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Maxham & Wing

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WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the day was young, Mary,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was
With crimson rays of glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Mary,
Your very hair was brown,
Your cheek was like the wild rose
That blossomed in the garden,
That showered its petals down,
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture gleaming,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The Spring was in our hearts, Mary,
And all its hopes were ours,
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers,
As I life was like a Summer day,
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Mary,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair,
That o'er your shoulders strayed,
In sunny a soft and sunny tress—
The fairest ever seen,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Mary,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eyes the old love light,
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

[From O'pady's Lady's Book.]

NETTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY TWO CHURCHILL.

[Concluded.]

Two weeks had passed away, and she had received her dismissal from every family who had employed her. She made no remonstrance and asked no questions, and as the weeks went by she shrank within herself, and away from others, as though she were the guilty thing they thought her; growing distrustful of mankind, and thankless toward her God; breathing because she could not help it; sleeping from dull weariness, and waking to vague pain; existing merely as things exist that have no aim or purpose, no seed to germinate, no bud to flower, no fruit to ripen and mature. At last she woke to find that even such a life must be sustained; her means of livelihood had been cut off, and every cent expended, diminished the treasury whose store she could not augment.

Mr. Stanhope, having heard the circulating stories, and quickly divining who it was that sought clandestine interviews with her, with characteristic meanness forbade his wife to have any communication with the girl, and she dared not disobey him.

Friendless, and forlorn, approaching with steady steps extreme poverty, Nettie found her most shake off the incubus, and exert herself to supply her daily needs. It was useless for her to apply for a situation anywhere in her native place, and were it not, she was too proud to sue. So she went to a neighboring village round and round in fruitless search of honorable employment, and returned with scarce a dollar left. There was one way open to her, only one at all accessible; she might find work in a factory where many of the girls bore doubtful reputations. She shrank from this with a dread that only the pure and innocent can understand.

She took a seat by the window, and leaned her head on her hand, disheartened. Had it come to this? She who her independent spirit, proud nature, and innocent life, forced in her native town to a choice between dishonor and starvation. In two days more it would come to that. Or, if by a pitiful crust thrown at her, she did not starve when the winter came, that autumn even now forewarned her, of cold, she live through the darkness and cold of the fearful nights, though she might crouch at day where the sun's slant rays gave niggard cheer? How strange it seemed. She had heard that people sometimes starved, but that was far off in great cities, and she deemed their own improvidence and mismanagement brought them thus low, and held that as half excuse for not growing sick with pity. Were there too many in the world, that God sometimes was cramped in his resources, and hungry lips and glazing eyes petitioned Him in vain? Oh, thoughtless world! Oh, cruel denizens thereof! that one for need of sustenance or sympathy should perish from this world. Oh, gracious God and pitiful! that one should weary grow of life, yet live, and dying live on.

Alone, among a city full, almost more desolate than though living a hermit life apart from men, a youth wandered at night where the blaze of light cast a glamour over all visible things, and fluttered brightly and temptingly about the passages to unseen resorts. Pleasant and alluring they must be, for there was something mysterious and beckoning in every motion of the noiseless door; in every wave of fluttering light that wafted out like summoning hands; and many went in, but none seemed to come out. He had noticed that, and wondered where the avenues might lead to, and whether the best enter. He was not entirely ignorant of the folly and sin that might hold sway behind those smoothly-gliding doors. He had thought never to enter them; he had hoped to be a man, but the opportunity seemed lost. He had come to the city with the noble hope of a young, manly heart, to make his mark in the world, and repay with interest the debt he had necessarily put himself under. He was without friends, where all were hurrying and scrambling for themselves. He could strike no current that would flow upwards; he held himself from that, gliding swiftly downward, though it strove to encircle and bear him on, till the opposing forces twined him round and round with bewildering power. But his strength was giving way. All the weary two months he had unwaveringly adhered to his purpose. No one anywhere needed help or wished a clerk. Every niche seemed full, every store had its complement of salesmen, every shop its full number of workmen, every express passed its forwarder, every load of dirt, or stone, or coal its special trundler, every bundle and box its specific motive power. Where could he seek for work?

He would not heed the voice that bid him turn from the city. He was not willing to give up anything he had undertaken; besides, there was a spell of witchery about him such as city scenes extend over the youthful heart and unwary mind. It was a moment of indecision with the youth whether or not he should seek society in one of those enchanted places, when he was accosted by a young man with—

"On the lookout for fun, stranger? If so come in, and I will introduce you to something rich, placing his hand on his shoulder as he spoke, and partly forcing him toward the door.

The countenance of the stranger was pleasing, and his tones winning, and the youth yielded, as much perhaps to his own wishes for companionship as to the other's persuasions. It was the first time he had ever stepped his foot over the threshold of such a place, but he felt the charm of the surroundings almost instantly.

There were light, and music, and good cheer. Convivial glasses touched each other, and the clear wine sparkled pleasantly. Young men, whose carefully arranged dress, and easy grace of manners, and familiarity with the elegant appointments of the room, betokened the fact that in all things, that to make up the show and glitter, if not the solid happiness of this life, they had daily part; and our stranger felt a little glow of pride at being received as one of their number, and almost forgot his own anxiety in his desire to be considered an acquisition to the party. It is true he had glanced a little uneasily at the baize-covered table, and a vague thought of shame once or twice shot through his mind, and, but for the dazzle and fascination about him, he would have been shocked when he was asked to join the game where large sums of money must be lost or won.

He was sorely tempted; he was in such desperate need. He had a debt that must be paid; honor, and right, and all things good insisted that it must. If in playing he should win? He put his hand into his pocket almost ready to stake what he had left. But if he lost? Ah, well! It would be loss of money, character, reputation, and all. Something, he did not know what, held him back from the act. A backward thought, over a space that memory constantly, and conscience tauntingly, bridged for him. Did the two spirits, so weak in themselves, and yearning so for help they could not grasp, each almost in the last surge of despair, meet that night, and in the contact grow strong, as counter waves rolling on toward each other with equal force and volume meet and mingle into perfect calm? Or, did the good angel who attends our steps lay on the arm one moment a detaining hand?

"Not now," he said to those who urged him. "I am unused to this; let me look on." And he sat down, seemingly absorbed in the progress of the game.

But it was not the game before his eyes that held his gaze. A deeper one was going on in his heart, the issues of which were most manifest. There was a wily mover there. The well-arranged board was disordered; the least prominent pieces took the foreground, and those to which he trusted most dropped out. From whence? To what? The question came. From truth and honor; to evil, maybe, and perhaps remorse. He looked around the room. Just as these young men were dropping, fair-faced and fresh most of them, and promising. Dropping out of home and hearts from all over the city, leaving vacuums that could not be filled, hollows, agasp and sickening, where pain's sirocco blew hot and fierce, and yet as empty as the wind. But he? The only hand he had a right to look to, and that should have held him, had opened purposely and dropped him out. Yes, he could fall and leave no unclosed wound.

The game progressed. The chances were desperate now; two pieces, now disputant—right and wrong, good and evil. The game at the table was closing; should he play the next? Should he drop like the rest? He leaned his head on his hand in the struggle. Once in dire necessity a girl's fair hand had helped him. Were those her fingers now, almost phantom-like and shadowy in their beckoning? Were they losing the eagerness with which they had pressed the succor on him, and now half-listlessly motioned him toward the right, little recking if he took the wrong? He wavered. The subtle mover held his skillful hand upon the piece, kept his wary eye on the place he meant to occupy. One moment more!

"O George," the echo came, "for the sake of this hour, in which we have seen how much there is to be hoped for, how much to be shunned, be a brave, true man."

"I will, so help me, Heaven!" the answer came again, so loud it startled those around; and with one determined stride, the youth reached the door, the outlet from his great temptation, and in the fresh, pure evening air, that swept Nettie Arnold's cheek with such dread premonition, he brushed his eyes free of the glamour that shaded them, and threw back the brown hair from his clear, broad brow, that yet held the signet of purity upon it.

Frederick Carrol, Carrie Davis' "bachelor uncle," was a man of wealth, and some of his superabundance was invested in the large business firm of Maxwell, Hanford, & Co., in the city. Mr. Carrol was the silent partner, and the day after the one in which the youth we have mentioned had so nearly fallen, he sat with Mr. Maxwell in the large and pleasant office. The day had well passed noon, and the conference of the gentlemen was over. Mr. Maxwell had turned to his memoranda, and Mr. Carrol had taken up a newspaper to read a paragraph that had caught his eye, when a clerk sought admittance for a stranger. It was granted, and he proved to be one of the numberless applicants that daily thronged our stores and offices in search of employment.

