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Maxham & Wing

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NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" In this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with faintest flowers,
Where smiles are only a faint play,
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" 'Tis thus the Christian soul,
Wrapping these round in thy selfish stole;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day,
There are feet to meek within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to love with a loving will,
From the grimest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Savior said,
"Follow thou Me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lost, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

MYRTLE'S NEW-YEAR.

BY VIOLETTE WOODS.

"How do I look, Chester?" and the thoughtless young wife turned from the mirror, in which she had been contemplating her loveliness for some moments, full upon her husband.

His cheek had been resting on his hand, his eyes upon the floor; but he raised them with a look of unutterable love, and gazed upon the resplendent figure before him. "You are beautiful, Myrtle, beautiful. Your eyes rival your diamonds in brilliancy, and I am sure you have robbed the roses and lilies of their lovely complexion."

"You are proud of me, then, aren't you?" She knelt beside him, resting one slender jewelled hand upon his knee.

"Indeed, indeed, I am, Myrtle." He placed his arm caressingly about her, and drew her nearer to him. "What an unfit mate I am for you, darling. My helpless limbs render it so impossible for me to be your constant companion, as I sigh every moment of my life to be. I sometimes compare myself to a bird, whose pinions are broken, and whose wanderings are confined to earth; whilst you, my lovely mate, can soar away beyond the clouds into the realms of eternal sunshine."

The roses upon the cheeks of the young wife assumed a deeper hue as she listened to her husband's metaphor; and, observing it, he added, quickly: "But you have not told me whether you are bound to-night. Is it to the opera, or another party?"

"Oh, the opera, to be sure! Madame Parepa sings to-night, and my ears are aching to hear her. I have thought of her voice, and the sensation I shall create, until I have scarcely an idea left. I wish you could go, darling; but, since I have such kind protectors as Mr. and Mrs. Howard, I oughtn't to complain. But there is the carriage now. I hope Madame Parepa will sing for us again when you are well of that horrid rheumatism, and then we will enjoy the treat together. Sit up for me, won't you, dear?" as she threw her ermine-lined cloak about her shoulders. "I have ordered James to bring you some oysters and coffee at eleven to cheer your spirits and keep you awake. You must think of me while I am gone, Chester, how much I am enjoying myself, and how every one is envying you your wife."

She pressed her lips to his, and passed from the room. A moment later the heavy door closed upon her retreating figure, the carriage rolled away, and Chester reaching his crutches, which rested against the *fauteuil* upon which he was reclining, with their aid hobbled to the door. Thomas, who had been closing the house until the return of his mistress, hearing his footsteps, waited respectfully.

"When your mistress arrives," said he, in an unsteady voice, "tell her that I have retired, so that she will not look for me in the library. Tell James, also, that I shall not need any refreshment as was directed. That is all; you can go."

Thomas bowed and departed with a look of sympathy for his lonely, suffering master; and Chester, turning with slow steps to his comfortable arm-chair, and threw himself wearily within it. His thoughts followed his young wife to the brilliant scene of which she was so bright an ornament. He recalled their first meeting to the present moment, and lingered lovingly over his happy incidents.

Two years ago he had met Myrtle Vane at the house of her uncle in an obscure country village, through which he was passing on his way to the mountains. She was young and beautiful, possessing a warm, loving heart and a more than ordinary intelligence. These, added to her personal charms speedily won the heart of the wealthy young student, who was travelling for his health. The engagement was short. She was poor, and keenly felt her dependence upon a relative whose salary as a country pastor barely sufficed to meet the wants of his own large family. Chester was rich, his elegant home needed a mistress, and himself a companion to cheer his hours of loneliness.

"And why," Chester argued, "should Myrtle be longer deprived of these social advantages which she is so well calculated to receive and bestow?"

Immediately after the wedding the young couple took possession of the house in which Chester was born, and in which his parents had died, but which was remodelled and refurnished in a style better suited to the somewhat extravagant taste of its beautiful young mistress. For awhile Chester accompanied her everywhere her inclination suggested, he gave up his hours of study to her amusement, and laid aside his books that her pleasure and enjoyment might be untroubled in nothing. "She is like a bird which has been caged from her birth," he said to himself, "and now that she is free she shall roam wherever her own sweet will dictates."

But after a few months a change came. His enemy—the rheumatism which had attacked him at intervals from childhood—seized upon him with a grip from which no medical skill seemed to have the power to free him. In his wildest paroxysms of pain Myrtle stood by his bedside, knowing neither sleep nor rest, and giving all the comfort which sympathy can give to his fellow-sufferers; but, as soon as he was convalescent, she fitted like a bird to her own enjoyment, leaving him to the care of hired attendants. And yet he never complained. He loved her with a devotion unshared, and he confided as implicitly, and rested as securely in her affection as he would have done had she been constantly beside him, seeking no pleasure which he could not share.

And then Myrtle, who had been fettered by poverty, and circumscribed in feeling and action; and, as he recalled these facts, he judged her leniently and without the shadow of reproach. He had never attempted to dissuade her from the course she pursued; he had never discouraged her visits to the opera when accompanied by those friends upon whose judgment he could rely; but to-night, as he sat alone, and thought of her so resplendent, so fascinating, and so loving, his feelings began to change. She was young, younger by ten

years than he; she was scarcely eighteen, and he more than twenty-eight. What if the world, always so eager to denounce the thoughtless, should take her name upon its lips, and sully its purity with its polluted breath. She was but a child yet, chasing a butterfly; society, operas, balls were new to her; she was gathering her flowers whilst the fresh dews of morning lay glittering upon them, not thinking of the thorns which lurked among them. As Chester Starling thought of these things, his heart seemed to die within him; his child-wife, his Myrtle was in danger of which her innocence had never dreamed, and to save her was his resolve.

It was New Year's morning, a week after the incidents recorded in the last chapter. Chester sat alone in his library, his lips compressed, and a look of doubt and trouble resting in his fine eyes. Presently his wife entered in obedience to his summons; and, as he made room for her at his side, the trouble in his eyes grew denser, and the lines about his mouth more rigid. She was dressed in a morning-robe of crimson, lined with white, and faced with swansdown; and as she toyed carelessly with the heavy silken tassels, Chester thought he had never seen her look so lovely. "You received my message, did you?" he inquired, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Yes, but had half a mind not to obey you," she replied, glancing brightly into his face. "I have been as busy as a bee all the morning getting ready for Mrs. Fortesque's party to-night. I am to personate 'Winter' and am having the loveliest gray velvet dress made, just the color of winter clouds, trimmed with down in imitation of snowflakes, and am having my diamonds reset to represent icicles." She looked up into his face as she concluded her narration, and, startled by its pallor, exclaimed: "What is the matter, Chester? Tell me, darling, tell me!"

