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Maxham & Wing

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MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

BY LUCY LAMB.

OVER the way lives neighbor Brown,
In a mansion large and fair;
He is rich and proud as an heir to a crown;
What do I care?
I live in a cottage, low and small;
A vine creeps over the old brown wall;
Above the gable a hickory tall,
Shade in the summer and fruit in the fall;
Through the long winter enough for us all,
It gives to me and my children small.
Little I care
For the wealth and grandeur over the way;
They have bolts and bars over there;
I'm as secure in the night as the day!
They've an army of servants over the way,
Many carriages and much of care;
Horses and carriages and gay;
What do I care?
I am Bridget, Kate, Dinah, all rolled into one;
I rise in the morning as soon as the sun;
I make my own bread, plain, wholesome and sweet;
I serve my own table, and roast my own meat;
From the chamber aloft, to the kitchen on neat
Whatever to do by my own hands is done.
Little I care
For the ease and the idleness over the way,
They have butts and looks over there;
I have little to lose either night or day.
They have music and dancing over there,
In the parlor, and brilliant and gay;
Silks and laces and jewels rare;
What do I care?
I have visitors, too, Moses, David and Paul,
Bunyan, Shakespeare, and a noble than all;
The light-footed guests in my neighbor Brown's hall,
Burns, Thompson and Young, and the wise of our time,
Dickens, Bryant and Longfellow, masters of rhyme,
With Burritt and Mitchell, in science sublime.
Little I care
For the frivolous gaiety over the way,
They have wine and mirth over there;
I have health, pure water, and song every day.
Poor, rich Mrs. Brown, just over the way,
In her mansion stately and fair;
With her jewels and faces and silks so gay,
Is harassed with care.
I've never a jewel to worry about,
To look up at night, or to bring out;
My wardrobe, 'tween the scanty, is tidy and stout,
And I wouldn't change lots with rich Mrs. Brown
Were she ten times more wealthy, and heir to a crown!
For ails of contentment when on me lies look down.
Little I care
I'm richer than Mrs. Brown over the way,
For I'm venturing up, in a city fair,
Pure gold and silver that cannot decay;
Is harassed with care.
My wealthy neighbor over the way,
From his dwelling large and fair,
Must go to a narrow house of clay—
All go there!
Rich and poor alike must die,
Low in the dust all bodies must lie;
When the angel comes down to see,
Will he know my neighbor Brown from me?
Angels look not on rank, or on the latter estate;
Ere would be known my neighbor's bones.
Little I care
Whether my grave be marked or no,
There's a resting place for all that lie;
And a name is written that I shall know,
When I reach the city to which I go.
—N. Y. Tribune.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

DEAR EDITOR: In the many number of your Magazine you advise "Charlie" not to marry any woman unless he feels assured his love is fully reciprocated. This, together with some other circumstances, has led to ask you: What is Love? Now we read in novels of a certain unaccountable mysterious feeling entirely above or beyond the control of one's will, and which writers of romance are pleased to denominate *love*. In real life we are to look for this same kind of love, and is it true that this is the only safe basis upon which to choose a companion for life? We often hear it said, and I believe it, that true love is founded upon genuine esteem. There can be no love without esteem, and one loves with all the ardor of any hero or heroine of romance, and the other feels only the warmth of friendship, which is not to be taken for granted upon the uncertain sea of life together, notwithstanding in all other respects they may be calculated to make each other happy? By giving your views you will much oblige yours, respectfully, DE FLEUR.

LOVE has so many definitions nowadays, and each person so interprets the word according to the existing feeling in his heart, that we doubt if we shall be able to give you much satisfaction in our reply; and we fear after we are through you will impatiently exclaim, "I could have done better myself!" The fact is, we all know so much about Love, or think we do, and we all have our ideas upon the subject, derived from experience or existing in theory, that we turn away contemptuously from one whose views do not coincide with ours, and think he knows precious little about it.

A person that believes in Love likes to convince himself that he loves or has loved, and if according to your theory you prove that he has yet to know what love is, you will not have a very patient or willing listener; and your opinion will have but little weight with him; he will say to himself as he walks away, "I know better!"

John is courting Mary Jane; he says he loves her to distraction. He kisses her *belles-doux* over and over again; and if he chances to find a glove of hers, or a ribbon that she has worn, he caresses it; regards it as something with a soul, and stows it away in his left vest pocket, very near to where his soul is supposed to be quartered. She admires small feet; and he tortures himself with tight boots—all for Mary Jane. A moustache she adores, and he sends a pressing invitation to the flaments of his lip to come out and exhibit themselves; and persists in his entreaties week after week, although the barber shakes his head discouragingly and advises him to dismiss the few struggling guests that have rallied to his call; no! he treats the new comers to another "feast of reason," and his perseverance would be remarkable did we not know it was all for Mary Jane. She is fond of jewelry. He invests and adorns her with it. She admires flowers, and he supplies her vases. In fact he is "devoted to her," he is her slave, he protests himself willing to die for her—oh so willing. She believes him. She trusts him. She twines her arms around his neck and looking into his admiring eyes, says "Die? Oh no, Dear, if you should die I would not care to live! But there is just one little thing you could do for me that would make me unutterably happy." He falls on his knees before her, and implores her to tell him what it is. He will do anything for his "earth angel"—anything, anything, only tell him quickly, that he may hasten to carry out her wishes. He bends forward eagerly; he listens to catch the words; she takes his face in her little hands—how dear she is; she hesitates a moment, and the color comes to her face—how bewitching, how lovely! "Oh, John," she says—how his heart beats—"if you would only promise"—"What is it, Darling?"—"never—never—to touch any more wine." A hot flush rises to his cheek. The little hands are thrust aside. The "little angel" is a "little fool." Words follow in combinations that do not convey an idea of unlimited adoration. The result is, our hero who loved his Mary Jane to distraction, who was willing (?) to die for her, takes the little glove, the little ribbon from his pocket and casts them far from him. Her picture that he has kissed so fervently he returns to her keeping. Madame Rumor says John and Mary Jane have broken their engagement, and gossip-mongers roll their names as sweet morsels under their tongues. Ask John, in a few weeks, about Mary Jane. He will declare he never loved her; he was "only infatuated;" it was "only a passing passion." And we turn to Mary Jane and congratulate her upon being more fortunate than many who do not discover this until too late.

Our idea of love may be no standard for others—it is simply this: Perfect love is the deepest affection the heart is capable of, combined

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with utter unselfishness toward the object loved. A devotion that is self-sacrificing, if necessary; "That beareth all things—that suffereth long and is kind." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." We would make the foregoing the standard of love, and would approximate it as nearly as possible. There are some persons that seem to be incapable of loving. They are cold-hearted, indifferent, emotionless. But the deepest affection their hearts are capable of is to the other attributes of their hearts, what our affection is to our hearts' attributes, and so we say, in a measure, every one is capable of loving. Would you then, be content to marry a person who gave you only esteem in return for your intense love? Do you think you would be satisfied with this when you knew there existed deeper emotions in the heart which you had not the power to awaken? Would you not be on the alert lest some day the love should develop for some one else? Would you be entirely at rest? Would you be supremely happy? If you would, we would not. In the case you suppose, it might be safe to venture, but we very much doubt it. It wouldn't be safe for us. We like esteem, we prize it. We like our friends, in a certain sense we love them, dearly; but nearer than friends, nearer than brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, are *Darlings*. Next to God, we give them our hearts' best, brightest, purest love; next to Him we ask theirs in return. With such mutual love we would bind ourselves for life; otherwise than the existence of this mutual devotion we would prefer to remain single, and enjoy the esteem of our friends.

THE RIGHTS OF WITNESSES.—The tedious session of the supreme court at Pittsfield, Mass., was relieved by an incident one day recently that drew a little smile. A leading member of the bar, rather noted for his strategy of confusing witnesses by working them into a passion, had under cross-examination a woman who seemed an apt subject for his favorite tactics. Having wound her up to the desired pitch, he inquired: "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?" "That's none of your business!" sharp and short. An air of offended dignity, the attorney turned to Chief Justice Brigham, who remarked with a smile, "I think the witness is about right in this, is she not?" Which reminds the older members of the bar of a similar adventure, that a still more distinguished member of the Berkshire bar once met at the hands of Chief Justice Shaw. "Where did you get the money with which you made the purchases spoken of?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness on or the tortures of cross-examination. "None of your (gentle expletive) business!" thundered the victim. "Now may I please you, are the counsel to be insulted in this manner?" appealed the lawyer. "Witness," said the Chief Justice, do you wish to change your last answer?" No, sir, I don't! "Well I wouldn't if I were in your place." And the chuckle that shook the bench was audibly echoed.

