous breath
of heart-song, and made it audible with joy, and
the old waving pines cast now and then a note
that softened all to a sweet psalm of praise.

But it was not the reflection merely of nature's
happiness that brightened Nettie Arnold's face
as she hung over the garden gate, and nodded
"good-morning to the flowers, and I am almost
afraid to tell that something more sordid than
sunshine lent its gilding to her brow, and some-
thing more transferable to comfort than the
lily's perfume deepened the dimples that played
about her mouth. She was very happy, she
acknowledged that in every gleeful laugh and
graceful movement, and she felt benignant
toward every one and particularly complacent
toward herself, as she cast a thought back to
the treasured box tucked away in her secret
drawer.

She was peculiarly situated, this young girl
of eighteen, short, and not all happy years.
Her mother had died long ago, and her father
had after a time married a widow. Then her
father died, leaving what little property he
owned to his wife and infant son, giving his
only daughter a life-rent in the house as her
only portion. But the change in her circum-
stances was not apparent, until her stepmother,
still a comely woman, contracted another alli-
ance, and grew as absorbed in the interest of
her third husband as she had been in that of
her first. Mr. Stanhope, the present master of
the house, was of very irascible disposition, and
very difficult to please, and Nettie found, for
her own peace of mind and her stepmother's
comfort, she must withdraw herself to her own
portion of the house, and seldom mingle in the
family groupings, and she finally removed all
her belongings to her own apartments.

Mr. Stanhope found himself particularly ag-
grieved that she had any right in the house at
all, most of all that the pleasantest part of it
should have been assigned to her use. But there
was no help for it, and he contented himself
by growling at her or overlooking her alto-
gether. After the first surprise and regret, she
found she respected him too little to make her-
self unhappy over the matter, and enjoyed her
in her quiet way, oftenest alone at her
meals, though sometimes her prattling half-
brother would come in with his hands full of
cakes "to keep house with sister Nettie."

She had a remarkable talent for music and a
ready power of imparting her knowledge of this
agreeable science, but one of Mr. Stanhope's
first acts was to sell the piano her father had
purchased for her use, declaring it was lumber-
some and useless. In vain his wife pleaded and
remonstrated, and Nettie urged alike without
avail that it could be moved to her own rooms
if in the way; but he was determined, and it
was sold under the auctioneer's hammer. That
was nearly three years before, but by daily
music lessons given at the homes of her pupils,
she had laid by enough beyond her ordinary
expenses to procure another instrument, and
this it was that gave such a glow to her face
this summer morning.

She was not going to spend the money that
day, or the next, or the next after, perhaps it
was such a satisfaction to know that she pos-
sessed it, and had honestly and honorably
gained it, and no millionaire could have felt
more proud that his hands' dropped gold coins
than did she, who had only to will now for
what she had so laboriously toiled. She had
not seen her stepmother or her little brother for
some days. She did not dare enter the rooms,
for Mr. Stanhope kept himself at home, yet she
felt there was some sort of a cloud hanging
over them, though it had not enveloped her.
She knew that a few nights before there had
been a fearful storm, for she had heard the
thunder of angry tones and passionate sobs in
pleading, and a youth's voice in proud vindi-
cation; but she did not catch the words, and after
while it was still, except low mutterings and
now and then a wail, as though the storm had
spent itself, but the murky atmosphere had not
cleared, she understood, and anything electric
like herself might call forth the lightning shaft
again, and she wisely kept away.

She went in and ate her lonely breakfast,
lonely in point of visible companionship, but
merry with fairy visitors of hope and good feel-
ing. She made her room tidy, and went out to
her daily duties so cheerfully that one who met
her asked her "if her thoughts were set to music?"

And she laughed as she told him "they were
flowing out in rhythm."

"Well, child," he replied, "may their echo
be always sweet when they lose the power thus
to flow."

She thanked him, but he had saddened her a
little. Yet, you know, after the most glorious
sunshine, there is oftentimes a semblance of a
shadow, that is not a cloud, nor yet a mist, but
as it were a concentration of light itself, so in-
tense that the effect has in it just the faintest
premonition of what it might be to dwell for
aye in darkness. And yet, I think, the fair
morning seldom dreameth of the cloud that at
night may settle blackly toward the west, any
more than the star of Hope once risen on
youth's horizon expects to wane away without
some recognized fruition. We call things by
their names reversely and backwards spell the
alphabet of blessings, till bad seems good, and
good our greatest bane and peril.

It was quite evening when Nettie returned to
her home for the fourth time that day; so busy

and ambitious was she, that when there was
work to do she could find time to do it, and her
late tea was all the more refreshing that she
had waited for it. She was all ready for her
evening recreation, having swept her room, and
glanced to her little possessions to assure her-
self of their safety when she noticed that the
curtain of her back window was disarranged.
She stepped forward to adjust it, and a note
fell from its folds to her feet. She looked out
hastily, but no one was in sight, and rather
nervously she opened the missive, and grew
pale as she comprehended its contents.

"Oh! how can I?" she exclaimed, "how can
I? It is wrong and selfish of him to require it
of me. It is not my duty, and I cannot make
the sacrifice. Oh! why did I keep it thus long?
If it were not impossible to grant his wish!
But it is in my power," she pondered, after
awhile. "If I may, as he says, save him from
ruin. Now, if I had a rope would I refuse it to
a drowning man? Or a crust, would I be-
grudge it of hunger?"

She rocked back and forth uneasily, then took
up the note again. "To-morrow night, the
seventh, I am to meet him, he says, at the
beechwood tree. But I cannot, I will not!"
And she closed her room, and sought her couch,
not to sleep, indeed, save fitfully, to wake
and find her treasure vanished, and herself defrauded.

Then she put the information in the note
and the storm in the adjoining household to-
gether, and could understand in some manner how
the youth who had appealed to her benevolence
was situated. How his character was being
subjected to its severest test, and how her
friendly face turned away might confront him
with the wily tempter. How her selfishly closed
hand might be the sealing up to him of hono-
rable escape.

She tossed about dissatisfied but undecided,
till dawn again chased away Nature's doubt-
ings; then she rose and prepared herself for the
new day's duties. She did not seek to bask
her form in the new-born light; the rays of
warmth and kindness were struggling in her
soul for being. How thickly incased with
ice one dark night had left her heart. If one,
or two, or more succeeded, could any kindly
beam find entrance there? The day's duties
were not as yesterday, but pleasures with a
business name. Her pupils were dull, instru-
ments out of tune, music itself bereft of melody,
and early at eve she went home, listless and
dissatisfied with the world and all things in it.

