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Maxham & Wing

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FARMER JOHN.

BY J. D. TROWBRIDGE.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound,
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
Now I'm myself," says Farmer John,
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The sheep pick up their ears to meet him;
"Well, well, old boy!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get fed when I'm away?
You haven't a rib left," says Farmer John;
The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty too; how he has grown!
"Well, well, the colt next week,"
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about all troughs,
The watch you and get you, while you drink,
Is greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pets old Gray.
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"
For after all," says Farmer John,
The best of a journey is getting home,
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
For all that Paris and Rome afford?
These hills for the colt's staid air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare,
Land all house and road all stones,
That make you old and batter your bones?
Would you, old Gray?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away."
There money is King," says Farmer John;
"And Fashion is Queen; and it's mighty queer,
To keep them in luxury all through life,
And making and earning all the while."
To a quiet sleep," says Farmer John,
"You see, old Gray."
"I'm wiser than when I went away."
"I've found out this," says Farmer John;
"That happiness is not bought and sold—
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent—
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Gray;
Like you, old Gray;
That's what I've learned by going away."

THE ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By Bernhard Auerbach, Author of "On the Heights," etc.

A JODEL-CALL AND A CRY OF DISTRESS.

THE morning dawned bright, the trees and grass glistened in the sunlight, and the outlines of the mountains were sharply defined against the cloudless blue sky.

Louise, followed by a boy who bore her painting materials, which she ventured to take, and equipped with a mountain-staff, ascended a spur of the hill not far from the inn. The brook, swollen by the recent rain, could be heard rushing along on one side of the foot-path. She expected to find the bed of the brook higher up, and the farther she went the more courageous became her heart; she often turned round and gazed out upon the lake, and she was brimful of happiness. Now she stood upon a jutting cliff, whence the brook could be seen rushing below. She stopped, struck the staff upright in the mossy soil, placed her left hand to her cheek, and jodeled merrily to the expense of air.

"Hark! Beneath, from the defile, an answering jodel was given. Was not this the voice of Monsieur Edgar, as he had sung that night in the moonlight upon the lake?"

Once more Louise uttered a jubilant cry, and once more the same answer was returned from the defile below. Then cried a voice: "Come here to me, you merry boy! Where are you?"

"What is this Herr Edgar? Does he speak German?"

Louise went onward; she was standing upon a rocky ledge, where it was precipitously steep, when Herr Edgar called out from below, but now in French, that she must stop, she was in a dangerous place, where she might be precipitated into the abyss.

She fixed the point of her staff in a fissure of the rock, bent forward and looked over to the brook beneath, where was a light scaffolding of boards, and Herr Edgar wrapped in a plaid, with large wooden shoes on his feet, and an eagle in front of him.

"Go back," cried he, in an anxious tone; "take the left between the two firs! Will you come where I am? I will show you the way! Only wait until I have uncast myself a little. Are you all alone?"

"No; I am here too," cried the small guide. He was soon with Louise, and conducted her down. She was obliged to hold on to the bushes on both sides in order not to slip down; but at last she stood near the bridge, which she could not get upon, for there was here an arm of the brook through which she would have had to wade.

Herr Edgar begged her to excuse him for not getting to her sooner, but his costume had impeded him. He pointed to a ladder which lay on the shore; and the boy quickly laid it across the rapid current to the rock on which the light bridge rested. Herr Edgar told Louise to go down on it backward; she did so, and now stood on the frail and unsteady platform.

"Go no farther, for the bridge will not bear two persons," cried Herr Edgar, adding, in a jesting tone, "The bridge which I have built for myself over the rushing stream of life will only bear me!"

Louise could make no reply. The painter said that he had kept his forest sanctuary entirely concealed from every one; but, as she had found it out, she might now quietly take a view of it. In a cheery tone he added that she had better put on his overcoat, for it was quite cold here, and he would like to christen this place as Rheumatism Grotto, for it was with no little difficulty that he had got rid of a rheumatism which he had contracted here last year. He speedily muffled himself up again, and then asked, "Are you German, too, and was it you who jodelled so loudly? Strange you can jodel and can not sing. I took you for one of the mountain-boys."

He trod hard upon the platform, and it shook, but he now added, "I think the bridge will bear you and me. Come down!"

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of wonderful beauty. Above, through the branches of the fir, a small opening of blue sky could be seen.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked the painter, as Louise stood perfectly speechless.

"I would rather be silent. I can only say that it is well done; one can see in the picture that you work *con amore*, for light, atmosphere, and coloring convey this impression to the soul."

"Thank you. I am glad that you have not begun by opening a parliamentary debate, as so many of our German ladies of culture do in looking at a work of art. At once an interpellation is offered to the artist, as if he were literally a minister of nature, by asking him: 'What do you intend by that? Whence do you get the other? Above all, how do you manage to conceal the inferiority of art, which can never equal the actual beauty of nature?'"

Louise was agitated. Why did the painter make use of such a comparison as this to the former Daughter of the Parliament?

But Herr Edgar continued in a pleasant tone: "Ah, Fraulein, there's nothing so provoking as this holding a discussion on a work of art. If one could express in words what the picture tries to express, the painting would be entirely superfluous."

Louise was again moved. The artist had given utterance to what she had herself felt in Italy, and what had been her own hard-bought experience.

"I believe that I now see," said she, "what art can and should do. The distant range of mountains refreshes the eye of the labor of nature, but—"

"But what?"

"Ah, pardon me for having recourse to words with which to explain what I feel."

"Don't stop; you are on the right path. You also sketch?"

"Yes, I have painted a little, but shall not attempt it again."

"Yes, you are right in your 'but,'" resumed Edgar. "In order to have atmospheric effect, there is no need of towering mountains and a distant prospect. A few trees, a hill, and the sky over it, would be sufficient."

Louise did not continue the conversation, begging Herr Edgar not to leave off painting, as it would be highly interesting to her to watch the progress of a work of art. Herr Edgar at once complied with her request, and went on painting the masses of foliage, telling at the same time how he owed to this nook of the world the happiness of his life; he requested Louise to stand a little on one side—it was not easy to get a glimpse of the place—there he had painted in, in bright colors, the *ord r* of the Legion of Honor; and now he said that he was painting the picture for the second time, and that he had given the rock the name of "The Rock of the Legion of Honor;" for he owed to the painting which he had brought out the previous year his reputation, and that external badge of distinction, which, as the world goes, is not to be slighted.

He spoke in a peculiarly confidential tone, without looking at Louise, fixing his eyes now upon the rocks and now upon the easel. At last turning to her, he inquired what part of Germany she lived in.

She named the place, and the artist said that he had picked up some good studies, and hoped to produce many good pictures there yet. He painted on, asking whether Louise was acquainted with the garrison town.