He put his arm around her. "O Myrtle!" said he in a voice which he vainly endeavored to steady, "are you so wedded to the vanities of the world that it would kill you to be divorced from them?"

"Wedded to them! Divorced from them! I've repeated, vaguely. What do you mean? Why do you not explain?"

He looked into her face as sternly as he could. "If I should tell you that this house and furniture, your diamonds, and servants, and equipage could in some degree meet the demands of hungry, nay, insatiate creditors, what would be your reply?"

The truth burst upon her like a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky. She was unprepared for it; two years before she had assumed an exalted position, and she had worn the honors it conferred as regally as a queen wears the crown destined to her at her birth. Myrtle loved splendor and gayety as dearly as the summer bird loves sunshine and warmth, but she loved her husband and his honor beyond all else. She did not realize it in its full force until he added:—

"When we were married, Myrtle, I had this property and its appurtenances deeded to you. As the record now stands, they are yours personally, as much so as are the garments in which you are clad. Make your own decision, darling, take your own time. The law cannot rob you of these things if you wish."

The true nobility of womanhood, which had been slumbering in Myrtle's nature like a diamond within a sealed casket, displayed itself as she twined her white arms about her husband's neck. "I do not need time to decide this matter, Chester," she exclaimed. "Integrate, indeed, would I be could I flatter now. Take all, everything. Leave me but your love, Chester, and my own health, and I ask nothing else."

"But, Myrtle, does not the prospect seem dark, indeed? To be bereft of the wealth and luxury in which we have revelled, the 'purple and fine linen' in which we have been clothed every day, the society and gayety in which you have delighted so much, the—"

"Hush, Chester, do not refer to that! How reckless, how careless, I have been! How has your love ever survived my negligence of your comfort?"

"You shall not upbraid yourself," he replied, firmly, though affectionately. "If faith exists at all, it is mine, not yours. You were young, and, although chained myself, I urged your freedom upon you."

"Explain to me, Chester, how this state of affairs came about," she said after awhile. "Have not my wilful extravagances been your ruin? Am I not to blame as the sole cause?"

"Not at all," he replied. "All of my life my business has been in the hands of agents. I have been an idler in the vineyard. I have never withheld my wealth when it could in the least contribute to your happiness or my own. But, since misfortune restores to me my wife, and proves that she is not the gay butterfly the world doubtless thinks her I am satisfied. Come poverty, come toil, but I have my wife pure and unspotted from the world."

"As for myself, I do not dread our altered circumstances," she said, bravely; "but my heart aches for you, Chester. These surroundings have been for years in infancy; they were mine but for a day. In going back to the poverty from which your love so generously rescued me, I feel not one regret for myself. Your love shall be my incentive to unceasing energy, and your faith in me my redemption. If the world has ever said of me that I have been careless of your welfare, it may recall its verdict now; henceforth my life shall be devoted to you."

The young couple had many long conversations over their altered fortunes, and laid many plans for their future. At last it was decided that they should remove to the little inland town which Myrtle had left two years before a joyous bride. Chester had purchased a small cottage, and thither they were to remove in a few days.

"I do not know whether I can agree to your proposition or not," he replied, sadly, "but we will refer to this again at some future time."

Mr. Gardner, Chester's lawyer and friend, passed in and out every day. Myrtle had had no idea of the extent of her husband's business until she saw the heaps of papers which were constantly being brought into and carried out of the house. One morning Chester entered her chamber and found her in tears. She had borne her reverses not stoically, but bravely hitherto, and now to see her weeping almost unmanned him.

"Are these the first tears you have shed, Myrtle?"

"The very first," she answered, truthfully. "Then my darling what is the cause of this emotion? Do you regret your decision? It is not yet too late; you have another day in which to act. No earthly power can take this property from you without your own consent. Do not act upon the impulse of the moment, and then regret it all of your after life."

"I do not regret it," she said courageously. "I have never regretted it an instant since you stated the subject to me."

"Then tell me what has excited you so?" She wiped the tears from her eyes, and, folding her white hands in her lap, said, in a low and tremulous voice: "A nameless something for which I cannot account, incited me this morning to arrange the house as I would have done had we been going away on a visit instead of forever. I had gone carefully through the parlors, leaving my own room until the last, but when I arrived here and opened my jewel case, my spirits sank. My diamonds gleamed within, but for them I felt no regret except for the pride and vanity they had engendered. I placed the tiara upon my brow, womanlike," she added, as she saw his smile, "but I really thought it becoming now, and laid it idly and feebly aside. But, darling, when I espied my wedding ring, the one you placed upon my finger within the moment that made me your wife, the very happiest of women, I could not repress my tears. I felt unwilling to resign it; I felt I owed Chester, although I am ashamed to acknowledge it. It is not for the sake of retaining a vestige of my former glory but because with its bestowal I realized that I was all in all to you."

"And you shall retain it," said Chester, "let it cost what it may. You are a brave woman, Myrtle, and Heaven grant that I may properly appreciate and cherish you."

Almost a year had passed away. It was New Year's Eve, and within the Starling cottage all was love and happiness. A bright wood-fire burned within the open fireplace of the little parlor, throwing its ruddy light upon the few choice engravings which adorned the walls, upon the rows of shelves which, filled with books, occupied one entire side of the apartment, and upon the rosewood cradle containing a chubby baby of four months, the pride and pet of the household. Chester sat near the blazing fire, enjoying himself in the winter twilight, if one might be allowed to judge from the settled complacency of his countenance. As he sat thinking, his wife noiselessly entered the room, in her dark dress and snowy collar and cuffs, the very personation of a model housewife and mother. She advanced to the cradle, and, drawing the covering more closely about the little form it contained, turned to her husband.

"Tea is waiting, Chester."

"And I believe I am ready for it," he replied, following her into the drawing-room. "My ride to and from the city to-day has sharpened my appetite finely."

The supper laid out for his enjoyment was certainly sufficient to have tempted the most abstemious, and Chester expressed his appreciation as his fragrant tea was handed to him. Snowy bread and golden butter, preserves, steaming oysters, and deliciously broiled ham, all prepared by Myrtle's own hands, for their one domestic had not had enough experience to be trusted alone in the culinary department.

"I wish you and little Chester to accompany me to the city to-morrow, Myrtle," said Chester, when the meal was about half-finished.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Myrtle. "Why, have you forgotten that it is New Year's day? Besides, I have an abundance of the 'good things of this life' in preparation for dinner, and have invited uncle's family to dine with us."