She drew her curtain, took out her treasured
store, and counted it. Four hundred dollars,
no more, no less, laid carefully away for the
instrument she must and would have. Why
should she not? If she could give him half,
but the other half would be of no use to her,
but to call for an accession she felt she could
not make. It had been hard for its sake al-
ready, too hard, but for the pleasure it would
bring, to deny herself an unpretending jewel or
bright ribbon, while the other girls blushed at
their enhanced beauty under such an orna-
ment. She could not even afford gloves for
the last party, though she longed to go, and
she despised herself now that she had then
playfully caressed the hand that had so nearly
accomplished its task. She put back her bills,
clean and fresh every one of them with pure
and honest purpose. Not slyly lure, with
taint of sin upon them, or clank of chain, or
stain of blood, or soil of unholy contract or un-
righteous bargaining.

What if they were withheld? Would links
of vice entangle a young heart? Or signs
of shame grow quickly visible, as rust corrodes
the smoothest healthy skin and action have
hitherto kept unimpaired? But she would not
answer; she stifled her conscience and sat with
her eyes closed till the stroke of the clock
aroused her. She had yet fifteen minutes to
the appointed time of meeting. She lifted the
curtain; the twilight had nearly faded, and the
faint glimmering of the young moon was assert-
ing its power over the departing day.

Nettie started suddenly and looked at the
clock; five minutes more, and he no doubt was
waiting, trusting;—should she fail any one in
such a strain? No! Shame on the heart that
held itself back from accomplishing what good
it might. She opened the drawer and took
out the box without looking at it, threw a light
shawl over her shoulders, and was off like a
fawn down the path to the greenwood tree.

A youth with his hat pulled over his face,
with a disconsolate air, had just struck into the
opposite path; a moment more and he would
be concealed from her view. Should she let
him go? Was it not his fault if he failed to
wait for her? And would not her intention to
help be recognized by a higher power?

"George!" she called faintly, half hoping
he would not hear. But he did, for his ear
was strained by long listening for her footsteps,
and he turned.

"Heaven bless you, Nettie! I thought you
would not come. I was turning away from all
good, I fear, for I was losing my trust in my
kind!"

"O, George!" Nettie could only gasp, "here
it is, all of it—four hundred dollars; it will help
you, I am sure," and she thrust it into his half-
reluctant hand.

"I am ashamed to take it, Nettie; I can feel
the blood flame up into my veins!—but what
could I do? I am not used to the world. Oh,
you do not know how terribly even now I have
combated with temptation. If you had not
come, Nettie! if you had not come! I had
even turned to walk recklessly over the brink
of destruction. But, my dear girl, one-quarter
of this sum will do till I can get employment,
then I will cancel my money obligation to you,
though I never can by all that by this act you
do for me."

"Keep it all, George; nay, you must!" as
he insisted upon returning part; "I shall not
be content unless you do. You said you
should go to the city; with a whole city full,
you may not succeed at first; I shall not need
it."

"Is that true, Nettie? Do you in no way
make a sacrifice in relieving me?"
She hesitated. "No, George, none but
what I now most cheerfully offer. O, George,
be a noble man for the sake of this hour, that
has revealed to us so much to be hoped for, so
much to be shunned."

"Heaven be my witness, Nettie, I will,"
said the youth, folding the girl in his arms, and
kissing her tenderly, almost tearfully. "I will
have not offended?" he asked, as Nettie hastily
withdrew herself from his embrace. "I
knew not how else to express my gratitude."

"No it is not that; good-by, I must not re-
main longer," and she turned into the home-
ward path, while he watched to see that no
harm befell her.

She had been out of her room scarce half an
hour, but its aspect was changed. The deep
recess behind the mantel whose broad vacancy
her imagination had many a time filled, looked
barren and drear, and the easy chair she hastily
pushed in the corner, left another place with-
out furniture, and she hardly knew whether
she were glad or sorry when she sat down and
viewed her surroundings from a hitherto unoc-
cupied quarter. But then, may be, there was
something added to some secret passage of her
soul where adornment had been thought of so
little, that even now the new presence
was unheeded, like the gossamer drapery of the
window of some long unused room, scarce not-
iced, because so delicate, that softens the glare
of the searching light, and casts artistic figures
where only the floating bar of dust were else
revealed.

Nettie's sleep that night was sweet and un-
broken, and the cheerful morning sun dispersed
her gloom, and with a heart scarce understand-
ing its own experience, she went about her
usual avocations.

After a week or two Nettie seemed to be con-
scious of a change in the social atmosphere
around her; not anything very distinct, but
noticeable, as is the cool autumn breath sweep-
ing the summer air, though one's heart is a little
more susceptible to chill than one's cheek. Then
after a while the wind seemed to grow frosty,
and ice to form in shallow places, for some
avenues were closed against her. Wherever
her music term had expired she was notified
distinctly, but pleasantly, that her services would
be no longer required. She could not under-
stand the matter at all, but kept up a show of
cheerfulness, and a brave heart, and even in-
quired of Sarah Maria Green, who had super-
seded her, "how she liked her pupils."

Miss Green, with a boarding-school air, re-
plied: "That where the foundation was so
unstable, one could not expect much of the su-
per-structure."

Nettie laughed in spite of her uneasiness, at
this thrust at her armor.

Nettie's most beloved pupil was Carrie Davis,
a young girl near her own age, so petite in
figure and childish in manner, that she seemed
much younger. Carrie was in Nettie's confi-
dence about the piano, and was almost as an-
xious to see it in the place reserved for it as
Nettie herself. Carrie usually took her lesson
after school-hours, and one night, about a month
after Nettie had given her money into other
hands, while she was at Carrie's house giving
her instructions, there came up a shower, so
severe that it was inexpedient for her to return
home; indeed, Mrs. Davis would not permit
her to go, and she was nothing loth to stay, as
she had often done before. And this night she
felt a double security in this house of wealth,
and with this family of influence as her friends;
so many of late having looked coldly upon her.

The storm lingered late into the evening, and
the two girls, after the lesson linked their arms
lovingly together, and walked softly up and
down the room in slow march, as though sub-
dued by the terror of the storm, starting timidly
as now and then a flash of lightning more vivid
than the rest lighted up the room, while Mrs.
Davis sat quietly with shaded eyes apparently
absorbed in deep thought. There had been an-
other occupant of the room in the earlier part
of the evening, Mrs. Davis' brother, Frederick
Carroll, a man of some twenty-eight years, whom
Carrie called her "bachelor uncle." While the
girls were engaged, he had stepped unobserved
into the embrasure of the bay-window, and
dropped the heavy curtains to exclude the blaze
of artificial light, more distinctly to witness
the play of heaven's artillery. He possessed a
strong, brave nature, and loved the storm, as
the war-horse loves the excitement of the fray.

He had paid no attention to what was going
on in the room, and it was some moments after
Mrs. Davis had dismissed Carrie that he was
startled by hearing his sister repeating to Net-
tie a story in circulation about her. It was too
late to make his presence known without giv-
ing additional pain to Miss Arnold, and he could
not escape through the window without the
noise of opening it. He tried not to listen,
but, after all, his ear was painfully alert, for he
could not but feel an interest in the young girl
he had met almost daily, although he looked
upon her as somewhat of a child, with a charac-
ter hardly formed.

