



10-21-1870

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 17): October 21, 1870

Maxham & Wing

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MY WORK.

"Send me, and I will send." To send, said to a man, to bear his message into heaven's land. "You shall say to the Lord, 'The Lord is good.' No, not such work which waits his willing hands. Yet there is work which all his strength demands."

"My fingers tremble and my heart is full of love. I will write and tell the world of Thee." "He let me try, too gentle to condemn. My heart is full, but let me soon to see, 'neath this, my pen the work assigned to me."

"I dropped the pen and sighed." "What is it, Lord? what wouldst Thou have me do?" "He bade me look, and to all eyes was clear. Some call, some duty, none to me but love. And yet among them all, my pen and I were true."

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# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1870.

NO. 17.

could, but not being much of an actress yet, she could not help showing her surprise at Mrs. Vincent's manner—that with which she might have greeted an old friend.

"No, I shall not dance," Mrs. Vincent was saying, when the old commotion in Helen's mind would permit her to listen again. "Go away, every one of you. I am going to sit down here by Miss Brewster and rest; remember, I am just off a journey and tired to death."

Helen was forced to make room for her; the dainties hovered about the gay conversation went on, so vigorously to the girl just then, and though she tried to talk Mrs. Vincent saw plainly that she was bored, and understanding the reason—as she had learned, Falmore was not there—felt an unreasonable wrath rise in her soul against the creature because she dared to molest her. To know that she was to be so treated, she felt as if she were being insulted.

Something in the tone or words—she could not have told what—offended the girl. She did not like Mrs. Vincent; she did not mean to have any but the merest acquaintance with her; and unfortunately she was prompted to flash her maiden sword against the tried lance of this veteran coquette. She made some answer that had a sting in it. Mrs. Vincent passed it over. In a few moments it happened again, and Mrs. Vincent thought:

"Little girl, you are taking a dangerous stand! I mean to punish that man; I shall have to include you in the castigation. Why, you're jealous, you small wisp!"

She smiled more sweetly, then over; confused Helen with pretty speeches; finally took some man's arm, and swept away like a bright cloud, followed by her troop of admirers.

The next day Richard Falmore did not call; the second was dark and snowy, and Mrs. Vincent stood at her window and watched the storm and yielded to the bitter, wicked reflections that so often filled her lonely hours. She was not a happy woman, poor soul. She had married a man many years older than herself, and found she had been wedded for her money. He was a cold-blooded old frog, devoted to Wall Street, and had built up a mammoth fortune; allowed his wife to have her own way, and divided his time between business and pleasures suitable to a coarse nature. So, mad with the disappointment and the loneliness, Adelaide Vincent rushed into the world, and for six years her name on either side the Atlantic had been the synonyme for everything that was fascinating, extravagant, and reckless.

Her coquetry was so general, that she escaped much of the condemnation which usually follows such a woman, however coquettish she may be, and what she sought was power, not sentimental romance. She was able to boast to herself that no man had ever dared put his adoration into words, and she delighted in keeping her slaves just on the verge between hope and idiosyncrasy.

She had known Richard Falmore for two years now; they had met over in Europe, and from that time up to the period when she went to Cuba, he had been foremost in her band of adherents. He was more to her than any other of the men who added their brains by her smiles, yet their intimacy had been that of two confidential friends rather than an ordinary flirtation.

He knew more of her real character and feelings than anybody else in the world; she could talk freely to him, and he in return had been chivalrous and devoted, and deeply under the spell of her witcheries.

And now he had deceived her; he was as treacherous and mean as the rest of his species. Several times that winter he had written her long, pleasant letters, but never a hint of his engagement—nothing to lead her to suppose that he was not eagerly waiting to be at her beck and call when she should again dawn upon his horizon. She read those letters over this day; she recalled Helen Brewster's impertinence of the previous night; and there was a dangerous smile on the woman's face as she laid the correspondence aside. If he had trusted her, she would have been foremost, she said to herself, in promoting his happiness; he had dared her power, and now she would see if she was as helpless as ordinary women in similar circumstances.

She sat down and wrote him a letter: "I have been back three whole days, and you are the only one of my friends who has not come near me. For half an hour I was hurt; for twenty minutes I was vexed; but life is not long enough to waste more time in either emotion!"

"My dear Sir Lancelot, why have you not given us old friend the privilege of congratulating you on your new-found happiness? It was wicked of you! I may not recognize the article from personal experience, but tired and worn as I am, I have enough of freshness of feeling left to be able to sympathize."

"Well, I mean to be generous, and I do nothing by halves, so I shall congratulate you as heartily as if you had been true to our friendship. You have won a great prize—guard it carefully. In the mean time, remember that an old friend has at least the claim of memory. In your idle days, when life was empty, you wrote me a score of pretty letters. I have them all, and it is my creed that an engaged man should take back such trifles. Will you come and receive them with my heartfelt congratulations? In the hope that you may do so, if I am permitted, I shall stay at home to-night and grin defiance at my own shadow; you know, existence hasn't left me much else to do."

When an engaged man receives such a letter, if he is wise he makes an excuse; but who is wise? Richard Falmore wrote two notes; one to Mrs. Vincent promising to obey her request; the other, his first white lie, to Helen—a forgotten business engagement would prevent his accompanying her to her aunt's reception.

Mrs. Vincent knew of his promise and meant to force him to break it, a proper bit of malice, she thought, in return for his duplicity in not having confided in her.

When Falmore entered her boudoir that evening, the sight which met his eyes was enough to make any masculine head swim. It is as old and stale as the first novel to talk about a woman's beauty; this woman had something more potent than that—the dangerous gift of

fascination. She came forward to meet him with her long white draperies sweeping in fleecy folds over the floor; some artful combination in the way of sea-green trimmings heightening her pailor and giving a deeper light to her great eyes. Every pose was perfect, every word what it ought to have been; and Falmore thought what a pity it was that such grace and witchery could never be added to the ingenious loveliness of a young girl.

They talked of all sorts of trifles—her journey—the orange groves—the marvellous skies, the charms of the tropic island; and Mrs. Vincent talked as only an American woman can. By and by she said softly:

"You are bad and wicked even yet! You've gossiped so fast, I have had no opportunity to say how happy the news I have heard makes me—how heartily glad I am."

He took her hand and pressed it warmly. "A little confused and awkward, as a man will be at such time," "Thank you," he said; "I want you to know her—to like her. I meant to have written, but I have been so busy."

"She has already the highest claim to my regard—she is your choice," returned Circe. "For your silence—well, let bygones be bygones!"

"And you forgive me?" "My dear friend, as if I had the right or wish to be angry! The world calls me a coquette—you know me better. I think you might have told me—you know how I gazed eagerly at my bit of pleasure—I don't have many—you might have given me this—but never mind; I'll take it now."

It was not the words; the voice—the eloquent eyes raised to his—the pale tremulous features. Good gracious, in the face of warning and experience, men will be idiots up to the millennium!

Presently she pulled a little table toward her, unlocked her writing-desk, and took out a package.

"I have to give these up," she said; "My friendship must make its little sacrifice."

"I hope you don't mean I am never to write to you any more?" he said quickly.

She shook her head.