She said that she was.

"And have you ever known Marie, the daughter of the late Major Von Korneck?"

"Oh, certainly. She is an old friend of mine. She was at our house, not long ago, with her betrothed."

The bridge cracked, and the painter uttered a cry as he fell. Louise also screamed, and seized the picture as she slipped, and raised it on high.

The painter got up again, and, dripping with water, saw Louise grasping nervously the painting, which she kept from being wet.

"Take it," cried she; "I cannot hold it any longer."

He hurriedly took the picture from her hand, and, having placed it safely on one of the posts of the bridge that projected out of the water, seized Louise and bore her rather than led her, to the shore.

"Have you received any hurt?" inquired he.

"None of any account, only I can not step on my left foot."

The boy was soon on hand, and, hastening to the inn, brought back with him the father of Louise, who was borne to the inn in a sedan chair, Edgar following with the painting in his hand.

DR. DIO LEWIS in an article upon teeth, in the Watchman, says:

The month has a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, warmer than is ever experienced in the shade in the latitude of New England. It is well known that if beef, for example, be exposed in the shade during the warmest of our summer days, it will very soon begin to decompose. If we eat beef for dinner, the particles invariably find their way into the spaces between the teeth. Now if these particles of beef are not removed, they will frequently remain till they are softened by the decomposition in constant progress. Ought we to be surprised that the gums and teeth against which these decomposing or putrifying masses lie should become subjects of disease? Much has been said, *pro* and *con*, upon the use of soap with the tooth brush. My own experience and the experience of members of my family is highly favorable to the regular morning and evening use of soap. Castle or other good soap will answer this purpose. (Whatever is good for the hands and face is good for the teeth.) The slightly unpleasant taste which soap has when we begin to use it will soon be unnoticed. You have observed upon the teeth a yellow deposit, sometimes a black substance near the gums. If you examine either of them with a strong microscope, you will find it is all alive with animalcules. These small animals live, keep house, and raise families of children, and die in your mouths. Nothing that can be safely introduced into the mouth checks them like soap.

WHAT is that which, when complete, goes on the garden walk; beheaded, it goes over the borders; when entire, whether large or small, its length is a foot; beheaded, it is more than a yard? A shoe.

WHAT TRADES' UNIONS SHOULD DO.

Mr. A. J. Mundella, the member of the English Parliament, who lectured in the hall of the Cooper Union, New York, on Monday night, on "Strikes, Arbitration," etc., concluded with the following remarks on the duties of trades' unions in this country, which were very heartily applauded. He had previously enforced the great value of arbitration in the prevention of strikes, the benefits of which arrangement, as it has been in operation in the north of England for the past eighteen months, we described in the Times a few weeks ago. Mr. Mundella said:

"Your trades' unions are what I have to stand up for in the House of Commons and elsewhere, and they are legitimate and right so long as the aim is legitimate; but I ask you whether they are quite on the right track in this country. I have been examining into your aims in this country and I find that some of them are utterly impractical, and some of them you ought to drive out."

Now I will tell you what objects I think are not legitimate. It is not legitimate for workmen to oppress or intimidate or commit outrages on their fellow workmen. Every man has a right to decide for himself whether he will or will not be a member of the trades' union. And, as we say in England, you never can convince men's judgments by punching their heads. Instead of asking for legislation to which you have a right, which will admit of your going into partnership with your employers and sharing their profits, you ask for legislation to cut down your hours of labor. Look at the fully of Eight Hours' Labor law! If you delegate Congress the right to say that eight hours is a day's labor they have the same right to say sixteen. You have parted with your freedom, but there is something more than that. Suppose you could retain the same wages for eight hours as for ten. You could buy a great deal less with it, because boots and clothing and everything else would be 20 per cent. higher than at present.

Now I speak with great frankness, and I never address workmen without speaking so. I say this, gentlemen—you go in for foolish restrictive laws. Talk about the restriction of apprenticeship, and restriction of the hours of labor. That is all very well when they are crowded together in a mass; but in a country like this every man should do what he can to emancipate himself from labor before he is 20 years old. Why don't you study co-operation more earnestly? Aim to transfer any excessive labor to a place where there is a deficiency.

When you have too much for any one place pay its expenses, and send it to another. Aim to assist each other. Aim to promote legislation which will promote equality between employers and employed. Aim to protect the women and children that are working in the factories and elsewhere. Above all, aim in self-dependence. For I say to you in a country like this, where the conditions of labor are so favorable, if a man is only thrifty, honest, and industrious, I believe he may, by God's help, defy fortune."

In Augustus Daly's great play of "Under the Gaslight," Laura Courtland utters these beautiful sentiments:

"Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can really give or refuse—her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you, but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She only asks in return that when you look upon her, you shall speak a mute devotion: that when you address her, your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand. All at once, your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purpose—her love remains to console you. You look into the trees for strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is all they have to give—but it is the only earthly thing which God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

Do YOUR BEST.—If you are running along in a hurry, and stumble over a brickbat, and spill your dinner pail, all right. Kick the brickbat out of the way, pick up your dinner pail, save your bread and butter if you can; if not, whistle "Hail Columbia," and run on to school. It won't do to be put down by a brickbat. Take hold of your book as a squirrel takes hold of a hickory nut. Be bound to get the meat out, if there is any in it.

Because Tom Laychops wants to be a fool, is no reason why you should be one. Do your best, every time; and then, when the teacher calls out the classes, you can walk up like a man, and tell him to go ahead.

When Ik. Marvel, otherwise Donald G. Mitchell, fixed his farm-house at Edgewood, he, wishing to decide on the most picturesque avenue to his front door, ordered a heavy load of stone to be hauled across the field, and bade the driver seek the easiest grades, at whatever cost of curvature. The avenue followed the path thus made.

Tickling, says Harper's Bazar, is a most harmful practice, and it is by no means a physical impossibility or even improbability of death being the consequence. Laughter when the result of mental emotion, is healthful, but not when produced by physical impressions. The nature of the two is by no means the same, the latter partaking more of a convulsion than the former, and is the effect rather of the spasmodic action of the muscles of the face from irritation than the expression of a pleasant sensation.

ITEM FOR THE LADIES.—To clean kid gloves, have ready a little new milk in a saucer, a piece of white soap in another, and a clean cloth folded two or three times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap on the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove toward the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dry and soiled. Lay it to dry, and the operator will soon be gratified to see that the old glove looks nearly new. It will be soft, glossy, smooth, and elastic.—[People's Journal.]

THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

H. C. Dana Esq., has been lately contributing to one of our leading journals some thoughtful considerations in reference to this topic which deserve a wider notice than they will be likely to receive. At the bottom of the social evil there are several fundamental causes. Her early enslavement to labor and passion; her frequent poverty; lack of appreciation of her mission and her worth by man; the physical charms of her person; the haste and superficiality of her education; the immorality of modern literature and art; the immorality of fashionable female attire and finally the want of high moral sentiment among men, these are the deep and chronic causes. The arguments adduced by the writer alluded to are appalling and the worst thing about it is its actual truth. Take the matter of dress for example:

Paris gives woman her style of dress. Paris, with its idea of female virtue: Paris, with its female license and abandonment; Paris, with its legalized system of prostitution, gives Christian America its style of female dress, which is studied for one great purpose—to fascinate the eyes and arouse the passions of men. We may deny this, but it is a fact, and is making its impress upon the morals of our society. Dress is studied to present all the female charms to the greatest advantage, and no one can pass an evening in a fashionable drawing-room and not feel it. Simple modesty is looked upon by society, so called, as a show of weakness. There are customs and styles in dress now common, that a few years since would have shocked the eyes of all beholders. The same is true in reference to the pictorial art, now so thoroughly subsidized in the service of vice. In newspapers and by photographic art pictures are made unblushingly seductive. Not a man, woman or child can pass along our streets without seeing them. And thus children are made familiar with sin and crime before they even know what they mean. Men of all classes buy them to take home, thoughtlessly carrying the serpent of ruin into the family. There is nothing so deadly to morality as immoral pictures, and we are surrounded by them. Young ladies stand and gaze into news-depot's windows at those pictures without even a blush. It is so fearfully common that we have ceased to think of it. Our sense of modesty is dead. We are blind, and unless we get our eyes open soon we shall become sadly dead to shame. It is plain, then, that we would remove the social evil we must first, and more earnestly, aim to transfer any excessive labor to a place where there is a deficiency.

When you have too much for any one place pay its expenses, and send it to another. Aim to assist each other. Aim to promote legislation which will promote equality between employers and employed. Aim to protect the women and children that are working in the factories and elsewhere. Above all, aim in self-dependence. For I say to you in a country like this, where the conditions of labor are so favorable, if a man is only thrifty, honest, and industrious, I believe he may, by God's help, defy fortune."

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THE best and safest tooth-wash in the world is tepid water. There is not a tooth-powder in existence nor a tooth-wash that does not inflict a physical injury to the teeth, and promote their decay. Each dentist has a powder of his own, which he sells at a thousand per cent. profit, which he may honestly imagine will do a positive good without any injury whatever; but he is mistaken. The teeth were never intended to be pearly white. Every intelligent dentist knows that the whiter the teeth are, the sooner and more certainly they will decay; he also knows that those teeth are the soundest, last the longest, and are the most useful which have a yellowish tint; then why provide powders to take off this yellowish surface?—[Dr. Hall.]

NITRO-GLYCERINE.—The Scientific American thinks nitro-glycerine too dangerous an article to be manufactured and in an article favoring laws prohibiting its use gives some additional incidents of the explosion at Painesville Ohio.

In addition to the above particulars, we have received, through private sources, others, some of which show in a most startling manner the appalling force of nitro-glycerine. We are told that a physician riding at a distance of not less than twelve miles from the scene of the disaster was stunned by the shock, and his horse brought to a stand-still. Upon looking at his watch he found that the concussion had stopped it. Another man sick with typhoid fever, lying two miles from the magazine, was instantly killed by the shock.

There is something intensely awful in the contemplation of a force like this, which, held by a slender and feeble thread, will when let loose, rend the air like an earthquake and scatter destruction for miles around.

Since the introduction of nitro-glycerine to this country we have more than once raised our voice in denunciation of it as a far too dangerous substance to be allowed to exist in larger quantities than a chemical professor would venture to exhibit to his class. Experience has shown that it may, and will explode under the most ordinary circumstances which attend its storage and transport, and that it cannot with safety be entrusted to the handling of such men as must use it, if used at all, for purposes of ordinary blasting. The damage done by its use, and it is time, and more than time, that its record of death should be terminated by stringent laws prohibiting its general use.

One of the finest retorts on record is that made by an English ambassador to a French king, of whom he asked the release of certain Huguenots, who had been thrown into the Bastille for their religion. "What would your master, the King of England, say, if I sued for the release of the prisoners in Newgate?" said the king. The answer was ready: "Your majesty may have every one of them, if you will claim them as your brethren."

The railroad commissioners, as referees between the Maine Central and the Belfast and Moosehead Lake railroads, in the matter of the lease of the latter, have rendered a decision in favor of the Belfast road, awarding that the road was ready on the first of November, according to the requirements of the contract; that it is a first-class road, such as the contract calls for, and in a fit condition to be opened during the winter and spring. They also decide that the corporation have until July next in which to complete minor details by the terms of the contract. The commissioners also regulate the running of trains if questions arise in consequence of a further refusal on the part of the Maine Central road.

Josh Billings says: A man that starts on the day of his marriage, as a first lieutenant in his family, need never expect to be promoted.

STAND BY YOUR ORDER.

We copy the following appeal to the graduates of Colby University, from the last number of *The Oracle*, an annual issued by the students, and commend it to the attention of all interested.

It is a question often asked, with impatience by friends of the College, and with dislike by those of the under-graduates, what we ever see these halls filled to their utmost, as it is said, that this University is to stand isolated, from the general tide of prosperity that seems to be renewing the life of our older institutions, and giving a vigorous youth to the younger. A half century has elapsed since it was a comparative wilderness, amid the tears and prayers of a few noble friends of education, this College was planted. Since that time we think no institution can show so checkered a history. From infancy oppressed with debt, denied the rich endowments which her sister colleges have so readily received, located in an unfavorable region, it is a matter of wonder that she has maintained her position so successfully.

During her existence she has sent forth from her walls a noble army of graduates, many of whom are Presidents or Professors in other colleges, some take an honorable and important part in the National and State councils, while very many occupy important pulpits all over the land. The present year, her semi-centennial, presents her in a different aspect. Munificently endowed by the joint efforts of the noble man whose name she bears, and the Baptist denomination, the campus adorned with new and beautiful buildings; with lecture rooms, that for elegance and comfort will bear favorable comparison with those of any institution, with a course of study that has been carefully revised to meet the wants of the times, she seems to be enjoying a high degree of material prosperity. But, with all this increase of resources we are unable to chronicle any proportionate increase of numbers.

In considering this question a number of considerations force themselves upon our attention. Some of them it is not our duty, nor is this the place, to enumerate. Some others, however, are within the sphere of this paper, one of which we intend briefly to notice in this article.

What are the duties of an alumnus to his Alma Mater? This may seem a very simple question. But it is a deplorable fact that it has been neglected by the graduates of this institution, yet it is one that must be fairly met, and favorably answered, before we can see any great change for the better. Strictly analogous, we say they are to those which a son owes to a loving mother, to whose fostering care and judicious training is due his subsequent prosperity.