THE GREAT THING IS PREVENTION.—Like all other vices and diseases, intemperance, when chronic, is very hard to cure, and our main efforts must be directed to its prevention.

Lay the axe at the foot of the tree. Throw all the energies of society into the attempt to make it impossible for any one to be born and grow up in this country without knowing how to read good books. Reduce ignorance to a minimum and we shall do much toward reducing intemperance to a minimum. Even the intemperance of refined and cultivated society results mainly from ignorance; for educated people in this country have known but little or nothing of the history and effects of stimulants and narcotics, and withal most of them in these classes who became drunkards formed their habits early, before twenty-one, while as yet they knew little of science or of art.

It cannot be too often repeated, line, upon line and precept upon precept, and here a little and there a little, that gross vice and ignorance go together.

Intemperance, in short, must be treated like other great social vices, like the vice of lying which is more wide spread than either.

By every possible means raise the tone of society and coarser vices will disappear. This is the constitutional treatment; and the same time let local measures be applied, for between them there is no difference. An advantage of this constitutional treatment is, that while it diminishes intemperance, it at the same time causes all other associated vices to disappear.—[Stimulants and Narcotics by George M. Beard, M. D.]

By the new apportionment New Hampshire and Vermont are the only states that lose a representative. Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut, Delaware, West Virginia, Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, Nebraska and Nevada, are not changed, while the rest gain as follows: Illinois, 5; Missouri, 4; Michigan and Iowa, 3 each; New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Texas, Wisconsin and Kansas, 2 each, and the other States one apiece. There will be forty more representatives than in the present Congress.

REBEL BONDS AND SPOILIATIONS.—The British-American Commission, now sitting at Washington, has decided that the United States are not responsible for acts of spoliation committed by rebels, or for bonds issued by the Confederate Government. These decisions afford a complete answer to two of the most current objections to the treaty. The Mexican-American Commission had already come to the same conclusion on both points, rejecting claims on account of the spoiliations or the bonds of Zolaga, Miramon and Maximilian. This will, doubtless, serve to fix the rule of international law on these subjects, and will simplify our future relations with the Spanish-American republics.

A fiendish murder was committed in Lake Village, Chattanooga county, Ark., on Monday by two white men, who killed Geo. W. Wynn, a young colored lawyer. The murder grew out of political differences. Intense excitement prevails. Hundreds of armed men are pouring into town. It is feared the murderers will be taken from jail and lynched.

The Maine Central R. R. has made a liberal settlement with Jonathan Fogg of Bridgton, injured in the collision near Hallowell, last summer.

DEMAGOGUES AND WORKINGMEN.

Next to a good lecture, which we do not often have, is a good report of one upon an interesting subject. The following report of one recently delivered in Portland by Miss Anna E. Dickinson, we find in the *Advertiser* of that city, and as it is upon a subject which is exciting considerable attention we think it will be attentively read.

Progress, said Miss Dickinson in opening, is the order of the world; it is the most uniform, ancient and permanent quality in history. Yet in different generations it meets different checks as to-day the struggle is between labor and capital. It is an old question how the great body of the people shall be employed. There has never been any question of pity or compassion for the unfortunate, it is only they shall live. To-day the phase of this question is that just ice takes the place of generosity; instead of giving to the poor we try to give them means of helping themselves. In this movement more than in almost any other, zeal without knowledge is dangerous, yet nothing has been treated with more ignorant zeal. We have generalized instead of individualized. We have spoken of rights rather than duties, and in this treatment have come anger and bitterness. Brute force sets to work, and injury is done, and then capitalists say: "Let them alone; they can take care of themselves."

It is a fact, whether we like it or not, that there is discontent among the "so-called" workingmen. "So-called," because the Workingmen's Unions take it for granted there are no workingmen, save those who have spent four years in a shop. But there are other workingmen besides artisans. Here the lecturer entered into a review of the strike of the German bricklayers which lasted twenty weeks. They refused \$3.50, and would not accept less than \$4.50 a day. Think of these men paid \$1.50 per day, not out in the great West, but in a great overgrown Eastern community. She took for illustration a professional young man and a workingman. The one gains the summit of his ambition, and arrives at the age of 70 a rich man. The other attains that age and is poor and departs life without any inheritance but the alms-house or the jail. Any man who earns \$4.50 a day, and is poor and needy at the age of seventy, insults the ear of his hearers by complaining of the tyranny of capital and the oppressed condition of the laboring man. No one questions the right of any man to put his own price on his wages. But if a purchaser should refuse to buy, why catch him by the throat and compel him to do so.

There were 30,000 miners in Pennsylvania who worked only six hours a day for seven months out of the twelve, and had earned, at the lowest figure, \$73 per month, the actual mean average being \$1,500 a year. Yet they were continually striking. She reviewed the work of the Hat Finishers' Association, and showed how unjust it was to exclude a good skillful mechanic from working with inferior mechanics because he happened not to be a union man. The rules of the association said a man should be paid, say \$25 a week. It was absurd to give a drunken incapable man the same salary as a skillful one, who is worth twice his price. She instanced a case in Roxbury, Mass., where at the back of what she called an auto car, 500 men left their work because one sat beside them who didn't belong to the union, though confessedly a better workman than the best of them. This poor yet skillful mechanic had to return to his home in Germany, being bounded down by the tyranny of labor. According to the rules of the Typographical Union, a man must work four consecutive years in one shop before he would be admitted to the privileges of the Union. She went on to describe, showing how the well dressed Union printer, when he applied for a job, was instantly supplied with a case. While the needy and torn, though perhaps more competent man, was invariably told to "get out."

She reviewed the percentage of representatives of the various trades, professions, &c., in the penitentiaries throughout the country, and said that 82 per cent. was from the ranks of unskilled toil. Speaking of the apprenticeship law, she gave an instance of a little boy who, refused in the first instance the privilege of apprenticeship, became a thief, was sent to the State prison, learned a trade, and became skillful, and again was refused the privilege of working with union men. Thus, said the speaker, from a boy they drove him to idleness and starvation, from starvation to crime, from crime to the prison cell, and when the prison officials were merciful and tried to help him up, they came to take the work of regeneration out of his hands and condemn him to hell before he died.

Miss Dickinson laid great stress upon the workingmen's fallacious belief that Chinese labor is cool labor, that it is self labor—because Chinese laborers are assisted in their efforts to emigrate by men to whom they give bonds for the repayment of the money advanced to them. But out in Wisconsin there are large and flourishing colonies of Swedes, Germans, Danes, and Norwegians, all of whom have been sent here at the expense of others. They have had their passage paid from their own land to this country, and from here to their distant homes in the West, and they have had money advanced to them to start them on their farms; for every cent of which they have given bonds, which must be redeemed by the first fruits of their labor before they can enjoy the profits of their toil. Should these be called coolies?

According to the latest report of the Massachusetts Educational Commission, there are 29,000 children who never yet passed the threshold of a school-house. Over all China there is not a man who cannot read and write his own difficult language. If that is the kind of ignorance Chinamen are going to introduce here, let us have more of it! Along the Pacific coast, where millions of acres of the richest soil the sun ever kissed into fruitfulness lay untouched, Miss Dickinson asked, why don't you cultivate this land? The constant reply was, "We cannot get men to touch it at any price." Passing through rich orchards, where the weight of fruit had brought the branches of the trees nearly to the ground, and where the earth's rich yield had been left to rot, she asked, why don't you collect this fruit and send it to the market and still one reply is made, "We cannot get men to gather it at any

price." And yet eloquent lips, honored by thirty-five years of noble service to humanity, called upon American workingmen to unite, shoulder to shoulder, to push Chinese workingmen back into the sea! Here she detailed the story of a man going to Glanceville, near Dublin, who saw the grave of John Philpot Curran beside that of O'Connell. "Why," said he to the sexton, "what heresy; a Protestant buried in consecrated ground?" "You see," said the sexton, "Curran was for liberty and O'Connell was for liberty, and liberty you know makes brothers of us all!"