"Transfer the eatables to the care of your aunt, and recall the invitation until a more convenient season. I must have you and Chester with me to-morrow. We will go up upon the two o'clock train."

They returned to the little parlor, and lighted the lamp. Myrtle drew her low chair to the side of the table and unfolded her work, a little dress she was embroidering for her babe. She was never idle now; there was always some employment for the busy hands of the basier brain, always some knitting or sewing, or a book which her husband had requested her to read. Chester noticed that she sighed wearily as her trembling fingers almost refused to thread the needle.

"We will have a holiday to-night, my love," he said, taking the garment from her lap and replacing it in her basket. "You are tired, I know; let me rest you."

He pillowed her head upon his breast, and lifted her face to his.

"The old year is ebbing away, Myrtle; have we spent it profitably or unprofitably?"

"Profitably," she replied, her energies reviving, "and happily, too. How has it been with you, Chester? Is the retrospect pleasant, or is this hour a time for memory and for tears?"

"No, Myrtle; I can honestly say that since we have been living in this cottage, I have known more genuine happiness than I ever experienced in the whole of my life before. I need not tell you that when we removed here I feared the effects of the change upon you. I installed you mistress of my house when wealth seemed to flow in upon us from every side; but before two years had passed, home and wealth vanished as if they had been the creations of a dream. Myrtle, have you never in your secret heart reproached me for the change?"

"Never, never, Chester! I have blamed myself rather than you. And more—if to-night our lost fortune could be restored to us, I feel that the strength and wisdom I have gained in the passing year would keep me forever aloof from the follies in which I once indulged so recklessly. I feel no regret for their loss, no desire for their re-possession. In your restored

health and continued love, my sincerest prayers have been answered; and society, no matter how fascinating, could never again furnish an inducement for me to leave your side. I have learned that woman's sphere is home, and that if there is a tie stronger than that which binds her to it, she does not deserve the holy name of wife."

Chester drew her more closely to him and pressed his lips to her brow.

"This year of comparative poverty has been a greater trial to me than to you, Myrtle," he replied, in an unsteady voice; "not because I have had many of its privations to bear, but because in seeing you bear them so nobly, I have realized how utterly weak my infirmities rendered me."

"But that is all over now, Chester. Our misfortunes were for our own immediate good, though when they came upon us so suddenly, I could not see it clearly, strong as I thought myself to wrestle with them. These invigorating mountain breezes have been your restoration to health, and my separation from fashion and its vanities has been my temporal salvation. I tremble to think what I would have been to-night had not Providence so kindly interposed. That I was almost hopelessly vain and careless a year ago, you know too well; but if in the past months I have in any degree atoned for it, I am grateful."

As they stopped at the depot upon their arrival in the city the next evening, Myrtle recognized in the dusky twilight the carriage and horses which had once been her own, and even the driver who had formerly been in her employ.

"Come, my love, the carriage is waiting," said Chester, and too much surprised to speak, Myrtle suffered herself to be placed within it.

"Where are we going, Chester?" she asked, as soon as she could command her voice.

"I am anxious for you to become acquainted with the mistress of our former home, and her husband desired me to bring you directly there. You will find her a woman who has but few equals, and no superiors; one in whom her husband's heart doth safely trust. You will love her for my sake, I am sure."

Myrtle did not reply, but after a few moments' drive they reached the luxurious house in which they spent the first years of their married life. Chester led her up the marble steps, through the broad hall, into the very chamber which had been her own a twelve-month before. Everything was unchanged; carpet, furniture, curtains were the same, even her very jewel-box occupied its place upon the dressing-bureau.

"What does it all mean?" she asked herself upon looking around and seeing that Chester was absent.

She removed her wrappings mechanically, and laid them upon the bed; took little Chester from the arms of his nurse, and laid him within the elegant cradle, the only addition which had been made to the furniture of the apartment. Chester entered, looking radiant with happiness; he put his arm about his wife's waist, and said, softly:—

"Before presenting you to the lady of the house, I must tell you that you must never be jealous of my exceeding love for her, nor deprecate the wonderful influences she possesses over me. This is she."

He turned her around so that she could see herself in the full length mirror, and exclaimed:—

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Starling, the only mistress this house has ever had since her husband's mother died. Long may she reign, the queen of his home as of his heart?"

The tears rolled down Myrtle's cheeks.

"What do you mean, Chester? Are we in a dream?"

"No, Myrtle, it is all a blessed reality." He drew her unresisting form to his knee, and continued: "Let me tell you a little story, Myrtle. There was once a wife, young, and beautiful, and admired. Her husband was wealthy but was an invalid, and he loved her too well to confine her at his bedside. He urged her to go into society without him, and she went until she was fast becoming a slave to her fascinations. He determined to rescue her from the giddy vortex to which she was so rapidly moving, and to do this he resorted to measures which otherwise would have seemed harsh. He conversed with her in such a way regarding his affairs that she thought him a bankrupt; thought him reduced to poverty, and she heroically sustained her part in the conflict of life. It was a furnace of fire in which he tested her womanhood and her affection, but she came forth refined, purified, exalted. Her husband's love and confidence had not been misplaced. Was his course wrong?"

"No, no, Chester, that course was my salvation. I needed the retirement in which to think over and repent of my former follies. You pursued the wisest plan, and how grateful I am my future life shall prove."

"This, then, shall be your New-Year's gift," he returned, presenting her with the deed of the property, "and with it the assurance of my unbounded love and faith."

Gail Hamilton is too saucy to live long, but she is bright and intelligent, and altogether worthy of a brilliant future. She is not married, which is an excellent thing for her husband; but if she didn't worry him to death it would be because he was made of wood. "She is rather small," says a Washington correspondent; "has a round, fresh, happy-looking face, blue eyes and brown hair, worn short, and sort of curled, or frizzled. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic or blue-stockinged, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old."

The London organs are insolent in their tone on the Alabama question, but the Times wants the claims settled so a better feeling between the two countries may result. The Post sees no hope for a better state of things as long as the best Americans avoid or are driven from political life, while men like General Butler wield political influence, and ostentatious courtesy is shown to nations supposed to be unfriendly to England.

What's the difference between the North Pole and South Pole? "Why, all the difference in the world," replied a lady, unwittingly, and that's the answer.

