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Maxham & Wing

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CHICAGO.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers: All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
Tall spires of prayer and marts of grain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On thousand spires had sunset shone;
Where ghastly sunbeams looked on none;
Men clasped each other's hands and said:
The city of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire—
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope and faith;
And underneath the seething wave,
The world, full-blown, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the street of gold and will;
With dearer hands to take their throes,
For love shall lay the corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from these throes
The ashes scatter off thy woe;
And build as Thebes in Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrilled in thy hot distress
The primal cry of selflessness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart.

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift those airy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous! —Atlantic Monthly.

[From Scribner's Magazine.]

PRISCILLA.

[Continued.]

To the Marquis, Priscilla was a perpetual marvel. More brilliant women he had known in Paris, more devoted women he had seen there, but a woman so gifted and so devoted, and above all a woman so true, so modest and of such perfect delicacy of feeling he had never known. And how poorly these words describe her! For she was Priscilla, and all who knew her will understand how much more that means than any adjectives of mine. Certainly Henry Stevens did for he had known her always, and would have loved her always had he dared. It was only now, as she interpreted him to the Marquis and the Marquis to him, idealizing and elevating the thoughts of both, that he surrendered himself to hope. And so toward the close of the summer, affairs came to this awkward posture that these two sworn friends loved the same woman.

D'Entremont discovered this first. More a man of the world than Henry Stevens, he read the other's face and voice. He was perturbed. Had it occurred two years before he might have settled the matter easily by a duel, for instance. And even now his passion got the better for a while of all his good feelings and christian resolutions. When he got back to the Le Vert House with his unpleasant discovery, he was burning like a furnace. In spite of a rain-storm just beginning and a dark night, he strode out and walked he knew not whither. He found himself, he knew not how, on the bank of the river. Seizing an old board for a paddle, he unloosed a skiff and pushed out into the river. How to advance himself over his rival was his first thought. But this darkness and this beating rain and this fierce loneliness reminded him of that night when he had clung desperately to the abutment of the bridge that spanned Indian Creek, and when the courage and self-possession of Henry Stevens had rescued him. Could he be the rival of a man who had gone down into that flood that he might save the exhausted Marquis?

Then he hated himself. Why had he not drowned that night on Indian Creek? And with this feeling of self-disgrace added to his general mental misery and the physical misery that the rain brought to him, there came the great temptation to write "Fin" in French fashion, by jumping into the water. But something in the influence of Priscilla and that class meeting caused him to take a better resolution, and he returned to the hotel.

The next day he sent for Henry Stevens to come to his room.

Henry, I am going to leave to-night on the mail boat. I am going back to New Orleans, and thence to France. You love Priscilla. You are a noble man; you will make her happy. I have read your love in your face. Meet me at the river to-night. When you are ready to be married, let me know, that I may send some token of my love for both. Do not tell mademoiselle that I am going; but tell her good-by for me afterwards. Go now, I must peak.

Henry went out stupefied. What did it mean? And why was he half-glad that D'Entremont was going? By degrees he got the better of his selfishness. In fact he had the habit of keeping his selfishness under in little things, so the victory in a great thing was not so difficult.

"Marquis d'Entremont," he said, breaking into his room, "you must not go away. You love Priscilla. You have everything—learning, money, travel. I have nothing."

"Nothing but a good heart which I have not," said D'Entremont.

"I will never marry Priscilla," said Henry, "unless she deliberately chooses to have me in preference to you."

My readers will say that this incident of two men unselfish in an affair of this sort, is impossible. I should never have written it but that this incident is fact.

To this arrangement, so equitable, the Marquis consented, and the matter was submitted to Priscilla by letter. Could she love either, or if either, which? She asked a week for deliberation.

It was not easy to decide. By all her habits of thought and feeling, by all her prejudices, by all her religious life, she was drawn toward the peaceful and perhaps prosperous life that opened before her as the wife of Henry Stevens, living in her native village, near to her mother, surrounded by her old friends, and with the best of Christian men for a husband. But by all the clamor of her intellectual nature for something better than her narrow life—by all her joy in the conversation of D'Entremont, the only man of culture she had ever known, she felt drawn to be the wife of the Marquis. But if there were roses, there were thorns in such a path. The village girl knew that Madame la Marquise must lead a life, very different from any she had known. She must bear with a husband whose mind was ever in a state of unrest and skepticism, and she must meet the great world.

In truth there were two Priscillas. There was the Priscilla that her neighbors knew, the Priscilla that went to church, the Priscilla that taught Primary school No. 3. There was the other Priscilla that read Chaucer and Shakespeare, Moliere and de Staël. With this Priscilla New Geneva had nothing to do. And it was the doubleness of her nature that aggravated her indecision.

Then her conscience came in. Because there might be worldly attractions on the one

side she leaned to the other. To reject a poor suitor and accept a rich and titled one, had something of treason in it.