"I am old and sadly wise," she said; "when a man marries he gives up his old life—it is just and right. My dear friend, indulge in no letters; no young wife will permit it without scenes or secret wretchedness."

He began to interrupt; she put up her finger. "It is the penalty of marrying a young girl," she said. "We older women know that a real friendship is a safeguard to a married man. Oh, Richard, remember her always—never mind if you do make sacrifices—let her be happy! When the romance goes, life may look a little bald and bare to you, but never let her feel it. She will not look below the exterior; if she sees you cheerful and attentive, she will be content—that's the blessed privilege of unreasoning youth."

"I am sure Helen will never be unreasonable," he said somewhat disturbed.

"You are marrying a child," she answered. "You cannot expect blossoms and solid fruit both. To a certain extent your life must be solitary—you will find that out; she is a girl, and will live in the interests suited to her age. It is right, and you must be satisfied with knowing that you have the love of a pure, fresh heart. She may not be able to understand or sympathize with the feelings of a man of your age; but put that by, live for her, and gain your reward in the sight of her peace."

Richard Falmore could not have told how, but those words, and many similar ones she uttered, opened his eyes for the first time to the fact that Helen was very youthful in thought and opinions—exacting and unreasonable as youth usually is; and the reflection was not pleasant. It was not agreeable either to regard the future where he was personally concerned, as Mrs. Vincent pointed it. Altogether when the interview ended, his prospects looked much less bright than they had done during the past weeks. Life had before seemed to him as an anchor—an aim; now the solitude and emptiness of the old days menaced the future, and left him irritated and disheartened.

She read him like a book; glided back to pleasant themes; talked of her own ambition for him—the need there was in this country for men of culture and mind devoting themselves to a public career. But she showed plainly she did not now expect or wish him to fulfil her former hopes. He asked why, and persisted till she gave the reason—very gently—but the cruellest barb of all she now planted in his soul. Such a career would separate him from the wife he had chosen; she was too young to sympathize, and would therefore be jealous even of his ambition. Richard combated, and argued, but nevertheless the doubt was sown home, and grew as rapidly as only such poisonous fancies can do.

The days and weeks got by; I might fill a volume with their details, but they could make the inevitable result no clearer.

Helen was wilful and jealous; Falmore wrong-headed and obstinate as only a man can be; and the time came when quarrels were frequent between them, and helped to wear the bloom rapidly off their romance. Let me do Mrs. Vincent justice. She did not think how wickedly she was acting—people seldom do. She meant at first only to punish Falmore a little; Helen's conduct angered her, and she wanted to punish her too; but after a while she grew sorry for Falmore's distress, forgot that she had any share in it, and pitied him heartily for having made a great mistake. She showed that she pitied him, and though he went nearly mad at this, he could not relinquish the sort of bitter pleasure he found in it. Making a man believe nobody else really understands and appreciates him, is a trap wherewith an artful woman shall catch the oldest and wisest Solomon of modern days, be he as wily a diplomatist as Bismarck, or as enthusiastic a churchman as Pusey himself.

Besides the quarrels between the lovers, several of those unforeseen mischances wherewith Fate likes to torment us when she makes up her mind to be cruel, helped to widen the breach that separated them. Once Helen wrote to ask him to walk with her; a careless servant omitted to take her letter, and while she sat at her window waiting, he drove past with Mrs. Vincent. She was too proud to ask an explanation—believed he had deliberately intended to outrage her; and from that time her anger rapidly mastered every better emotion.

She took to flirting, and made the mistakes

therein young girls usually do; and whether Falmore happened to be amused or angry at her performances, they aided equally in widening the gap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUGUENOTS.—They were the direct offspring of the Bible. As the sacred volume, multiplied by the printing-presses of Germany, first made its way into France, it was received as a new revelation. Before Luther had published his theses it is said that there were protestants at Paris, and wherever the Bible came it was certain to found a church. But it was chiefly among the men of labor and of thought that its teachings were ever welcome. Labor, flying from the decaying cities of Italy and the disturbed dominions of Charles V., had found a new home in many of the towns of France; accomplished workmen in silk and linen, iron or clay, had stimulated the prosperity of Lyons and Tours, Saintes and Meaux; painters, sculptors, architects, and poets had sprung up amidst the barbarism of chivalry; Paris was as renowned for its painters as for its goldsmiths; and the college of France spread liberal learning among the ambitious students of the day. To the cultivated artisan and the classical scholar the gross corruptions of the Church, and the open vices of monks and priests, were singularly odious; for the one had learned the charm of virtue by practicing a regular life, the other by a study of Socrates and Cicero. When, therefore, the Bible, in its modern translation, was laid before the people, a wonderful religious revolution swept over France. Nearly the whole working-class became Protestants. The great manufacturing towns were converted at once from Romanism to the faith of St. Paul. Almost every eminent artisan or inventor was a Huguenot. Stephen, the famous printer, Palissy, the chief of potters, the first French sculptor, Goujon, the great surgeon Pare, and a throng of their renowned companions, shrank from the mass as idolatrous, and lived by the precepts of the Bible. The professors of the College of France and the ablest of living scholars adopted the principles of reform. The impulse spread to nobles and princes. The house of Bourbon and of Navarre were nearly all Huguenots. Marguerite, the sister of Francis, became the chief support of the reformers, and the king himself seemed for a moment touched and softened by the sacred language of inspiration. The Bible ruled over the rejoicing French. Of the wonderful power of this wide reform it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. Swiftly there spread over the manufacturing towns of France a reign of saintly purity. Men once more shrank from vice and clung to virtue. The gross habits of the Middle Ages were thrown aside; the taverns and theatres were deserted, the morris-dancers and jongleurs no longer amused; the rude dissipation of the peasantry, the licentious fetes of priests and nobles, awakened only disgust; but in every village prayer-meetings were held, and the Bible was studied by throngs of eager students, who, for the first time, were enabled to listen to the voice of inspiration. [Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine for November.

PEKIN AS IT IS.—A correspondent of the Sacramento Union, writing from China, thus describes Pekin:

No long description, be assured—only this: From the observatory one sees a large portion of the town. Built of mud-brick, and gray stone, dotted with sparse foliage of magnificent distances, curious architecture glimmering in the light, serpentine lanes and by-ways, the scene is not enchanting. In the streets, the scenes to be encountered are revolting. Sand, filth, pools of fetid water, miserable mud huts, and occasional tawdry temples; innumerable draying donkeys; such carts; dromedaries; occasional chairs; long lines of mules; dense throngs of coolies, of whom not one in twenty is aye, fifty is half-dressed in dirty rags; crawling beggars festering with disease; among the people scenes of gross indecency on the very sidewalks—a perfect disregard for what even a "Digger's" modest would revolt at; women, Tartars, small merchants, peregriinating restaurants, naked children eight or ten years of age; shops filled with earthenware of coarse manufacture; tea houses about every mile; the habitation of some high Chinese officials—ostentatious, and that would make a second-rate stable in America; half-a-dozen temples, once massive and costly, but with no trace of beauty; the principal street, paved with rough blocks of granite that is worn, in deep runs and almost impassable; the emperor's palace and grounds—a dingy, barren walled inclosure, guarded by slaves; streets almost impassable with rubbish, ruts, and rocks; in brief, the most wretched, decayed, crumbling, repulsive spot we ever saw, with a semi-civilized, conceited, inhospitable, lazy, lousy populace, with no trace of anything that tells of content or happiness equal to their associates and superiors—the dogs and pigs of the Imperial capital.