What has the College done for him? She has taken him, a youth in whom only the thirst for knowledge has been excited, without definite plans for gratifying those desires, standing with hesitation on the confines of the great field of knowledge, and familiarized him with the great highways, has shown him paths to be explored in after life, and taught him to cull with judicious hand the choicest blossoms. In short his mind has acquired that breadth and maturity, which, in an eminent degree, a college course can give. He came to her, a youth; she graduates a man, fitted above others to fight successfully life's great battle, to exert a controlling influence in the affairs of men, to become a pioneer in reform. He enters actual life, freighted with the rich experience of all the great of ancient and modern times, with their faults to shun, and their glorious successes to imitate him.

What return shall he make for all this? In this age of progress, when a life-time seems far too short to carry out any of the great ideas that claim the attention, there is too little reverence for the past, too great a disposition wholly to neglect the means by which we attain to eminence in the social or intellectual world. Let not the graduates of our colleges be so engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or fame, that they cannot bestow a thought on their "fostering mother." Has he succeeded in winning for himself a name above others? Let some portion of that glory be reflected upon the college. Let him show to the world that he is proud of the institution that educated him and placed him on the highway to renown. Has he gained great wealth? Let him not forget, while riding on the topmost wave of prosperity, the source to which he owes the accomplishment by which he has acquired property more easily than he could otherwise have done, but let him remember the greater resources of the college, the greater its usefulness, and contribute generously of that which Fortune has placed in his hands. But there are other aids, which even the graduate in the humblest walk of life can give. They are the word of honest praise, the truthful representation of its advantages to the youth preparing for college, and in what respects it is superior to other institutions. If these duties were more faithfully performed, we think there would be a steady increase in the incoming classes.

Graduates of Colby, have you performed your whole duty in this matter? It is a significant fact that for forty-nine years there has been no association of the alumni. Consequently there has been no unity of action, or of sympathy for the college or each other. Where is the like instance in the history of our American colleges? With the other institutions it has always been one of the most efficient aids to success, and none so young that it has not formed an organization of this kind. We see an example of its efficiency in the rapid growth of our sister college, Bates. We attribute this in a great measure to the earnestness with which the alumni have labored in her behalf. Since such an organization has been formed here we have had evidence of increased vitality. The graduates have come back in greater numbers to attend Commencement, and numerous projects of reform and improvement have been instituted, and carried out. We trust that this "reviving interest" but the prevalence of an enthusiastic revival of regard which shall replenish the classes and the treasury.

Single ladies, in general, do not approve of the remarriage of widows. A young lady, who was approaching "the middle ages," was in the habit of saying, whenever she heard of a widow's marriage, "There now! that woman has got one of my husbands!"

Mr. JOHN A. RHODES—formerly of Waterville, but now of Batavia, Ohio—whom many of our readers remember with gratitude for the good footing he gave them early in life, sends us some western papers, among which we find one published in the Charokos country, a portion of which is Greek to us, though we think we can see the point of the following:—

From the *Arkansas Gazette* we find that some member has tried to get Congress to make a grant of Indian lands to a Railroad through the Indian Territory, and that Congress refused to do any such thing. Indian.—Mr. Whitman, you want my land don't you?

Whiteman.—Why to tell you the truth, I do.

Indian.—Haven't you got any? Whiteman.—Can't say I'm entirely without. Indian.—That's a fair answer. Haven't you already got more land than you occupy?

Whiteman.—Yes a little more. Indian.—Haven't you got a good deal more. Isn't about half of the Territory you claim, as a nation, uninhabited and unoccupied?

Whiteman.—Well, just to please you I will say yes.

Indian.—Don't put yourself to any trouble to please me with evasions. Besides, I ain't pleased to have you grab so much land from the Indian which you don't occupy and consequently don't need. But will you now tell me why you want what little I have left, when you have so much more than you can possibly use?

Whiteman.—Mr. Indian, I've answered as many of your impudent questions as I am going to. You forget that I'm an *Anglo-Saxon* and entitled to inherit the earth. I'm a white man. You are my ward, and Granny says I had no right to make any contract with a minor. I would break them this minute if it wasn't for that best Red Cloud who would then think I did not intend to keep my agreeance with him and would go to war. There's sense in talking, Mr. Red Skin. Might is right.—Exount.

There is a little railroad near Bayou Sara, La., that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said "tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was "It goes up one week and tries to come down the next."

A Philadelphia girl in New Hampshire, while riding by a grove of white birches, expressed surprise that the people should have taken so much pains to whitewash these trees.

Corn doctors say: Let the ladies keep up the fashion of high-heeled boots. It brings us more custom than all the other causes combined.

A man was lately found dead in Chicago under circumstances which proved that he had died from want of the commonest necessities of life. His body, when found, was shirtless, shoeless, and in rags. The furniture of the room in which it lay consisted of a broken chair, a pine table and an old quilt. Yet this was the end of a rich man. He owned houses, lots, and thousands of dollars in the bank. In order to add to this wealth he starved himself to death.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

There is a purple hill, to the grape, a molten hill to the peach, a sunny hill to the globe, and a better hill to the man that is fortunate enough to have a good wife.

Waterville Mail.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2, 1870.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 2, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 21 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bechler's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Mail in Maine, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the A. C. name book.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Being about to make some additions to our office, which will involve considerable expense, we would esteem it a great favor if those who are indebted to us for paper, job work, or advertising, (whether the amount is large or small) would settle their bills immediately. Of course we should be doubly grateful for advance payments.

Gen. Butler's scheme of getting up a war with England on account of the Alabama claims seems to secure but little favor. Whether the General is permitting himself to be used for the good of his country at a critical juncture is yet to be seen. President Grant takes the matter as quietly as though he and Mr. Sumner were about equally alarmed. It is plain that England would not desire to look this way for a war just now, when she is so sharply threatened nearer home; and if our government really desires a settlement of these claims, a European war would doubtless offer a favorable time to press them. But General Butler will not find it easy to make a fair show of being in earnest in an endeavor to bring our country into another war so soon. One Bismarck may succeed in forcing the slaughter of half Europe, while a score of Butler's would only be laughed at for trying to bring this nation into the contest. War is the resort of tyrants, but freemen love peace. A few restless demagogues and adventurers might be found to endorse the plan of Butler, but the arts and enterprises of peace now engross the public mind of this country. It is more for the commercial advantages it offers, than for any sympathy felt in its objects, that the war in Europe is so closely watched in the U. S. States. The large German element among our voters gives it political interest, but for which an Irishman and a Dutchman might here and there mix lager and whiskey over a Prussian victory. And but for this German element, too, a young republic in the land of Lafayette would not call in vain for American sympathy. Our home interests, alone, financial and political, are the only cords that connect us at all with wars abroad, and these alone will turn us from any desire for a part in them. If England goes in to a European war our Alabama claims are so much the better while we remain at peace. We have neither blood nor money to give to war.