At the end of a week she sent for both. Henry Stevens's flat-boat had been ready to start for New Orleans for two days. And Chateau, Lafort & Co. were expecting the Marquis, who was in some sort a ward of theirs. Henry Stevens and the Marquis Antoine d'Entremont walked side by side, in an awkward silence, to the little vine-covered cottage. Of that interview, I do not know enough to write fully. But I know that Priscilla said such words as these:—

"This is an awful responsibility. I suppose a judge trembles when he must pass sentence of death. But I must make a decision that involves the happiness of both my friends and myself. I cannot do it now. God does not give me to see my duty clearly, and nothing but my duty should speak in making such a decision. Will you wait until you both return in the spring? I have a reason that I cannot explain for wishing this matter postponed. God will decide for me perhaps."

I do not know that she said just these words, and I know she did not say them all at once. But so they parted. And Miss Nancy Moore, who retained ribbons and scandal, and whose only effort at mental improvement had been the plucking out of the hairs contiguous to her forehead, that she might look intellectual—Miss Nancy Moore from her look-out at the window described the two friends walking away from Mrs. Haines's cottage, and remarked as she had often remarked before, that it was "absolutely scandalous for a young woman that was a professor to have two beaux at once, and such good friends, too!"

I have noticed that gifted girls like Priscilla have a back-ground in some friend, intelligent, quiet, restful. Anna Poindexter, a dark, thoughtful, and altogether excellent girl, was sometimes spoken of as "Priscilla's double;" but she was rather Priscilla's opposite; all her gifts were complementary to those of her friend. The two were all but inseparable; and so, when Priscilla found herself the next evening on the bank of the river, she naturally found Anna with her. Slowly the flat-boat of which Henry Stevens was the owner and captain drifted by, while the three or four men at each long oar strode back and forward on the deck as they urged the boat on. Henry was standing on the elevated bench made for the pilot, holding the long "steering-rod" and guiding the craft. As his manly form in the western sunlight attracted their attention, both the girls were struck with admiration for the noble fellow. Both waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry returned the adieu by swinging his hat. So intent was he on watching them that he forgot his duty and one of the men was obliged to call out: "Swing her round, Captain, or the mail-boat'll sink us."

Hardly was the boat swung out of the way when the tall chimneyed mail-boat swept by.

"See the Marquis," cried Anna, and again adieus were waved. And the Marquis stepped to the guard and called out to Henry, "I'll see you in New Orleans," and the swift steamer immediately bore him out of speaking distance. And Henry watched him disappear, with a choking feeling that thus the nobleman was to chuck him in life.

"See!" said Anna, "You are a lucky girl. You have your choice; you can go through life on the steamboat or on the flat-boat. Of course you'll go by steam."

"There are explosions on steamboats sometimes," said Priscilla. Then turning she noticed a singular expression on Anna's face. Her insight was quick, and she said, "Confess that you would choose the flat-boat." And Anna turned away.

"Two strings to her bow, or two beaux to her string, I should say," and she did say it, for this was Miss Moore's comment on the fact which she had just learned, that Miss Haines had received letters from "the lower country," the handwriting on the directions of which indicated that she had advices from both her friends.

Her poor Miss Moore, with never a string to her bow and never a beau to her string, might be forgiven for shooting arrows that did no harm.

There was a time when Priscilla had letters from only one. Henry was very sick, and D'Entremont wrote bulletins of his condition to Priscilla and to his family. In one of these it was announced that he was beyond recovery, and Priscilla and Anna mingled their tears together. Then there came a letter that he was better. Then he was worse again. And then better.

In those days the mail was brought wholly by steamboats, and it took many days for intelligence to come. But the next letter that Priscilla had was from Henry Stevens himself. It was filled from first to last with praises of the Marquis: how he had taken Henry out of his boarding-place, and put him in his own large room in the St. Charles; how he had nursed him with more than a brother's tenderness, scarcely sleeping at all; how he had sold his cargo, relieved his mind of care, employed the most eminent physicians, and anticipated his every want, all this and more, the letter told.

And the next steamboat brought Henry, well-nigh restored, and his noble nurse. Both were impatient to learn the decision of Priscilla; each was sure the other was to carry off the prize.

And so they walked together, the day after their arrival, to the little cottage. The conversation was begun by each of the gentlemen expressing his conviction that her decision was against him, and offering to retire.

Priscilla leaned her head on her hand a minute. Then she began: "I told you, my friends, that I thought God would decide for me. He has. I can marry neither of you."

The two friends, looked at one another in doubt and amazement.

"Three sisters, four brothers, and my father died of pulmonary disease. Of eight children I only am left, and in three months my mother will be childless. God has decided for me. Why should I give either of you pain by making a decision?"

For the first time, in the imperfect light, they noticed the flushed cheeks, and for the first time they detected the quick breathing. It was a sad hour, and when they walked away the two friends were nearer than ever, for nothing brings souls together so much as a common sorrow.

And as day after day the two friends visited

her in company, the public, and particularly that part of the public which peeped out of Miss Nancy Moore's windows, was not a little mystified. Miss Moore thought a girl who was drawing near to the solemn and awful realities of eternal bliss should let such worldly vanities as Markusses alone.

A singular change came over Priscilla in one regard. As the prospect of life faded out, she was no longer in danger of being tempted by the title and wealth of the Marquis. She could be sure that her heart was not bribed. And when this state of a conscience abnormally sensitive was removed, it became every day more and more clear to her that she loved D'Entremont. Of all whom she had ever known, he was a companion. And as he brought her choice passages from favorite writers every day, and as her mind grew with unthought rapidity under the influence of that strange disease which shakes the body down while it ripens the soul, she felt more and more that she was growing out of sympathy with all that was narrow and provincial in her former life, and into sympathy with God's great world, and with Antoine d'Entremont who was the representative of the world to her.