"Well, my dear?" said Mrs. Davis, inquir-
ingly, as Nettie, too shocked and indignant to
reply, kept silent, the eloquent blood flashing
forth its protest. "I do not believe the story,
my child," continued the lady, "but deemed it
friendly to tell you; and now I want authority
to refuse it. I am almost ashamed to ask you
the question, but did there a young man enter
your room privately late at evening?"

"No," said Nettie in so strained a voice, that
for the first time Mrs. Davis believed there
was some foundation for the report.

"Excuse me, but did you meet one by ap-
pointment, one evening, at the old tree in your
orchard?"

"I did," replied the girl, flushing at the con-
struction placed upon the act.

"Did you put something into his hands, at
which he embraced and kissed you?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, spare me Mrs. Davis!"
gasped the tortured girl.

"One question more," said the lady, growing
very grave, "is this young man a relative, and
has he a claim on you?"

"No, no! Heaven help me, no! But believe
me, dear friend, I am innocent of an evil thought
in this matter."

"Tell me, my child, how it all came about,
that I may clear your character from suspi-
cion," urged the lady, laying her hand on Net-
tie's arm.

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" faltered Nettie,
feeling that she must not reveal the secret of
another.

"Then, my child, if you will not vindicate
yourself, I cannot allow you to associate with
my Carrie. Already your name is spoken as
though your virtue were held in light esteem.
Your services as my daughter's teacher will
not be longer required. Good-night; if in the
morning you see fit to confide in me, I will do
all I can for you," still hesitating, as if she
hoped for some word of explanation. "I will
send a servant to show you to your room, then,
if you have nothing to say."

But Nettie sat white and mute as a statue,

and Mrs. Davis went out and closed the door.
Then Mr. Carroll heard a quick, stifled sob, a
piteous call on God for help; then the outside
door open and close hastily, and saw the white
face of the young girl revealed by the light-
ning's flash, as she darted by the window, her
head and form unshielded from the dripping
rain. His first impulse was to spring through
the window and offer her protection, but a
second thought deterred him; it would be bet-
ter for her sake, and kinder to remain. He
believed her innocent of guile, though circum-
stances seemed against her, and he could not
interfere with his sister's desire to keep her
young daughter from questionable companionship.

Nettie reached home breathless and almost
stupefied, and threw herself on her couch
wretched to pray; even doubting if there were
any God at all, or anything but the bare world
that had turned to rock, and rolled itself
upon her heart. But the morning came, and
the rock had shaped itself a smooth glittering
sword, cutting keen and sharp into the throbb-
ing flesh and shrinking heart, and pain-alert
nerves. This, then was her reward! But then
she had not looked for reward, expecting so far
as the one she had helped would be influenced
toward the right; and if she had acted rightly
the deed itself would some time bring compensa-
tion, if the motive power were pure. Her
thoughts stopped here; she was not sure the
motive was single. She wished the past were
a blank, and she could begin the volume of her
life anew; how very fair the characters should
be; how full of truth and all things good the
under thought became. But who could tell
how soon again a careless or a wilful hand
should mar the unsullied record, or overset the
ink of slander on the well-lettered page? But
this day's leaf, at any rate, was fresh; and
crowding down the bitterness that kept welling
up in her heart, she again went forth to duty,
to return discouraged, and almost disheartened.
So many met her coldly; and some brushed by
without a recognizing glance whom she had
called her friends; and others whispered mean-
ingly together as she passed. Only one glint
of kindness in all that dreary day; that sum-
mer day, aglow to other hearts, drearier and
more barren than the icy plain to her. Mr.
Carroll's frank "good-morning" and respect-
ful lifting of the hat as he passed her on the
street, was treasured more than all the kind
words he had said to her in their frequent in-
tercourse. But then, alas! perhaps he did not
know, she thought. So jealous we become of
any's grace, if some behave unfriendly.

[FOOTNOTES.]

A strange scene was presented at the bed-
side of Victor Emanuel when it was supposed
that he had but a few hours to live. He begged
that a messenger might be despatched to the
Archbishop of Corsi for a priest. The wife of one
of the physicians who attended him conveyed to
Archbishop Corsi the wishes of the King, and
the Archbishop despatched the priest Renal
with full powers to absolve his Majesty from the
spiritual censures which according to the views
of these reverend personages, he might have in-
curred. The priest, before absolving the King,
told him that it was necessary he should make
an abjuration of the offenses which he had com-
mitted against the Church. His Majesty re-
plied:—"As a Christian, I have lived in the
faith of my forefathers and am prepared to die
in the same; as a king, imitating the example
of my forefathers I have done what my con-
science as a sovereign commanded me to do
for my country. I have always distinguished
my obligations as a king from my duties as a
Christian; as a king I have no abjuration to
make." The priest, confused by this reply, ad-
ministered the Sacrament, but on his return to
Pisa, and reporting to Cardinal Corsi, the Arch-
bishop, what had happened, he was blamed,
and enjoined on pain of Church censures, to
return to San Rossore and demand the abjura-
tion. The priest obeyed. And returning to
the couch of the sick man, delivered his mes-
sage. Then the king told him:—"If you come
here to speak to a Christian of his approaching
end I will listen to you with calmness and with
gratitude; but if you require to speak about
politics, my ministers are in the next room."

Besides the fact that ice is lighter than water,
there is, says an exchange, another curious
thing about it which many persons do not know
perhaps—namely its purity. A lump of ice
melted will become pure distilled water. Wa-
ter in freezing turns out of it all that is not wa-
ter, salt, air, coloring matters, and all impurities.
Frozen sea-water makes fresh-water ice. If
you freeze a basin of indigo water, it will make
ice as clear and as white as that made of pure
rain water. When the cold is very sudden these
foreign matters have no time to escape,
either by rising or sinking, and are thus en-
tangled with the ice, but do not make any part
of it.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY at the
monthly meeting of the Board Managers on the
18th ult., made grants to the Presbyterian
Board of Publication, and to the Southwestern
Bible Society for supplying destitute regions in
their field, amounting to \$3,131 volumes in va-
rious languages, including twelve volumes in
raised letters for the blind. Besides these, oth-
er grants were made to the value of \$1,044.25.
In funds \$2,600 were granted to the American
and Foreign Christian Union for Bible work in
Mexico.

United States Commissioner Betts, in a case
before him at New York, Saturday, decided
that the delivery of a letter to the authorized
agent of the person to whom it is addressed
terminates the connection of the post-office
with it and the subsequent embezzlement by
such agent is not an offense against the United
States, but can only be taken cognizance of in
the State courts.

The Lewiston Journal says a curious freak
of the gale of Saturday, 20th instant, was a
whirlwind which persons saw about a mile down
river from the residence of Mrs. Little, corner
of Elm and Maine-sts., Auburn. Its progress
was very marked by the commotion of the wa-
ter and trees. As it swept up to the shore it
felled almost everything before it, fences, trees,
&c., destroying a very large oak, probably near-
ly a century old, standing in front of Mrs.
Little's residence, and doing some damage to
windows in Mr. Pickard's residence.