THE MEER SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.—The mild races in the long run are the most powerful. I think the strangest text in the Bible, if you interpret it from the face of things, is this: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." If it had been, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit something better than the earth," it would not have been so strange; but to say that the meek shall inherit the earth is to much. Is it the meek child that does not dare to stand up for its rights among children, that gets along the best? Is not that the one that gets the most cuffs and kicks? Is it the meek man that makes the best bargains? Is it the meek community or nation that inherits the earth? Has not the earth been given to the strong from the beginning of the world until now? Has not the dynamic law been the victorious law? Force, penetration, comprehension, execution, will—have not these inherited the earth? No. I shall stick to the Scripture. "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." After all, it is true, in the long run, that those men come to more of the blessings of this world who seek them with gentleness and good will, conferring upon others the benefits of benevolence. The benevolent man, the truly loving man, the man that is industrious and enterprising, and at the same time seeking others, good, and not his own—him, and such as he, in the long run, inherit the earth. The number is small as yet of those who by their meekness inherit the earth; but there are some such. Now, it is in this category that patient waiters stand. A man dies in a neighborhood. His life closes, and men think, "How patient and gentle he was!" But he was building a monument that shall stand when monuments built of marble or granite have decayed—a monument built of the precious stones of moral qualities. And that is what I think is the meaning where it is said that the gates of heaven are built of precious stones. They are built of shining moral qualities.—[J. W. Beecher.

In Spain, the teachers of Protestantism appear to be listened to by crowds, though the actual converts are few. There is a better appreciation of religious liberty in Spain than was supposed. The late Mr. Buckle would have been cured of his dogmatism by the sight. By the way,—when are the treasures at Simancas to be known to the world? Berengerothe did wonders in exploring the old state records there, but the number was too great to be dealt with by a single explorer. The records are kept in an old castle, without guns, surrounded by a dry moat. The documents are put up in bundles called legajos, each containing from five to twenty manuscripts or so. They occupy shelves in endless rows, and are about 80,000 in number. "Such curiosities!" writes a gentleman who has just visited the spot. "State papers about Catharine of Aragon and Henry VIII., letters of Ignatius Loyola, the Duke of Alva, Mary Stuart, the will of Isabella the Catholic, the war accounts of Gonzalvo the great captain, letters of Cervantes, and a host besides. The documents are in wonderful preservation—paper good and white; but the free and easy manner in which these valuable documents were handled somewhat astonished me. We saw more than one chamber full of documents of the Inquisition in various towns. A discovery among the papers of the Inquisition of some previously unknown works of Lope de Vega and Calderon, etc, has been made. These MSS. have been sent to Madrid. What strange things are lying asleep among these records!"—[Best. Adv.

In his "Topics of the Times" in Scribner's Monthly, Dr. Hollan offers this conundrum to those who look a-kance at John Chinaman: "The 'heathen Chinese' does up shoes in Massachusetts and linen in New Jersey, to the great grief and scandal of St. Crispin in the former State and St. Patrick in the latter. What shall be done about it? He is a clean man and we cannot indict him as a nuisance. He is an industrious man, and we cannot prosecute him for vagrancy. He does his work faithfully and well, and we cannot discharge him. His is sober and orderly, and we cannot get him into the lockup. He minds his own business, and it does not seem to be quite the genteel thing to kick him. More than all, he is ingenious and we need him. It really seems to be one of the unluckiest cases to manage that has fallen into saintly hands since the land of the free and the home of the brave was discovered. When a heathen gets to be cleaner, more industrious, more faithful, more continent, more courteous and inoffensive and more ingenious than a saint, we should like to know what a free and highly civilized Christian people are going to do with him."

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him; continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or expressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was lectured on a generosity. "I'd better to give than to receive, Johnny—far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." Illustrate it, papa. I think I will understand you better. Father could not see the application.

A little girl, when her father's table was honored by an esteemed guest, began to talk very earnestly at the pause in the conversation. Her father checked her somewhat sharply, saying: "Why is it that you always talk so much?" "Tause I've dot somesin to say," was the instant reply—at which the roly-poly papa was obliged to look another way, and the guest laughed outright.

"Fancy," said Sidney Smith to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Garden had caught cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

In sixty-six cases of sudden death, post mortem examination showed that fifty-six were caused by congestion of the lungs. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news clogging the lungs by a sudden rush of blood.

Numerous cases are on record of the death of children from eating the indigestible, acid rind of the orange.

Dear Mail.—As you rarely hear from this smart little city, I feel sure that some of your readers would like to know of the spindles and spinners that keep the multitude so busy. With a population of 65,000, a large majority are engaged in the various manufacturing establishments; and the many horse cars that run through the different streets tell plainly that energy and enterprise are the ruling characteristics of the people. Indeed, the population increases so fast that the city proper will ere long be filled to overflowing, and many will be under the necessity of living in the suburbs.

The people here are wide awake, and keep an eye out for the public good. Active measures are taken to keep down the sale of alcohol, and many are interested in the cause of temperance. Occasionally the good people are treated to a lecture from one of the Anna Dickinson school, but comparatively few ladies here care to enter the arena of political distinction.

On the 21st I attended a social gathering of the parishioners of Rev. Dr. A. H. Granger. It was the 27th anniversary of his marriage, and his people, over whom he has been settled for seventeen years, testified their good feeling by leaving many valuable presents, showing that his faithful labors among them were well appreciated. The house was very full, and during the evening an appropriate hymn of welcome was sung, written by Mrs. Granger, and some appreciative remarks made by the Rev. Dr. Among the gifts were some fine pictures in album—one very beautiful one, the "changed cross," to Mrs. G. from the ladies of Mrs. Smalley's Infirmary, where Mrs. G. has been successfully treated during the past Summer.

Thanksgiving day was truly a holiday with the majority, and one of the pleasant observances of the day was the dinner of the news boys, boot blacks, and other street boys, given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Roger Williams's Hall, at 6 o'clock P. M. Long before the time appointed for the exercises to commence, the seats and galleries were filled with spectators who watched with interest the various preparations. In the centre of the hall were four well filled tables, each capable of accommodating fifty-two boys, and tastefully arranged with whatever goes to make up a first class dinner. The hall was finely decorated, American flags being prominent, and festoons of red, white and blue draped the galleries along the whole distance, with hanging baskets of vines between. The American Band occupied the platform, and the boys marched in greeted them with "Hail Columbia," to which the crowd added hearty cheers. Speeches were made by Gov. Palford, Major Doyle, and others, showing the interest all classes feel in this part of the population. Among the boys were many bright and beautiful faces, and as I gazed upon them as they partook of the bountiful supply, I felt that a blessing must rest upon the benevolent hearts who had taken this means to win the boys over to self respect and an honorable life. Quiet and well behaved, they seemed to appreciate fully the feelings of kindness and love which prompted the entertainment.

The weather, during the whole month, has been mild and sunny, with now and then a slight rain, and one here can hardly realize that winter is so near at hand.