This rapidly growing gift between his own intellectual life and that of Priscilla, Henry Stevens felt keenly. But there is one great compensation for a soul like Henry's. Men and women of greater gifts might outstrip him in intellectual growth. He could not add one cell to his brain, or make the slightest change in his temperament. But neither the Marquis nor Priscilla could excel him in that gift of noble generosity which does not always go with genius, and which is not denied to the man of the plainest gifts. He wrote to the Marquis:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You are a good and generous friend. I have read in your voice and your eyes what the decision of Priscilla must have been. If I had not been blind, I ought to have seen it before in the difference between us. Now I know that it will be a comfort to you to have that noble woman die your wife. I do not think it will be a comfort to her. Do you think it will be any consolation to me to have been an obstacle in the way? I hope you do not think so meanly of me, and that you and Priscilla will give me the only consolation that I can have in my common sorrow—the feeling that I have been able to make her last days more comfortable and your sorrow more bearable. If you refuse, I shall always reproach myself."

I need not tell of the discussions that ensued. But it was concluded that it was best for all three that Priscilla and the Marquis should be married, much to the disgust of Miss Nancy Moore, who thought that she'd better be saying her prayers. What good would it do to be a Marchioness and all that when she was in her coffin?

A wedding in prospect of death is more affecting than a funeral. Only Henry Stevens and Anna Poindexter were to be present. Anna's mother had completed the arrangements, blinded by tears. I think she could have dressed Priscilla for her coffin with less suffering. The white dress looked so like a shroud, under those sunken cheeks as white as the dress! Once or twice Priscilla had drawn her mother's head to her bosom and wept.

"Poor mother!" she would say, "so soon to be alone. But Antoine will be your son."

There was one more at the wedding than was intended. The family physician was there. For just as the dressing of the pale bride was completed, there came one of those sudden break-downs to which a consumptive is so liable. The doctor said that there was internal hemorrhage, and gave but a few hours of life. When the Marquis came he was heart-broken to see her lying there, so still, so white—dying. She took his hand. She beckoned to Anna and Henry Stevens to stand by her, and then with tear-blinded eyes, the old minister married them for eternity! Then the door opened, and the ten little Sunday-school boys from Slabtown marched in. Each of them had a bouquet provided by Henry Stevens for the wedding. When the leader of the file saw her so sick, he began to cry. She took his bouquet and kissed him. Then the little fellow rushed out, weeping piteously. Each of the others followed his example.

Feeling life ebbing, she took the hand of the Marquis. Then, holding to the hand of D'Entremont, she beckoned Henry to come near. As he bent over her she said, looking significantly at the Marquis, "Henry, God bless you, my noble-hearted friend." And as Henry turned away, the Marquis put his arm about him, and said gratefully, "Henry God will bless you."

Priscilla's nature abhorred anything dramatic in dying, or rather she did not think of effect at all. So she made no fine speeches. But when she had ceased to breathe, the old preacher said, "The bridegroom has come." And he was more eloquent than he knew.

She left an envelope for Henry. What it had in it no one but Henry ever knew. I have heard him say that it was one word, which became the key to all the happiness of his after life. Judging from the happiness he has in his home with Anna, his wife, it would not be hard to tell what the word was. The last time I was at his house I noticed that their eldest child was named Priscilla, and the boy who came next was Antoine. Henry told me that Priscilla left a sort of a "will" for the Marquis, in which she asked him to do the Christian work that she would have liked to do. Nothing could have been wiser if she had only sought his own happiness, for in activity for others is the only safety for a restless and skeptical mind. He had made himself the special protector of the ten little Slabtown urchins.

Henry told me in how many ways, through Chateau, Lafort & Co., the Marquis had contrived to contribute to his prosperity without offending his delicacy. He found himself possessed of practically unlimited credit through the guarantee which the great New Orleans banking-house was always ready to give.

"What is that fine building?" I said, pointing to a picture on the wall.

"Oh that is the 'Hospice de Sainte Priscille,' which Antoine has erected in Paris. People there call it 'La Marquise.'"

"By the way," said Priscilla's mother, who sat by, "Antoine is coming to see us next month, and is to look after his Slabtown friends when he comes. They used to call him at first 'Priscilla's Frenchman.'"

And to this day Miss Moore declares that Markusses is a thing she can't no ways understand.

When any persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, and especially after

drinking water, or accompanied by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best coolers, internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working the sugar downward into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly.