This is Pekin, with its millions of wretched inhabitants. I confess to unmitigated disgust. I abhor those enthusiastic chroniclers who have shed untruthful light in praise of this horrible place. If proof is required to substantiate my views, I would refer to an esteemed resident of Sacramento, now a thoroughly disgusted resident of Pekin.

1. BATHING quickly, wipe dry, and walk off rapidly, all within ten minutes.

2. It is dangerous to bathe when tired or at bed-time; hence, it is better to make a rule to bathe before breakfast, when the system has been rested by a night's sleep.

3. Before bathing, wash the face, hands, and head in cold water.

4. Do not bathe within two hours of eating a full meal; death has often resulted from inattention to this rule.

5. Cold-water baths are hurtful under all circumstances to very young or very old people; to invalids, to consumptives, to those subject to spitting blood. [Hall's Journal of Health.

A Birmingham woman complains that during the first year of her married life her husband called her "my dear," the second year "Mrs. A." and the third year "old bore," which was too much for her to bear.

In Milwaukee, when a lazy man is caught at work, they say he is "muddling with industry."

## OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November, which closes a volume, is an excellent specimen of the variety and value of this excellent magazine. There are thirty-six illustrations, divided between historical papers on "The Huguenots," (a fit companion piece to the "Vandals," in the July number), by Eugene Lawrence, and "Frederick the Great," by J. S. G. Abbott; a description of the remarkable Cave of Belmar in Cuba, by General Cavada; a sketch of steamboating, "Down the Mississippi," by George Ward Nichols; a semi-scientific account of "The Negative in Photography," by Jacob Abbott; and one of Mrs. Spofford's sea stories. In addition to these illustrated articles there is an abundance of stories and other good reading, including continuations of the various serials; the beginning of Auerbach's last story, "The Cross of the Legion of Honor," a second paper on "The Sacred Flora," by M. D. Conway; the conclusion of the interesting chapter on "Literary Forgeries," some interesting reminiscences of observations at Berlin in 1848, when the present King William was only a prince; some excellent poetry, the usual well-filled editorial departments, etc. etc. It seems almost superfluous to praise this magazine which has so strong a hold upon the great reading public; and all must acknowledge that for the average reader it has no equal. A new volume will begin with the December number, and let no one consider his list of magazines complete if it does not include Harper's.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York City, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY.—The longest article in the November number, just issued, is the Hon. Gideon Welles's contribution of "Facts in relation to the Expedition ordered by the Administration for the Relief of the Garrison of Fort Sumter," which fills twenty-five pages. Its liveliest is perhaps Mrs. Fanny Barrow's description of Monsignor Capelli, the "Monsignor Catechist" of Lohair, which is accompanied by a striking portrait. Bayard Taylor has a narrative poem of some length—"Sheikh Ahn's Letter from Bagdad." Carl Benson gives some "Reminiscences and Speculations, apropos of the Turning Point in the King of Prussia's Life"; Mr. Albert P. Southwick has an essay on the Elder Dumas; and Mark Twain not only gives a full budget of "Memoranda," but reproduces his famous war-map, with a new introduction. Of course there is much of which we make no mention.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—We copy from the Boston Advertiser the following sketch of the history of the temporal power of the pope:

It dates back to the year 753, when King Pepin bestowed the Exarchate of Ravenna on Pope Stephen and his successors in the Apostolic See. This grant was confirmed by his son Charlemagne, and increased by the addition of Perugia and Spoleto. By grant or bequest this Papal territory was augmented in the eleventh and almost every succeeding century until 1649, when Orvieto was added to the possessions of the Popes. They remained in undisputed sovereignty over the "States of the Church" until the first Napoleon invaded and occupied them, and divided them between the Cisalpine and the Tiberine Republics. From that time, until the close of his career, the history of the Popes was chequered, Napoleon having destroyed their authority, and then restored it again within the first decade of the present century. The Congress of Vienna restored to the Popes in 1815 the greater part of their territories. The revolution of 1849 resulted in the flight of Pius Nino, and a republic was declared, but France and Austria made war upon it, and in the following year the Pope returned to his capital. The events of 1859 and 1860 took away more than two-thirds of Papal territory and nearly four-fifths of its population from the government of the Apostolic See, and for the last ten years it at sovereignty has been exercised only over the city of Rome and the Comarca, and the delegations of Viterbo, Civita Vecchia, Velletri and Frosinone—an area of 4891 square miles, with 692,106 inhabitants at the last enumeration. During the last ten years there have been several attempts to conquer the Roman territory for Italy from without or by means of popular risings within, but they have all been defeated by Papal troops with the assistance of the French army of occupation.

BETWEEN the desire to keep the naturalization machine in full operation, and the necessity of abusing the "Heavenly Chinese," the Democrats make queer work in constructing a political platform, as will be seen by reading the following extract from that adopted by the recent Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts:

"The first revolution recites 'that it is our proud boast that the oppressed of all nations can find with us a safe Asylum, and here enjoy the blessings of a free government; that consistency with our professions, not less than the highest welfare of both native and foreign born, require that all who come to these shores should as soon as practicable become citizens and have their equal influence in political affairs; which is a little severe on the party which fought so hard for slavery and against the principle of universal suffrage; and the following resolution declares that 'independent of the question as to the expediency of bringing into intimate political and social relations two adverse races of men, we believe it to be wrong to stimulate by artificial means the irritation into our community of swarms of Mongolians, who have neither the wish nor the aptitude to assume the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; which is, to say the least, rather a curious companion for resolution number five.' [Bangor Whig.

A PERFECT WATER-PROOF.—The "lounge" of the London Illustrated Times says, "By the way, speaking of water-proofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber water-proofs, but I will buy no more; for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of my readers, I will give the recipe: In a bucket of soft water put a half-pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and a gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the



## Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXIM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 21, 1870.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. H. MAXIM & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10  
State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; J. E. Niles,  
Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street,  
Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40  
Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 128  
Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE  
MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements in it and sub-  
scriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the Ad-  
vertiser.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS  
relating to the business or editorial departments of the  
paper should be addressed to MAXIM & WING, or WATER-  
VILLE MAIL OFFICE.

**THE EARTHQUAKE**, for which every body  
making anxious inquiry, and which was heard in  
Waterville about 35 minutes past 11, on  
Thursday forenoon, proves to have been so far  
a public concern, as already to have been re-  
ported throughout the N. Eng. and Northern  
States and Canada. Reports are so similar  
as to leave no doubt that the same earthquake  
was responsible for all the various shakings.

At Bangor, according to the Courier, houses  
were shaken, door bells rung, furniture, crock-  
ery and stoves rattled, clocks were stopped,  
plastering was cracked and woodpiles tumbled  
down. In many cases people rushed into the  
street, evidently thinking the houses were com-  
ing down over their heads. The Supreme  
Judicial court room was cleared of occupants  
in a hurry—the gentlemen of the law having no  
faith in the foundation of the court house. No-  
body was hurt, however, though several persons  
had narrow escapes from bricks shaken off the  
top of a chimney in Patten's store on Main  
street.