For the benefit of the lady readers, I would direct your attention to the Infirmary of Mrs. Smalley, for Ladies, above alluded to. Having had seven years experience in N. Y. and for some time a large extent of practice here, she treats female diseases with marked success, and in her establishment, you meet with the refined and cultivated, from various cities and towns.

But I must close, hoping you may sometime have the pleasure of seeing for yourself all the pleasant people and things of this wealthy and thriving city.

VIATOR.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Dec. 5th, 1870.

Editors Mail.—I have just laid down a copy of the old *Waterville Mail*, after having read nearly every word in its columns; and the thought occurred to my mind that perhaps a line from one who has passed his younger days in your quiet little village, would be read by at least some of your numerous readers. A short time since it was my good fortune to spend a little time in and around Waterville, and it was like a source of pride and gratification to me to witness the thrift and indications of industry so manifest on every hand, more especially in your own village. I well remember how much interest I took in the growth and welfare of your town, even when a boy, and I was glad to see such rapid strides of progress as you have made during these many years. It is true there are many towns in New England which have grown in population more rapidly than has yours; but in material progress and cultivation Waterville is not behind her sister towns. The wealth of your citizens, and the first rank they occupy in educational and religious progress lend to your place a high and flattering name. No other town in New England, if in the country, can boast of better educational advantages than Waterville. Your beautiful and prosperous Colby University has a national reputation, and your other branches of graded schools may well be the envy of any community. And in the graduation of honorable, high-toned, educated men, no community has produced a larger number. The good old State of Maine, with all its many attractive towns and villages, can boast of none more attractive than Waterville.

But the wealth and industry so prevalent are not confined to you. While on my summer vacation the last season, I paid a visit to your neighboring villages of Kendall's Mills and Somerset Mills. For one accustomed to the confinement which is the fate of all who live in a large place like Boston, it affords a sense of relief to gain access to a genuine old-fashioned farm-house, such an one as it was my good lot to enjoy while there. The fresh, wholesome, life-giving food displayed at each call of the good matron of the house, forms a striking contrast to what is furnished as here. But I am not going to enumerate all the comforts and enjoyments I there experienced. I want to speak a few words of the manufacturing interests I saw in the town of Somerset Mills. Through the courtesy of the Messrs. Lawrence Brothers, I had an opportunity of closely inspecting their extensive mills at that place, and was somewhat surprised to learn the amount of business transacted in this obscure little village. I think that some of our boasted large manufacturers here would be astonished at the amount of lumber annually cut and sent to market by these enterprising young men. And everything is done so simply and in such an unpretentious manner, that a lesson might be taught our manufacturers were they to once pass through these mills and witness the mode of "doing" things. This one firm cut annu-

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 16, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; J. E. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beal's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and C. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 123 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the Post Office Department, and to forward the same to the publishers of the paper.

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

WESTERN DIVISION FARM CLUB.—The first meeting of the winter session, was held at the residence of Mr. Geo. E. Shores on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14. The attendance was few in number but excellent in quality. The president, Joseph Percival, "ever faithful," was in the chair, and the winter work began as promptly as a kind farm horse presses the collar.

R. W. Dunn was chosen secretary pro tem, and the Club proceeded to elect the following officers:

LEVI A. DOW, President.
ISA. MARSTON, 1st Vice President.
BENJ. MITCHELL, 2d do.
DANIEL R. WING, Secretary.
E. MAXHAM, Treasurer.

Jos. Percival, Geo. E. Shores, and Eph. Maxham, Committee on subjects for discussion. Question for the evening,—"Should farmers reduce their stock, at the present prices of hay and stock?"

Mr. Percival thought farmers make a great mistake in selling stock for the sake of having hay to sell. Already some kinds of stock are scarce. There is a great loss in selling stock so low, which must be much higher for several years to come; also a loss of dressing for the farm. Think they had better increase stock than diminish, and feed corn which is now cheap, and strive in various ways to make their hay spend farther. He has experimented with cows—fed roots, shorts and straw, and thus saved much hay. Think the scarcity and high price of hay should lead farmers to study to economize. He mentioned instances of stock being sold at ruinous prices.

Mr. Maxham suggested that by rushing off stock farmers had brought down the price of both commodities, hay and stock. A proportionate rise of stock must follow, and farmers will be compelled to restock at advanced prices—even if they take the slow process of raising the animals.

Mr. Dow thought he had made more money in feeding when hay was high, from the advanced price in stock.

Mr. Mitchell proposed the following:—A man has a few more head of cattle than he has feed for—would it be better, at the present state of the market, to buy hay or sell stock? Mr. Shores thought he would better buy hay, by all means, as did others also.

Mr. Shores says Massachusetts farmers buy our stock then buy our hay and western corn to feed upon, and it seems that we could much better afford to keep both ourselves.

The question was asked whether or not Phosphate could be made to take the place of manure for dressing. Mr. Shores thought not at present prices. Col. Marston said his experience has proved that phosphate did not help his potato crop, but rather the reverse.

By unanimous vote adopted the following: Resolved: That in the opinion of this Club, the course pursued by many farmers in this State, in reducing their stock at the present price of hay and stock, is disastrous to themselves.

Voted, that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at the house of Benj. Mitchell in one week from this evening.

Question for the next meeting:—"Can the farm be made to sustain its fertility by a consumption of its own products?"

Adjourned.
R. W. DUNN, Sec'y Pro Tem.

As an experiment, round trip tickets to Bangor, from all stations east of Waterville, will from this time be issued at reduced rates, to be good for one day only. Under this arrangement one can go from Waterville and Kendall's Mills to Bangor, and return the same day for \$3.75; from Glinston for \$3.50; from Burnham for \$3.00—and others in proportion; being quite a saving to the passenger.

Mr. Millar T. Gannett, a printer, aged about 20 years, committed suicide in August, by drowning, on Sunday evening last. Mental depression, induced by ill health, is supposed to have been the cause.

We find the following paragraph in the last number of the Bath Times:—

Mr. T. J. Emery who has been employed in constructing the piers for the bridges on the K. & L. R. E. has completed his work and left for Waterville. Mr. E. is an old and experienced builder, and his works remain.

MASONIC.—At a special communication of Waterville Lodge, No. 33, held at their Hall last Monday evening, the following officers for the ensuing year were duly installed by Rev. and Past Master J. O. Skinner:

Charles H. Alden, Master.
Llewellyn E. Crommett, S. W.
Cyrus G. Tozier, J. W.
Nathan Stiles, Sec.
Geo. L. Robinson, T.
R. Wesley Dunn, S. D.
Levi A. Dow, J. D.
Charles E. Estes, S. S.
William R. Russell, J. S.
Russell S. Jones, Ty.