A CHRISTIAN CITY.—Here are entire sections of the city given over to be populated and possessed by viciousness; and we plume ourselves if we keep it within its own bounds. We give up one house out of every three to be a brothel, a gambling-den, or a rum-shop, and then rejoice that our morals are so well protected. We make one-half of the city a safe spot for a lady to walk in by day, and one-third of it tolerably secure for a gentleman by night, and call our method of city government a success. I would like to know, would like to ask this question of some of you who are interested in this thing, because God has made it the city of your residence, and the city of your hope, and the city where your children are to live.—I would like to ask you what you think of it? Here you are, Christian men of large means and large influence,—influential enough to be felt in the Sandwich Islands, in Africa, in Asia, in China, and in every known land under heaven,—and your own city is not half Christianized! I say, and I believe that I speak the simple truth, that the state of things here, morally considered, is a shame upon every man and woman of influence in this city that call themselves Christians. Why look at it. Here we are living year in and year out with a marsh right in front of us; the atmosphere which we breathe, and which our wives and children breathe, absolutely fetid and rank with moral rotteness; our jails filled to overflowing; our streets so insecure that you must needs, in many sections of the city, keep your policemen within sight of each other; the sabbath so openly disregarded that desecration is habitual, and excites no comment. And all we have done so far, has been this: We have hired some 12 or 20 men and women to go down each year and throw a thousand Bibles and twenty thousands religious tracts as large as the palm of your hand, into this huge bayou of blue mud. I ask you to tell me how long it will take to fill it up at this rate? Do you think that the stench will be taken out of the air by sprinkling the lavender of the city missionary society over the pillows on which your consciences now sleep, undisturbed by the miasms that every gust of crime blows up into your bedrooms?—Rev. W. H. Murray of Boston.

THE HEALTHY HUNGER FOR HEAVEN.—My friends, I am not tired of earthly life, beyond what all men, fitted for the life to come, at times are weary of. I love it in its uses, its labors and its joys. Its duties give exercise to my faculties, its loves to my affections, its successes to my happiness. I am not morbid, but sense the world through a healthy body, a growing mind, and a hope as strong and bracing as a current of northern air, when it bears down upon a camp from the sides of a mountain planted thickly with odoriferous trees. The pulse of this life is strong within me, my friends many, and my fortune beyond my merit or expectation. I am not talking to you as a disappointed, a depressed, an unhappy man. Keeping only what I have, blessed only with my present blessings, I could stay on earth forever, if it was God's will, and be content. But, in spite of all this, when my thoughts range out ahead, and canvass my future, I can but feel persuaded that the present, precious as it is, does not begin to measure the resources of blessing hidden in the heart of God for me. My present state does not permit me their full reception; does not allow the perfect disclosure of His love. I need the spiritual body, the heavenly language, the celestial sphere of action, the holy companionships, the powers and the functions, the rank and dignity, the privilege and liberty of the glorified world and state, ere ever I shall know the breadth and length and depth and height of the riches of His love; and I feel persuaded, that by the very drift and movement of time I am being borne toward, and at last shall come to something far better than the good of to-day.—[Murray.]

ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.—Since no thinking can fathom the mysteries of moral government in this world, while by thinking and acting discreetly one can ameliorate evil and augment good, is it not wiser to do good than to study insoluble puzzles?

A farmer found upon his grounds a vast morass. It bred innumerable insects. It exhaled poisonous miasms. He spent much time in reflecting upon the nature of the miasma, and pondering why this terrible swamp should have been suffered to exist. After a time he sickened and died of fever bred in this dangerous morass. His son inheriting the farm, and not having his father's philosophic turn, said, "The swamp is there, no matter how it came there. If I drain it the mischief will cease." So he opened wide channels, and cut off the springs which fed the morass, and little by little the ground dried, the plow entered, and harvest soon waved over the whole redeemed territory. Which was the wisest, father or son?

The Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland have passed a series of resolutions respecting the education question. They request Cardinal Cullen to take immediate steps toward the establishment of a central training school, for the training of Catholic teachers, and pledge themselves to assist His Eminence by subscriptions, and by their best influence in their respective dioceses. A subscription has been commenced to carry out this resolution. They insist that the education of the Irish youth shall be under their care, repudiating all mixed education as Godless, and calling upon their members of Parliament to oppose every government which will not comply with their demands.

The most careless reader of the Maine newspapers cannot fail to notice at this time an extraordinary number of assaults, riots, stabbing affrays and other disturbances arising from drunkenness. These occurrences are most numerous in places where there is the least effort made to enforce the liquor law. We do not remember a time within the past ten years when the public seemed to need so much toning up on the subject of temperance.—[Port Press.]

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The December number, which begins the Forty-fourth Volume, opens with an article on Rome, "The Eternal City," magnificently illustrated with seventeen engravings. Under the title of "The Haunted Lake," Constance Fenimore gives a very pleasing and interesting sketch of Cooper's life at Cooperstown. This paper is profusely illustrated. A very interesting history is given in another illustrated paper of the Chateau and Forest of Fontainebleau, full of personal gossip. Dr. L. I. Hayes relates the story of his visit to the site of the old Norse Colonies in Greenland, characteristically illustrated. A new serial story (illustrated) is commenced in this Number, from the pen of William J. Flagg, author of "European Vineyards." It promises to be a strong, witty, and original American story. "The American Baron" is concluded. The short stories in this Number are of characteristic merit. "Johnny Mingo," by Dr. R. Castleton, is one of that author's most brilliant character-sketches. "The Darkness and the Dawn" is a very pathetic story by Rosamond Dale Owen. James Payn the author of "Woe, and Wood," and one of the most prominent story-writers in England, contributes expressly for Harper, a thrilling story, entitled, "In the Heart of a Hill." Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in "Bella's Beginnings," very pleasantly teaches an important lesson in domestic economy. Three fine poems are furnished by Mrs. Spofford, G. Shepherd, and Mrs. E. B. Stoddard. Besides the illustrated articles, fiction, and poetry, a number of miscellaneous papers of unusual interest are included. "The value of moral studies," by A. E. Macdonough, is a truthful and comprehensive study of one of the most remarkable of British statesmen and reformers. "The Arithmetic of God," is a careful investigation into the value of moral studies, especially as they are given to those relating to marriage. "Aryan Psychology and Sociology," by E. Lazarus, contains a novel development—the result of careful observations by the most accurate of modern students—of the social economy of the bees. Mr. Essay Chair, in this number, is in his happiest and strongest mood. In the Literary Record will be found a comprehensive critique of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," together with notices of the most important recent publications. The Scientific Record includes fifty-seven separate articles, showing the latest developments of scientific progress. The Historical Record contains a full and complete account of the month, closing October 25th; and the always amusing Drawer concludes a number replete with entertainment and instruction.