OUR TABLE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January begins
its eightieth volume with a number that shows
that added years have only increased the attractiveness
and value of this old household favorite. For illustrations
it has, first of all, a fine portrait of its genial publisher,
 hale and hearty after all his years of labor, upon which
he no doubt looks back with pleasant self gratulation;
 a splendid steel plate title page; the usual reliable color-
ed fashion plate; a beautiful design for a gentleman's
 slipper; a handsome wood engraving, a large sheet of
 embroidery, numerous designs of the latest fashions,
 and a great variety of articles for fancy work. The lit-
 erary matter includes contributions by Marion Harland,
 Louise Dorr, Ino Churchill, and other well known popu-
 lar writers. The North American pronounces this num-
 ber "as perfect a magazine as could be desired."

Godey invites attention to the following specialties:—
 Embroidery Patterns, of which sheets containing from
 twenty to thirty patterns, are frequently presented; Orig-
 inal Music; Model Cottages; Drawing Lessons; Horti-
 cultural, Health, and Children's Departments; Recipes;
 Fancy Work Department, and other distinctive features.
 Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year;
 two copies \$5; and liberal discount to clubs.

EVERY SATURDAY.—This week's issue of
 this popular "Journal of Choice Reading selected from
 Foreign Current Literature" contains part third of "The
 Death Penalty, a Narrative," by Jules Simon; "The
 Oldest Human Remains in Europe," by P. Martin Dan-
 can; part 1 of "The Legend of Dunblane," "Sainte-
 Beuve," by Matthew Arnold; "Mr. Baker's Ring," "Dr.
 Livingstone and the Sources of the Nile," "Oxford
 Slang," "Canadian Muffins," "Aunt Sally's Account
 of the Tidal Wave," "Our Secret Society," with a sup-
 ply of "Foreign Notes."
 Published by Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston, at \$5 a
 year.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—Any gentleman
 who wishes to give a lady friend a present would have to
 search long before he would find one more acceptable
 than PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL for 1870, especially
 when its low price is considered. It would be a gift that
 would renew itself every month, with fresh interest and
 increased value. The January number, which is out
 this early, has two beautiful steel engravings—one, "Parted
 by Fate," illustrates a powerfully written story
 by Frank Lee Benedict; the other, "A Bitter Morn-
 ing," is a pleasing winter scene with children on the ice.
 There is also a large fashion plate, engraved on steel and
 beautifully colored; a splendid colored Berlin pattern,
 large and expensive; and a host of minor engravings,
 patterns and designs of many useful and beautiful arti-
 cles. Of the stories it is hardly necessary to speak, so
 many of them have been copied into our paper, but they
 are always good. Peterson's magazine had an immense
 circulation last year, and there is good reason why it
 should be still larger this year, for the publisher promises
 that it shall be better than ever, and he always redeems
 his promises.

The price of this magazine is only TWO DOLLARS a
 year, while the inducements to clubs are very great.—
 Address Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for Decem-
 ber contains an unusually large amount of music; and
 the announcement is made that the entire space of the
 monthly will hereafter be filled with music, one piece of
 which, at least, will be for more advanced players than
 that formerly given. The following will be found in
 this number:

Babe of Bethlehem, Christmas Carol, Song and Chorus;
 She's Sweetest of them all, Comic Song for Gentlemen;
 by Will S. Hayes; Great God, Attend my Humble Call,
 aria for bass or alto voices and quartet; Canning Little
 Dark-Eyed Beauty, music by T. Brigham Bishop; Jamie
 Come a Wooing Me, song for mezzo soprano; Rose Bud
 Quickstep; Holiday March, by G. Kinkel; San Brezen,
 Mazurka Caprice, by Chas. T. Frey; Carolina Waltz, by
 Chas. T. Frey; Come, Sit by My Side Little Darling,
 quartet for male voices, with guitar or flute accompani-
 ment; Brightest and Best (Star of the East), Hymn for
 Christmas, by Bertini; Hark! what mean those heav-
 enly Voices; first part of a beautiful Christmas Anthem;
 Oh, Render Thanks to God above, a Thanksgiving solo
 and quartet; Come Let Us Praise, a Hymn for New Year.

Published by J. L. Peters, 559 Broadway, New York,
 at \$3 a year, with liberal discount for clubs, and valua-
 ble premiums to agents.

WORTH FAR MORE THAN IT COSTS.—A re-
 cent case occurred where a farmer, to save expense,
 omitted to take his local paper for a year. He went to
 market on Monday with a load of 33 bushels of wheat,
 and sold it to the first one who offered him 10 more per
 bushel than he got the week before. With part of the
 money he bought a piece of 42 yards of muslin at 17c.
 per yard. At night he met a neighbor who had sold his
 wheat of the same quality at ten cents a bushel higher,
 and bought the same kind of muslin for 15 cents. His
 local paper had told him of an advance of 10 cents on
 wheat, and who paid it, and he stuck for that price and
 got it. The same paper contained an advertisement of a
 dealer who sold the cotton goods at 10 cents, and he bought
 them there. He made, or saved, \$3.81 on that day's
 trip, from the information gained from one number of his
 paper, while for a whole year it cost him only \$2. The
 single number, costing 6 cents, was worth to him \$1.81
 above a year's subscription. And so it will often be, al-
 though the year—not to mention the fact that his chil-
 dren are growing up intelligent—they learn to read in
 reading the paper, and thus save time and expense at
 school; and they know what is going on in the world,
 have something to think of while at work, and their
 heads are not so much the devil's workshop, for he
 "finds some mischief still for idle hands" and brains.—
 There is another story about the above two farmers. The
 one who got the largest price for his wheat, had also
 more bushels per acre to sell, with the same cost of cul-
 ture. A couple of hints he got from the American Agri-
 culturist, which described the mode of culture and
 kind of seed used by another farmer, were adopted by
 him, and the result was 4 bushels per acre more on 35
 acres—or 140 bushels of wheat, clear gain. Such results
 are very common, and it could hardly be otherwise. A
 large force of practical men are all through the year
 gathering information for the paper, and the result of all
 this is furnished to subscribers for \$1.50, or less to clubs.
 Many cases are known where the occupants of Village
 plots have increased the yield of the little garden many
 dollars' worth during a year, by following the hints and
 suggestions of the Agriculturist. And, aside from these
 and its Household and Children's Department—all valua-
 ble,—and its constant showing up of humbugs, which
 have saved to the country millions of dollars that would
 otherwise have gone into the hands of swindlers. Read-
 ers, such papers are each worth far more than the cost to
 every one, and we can say unhesitatingly, first secure a
 good local paper (our own, if you can find no better), and
 next supply yourselves with the American Agriculturist,
 published by Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New
 York, at \$1.50 a year, or four copies for \$5. A new vol-
 ume, the 25th Annual one, is just beginning, and now is
 just the time to send for it. It will pay far more than its
 cost. You want it; your wife wants it; your children
 want it.