"There is no vacancy, young man," replied the senior partner, rather impatiently, as the great need was urged.

The youth flushed and hesitated. All day long he had been the rounds, to be greeted by the same uncompromising answer. He must succeed, and he turned an appealing glance on the wealthy merchant; but he, used to such expressions, waved the applicant aside.

The beseeching eyes grew almost tearful, as he murmured, "Will no one save me from destruction?" and then the frank face clouded, and the hands clenched, as opening the door, he turned to say: "If I go down these stairs with my present feelings, I walk directly to perdition."

The two gentlemen were startled with the dreadful meaning of his words, and Mr. Carrol suggested that he should be called back and questioned.

"I was at school some distance from home; father had allowed me a small amount of spending money, that was to be furnished by the professor, and included in the bill for tuition. An exigency arose which called for some fifty dollars more. I wrote to father, but not receiving a reply in time, my preceptor willingly advanced the money, then wrote to my father in explanation. Father was very angry, refused to repay the loan or the year's bill, and recalled me. He says he did not get my letter. I acknowledged I was wrong in not waiting a reply, but he would not hear. I am his only child, but he turned me off without a cent," and the youth covered his face a moment.

"How came you by the two hundred dollars you mentioned?" asked Mr. Maxwell, rather sternly.

"It was four hundred when I received it, sir. I am ashamed to say that I borrowed it of—of my sister."

"Ha!" said the old gentleman, frowning. "I thought you were the only child; your stories do not support themselves."

"She is worthy the name of sister, though she is not related to me; she is the step-daughter of my father's second wife, and only in the two short vacations I have been home since father married again, have I seen Nettie. I had no claim on her; she is a year older than I, and I know her help and counsel have at least delayed my ruin, and made me wish to be a man."

"Is this young lady rich?" pursued Mr. Maxwell, determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

"No, sir, she is a music teacher, and no doubt carefully saved the money she loaned me."

"She has a piano, then?"

"No, sir; she had one, but father sold it," said the youth, flushing again.

"Humph!" said Mr. Maxwell, glancing at Mr. Carrol, who was listening so intently that he had leaned forward, with an excited color playing over his face.

"Oh, sir, give me employment!" urged the youth; "the debt I hold to my tutor I must pay, and to my sister I shall return the money I have left, if with it I relinquish my last hope." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he started up, and gasped: "Tell me, sir, would four hundred dollars buy a piano?"

"Yes, certainly, a very good one; do you wish to purchase?"

"Good Heaven! what a shameful brute I am," he exclaimed, the blood dying in his face to crimson, as he paced excitedly up and down the room, shaking himself as if held by a hand he could not throw off.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mr. Carrol, speaking for the first time.

"George Stanhope, sir, of R—," though I have scarcely spent a month there."

"How long have you been in the city?"

"A little over two months, sir."

"Tell me how you have spent your time."

And with a pathos and eloquence fired by his overwrought feelings, young Stanhope gave him a history of his hopes and failures. Of the temptations that had assailed him, and would have overcome him but for the thought of the girlish hand that seemed to hold him back, and he groaned aloud, as the truth forced itself upon him, that to supply a need his father had made obligatory she had toiled to save, what she afterward kindly sacrificed to that unmanly father's son.

Mr. Carrol could see the torture he was enduring as he forced himself through the recital; but he skillfully drew the thoughts to the surface while Mr. Maxwell silently looked on. When the questioning was over, he brought his list heavily down on the desk.

"Mr. Carrol," said he, "I'll make a place for this young man for that girl's sake; what say you?"

But Mr. Carrol did not say much, his thoughts were too deeply occupied in thinking of that young girl, and what he knew of the result of her sacrifice. But it was arranged, and the papers signed that should give young Stanhope a liberal salary as second bookkeeper for the firm.

"Now," said Mr. Carrol, after the young man had recovered his voice enough to express his thanks, "I am acquainted with Miss Arnold, whom you call your sister, and I know what you have said is true. I am going to R— in an hour. If you wish to send a line to her, I will carry it. You will find pen and paper at the desk."

Stanhope bowed; he could not speak, and the two men watched him, as his pen flew over the paper. They could guess at the characters it formed, and by what it was prompted; and they smiled at each other as his face lighted up with noble beauty, and they divined that their names were receiving grateful mention.

Mr. Maxwell drew his hand across his eyes, and Carrol shaded his face a little, as the two hundred dollars were carefully folded and inclosed, and a boyish tear, half of shame, half of irrepressible feeling, fell upon it.

Nettie Arnold had cleared her scant table again; she had not the wherewithal to procure another meal. Her face had grown hard; she had decided. The next morning would find her at the factory. She could be as innocent there as anywhere; her fair fame was already tarnished; this overt act might corroborate the evil thoughts of her, but she was pure, and some time God would set the matter right. She scarcely heeded the knock that sounded at the door, she was locked within herself. But at last she arose and admitted the caller. It was Mr. Carrol, who, seeing the look of settled anguish on her face, immediately made his business known as the bearer of a letter from George Stanhope.

"Read it now, in my presence if you please; I think I know its contents."

She obeyed, holding the paper near the window to catch the fading twilight, and the surges of joy that welled up into her heart, and spread over her face as she read on, nearly took away her breath, and faint with joy and thankfulness, she slipped down upon her knees, and, forgetful of all else, uttered her thanksgivings in words so trembling with emotion and fraught with tenderness, they were inaudible save to Him who bent His gracious ear to listen.

overheard my sister that dark night, when she repeated those dreadful words to you, and I have seen how bravely you have borne up under the ungenerous suspicions that have hung over you. I did not believe you other than the pure angel. I now find you to be, though I had no power to stay the current of public sentiment in regard to the matter, save by always treating you with the respect and esteem which every woman should inspire."

"O Mr. Carrol," said Nettie extending a hand, which he clasped warmly, "yours was the only kind face I met. If it had not been for your hopeful smile and word, I should have died. Oh, how I have thanked you! how I thank you now!" her beautiful face upturned to him in its quiver of feeling and happiness.

"I am going to Mr. Stanhope now, Miss Nettie, and if shame has a blush, his cheeks shall grow red as his heart is black. Your brave character, your noble self-denial, and stainless purity shall stand out in their fair proportions, and all who sought to malign, shall delight to praise you. I envy you this fair white hand, that it did not reach to the miry clay, and draw forth the victim that was in danger of sinking there; that did not shrink from thrusting itself into the flame to pluck from the burning one brand the untoward world had heedlessly cast there."

Mr. Carrol fulfilled his promise, and many a fearful, repentant face was held for Nettie's forgiving kiss, and rough lips begged pardon for slighting words that had been allowed to pass them.

Nettie did not get her piano until after she became a bride, and Carrie Davis was nearly wild with delight when her "bachelor uncle" woke up to find that girls were sometimes something more than playthings, and sued for and obtained the gentle heart that had borne itself so bravely against the storm that had beat upon, and nearly overcome it.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol now count among the number that go to make up the city full. No petitioning hand of friendless girl, or beseeching eye of homeless boy appeals to them in vain. Their sympathies are free and large, their hands are closed to none.

George Stanhope, having steadily risen in the favor of his employers, is now the junior partner of the great firm. His step is elastic and proud, his heart clear, his eye clear with the light of a happy heart and an unstained life. Never a day passes that he does not seek Mrs. Carrol's home, and somehow he never can leave her without taking her hand, and though he seldom utters his thanks, there is something in his lingering touch that reminds her of the day when her slender fingers proved stronger than the cords of vice to him.

Nettie Carrol is happy in her home, and in the adoration of her husband, yet there lingers something in her face that speaks of days not always bright. I think we never entirely lose the shade heart-suffering has cast about our features. Yet, as in the material world, there are pleasant shadows; such as fall through the amber cloud, that for a time obscures the sun. Or, that lie nestled eastward of the great rock over which the king of day has traveled; and yet, methinks, those that follow up the sun, and go creeping down the rock's western slope, and sweep toward the horizon, have in them a warmer tinge, like the subdued light, may be, that softly radiates from the star just rising, bearing likeness to the star of eternal hope.

Fathers! mothers! sisters! there are dropping, out of our homes, out of our lives, out of our hearts—*young men*—into the soil, and slime, and filth of this evil world! Hedge up the way; stretch out the hand; hate to the rescue; for there are shadows that envelop the sunlight and swallow up hope, going gloomily, greedily on till lost in the darkness that knows no morning. If there were no sunlight there could be no shadow; better than the home-shield should prove the shadow to stunt the growth, than that the young plant should shoot quickly above and from the roof-tree, to a premature ripeness and enforced decay.