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

THE GALAXY.—Among other articles, the December number of this standard periodical contains the following: Adventures of the Duchesse de Berri, by Jao. S. Abbott; Black Friday, by Wm. R. Hooper; Weather Prognostics by the People, by Prof. T. B. Maury; the continuation of the "Euclydean Biographies," by Anthony Trollope; Admiral Farragut and New Orleans, by Gideon Welles; the continuation of "Ought we to Visit Her," and the usual miscellany.

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

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for December is one of our brightest and cheeriest visitants for the month. It contains a number of choice articles, a Christmas Dinner, it makes one think of its appearance as a Christmas present for the little ones, as well as for the older members of the household. "Mrs. Santa Claus" is a beautiful story, worth the price of the Magazine a month. We notice that its publishers have recently published the following Magazines which have been consolidated with the Household, viz: "Our Magazine," published by Mr. General Kilpatrick and Wm. R. Mattson, at New York; "The Eclectic," published at Cincinnati by Dr. J. M. Scudder. Send for the December number, which will be mailed free. Address S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

BRANDER'S MUSICAL WORLD.—The November number contains the usual amount of musical literature, and four beautiful new pieces of music, songs and two piano pieces—all perfect gems. Although the Publishers have enlarged the Musical World to twenty-four large quarto pages monthly it is furnished at the low price of \$1.00 per annum. Specimen copies are sent free of charge. We notice that its publishers have recently published a large amount of choice music, full list of valuable premiums, and all particulars, will be sent to any one on receipt of ten cents. Address the Publishers, S. Brainerd & Sons, Cleveland, O.

DIK MODERNWELT.—Nos. 3 and 4, Vol. 5, of this fortnightly periodical are on our table. It is an illustrated magazine of the most elegant French work, with beautiful engravings, and neatly printed on fine paper, published in New York.

FOR THE SICK-ROOM. The following recipe makes a delightfully refreshing wash for the sick-room, and cools the aching head. Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint, a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong clear vinegar, cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days; then strain, and add one ounce of pounded camphor gum. Bottle and keep each bottle tightly corked. There is a French legend connected with this preparation (called vinaigre a quatre couleurs). During the plague at Marseilles, a band of robbers plundered the dying and dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret, whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the recipe given above. Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it, before exposing one's self to any infection. It is very aromatic and quite refreshing in the sick-room; so, if it can effect nothing more, it is of great value to our good housekeepers.

The liquor business is good in Belfast, according to "Quidam," who writes thus from that city to the Bangor Whig:

Liquor selling is carried on with impunity in our city. Crowds of drunken men and boys are to be found on our walks and street corners any day or evening. Last Thursday evening a drunken rowdy assaulted a lady on our principal street, and afterwards got into a row with a saloon keeper who shot him in the thigh, making quite a serious wound. And this condition of things is not confined to the lower classes. At the late session of Court, a member of the bar was so intoxicated as to be unable to perform his duties, and the Judge postponed a case upon which he was engaged. There is not a temperance organization alive in the city. The few who for years supported them have become almost disheartened.

CHINESE CONTRIBUTIONS.—The San Francisco Alta says:

When the committee to solicit contributions from the Chinese merchants for the relief of the Chicago sufferers made known the object of their visit, the response was a credit to the representatives of that race who have been treated with indignity on so many occasions, and are liable at any time to be assaulted when passing through the streets. In one case a Merchant said to the collectors: "Me leadee in Alta Melican man town all same hap gone—burned up. Melican man wantee Chinaman with blocks; Chinaman no care. Alles people Chicago loses everything, wife and children burn out. Chinaman say allsee same, my country-people wantee help. How muchee dollars you find? Hunded dolla? Alta light; you not find enough monee, commee me again, give another hunded!"

The grand jury of the Criminal Court, in Baltimore, reports that gift enterprise stores are vicious in their effect, and in opposition to the laws, and that they will suppress them if the proprietors continue them after the warning

thus given, which is a very silly thing for a grand jury or anybody else to say. Threatening to enforce laws is a confession that they are not enforced, and, further, threatened men live long. The Baltimore grand jury would have done better to proceed against the officers who neglected to enforce the laws first.—[Port. Daily Press.]