Mr. Whitlow, Indian Agent at Dakotah
 says that a formidable alliance has been con-
 cluded between the Northern Sioux and Crows
 for war against settlers in Eastern Montana and
 Wyoming. The Indians are instigated to this
 by a half breed named Renshaw. This alliance
 threatens the extermination of the whites.

THE petition to Congress in favor of granting
 Cubans belligerent rights is already nearly half
 a mile in length. The second one, which has
 been started in Philadelphia, will be a remark-
 able one. That city promises to give 100,000
 names to the petition.

Our readers may recollect that in April last
 during a freshet, Mr. James L. Stevens, in
 driving across a bridge between West Gardiner
 and Litchfield, was swept into the stream and
 drowned. Upon trial of the indictment under
 the special statute to recover \$1,000 for bene-
 fit of the widow, the jury found that the acci-
 dent was caused by want of care. Verdict not
 guilty.—[Bangor Whig.]

GEORGIA, according to the Washington cor-

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... DEC. 10, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 1, State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.
ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents name below.

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

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Our readers will thank us for giving them, as usual, a brief abstract of President Grant's message, that will enable them to arrive at its substance without wading through half a dozen columns.

The main point of interest is reconstruction, of course. He proposes that Georgia, instead of being sent back to go over the whole ground again, be taken at the point where she expelled the negro members; from which she shall be held to the close terms of reconstruction according to law. In regard to Virginia, he recommends that her senators and representatives to Congress be admitted. He presumes that Mississippi and Texas have also entitled themselves to admission by their late action.

On financial matters he recommends measures for the gradual resumption of specie payments. He is of the opinion the outstanding bonds can be replaced as soon as they become payable, by others bearing at most 4 1/2 per cent. interest. Though the government is now receiving an amount of revenue more than sufficient for its immediate wants—he would not reduce taxation, or enter upon a general revision of the tariff or internal revenue, until by the funding of the debt the expenses of the government are still further reduced. He recommends the re-enactment of the income tax, which expires by its own limitation next July, but he would have the rate of taxation three instead of five per cent.

He earnestly appeals to Congress to legislate in such a manner as to stimulate American commerce.

The President is wise upon Cuban affairs, evidently aiming to avoid any course that will endanger our peaceful relations with Spain. In this respect he by no means meets the hopes of the partisans of Cuba.

He represents the Alabama claims as receiving the earnest attention of the two governments, and expresses the fullest confidence that they will ultimately be settled in an amicable way.

The renewal of the Reciprocity treaty is not favorably considered by the administration. Some arrangement for the regulation of commercial intercourse between the Provinces and the United States he thinks may be desirable.

He recommends a gradual return to specie payments by authorizing the treasury to redeem its own paper at a fixed price whenever it is presented and withholding such redeemed currency till it is sold for gold. He advises funding the national debt at a less rate of interest than is now paid; which he thinks would admit a reduction of some 60 to 80 millions a year of the national revenues. He advises to dignify the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue with a higher rank—and probably higher salary—so that more competent men may be appointed to that department.

The message represents the freedmen as making rapid progress in learning, and says that no complaints are made of lack of industry when they get fair pay for their labor; and attention is respectfully called to a recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior for uniting the duties of supervising the education of freedmen with the other duties devolving upon the Commission of Education.

The sales of public lands during the year have been 7,666,132 acres; of which 2,899,545 were for cash, and 2,737,365 acres entered under the homestead laws, the balance going to railroads and other public works.

The post office department has fallen short of its expenses over five millions of dollars. The patent office has made a net revenue of over two hundred thousand.

Liberal appropriations are recommended for the agricultural bureau; and an increase of certain salaries that have fallen below the demand of the times—the president suggesting that Congress have twice increased their own salaries without thinking of those of other departments.

We thank Mr. C. E. Stuart, the secretary of the Eastern Division Farmers' Club, for notes of their discussion; but they were a little too late for this week, and will appear in our next.

The next meeting of the Club will be at the house of the president, Col. W. E. Drummond, on Wednesday evening next. Subject, "What are the most profitable farm crops?"

LUCKY RAILROADS.—Time has proved that both the Mo. Central and the P. & K. railroads belong to the list of lucky roads. They break down a bridge, miss-set a switch, or smash a car, but as good luck will have it, nobody is killed.

The little acts of carelessness, such as will happen, and "nobody to blame," and such as on other roads result in maiming and slaughter, are providentially so overruled that nobody is hurt and nobody cares for them. Even the newspapers find no fault. For instance—the Journal says that on Tuesday morning a lot of coal cars were left on the bridge, so that the train that backed over from Auburn to Lewiston ran into them in such a way as to make what it calls "a fortunate escape from a serious accident." The Journal is puzzled to see why neither the cars nor locomotive were thrown off the track, in which case, it says, "the whole train could hardly have escaped being plunged into the river." Perhaps the passengers did not even know how fortunately their lives had been saved! Last week the bridge over the Presumpscot, on the P. & K. road, was burned, and a gang of fifty or more men set to rebuild it. The new structure was almost ready for the train when by the weakness of a guy, that "happened" not to be just as it should be, the whole bridge, laden with its fifty workmen, went down into the river in a mass. "Lucky," wasn't it, that not one of the fifty was killed; and even the master mechanic, whose duty it was to avoid the accident, was only rebuked to the extent of three broken ribs! Even he was "lucky." Surely, it is lucky that these are lucky roads; otherwise they might have some unlucky accidents as well as other roads. (We just mention this matter, to teach them gratitude for their good luck.)

The leading newspaper topic of the week has been the assassination of Mr. Albert D. Richardson, of the N. Y. Tribune. Mr. R. was about to marry the divorced wife of a lawyer named McFarland, and while sitting at his desk in the Tribune office, McFarland came in and shot him through the body. He lingered a few days during which he married Mrs. McFarland, and died. The assassin was arrested and sent to prison. He was a dissipated man, and by abuse and neglect had driven his wife to procure a divorce, in which she seems to have had the sympathy and aid of Mr. Richardson, who was a widower, with the understanding that they were to be married when they could do so legally. The political position of Mr. R. drew down upon him, after the shooting, the unscrupulous abuse of the democratic papers, which of course prompted his friends to come to his defence; and the result has been a newspaper squabble in which a great many foolish things have been said.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers announcing that the terms of consolidation of all arranged between the M. C. and the P. & K. Railroads. We don't believe it; but probably it would not take long to agree upon terms, if the legislature would so far forget the public interest as to allow them to consolidate. The whole country is now so thoroughly awake to this matter of railroad consolidation and monopoly that future progress in it will be made only under such disguises as conceal the real object. The subject is already before Congress—not directly, but in a section of the new census bill providing for the procurement of certain railroad statistics. Mr. Garfield, in discussing this bill on Wednesday, said, now that the negro question had been got rid of, the next great fight would be with railroad corporations. Senator Wilson is reported as saying that "mammoth railroad corporations now exert a powerful influence to the disadvantage of the working classes of the country." The Erie railroad fight, as much as its iniquities have been winked out of sight, has opened the eyes of many who before only saw through a glass darkly; and any movement that should bring the matter nakedly before the public eye would do the whole country good. We do not believe, however, that any such movement is to agitate the Maine legislature this winter; and those who have arranged to make Judge Rice president and Mr. Noyes superintendent of the prospective mammoth corporation, have probably done so without consulting either of these gentlemen.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The following bit of agricultural wisdom is going the rounds of the papers:—

After an experience of many years, a writer in the N. E. Farmer says that good cows will eat on an average twenty pounds of hay per day when giving milk, and fifteen pounds per day when dry. Not by guess-work, but tested by actual weight for months at a time.