In conclusion Miss Dickinson presented the claims of co-operation, whose possibilities she says, no one knows. It does not aim to give men equality of position, but of right, and to give each man the position which he is competent to fill. Co-operation means that the skilled laborer should have unskilled laborers about him to instruct them. It is the scheme of humanity. Let humanity make brothers of us all. Let us learn the common bond in every avenue of life.

PROPER MODE OF USING FURNACES.—A writer in the Boston Traveller gives the following timely hints on the use of furnaces:

It is a great mistake to have a conductor of cold air let in directly upon a heated furnace. If it is placed in a large cellar it should be enclosed in a small room about ten feet square, made of brick or plank, with a small window and a door of moderate size. The furnace should be placed about three feet from the door of the room, with the door of the furnace facing the door of the room for convenience in tending it. The door of the room should be made of plank, so as not to warp, and the room made tight. A tin tube one inch in diameter should be inserted at or near the bottom of the room, further from the furnace, conducting the air from outside the house. The tube is sufficient to lead the room with pure air to warm the largest dwelling house. By this mode the air in the furnace room becomes heated and ascends through the furnace and conductors to the rooms above. If too large a current of cold air is allowed to enter the room the temperature will be lowered and too rapid a draft of air will ascend but partially heated, and in that case the circulation of air will become too great for comfort and health. A draft of even quite moderate air is unhealthy if it be too strong.

The furnaces of our school-houses should be provided with furnaces in the same way, that the air may ascend from the furnace-room to the school rooms rather than from the conductors. Cold air striking directly upon a heated furnace will rush up with great rapidity, and produce too much circulation of air in the school rooms for the health of the scholars. Besides it will go up half heated. In point of economy, too, every furnace should be thus enclosed, as one furnace will afford more and better heat thus constructed, than three with the large conductors from out-door air.

TOOTHACHE, EARACHE, ETC.—It is a bad practice to put cotton wool soaked in laudanum or chloroform, into the ear for the relief of toothache. It is true that it may sometimes prove effectual, and procure a night's rest, for the connection between the teeth and the ear is very close. But let it be borne in mind that the ear is far too delicate and valuable an organ to be used as a medium for the application of strong remedies for disorders of the teeth, and that both laudanum and chloroform, more especially the latter, are powerful irritants, and that such applications are always accompanied with risk. The teeth should be looked after for themselves, by a competent dentist; and if toothache spreads to the ear, this is another reason why they should be attended to at once; for prolonged pain in the head, arising from the teeth, may itself injure the hearing. In each case everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should on no account be put in; but warm flannels should be applied, with poppy fomentation externally, if the pain does not soon subside.—[First Help in Accidents.]

For a very large if not so respected a class of our fellow citizens known as office seekers, we have a very valuable lot of information.—The small pox is in Washington and is scattered about the city pretty generally. One day last week the coachman of Fernando Wood died of it, and many other cases are reported.

Of course the unselfish patriots who are so eager to serve the country, visiting every place to offer their services, will most likely take the dangerous disease and perhaps thus sacrifice very valuable lives. Gentlemen, beware of Washington, the civil service reform is a sure terror in time, but the small pox is now the more imminent danger.—[Port. Press.]

RAISING PUMPKINS AMONG CORN.—A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* says:

Corn, as we all know, is a warm-climate production, and needs all the warmth of the sun it can get. Where the land is rich, pumpkin vines will almost cover the ground, and consequently the sun's rays cannot shine on and warm the ground, which is so necessary to a good growth of corn. This year, by way of experiment, I plowed up four acres of moderately rich land, and planted two acres in corn and pumpkins in the usual way, and the rest half corn and pumpkins separate. The first grew well until the vines began to run, and then it seemed almost to stand still—the stalks were large enough, but it did not ear well; while that without the pumpkins was the best piece of corn in the neighborhood. About two-thirds was good for seed, while there were more than enough pumpkins to pay for the extra land.

A gentleman whose love of order was largely developed, had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were anything but orderly. Nothing under his hand had a fixed locality, and everything was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer who quoted the old precept, and said—"Sir, you should have a place for everything." "I have, sir," replied the junior, "a great many places for everything."

Every newsdealer in the city of Syracuse has been indicted by the grand jury and summoned before the court for selling obscene pictorials and weeklies. We hope that no periodical dealer in this vicinity is liable to any such indictment.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC for January, is unquestionably the most brilliant number for a long time. There are the poems by Longfellow, Bryant, Taylor, Bret Harte, E. C. Steadman, Chas. Thaxter and T. W. Parsons besides that with which Dr. Holmes concludes his contribution. There is the first installment of Hawthorne's posthumous novel and of two or three other serials as well as discovered from the table of contents. The most striking innovation in the editorial department of 22 pages, where we find not only the new books but art, music, science and politics.

Lady Wentworth, Henry W. Longfellow; Septimius Felton or the Exile of Life, Part I, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Guests of Night, Bayard Taylor; College Days of Thomas Jefferson, James Parton; The Heart of New England, Edmund C. Steadman; A Comedy of Errors, Part I, James De Mille; Before Sunrise, Chas. Thaxter; A Change of Heart, H. James, Jr.; Myths of the Barbary World, John Flage; Diversions of the Echo Club, Part I; Some Arcadian Shepherds, W. D. Howells; In St. James's Park, T. W. Parsons; The Poet at the Breakfast Table, Part I, Oliver Wendell Holmes; Grandmother Tenterden, Bret Harte; Recent Literature; Art; Music; Science; Politics.

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

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S.—The publishers of Scribner's promise that the Monthly for January should be a "grand holiday" number,—a handsome number, indeed, of a magazine ever printed in America. We think they have fulfilled their promise. The first picture, by T. Morgan—one of the illustrations of Bayard Taylor's ballad, "The German—The picture, in both design and engraving, than we have been used to look for in periodicals; the illustrations of "The Big Trees and the Yosemite"—a pictorial and graphic paper by Mr. Bromley—containing a picture of a kind never prepared for an American magazine. The number has a fine Christmas flavor throughout. The poems by Bayard Taylor (after Kueckert), Christina Rossetti, H. H. and Mrs. Whitney, form a memorable Christmas garland of verse; then there is "The Old Christmas Gleanings," by young Hawthorne; a burlesque of the story by Frank R. Stockton, with capital illustrations by Mr. Bromley; a new Christmas story by Hans Christian Andersen; and an amusing page of "Etchings," by Sheppard, giving characteristic Christmas scenes in "Ole Virginian" and other interesting features of this number are the very promising opening chapters of a new serial, "The Last Man of Mexican Camp," a "Rhode Island," by Col. Higginson; a re-entrant article by Rev. George B. Babson, on "Some Kinds of Spiritual Quackery," graphic selections, with striking illustrations, by Mr. Bromley, on "The World of Men and Wild Beasts," a portion of the forthcoming volume of Bryant's "Homer," and a graceful little poem by Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The Holland, in "Topics of the Time," has some earnest words on "Shakerism," and "The Faults of Culture," and the other departments are full of useful and entertaining reading.

A series of articles on "The Wonders of the West" is promised, the first (on the Yosemite) appearing in January. The February number will have another story by Saxo Holm, author of "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters," and other features of importance. Although the January Scribner's contains more and better pictures than any number yet issued, the publishers promise that there will be no falling off in pictorial interest in February.

Published by Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York, at \$4 a year.

ELECTRIC MAGAZINE.—The Electric is not behind its rivals in the matter of pictures and promises, and the number for January, 1872, is already in the hands of its subscribers. With this number the magazine enters upon the 28th year of its existence, and the Prospectus well claims that with its long history and its high standing in the literary world, it could have lived so long. It is also promised that the coming year "The Electric" shall be more thoroughly representative than ever before of the best aspects of foreign literature and art, and that the editorial board of the magazine will feel confident that this promise will be fulfilled.