That worthless fellow, Weston, the walkist, in his late failure to walk 400 miles in five days, had to whip himself with a rawhide around the legs to keep awake. This comes as near as he need get to making himself a beast—only he should have had the blows over his back.

"Horatio Seymour is president of a cheese factory!"—so say the republican papers. Only a few years ago he was nothing but a democratic governor of N. York. How enterprise tells upon a man's history. He may yet live to own a herd of Jersey cows—even to make butter and cheese himself. "An honest man's the noblest work of God"—let the ex-governor persevere.

With the new morning train, carrying a mail, from Augusta to Bangor, the Kennebec Daily Journal reaches Waterville at 7 o'clock A. M. with the latest morning telegrams. This gives the Journal an advantage over all other dailies at this place. J. S. Carter, agent.

This Maine State Educational Association chose the following officers for the ensuing year.

President—C. C. Rounds, Farmington.
Vice President—Thomas Tash, Lewiston.
Secretary and Treasurer—C. B. Steison, Lewiston.
Executive Committee—A. P. Stone, Portland; J. S. Barrell, Lewiston; W. J. Corbitt, Calais; G. T. Fletcher, Castine; W. Johnson, Augusta; J. B. Webb, Gorham; J. H. Hanson, Waterville.

A raffish party at Skowhegan on Thanksgiving eve, was disturbed by a dispute between Pooler (French) and Farley (Irish), which resulted in an attempt by the latter to shoot the former. Pooler had a narrow escape, and Farley was arrested and bound over for trial. Gambling almost always leads to something worse.

The administration is determined to suppress all demonstration by Ku-Klux ruffians in the Southern States.

TRIAL OF E. H. HOSWELL.

This trial, which on account of some important points involved promises to be one of unusual interest, commenced in the S. J. Court at Augusta on Monday. Judge Waldron presides; attorney general Reed and county attorney Whitehouse acting as counsel for the State, and E. F. Pillsbury, A. Libby and F. H. Jackson as counsel for the prisoner.

Jury, Gorham A. Chandler, Winthrop; Harrison Hanson, Readfield; Oliver S. Edwards, Monmouth; Abisha B. Fletcher, China; Isaiah Robbins, Vassalboro'; Enoch R. Leach, Monmouth; Wilson M. Hatina, Litchfield; John M. Plummer, Augusta; Hannibal J. Drake, Benton; Nathan Kimball, Winthrop; Harrison Hammond, China; John Barrows, Augusta.

The prisoner, a painter by trade, is charged with killing John B. Laffin, a barber, at Hallowell, on the evening of the 19th of Sept. last—details of which tragedy were published in the Mail at that time.

On Tuesday morning the jury, officially attended, and accompanied by the counsel of both sides, went to Hallowell and examined the premises where the crime was committed. At 2 P. M., in the presence of a packed audience, 200 of whom were women, the examination of witnesses commenced.

County Attorney Whitehouse opened the case with much ability, detailing the facts as supposed to exist, and as he expected to show by witnesses.

The murdered man, John B. Laffin, was a barber, 44 years old, and had resided 20 years in Hallowell. He was a married man, a member of the Methodist church, and had always borne a respectable character. Hoswell, the prisoner, and his wife took residence in Hallowell in April, coming from Augusta, where he was employed as a painter by Mr. Joseph Hill; but still continued to work in Augusta, passing on the cars more or less frequently during the week. The wife, with a young son by a former marriage, occupied two rooms near Laffin's shop, where she carried on the business of dress making—lodging in one of them, and taking meals in another part of the city. Prisoner was suspicious of improper conduct on the part of his wife, and in July became violently jealous and enraged, and parted from her and advertised a caution to the public not to trust her on his account. Still he continued to visit her occasionally, and in apparent friendship, though she refused to live with him as before.

On the 12th of Sept. the wife went to Carmel on business connected with a farm she owned there, and in which the husband was also interested. Meeting her at the Augusta depot on her return Monday forenoon, he proposed to go down to Hallowell in the evening and learn the result of her visit. She replied as the cars were about moving on, that she should be very tired and he had better wait till Tuesday evening.

Hoswell went down on Monday evening, and concealed himself in a back yard between the rear of Laffin's shop and the back entrance to Mrs. Hoswell's rooms, through which yard Laffin was accustomed to pass on his way home after closing his shop. At nine o'clock locking his shop, he started for home, taking in his hand a roll of carpeting he had bought during the day. Seeing a light in Mrs. Hoswell's rooms, he tapped at her door and asked if she would like to see his carpeting. She opened the door and he stepped in, and was in the act of removing the paper from the roll, when Hoswell sprung upon him with a knife in his hand, and after a brief scuffle inflicted a deep stab in his breast. Leaving him in the yard, Hoswell rushed upon his wife. Being a strong woman she succeeded after a terrible struggle, during which she was frightfully wounded by his knife, in escaping to another room and bolting the door. Returning to his first victim, Hoswell grappled him as he was re-entering his shop, and succeeded in cutting his throat, so that he died in a few minutes.

During this brief tragedy, James E. Knight, a young man in Laffin's employ, entered the shop by the front door and was standing at a glass when Laffin and his murderer entered the other door together. He gave an alarm, and a policeman and others were at once present to secure Hoswell, who made no effort to escape. Laffin fell upon the floor and died in a few minutes, without uttering a word. Hoswell then claimed to have found Laffin and Mrs. H. in bed together; though the condition of the bed and the clothing of L. were proof to the contrary.

Knight's testimony was in accordance with the above.

F. O. Orcutt, who was promptly at the spot on hearing a cry of murder, saw Hoswell holding Laffin by the shoulder, with a knife over his head.

Dr. Cole testified to dressing eight different wounds on the face, hands and head of Mrs. Hoswell, all apparently by a knife. Some were very severe, causing much loss of blood.

Several other witnesses were examined together occupying Tuesday and Wednesday; when the testimony for the government closed. Among others, Mrs. Laffin, widow of the murdered man, and Mrs. Hoswell—neither of whom were allowed to testify. The former was accompanied by three little boys, that awakened much sympathy; while the latter, with the shocking scars upon her face, and accompanied by her little son, secured marked attention from the audience.

On Wednesday morning thirty witnesses were called, and sworn by the defence. Several testified to an intimate acquaintance between Laffin and Mrs. Hoswell, about which there was no distinct show of privacy; and nothing positively indicating adultery. The prisoner's counsel are apparently aiming to make out a case of "justifiable homicide" by

showing that Hoswell was concealed under the bed, and that the assault was made in the bedroom. They admit the killing, but claim that adultery made it "justifiable."