Every morning hath its fresh altar, clean swept, with its wood prepared, its fire made ready. Perhaps it waiteth a sacrifice that shall result in salvation to some youthful heart, hovering, wavering, twist right and wrong.

WHAT IS A GOOD COW?—A writer in a recent number of the Galaxy gives the following general hints regarding the selection of a good cow for milk producing:

First, Health, a good constitution or digestive apparatus, for which we require a large belly. Second. That the largest possible development of the animal shall be behind, in the udder and parts adjacent. A good cow is likely to be wedge shaped, of which the head is the smaller end. Big head, or horns, or shoulders are not desired, because they have to be nourished by the food. But these are indispensable: a large bag, and hind quarters to support and minister to it. What do our milkmen look for in selecting milk cows? The first appearance, to a judge, will convey an impression as to the health or constitution of the cow. He will ask also, a bony frame, one that does not steal the fat from the milk; and he will feel the skin, to find it flexible and covered with close soft hair; he will ask for good lung room, a capacious belly, a wide rump and well developed bag, covered with soft hair. Extending from this bag forward, he will be desirous to see prominent the two great veins which lose themselves in the belly; and on the back of the udder he will look for many well defined branching veins. Then comes Guenon's "milk mirror," which is a broad strip of hair running up from the udder to the vulva, which is considered the one thing useful; but which has not, in this country, been found an infallible test, though it is a good one. If, in addition, the cow is gentle, good tempered, you are almost sure of a milk-maker. Look for that kind.

A young man thought to frighten two young ladies upon their return from a party in Sparta, Tenn., a few nights ago, by wrapping himself in a sheet and suddenly appearing before them on a lonely road. One of the ladies fainted and fell to the ground, and the other ran home, reaching there a raving maniac.

On account of the rapid decline in gold the Central Pacific railroad company prefer to receive their freight charges in currency which promises to rise on their hands. Shrewd fellows they.

OUR TABLE.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," Charles Reade's dramatic story, will, it seems, continue to delight the readers of THE GALAXY during the greater part of the next year. The eminent novelist is evidently intending to make one of his most elaborate and powerful works of fiction. To enable new readers of THE GALAXY to follow this story, the publishers—Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York—offer to give to all new subscribers, a copy of a handsome volume of about 200 pages, containing all of "Put Yourself in His Place," that has been published up to the January number.

The Galaxy's programme for 1870 is, in other respects, a very inviting one. A new story from Mrs. Edwards, the author of "Susan Fielding," "Archie Lovell," etc., and one of the very best female novelists writing the English language, is promised to begin, probably, on the completion of Mr. Reade's story. Anthony Trollope will furnish a series of "Editor's Tales," in which he will work an entirely new vein. Parke Godwin, one of the ablest of American writers, will give THE GALAXY a series of noteworthy articles on historical subjects. Richard Grant White will continue his critical and social essays. Justin McCarthy, whose skill as an effective magazine writer is perhaps unequalled, will supply critical analyses of prominent individuals in politics, science and letters. A very attractive series of articles will be that by a late Ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he will give personal recollections of the interior life of Rome; describing the character and daily life of the Pope, the cardinals, the priests, monks, etc. Another series likely to attract attention will be one dealing trenchantly with the society of to-day, under a unique form. Science will be represented by Dr. J. C. Dalton and J. C. Draper, both very eminent physiologists, and others.

The editorial departments of THE GALAXY will be maintained and extended. The editorial force is very large, and includes some of the best talent in American periodical literature; the chief editors being the Messrs. Church, who are assisted by Richard Grant White, Justin McCarthy, George C. Pond, S. S. Conant, J. F. Melville and others. A new feature will be a comprehensive monthly review of the literature of the world, which must be of the highest value to all intelligent readers.

Among THE GALAXY's list of contributors are nearly all the most famous of American, besides many of the most popular of European, writers. This magazine evidently proposes to make the campaign of 1870 a vigorous and successful one.

THE JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE and Floral Magazine for December has articles on Seedling Potatoes; Hardy Rhododendrons and their Culture; California Fruit; Grape Growing in Virginia; A Curious Apple; Poppies and Marigolds; Keeping Qualities of Grapes; More of Canker Worms; A Distinction without a Difference; Grapes in 1869; The Star Apple; Russian Apples; The Camellia; New Vegetables for 1869; and about thirty pages of interesting Notes and Gleanings, native and foreign. As it is the last number of the year and the volume a handsome title is given with an index.

This magazine is elegantly printed and the illustrations are in the highest style of the art.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for January is out—a well filled number of 48 pages, with two speaking illustrations. The following is a list of the articles:

The Blood-Royal of England—Mad and Bad; Self-Reformation as a Virtue; The Hearts Break for Love; Mr. Turveydrop's Quaker Friend; At Behaviour, a poem by Alice Cary; The Bucket Shops of New York, by Oliver Dyer; Adah Isaacs Menken; Ouida; Beautiful Snow; My Heart is Locked; Thaddeus Stevens; Facts about Working Women, by Eleanor Kirk; Irving's English Home, by Elliott Burritt; A Woman's Prayer; Our Street; The Wisdom of Ignorance; Napoleon's Heart; Which is best? and an Editor's Department, full of spicy paragraphs.

The publisher professes to be well satisfied with this number—the first of a new volume, and he says he "presents it to the Christian public as an example of a sprightly magazine without fiction," and he confidently asks the Christian public to measure it by any fair standard of excellence and report.

Published by S. S. Packard, 880 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

There are subjects too delicate for the press to treat, which wise parents may safely, and should, explain to their children. A lecturer on female physiology tells that she was once requested, by a mother, to allow her manikin, used in lectures before ladies to illustrate antenatal life, to be shown to some young boys. Reverently the mother explained to her two clean-minded boys that holiest mystery of life, God's wonderful plan of reproduction. She wisely chose to preoccupy the ground, making it forever a holy place, instead of leaving them to pick up here and there, from vile companions or vulgar literature, as if it were forbidden knowledge, that which they must needs soon know. How early it should be imparted, or how much beyond the mere outline of general fact should be filled in, must be left to the disposition and circumstances of individual cases. But how much better that such knowledge should come to the young mind hallowed by a parent's pure teaching than tainted by the lust and vulgarity of the street!—[The Advance.]

There was a strange and startling scene in a Good Templar's Lodge in Lexington, Ky., on Tuesday night, 16th inst. John W. Alexander, a young man, was about to be initiated, and as a part of the ceremony, was offered a glass of water. He drew back with a shudder, and the recollection of the fact that in August last he was severely bitten by a dog flashed with terrible intensity across his mind. The next day he was out but the memory haunted him, and he said to a friend that he would go home and go to bed and die. He went home and to bed and in spite of drugs and nursing, that horrible malady, hydrophobia, rushed rapidly to its conclusion in death. Wednesday afternoon he went into his first spasm. Wednesday night he foamed at the mouth and yelped as a dog, and his paroxysms continued and grew in intensity. Strong men held him, and powerful anaesthetics were administered. He begged to be shot and prayed for death. Thursday about 2 P. M. he died.

The Woman Who Dared lives in Illinois. She worried a promise of marriage out of a Sunday evening caller, invited him to a party, a few days afterwards, showed him a marriage certificate containing his name, and—stroking him under the chin, said: "Now, Henry, you are going to fulfil your engagement?" Despite Henry's excuses he was a married man in fifteen minutes.

The maddest man in Indiana lives at Faltooka. He told his wife he was going down cellar to commit suicide, and did go down stairs and fire a broadside into the pork barrel. His wife kept going on knitting, and after a while the mad came up stairs swearing that the woman hadn't got any feeling.

Dec. 6th, 1869.

Editors of "Waterville Mail":

Many times, since my residence here, have I been inclined to give the Mail a series of letters, and as many times, from various causes, have my intentions proved fruitless. This winter, however, with your permission, I will endeavor to fulfill the oft-made promise. As the capital is the political center of the nation, we naturally look to Washington for all that is interesting in politics, or concerns the welfare of our common country. Of such matters, the daily Press keeps the country posted, and such are the facilities for transmitting news that oftentimes the outside world are much better catered for, in matters of importance, than those immediately beneath the dome of the capitol, or within sight of the White House.