A Bowdoin College telegram says the dura-  
tion of the shock was from thirty to forty sec-  
onds, and the general direction was from the  
southwest to the northeast.

Augusta acknowledges a hard shaking and  
some slight fire. The Court House was shaken so  
violently that judges, jury, lawyers and spec-  
tators rushed into the street, fearful that the  
building was tumbling down. At the High and  
Grammar school houses the plastering was  
cracked in many places, creating great fright  
among the scholars.

At Springfield, Mass., three distinct shocks  
were felt. Brick walls were cracked in several  
buildings, and considerable damage done to  
Wright's block on Main Street.

About 300 feet of the bed of the Ogdensburg  
Railroad across Otter Pond in Standish, 16  
miles from Portland, settled ten feet at the  
time of the earthquake.

Despatches from as far north as Quebec—  
west to Cleveland, O.—N. York, R. Island,  
Penn., and numerous other places, give nearly  
the same reports.

Waterville was shaken a little more than on  
any previous occasion. The schools were  
alarmed, dishes rattled, door-bells rung, &c.;  
but no bones were broken, no plastering cracked,  
no damage done, and probably—as they say of  
railroad accidents—"nobody to blame."

The shock last year was Oct. 22.

**DEMOCRATIC HIT!**—The Portland Argus  
is sharp as a pin in the thrusts at Woman's  
Rights. Hearing that in Wyoming some of  
the women have disagreed in fixing upon a  
uniform badge for one of their associations, Ar-  
gus wisely inquires "How will it be when they  
are called out, as citizens, to do military duty?"  
That's right!—hold them to the answer, good  
Argus, for in case the democratic party should  
seize the government, as is now daily expect-  
ed, and we should have another war with the  
South, as that party wisely predicts, the women  
would have to do the big fighting, of course.  
Modern democrats are non-resistants in time of  
war. Then there would be no time for the women  
to wrangle about a uniform. Hold them to  
the argument, and save the lives of immense  
armies of democratic soldiers!

The Lewiston Journal throws his Wa-  
terville correspondent into the "cheap stuff"  
basket, when he offers to give the Mail a drub-  
bing for what it said about the "splendid show  
of Jersey" and for other crudities too num-  
erous to mention. Journal thinks "twonty pence"  
"a waste of powder." Neyer mind the powder!  
good Journal; that correspondent fires a cheap  
kind, that will moisten with spontaneous per-  
spiration if kept too long. Better let him ex-  
plode. If you put him behind you, he may  
push you to "touch it off" yourself sometime  
—and then what? When king Pogywoggy-  
mussy was laid in a lie, he said it did not com-  
port with the dignity of royalty to notice "so  
small a thing as a little fib." Possibly the  
Journal thinks his majesty was right—eh?

The Portland Advertiser is made happy by  
another horrible tale story, one which they  
find in a New York paper, but the event is lo-  
cated in New Hampshire. Why are not these  
stories reported nearer home?

The reported seizure of the St. Clair Flats,  
by the Canadian authorities, was a hoax.

## ABOUT FASHIONS.

**DEAR MAIL.**—An old and foolish proverb  
says, "the fashion of this world passeth away,"  
but as we look over the multitude of women,  
and children even, whom we pass every day  
in the street, and witness the innumerable yards  
of ruffling and plaiting, of quilling and pointing,  
folds and fluting, we find attached to their gar-  
ments, we are more inclined to believe the ages  
as they roll by are more fruitful in invention,  
and that Diabolus himself stands at the head of  
every fashion on plate.

The absurd and belittling influence of this  
insane love and worship of fashion is felt in man's  
home comfort as well as inside his pocket. The  
one all absorbing thought of the present day is  
not "what shall we eat or what shall we drink,"  
but "what shall we wear?" If it were simply  
a matter of dollars and cents the sin might be  
forgiven, but eye and heart closes on the tender  
and delicate little home attraction which fa-  
ther or husband or brother has to expect. Mind  
goes for nothing in this race for fashion.  
Money is of no account—waste is not thought  
of—modest apparel is ignored, and the human  
form made originally in God's own image, is  
piled up with bishop and panier and chignon  
till its primal beauty is lost beneath these  
heaps of rubbish, otherwise called fashion.

The head, which should be the seat of all  
bright and cultivated thought, is made to bear  
the burden of other heads, other animals and  
other climes. God made a mistake when he  
supposed he had finished woman, and placed  
her in Eden, and so has raised up fields of  
"vegetable hair" where with to finish out what  
he left undone. The various helps to "com-  
eliness" are piled on, and the poor head made  
to endure a twisting and pinning process with  
what courage and fortitude it may. The brain  
so fused and muddled with these unnatural  
weights, seldom relieves itself of "thoughts  
that breathe and words that burn." Intellect  
is crippled beneath its surroundings, and we  
may not look for mind or thought flowing in a  
pure and healthy stream.

The capacity for endless improvement, which  
God has given us, and the high standard of pure  
moral excellence, which we may attain, is stul-  
tified and dethroned by this fashion worship.  
The streams wherewith the human citadel  
should be made glad are choked up; and the  
inner life, which should furnish the main spring  
of happiness, is left stark and bare, while the  
fingers are bent in the binding of forty yards  
of ruffling. The mind must needs follow the  
setting of the stilet, and as there is no more  
imperative master than *Fashion*, the poor weak-  
ened and demoralized brain makes but faint  
show of fight against the horror that is.

Woman is working beneath herself. With all  
glorious attributes at her command, and power  
to move the world, she nevertheless falls idly  
and unresistingly into a basin of French fash-  
ions. When will she pick herself out?

**SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY.**—In an address be-  
fore the recent Convention of the Young Men's  
Christian Association in Boston, the Rev. J.  
O. Peck is reported in the Advertiser as fol-  
lows:—

He saw Christianity as an angel with a  
smiling, beautiful face. The coldness and hard-  
ness of the human gone, and the warmth and  
beauty of the divine took its place. The forces  
that belonged to Christianity had never been  
half used, because they were distrusted. Ev-  
erything but sin could be brought to contribute  
to the work. The social facilities had never  
furnished their full quota to the work. It was  
time that the work of the church was conducted  
on business principles. Religion had been made  
too much a side issue, when the banner of Christ  
should have been placed at the head of the  
column of life. Sociableness was the preem-  
inent quality that gives such a power to person-  
al effort, and personal effort was of more power  
than the pulpit, and he believed, more effective.  
The world used this power to greater effect  
than the Christian church ever had. So-ciableness  
would invest Christianity with a new  
charm, and when there was as much sociableness  
at the door of the church as at the store and  
the counting-room, business would be better  
in the church. Secret societies know the value  
of the word "brother," and the grip which  
thrilled with the spirit of fraternity, and their  
success depended upon these elements more  
than upon their secrets. Religion should be  
made genial and social, and it would not be  
necessary to sanctify cards and billards and  
horse-racing to make religion attractive. God  
has no need of these traps of the devil.