The January issue may fairly be called a jubilee number, and is brim full of attractions. There are two steel engravings of unusual size and beauty, one representing Washington Irving and his friends (containing not less than four portraits of Irving and the other literary celebrities who were his contemporaries) and the other copied from John Gilbert's famous historic picture of "Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham." The table of contents, as is customary with the Electric, combines the instructive and the entertaining in equal parts, and leads off with a fine essay on "Byron and Tennyson" from the *Quarterly*. There is an amusing narrative, translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "A Frenchman on his Travels—Round the World in One Hundred and Twenty Days." An intensely dramatic sketch of the life and death of "Marie Antoinette," "Notes on Flying Machines," "Prisoners of Nature; Countess and Countess; Tales; and others." "On the Condition of the Working Classes in England," by Thomas Wright; "Alfred the Great," by John F. Johnson; "The Female Culture in the 18th Century," "The Lofoten Islands," and others. The fine novel, "Patty," is concluded, and another is announced from the pen of William Black, one of the most popular of the English novelists. The Editor's Department, Literary Notices, Science, Art, and Varieties are very full and entertaining, and as this is but a specimen of the magazine, we advise those to examine it who wish to be sure of good literature during the coming year.

E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms \$5 per year; two copies \$9; single copies 45 cts.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS has the beginning of a new story by J. T. Trowbridge, which though complete in itself is a sequel to his excellent "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes." The following is the table of contents:

A Chance for Himself, J. T. Trowbridge; The Little Danbar, Nora Perry; Bertha's Dream, a poem, J. T. Trowbridge; The Great Sea Serpent, Miss E. Stuart; The Fleeting Moments, Margaret Lewis; The Doctor and the Black Squirrel, C. A. Stephens; The Rule-Fire, A. R. W.; The Story of the Wise Men of Gotham, H. Butterworth; Cruise-Life, Rev. R. D. Carr; National Emblems, M. S. R.; Two Little Rogues, a poem, Mrs. A. M. Dix; Our Young Contributors; Our Letter Box.

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

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR JANUARY.—A splendidly embellished number, leading off with a spirited skating picture, "The Poet Greeting at Frodo's," engraved in the highest style of art. There are also a beautiful colored Fashion Plate, and choice wood engravings, "Why, Dearest, wilt Thou Leave Me?" The latter is a matter is excellent, the poems particularly good; one of them by Miss Mary Prescott being finely illustrated. Mrs. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Within the Maze; or, Lady Andimian's Trial," "A Vision of Work," and "The Shadow of a Ghost," are enlisted by those spirited story illustrations which are a specialty of this magazine. "Queen Constanza," one of the serials, promises to be a novel of a superior order. Every department of the Lady's Friend is admirably filled, making it all that a lady could desire. Price \$2.00 a year. Four copies, \$7.50. Single copies for sale by all News Dealers, and by the Publishers, price 20 cents.

Somebody whistled. Teacher calls up a big boy on suspicion, big boy comes up and holds out his hand, sullen and savage. Noble little boy comes manfully forward, and says, "I'm the boy that whistled, sir," at the same time extending his hand. Teacher simmers down, and lets them both off. (Mem.—Noble little boy thought teacher wouldn't lick him if he told the truth, but knew big boy would if he didn't.)

The Chicago Journal gives Delaware the following free notice: "We have yet to see a Western man who hails from the Commonwealth of Delaware. That State is as isolated from the progressive spirit of the times as Patagonia. Nobody comes from there, nobody goes there. Foreign emigrants shun that strip of earth as if it were struck by the plague. Yet the soil is good and the climate delightful. This State, it is almost needless to add, is the last ditch of democracy and the whipping-post."

While the Prince of Wales was lying dangerously ill English merchants bought all the black gloves, mourning gloves, &c., there were in the Paris market. They can now be bought at a discount.

Jeremiah Sweetzer, of Newburg, dropped dead on Friday while sitting in his chair. He was 76 years old.

AGASSIZ'S PREDICTIONS.—The letter which Prof. Agassiz addressed to Prof. Pierce, of the Coast Survey, the day before the sailing of the steamer *Hassler* on her voyage of deep sea discovery, is especially interesting, as the distinguished naturalist reaffirms in it his position to the Darwinian theory. He also predicts in a measure the classification in natural history and the specific characteristics of the as yet unknown animals in the depths which are yet to be explored. He believes that natural history "has advanced toward that point of maturity when science may anticipate the discovery of facts." He devoutly believes that there was a plan according to which the affinities among animals and the order of their succession in time were determined from the beginning; and if that be so, and this would be "the work of intelligence, and not merely the product of force and matter, then the human mind, as a part of the whole, should so chime with it, that from what is known it may reach the unknown." With these as his premises M. Agassiz then proceeds to so especially state the various classes of fishes, mollusks and crustacea which he expects to find, that one can but have confidence in his expectations. So earnestly does he combat the development theory, and so fearlessly does he look into the future with the steadfast eye of faith, that his return will be watched with a new interest from the publication of this letter. If his predictions are verified, in this or subsequent searches, the overturn of the Darwinians will be complete. Certainly the present expedition will do much to throw light upon present obscure points.

With regard to the glacial theory, Prof. Agassiz expresses himself quite as confidently as concerning the unseen life in the ocean depths. The one kind of evidence still wanting to relieve all doubts that the greater extension of glaciers in former ages was connected with cosmic changes in the physical condition of the globe, is to be found only in the Southern hemisphere, whither M. Agassiz is now going. There all the phenomena of the glacial period must be found to possess the same characteristic features as in the North, only reversed; "that is, the trend of the glacial abrasion must be from the South to the Northward." This, and new facts proving that a great, expansive and continuous sheet of ice once covered the whole continent from North to South, he expects to demonstrate.—[Boston Journal.]

EUROPEAN CATHOLIC REFORM.—The Old Catholic movement in Germany is making sure headway, especially in Bavaria, where there are now one hundred and fourteen Old Catholic congregations with church property worth a million of dollars. The Archbishop of Munich and the Bishop of Passau, who last summer were exceedingly active in excommunicating the old Catholic priests are now quiet. A majority of the theological professors at the Bavarian universities are Old Catholics; and the king is not expected to appoint any more "infallibilists" as professors. Less is known of the movement in Prussia. There are between seventy and eighty Old Catholic congregations in the provinces of Posen and Silesia, while the number in Westphalia and the Rhine provinces can hardly be less. In Baden twenty-nine Old Catholic churches are in full operation, and seven are reported in Wurtemberg. In Austria, too, including the Tyrol, the movement is active. Four Old Catholic congregations have been organized in Prague, and seven in Vienna. In Hungary the Old Catholics are in a large majority, most of the bishops are with them, and the Diet at Pesth has recognized them as the true Catholics. In France and Belgium, owing to the indifference of the higher classes to religion, little is heard of the question, although Father Hyacinthe is actively preaching the reform; but quite a number of Old Catholic churches have sprung up in Holland.—[New York Post.]

A RAILROAD CASE.—Tickets good at any time.—The report of Judge Noyah, re-erected in the case of Adeline Norris against the Grand Trunk Railroad, was brought into the supreme court, Judge Sargent presiding, lately sitting at Lancaster, N. H. In June, 1867, the plaintiff bought a ticket from Portland to North Stratford, and stopped over at Northumberland. On the next train the conductor refused to recognize her check and put her off, obliging her to take a cold that has ever since held her. On the ticket was "Good only for this train and the day received. Not good to stop over." Award \$500 and costs.

REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Take half a tea-cup of blood warm water and dissolve sufficient salt in it so that it can be plainly tasted. Then pour in the palm of the hand and sniff into the nostrils. Two applications a day will soon produce good results.

Hon. Samuel H. Dale, Mayor of Bangor, died suddenly of apoplexy Sunday noon. Mr. Dale was widely known as a prominent merchant. He held the office of Mayor from March, 1863, to March, 1869, and was again elected in March last. He was a native of Salem, Mass.

The Camden Gazette says Dr. Isaac Bartlett of Hope, a man over 60 years of age, and weighing over 200 lbs., says he never tasted of a bit of meat of any kind in his life! He lives almost entirely on bread and milk.

The Connecticut State Temperance convention nominated Hon. Francis Gillette, formerly United States Senator, for Governor, and a full state ticket, three Republicans and two Democrats.