The case promises to occupy the court for several days more.

OUR BRIDGE is about ready for crossing. They have nearly completed the filling of the abutment at the east side from the sand hill above, and will immediately fill the western abutment from the same source. We ought to have a day of rejoicing when the bridge is opened for travel.

LATER.—Hurrah! The contractors have gone ahead of their promises, and the bridge, although not quite finished, is open for travel.—Messrs. Webber and Haviland leading the way on Thursday afternoon, followed by several parties in waiting, who did not care to go five miles around.

The editors of the Portland Argus and the Press have brought a most dubious shadow athwart the dial of editorial glory, by a virtual admission that the law skins men by a more agonizing process than any known to the pen. For some months they have tried their best arts at extorting reciprocal blushes and groans, and have finally given up in mutual despair and consigned each other to the lawyers. We have no faith in this resort. We had watched the contest carefully up to the very last word, and at no time saw any good reason why either party might not terminate it to good advantage—which we suppose is the object aimed at. Now it has gone beyond editorial jurisdiction and probably will never return.

THE LECTURE at the Methodist Church, this (Friday) evening, must not be forgotten. It will be by Rev. Dr. Haven, editor of Zion's Herald, and not Advocate as we had it last week. There was a fair audience last Friday evening to hear Prof. Cushing's excellent lecture, but we hope to see twice as many persons at the second lecture of the course this evening. Dr. Haven's lecture is entitled "To Day and Tomorrow."

"In General," of the Boston Advertiser, perpetrated the following a few days ago, and is still allowed to continue his labors, though there is an asylum for the insane at Worcester: "A shoemaker" writes that he is not only willing to give woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts." That is his last joke, shoe-her.

THE REV. GEORGE F. CLARK, of Mass., will deliver a temperance address in one of the churches of this Village, on Wednesday evening, Dec 7th. Mr. Clark is a first class lecturer, employed and paid by the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, and it is hoped that the professed friends of temperance will fill the house on the occasion. No collection. J. Nye.

If anybody wishes for a cosy little home at a low price, let him examine the two cottages just completed on North street for Mr. C. G. Tozier and Mr. Charles W. Stevens, the cost of which, including the lots, is about \$1000 each. Three rooms below and three good chambers above are provided in each, with a commodious woodshed, a handy well, etc., affording abundant accommodation for a small family at a low rent, and there is ground enough with each for a small garden. Look them over, see who are living in other men's houses, and see if you will not decide to have a home of your own.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—The friends of Stephen Nye, Esq. of Kendall's Mills, in goodly numbers, called at his residence on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of his wedding day, and celebrated the golden wedding, making it an occasion of festivity, and leaving substantial shining tokens of their friendship and kindly regard.

PRIZE CANDY PACKAGES are not only open to capture by those who object to them as a form of gambling, but they are said to be filled with the meanest kind of confectionery, some of which is absolutely poisonous.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has dared to order the suppression of those papers which published the papal decree of excommunication against himself. A wiser course would have been to light his pipe with them—if he smokes.

ALABAMA has two governors—one recognized by the Senate and the other by the House.

The appointment of a postmaster at Upper Stillwater is making trouble for Congressman Peters—the claims of a loyal soldier to the office having been slighted, as well as the voice of the people.

The American Agriculturist, which is doing a good work in exposing advertising humbugs, has the following in its last chapter:—

Rev. Edward Wilson, as he calls himself, keeps on offering to cure Consumption. We have shown him up too often to need to say any more now. Every wise man and woman will throw his deceptive circulars into the fire at once, and do the same with the circulars and letters of the "Howard Association," the "Errors of Youth" man, the "Female complaint" doctors, the circulars to "Married Women," the retired and cured clergymen such as Joseph T. Inman at the Bible House, and all that class. They are sharp windmills, all of them. Don't send any two stamps for advice to Married Women... Don't send any money for anybody's Recipes for "Soap," "Vinegar," "Honey," or any other "Recipe" advertised by circular or in newspapers. You'll be cheated if you do, our word for it.

There is a woman out in Michigan with jute bugs in her scalp, which threaten her life, according to the Portland Advertiser. There are a thousand men in Portland who are in as much danger from benzine whiskey, but 'tain't no matter.

OUR TABLE.

MAINE STATE YEAR BOOK, and Annual Register for the year 1871. Compiled by Edmund S. Hoyt. Portland: Hoyt, Kogg & Frost. We have received an advance copy of this book, which is really a handy volume and just what the public need. It contains the usual Calendar Matter; Diary Pages, Historical Summary of the State; Vote for President, 1868; for Governor, for 1868 and 1869, and also since the formation of the State; Senators for 1869; List of Past Officers of the State; Rights and Qualifications of Voters; Conditions of Eligibility to Office; Notable Polls; Population and Valuation of Towns; List of Courts, Banks, Newspapers, Postmasters, Selectmen, Town-clerks, Clergymen, Physicians, Dentists, Lawyers, Notaries, Sheriffs, Justices, Merchants, Manufacturers, etc.; Stamp Duties; Postage Rates; Revenue Officers, U. S. Statistics, etc., together with a new and accurate map of Maine. So far as we can judge, it is very accurate; but, the whole edition is yet in type, for correction.

The work is sold in paper for 50 cents; in boards, with Map, \$1.25. H. A. M. Kenney & Co., No. 2 Elm Street-Portland, are general agents for the work, and they wish for agents in every town to procure statistics and sell the work.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The December number of this sterling monthly is at hand, closing up Volume XII. of the new series, and announcing increased attractions for the coming year. The table of contents is even more than usually comprehensive, and presents the very cream of foreign current literature. Among the most noticeable articles are Letter-Writing; "Father Arad"; "Another instalment of 'The Fishermen of Auger'; "Baskin's Lectures on Art"; "The Sergeant's Sea"; "Baron Von Moltke"; "Napoleon and Paris"; and so on to the number of nineteen. Every body who loves good literature should have the Eclectic, and the present is a good time to experiment with. Published by E. B. Polton, 108 Fulton St., New York. Terms, \$5.00 per annum; single copies 45 cents. A portrait of Corneille embellishes this number.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—The December number of this illustrated Monthly for Boys and Girls finishes Mr. Alger's story, "Rufus and Rose," and contains much other interesting and instructive reading, including a marked piece for declamation and a dialogue for schools. Among the attractions of the next volume will be another story by Mr. Alger—a great favorite with the juveniles, entitled "Paul the Peddler, or the Adventures of a Young Merchant," and a story by Mrs. Jane G. Austin. The Schoolmaster is deservedly very popular with young folks.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

GOOD HEALTH.—The December number of this sterling journal of physical and mental culture is filled with valuable articles on a variety of subjects connected with the prevention of disease and the preservation of Health. It is a valuable work, well worthy of the favor of the public.