At a Special Meeting of MESSALONSKEE LODGE, No. 113, the following officers were installed by P. M. J. W. Gilman:—

G. T. Benson, W. M.
M. M. Bartlett, S. W.
A. J. Parker, J. W.
J. W. Gilman, Sec.
H. C. Winslow, Treas.
G. W. Hubbard, S. D.
C. E. Fogg, J. D.
N. Clemson, S. S.
Eugene Richardson, J. S.
J. P. Phillips, Tyler.

For the benefit of our brethren of Waterville Lodge we can say that the last dollar for which we stood indebted for our new Hall has been paid, and the annual reports of the Sec. and Treas. show the Lodge to be in a very prosperous condition.

REV. MR. BURRAGE, pastor of the Baptist Church in our village, designs to devote four or five discourses during the winter, to the History of the Baptists, the first of which will be delivered next Sabbath afternoon.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—At the Baptist Chapel, on Saturday evening, Dec. 24th, there will be a social gathering of the Sabbath-School and friends, with some pleasant exercises, singing, refreshments, &c.

The Unitarian Society will have a social time, at Town Hall on Saturday evening, mainly for the children of the Sabbath School with Christmas trees, refreshments, &c.

The Congregationalist Society also contemplate a celebration of Christmas, but have not yet arranged the details.

SPECIAL!—Look over the advertisements before you go for Christmas presents. C. K. Mathews, at his newly finished and elegant store, has made an extra effort to meet the wants of all. Pray Brothers have a nice variety, embracing some choice and beautiful articles. Alden Brothers, always prepared and up to the times, advertise the solid silver and gold, as well as the cheaper articles. I. H. Low & Co. bring out their choicest temptations, and beautiful at that. C. R. Partridge of Augusta, offers attractions which he confidently expects will draw customers from all parts of the country. The best places to look for Christmas presents are always advertised—of course.

The citizens of the East Village thought it quite curious, and not a little gratifying, after the queer testimony given at the hearing before the County Commissioners, that the first man that crossed the ferry when it was established last Spring was a man from the West village. Well, the same man has been heard from again, and it seems that he is equally frank and prompt in acknowledging that a bridge across the Kennebec, at this point, is a great convenience.

QUITE HANDY.—I could, from Cross's Hill, have crossed at Augusta—could have reached Kendall's Mills—could have reached the New Bridge opened as I came in sight. "Quite Handy" for an old itinerant. So a bottle of Hill's Remedy is just as handy, for it is the best thing out. Plaisted, Chip, Simpson, & all dealers in medicine should have it for sale.—Orders! Orders!

SAD ACCIDENT AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—On the evening of the 11th inst. the dead body of a man named David Sinclair was found near the base of the abutment of the railroad bridge on the Benton side. Inquiry led to the conclusion that he had fallen from the bridge a week previous, while intoxicated.

"It is supposed," says a correspondent, "that he attempted to cross the bridge to the house of a Mr. Burgess, in Benton, and as he reached the further end stumbled and fell to the rocks below, a distance of some 50 feet. He was found lying upon his back, with a frightful wound in his forehead. He had probably lain there more than a week." Sinclair was unmarried, 42 years old, and had been a victim of intemperance from his boyhood. Who can envy the man who sold him his last drink? or his first?

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT is to be greatly enlarged and improved with the beginning of its thirty-fifth volume in March next, the price to remain unchanged—\$2.00 a year in advance. More Stories, fuller Market Reports, and a more extended News Department, and New Type, are among the intended improvements. To all new Subscribers, the TRANSCRIPT will be sent *fourteen months* for the price of one year. By its Clubbing arrangements with all the leading Magazines and Newspapers, the entire reading matter for a family, (except the local paper which it is the duty of every citizen to patronize,) can be had at the lowest possible rates. Enough can be saved on two Magazines to pay the whole subscription price of the TRANSCRIPT. Specimens of the TRANSCRIPT and Circulars with full list of Periodicals clubbed with, and their prices sent free to any who apply. Address ELWELL, PICKARD & CO., PORTLAND, ME.

THE CATTLE MARKETS, this week showed some improvement over last, the number of cattle being smaller.

We are indebted to Bailey & Noyes, Book-sellers of Portland, for some very handsome calendars for 1871.

OUR TABLE

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for Jan. may well be styled a star number, and that of the first magnitude. With poems by Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, and rich contributions by Higginson, Howells, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Henry Wilson, and many other eminent writers, this magazine provides a rare entertainment for its readers. The following is a list of the contents:—

A Year in a Venetian Palace, by W. D. Howells. The Fugitive, by Henry W. Longfellow. Miss Moggard's Provider, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. The Valley of Gastin, by H. H. Madame Della's Expectations, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Castilian Days, by John Hay. Our Eyes, and how to take care of them, by Henry W. Williams. The Sisters, by J. G. Whittier. Kate Beaumont, by J. W. De Forest. American Life in France, by M. L. P. Country. Winter in New Hampshire, by H. H. New Departure of the Republican Party, by Henry Wilson. Dorothy Q., by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Our Whispering Gallery, by James T. Fields. Recent Literature.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for January opens with an article on Fairmount Park which is accompanied by fifteen charming illustrations. The illustrated articles are—Kings of the Air, with seven pictures; The Goblin of the Ice, an arctic story, by Dr. I. I. Hayes; The Christmas Door, a poem, by Lois Brooke; parts 1 and 2 of Lucky Peer, a story by Hans Christian Andersen, which is accompanied by a fine portrait of the author; Ships, by J. T. Headley; The Northern Lights; Strasburg after the Surrender; Geo. MacDonald's great serial story "Wilfrid Cumbermede," of which two more chapters are given, has one illustration; and there are some quaint etchings accompanying a humorous sketch entitled, "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question." "Natasque," Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's story, is concluded. Of the other attractions, which are numerous, we may only mention a Christmas Carol,—the words by J. G. Holland, and the music by George J. Huss. This new magazine makes ample compensation for the three or four which were sacrificed to give it birth.

Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year—the cheapest magazine in the country.