As the first element of success, resolve that  
there shall be no strangers in the church. Make  
the acquaintance of the young men, skip the  
social icebergs when introducing them to the  
brethren, make them forget they are or ever  
were strangers. The first duty of a church after  
the benediction should resolve itself into a  
committee on hand-shaking. The churches are  
cursed with too much kid-glove religion, and  
many of them were dying of eminent respecta-  
bility. A man who once shook hands with  
Becher would remember it to all eternity.  
Let the life be such that the future would be  
flushed with ineffable glory. More of Christ  
was needed within, and then more of Christ  
would shine out. Away with stilted religion,  
stalking awkwardly up and down the aisles of  
the church. There should be sufficient suavity,  
socialness and good nature to shine from the  
face, and like the white lily, living in an atmos-  
phere of its own sweetness. Kindly Christian-  
ity ought to wreath the pulpit and festoon the  
church.

**S. O. T.**—The following are the officers of  
Ticonic Division No. 3, for the present quarter:  
W. P. Mrs. B. A. Small; W. A. O. H.  
Smith; R. S. Geo. Seales; A. R. S. Mary  
Atwood; F. S. C. E. Bates; T. O. G. To-  
zier; Chas. A. T. Shurtleff; C. C. H. Per-  
val; A. C. Arie Deering; I. S. C. H. Foster;  
O. S. F. Smiley.

Three ice houses on Swan Island, belonging  
to the Sagadahock Ice Co., were blown down  
during the gale of Tuesday.

**THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC**, by Robert  
B. Thomas, makes its appearance for 1871, and  
we acknowledge copies from the Boston pub-  
lishers and from Bailey & Noyes, of Portland.

**MR. HORACE H. HAMLIN** has been appoint-  
ed Postmaster at Augusta, in place of Hon.  
James A. Bicknell, who has held the office for  
eight years.

**JOSH BILLINGS' FARMER'S ALMANAC** for  
1871, full of the peculiar wit and wisdom of  
this well known humorist, is for sale at Hen-  
rickson's. It is published by G. W. Carleton,  
New York, and is sold for 25 cents.

## OUR TABLE.

**APPLETON'S JOURNAL.**—The number for  
Oct. 20 contains some of the finest and most beautiful  
engravings of waterfalls that we ever saw—furnishing  
capital studies for painters. The number has a contin-  
uation of Florence Maryatt's story, "The Poison of Asps,"  
and among other good articles contains Prof. Tyndall's  
recent Discourse before the British Association at Liver-  
pool, on the Scientific Use of the Imagination. There is  
an "Educational Supplement," containing eight pages  
of valuable matter. This is an excellent magazine and  
it is in high favor with the better class of readers.  
Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a  
year.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.**—The November  
number contains an unusual variety of timely articles.  
The opening paper, entitled "Crackers," gives a lively  
sketch of the character and condition of southern whites  
prior to the war; "A Polyglot Empire," by the author  
of "Prussia the German Nation," is a description of the  
constituent elements of the Austrian monarchy, and will  
be perused with profit by those who are interested in the  
doctrine of the nationality of races; "The Calvert Fam-  
ily" is a historical sketch of the founder of the Com-  
monwealth of Maryland and his immediate connections;  
"The Stone Annals of the Past" is an article intended  
to explain, in a popular manner, the most striking fea-  
tures of one of the great transitional epochs of history.  
In the department of Fiction, we have a continuation of  
Anthony Trollope's new novel, "Sir Harry Hotspur of  
Humblethwaite," and a variety of shorter stories are  
furnished by less distinguished, but able, pens. There  
are also two poems in the number, one by Howard Glynd-  
don bearing the pleasing title of "Violets in Autumn." The  
Gospel exhibits its usual characteristics, and serves as  
a pleasant conclusion to so much agreeable matter.  
Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at  
\$4 a year.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for November is  
pronounced an unusually attractive number. Mr. Higgin-  
son leads off with a charming, rambling essay on  
"Footpaths." Mrs. Stowe has a short story, and there is  
an unusually large instalment of Mr. Taylor's; Mr. Hen-  
ry James, Jr. begins a serial entitled "Travelling Com-  
panions;" Miss Kate Field has an elaborate criticism of  
Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, in which she takes issue with Mr.  
Richard Grant White as to the age of the Danish Prince,  
and insists that the French tragedian's impersonation is  
a piece of spotless perfection; Mr. Putnam closes his  
reminiscences of Dickens; Mr. J. S. Dwight has a paper  
on "The Intellectual Influence of Music; three papers are  
given to an essay on "Austen Bertrams as an Orator," by  
a gentleman holding a high place in public life, but  
whose name is not given; Bayard Taylor has a poem;  
and there is other good reading.  
Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a  
year.

One more "Waterville Boy" comes into  
prominence at the head of the "South Jersey  
Institute," at Bridgeton, N. Jersey. This is a  
new institution, with elegant buildings and  
large facilities, under the patronage of a Ba-  
ptist board. Its objects embrace the most ad-  
vanced education, with equal facilities to both  
sexes. This school is just going into operation,  
with a distinguished board of instruction, at  
the head of which is Prof. H. K. Trask, a  
graduate of Waterville, and for several years  
at the head of Wayland University, Wisconsin.  
He is favorably remembered in Waterville,  
where a close record is kept of all who win  
success abroad.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for November, a cap-  
ital number, full of attractions, literary and  
pictorial, is for sale by C. A. Henrickson, who  
is always promptly supplied with this periodi-  
cal and all others by the New England News  
Company, of Boston.

**Hall's Journal of Health** gives the fol-  
lowing directions in reference to feeding the  
little ones:—

Three quarters of the fatal diseases of child-  
hood would be prevented by judicious feeding;  
which means chiefly that they should be fed  
regularly, and not be allowed to eat between  
meals. Until three months old a child should  
be fed every two hours; from three to twelve  
months, every three hours; from eight to twelve  
months, every four hours; and therefore four  
times during daylight. After a child is six  
months old it should be trained to be nursed or  
fed but once from the time the mother goes to  
bed till time for her to rise in the morning;—  
thus relieving the mother from being waked  
out of the sleep she so much needs, and for the  
want of which half the mothers have a drag-  
gled, half dead look during the whole period of  
nursing. After a child is three months old it  
should not be allowed to sleep in the same bed  
with the mother, but in a crib at the bedside,  
where it should be put immediately after nurs-  
ing. Both mother and child will sleep better  
for this arrangement.

The Maine Farmer pays the following mer-  
ited tribute to Prof. Charles E. Hamlin's  
Obituary Record of the Alumni of Colby Uni-  
versity:

The work is an honor to the gentleman who  
has prepared it, and upon almost every line  
we see evidences of his painstaking accuracy,  
love of detail and regard for facts. Moreover,  
the record is an honor to the University, and  
contains many noble names, among them those  
of the missionary George Dana Boardman; of  
the veteran teacher Henry Paine; of the martyr  
Lovejoy; of Enoch W. Freeman; Wyman B. S. Moore;  
the well known educator E. M. Thurston, (first Secretary of the Maine Board  
of Education; Charles Coburn; H. S. Downs;  
Albion Byron Clarke; Col. Wm. Solyman  
Heath; the gallant Sir Isaac Emery, and other  
names hardly less known. The plan adopted  
in the preparation is an excellent one, and its  
performance could not have been entrusted to  
better hands. It is a worthy monument to  
Colby's deceased alumni than could have been  
made from marble.