Of politics, then, I shall have but little to say, but rather speak of matters and things, which are seldom noticed in the public Press: the little things, as well as those of large magnitude, which will no doubt interest your readers. We have too much of "great events," "astounding disclosures," the habits and proclivities of noted men and women, etc., which, when divested of their surroundings and high sounding titles become common affairs, commonplace men and women. If Gen. Grant rides out, or attends church, it is telegraphed to the remotest part of the country. If John Smith is a better looking man, and rides a better horse, he is not noticed in church or on horseback. If Mrs. Secretary So-and-So attends a reception, her dress is minutely described, and her general appearance set forth in glowing colors, while the wife of Tom Jones may be much better dressed, more beautiful in face and figure, and escape without the least notice. In fact, we are sure to know what the titled dignitaries and their wives are doing, how they look, dress, and act, while the manner of living, occupation and character of the mass of our countrymen, in different portions of the country are seldom learned. What more interesting to a thrifty New England farmer, than to know the method of tilling the ground, in old Virginia, or Maryland? What crops they raise, how potatoes "turn out"? He is a farmer, and wants to know how they "farm it" in other sections, and this is true of all classes, and trades. They want to know what their far-off neighbors are doing, and how they do it; how the country looks, its advantages and disadvantages.

So much by way of preface; whether future correspondence meets the favor of your readers, remains to be seen.

The two houses of Congress convened today, at noon. Roll called, and President's message read. Rather short, and to the point relative to the measures mentioned; while his regarding future legislation in certain directions are so plain that Congress cannot mistake the views and wishes of our popular President. The verdict by nearly all is "A good message." There will be, perhaps, additional restrictions placed upon those States which claim to be reconstructed, before admitting them to representation. Speaker Blaine came to the chair this session, in fine health and spirits, popular as ever. Our two Senators, Hon. Lot M. Morrill and Hannibal Hamlin are in town, harness on, ready for work; and two more able men, or better workers do not sit in the easy chairs of the U. S. Senate.

The country will be pleased to learn that Secretary Cox, of the Interior Department, through an appeal by E. R. Drummond, Esq., of Waterville, has made an important ruling in Pension Law, under act of June 6, 1866. In payment of \$2 per month, to minor children, when the widow has re-married or died, Commissioners Van Aernam ruled that the above amount should be paid to all the children "save one" that is, one of them should take the place of the widow. On the appeal of Mr. Drummond, the Secretary reversed the Commissioner's ruling and decides that all the minor children of a soldier are entitled to the \$2 per month.

George. The wisdom of the president's recommendation in relation to Georgia is being proved by the mulishness of the rebel Democracy. Dispatches from Atlanta say that the Democratic papers are a unit in denouncing all propositions to come to terms, in opposing the re-seating of the negro members, the expulsion of members disqualified by the 14th amendment, and strenuously urge the defeat of the 15th amendment. The Republicans heartily endorse the President's recommendation, and the people generally look for and will acquiesce in a prompt action by Congress. This news pretty well settles the question before Congress.

A VALUABLE CEMENT.—A correspondent, J. M. Benthall, finds the following recipe good he says: "I have used the compound of glycerine, oxide of lead, and red lead, for mending a large cast iron kettle that had been fractured across the bottom by allowing water to freeze in it with the happiest results. It takes some little time to dry, but turns almost as hard as stone, and is fire and water-proof. For mending cracks in stone or cast-iron ware, where iron filings cannot be had, I think it is invaluable."

"My method was as follows: Take litharge and red lead, equal parts, mix thoroughly and make into a paste with concentrated glycerine to the consistency of soft putty, fill the crack and smear a thin layer on both sides of the casting so as to completely cover the fracture. This layer can be rubbed off if necessary when nearly dry by an old knife or chisel."

"If it will be of any service to the readers of your valuable paper they are welcome to my experience."—[Scientific American.]

When General McCook was sent out to the King of the Sandwich Islands by Mr. Seward with propositions looking to the purchase of and annexation of the Islands, after he had stated his business the King made answer in substance thus: "I am king of these islands, and I get \$40,000 a year; it is more than you pay your President. Besides, I would be only a citizen in America, and not a very distinguished one at that. Think I'd better remain King here—don't you?" To which interrogatory the General replied, after a survey of the guileless savage, who was calmly smoking a cheroot and drinking a cobbler: "Your majesty; your head's round."

Mr. Trumbull, the typical conservative of the Senate, has already reported three thorough going measures—radical in the best and right sense. One forbids members of Congress from interfering with subordinate executive appointments. Another forbids the courts to meddle with political questions. The third puts Virginia, Mississippi and Texas under martial law until their Senators and Representatives are admitted to Congress.

A man was put off the cars on the New Jersey railroad a few days ago, in

Waterville Mail.

BEN MAXHAM, DAN R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 17, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
J. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beall's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 130 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

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.'

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In a business of twenty years we find we have upon our books a large number and amount of over due and unpaid demands. They are of all ages, even to twenty years. We are resolved on prompt measures for clearing them up; and between this and New Years we trust that most of them will in some way show signs of being paid. We give this timely notice, that no one may complain.

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

WESTERN DIVISION.

A meeting was held at Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, at which an interesting discussion of the subject of "Winter Feeding of Stock" was had, the report of which, for lack of room, we are compelled to defer until next week. The next meeting will be held at the house of Mr. Jos. Percival, the President, on Tuesday evening next. Same subject continued.

EASTERN DIVISION CLUB.

Mr. C. R. Stuart, the secretary, reports briefly the first discussion of his club, the subject being, "Winter Feeding of Stock."

Mr. Ira E. Gatchell thought that any one could feed so as to have sleek cattle and good milkers, if they had the feed to give them; but the object was to feed with economy and profit. He doubted if very high feed with growing stock and milch cows could be made profitable. He fed shorts and other looseening feed before calving time.

Col. Drummond thought that cattle might be over-fed with hay; that too much feed, and given too often, was not attended with the best results.

Mr. W. A. Gatchell said that working oxen should be fed six times a day.

Instance was cited of a man who it was thought fed too much hay, according to his stock, than any other man in town, with the poorest results. His method was to commence at 5 or 6 in the morning and feed "every little while" till 10 at night.

On the other hand Mr. I. E. Gatchell argued, as an objection to very large fodderees, that the hay was injured by the cattle's breath before they had time to eat it. It was the general opinion that the transit from grass to hay and from hay to grass should be made on the best of hay, and the coarser fodder should be fed in the middle of the winter.

Col. D. also referred to the old method of building stables on the north and west side of the barn, and open at that; and strongly advocated the use of much warmer stables than are usually built,—which was admitted by all to be of the first importance.

The subject of sheep was introduced. I. E. G. told his experience in graining sheep; said he fed corn to his sheep one spring and lost many lambs. What of them lived did remarkably well till they were turned out to grass, at which time he was offered \$3.50 a piece for them. The corn was then taken away and the lambs immediately began to grow poor and in a couple of months he was unable to get \$2.

It was the opinion of many of the members that young lambs would be much stronger and harder if the buck was well fed and not overtaxed during the season in which he was employed.

SECOND EVENING—DEC. 15.

The meeting was fully attended by both ladies and gentlemen, and appearances seem to indicate very favorably for our young club. The subject, although it was not strictly adhered to, was entered into by all with a hearty good will, and at the end of the evening we had all made one more step towards good farming.

Mr. Charles Stuart thought it advisable for farmers to raise as near as possible what they wish to consume; but the question was what it is best to raise as a surplus? In his opinion it was hay, provided it be fed out on the farm, for in that way it was sold twice, giving it a great advantage over other crops.

Mr. H. L. Crosby has had some experience in top dressing, and indicated from his conversation that as much or more money's worth of hay could be grown to the acre, with the same manure, as of any of our common crops, if the ground be not fallowed.

These views seemed to meet the approval of nearly all present.

Mr. Bowman Stratton asked what the members thought of the potato crop? Mr. Crosby thought it was not only attended with much labor but sapped the ground very much—much thought to the amount of 20 loads of manure to the acre; others thought less. Many thought potatoes not particularly profitable.

This is about all the wisdom which was obtained in regard to the regular subject. A great portion of the evening was spent in talking over foreign matter, which I do not think is just the thing; but as you may see fit to print some of it, I will give you an outline of what it was.

Edwin Spring thought top dressing should be done as soon as possible after the hay is removed, because it was ready to be washed into

the ground at the earliest moment, and in a measure shaded the ground and kept it moist.

Many agreed with him, while others thought it would lose much from the action of the sun, and had better be applied just before or during the rainy weather. Mr. Spring planted one half a lot of corn, then sowed to wheat, without manure on either crop; planted potatoes on the other, and manured heavily. The first piece was the best grass for eight or ten years.

He also plowed a piece of corn ground which was green-sward the year before; plowed it all except a strip through the middle, which he cultivated, leaving the sod underneath; treated it all alike otherwise. The cultivated strip was good grass, while the other had to be plowed up and seeded over.

Bowman Stratton has a piece of ground which he treats in the following manner. Plow in the fall (it being green sward) sow to grain, and seed down in the spring; raise about two crops of hay and then repeat the operation. This piece of ground has been treated in this way for 25 years without any manures, (except the sod which was turned under), and has, if anything, grown better. The last time it was up he raised about 18 bushels of wheat to the acre.