J. R. LOOMIS, PH. D.—A MUSCULAR COLLEGE PRESIDENT.—You remember, I suppose, when we were boys together, and sat on the hard benches in Loomis's recitation room. The Doctor was a graduate of Brown University, and for many years professor of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology at Waterville. Slow of speech, like Chief Justice Parker of New Hampshire, now a professor in the Cambridge Law School, but like Parker precise and accurate—every period when it came out meant something, and every word "weighed a ton." It was his analysis that convicted the murderer of young Mathews of Waterville, poisoned in 1857 by a dose of Prussic acid in a glass of brandy offered by his supposed friend, Dr. Coolidge. I remember well how the Professor met the terrible fire and energy of George Evans, in the cross-examination. His evidence was the important link, showing how the death of Mathews was compassed, and bringing it home with irresistible force to Dr. Coolidge, who was known to have been experimenting with Prussic acid upon cats and chickens. If Professor Loomis's evidence could be broken down acquittal was certain. But day by day, up to the time of the trial, in the laboratory and in the library, the Professor had subjected his first opinion to a severer criticism than the lawyer knew how to apply. He had cross-examined himself, with all the tests furnished or suggested by his profound learning, and when he took the stand, quiet and unassuming as ever, he met every question that the ingenuity of the ablest lawyer in Maine could suggest, with answers clear, precise, and convincing, delivered on the instant without a sign of hesitation. Evans was completely discomfited, and Coolidge was convicted.

Professor Loomis had a sound mind in a sound body. He was not a brilliant man, like Dr. Anderson, now President of Rochester University, but then also a professor at Waterville; and we boys always loved him, respected him, and if we were in any way wrong were afraid of him. Any unusual disturbance at night, was sure to be followed by the apparition of his long cloak—on the college grounds, and his speed and bottom were tested in many a sharp race after mischievous students, in most of which trials he was a winner. He used to take upon himself, with great apparent satisfaction, the duty of holding back the struggling crowd at the church door on commencement days, while the procession was passing in, and has been known on such occasions to strike from the shoulder with tremendous effect when the rush was wilful and disorderly. He had no superfluous airs, took great interest in town matters, always rose early, worked in the garden, milked his own cow, and wore thick boots seldom injured by much blacking. He had a large family of children, to whom he was devoted; but I believe, if possible, that although very exacting, he about equally loved us.

Well, when the Professor left Waterville, we first heard of him shooting alligators in South America, and had no doubt he enjoyed the sport in his own simple manly way. Afterwards, he became president of the Baptist college at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and now I have just found in the New York Clipper a thoroughly characteristic anecdote. "A new Baptist church, it seems, has been built this summer at Lewisburg, and the roof and spire were to be slated. The slaters finished the roof, but with one voice refused to tempt the dangers of the spire. No riggers were to be found on the raging Susquehanna, and no convenient old sailor was loafing about the Lewisburg groceries. Dr. Loomis, finding that there was a call for a man of nerve and courage, quietly accepted the invitation, took a short lesson in the art and mystery of laying slate, ascended the dizzy height and performed the required task in a neat and workman-like manner. That he did a part of the job bareheaded, is said to be owing to a friendly gust of wind. The Clipper says he had previously carved the crowning ornament of the spire with his jack-knife. Whether this last statement is true or not, he may fairly claim the spire as a monument of intrepidity, more lasting than brass. The Clipper adds, truly enough, that 'such an act evinces the best traits of successful character, under control of a will trained to seize the critical moment for action,' and that 'an institution under such a head ought to be thronged with applicants receiving the lessons of a vigorous, manly will.'—[T. H. G., of New Haven, Conn., in Port. Advertiser.]

CARLYLE ON DARWIN.—A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.

Travelling north during the past summer in a cart comfortably, with aristocratic travelling companions, conversation turned on Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the pros and cons in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every fair lady the same kindly nod and smile, without doubt remembering Josh Billings's saying, "Woman's influence is powerful—especially when she is in want of anything." One of the party said, after she had given out,

"What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?"

His cool reply was,

"Ladies, you have left nothing to be said."

"Oh yes, but what is your opinion? You have not given us that."

Carlyle was too far north to be sold. His pithy reply was,

"For myself, I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a little lower than the angels.'—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for December.]

In these days of frequent divorce, it may not be malapropos to quote from a recent book a

Waterville Mail.

KPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 24, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York.

S. R. NILES, Jr., 100 Broadway, Boston.

GEO. P. HOWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.

T. C. EVANS, 100 Washington St., Boston.

As abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The Exhibition of the Senior Class, with Junior parts assigned, took place at the Baptist Church last Wednesday evening, with the following programme:

- I. — Latin Version from the English of Wirt.
- II. — Duet at decorum et pro patria mori. TIMOTHY GOULD LYONS, Waterville.
- III. — Early English Literature.
- IV. — St. John's.
- ALFRED SWEETSER STOWELL, Wakefield, Mass.
- V. — Greek Version from the Latin of Tacitus. "Speech of Calpurnius to the Senate."
- JOHN HERBERT WHEELER, Waterville.
- VI. — Bravery not Courage.
- JOHN HARRIS BARROWS, East Sumner.
- VII. — English Version from the French of Buffon. "The Fear of Death."
- FRANK HERBERT PARLIN, Hallowell.
- VIII. — The True Grandeur of Nations.
- HOWARD ROGERS MITCHELL, Waterville.
- IX. — French Version from the English of Webster. "Guilt cannot keep its own secret."
- JEFFERSON TAYLOR, Vassalboro.
- X. — Skepticism.
- HOWARD WAYLAND TILDEN, Lewiston.
- XI. — Legendary Art.
- WILDER WASHINGTON PERRY, Camden.
- XII. — The Old and the New.
- ELI HURRITT HASKELL, Guilford.