**REV. LYMAN WHITING, D. D.**, Under the  
Oaks, Jamestown, Wis., says of OUR PATRIOT'S  
HOUSE: The reader soon discerns he is among  
treasures, stored and set forth with a princely  
skill. Knowledge, impulse and grace in strength  
and beauty greet him from page to page.

No lover of "a good book" (in Milton's  
Sense,) will willingly let this book, so rich in  
contents, beautiful in print and ornamentation,  
pass unbought from his hand.

**THE WAY "to minister to a mind diseased"**  
is to take Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution  
of the protoxide of iron, which gives strength  
and vigor to the whole system, restores the  
digestive organs to perfect health, thereby re-  
storing the mind to its natural vigor.

Alexander Dumas is at Dieppe in a dying  
condition from paralysis.

That world renowned and ever living  
but very pleasant joker, "Gen. Daniel Pratt,  
the Great American Traveller," spent two  
days at Waterville, in the pursuit of his mission,  
during the past week. He made calls as usual,  
upon our leading men, making such assess-  
ments of time and leisure as their good nature  
permitted. Report says he was nowhere more  
cordially greeted than at the door of the resi-  
dence of the president of the University, who  
happened to be just starting for the Chapel.  
"Gen. Pratt" promptly announced himself as  
the "Great American Traveller." "Indeed!"  
says the president, with his well-known and  
peculiar blandness. "I have heard much of  
your travels, General, and am happy to have  
an opportunity to see a sample of them." Hur-  
rying on toward the chapel, he looked back  
and saw the sample.

**THAT COMICAL BROWN.**—All lovers of fun  
will probably visit Town hall Friday evening  
next to see comical Brown in his laughable  
impersonations. Mr. Brown has travelled fif-  
teen years through the New England States,  
and no man that gives this class of entertain-  
ments has got a better reputation than he has  
established for himself. He appears this year  
in a new programme throughout, calculated  
especially for thin and spare people, or for that  
class of mankind whom it would benefit to  
"laugh and grow fat." Mr. Buxton, whose  
singing and especially his clear and distinct  
pronunciation, is said to be remarkably good,  
assists Mr. Brown at each entertainment, as  
does also Prof. Hill the celebrated violinist,  
called one of the best performers of the day,  
who will introduce some of his best solos.  
Those who have once seen Mr. Brown will be  
sure to go again, and those that never have  
seen him we advise to go, and our word for it  
they will enjoy an evening's entertainment well  
worth witnessing.

A spirited hunting match came off in  
Clinton on Tuesday. The hunters were 14  
on each side, the respective divisions led by  
Messrs Sullivan and Rowell. We have not a  
list of the game, nor can we give the name of  
the victors but report says that each side  
brought in large quantities of nice game, and  
the competitors sat down to a capital supper at  
the Snow House, furnished by the defeated  
party.

James Hussey, of North Vassalboro', tells  
the Maine Farmer his experience in using  
leached ashes upon grass land. The land was  
a moist clayey, loam soil. It was so much run  
down when purchased by Mr. Hussey, that all  
the grass growing upon the lot—four acres—  
when cut for hay, could have been hauled with  
one horse. It was top-dressed with six hun-  
dred bushels leached ashes, or at the rate of  
one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. The  
first year after the ashes were applied in the  
spring no great benefit was noticed from them,  
but the second year the yield of hay from the  
four acres was eleven tons! Since that applica-  
tion of leached ashes, the land has produced  
good crops of hay each year, in no instance  
less than one ton to the acre. Twelve crops  
of grass have been taken off, while no applica-  
tion of any kind of fertilizer has been made,  
since the ashes were put on.

**GRAND DIVISION, S. O. T.**—The Grand  
Division, Sons of Temperance meets in this  
city, next Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock.  
Wednesday evening the Warren Division will  
hold a social meeting at their hall for the pur-  
pose of making the acquaintance of the mem-  
bers of the Order from abroad. This will be  
confined to members of the Order and invited  
guests.

Thursday evening there will be a public  
meeting at Johnson Hall. Hon. Neal Dow,  
Hon. Sidney Perham, and J. Nye, Esq., are  
expected to address the meeting. All are in-  
vited.—[Gardiner Home Journal.]

The only news from Rome is of another case  
resembling that of "little Mortara." A Jew  
named Cohen invoked the aid of the authorities  
to recover his son detained by the priests since  
1864. The rector of the monastery where he  
was confined endeavored to evade the demands  
for the lad, stating that he had escaped yester-  
day. Guiseppe was discovered in plain clothes,  
concealed in a private house. The superior  
of the convent and the owner of the house  
were arrested and consigned to Fort Real.

The Kennebec County Teachers' Institute  
will be held in Augusta, Nov. 14, continuing  
five days. We learn that the State Educa-  
tional Association will hold its annual session  
here the succeeding week, Nov. 21.—[Kenne-  
bec Journal.]

Calvin Chamberlain, Esq., of Foxcroft, 60  
years of age, writes the Observer, that on Mon-  
day he dug, in eight hours, 26 barrels or 65  
bushels of potatoes.

**HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.**—The Standard of  
last week reports a hideous outrage as having  
been committed in Somerville, Lincoln county,  
on Saturday night, 9th inst. Four men enter-  
ed the house of Mr. Daniel Davis of that place,  
and after securing him with a piece of rope,  
proceeded in turn to violate his daughter.  
The ruffians were arrested the following day. The  
names of the perpetrators of this foul deed are  
given by a correspondent of the Portland Press  
as follows: Edward Wright, Eben Dodge, and  
a man named Cunningham, from Newcastle,  
and John Hodgkins of Nobleboro'. A dirk  
knife, with which they threatened to murder  
Mr. Davis, was found in the possession of John  
Hodgkins. Mr. Davis is a respectable citizen,  
about ninety years old.

\$1,000 Reward is offered by the proprietor  
of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical  
Discovery for a medicine that will equal it in  
the cure of all those diseases for which it is  
recommended; among which are severe, acute  
or lingering Coughs, Consumption in its early  
stages, Bronchitis, "Liver Complaint," or "Bil-  
iousness," Constipation of the Bowels, Loss of  
appetite, Scrofulous diseases, and Skin diseases,  
as Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters and Boils. It  
is sold by Druggists.

A small story and half house on Middle  
street, Rockland, owned and occupied by Til-  
lerton Atherton, was burned last Friday.  
Insurance on the house and contents, \$650.00,  
says the Gazette.

**TERRIBLE HURRICANE IN CUBA.**—An Ha-  
vanna despatch of Sunday speaks of a hurricane  
in the bay on Friday; but little damage was  
done, however, to vessels and property in the  
city. Trees were prostrated, but no houses.  
In the interior the growing cane and other crops  
were damaged. At Matanzas the effect was  
terrible. An extraordinary rise of two rivers  
inundated the ground where railway depots  
were located, and the trains, depots, passengers  
and houses all disappeared. Two thousand  
persons are said to be lost, and the damage to  
property is enormous. Steamer Missouri sailed  
from Havana for New York, but was obliged  
to put back on account of the heavy sea. Com-  
munication between Havana and Matanzas was  
interrupted for several days.