The next meeting will be held at Mr. Charles Stuart's—same subject continued.

SOUTHERN DIVISION CLUB.

A Farmers' Club was organized at the Webb school house on Saturday evening, Dec. 11, taking the name of "The North Kennebec Farmers' Club, Southern Division," and adopting, substantially, the rules of the "Western Division." The following were the officers elected:

President, G. A. Parker.
1st Vice President, E. C. Snell.
2d " " B. H. Stevens.
3d " " S. Hitchings.
Secretary, J. G. Soule.
Treasurer, W. A. Dearborn.
Standing Committee, Wm. Balentine, I. L. Ricker, and H. P. Cousins.

The next meeting is to be held at the school house, Friday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject, "The best method of feeding farm stock." This club starts with about twenty members.

CONVERSION.—The Kennebec Journal has

at length found the needed nerve to defy the "normal condition" of the state capital. We had feared that the "authorized" proclamations of the "wholesale liquor dealers," that promise to stave the "stringent prohibition" party in the face this winter, might suggest doubts of the loyalty of the state organ to the cause of temperance. But it has sounded the A, in Shibboleth, and we stand corrected.

In the name of the Maine law, and for the honor of the wholesale traffic on Water-st, a raid has been made upon two or three "pocket dealers" within "the precincts" of the soldiers' asylum, some four miles out of the city, and the Journal has uttered its amen! It distinctly commends the measure as an effort "to remove from the precincts of the institution all the temptations to sin in the shape of grog-shops, and to throw around those inmates whose appetites have led them to the practice of drinking liquor those healthful and salutary influences calculated to win them to a life of temperance and virtue." Good!—and the Journal calls these traffickers "vampires" devoted to the "sole purpose of selling rum!"—aye, it complains "vigorously," as the platform demands, that these "creatures who belong within jail walls" were able to find friends to bail them, and not have to rot in jail! Truly the Journal has redeemed the pledge of the party, and enabled even us to rejoice that we yet cling to its waning fortunes. It is indeed the "vigorous enforcement" party, and the Journal is its vigorous organ.

Now what shall we see? Of course the Journal will no longer look complacently from its windows upon the signs of the "wholesale liquor dealers," that are prepared to grin such ghastly smiles at the representatives of "vigorous prohibition," as they come in this winter from the rural districts. The stench of rum in the high places of the state capital will no longer be snuffed as a source of revenue, and the avenues of the city held open by official connivance, that its distilled curses may flow out to neighboring towns. The wholesale "vampires" will share with the retail, and "temptations to sin in the shape of grog shops" will neither be nourished at the state capital or be let out to double in adjacent villages. The police of Waterville and Sidney and Vassalboro' will no longer need to guard the highways to keep off this Augusta nuisance, and the Journal's Utopian dream be realized of "throwing around its citizens those healthful and salutary influences calculated to lead them to temperance and virtue." (Query—Now that the Kennebec Journal has put on the harness of "vigorous enforcement," will not the newly organized temperance party find it safe to acknowledge?

MUTTONOUS.—Mr. Richardson, near Pishon's Ferry, has now stored in for the purpose, fifteen hundred fat mutton carcasses, waiting for the highest wave of the market to take them to Boston. A short distance from him, Mr. Drew has this fall slaughtered about the same number. In Waterville, the Shores Brothers have killed six or seven hundred. So, and even more so, the slaughter is going on all over the State. Is anybody old enough to prophesy the result? We think too well, even of coarsely wool sheep, to see them disappear at this rate. By-and-by there will be nothing left but Morion.

FIRST BEST.—A. M. Billings, Esq., of Clinton, recently killed a pig, seven months and two days old, that weighed three hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Mr. Billings says he "don't want to brag," and so we will brag for him. If any man has killed a better one we will engage to eat him—the pig not the man.

Good two-year old heifers, of 5 ft. six inch have been sold in Turner during the past week for \$38 per head, for beef.

FOREIGN REVIEWS.—In inviting attention to the advertisement of the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, in another column, setting forth the character and giving the prices of the four great British Quarterlies and Blackwood's Magazine, perhaps we cannot do better than to quote the following notice from the Union County Herald:

"The British Quarterlies and Blackwood's Magazine, reprinted from advance sheets by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of No. 140 Fulton Street, New York, are almost a *sine qua non* with men of culture. Reprinted for the American public at a price far below that which our English cousins are obliged to pay, and being issued here at a very brief period after their appearance in England, these treasures of literature deserve all the patronage they receive; and we wish they could be subscribed for by every citizen and regularly read, for they furnish a great antidote to the ban of newspaper reading, which is rapidly injuring the mind of our people by inducing them to rest contented with the flippant style which is day by day becoming the rule rather than the exception in newspaper writing. Not only this, but he who would keep up with the current literature of the world must needs have these Reviews, for they embrace in their range of criticism all that, in current literature, really challenges the attention for merit. The Company furnish Blackwood and the four Quarterly Reviews—the London Quarterly, Westminster Review, North British Review, Edinburgh Review—for the remarkably low sum of fifteen dollars per annum."—[Union County Herald, Nov. 1868.]

THE NEW YORK TIMES—has for many years been recognized as among the most successful, popular and influential newspapers in the country. It is still under the control and management of its original founders, who, with greatly increased resources and experience, will spare no pains to extend and strengthen its claims upon the confidence and support of the public.

The TIMES is a Republican journal, and will be devoted, as in the past, to an intelligent support of the Republican Party. It will sustain, with all its ability, the principles and policy of General Grant's administration, and will advocate those measures by which the honor, the peace and the prosperity of the nation can be best conserved and promoted. Its EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT will be conducted in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, free alike from personal rancor or undue favoritism; and will be the production of the ablest and most experienced writers upon all the subjects treated. Its CORRESPONDENCE will be full and timely. Its REPORTS will be prepared with the utmost care, and will embrace every fact or public utterance of opinion that possesses interest and importance. The LIBRARY DEPARTMENT will be in thoroughly capable hands, and will present a full review of the literature, the fine arts, the music, and the drama of the day.

As a family paper, free from all appeals to vulgar or impure tastes, the TIMES will continue unexceptionable, and may be safely admitted to every domestic circle.

The terms of the TIMES, invariably in advance, are, for the Daily, including Sunday edition, \$12 a year; exclusive of Sunday edition, \$10; Semi-Weekly, \$2; two copies do., \$5; ten do., \$25; Weekly, \$2; five for \$8, and ten for \$15. Address H. J. Raymond & Co., Times Office, New York.

Mr. G. A. Phillips is circulating a petition for laying a road across the Kennebec at this place, which involves the building of a bridge by the towns of Waterville and Winslow, the expense to be proportionally divided according to their taxable ability. It has already been signed by most of the large tax payers in both towns.

"As Mrs. McFarland stood by the bedside of her husband's victim, to marry him, a reporter had an eye on her."

Of course one of those cold blooded, iniquitous fellows was there, for the reporter and the interviewer are everywhere, and no place is too sacred and no scene too solemn to prevent them from entering and plying their trade that itching ears may be gratified. They stand by the dying in their last hours, and elbow the mourners about the deathbed, that from the soul in mortal agony or the friends in their abandonment of grief, something horrible or pathetic may be gathered to serve up to their hungry readers.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.—We invite attention to the first of a series of letters from the national capital, to be found on our first page. We do not expect that our correspondent will "interview" any prominent officials or reveal any important state secrets but we have confidence that he will make some pleasant, gossiping letters with which our readers will be well pleased.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS, in great variety, will be found at Honickson's—Red Line Tennyson, Red Line Whittier, Red Line Longfellow, Snow Bound, Maud Muller, Evangeline, Mrs. Browning's Lady Geraldine's Courtship, Gems of Nature and Art, Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, and other standard poets, Bibles, etc., etc., and he is receiving additions to his stock every day. Some of them are imported works, and are of course high-priced, but many beautiful books are within the reach of all. Call in and look them over.

Hon. L. M. Morrill, announced the death of Senator Fessenden to the U. S. Senate, on Tuesday, and paid a just and eloquent tribute to his memory. He was followed by Sumner, Hamlin, and others in the same strain.

In the House, the announcement was made by Hon. Mr. Lynch, who was followed by Peters and Hale, of Maine, and others.

Prof. S. K. Smith will preach at the Baptist Church in this village next Sabbath afternoon.