If this writer had told us how large a cow must be to be "good," and how much milk a "good" cow gives, possibly we could think there was no guess-work in his conclusion. Now, we guess that this conclusion was reached by some "one cow farmer," whose haymow was better adapted to little Jerseys than to big Durhams. Suppose his cow to weigh 1000 lbs., he keeps her on 2 per cent. of her live weight; or if only 500 lbs. she eats 4 per cent. or twice as much per cent. as the other. Which would he call a good cow? A practical farmer would sooner trust to "guess-work" than to the above assertion. Our opinion is that cows will eat very nearly in proportion to their weight and their tendency to milk and fat—the quality rather than the quantity of the milk being considered. A good milker is always a hearty eater. Did anybody ever find the rule to fail?

That was a curious blunder of the Kennebec Journal, that while it admits the necessity of coming up to the endorsement of Mr. Farwell as its candidate for speaker, it backs him on a point where he was not called in question, and pungently points out his weakness by trying to look another way. Call you this backing your friends?

A private letter from a highly distinguished stock-breeder, whose name we do not feel at liberty to give, alluding to the discussion now going on in the Farmer in regard to thoroughbred stock, says,

"I notice with much interest Mr. Hall C. Burleigh's stock discussion. It will do good. Others who have had occasion to contend for recorded blood can sympathize. Mr. Burleigh deserves the good will of all for his efforts."

Mr. Burleigh contends for making thorough working of the thoroughbred principle, by requiring all stock that claims to be thoroughbred, to prove its claim by showing its pedigree according to rule. He contends manfully—and is right.

A shocking accident occurred on Tuesday at the edge tool works of Hubbard, Blake & Co., at West Waterville. One of the large grindstones burst, instantly killing a young man named Ois B. Kelley, who was employed at it. Two other persons, one on his right and one on his left, similarly occupied at other stones, were unhurt, though a portion of the stone went crashing through a large quantity of scythes, throwing them in all directions. Young Kelley was struck in the face and forehead, as he sat directly over the stone, crushing in the skull and forcing out a portion of the brain. He was a steady and highly worthy young man, unmarried, and about 26 years old. His remains were taken to his father's, in Rome, on Wednesday; where the distressed mother, just recovering from severe sickness, agonized over the body of the third son who had met a violent death—one in California and another in Rockland.

Since writing the above a correspondent details the accident, and we add the following paragraph of his letter:

A piece of the stone, of the weight of five or six hundred pounds, passed up through the flooring overhead, and fell with sufficient force to break the upper flooring timbers—the stone remaining in the second story. Mr. Kelley was 26 years of age, and had been in the employ of Hubbard, Blake & Co. some three years. He was a young man of undoubted integrity and unblemished moral character. He leaves a father, mother and a large circle of brothers and sisters to mourn his loss. Eleven years ago the deceased had an elder brother killed in California while engaged at mining.

Prof. Perley, of the Kent's Hill educational staff, and who is also permanently connected with the Classical Institute in this place as teacher of penmanship and book-keeping, closed a very large and successful class at the West Village Thursday evening. His card in another column, announces that he will open a second class at the West Village on Thursday evening next, and another at the Classical Institute, in this village, on Friday evening, the 17th. Mr. Perley's long experience and eminent fitness for teaching these branches is too well known to need commendation; and his connection with the Institute adds another to the many superior advantages offered to the pupils of that school.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The trains arrived late this week, says the Boston Advertiser, and the cattle, suffering from cold and hunger, were in a bad condition, and the market was dull, favoring the buyer. The number of cattle from the West was twice as large as last week, and many remained unsold. The supply of sheep was light, and the market favored the seller. Of working oxen, J. Withee sold 12, 1511 lbs. each, at 73-4c per lb. live weight—one pair to dress 1900 lbs. for \$210.

FREE BRIDGES.—Yes, two of them, to accommodate upper and lower sections, have been constructed within a few days, and people now cross the river either at the Bay or Head of the Falls, as best suits their convenience. It is a rather cold bond of union which now unites the two towns, but it will do until we can have a better.

DOG TAX.—Mr. Boothby, our Chief Selectman, in response to our inquiry, informs us that in accordance with the provisions of the State law dogs are taxable only when towns so vote yearly; that in 1863, in our town 63 dogs were taxed; in '64 there was no action; in '65, ninety-seven dogs were taxed, and in '66, eighty-eight; since which there has been no action, simply because the necessary article was not put into the warrant. He says, further, that no small share of these taxes he has been compelled to abate, people being very unwilling to acknowledge any ownership of dogs. This furnishes a hint to those who wish to abate a growing nuisance, and we hope that some friend of sheep will see that the proper article is put into the next warrant.

After a fire on Lisbon Street, Lewiston, on Friday night last, which consumed Mr. Varney's book-store, the body of a young lawyer named Chaplin, who slept in an upper room, was found among the ruins in the cellar, nearly consumed. It was supposed the fire commenced in the room where he slept, and that he was smothered by the smoke. He was president of the Y. M. C. Association, and highly respected, and his death produced great excitement in Lewiston.

The alarm of fire at Kendall's Mills, at 9 1/2 o'clock on Monday evening, was caused by a little conflagration at the Methodist parsonage, supposed to originate from a defect in the chimney. The fire was subdued very quickly by a couple of fire extinguishers. Damage about \$100.

A SNOW STORM began on Monday afternoon and raged violently through the night and until nearly noon of the next day, leaving us with about a foot of snow very unevenly distributed. Between the drifts and bare ground, where the snow has blown clean from the road, the travelling is far from being good.

OUR TABLE.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The number for December 18 contains a picture of "The Post of Our Woods," Bryant, with the trees he loves so well all around him; "A Florida Scene," a beautiful wild view of forest and lake; a Goldsmith's Work Shop of the olden time; and a most charming sylvan scene, "A Sunday Morning," elegantly done on steel. Two chapters of "The Woman of Business," a serial story by the author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," are given, and Maria J. McIntosh has a good story, entitled "For a Day, or Forever." Prof. T. B. Maury discusses the question "Is the Earth Coming to a Stand-still?" T. B. Thorpe has a sharp article on "The Abuse of the Backwoods;" "The Greek Idea of Gymnastics" is discussed; and there are several other good articles, with the usual allowance of "Table Talk," "Notes," etc.