Published by Alexander Moore, No. 11 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE LAST OF 1870, BUT A PEER WITH THE BEST. In fine, as a New York daily says, "The Phenomenological Journal" is worth a great deal more than the price asked for it." "Get the December Number and read the following from its rich contents:—General Trochu, Governor of Paris; What Can I do Best, or What a Physician ought to be; George Trask, the Reformer; A Wife's Stratagem; Gen. Robert E. Lee; Watch Manufacture in America; Physical Education; Let us have Peace; A Merry Christmas; Louis Adolphe Thiers; Our Visit to Salt Lake City; Our National Beverage; Spiritualism; Wanted—Young men; Pickett's Duel. The List of Premiums offered for subscribers is very tempting to Magazine canvassers and others, on account of its unusual liberality. Single numbers 30 cts.; a year's subscription only \$3. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October is the most brilliant number of that celebrated periodical which has appeared for many a day. Some of the very best writers have contributed single articles any one of which is worth the price of a year's subscription. The article on the "German Patriotic Songs" will command general attention, and send the blood to the fingers of every one who sympathizes with poetry and patriotism. The two leading articles on the war are able and exhaustive. Those on the "Mismanagement of the British Navy" and the "Inefficiency of the British Army," will be all the more interesting now that a general European war seems imminent.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; for two of the Reviews, \$7; for three of the Reviews, \$10; for all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; wood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 50 cents a year.

LOST AND FOUND.—Mr. Moses A. Getchell, who lives on the old homestead, the other side of Sagus's Brook, carries a nice gold watch, which, if it continues as it has begun, will eventually have quite a history. Twice Mr. G. has come near losing it by pickpockets—they having severed the guard chain. Again, while fishing on a pond, in winter, in answering a call for the time, Mr. G., with only one hand at liberty, jerked out this watch, only to see it fall from its fastening into the hole in the ice—that is, it would have gone in, if he had not, by a quick and adroit movement, interposed his hand and saved it just as it was going in. Its last adventure was at our new bridge, one day this week, when, in answering a call for assistance as he was passing, he took a crowbar in his hand and while doing a friendly act, managed to jerk his watch from his pocket, it falling this time about thirty feet into the swift rolling Kennebec. Luckily, however, though the current was rapid and foaming white at times, it was only about three and a half feet deep and had intervals of smoothness so that the watch could be occasionally seen. After several ineffectual attempts, one of the bridge hands, moved by an offer of ten dollars reward, waded in with a rope attached to his body, and by going all under managed to clutch the glittering prize, and return it to the owner.

GEN. HOOKER comes to the support of Gen. Butler, and wishes to take Canada by contract in sixty days. A conquered Canada full of discontented spirits would not be a very desirable addition to our national domain, but if the Canadians should join their fortunes to ours because they believed it to be for their interest to do so, they would be gladly received. Territory is dearly purchased at the cost of a wicked war.

We learn from the Lewiston Journal, that a daughter of Mr. Stephen Wing, of Leeds, was so badly burned on Sunday by her clothes taking fire, that she died on Monday morning. Her age was five years.

THE WAR.

The French were defeated at Amiens early in the week, and that city was immediately occupied by the Prussians.

On Sunday Garibaldi's forces were beaten with severe losses.

By way of Berlin we have reports that the condition of things in Paris is bad. Bodies of citizens and regular troops occasionally come out to the lines of the besiegers and offer to surrender, but they are turned back. The Paris Figaro implores the French government to conclude peace, the defence of Paris being impossible.

LATER.—On Monday and Tuesday, under cover of a furious cannonade a sortie was made from Paris towards L'Hay, supported by the gunboats in the Seine, and simultaneously feints in other directions. The French were repulsed at all points, however, losing 15,000 in prisoners alone.

The army of the Loire met with a disastrous defeat on Monday, and at last accounts the Prussians were in close pursuit of the retreating French.

LATEST.—The army of the North, abandoning the project of joining the army of the Loire, is retreating on Lille. Important engagements are reported near Paris, but the accounts are contradictory. The opinion is generally expressed that the war is near the end. It is said that Bismarck has revised his plan of restoring the French empire under Napoleon. A balloon from Paris was seen over the English channel, and was probably blown out to sea and lost.

It is thought that the Eastern question will be settled by negotiation.

HON. JOHN P. HALE—formerly a model man, physically—is but a wreck of his old self, his right side being paralyzed. His intellect, however, is yet vigorous.

NOTICE.—The North Grammar School in this village will begin its winter term on Monday, Dec. 5.

A QUESTION.—Gen. Butler in his Boston war speech, said his incentive to a war with England in relation to the Alabama claims was found in the belief that such a war would secure the republican party in power for more than a generation! The question is, whether a "generation" of republican rule would pay the expenses of the war without any consideration for the lives it would cost? Butler is a recent convert to the republican party, or he might be able to give a better reason for desiring a war with England. He thinks it would bring all the Irish voters into the republican party—Which is more to be expected than desired, as we look at it.

SILVAM LODGE, No. 92, F. & A. M. at Kendall's Mills, held their Annual meeting on Thursday Evening, Dec. 1st, resulting in the election of the following officers:—

S. S. Brown, W. M.; F. E. McFadden, S. W.; A. H. Duran, J. W.; Chas. Marriner, Treas.; E. F. Tukey, Sec'y; Edwin Town, S. D.; E. B. Lewis, J. D.

Trains run regularly now over the Belfast Railroad in time to connect with the Maine Central, though the car accommodation is limited.

THE EVANGELICAL SUNDAY SCHOOLS of Kennebec County will hold a Union Convention at the Methodist Church in Winthrop on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec 7th and 8th. Among other addresses before the Convention, one will be delivered by Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Waterville, on the subject—"What should parents do for Sunday Schools?" one by Rev. W. H. Clarke, of Mt. Vernon, on the subject "How can the youth and young men be induced to come in and remain in our Sunday Schools?" and one by E. R. Drummond, Esq. of our village, on "The Teacher's Immediate Preparation for the Lesson." Joshua Nye, Esq. of Waterville, is to lead off in the discussion of the question, "What can we do for Sunday Schools in the County?"