OUR TABLE.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The number for Dec. 26th, which concludes the second volume of this favorite journal of literature, science and art, contains an interesting article on the "Home of Longfellow," with a portrait of the poet, and two pictures of the outside and inside of his pleasant home at Cambridge. There are also two illustrations of the "Island Home of Paul and Virginia." Mrs. Oliphant's story, "The Three Brothers," is continued, and there is much other interesting and valuable reading, including an article on "Solar Wonders," calculated to allay the apprehensions raised by reported disturbances in the sun, which were to seriously affect the safety of the dwellers on the earth.

Appleton's Journal has rapidly advanced in popular favor during the year of its existence, and bids fair to prove a formidable rival to other publications already in the field. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

MESSES. FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., will shortly make an important announcement of a radical change in their weekly journal, *Every Saturday*. It will continue to be an eclectic periodical, giving promptly the cream of the English and French magazines; but in almost every other respect it will be transformed. It will become an imperial folio, about the size of Harper's Weekly, with sixteen broad pages. This new shape is adopted to permit the introduction of engravings, which will be given with profusion, and of the very first order of excellence. The pictures will be of foreign origin, and a very brilliant list of the leading artists of England will furnish the designs. The change thus made in *Every Saturday*, without an increase of price or any sacrifice of the high literary character already attained, is a piece of enterprise on the part of the publishers which the public will warmly welcome, and which will not fail of its reward. The new series will begin with the new year.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.—The first number of the fourteenth year and volume of this wide-awake magazine is received, and we pronounce it fresher, brighter and better than ever. The table of contents is a rich feast throughout, and our young folks are in ecstasies over it. The publishers offer a charming Steel Engraving, just published, as their premium plate for 1870, entitled "Help Me Up," worth \$2.00 a copy, for twenty-five cents to each subscriber. The terms of the Visitor are \$1.25 a year, or \$1.00 to clubs. Don't fail to send in cents to Daughaday & Becker, publishers, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, for sample number, premium lists, etc., etc., and commence a club at once at your Post Office.

THE ADVANCE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a good judge of newspapers, and he says of the ADVANCE, published in Chicago, Ill.,—"I regard it as standing fairly on the highest ground yet reached by religious journals in America." Dr. Horace Bushnell adds the opinion that "it is the ablest, best and most outspoken paper published." It is an unsectarian, wide awake aggressive, and readable Family Journal, having for special contributors such writers as Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, "Grace Greenwood," Alice Carey, and others.

H. C. HALLOWELL, a recent graduate of Colby, now a successful teacher in Methuen, Mass., appears as the editor of "The Phoenix," a paper published in the interests of a fair held in aid of a church in that place. He seems to be "master of the situation," and his illustrated "History of Methuen" shows wonderful ingenuity and a fertile imagination.

THE PIANO ROOMS of Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y., were badly damaged by fire on the 12th inst. Horace is a Kennebec boy, and formerly resided in Hallowell.

FATHER HYACINTHE sailed for Europe on Saturday, promising to return and make a more extended tour of our country. Short as was his stop, we think he must have gone away with a Yankee notion or two in his head, for which he will be none the worse.

THE RAILROAD KINGS of the State, representing rival interests, held a council recently in Portland—and now we shall see what we shall see, if we wait patiently.

A recent Catalogue of the Medical School at Bowdoin College shows a list of 96 members.

The statement that Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the sensational writist, had fallen a victim to the vice of intemperance, is denied by the Oxford Democrat, which paper is assured that the "Demon of alcohol has not a more bitter enemy, nor the bright Genits of Temperance a more devoted friend than Mr. Cobb."

THE WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK is flourishing beyond the expectations even of its most enthusiastic friends. Its receipts have been about \$90,000, and its depositors number about 480, though it has been doing business only about seven months and a half.

Mr. HENRY S. BURRAGE, pastor elect of the Baptist Church in this village, will be ordained on the Thursday preceding New Year's, the council to meet in the afternoon and the ordination be in the evening. Rev. Dr. T. D. Anderson, of New York, will deliver the sermon.

Few persons expect a pure article of coffee when they buy it roasted and ground; but somebody in England, with more ingenuity than honesty, has lately established a manufactory of coffee in the berry, so that those careful ones who bought it in this form will not be safe from imposition much longer.

MRS. JAMES P. THURSTON, who has for many years been ineffectually pressing a claim against our State, advises the State for sale at auction, at the Capitol in Augusta, on the first Wednesday of January next. Maine would bring a better price in the summer we think.

A leading attraction of the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will be a beautiful poem, "The Cathedral," by James Russell Lowell.

WM. H. EMERY, a gallant, deserving and popular officer of the 19th Maine Regiment, who will suffer through life from a wound received in the battle of the Wilderness—has recently been appointed Postmaster at Kendall's Mills. Give these wounded soldiers, who are capable of the easy places.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—See advertisement of this excellent paper in another column.

After briefly alluding to the storm of fiery indignation which has been hurled upon Henry Ward Beecher, for his connection with the recent New York tragedy, the Boston Daily Advertiser, one of the most dignified, courteous and candid papers in the country,—conservative, too, and maintaining a high standard of public and private virtue—enters its protest as follows:—

Now we do not propose to enter upon the defence of Mr. Beecher, when he shows himself able to conduct his own case with so much watchfulness and vigor. But we desire to protest against the badgering to which he has been subjected. For an act prompted by the warmth of his nature, he has been assailed as if he were more guilty than murderer or seducer, and as if he were deliberately set upon breaking down the reverence of the community for marriage. The darts flung at him have been aimed by men incapable of doing as much good in a lifetime as he does in a week, whose whole influence upon the public is used flippantly and with a tendency to evil. The same champions of morality have made the same tragic and lamentable affair an occasion for similar volleys of sneers and subtle misrepresentations against Mr. Greeley and the Tribune—a journal which with all its mistakes of impetuosity, all its errors of extravagance, all its violence of partisanship, is still a mighty power in the land for honesty, patriotism, and purity in public and private life.

Much of this tempest of vilification is due to a feverish habit which is growing upon the press styling itself metropolitan, at such a rate that the highly colored pictures of "Martin Chuzzlewit" will soon be tame and inadequate representations of one phase of New York journalism. Morbid appetites are fed with unwholesome food; and the real news of the day, the questions which press for discussion, are neglected for the wretched personalities and dirty slanders to which even political warfare has not stooped hitherto. The restraining influence of a strong man like Mr. Raymond is missed; and we cannot wonder at the dark pictures of Mr. Richard Grant White's essay, when we consider the atmosphere in which he studies the condition of American journalism.

A LEVEE, in aid of the Soldier's Monument, will soon be held in West Waterville, for which preparations are already in active progress. They have already, with the sum voted by the town, nearly three thousand dollars raised towards their monument, and their lot is secured and paid for. When are we to erect our monument?

A DAILY RECORD of the whereabouts and whatabouts of a man enables him better to ascertain his courses and bearings, and a Diary, therefore, is a great convenience. Henrickson has a great variety, all styles and prices, for 1870, which he will be glad to show to all who give him a call.

Turning in for the night, recently, with a generous farmer friend in a neighboring town, we heard a dialogue of this sort:—"We've got one of your Waterville boys keeping our school this winter."

"Aha?"

"Yes—and he is giving first rate satisfaction. His name is Balentine."

"Well,—always glad to hear a good report of Waterville boys."

"But there is another in an adjoining district—young Mitchell—who is also pleasing that district very much."

We did not inquire more particularly, but thought pretty confidently that the young man who gets a good report from his first winter school has made a good beginning.

A New York paper reports "the Falmouth bridge at Augusta, Me., has been repaired and trains are crossing."

Well, we can see no reason why the Falmouth Bridge should not be considered in Augusta, as well as the Farmington and Pittston Ice Houses, and Togus Asylum, all of which are claimed by Augusta writers.—[Gardiner Jour.]

Those "vampire" rum-sellers, too, you notice, are carefully located in Chelsea, for it is not to be supposed that immaculate Augusta, would own "such wretches." She evidently thanks God that her liquor-sellers are mostly rich and respectable wholesale dealers, who have no occasion, in that locality, to blush for their business, and that the law is vigorously enforced in her courts—against all low drunkards, especially if they are outside barbarians.

ALL THE MAGAZINES.—Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Eclectic, Galaxy, Lippincott's, Goddard's Lady's Book, Peterson's, Lady's Friend, Arthur's, Appleton's Journal, Every Saturday, Our Young Folks, Riverside, Oliver Optic's Boys and Girls, Onward, etc., etc.,—can be had at Henrickson's, at the publishers' prices, free of postage. Think of this as you are about to renew your subscriptions, and step in and look them over as they lie upon his counter.

The BAPTIST SOCIETY will have a Christmas Sociable at their vestry on Saturday evening of next week, primarily for the children of the Sabbath School, but which all will be expected to attend, commencing at 5 o'clock.