THE GALAXY for 1871 promises even greater attractions than heretofore. One distinctive feature of THE GALAXY is, the bright sharp way in which it is edited. Every subject of popular interest is at once seized upon and written up by the most competent person. THE GALAXY has gathered around itself a staff of the most popular writers in every department, and it is clear that every number is made up with the same unity of purpose and nice discernment of the public taste, which characterizes our most successful daily and weekly papers. Among the attractions for the coming year, THE GALAXY has engaged Peter Crayton to furnish a series of sketches of life and adventure. Mrs. Edwards, the author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence," and "Susan Fielding," will begin a new novel in the January number, entitled "Ought We to Visit Her?" In the January number a new department will be opened—a department of science—which will be under the charge of a distinguished writer in that field. The remarkable series of papers by distinguished public men, to which Messrs. Thurlow Weed, J. S. Black, Horatio King, and Gideon Welles have contributed during the year now closed, will be continued during 1871, and will include contributions from other public men of high position and wide experience. Each number will have humorous articles by Mark Twain, which are a constant source of delight to the public; and also a complete review of the world of literature, embracing French, German, English, and American literature, prepared by the most competent writers. Mr. Richard Grant White will, early in the year begin his series of articles on "Americanisms," a continuation of the popular series on "Words and Their Uses." Of other writers who will have articles in the numbers of THE GALAXY for 1871, may be named Justin McCarthy, Bayard Taylor, I. K. Marvel, Parke Goodwin, Dr. J. C. Draper, Carl Benson, Prof. J. M. Hart, of Cornell University, and others.

The conductors of THE GALAXY intend to make it even better and more attractive than it has heretofore been. No expense will be spared to secure articles of the greatest interest to its readers.

EVERY SATURDAY.—This pictorial weekly grows better and more attractive with each succeeding issue. A leading literary feature will be Mr. Edmund Yates's new story, "Nobody's Fortune," which Dickens who saw the plan before his death, pronounced "of great promise, turning upon a capital set of incidents."

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS begins the year with a January number rich in attractions—"Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," a story by Trowbridge; a New Year Poem by Marion Douglas and a Christmas Poem by Elizabeth D. Harrington; a Christmas story by Annie B. Annan, and another about Christmas among the Freedmen, by Elizabeth Kilham; a Christmas Carol, set to music by Agnes Gray; and much more which we will not mention. The initial number of this volume is not exceptional, however; there will be eleven more during the year like unto it in point of excellence.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

THE NURSERY.—Oh, but isn't the January number a beauty—with its charming stories and beautiful pictures! This little magazine for youngest readers is very handsomely printed, and some of the stories are in nice large, clear type, just right for beginners; and in many select schools it is used as a first reading book, with the best results. It is a book, too, that is changed every month; but the young people never tire of reading it.

Published by John L. Sherry, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY issues its December number, but with the next one will change its name to The Lakeside Monthly, after the Chicago publishing house, whose representative it becomes. The current number has among its titles, "Chicago as a port of Entry," "The Labor Reform Party," "Recollections of Judge Story," and "Art in Chicago." The article on Judge Story is by Prof. Wm. Matthews, of Chicago University, under whose editorial charge this monthly is now issued. The price of the Monthly is \$4 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has a gorgeous January number with a beautiful holiday title page, a handsome Berlin wool work pattern, in colors, fine steel engravings, numerous wood cuts, large colored fashion plate, and a supplement containing instructions in gaiter netting. The literary matter is good, as usual. While Godey lives he will not be outdone in his particular department and the Lady's Book will not be eclipsed. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE which seems to combine all the attractions of interesting reading matter, careful editing, high tone, fine illustrations, good music, science with pastime, elocutionary instruction, good paper, clear printing, and marvellous cheapness, is OUR SCHOOL-DAY VISITOR, published by Daughday & Becker, 1081 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., at \$1.25 a year. We mean it when we commend the VISITOR as cheap and good. The December number will convince any one that we are not mistaken. We advise our readers to send for it before subscribing for any other, and see the extraordinary inducements offered. It will be sent free. Address the publishers.

EVERY SATURDAY is out a day later than usual this week. It is a capital number, with a supplement, strong original pictures of "Trapping in the Adirondacks," by Winslow Homer, and of a city scene, "Stop Thief," by Charles G. Rush, and a noteworthy announcement from the publishers that the size of the journal is to be permanently enlarged to twenty-four pages with the next issue.

THE THIRD LECTURE at the Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening, was by Rev. Mark Trafton, of Boston. It was very enjoyable, the lecturer saying many witty and just things in a forcible manner; but on the whole, as a candid discussion of one of the most important social questions, it was hardly satisfactory—the gentleman failing to meet some of the vital points at issue as squarely and frankly as could be desired. For instance, if the matter of "taxation without representation" could have been logically and practically disposed of as easily in the days of '76, our revolutionary war might have been avoided. There was a very good audience, especially when the bad walking was taken into account. No further announcement was made.

Considerable sickness is reported among the men in the woods, and it is difficult to get to them, or for them to be brought out.

A Burnham correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says that the freights on the Maine Central Railroad have doubled since consolidation.

The singing school of Mr. Hanson, at Somerset Mills, is to close with a concert and dance on Wednesday evening next. Miss Adie Smith, a favorite Waterville singer, is engaged for some of her pretty songs.

A warm rain, early in the week, took away most of our snow; but last night a cold wind prevailed which closed the river at the head of the Falls. Everybody is now wishing for more snow.

Boys! Be careful about going upon the ice, as we are not desirous of chronicling a sad accident at the expense of any one of you.

According to the Journal, a robin was seen and heard to sing in Augusta on Tuesday last. If he was wise he shut up and scooted before this cold wind began to blow.

MINISTER'S FIG.—"Millers have fat hogs," but ministers are not generally noted for marked success in this line. Elder Russell who lives near the Webb school-house, recently killed one a year old that weighed 448 pounds. This is doing pretty well for a minister, and indicates that piggy had a pretty "free" run of corn meal and milk.

A series of lectures has been arranged for the convicts in the State Prison at Charlestown Mass., the first of which was delivered by Petroleum V. Nasby, on Saturday evening.

George Francis Train is to be at home on Christmas, and threatens the public with two books, describing his recent hostile experience.

Cheaper than Dirt! What? Why those nice Soaps at Low & Co's new Drug Store.

THE UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE.—We have received one number of this magazine, (of which three are published yearly by the students of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.) from Mr. C. T. Haviland, of our village, who is one of the editors, and who contributes a well written article on "The Scarcity of Literary Men among our Statesmen." Besides the local matter, there is much good miscellaneous reading in the magazine.

THE WAR.—The following from the Boston Advertiser, gives a fair idea of the situation at the present time:—"King William reports that the result of the four day's fighting at Beaumont was the retreat of the French to Blois and Tours. Gambetta, on the other hand, is perfectly satisfied, and says the Prussians have met with severe repulses. The report that the bombardment will begin at once is reiterated, and it is said that King William is influenced thereby by the dissatisfaction of the troops at the delay. Everything seems to indicate that Prussia has given up all idea of respecting the neutrality of Luxembourg, basing that determination upon the sympathy of the people for the French. This causes renewed apprehensions in England, and has aroused a vigorous protest from the people of the carrying-out of a deep-laid scheme for the annexation of Luxembourg, and think that it has some hidden connection with the circular of Prince Gortschakoff. The King of Holland is also accused of conniving at the former scheme. The Vienna press is also considerably excited at the news. The Prussians are now sixteen miles from Havre, whose inhabitants are said to be eager for the fight. German advisers state that Garibaldi's resignation is the result of careful deliberation, he having become convinced that further resistance on the part of France is a mere sacrifice of human life. Garibaldi returns to Italy at once. Phalsbourg has surrendered unconditionally. The fortifications of Metz are to be rebuilt and restored.