A lad named Spaulding, of Bangor, aged about 12 years, was run over by the freight train from Waterville to Bangor, Monday, while passing Carmel. He had his right arm crushed, and head and body badly bruised and the injuries will probably prove fatal.

The Press reports that Hon. John A. Peters of Bangor will not be a candidate for Congress again. Gen. S. F. Hersey, Gen. H. M. Plaisted and Hon. Lewis Barker are among those named for his successor.

An English clergyman tells a story illustrating the way some persons read the Bible, looking upon it as a kind of charm or fetish. He was called in to visit a dying woman, and when he went found her husband, his eyes streaming with tears, reading to her a list of genealogies from the Book of Chronicles. "Too many persons, even in protestant communities, do penance by reading the Bible, thinking they thereby gain favor with heaven."

The Whig is informed that John F. Simmons of Pittsfield, who has arraigned on the charge of forgery before Trial Justice McGrillis at Newport, a month ago, and who failed to find the \$1500 bail required for his appearance at the next term of the Supreme Judicial Court attempted a few days since to commit suicide by taking laudanum, but was unsuccessful.

Waterville Mail.

ETH MAXHAM, I. DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 22, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the MAIL and will do so at the same rates as those published in this office:

S. M. McFARLAND & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.

S. H. NILES, No. 1 South Main Building, Boston.

GRANT, H. & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.

T. G. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

CHRISTMAS IN WATERVILLE.

The Baptist Society have engaged a novel entertainment for their Sabbath School on Christmas evening—"Black's Combination of the Hay and Bradford Polar Exhibition, with Belcher's Illuminated Mirror of the Holy Land and Egypt." Accurate views of all the memorable places in Palestine and Egypt, and the wonders of the Arctic Region, from photographs, are presented in beautiful pictures 18 feet square. This is an exhibition of great merit, one that has received the unqualified approbation of such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Cook, President Hill, Professor Agassiz, and others, and is heartily endorsed by Mr. C. G. Carleton, our own skilful photographer, whom we all know to be a good judge.

After refreshments in the Chapel, and a pleasant social time from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M. on Monday evening, the company will adjourn to the Church, where these beautiful views will be shown, and on this evening the exhibition will be restricted to the Baptist Sabbath School and the congregation, who will fill the house. But on Tuesday evening a second exhibition, open to the public, with some changes and additions, will be given in the church for the benefit of the school. Programmes will be circulated on Tuesday, with a list of the views, price of admission, etc., and tickets may be obtained at C. G. Carpenter's Music Store or at the door on the evening of the exhibition.

At the Unitarian church it is found necessary immediately to put in new furnaces, and the work has commenced; so that the house will not be decorated for Christmas, as had been planned, and the festivities of Christmas eve will take place at Town Hall Saturday evening. They will consist of a social gathering of the Sabbath School and its friends, with picnic refreshments, tree, &c. Sunday services, including the Sunday School, are suspended till the completion of the furnaces, when the usual anniversary decorations will be made.

At the Methodist Church there will be a Christmas Concert by the Sabbath School on Sunday evening, and on Monday evening a social time for the School in the vestry, with refreshments, tree, &c.

At the Congregational Church there will be a social gathering of the Sabbath School and congregation at the Vestry, on Monday evening, with Christmas tree, refreshments, etc.

'The farthest way round' is sometimes 'the nearest way home.' For example: a portion of our Boston mail reaches us by way of Bangor, but instead of being thereby delayed, as many have supposed, it really comes about six hours earlier. Mail matter now deposited in the Boston Post Office before a certain hour in the afternoon, is taken through to Bangor on the night train, and comes to us by the morning train at 11 o'clock; and we presume that letters for Boston may be sent by way of Bangor with the same gain of time. Good old Uncle Samuel! and here we have been finding fault when we should have been praising you.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1872 is a marvel of beauty. We judged it beautiful from the notices in the papers; but now that we have seen it we can heartily endorse all that has been said in its praise. It is printed on the best tinted paper, each page surrounded with a new rustic border, in catmine. At the top of each page is a group of flowers and plants, showing in most cases the natural size of the flower, and also the appearance of the plant. When we remember that Vick was a printer in his younger days, we are no longer at a loss to account for his success in getting up a beautiful catalogue. He sends this charming work to any one who contemplates purchasing seeds, on receipt of ten cents, or just about enough to pay the postage.

C. A. HENRICKSON, one door north of the Post Office, is daily receiving fresh supplies of nice things for Christmas and New Year's Gifts—rich and rare illustrated books, large lists of choice miscellaneous works, pictures, toys, knickknacks, etc. Read his advertisement and go in and examine his large and handsome stock.

Mr. CHASE'S SINGING SCHOOL, we are pleased to learn, is well attended, and the young people of our village are taking hold in earnest to improve themselves in vocal music.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

At the completion of any great enterprise a feeling of self gratification by the achievers thereof is not only allowable but commendable; there is we may with pardonable pride exclaim "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer," we have "been and done it," only more so. Some two years ago it was suggested that we needed more school-room. "A word to the wise is sufficient."—We went in on that suggestion, (to use a slang phrase,) we went our length, we knew we could do it, we were determined to do it, and we have done it. In fact some think we have overdone it, we have built and rebuilt, we have built with brick and with board, bought lots, have modelled and remodelled, made additions, alterations and improvements, and at length after some two years of untiring assiduity have arrived at the harmonious culmination of our hopes and desires. Glorious achievement, wonderful consummation! Looking at the result, who would dare to check our rejoicing? "The best laid plans of mice and men gang all awry," and some of ours miscarried, but plan or no plan we were bound to build and we have built till we are fully satisfied, if not more so. Any man who now says we have not sufficient school room, knows not whereof he affirms; in fact in one year we have done so much that we not only have ample room but so much surplus that we have a school house to sell. We felt we were smart, and when in the past we met to interchange views "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and report progress, we knew we were smart. Perhaps we didn't realize that we should accomplish so much more than we started in for, but we never know what we are capable of doing till we put forth our energies—and in this case as in many others we are perhaps surprised that we have done so much more than we thought we could. But with all this feeling of supreme complacency comes a spirit of sadness and regret, that our semi-occasional meetings are over, that we are to have no more of them perhaps for a long time to come. "Tis ever thus." "There is no rose without its thorn." But there are none I trust who have participated in these past gatherings who will not look back upon them as green spots in the desert of life. Happy memories will linger around them, and a sigh may escape us to think we are to have no more of them. Such unity of feeling is pleasant to witness, all pressing forward to the attainment of the same noble end indicates a oneness of purpose cheering to the heart.

Only one thing is lacking to complete the glorious whole. Had the committee chosen to investigate another and distinct subject matter their report as they should have done, every thing might now have been in running order. I do not encumber them, for their remissness, but I deplore the result of their inattention. I cannot however fail to notice the difference in committees. Some do even more than is required of them, while others put off even the necessary duties imposed on them. I trust, though, that the failure of that committee to report may yet be the means of renewing our pleasant gatherings, and that in the future, as in the past, we shall act with the same unanimity of views and feelings and arrive at like happy results.

And now I want to say a word on another matter, brought to mind by a little incident that took place a few days since. Happening to be at one of the families in our village, I came one of the boys of the family fresh from school, with a burst of indignation from his lips like this—"I want tell the truth in school any more, and be punished, but will lie as the others and go clear." Inquiring into his meaning, I find a rule in one of our schools like this:—At the close of the school each day, the names of the scholars are called and they are obliged to answer yes or no, whether they have been guilty during the day, of "communicating." If the answer is yes, punishment of some sort follows; if no, all is well. For disobedience of rules I believe in punishment, but I do think the direct result of this rule is a very strong temptation to falsehood, especially to younger scholars.

They are not all George Washingtons, and if they do own to cutting the cherry tree, they don't meet with the same treatment he did from his father, neither are they grown up people who we know always tell the truth at whatever sacrifice, especially when they can make more by so doing. They are mere children, and what to us seems a slight punishment seems to them a good deal. I fear that many a scholar who in other matters is strictly truthful, under this rule is just the reverse; and with all deference to our committee and teachers, who are as good as any in the world, I appeal to them to substitute something else for this rule, so that it shall not be laid to our charge that we have been guilty of tempting these little ones to deliberate falsehood.