The talk about railroad consolidation seems to be all on one side. Even some stockholders don't want any such thing. We are more likely to get a general act under which anybody may build a railroad who can get the means, and who dares risk it.

Pressure for houses in this village is growing lighter. We hear of several that are vacant.

They have a Skating Rink at Skowhegan.

J. W. Stevenson was elected U. S. Senator by the Kentucky Legislature on the 16th.

IF A MAN WANTS A BOTTLE OF WHISKY, let him buy it and take it home like a man and not sneak home with a bottle of "Bitters" or "Cordial," and pretend that it is medicine. If he wants a tonic that is something better than a temporary stimulant, he should get a bottle of Peruvian Syrup (an Iron Tonic) that will vitalize the blood and give durable strength to the system.

THE UNIVERSAL CRY.—"What shall I buy for Holiday Presents?" can be answered best by Parker & Co., 98 & 100 Summer St., Boston, who have an immense variety of Holiday and useful articles, such as all kinds of Fancy Boxes, Writing Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco and Gilt and Velvet bindings, real Morocco Shopping Bags, Furnished Reticules, Silver plated Ware and Cutlery of all descriptions, Jewelry imitations of the latest styles of Solid gold, which cannot be distinguished from the real, &c., and hundreds of the latest and most entertaining Books. Their stock contains almost everything necessary to supply the wants and gratify the tastes of everybody, and they claim that their superior facilities for buying these goods enables them to sell at very much under the regular prices paid for such articles. They want agents everywhere, to whom they offer most liberal inducements. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

The sea-serpent has turned up again. A bark which arrived at New York recently from Bordeaux reports seeing the monster. This time he was 15 or twenty feet long and 6 or 8 in diameter.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. H. B. of Rockford, Ill., writes: "I send you a Wheeler & Wilson Machine No. 10,426, to have attached the recent improvements—the improved loop-check, tension, glass foot, new style hemmer, braider and corder. I have used this machine for six years, without repairing, and in that time it has earned for me a little over \$4000."

The prominent lawyer and politician of Philadelphia, and ex-United States Minister to China, who is found to have embezzled a large amount of money entrusted to him for investment, is Wm. B. Reed. He is a grandson of Gen. Joseph Reed of the revolutionary army, and has occupied a high social and public position in Philadelphia, while his politics of late years have been of the worst, being so far copper-headish during the war to amount nearly to a rebel character. The telegraphic report from Philadelphia is, that he has fled; and if so, it is probably by the complicity of the authorities, for last week he was under arrest, if not in prison on account of his frauds. Mr. Reed was Minister to China under Mr. Buchanan's administration, and has been before the public prominently for many years; in part as the defender of his grandfather's character and share in the revolutionary struggle, against the unfavorable view taken by Mr. Bancroft in his history.

The Colby "boys of '51" may possibly smile over the following joke at the expense of one of their number, which we find in the Bangor Whig:

The boys who attend one of our city Grammar Schools, tell a good "thing" of one of our "Pious Hill" boys by the name of Bean—(all children raised in that part of our city are smart)—Bean was reciting his lesson one day and hesitated a moment, when the teacher remarked, "It takes beans a long time to sprout." "No longer than peas, sir," replied the boy. We leave it for our readers to guess the teacher's name. It is enough for us to say he is one of the most efficient if not the most popular teacher in the city.

The Senate Judiciary Committee have agreed upon a bill for carrying out the engagements in the President's Message. Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, has been before the committee, and made a statement relative to the condition of affairs in that State, which he represented to be little better than it was during the war, that is so far as Union men are concerned. The bill will be reported this week.

The death of Samuel P. Shaw, at Paris, France, is announced by telegraph. He was spending the winter there with his family. Mr. Shaw will be remembered as formerly a citizen of Waterville for several years.

They are airing the Cuban Question in Congress, but no action has been taken.

The Spanish Gunboats have been released.

The inhabitants of Norridgewock were much surprised and frightened the other day by the appearance of nearly thirty men marching through the town with green, yellow and red flags, headed by drum and fife. The Portland Argus says that it appears that the workmen upon the railroad were not paid as promptly as they wished and took this course to make their troubles known.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The ceremony of self-immolation in Japan is called Hara Kiri, and not Hara-Kari as it is generally written.

A sign in Berlin, Wisconsin, bears this legend:—"These Cedar posts were put here for sale."

"Bugmaster General" is the popular name for State entomologist in Illinois.

Lucy Stone likes boys to vinegar—the more "mother" in them the sharper they are.

The Government has paid out \$8,000,000 for Pacific Railroad surveys in the last twenty-five years.

Miss Harris, who shot the fickle Burroughs, has got a clerkship in the Philadelphia post-office. The male clerks are dismayed.

J. Ross Browne says that it is a common practice among the Chinese to steal children and cut their eyes out for medicinal purposes.

The latest description of Mr. Greeley's necktie—"I looked as if it had grown upon his shirt-collar like a mushroom, and had been torn to pieces in a hall-storm."

A very practical temperance society in Philadelphia is a Fountain Society, which has in six months erected eleven street fountains in the city. It never fails, it never overflows, it never dries up, it never stops, it never overflows, it never stops, it never overflows, it never stops.

An Englishman on arriving at New York last week asked if he could, by telegraphing, secure good rooms at Long Branch.

"What is your name, dear?" "Walking with a cane, when you ain't lame," said the little four-year-old to whom the query was propounded.

Judge Asa Redington of Lewiston, the Journal says, has given two copies of the Continental Manufacturing Company, worth \$100 each, to the Ladies' Relief Society

MISCELLANY.

THE SLED OF LIFE.

When you and I were young, my boy,
And now I am old, my boy,
How joyfully we stole from school,
With "Key Jones" and "Bill,"
And how we scrambled to the top,
And rattled down with glee,
All gone but me and you, my boy,
All gone but you and me.

How fresh those faces long ago,
Those maidens, ah! how fair,
I seem to hear their voices laugh,
And see their waving hair;
I would not vision back could bring
Those joyous days of yore,
But they will come no more, my boy,
They'll come again no more.

They've sailed upon the sea of life,
Those hearts that once were light,
The eyes that beamed in sunny morn
Water-logged and dim;
Those maidens with the roguish smiles
Are mothers and grand-
Like us they've had their day, my boy,
They've had like us their day.

I hear a moaning in the leaves,
The nights grow cold and chill,
And winter's coming back to me,
To sleep upon my hill;
But spring will take me from the grass,
Ah! I will not outgrow hair—
The snow will deepen there, my boy,
The snow will deepen there.

And other shouts will fill the morn
To tell of fresh joy,
The self same feeling that we felt
When you and I were boys;
I love to hear their merry laugh,
O! would that it could last—
Again it brings the past, my boy,
It brings again the past.

We've clambered up the hill of life,
And now we've reached the top;
Our sleds are wearing out, my boy,
The time of our youth is past;
And you and I must run the race,
Our comrades all are gone,
We're sliding down alone, my boy,
We're sliding down alone.

The Cardiff giant is probably a humbug. The city marshal of fort Dodge, Iowa, writes to the Syracuse Journal that in July, 1867, a monstrous gypsum rock weighing over 8000 pounds, was quarried there by strangers, hauled 50 miles by wagon to Montana at an enormous expense, and shipped east by rail. A little over a year ago, after ample time for the sculpture of the giant, a mysterious four-horse team with an iron bound box was discovered one night in the vicinity of Newell's marsh, where his giantship was subsequently unearthed. A piece of gypsum from the Fort Dodge quarry will be forwarded for comparison with the monster.

The discovery of a great lake north of Superior turns out to be a canard. The reputed explorers had been paddling 500 miles along the shore of a small body of water known for years by the inhabitants of British America.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

FOREIGN LITERATURE.
NEW VOLUME BEGINS JANUARY, 1870.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.
The Eclectic repeats all the best articles, literary, literary, and social, from the prominent English, French, and German periodicals, and is carefully selected for the subject of every man who in any walk of life has laid hold on fame.

SPECIALTIES OF THE ECLECTIC.
SCIENCE.—It is believed that in this department the Eclectic is more comprehensive and complete than any other Magazine in the world not exclusively devoted to the subject.

FICTION.—In this department the BEST CURRENT LITERATURE of the day is found, comprising occasional Serials by the best contemporary novelists, but chiefly the short stories for which the English Magazine is deservedly celebrated.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.—The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS have been thoroughly remodelled. The Reviews of current Home Literature are unusually full, and Art and abroad receive the attention which the growing public interest in the subject demands.

TERMS: Single copies, 45 cents; one copy, one year, \$5; two copies, one year, \$9; five copies, one year, \$20. CENTS. Agents and Publishers at club rates. Agents wanted to get up clubs. Send for prospectus, 45 cents. Address: E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 108 Fulton Street, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

For a New Illustrated Book of great historical interest, stirring events and thrilling adventure.