Published every week by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$5 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The December number of this favorite juvenile contains the conclusion of a capital story, by Miss Alcott, entitled "The Old-fashioned Girl," which we know all have read with interest, and a good supply of entertaining and instructive reading besides. In the January number will be commenced a new serial, entitled "Battles at Home," by Miss Mary Greenleaf Darling, which will tell the story of four boys and the fight they made, and the publishers are confident that it will be voted to be the story of the year by the young people of America. Louise M. Alcott will continue to furnish short stories and sketches, and other contributions have been secured from many of the best writers for the young. The other features of this charming juvenile will be continued with increased attraction, and no doubt it will be a greater favorite in 1870 than in any former year.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year; three copies for \$4; five for \$6; ten for \$11.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for November comes late but it is full of valuable matter, with some beautiful illustrations. We never peruse a number of this excellent monthly, without wondering how it can be afforded at so low a price. All of our best mechanics, and a large number of the shop hands of the Maine Central Railroad Company, take this work and prize it highly.

Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 a year; and in clubs of twenty at \$1.

HENRICKSON, at his store, one door north of the Post Office, is daily receiving new and beautiful things for Christmas and New Year's, so that all who are looking for presents will know where to find them. Read his advertisements.

THE INDEPENDENT.—This well known paper, which has long been a power in the land and has done good service in the cause of freedom, has attained its majority and celebrates its twenty-first birth day by issuing a triple sheet; but in the excitement of its jubilation it indulges in much of what in a secular paper would be called "brag," and in one of its cartoons, it indulges in a mean thrust at a rival paper of the same denomination, which we know all true friends of the Independent will be sorry to see. Henry Ward Beecher, Father Hyacinthe, Lucretia Mott, Uncle Sam, President Grant, Mr. Colfax, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Sumner, and others, are drinking the health of the Independent in ice water, while a cur with a collar labelled "Advance" is scurrying away from the group in mortal terror, with its tail between its legs. Take from this mammoth sheet the brag and bluster and the advertising matter, and there is no more reading left than will be found in the Advance, while the latter is more handsomely printed, on better paper, and even though hailing from Chicago, is more modest in its pretensions.

MEMORIAL HALL.—The Trustees of Colby University have issued in a pamphlet—neatly printed by N. Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston—a full account of the services at the laying of the corner stone of Memorial Hall, Aug. 14, 1867; and at the Dedication of the same, Aug. 10th, 1869—including Statement of President Champlin, Dr. Babcock's Address, Gen. Plaisted's Address, Statement of Ex-Gov. Coburn, Remarks of Senator Hamlin, Response of President Champlin, Response of Gen. Plaisted, Rev. Dr. Bosworth's Address, Dedictory Hymn, a list of articles deposited beneath the corner stone, etc. Prefixed to the pamphlet is a fine photograph of Memorial Hall, executed by Carleton.

President Champlin, through whose able financial engineering the enterprise has been carried to its final completion, the friends of the University who have so liberally contributed the necessary funds, and the citizens of our village, may well congratulate themselves as they look upon this beautiful edifice, at once a proud memorial of the loyalty and devotion of the sons of Waterville and a much needed building for the University, and rejoice that a memorial hall was chosen instead of a simple soldier's monument.

The Chapel, it may be well to add, has been in use since Commencement, and the Library is completed and the books are all on the shelves—but the shelves are not full. However the liberal annual expenditure provided, with the gifts of friends, will eventually remedy that.

CARLETON is out with an important announcement for the holidays, which all will do well to read and heed.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—If you will skate, and we really wish you would, do be careful. Several persons have already been drowned in this State, short as the skating season has been this fall—a young lady, whom we mentioned last week; Frank Denneth, a young man of 20 years, at Waldoboro'; Webster Reed, a young man, at Madison; John A. Buck's oldest son, of Bethel, aged 12; Noah Ames, of Lock's Mills in Bethel, aged 22; Watson D. Bean, aged 15, and a lad at Bath barely escaped with his life.

THE ARROSTOOK PIONEER appears with a new heading and a new suit of type. Good enough for you, Bro. Gilman.

THE PHILADELPHIA Commercial Exchange, a building which cost \$250,000, was burned Tuesday afternoon.

FIRE.—A barn belonging to Henry Taylor, Esq., now of Portland, situated in Fairfield, near the Ten Lots, was burned on Monday night of last week, with all its contents, consisting of several tons of hay, carriages, farming tools. The premises were in the occupancy of employees on the Somerset railroad, but the contents of the barn belonged to Mr. B. Heronson of W. Waterville. The barn was insured for \$250 in the Springfield company; the hay for \$300 in the Merchant's, of Providence, and the carriages for \$300 in the Union of Bangor.

A temporary bridge, nearly completed at Falmouth in place of the one burned last week, fell on Saturday night by the breaking of a guy, and several persons were injured but none were killed.

MISS PRUDENCE SNOW, an aged Christian woman, one of the oldest residents of Augusta, universally beloved and respected, died on Monday last at the age of eighty-seven and one-half years. The Kennebec Journal says she was the first person ever baptized in Kennebec river, and adds that "Persons of every religious denomination could safely point to her as a living witness to the power of vital religion in the heart; and even the irreligious and sceptical were constrained to acknowledge the purity and symmetry of her life."

MELVILLE G. HANSCOM, Esq., lately appointed Judge in Minnesota, in place of Gov. Austin, is a son of Timothy F. Hanscom, of China, and was a student at law with the late Hon. Timothy Boutelle of Waterville.

NORTH KENNEBEC FARMER'S CLUB.—Western Division—were unable to hold a meeting at the appointed time, on account of the storm and bad travelling; but will hold a meeting at Town Hall next Tuesday evening, at which time the "Winter Feeding of Stock" will be discussed.

So energetic is the management on the railroads that notwithstanding the severity of the late storm, the trains were only delayed about two hours on Monday.

GEN. CALB STEVENS, of Pittston, a well known citizen, who has held many prominent positions, died very suddenly on Saturday last, as we learn from the Home Journal.

ANOTHER.—A Farmers' Club is to be organized at the Webb schoolhouse Saturday evening. Subject of discussion, "Raising of Potatoes."

The Boston Flour Mills, three large buildings on Commercial Wharf, were burned on Tuesday evening last, involving a loss of nearly \$200,000.

The roads were never rougher than they were last week, and until the late fall of snow, Stages had a hard time of it and in many instances were broken down.

COLD.—For several nights the thermometer has indicated severe cold, ranging all the way from 12 to 17 degrees below zero. In one town in New Hampshire they boast of 26 degs.

ADJOURNED.—The good time at Temple's Hall is deferred to next Tuesday evening, on account of the storm. When it comes it will be good.

JOHN MAY, Esq., has been chosen as the Winthrop representative in place of F. E. Webb, deceased.

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.

Our former townsman and friend, Franklin Kimball, Esq., who has lately committed his fortunes to Virginia, writes a familiar letter to the senior, from which we copy a portion. It is dated

Great Stony Creek, Va., Nov. 30th, 1869.