**COLD WATER TEMPLARS.**—The new degree  
of the Good Templars, the Cold Water Tem-  
plars, is already introduced to a considerable  
extent in Maine. The Riverside Echo says  
the following list of Templars and membership  
shows what has been done: Waterville, 203;  
Bangor, 170; Elliot, 36; North Vassalboro',  
50; Portland, 85; Altou, 56; Dexter 74;  
Orono, 44; Plymouth, 30; Veazie, 52. Total  
membership, 800. Temples are being institu-  
ted at Kittery, South Sanford, Springvale, Le-  
banon, Bath and Gardiner.

The leading Democratic presses are greatly  
puzzled to account for their want of success in  
the recent elections. The Louisville Courier  
Journal attributes much to "the momentum of  
the radical organization,"—which is very good.

LATER advices from China are much more  
pacific. A dispatch dated Tien-Tsin, Sept. 30,  
says, two mandarins have been transported, and  
16 men beheaded for complicity in the outrages  
on French residents.—An embassy is pre-  
paring to go to France.

Two new cars are building at the wood shop  
of the railroad company in Augusta, one a  
short car, to be ready the first of next month,  
after the change of gauge is made from Ken-  
dall's Mills to Bangor. The car is designed for  
through baggage and mail from Bangor to  
Portland, and is not to be opened elsewhere on  
the route.

It is the opinion of many persons that the  
late unprecedented freshet in the James and  
Shenandoah rivers was not caused by a con-  
tinued rain, but by something like the bursting  
of a water spout on or about their headwaters,  
and their sources are not a very great distance  
apart. The flood came down in the Shenan-  
doh in great waves, succeeding each other rap-  
idly.

A horrible crime or series of crimes in Ver-  
mont has been brought to light. Some of the  
goods belonging to Mr. Farr's store at Bel-  
lows Falls, which was robbed and then set  
on fire and burned some time since, have been  
found in New Hampshire, and a man has been  
arrested on suspicion of having stolen them.  
It is said that he has confessed the crime, and  
implicates half a dozen others with him; also  
that he with the same gang killed old Mr.  
Birchard whose charred body with broken skull  
was found under the ruins of his store at Dum-  
merstone, near Brattleboro, last winter, they  
having plundered the store, killed the old man,  
and set fire to the building.

Soissons capitulated only after a most ter-  
rible destruction of life and property. Three  
hundred and fifty houses were laid in ashes.  
The Prussians encountered a desperate resist-  
ance from the national guard fighting hand to  
hand in the streets and capturing one part of  
the city house by house. They were driven  
back through the burning city four times in  
succession, but were constantly reinforced and  
drove the French by sheer weight of numbers.  
No quarter was shown and the wounded were  
bayoneted where they fell. The women hurled  
missiles from the houses on the heads of the  
invaders. The sacrifice of life was awful. The  
Grand Duke of Mecklenburg wept at the  
slaughter and refusing to order an assault  
begged the French Commander to capitulate  
in the name of humanity. The splendid glass  
works of Gobelins and the foundries, mills and  
refineries were destroyed.

A foreign correspondent says of the fall  
of Strasbourg:

The horrors of the siege of Strasbourg will  
never be fully told. Day after day of incessant  
relentless bombardment, reducing the French  
earthwork to heaps of rubbish and mounds of  
dead, but feeble strokes in the terrible paint-  
ing compared with the scenes in the streets as  
described by an eye-witness. Unhappy fami-  
lies forced to care for their sick and dying and  
even wailing infants, mowed like rats in under-  
ground vaults and cellars, with nothing to re-  
mind them of the upper air, but the steady  
booming of the German guns; desperate  
wretches keeping up a devilish revelry in cellars  
with the excitement of liquors and gambling to  
smother the realization of the situation; a  
Pompeii of living men, where maddened drunk-  
ards fought and yelled in their despair; an oc-  
casional gleam of heavenly radiance, as where  
a brave, pure girl, for thirteen days watched and  
tended, unaided and alone, five desperately  
wounded men and only asked help at last to  
bury one; the burning theatre with its 300 in-  
habitants who had fled thither for safety, and of  
whom a few escaped while the rest were choked,  
roasted and consumed together; houses re-  
duced to ruins, works of art destroyed, thou-  
sands slain, beggared and rendered homeless,  
these are a few only of the scenes that go to  
make up the horrible picture.—The Lord deliv-  
er the earth from war from this time forth  
for ever. Amen!

The advertising agency of John Hooper &  
Co., of New York, well known to newspaper  
men as one of the most reliable and successful  
firms engaged in the business in this country,  
has just been merged with the younger but  
not less favorably known house of Geo. Rowell  
& Co., Bos. 40 and 41 Park Row, of the same  
city.

A special despatch to the New York Times  
states that advices received at Washington con-  
cerning the health of Chief Justice Chase, in-  
dicate that it is very doubtful if he will ever be  
able to resume his seat upon the Supreme  
Bench.

Heman Sturgis, Esq., of Riverside, aged 84  
years, dropped dead in his field on Tuesday  
afternoon. Dr. Randall was called and found  
that death was produced by disease of the heart.  
He had been dead about two hours. Mr.  
Sturgis was one of the first settlers of Vassal-  
boro', and a most honorable man.—[Daily  
Kennebec Journal.]

A movement is on foot to divide Penobscot  
County, making a new county of the northern  
portion of that and the Southern part of Aroos-  
took, and perhaps of some the northerly towns  
and plantations in Washington, with Lincoln  
for the shire-town.

The fifth annual Convention of the Y. M.  
C. A. of the State of Maine will be held Au-  
gusta on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27th and  
28th.

The brethren of the Association at Augusta  
have sent the following invitation:

We hereby extend a cordial invitation to the  
State Association to hold their annual con-  
vention with us in October, 1870. Hoping that  
the Master whom we serve will direct in the  
matter, and if you decide to come that He will  
come and tarry with us, we remain, yours in  
the fellowship of Christ,  
DAVID CARROLL, President.

Connecticut is the first state to appoint  
Judges Crawford who shot a rough on the day  
of the election on the ground of self-defence.  
Col. Wm. B. Mann has also been uncondi-  
tionally discharged.

A LOT of the "solid men of Boston" are in-  
volved in the largest smuggling operation ever  
brought to light in that city, the frauds amount-  
ing to nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.  
The allegation is that in the year 1869 large  
quantities of liquors were smuggled, which con-  
tain merchants received, concealed and sold.

The gale of Tuesday was very disastrous to  
the shipping at Oswego and several vessels  
were driven ashore. At Cleveland three ves-  
sels went ashore and became total wrecks, and  
at least six lives were lost. A Kingston (Can-  
ada) despatch reports quite a number of wrecks  
on Lake Ontario.

A DESPATCH from Key West, of Tuesday,  
states that a hurricane from the northeast has  
been raging there for the past five days. The  
barometer has averaged 29, alternately rising  
and falling. All the lower streets of the place  
have been inundated, and communication is on-  
ly made in boats. The steamer Cuba, and  
Gulf Stream were four days in getting to their  
wharf. The Cuba reports having felt the hur-  
ricane seventy miles out. The naval squadron  
and monitors are all safe.