Among the Divores decreed at the last session of the Supreme Court, at Augusta, are the following, as we learn from the Journal:—Ellen McKay vs. Jacob N. McKay, of Vassalboro, for adultery, drunkenness and abusive treatment. Custody of child given to the mother.

Hannah F. Small of Gardiner, vs. A. H. Small, for adultery and drunkenness; care of child given to mother.

Geo. S. Barton of Sidney, vs. Theresa A. Barton, for irreconcilable disposition of parties.

Christiana R. Dean of Clinton Gore, vs. Otis G. Dean, for adultery; custody of minor children given to mother.

Arvin Case of Cornville, vs. Caroline Case of Sidney; six years desertion with no prospect of reconciliation; no decree respecting the child.

William H. Morrell of Benton, vs. Julia A. Morrell, for adultery; care of minor child given to father, (if he can get it.)

Howell was much dissatisfied that he was not let off with flying colors, after the fashion of such heroes in other States. He said it is owing to his poverty, though the State paid every bill incurred in the defence.

The Bangor Whig says that the business of changing the grade on the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad is being pushed as rapidly as possible, considering the unfavorable weather. Twenty miles of the track have been changed, and it is believed that the work will be accomplished this week.

BY TELEGRAPH.

GREAT FIRE AT WISCASSET.

The village half burned up!

Friday morning, Dec. 16th.

A most disastrous conflagration commenced at three o'clock this morning, on the east side of middle Street, Wiscasset, and destroyed all the buildings on the South side of Main Street, crossing Water Street to the River, in all about twenty-five stores and eleven houses. The following are the principal sufferers:—E. C. Philbrick, Jesse White, Mrs. S. B. Hilton, Joseph Call, Emma Dodge, Richard Blinn, M. P. Lenox, Eben Perkins, Nath'l Lincoln M. C. Boyd, Jas. Lambert, Warren Lowell, J. C. Henderson, J. Greenleaf. The fire broke out at Jesse White's store. Estimated loss, one hundred thousand dollars.

The Portland and Kennebec Freight House at Yarmouth Junction was burned this morning, the fire taking, as is supposed, from the engine of a passing freight train. \$2000 worth of freight was destroyed besides what the company loses.

ANOTHER FIRE.—The Cumberland Depot is reported burning, as we go to press, (Friday P. M.) and as the trains cannot pass immediately they must be late this evening.

CONGRESS.—Tuesday Mr. McCrory asked leave to introduce a resolution proposing an investigation with a view to the restoration of the Arlington estate to the widow of Gen. Lee, the removal of the graveyards in the premises, and a general restitution for any incumbrance placed there in the interest of the government. After a long debate the request was refused, 4 to 54.

A TELEGRAM has been received in London announcing the death of Alexandre Dumas.

GREAT Britain is still making ready for any new complication by getting her army and navy in readiness. Twenty gun-makers have left Enfield for Constantinople to assist the Sultan. The Russian forces are rapidly concentrating near the Turkish frontier.

GEN SCHENCK, who has been selected as our next Minister to England, is 62 years of age, a native of Ohio, a lawyer by profession, and an old Whig in political antecedents.

In spite of the bad weather, the meeting of the East Somerset Musical Association at Pittsfield last week, was a success. Prof. Ballard of Lewiston is highly spoken of as director.—[Somerset Reporter.]

The New Orleans Republican says a reign of terror has been inaugurated in Baton Rouge. Threats made by those lately held as prisoners, and undergoing examination for complicity in the election riots, are being carried out. All who were in any way connected with ferreting out the guilty parties, and with bringing them to justice, or who had the temerity to testify against them, are marked men.

The Portland Press learns that the new and substantial iron bridge recently completed across the Presumpscot, at Saconnap, fell on Monday afternoon, and would have been plunged into the river if it had not been caught on piers that were being built up from the river bed to it. Several of the workmen were injured, but no bones were broken. The planking of the bridge was being laid at the time of the accident.

The Lewiston Journal is informed that a young man named Brooks Collin, of Gorham N. H., fell down between the cars of a freight train on the Grand Trunk Railroad, on which he was brakeman, as it was approaching Danville Junction at 1:40 Wednesday morning. The whole train ran over him, cutting off both legs and an arm, and bruising his head badly. One leg was torn completely out of his body at the hip. He lived till 4:45 a. m.

Prussia seems to have decided to lay violent hands on Luxembourg, perhaps the strongest fortress in Europe excepting Gibraltar. She has notified the Grand Duke that having allowed France to violate the neutrality of the Duchy she (Prussia) would no longer respect it. Holland and Belgium will protest, but being weak nations will protest in vain.

Friday evening a dastardly attempt was made to throw the 6 o'clock accommodation train from the track in Farmingdale. The obstruction was a piece of railroad iron about ten feet long. Fortunately it was icy and was brushed off between the rails, avoiding no doubt a serious accident, as the train was running quite fast at the time.—Superintendent Lincoln offers \$1000 reward for the one who placed it on the track.

ANOTHER SWINDLE.—A farmer, on the Maine Central train, last Saturday was swindled out of \$32 by a young man who borrowed that amount of him to pay a bill for goods which was presented to him by a confederate who came on board the train at Lewiston. The young man told the farmer that he had money in his trunk in the baggage car, but would not have time to get it before the train started. As soon as he borrowed the money, he left to open his trunk, and this was the last seen of him.

"The Best the Cheapest"

GILBRETH

Has a splendid stock of

First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c.

HE IS SELLING CHEAP.

His experience of over twenty years in the business, with disposition to deal in the best quality, enables him to select better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine. Please call and examine and you will see they are from the most skillful manufacturers in the country. Having a large trade of course

He buys cheap and sells cheap.

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

A graduation of "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See advertisement in Maine Farmer or send for a circular.

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GILBRETH KNOX

Has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 mile in a race 1:14, quarter 34 1-2 seconds. His latest colt, ROBERT JOHN, won the 4 year old purse at Waterville. His 5 year old colt "Knox-Hambleton," sold for Five hundred Dollars.