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

GOVERNMENT VS. RAILROAD BONDS.—Some time since a gentleman from Massachusetts visited New York for the purpose of selling \$50,000 Government Bonds, and reinvesting in the best railroad securities he could find desiring to secure the advantage of one-third more interest. After a week spent in careful examination of the various enterprises in the market, he decided on dividing the amount between the First Mortgage 7 per cent. Gold Bonds of the Central Railroad of Iowa, and the bonds of another railroad. Upon further consideration, however, he concluded to take the full amount in Central Iowa, believing them preferable to any other. Another party in Central New York took \$35,000 of the same bonds, and another in Pennsylvania \$35,000, in each case other securities being sold, which stood at a higher price in the market, but which were believed, upon full investigation, to be less profitable, and no more secure.—[New York Evangelist.

BRITISH QUARTERLIES.—In calling attention to these valuable publications, advertised in another column, we think we cannot do better than to copy the following from the Brooklyn Union.

"THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.—A practical medium through which to look at the world of our time is that of the higher periodical literature, particularly of that class which is devoted to reviewing, condensing the results which are set forth in more expensive publications. Year in and year out the most comprehensive of these publications manage to give the most valuable points of what is worth knowing. The best English works for this purpose—perhaps the best in the English language—are the reviews that are republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company—the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, and the North British. They manage to touch upon a wide range of subjects in the course of a year; always give something satisfactory about them. Politics, science, art, literature, history, theology, of whatever nation and whatever time, are alike fish to their net. When two or more of them hit upon the same subject, as is often the case, being of different sides on mooted questions, they give different views, the more valuable because they are different without being often ultra partisan. Take the last numbers of the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and the North British. They contain twenty-five articles, among the subjects of which are: 'railway monopolies and the railways of India'; 'The French revolution, and the relations of the First Napoleon to the French Empire'; 'the Archbishops of Canterbury in the reformation'; 'the variation of animals and plants'; 'lake dwellings; the condition of English agricultural laborers in ancient and modern times'; 'an account of the deer parks of England'; 'a picture of Yorkshire, entertaining enough for the lightest magazine'; 'half a dozen articles of literary and classic criticism (of foreign authors as well as English) and biographical articles to which historical and literary interest are attached.'"

"These reviews have employed the best writers in Great Britain since the oldest one was established. What they give is carefully prepared and seldom leaves much in the books from what it sifted except the chaff. The low price at which the publishers give these works (a mere fraction of the price of the originals) is a real benefit to the public, and contributes directly to the enlargement and diffusion of knowledge."

BANGOR, NOV. 27.—The down freight train on the E. & N. A. railroad on Friday evening ran over a little son of Mr. Cunningham at Milford, three years old, completely severing its head from its body. The accident was not known till the parents missed the child, when search being made it was found in the condition described.

A WARNING TO BOYS.—Walter Mace, about eight years old, while playing in the station of the Portland and Rochester Railroad Company, in Portland, on Friday last, attempted to jump on a car for a ride, and, missing his hold, fell under the wheels and was fatally injured.

"SET HIM AGAIN."—John H. McCartney, called the king of counterfeiters, was arrested near Venice, Ill., on Friday and taken to Springfield. He offered the officers \$60,000 and to surrender a large quantity of counterfeit implements if they would release him. He has been arrested often previously and has paid \$70,000 at different times to be released.

The Somerset Reporter says that the town of Athens has voted to exempt the tannery of John Ware, Jr., esq., from taxation, on the ground that he will enlarge the business.

REV. L. DASHIELL, D. D., President of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. says of OUR FATHER'S HOUSE: It is full of practical religious instruction. The spirit of true devotion tones its beautiful lessons. My children say—"It is beautiful and good."

FROM THE EASY EXPECTORATION, increased respiratory power of the Lungs, and the removal of irritation, manifest from cessation of Cough, and other alarming symptoms after using FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, it is clear that the formation of tuberculous matter is not only stopped but that already deposited is being carried away.

Pimples on the Face, Eruptions, Blisters, Scrofulous diseases, and all sores arising from impure blood are cured by Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. For Bronchitis, Laryngitis and all severe and lingering coughs nothing equals it. It cleanses, purifies and strengthens the system. As an Anti-Bilious or liver medicine and for habitual constipation of the bowels it works wonderful cures. Sold by druggists.

Severe pain will not get out of fashion yet for a long time, and so long people will need a good remedy—Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil is just what the people need, to cure headache, rheumatic, neuralgia, and other painful complaints. Sold by Plaiated, Waterville.

"The Best the Cheapest." GILBRETH

Has a splendid stock of First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c. HE IS SELLING CHEAP.

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

He buys cheap and sells cheap. J. H. GILBRETH, KENNEBEC MILLS.



[CONTINUED.] 228 1-2—226 3-4—229 1-2 GILBRETH KNOX Has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 1/2 mile in a race 1:10 1-4, quarter 31 1-2 seconds. His latest colt, HORNET JOHN, won the 4 years old yearling stakes at Waterville. His 3 years old colt "Knock-the-all," sold for five thousand dollars. "MAINE HAMBLETONIAN." Arrived on 4 Rydick's Hambletonian. See advertiser next in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

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I regard Mr Eddy as one of the most CAPABLE and successful practitioners with whom I have official intercourse.

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Boston, Jan. 1, 1870. — I y JOHN TARNANT

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 DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Tor Albus, Suppression, and other Menstrual Disorders, are all treated on new pathological principles. Speedy relief guaranteed in a very few days. So invariable is the new mode of treatment that most ob-

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the treatment of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston. He has Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Venereal Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.


N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they
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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.
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The undersigned at his New Factory at Crommett's Falls, Va., is making, and will keep constantly on hand, above articles of various sizes, the prices of which will stand as low as the same quality of work can be bought here in the State. The Stock and workmanship will be the first quality, and our work is warranted to be what is represented to be.

Our Doors will be kiln-dried with DRYHEAT, and with steam. Orders solicited by mail or otherwise.

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Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

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 No charge for consultation.
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Just published, a new edition of Dr. C.

vervill's (celebrated Karyon on the KAL CURE (without medicine) of SPERMATOPHYTES, RHIZA, or Femal Weakness, Involutary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Indisposition to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY, and VIRE, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance. Pale. In a sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

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7-7-77 This Lecture should be in the hands of every young man, and every man, and the land.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE:

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor on the estate of BRIDGE PLAMMER, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec deceased, intestate; and has undertaken that trust by giving bonds and the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to come forth the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 14, 1870. 22 JOSHUA NYE.

SAVE THE CHILDREN!
Multitudes of them suffer, linger, and die, because of Pinworms. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children or adults is
R. GOULD'S PIN-WORM SYRUP
entirely vegetable, safe and certain. A valuable cathartic, an excellent to health. Warranted to cure.

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We have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargains.
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CAUTION.—My wife, Lucinda E. Roundey, having told me without just cause, hereby forbid all persons from borrowing or trading her name on account, as I shall not be responsible.

debts of her contracting after this date.

Benton, Nov. 18, 1870.

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