The evening was very pleasant, though the walking was bad, and a large audience was present who gave good evidence of being well pleased both with the speaking and the music, which last was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra of Lewiston. The speakers did well, not one making a slip or requiring to be prompted; and even the French and Greek were so finely delivered that the listener, without knowing the meaning of a word, might yet be charmed by the musical sounds. The prize for excellence in composition was awarded to Mr. Tilden.

The "Oxford Bears" are striking for sheep. The Oxford County Farmer's Club lately met at Bethel, and though the regular topic for consideration was potatoes, they got far enough from the subject to make some strong points on the relative value and profit of different farm animals. Mr. Carter of Bethel, offered to prove by figures that a good ewe sheep was worth more than a sucking colt. He said for the past year sheep had been about the only kind of stock that had paid him any profit; that a flock of one hundred good average sheep would give an increase of four to five hundred dollars, making his hay pay him more than any other kind of stock. Dogs, he said, were the great drawback on sheep raising, and we needed stricter laws against their depredations. He fed some corn and roots, and said he would rather have the additional value to the manure heap caused by feeding a hundred bushels of corn than a hundred dollars worth of superphosphate. Mr. Green of Peru endorsed Mr. Carter in regard to the profitability of sheep. He however fed only about half as much hay as formerly, and the balance in grain. He found his flock doing much better fed in this way. They had paid him an average of six dollars a head this year.

"It is worth something to see a live Pullman train," says the Lewiston Journal. Aye, and as much as your life is worth to see a dead one—vide the late Pullman corpse near Gardiner.

Officers of the W. Waterville Lodge of Good Templars the ensuing quarter—Rev. H. F. Wood, W. C. T.; Miss Emma Small, V. T.; Chandler Wheeler, W. S.

The hotel and barber's shop of a country village represent its civilization and caste to the travelling public—that's everybody nowadays—and they peddle its character abroad accordingly. Those who get a shave at Mr. Shaw's, over the People's bank, are very welcome to report Waterville accordingly. In its sitting-up and management it is a credit to any village or city. Its specialty is, that it "remembers the Sabbath day," and "does no work" on that day.

We are sorry to learn that they have a Rosenweig case in Bangor, which it is said will soon find its way into the courts, though the victim (a young married woman) on her death bed made her husband promise not to prosecute the physician who is a regular practitioner.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wm. C. Dow (formerly a resident of Waterville, a son-in-law of the late Z. Sanger, Esq.) lost every dollar of his property in the late fire at Chicago.

Three persons were baptized by Rev. Mr. Burrage, at the Baptist Church last Sabbath evening.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE.—From a catalogue of this institution, just issued, we learn that the number of students is now 42, of whom 24 are in the Freshman class. The following are from this vicinity:—Benjamin Flint Gould, Edson Forbes Hitchings, and Walter Balentine, Waterville; Wesley Webb, Unity; David Rodney Hunter, Clinton; George Herbert Hamlin, Sidney. A second examination for admission to the Freshman class will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1872, and all desiring to enter then are requested to confer at once with the President. Tuition is free to all students belonging in the State, and board, washing and fuel are furnished at cost. Students have opportunity for labor and are paid according to their industry, faithfulness and efficiency.

OAK GROVE SEMINARY, at Vassalboro', held its closing exercises last Friday. At the Prize Speaking in the evening, the first prize to gentlemen was awarded to Henry W. Dudley, of East Vassalboro', and the second to Charles Reynolds, of North Vassalboro'. The first prize to ladies was given to Miss E. C. Rollins, of Vassalboro', and the second to Miss Ella E. Cook, of North Vassalboro', with favorable mention of Miss Martha E. Doe and Miss Annie M. Pierce.

"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."—Thomas S. Bartlett, who has sold liquor enough in Augusta to run the great Sprague mills some time; and perhaps longer, was arraigned in the Municipal Court in that city, on Tuesday, pleaded guilty to the charge of being intoxicated and suffered the usual penalty.

GOOD.—The Secretary of the Navy, determined to abolish the practice of laziness at the Naval Academy has ordered six more cadets to be dropped from the rolls, and says:—

"Let it be distinctly understood that the Academy will be purified of this disgraceful practice and the defiant spirit which now invokes its action, by the dismissal if necessary, of every cadet to the very last, who refuses the fullest obedience to the regulations on this subject."

The steamer "City of New London," of the Norwich line, was burned on Wednesday morning, on her passage from New York, after she entered the Thames, about 3 miles below Norwich. The fire having cut off access to the boats and life preservers, the passengers and crew threw themselves overboard. Three passengers—Wm. T. Norton, C. B. Rogers, and Harrigan R. Aldrich, all of Norwich, were lost, and nine of the officers and crew of the steamer.