C. H. R.

INSURANCE.—Daniel W. Green, who died recently at Somerset Mills, insured his life for one thousand dollars last September. W. W. Rideout, who insured him, is now in town for the purpose of settling the claim. Mr. Rideout represents the Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Co., of Hartford Conn., and will solicit insurance in this section for a few days. Those who contemplate insuring their lives will not have a better opportunity, as the Traveler stands in the foremost rank of insurance companies.

The Portland Press shows tokens of willingness to take the front rank in opposing State aid to railroads, and especially against the shrewd and grasping efforts of the E. & N. A. Railroad to fatten upon the State lands. It brings bold charges, and urges them with pretty emphatic hints that abundant testimony will be forthcoming when needed. The coming session of the legislature promises to develop some tangible features of railroad policy, and we trust the representatives of the people will be found with their eyes wide open towards the best interest of the State.

THE CHRISTIAN ERA, advertised in our columns, is what the Boston Traveller pronounced it—a large, handsome, eight-page paper, ably conducted, of broad and comprehensive views, catholic in spirit, and in every way a first class religious paper, worthy of a place in any family.

C. F. HATHAWAY & Co. will receive visitors at their establishment, on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, from four to six P. M., according to previous notice.

Don't forget, when making up your list of Christmas presents, to look in at Crowell's. There they have very nice articles, very low prices—and very polite clerks.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Col. Weather—Skating—Kennebec Ice—Warm Debate in the Senate—Civil Service Reform.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 16, 1871.

SINCE my last, our unusual cold weather has moderated, and the many cargoes frozen in the river and canal liberated to the great joy of coal merchants and others. During the "cold snap" skating among the young folks has been the order of the day and evening; and as such sport is seldom to be enjoyed in this climate, the greatest possible use is made of any ice that may have formed on pond, canal or river. Even the frozen gutters are taken possession of by the small fry as something not to be sneered at for skating purposes. It appears strange to a Northern man, to see the almost frantic joy expressed at the prospect of a sleigh ride, or a few days skating, by the natives of this semi-southern city; but suppose it is much like good health, only appreciated when deprived of it. I do not blame them, but having frozen my nose and ears periodically for twenty years, and enjoyed the old Kennebec as a skating park, I can witness their limited sport without the least envy. By the way, speaking of Kennebec, leads me to say that "Kennebec" ice is this ice of all others, and in great demand here. Of all Northern ice, that cut from the Kennebec is favorite. It is readily known by its clear blue tint, and great thickness, and seems like an old acquaintance to one who has known it at home.

Christmas is near at hand and the city seems given up to the preparation of its celebration; Churches being decorated, Christmas trees set up, and a general brush up by everybody. "About this time," as the Almanac says, the woods are being scoured for holly, myrtle, ivy and other evergreens; and very forgetful and unchristian will be accounted the family who do not, at least, twine a wreath of holly to make green the remembrance of our Saviour's birth. As far as entering to the wants of the inner man is concerned, Christmas here partakes more of the nature of Thanksgiving day as observed at the North. The Christmas turkey or goose, and gathering of friends and relatives around the family board, are institutions peculiar to the day, and form its chief features. All turkeys who escaped Thanksgiving will look for their death warrant this week. While on the subject, let me wish all my Waterville friends a Merry Christmas, and ask some kind soul to entertain Bro. Maxham at dinner.

The cold weather has not had the proper effect on Congress. For the past week both houses have been made warm, without the aid of heating apparatus. Visitors to the Senate have listened to some very plain talk, and I doubt not been less surprised than that august body itself, at the turn matters have taken. Although it was well known that Senators Trumbull, Schurz, Zipton and others, were opposed to the re-nomination of President Grant, it was not supposed they would commence the fight at so early a day in the session; but the motion to create a standing committee on retrenchment and investigation, set the ball rolling, and gave the gentlemen the opportunity to "rise and explain." How the subject will end, and what effect it will have with the public remains to be seen. The press usually gives the popular verdict on all political questions, and "we shall see what we shall see."

The question of Civil Service Reform is a huge one, full of complications and intricate byways that seem to have no end. All admit the necessity of such a reform; many have, and now are endeavoring to originate some kind of antidote; while but few, if any, are wise enough to solve the knotty problem satisfactorily. It is a question full of "buts" and "ifs," and while men have political aspirations, without honesty of purpose, there seems but little chance of improvement. Like the question of slavery, it takes hold of the ambition and selfishness of men, and wields a power terrible in its magnitude. Like the formation of a coral reef, its small currents have multiplied and gained strength, till a barrier has been formed that will be hard to break down. Pardon me for this digression on politics, a subject I do not mean to touch upon again. My object in these letters, is, in my poor way, to write of matters and things in this locality that may possibly interest those not acquainted with Washington.

A MR. JOHNSTON, registering himself at the Continental House as from Wisconsin, appeared here about fortnight ago, and issued circulars calling for subscriptions in behalf of the sufferers by the western fires. We do not learn that he obtained any subscriptions here, but we are told that about \$150 was raised at Kendall's Mills, which sum is on deposit subject to the order of a committee of the citizens. He visited West Waterville also, but whether anything was obtained there we do not learn. He was negotiating with us for printing some circulars, and he wished us to publish his appeal in the Mail; but he left the Continental House one morning last week, telling the proprietors he should return at night, and has not been heard of since. Now, was the man true or false? The subscription at Kendall's Mills seems all right, but the disappearance, with an unpaid board bill behind, coupled with certain other matters, look rather questionable, to say the least.

NORTH KENNEBEC FARMERS' CLUB. Central Division, will hold a meeting next Wednesday evening (Dec. 27) at the house of Mr. Geo. E. Shores. The latch string will be out, and all interested are invited, whether members of the Club or not. It is presumed that with wits sharpened by the short crop of hay, the farmers are prepared with some new ideas upon the "Winter Feeding of Stock," and will be prepared to make some interesting talk upon the subject.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, a charming number—with eight illustrated articles out of twenty, and brimfull of good things—is for sale by C. A. Hendrickson, who is promptly supplied with all the popular periodicals by the New England News Co., of Boston. Subscriptions received for all the magazines, pictorials, etc.

WAKING UP!—The farmers of Winslow and Vassalboro', in the vicinity of Dea. C. H. Keith, propose to meet at his house, (and are invited to do so,) on Wednesday evening next, to organize a farm Club.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD Co. is storing a quantity of ice here, to be used in their refrigerating cars for transporting meat in the warm season.

OUR TABLE.

AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "The First Snow," "The Little Men," etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a charming little volume of short stories for youth, made on purpose for a gift book for the holidays. All who have read the other popular volumes by the same author, will need no urging to buy this.

For sale by Nichols & Hall of Boston, and by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for Dec. 30th is a splendid Christmas number, with a supplementary sheet, and is filled with charming stories, sketches and illustrations, adapted to this festive season. Buy it for ten cents of any periodical dealer.

Published weekly by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

THE NURSERY for January begins a new volume with rare attractions. A grateful subscriber wrote, "The Nursery is the greatest panacea as well as elevator in our household of three little noisy boys. It cures the mumps; it is ready relief for cuts and bumps; it stops crying instantly; the truth is, we once said with Solomon, 'He that sparrows the rod,' etc., but now we have the new gospel, 'He that sparrows the Nursery hatch his own son.'" The best magazine in the world for young at children.

Published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—The tenth volume of this periodical opens with the January number, which, like its predecessors, is full of substantial home reading which is admirably adapted "to promote knowledge, virtue and temperance." Its contributions for the month include a story by Virginia F. Townsend, "The Dead Year of Disaster," by Geo. S. Burleigh, "Washington and His Loves," by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D., "Newburgh and its Surroundings," by Joel T. Headley, "Going to Housekeeping," by Eliza Maudsley, "Planning a Career," by Horace Greeley, "City versus Country," by Gail Hamilton, a Temperance Story, by Alice E. Williams, "The Wife of Dr. Franklin," by James Parton, "Enough," by Thomas K. Beecher, etc., etc. The Household fills a blank that has long existed, by supplying, at a low price, a good magazine which is but one dollar a year. Any person not acquainted with it, will receive a specimen free, by addressing S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

DEATH OF MR. GILBRETH.—We announce with deep regret the death of Mr. James H. Gilbreth, of Kendall's Mills. He died at his residence, after a brief sickness of fever, on Sunday last. Beyond his family connections, to whom his death brings the deepest sorrow, and a wide social circle who held him in the highest esteem, he bore a large share of public interest in his extensive and bold enterprises as a breeder of thoroughbred stock. Among the numerous class interested in horses he stood in the front rank, both for integrity and success. He held large advantages in choice animals, and was regarded as one of the few who were to benefit the public by his intelligence in their management. Genial and manly among men, and upright and public spirited in his business and as a citizen, he had secured a large circle of personal friends, at home and abroad, who will regard his death as a public loss. Among the many strong business men of Fairfield, few would be more missed or sincerely mourned.