"THE RIVER OF THE WEST."

By MRS. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR, OF WEST.

A history and full description of the North Western Slopes with extremely interesting accounts of the discovery of the Columbia, the Indian Tribes, the Fur Traders, the Oregon Missions and tragic fate of Dr. Whitman and Family, the Immigrants, and finally the life of Oregon, etc.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNTER

and Oregon Pioneer.

vividly portraying the perils, hardships, and romance of a TRAPPER'S AND FRONTIERMAN'S LIFE.

This work offers a grand illustration to America. It is fully illustrated; intensely interesting; replete with humor, pathos, and instruction, and treats of subjects which are new and interesting. Every page is full of fresh, original, and entertaining. Now in press and bound to have a great run. For descriptive circulars and terms, which are very liberal address the Publisher.

R. W. BLISS & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TOYS! TOYS!

A LARGE assortment, fresh and new, will be found at HENRICKSON'S.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the House occupied by himself on Shelton Street, in Waterville Village. The house contains eleven rooms, well finished; wood shed and good stable, 20 by 30 feet, with cellar.

Also his FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP, situated near the Maine Central Railroad Station, together with the Engine and Machinery and a large lot of Planks, Patterns, &c., now in use in said Foundry and Shop. I will give to any one desiring of going into the manufacture of iron, a GREAT BARGAIN.

Waterville, Oct. 28, 1869. J. PERCIVAL.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Ostrich Feathers!

IN ALL COLORS.

Suited to Fall and Winter trade.

Just received at MISS E. S. FISHER'S.

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

GREAT WESTERN

Mutual Life Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK.

OFFICERS: ROBERT BAGE, Pres.; FREDERICK W. MACY, Vice-Pres.

ISSUES Policies upon all approved plans, at low rates, and with general liberality to policy holders.

All policies are strictly non-forfeitable, and payment, under the Mutual Life Insurance Company Act, adopted by this Company.

All surplus divided among the insured.

No restrictions upon residence or travel, and no special rates required for mariners, or for any occupation excepts those of a peculiarly hazardous character.

Liberal features of the best Life Companies have been adopted by the Great Western.

Active Agents wanted throughout New England.

Apply to W. P. GARNETT, Gen. Agent for New England, Office, 10 State Street, Boston.

3m 17 Or to T. O. WINSLOW, (late Agent, Portland, Me)

DRY GOODS

A NICE ASSORTMENT,

AT

G. R. McFadden's,

At the old stand of Meader & Phillips,

Waterville, Maine.

DRESS GOODS.

Silks and Light Cloths for Ladies' Outside

Garments and Shawls.

A nice line of White Goods,

CONSISTING OF

Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripe;

Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and

Towels, Plain Muslins, and

White Flannels.

A Good Assortment of Cloths

For Men and Boys' Wear.

Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassi-

meres, &c.

A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves.—

A Very Nice Assortment of Kids.

ONE OF THE BEST

Stocks of Domestics

IN TOWN.

Good style Prints for 10 cts.

Sheetings for 10 cts. and upwards.

Variety of Hoop Skirts, from 60 cts. up.

All will be sold VERY LOW FOR CASH.

C. R. McFADDEN.

Waterville, May 22, 1869.

UN AILING EYE PRESERVERS

Lazarus & Morris'

CELEBRATED

PERFECTED SPECTACLES

AND

EYE GLASSES.

The large and increasing sales of these

PERFECTED GLASSES

In sure proof of their superiority. We were satisfied that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the result of a comparison of our glasses with those of our competitors, would be in our favor.

vis. the ease and comfort, the assured and ascertained improvement of the sight, and

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all Cases!

We were in themselves so apparent on trial, that the result could not be otherwise than it has, in the almost UNIVERSAL ADIPTION of our CELEBRATED PERFECTED SPECTACLES by the residents of this locality.

With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion,

We Claim they are the most Perfect Optical Aids ever Manufactured.

To those needing Spectacles, we afford at all times an opportunity of procuring the BEST AND MOST DESIRABLE.

E. H. EVANS,

DRUGGIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has always on hand a full assortment, suitable for every difficulty.

We take occasion to notify the Public that we employ no peddlars, and to caution them against those pretending to have our goods for sale.

W. N. FISHER,

File Cutter.

Temple St.... Waterville, Me.

All kinds of Files and Rasps made from the best Cast Steel and Warranted. Particular attention given to Recutting old Files and Rasps. Cash paid for old Files. Files & Rasps for sale or exchange.

Orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

J. H. OSGOOD,

55 Congress St., Boston

TO PRINTERS.

OSGOOD'S

ELASTIC COMPOSITION,

FOR

PRINTER'S INKING ROLLERS,

THE STANDARD ARTICLE.

Uniform and excellent in quality, and very durable.

It saves time and money, and ensures the production of the best work.

Put up in ten and twenty lb. cans at 25 CENTS PER POUND.

Rollers for every kind of press cast promptly by

J. H. OSGOOD,

55 Congress St., Boston

Foundry Notice.

The subscriber, having purchased the whole of the Rail Road Foundry, near the Maine Central Railroad Depot, and fitted up a

MACHINE SHOP

connected therewith, is prepared to furnish all kinds of CASTINGS, and do any kind of JOB WORK that may offer, at short notice. Persons wishing to place orders, or to see the premises, are invited to call on

JOS. PERCIVAL.

June 20, 1869.

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1869.

MADALINE B. BARN, widow of THURGOOD BARN, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for letters of administration on the estate of said deceased.

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate there to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.

FRESH apples in bins, Oysters, Tomatoes, &c.

SYRUP—averything, articles can be had at

UN A MER'S CO

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

I have this day bought the interest of

F. W. HASKELL

in the business recently carried on by us, and shall continue the Manufacture of all sale

Boots and Shoes,

the old store directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo being included in the above sale, I would request an early payment.

I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

the best manufacture. Particular attention will be paid to

Custom Work,

and Gentlemen REPAIRERS of all kinds neatly done.

Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867. O. F. MAYO.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Coffey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand. I shall have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,

Lounges, Mirrors, Seals, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best Stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets have made by as good a workman as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those known together, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c., &c.

MIRROR PLATES Ruled to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will give. All I ask is for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. BEDINGTON.

Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S

RUBBER BOOTS,

Women's & Misses'

—RUBBER BOOTS—

Just what every one ought to wear in a

Wet and Slipshy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs,

For Sale at MAXWELL'S,

as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, to keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—

At MAXWELL'S.

U. N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL will oblige him by calling and settling.

Agents Wanted for

CHAMBERLIN'S

LAW BOOK

For the People!

Instructions and Practical Forms, adapted to Every kind of Business, and to the States of the Union.

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There is no book of the kind which will rank with it for its utility, intelligence and completeness. Springfield Republican.

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CAUTION.

An old law-book published many years ago, has just been reissued as a "new book," without even a suitable revision of its obsolete statements. Do not count that work with CHAMBERLIN'S LAW-BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

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PAINTING,

ALSO GRADING, GLAZING AND PAPERING.

G. H. ESTY

continues to meet all orders in the above line, in a manner that has given satisfaction for a period that indicates some experience in the business.

Orders promptly attended to on application at this shop, opposite Marston's Block, WATERVILLE.

ROOFING,

Three Ply Felt Roofing,

Unites the best Water-proof Composition with the best Water-proof Fabric in the best manner, and at the lowest price to the consumer.

There is but a single layer of Tarred Felt; 2d, a layer of water-proof Composition; 3d, another layer of Felt; 4th, another layer of Composition; 5th, another layer of Felt.

Send for Circulars and Samples.

As an Inducement.

We offer to the FIRST purchaser in 1,000 square feet of the THREE PLY FELT, with the necessary coating, for THIRTY DOLLARS.

PATENT ROOF PAINT.

This Paint is composed of gums, oils, and resinous substances, combined with distilled tar and the best known driers. It contains no mineral or poisonous ingredients, and is perfectly safe for use on the most delicate of ordinary mixed paints. It costs much less, retains its elasticity longer, and is more durable.

County rights for sale.

For Circulars and all particulars, Address

MICA ROOFING COMPANY,

73 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

OUR STOCK OF

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIALS,

Paints and Oils, Nails and Glass,

is unusually large and is about to build or repair, we have offer at low inducements.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD

WARRANTED as pure and white as any Lead in the world at 50 cts.

RAGS! RAGS!

CASH, and the highest price paid for any thing with paper can be made at the

Kendall's Mills Column

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS,

Has a splendid assortment of

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Farmers and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware,

&c. &c.

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