The extraordinary fertility of the soil is a feature truly wonderful, producing 75 and even as high as 115 bushels of corn per acre on lands that have been cropped every year for forty years without fertilizing. The valleys, the mountain slopes, and the very summits of the highest mountains, are alike fertile. The whole region is alluvial, highly impregnated with salt-petre, intermixed with gray, blue, fossiliferous, lime stone, iron, lead, coal and various other minerals; a magnificent growth of timber, the firmest and toughest grain of white oak and hickory I ever saw; fine black and chestnut oak, affording any amount of bark for tanning purposes, and many other valuable varieties in great abundance. Our Great Stony Creek affords any amount of manufacturing power, and a sufficient flow for running out logs. The New River, which is about as large as the Kennebec, above Waterville, is about to be opened for steamboat navigation from the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad to the Chesapeake and Ohio R. R., at the mouth of the Greenbrier. This opens to us the facilities for transportation. The Great and Little Stony Creeks, Sinking Creek, Wolf Creek, and Walker's Creek all flow into this river and from the magnificent valley of Giles County, which this year has shipped 75,000 bushels of wheat and last year 50,000 bushels of corn with a population of 5,000.

The lands on the south west side of Great Stony Creek, for five miles from its mouth, were cleared many years ago, and are now well cultivated by a very intelligent class of farmers who raise very large stocks of cattle, horses, hogs and sheep.

I am located at Peck's Mills, about in the center of this valley, 2 1/2 miles from New River. My timber lands are located around this valley and extend to New River. This is the most charming valley in the world. The three great sentinels, Angels Rest, Butt Mountain and Peter's Mountain, as they look down from the North, East and South, their crowns covered with massive trees bowing their tiny heads lest

they touch the toes of the ascended saints, keep eternal vigilance over their mountain glen, refreshing it with showers and sunshine while they roll back the tornado's shrieking blast. The climate is delightful; no snow or freezing weather yet. The sheep are still in the mountains and the cattle are grazing in the fields. The people talk about an Indian Summer about the middle of December. We have a saw and grist mill, affording sufficient power and offering great inducements to enterprising manufacturers of lumber, flour and wool, with an ample home market for not only these, but for cabinet work, chairs, leather, wagons, cooperage and patronage for shoemakers and blacksmiths, and the only place I ever saw where there was a demand for trades. There is one paper printed in this county, but I judge from the looks of it that another could not be supported.

Now, Maxham, if you would take your flock of Merinos from Irish Hill, and transfer them into these mountains, they would express their gratitude by returning you two fold profit. It is the finest sheep range in this country. Come out from the engorged of that haggard country, and bask in the sunshine of the old Dominion for a while; feed your flocks upon these grand old turrets, where you can look out into the great universe of God and draw inspirations from the founts of eternal truth. I have never seen a section of this country offering such inducements for enterprise in every branch of business as this. Wherever an improvement or a business is started success follows.

GOVERNMENT AND RAILROAD SECURITIES.—The Secretary of the Treasury has advertised that he will buy thirteen millions of the Government bonds during December. This may keep the price up to the present figure, but as Congress may decide not to continue these purchases, it is very likely that lower rates may be looked for. Banks inform us that many persons are now selling their Government bonds, while the premium is still large, and reinvesting in first-class railroad bonds, which pay about one-third more interest, and which are a perfectly safe security. Among the bonds now offered we know of none better than those of the Central Railroad of Iowa. The road runs through one of the richest portions of that splendid state, which is already well settled, and gives it a large business; and the directors are gentlemen of wealth and high standing. The bonds are being rapidly taken, and the advertised agent in this place will furnish all particulars. One thing is certain a first mortgage for a moderate amount, upon a good railroad is one of the best possible securities.

Monday night fire broke out in the storehouse at Pittsfield, Me., owned by Simonds Brothers, containing about \$6000 worth of bedsteads. The building and contents were entirely consumed. Adjacent to the above was another storehouse owned by F. E. Parks filled with hay and flour, which with its contents was also totally destroyed. The entire loss is about \$10,000.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—GEO. H. Collins deposed: I have long regarded the Wheeler & Wilson Machine as the most ingenious in plan and the most remarkable in its performance. The wide range of work to which it is adapted, the great rapidity of its movement, and its almost noiseless execution, are due to its peculiar construction. I am satisfied that one of these machines will do eight or ten times as much as can be done by hand, and quite one fifth more than any other two-thread machine will. No machine of equal merit has been under my observation.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer Consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. The use of a single bottle costing a dollar, will satisfy the incredulous that they need look no further for the required aid.

A number of illegal stills were broken up in New York last week under the lead of General Pleasanton, aided by 500 United States troops. The mob was indignant at the sight of the destruction of the stills, and indulged in some abuse with the tongue and occasionally a brickbat, but kept out of reach of the bayonets.

The Anson Advocate is informed that the dwelling house, barn and out buildings belonging to Mr. Rohnd Luce of Lexington were totally destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. The family were away at a sick neighbor's at the time, and were too late to save anything but the live stock in the barn.

Mr. J. Y. McClintock of Belfast is out in a communication protesting against paying the subscription of Belfast as well as individual subscriptions, to the Belfast and Moose Head Lake Railroad, on the ground that the change in its route vitiates the contract.

L. H. Eaton, Esq., of Bangor, has been appointed Superintendent of the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad. This road is now prepared to carry passengers through to Dover and Foxcroft.

The Assumption Commissioners having made up their lists of awards of Municipal War debts, are making out the required certificates for the same, which will be paid in 6 per cent. State bonds on 20 years. The following is a list of some of the largest towns in the State, showing the amounts received: Portland, \$166,041; Bangor, \$90,565; Lewiston, \$40,958; Auburn, \$28,100; Farmington, \$14,256; Dear Isle, \$22,403; Bucksport, \$20,758; Augusta, \$44,466; Gardiner, \$23,108; Waterville, \$19,883; Rockland, \$39,966; Camden, \$22,731; Paris, \$17,238; Norway, \$9,350; Bethel, \$11,541; Lovell, \$6,400; Dexter, \$1,666; Brewer, \$14,775; Bath, \$43,033; Richmond, \$12,866; Skowhegan, \$19,066; Belfast, \$30,258; Ellsworth, \$26,908; Calais, \$25,459; Eastport, \$16,750; Biddeford, \$65,041; Saco, \$27,708; Wells, \$18,408.

Louis Rielle, the leader of the Winnipeg rebels, is quite a young man, and has demonstrated no peculiar mental or military ability. He was born at Red River in 1845, of poor parents, and is of French origin. Thirteen years ago he was sent by the bishop of his native district to Montreal, to be educated for the priesthood. He remained there nine years and proved rather a successful scholar. Having refused to join the priesthood the protection of his friends was withdrawn from him and he had thenceforth to struggle for a living.

A rising is threatened in Ireland and the cabinet is discussing measures for its suppression.