There is a very large and choice stock of gentlemen's cloths and woolen goods at the well known and enterprising establishment of Gardner & Watson, opposite the post-office. A man might treat himself to a Christmas or New-Year's present there on very moderate terms cash; and their reputation for nice fits and good taste makes it a safe investment. It is one of the establishments that give our village a good name abroad, as well as at home. Their stock is up to the times, and goes out in styles that bring new customers.

We have now a foot of snow on a well prepared icy foundation; and of course we are enjoying the winter luxury of good sleighing and merry times. Teams are beginning to gather along the sidewalks as in the olden times, before the advent of grasshoppers, when Kennebec farmers had something to bring to market. Possibly a few potatoes and other titles are even now in store, to be revealed if prices get high enough. We hope so.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Artemas B. Simons, of Kendall's Mills, was instantly killed at Hampden, near Bangor, on Saturday last. He was employed as messenger of the Eastern Express Co., and on the arrival of the steamer Katahdin at Waterport, took a seat, with fifteen other passengers, in a coach for Bangor. When crossing a small bridge the hind wheels slewed and the coach was overturned, falling upon him in such a way as to cause almost immediate death.

Young Simons was son of the late Gen. Solon S. Simons, of California, formerly of Waterville. His mother dying in his infancy, and Gen. S. being in California, he was taken to the family of Mr. Orin Woodman, Kendall's Mills.—Mrs. Woodman being a sister of Mrs. S.—and has since held the place of an only and well loved son. He has rewarded their kindness by promises of success in business, as well as by the affection due from a son to parents; and to them his melancholy death is a deep affliction. His age was about 22 years. His body was brought to his home at Kendall's Mills, where funeral services were held on Tuesday, Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Waterville, officiating.

BUSINESS OF LEWISTON.—The Journal has a list of all the manufacturing corporations of that city, with details of the business of each. The number of corporations is 17, of which 9 are cotton and 5 woolen mills. Capital invested \$9,891,000; spindles 220,824; annual consumption of cotton 35,000 bales; do. of wool 15,000 tons; females employed 3,576 males 2520; annual payments for labor \$2,632,716; annual value of manufactures \$11,000,000. The population in 1850, when manufacturing commenced, was 4,000; it is now 15,000. The valuation was then \$625,596; it is now \$9,800,000. Present number of water-wheels in operation 35. So much for water power, of which Waterville has as good as Lewiston, and enough to do all the manufacturing done there—and more too.

A GEOGRAPHY in use in our public schools, in its description of Maine gives the "principal towns" on the Penobscot river as Bangor and Boxford, and states that the "principal towns" on the Kennebec river are Moscow, Solon, Norridgewock & Waterville.—Bangor Whig.

Well, they ended well, however wild they were at the start.

So far as regards that portion of the coming winter legislation at Augusta which is embraced in the humbler class of appointments, which here as well as elsewhere are generally appended to better things, the newspapers have not yet paraded a very distinct programme. The speakership and the presidency of the senate, which always bring two men to public notoriety—and sometimes three, as in the case of Mr. Farwell—are both enveloped in a little fog up to this time. There is no noisy or very tangible contest in the former, while the latter hangs easily between senators Foster of Waterville and Spaulding of Richmond. Probably neither candidate cares enough about it to wage a very hard fight. If no new candidate for the speakership turns up, it will depend upon a triangular contest between Messrs. Smith of Saco, Robie of Portland, and Porter of Burlington. The Clerkship of the House, perhaps the most laborious of all the list of rewards, will probably go without controversy to Col. Smith, of the Portland Press. The Colonel has qualities rather discouraging to competitors. The present deputy secretary of State, Chadbourn of Dixmont, will probably be promoted in direct line. Treasurer Caldwell, attorney general Reed, and adjutant general Murray probably all feel sure of re-election.

JULIUS A. PALMER, whom the papers style "a well known literary man," contributes a readable account of "A Cruise in Maine" to the Portland Press, from which we clip the following, thinking it may interest our readers:—

But Waterville is a charming little village. It has that air of quiet refinement which belongs to places selected for the seat of institutions for culture and education, and I feel sure that a better acquaintance with some of the inmates of these neat residences, would establish the truth of my impressions. Indeed, I may speak from past experience in this respect.

On that triangle yonder, was once situated "The Elmwood," as cozy a little country inn as ever served a hot supper for the weary traveler. (Should you wish an admirable description of such a tavern, read in the Atlantic, January 1867, from Fitz-Adams' story, the account of "The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.") At the Elmwood, a dozen years ago, often tarried, one of the rulers of the State, a Germanized American physician, a blind professor of something, musical and happy as the days were long, the daughter of a Massachusetts college president, and your humble servant. The only son of his host was an artist, whose dawning talents have already borne fruit, which may be inspected by a visit to the studio of Mr. Champney on Bromfield street, Boston. In such society, a few days' imprisonment, when the ice blockade had rendered impassable the railroad tracks, became no such fearful matter. Stories of travel, discussions of metaphysics, music and repartee, chased away the flying hours, while the harder of mine host supplied creature comfort, akin to the enjoyment of the rat in the cheese. But alas! the coterie is scattered, the landlord and lady sleep with their ancestry, and even the ancient timbers of the Elmwood have crumbled before the devouring flames. Yet, on the whole, the new is better than the old. A struggling college has become, through Boston munificence, a prosperous university, and if the former institution produced Ben Butler, there is no telling how much better the latter may do for some future President or Congressman.

A freight train ran into a hand car at Gardner Tuesday morning, badly wounding a piece of the M. C.'s property, besides knocking a hole in the boiler, causing some detention of the attacking train. One of the Pullman cars was off the track at Newport about the same time. Nobody injured but the stockholders, in either case.

The telegraph reports the continued offering of prayers in all the English churches for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. If these prayers are answered, and he turns out to be as worthless a king as he has been husband and father, those who pray for his life now will have greater reason to pray for his death. We thank God that the American churches do not require us to pray for the lives of those whom we heartily wish were dead and out of the way. The most unmanly man in England, considering his position, and the least needed or wanted by the English people, is probably the Prince of Wales. If he recovers we hope his sickness will have frightened him to become a better man.

The annual meeting of the "Waterville Jersey Stock Club" was held on Tuesday evening last, at which the following officers were elected:

DR. N. R. BOUTELLE, President.
WM. DYER, Secretary.
S. K. SMITH,
C. M. BARRELL, Prudential Com.
H. PERCIVAL.

After the election of officers a pleasant hour was spent in the discussion of the subjects of feeding milch cows and young calves.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the President, for the further discussion of subjects connected with the objects of the association.

BELEAST, according to the Journal, is running to rowdiness, and unprotected women in the streets of an evening are almost unaffably insulted. A bad condition of things, truly. Too much whisky, perhaps.

THE Orleans Princes have taken their places in the French National Assembly without producing any excitement.

J. M. LUNT, Esq., the newly appointed Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad Co., has accepted the situation and will enter upon the duties of his office on the 1st of January.

JIM FISK has hushed up Miss Josephine Mansfield with \$25,000, and thus disappointed the lovers of scandal who were looking for something rich in dirt.

CYRUS SKILLINGS, of Garland, aged 21, committed suicide week before last, by poison, as we learn from the Bangor Whig. Cause, unrequited love.

PROF. ROBINSON, the popular orator, lecturer and public reader, gave an entertainment to a small but choice audience Thursday evening, at the Institute. He read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and some smaller pieces. We find Prof. R. a progressive man, growing better and better every time we hear him. He was on his way to fill an appointment in a course of lectures at Richmond.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER, advertised in our columns, is an old favorite with the people of New England—sound, reliable, interesting, with full market reports, a good digest of news, and attractive miscellaneous reading. Two editions are published, a weekly as above, and a monthly made up of the agricultural matter of more permanent value. Each is good in its place.