The present census will show that the United  
States has fifteen cities of more than one  
hundred thousand inhabitants. There are but  
three countries that exceed this—the East  
Indies with twenty-one cities, Great Britain  
with sixteen, and China with fifteen.

PERSONS AFFLICTED, however slightly, with  
any weakness of the Chest or Throat, involving  
either the Larynx, Trachea, Bronchial Tubes  
or the Lungs themselves, should, on the first  
symptom, commence with FELLOWS' COM-  
POUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, as by its  
use diseases of those organs (even Consumption  
in its primary stage) are speedily cured and  
more alarming symptoms prevented.

A man filling out an application for life in-  
surance, gave "Age of father, if living," as 112  
years, and his mother nearly as old. The agent  
thought he had got a fine subject, and remark-  
ed that the man came of a very long







MISCELLANY.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Am! here it is, that dear old place,  
Unchanged through all these years;  
How like the sweet familiar face  
My childhood's home appears!  
The grand old trees beside the door  
Still spread their branches wide;  
The river wanders as of yore,  
With sweetly murmuring tide;  
The distant hills look green and gay,  
The flowers are blooming wild,  
And everything looks glad to-day,  
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,  
Half a century I stand,  
I catch no fond, endearing tone,  
I catch no friendly hand;  
I think my mother's smile to meet,  
I hear my father's call,  
I pause to hear my brother's feet  
Come bounding through the hall;  
But silence all around me reigns,  
A chill creeps through my heart—  
No trace of those I love remains,  
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair;  
What though the budding flowers  
Still shed their fragrance on the air,  
Within life's golden hours,  
The living ones that clustered here  
These walls may not restore;  
Voices that filled my youthful ear  
Will greet my soul no more;  
And yet I quit the dear old place  
With slow and lingering tread,  
As when we kiss a cold-faced face  
And leave it with the dead.

ANECDOTE OF CARLYLE.—The curious and  
"troublesome" style of Carlyle is said to be  
quite in contrast with his simple, straightfor-  
ward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one  
of his notable characteristics. One evening,  
at a small literary gathering, a lady famous  
for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the  
wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our  
Savior, and ended her diatribe by expressing  
regret that He had not appeared in our own  
time. "How delighted" said she, "we should  
all be to throw our doors open to Him, and  
listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think  
so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to,  
said, in his broad Scotch, "No, I don't. I think  
that had he come very fashionably dressed,  
with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines  
palatable to the higher orders, I might have had  
the honor of receiving from you a card of in-  
vitation, on the back of which would be written,  
'TO MEET OUR SAVIOR,' but if He had come  
uttering his sublime precepts, and denouncing  
the Pharisees and associating with the Publi-  
cans and lower orders, as He did, you would  
have treated him much as the Jews did, and  
have cried out, 'Take Him to Nowgate and  
hang Him!'"

The following curious sentence, "Sator  
arepo tenet opera rotas," is not first-class Latin,  
but may be freely translated—"I cease from  
my work; the mower will wear his wheels." It  
is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse,  
but has three peculiarities—1. It spells back-  
ward and forward the same. 2. Then the first  
letter of each word spells the first word. 3.  
Then all the second letters of each word spell  
the second word. 4. Then all the third and  
so on through the fourth and fifth. 5. Then  
commencing with the last letter of each word,  
spells the first word. 5. Then the next to the  
last, and so on through.

There was a boy who only wanted a marble;  
when he had a marble he wanted a ball; when  
he had a ball he only wanted a top; and when  
he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when  
he had a kite, top and kite he was not hap-  
py. There was a man who only wanted money;  
when he had money he only wanted land; when  
he had land he only wanted a house; when  
he had a house he wanted a coach; and when  
he had money, house, land and coach he  
wanted more than ever. Be content with little,  
for much will have more all the world over.

BEST KIND OF GRAPES.—A writer in the  
Maine Farmer says:  
"A great deal of money is sent out of Maine  
every year for fruit trees, vines and plants,  
much of which is wasted by bringing in poor or  
worthless varieties, of those unsuited to the  
climate. In the matter of grapes, for instance,  
if instead of the Flemish Beauty, long since  
mostly discarded by growers, on account of its  
tendency to crack; and instead of the Duchess  
D'Angouleme, of variable quality, people would  
adopt both of the higher quality, hardy and  
productive, they would be very great gainers  
thereby."

Boston is happy in the possession of a ver-  
itable sea serpent, which was captured in the  
harbor a few days ago, after a storm. It had  
evidently had a battle with some large fish, as  
its head was broken in, and had probably gone  
into shoal water, where it was captured, to  
elude its pursuers. It is fourteen feet long and  
27 inches around the largest portion of the  
body. It is covered with scales, has four rows  
of teeth and is variegated in color.

One of the French prisoners in Berlin, who is  
now making shoes, is a very good-natured  
fellow, who, like Mark Tapley, seems deter-  
mined to make the most of the situation. When  
taunted by a Prussian at being a captive, and  
asked what had become of French boasting  
now, he undauntedly replied, "French boast-  
ing, indeed! I said we should be in Berlin  
in three weeks, and here we are."

STEP out into the purest air you can find,  
stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders  
back, and then flex the lips as if you were  
going to whistle, draw the air through the lips  
into the lungs. When the chest is about half  
full, raise the arms, keeping them extended  
with the palms of the hands down, as you suck  
in the air, so as to bring them over the head  
just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the  
thumbs inward, and after forcing the arms  
backward and the chest open, reverse the pro-  
cess by which you draw your breath, till the  
lungs are empty. This process should be re-  
peated immediately after bathing, and several  
times during the day. It is impossible to de-  
scribe to one who has never tried it the glori-  
ous sense of vigor which follows this exercise.  
It is the best expectorant in the world.—[Dr.  
Paine.

It is related that, soon after war was declared,  
one of Hinkley's friends said to him: "But  
my dear Count, only think of the fearful loss  
of life this war is going to superinduce." "Ah,  
my boy, the world, though eighteen hundred  
and seventy years old has not yet discovered  
the art of making an omelut without breaking  
eggs!"

A city missionary was asked the cause of his  
poverty. "Principally," said he, "with a  
twinkle in his eye," "because I have preached  
so much without notes!"

New Firm

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under  
the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry  
on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy

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.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest

assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and

Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done

At a low price, and on short notice, and all kinds of repairs

done, and we trust by prompt attention to business and

fair dealing to secure and receive a liberal share of public

patrons.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

O. F. MAYO,  
A. L. MAYO.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to

ask the all the old accounts of O. F. Mayo, and all indebted to the

subscriber are requested to call and pay their bills immedi-  
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THE OLD STAND

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

FURNITURE,

Lozenges, Mirrors, Feather, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

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

stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply Ingrain, Hemp, Straw,

and Oil Cloth Carpets.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on

hand, at a factory, on the

corner of Chestnut and Pine. The Pine sets I have made

as good a workman as can be found on the river. And

they are worth very much more than those put together,  
as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS,

GLASSES, &c., &c.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Wa-  
terville will sell on cash. All ask for customers to price them,  
and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

17

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done

At a low price, and on short notice, and all kinds of repairs

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THE above change of business, makes it necessary to

Kendall's Mills Colum.

"Goods Well Bought  
ARE HALF SOLD."

An old saying, and as true as it is old, and never more

</