THE SHOE BUSINESS appears to be regarded as the sovereign and universal panacea for hard times and waning prosperity; and towns all over the State are voting exemption from taxes and other favorable consideration to parties establishing shoe manufactories. Is it not possible that the shoe business may be overdone?

WILDER W. PERRY, of Colby University, who while here is the Waterville correspondent of the Kennebec Journal, is acting as assistant editor and correspondent of the Camden Herald, during his winter vacation.

THE Belfast Journal is respectfully informed that the improved reading of Shakespeare was not original with us but clipped from an exchange, without noticing the careless substitution of Macbeth for Othello. Thank you for the correction, just the same, though.

MR. L. A. COMBS, one of the proprietors of the Preble House in Portland, formerly steward of the steamer City of Richmond, shot himself through the head on Wednesday morning in a fit of temporary insanity, occasioned by an affection of the brain. His age was 42 years, and he leaves a wife and one son.

The season of the year is now at hand when it is in this climate most difficult to avoid exposures, that are sure to produce colds. This is the exciting cause of nearly all the various diseases of the throat and lungs, which destroy so large a proportion of the human family. In such cases, a timely use of some safe remedy should never be neglected, and at the present time no remedy seems to be used with better success, than Week's Magic Compound. It is winning golden opinion wherever known.

"There was a frog who lived in a spring. He caught such a cold that he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate, Batrachian! In what a sad plight he might have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and their throats in tune by a timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

576.

GREAT CHANCE.

HAVING concluded to make a change in my business so that I can have more time with my stock, I will to let my stock of goods, preparatory to making a

Co-Partnership;
Or, SELLING OUT MY WHOLE STOCK
And leasing my stores; sell any goods I want at near the cost and some of them

At much Less than Cost,
Included in my extensive stock of
HARDWARE, STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, BUILDING MATERIAL, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c., &c.
Any one desiring to see a list of the same, such as Moving Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, &c. Cultivators, &c.

I will give great inducements to purchase now, and long time of payment (on interest), if desired. Now is the time to buy at favorable prices, as I mean to say I will sell right out either my

Store and n-Shop Department, And lease my north store and tin shop; or the Hardware, Paint, Oil, and Agriculture

And lease the south store, or all together, as desired. It is well known that this stand has a first class trade in customers, and either branch of the business, &c. a specialty, will make business enough for most any one. Those wanting any part of the above, please call.

J. H. GILBRETH

ON THE RISE

WOOLEN GOOI

have advanced and

Are Still Rising!

Now is the Time to Buy

I am selling out my FALL and WINTER Goods, and if you wish to get the advantage of it

CALL AT ONCE AT

P. S. HEALD'S

MISCELLANY.

THE LITTLE WHITE LIE.

I was in trouble beyond any doubt—
I was in trouble—how to get out?
"Tell a lie," said Satan to me.
"Tell a lie!" Oh! how dreadful! But what would it be
If I should? I never shall tell one," said I.
"I don't be frightened," said he, "we won't call it a lie—
A few words, in their way quite as good as the truth,
And for this occasion far better, forsooth."

But my little white lie, when I told it, grew black;
Then, oh! how could I hide it or how get it back?
For it never would do to be caught in a lie.
For 'twas known that a very good youngster was I.
I must manage in some way to keep it from sight:
"Tell one more," said Satan; "twice make it all right."

And my two gave rise to three, and my three were soon four;
But my four grew to five, and my five to six;
Till I felt in my soul such a sense of disgrace,
I had scarcely one friend I could look in the face.
And at night, when I lay in bed, I was crying up stairs:
"God is truth! could I sleep without saying my prayers?"

But my fears and my conscience thus followed about;
For it really half glad when the lie was found out;
For it was—it is always the way with a lie—
And all said that a very good youngster was I.
Good or bad, I have learned in one thing to be wise,
And shun in the future all little white lies.

The Great Drouth of 1871

HAS proved a severe blow to many, but instead of despairing
and moving to some other place, let all say we will
give old Kennebec county one more trial.

C. H. REDINGTON, FURNITURE

Of every description, from the best Parlor Suite to the small
elaborate chair.

Longer, Red Stone, Chamber Suite, Cane and Wood Chairs,
Lounge, Bed, Sofa, Walnut, Marble Top and Walnut Center
Tables, Extension Table, Walnut, Ash and
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And every thing kept in the best Furniture Stores.

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Three Ply, Tapestry, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, Oil Cloth, &c.,
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French China, Ironstone, Figured and Plain: also common
White and Yellow ware, Cup, Saucers, Flower
Jars, &c.

SHADES AND CURTAIN FIXTURES, Tassels, Cord, &c.,
GLASS WARE, new and beautiful designs at mere nominal
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TABLE CUTLERY, Silver Plated Ware, Rogers' best,
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FEATHERS, all grades. LAMP Plates set to enlarging.
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All goods used in Housekeeping sold at drouth prices, so
that all things of getting married need not hesitate on ac-
count of prices.

ALL sizes always on hand, Rosewood, Walnut, Whitewood, Elm,
Birch and Pine, coloured in the very best manner and at
prices one-half less than at other places. I will guarantee
that the price of Caskets and Coffins will be satisfactory.
Extra Large Sizes always on hand.

ROBES AND SHROUDS.

I will say to all in need of any goods in my line that I will
sell at such prices as will do justice, and that you will
be satisfied that you get the full value of your money.
Just examine and judge for yourself.

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At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Persons in want of a durable Carriage, will find this a
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years of patient toil, executed an elegant de-
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produced in lithograph for the public. The
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No ONE SHOULD FAIL TO SEE IT. 20

Kendall's Mills Column.

E. R. MAYO.

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business.

24

Dec., 1871

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A POSITIVE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTI-
PATION, DYSPEPSIA,

And all Diseases having their origin in an impure state of
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INTEGRATING ANTI-BILIOUS

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Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
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Debilitated conditions of the system.

Have you Dyspepsia, and have "tried every thing else
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Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will make
you well.

Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? Are you
weak low spirited? circulation sluggish, dull and sleepy?
Appetite poor, constive, with Kidney Complaint, with urine
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Palpitation &c.

Be sure to try a box of the Integrating Pills, and you will
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Are you worn out, this in flesh, nervous with troublesome
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Are you stout, and have you been for a long time subject to
these ailments of sick-headache, and have tried the "everything
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The Integrating Pills are a positive cure for Amenorrhoea
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They will surely restore the natural function. Try them
and you will find a true friend. This indispensable func-
tion of life and health is brought about by secreting or an-
the Ovaries, and when the secretion has not taken place, no
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immediately, no more than a powerful friction will produce
cure in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and
the special organs nourished into activity, during the
proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is
sure.

42

Dissolution.

Having purchased the interest of my late partner
in the firm of MAYO BROTHERS, I respectfully
inform the public that I shall continue to carry
on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

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The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

I shall endeavor to keep the largest and best selected
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GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,
BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

Alaingo to do a cash business hereafter, I shall of course
be able to give customers even better terms than heretofore,
and trust by prompt attention to business and
fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public
patronage.

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O. F. MAYO

THE above change of business makes it necessary to set-
tle all bills of accounts of the firm, and all indebted are re-
quested to call and pay their bills immediately.

O. F. MAYO.

N. C. FRENCH,

House Carpenter, Draughtsman, and Builder

HAS taken a shop on Temple Street, near Main, and is
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tion of buildings, &c., and having had considerable ex-
perience, he is confident that he can give satisfaction to
his employers.

DRAFTING AND DESIGNING done and Plans of
Buildings furnished at reasonable rates.

Waterville, Sept. 20, 1871.

131

ALVIN B. WOODMAN,

Blacksmith and Horse Shoer,

HAS removed from West Waterville to Waterville village,
and has taken the Shop on Front Street, formerly occu-
pied by N. Boothby, where he will carry on the business of
Blacksmithing and Horse-shoeing.

All in need of this kind of work are invited to call, and are
assured that work and prices will be found satisfactory.

Sept. 26, 1871.

1417