John W. Giles and William Ireland, under confinement in Wiscasset Jail for stealing a schooner, escaped a few days ago, but were recaptured on Tuesday in Gardiner by City Marshal Syphers.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, and her sister Mrs. Brooker, (nee Clafin) do not harmonize on the subject of free love, and the latter interrupted the former at Steinway Hall in New York, during a speech, and quite a musical scene ensued.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that the official count shows that one Senator in Waldo County (C. S. Fletcher, Dem.) is elected, and that Nehemiah Smart, rep. and Wm. H. McLellan, dem., are the constitutional candidates between whom the legislature will be called upon to decide.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The officers of the class of '74 are as follows, for the Sophomore year:—

H. W. Stewart, President; E. O. Howard, Vice Pres.; A. B. Cates, Secretary; W. L. Palmer, Orator; W. R. Hemmenway, Poet; T. F. White, Historian; G. W. Osgood, Prophet; C. E. Williams, Toast Master; Com. on Odes, J. O. Tilton, W. H. Kelley; Com. on Arrangements, A. P. Doe, C. E. Young, A. B. Allen.

The building erected by the Catholics as a residence for their priest, has been moved from the Plains and now rests on a lot owned by the purchaser, Mr. Daniel Moor, on Silver Street. The work has been done by Mr. James Wall, of Winslow, a capital man for such a job.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Union Religious services will be held at the Universalist Church on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M.—Sermon by the pastor.

Union services will also be held on the same day, at the same hour, in the Methodist Church. Sermon by the pastor.

THE GREAT DOG CASE.—Wheeler vs. Puley, which had been on trial at Augusta, for several days was brought to a head on Wednesday by a sealed verdict for damages to the amount of \$29.51 in favor of the plaintiff.

The Supreme Judicial Court has given judgment against the Londoners of Elden Peck for a little over \$39,000, but the case goes to the full court on exceptions. This case is as bad as a suit in Chancery.

The Bangor Whig was in error in stating that the location for the new depot here was fixed upon the Eaton lot, north of the College buildings. The Maine Central directors have been in session here, this week, and we believe have located the depot in front of the Colleges, a little nearer the centre of business.

OYSTERS that are oysters indeed, may be found at E. R. Mayo's, Kendall's Mills. Our word in their praise, last week, was based upon the testimony of others; but we have since had an opportunity to taste for ourselves, and the only objection we can urge against them is their enormous size, which necessitates the use of a knife either to divide the oyster or to enlarge the eater's mouth. But seriously, these genuine New York Oysters which Mayo sells, are large, fat and luscious, and his prices are as low as can be afforded.

DESIRABLE INVESTMENTS.

The New York Express says:

"The 6 per cent. gold bonds of the Government are now either par or a premium in gold, while some of the first mortgages of the old railroads of the country are selling at par in gold, and very few of them as low as par in currency. The advance in Government Bonds of late has brought first class railway mortgages more than ever in favor with investors, and everything certainly indicates that these securities are to be the great investments of the future. The gross earnings of all the railroads of the United States for 1870, are estimated at \$150,000,000, and hence the security which surrounds the first mortgage bonds of railroads generally. There have been occasional instances of a default in the payment of interest, but these cases are so isolated that they are scarcely worth mentioning. Of all the railroads in the world, those of America have been most punctual in the payment of interest on mortgage bonds. The Capitalists of Europe are awake to this fact, and the drift of European capital into American railway mortgages is steadily going on.—Germany is likely to want a large amount of our Government Bonds and railway mortgages next year which must have a marked effect on values in the future. First-class railway mortgages, therefore, are constantly on the road to par in gold."

Among the railway Bonds most popular with cautious and conservative investors, are the EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY AND LAND GRANT SINKING FUND BONDS.

These securities, paying the highest Government rate of interest, [six per cent. in gold] and free from all U. S. taxation, can be bought at present at *Ninety and accrued interest in currency.*

The opportunity to secure them at this low price, however, will not long continue, as the entire amount [2,000,000] is nearly all sold. After they are all sold it will be difficult to obtain any unless at a material advance from the present price, as they are being sold to Savings banks and individuals for permanent investment.

As a protection against loss by fire or theft, holders can have the bonds REGISTERED if desired. Both Principal and interest of Registered Bonds is made payable *ONLY* to the party in whose name they are registered, hence they are of no use to any but the lawful owner. And in case of their destruction by fire, the owner on proof of their destruction can continue to receive the interest regularly and the Principal when due. Thus these Bonds can be made unusually secure. Large amounts of U. S. Bonds are continually being exchanged for \$200 to \$275 in cash, on each \$1000 exchanged for \$1000 E. & N. A. Bonds. They also continue to receive the same interest, and have a perfectly safe investment as before.—[Bangor Whig]

Apply to ELIAS MERRILL, (Cashier of First Nat'l Bank, Bangor.) PRINCIPAL AGENT OF E. & N. A. RAILWAY FOR SALE OF BONDS, or to Homer Percival, Esq. (Cashier of People's Nat'l Bank, Waterville.)—by whom these Bonds are for sale.

SOME one returns a copy of our paper with this endorsement—"I shall not pay for this paper any longer as I am going to leave the country"—but he neglects to give us the slightest clue to his name or residence.

We invite attention to the notice of the commencement of the Winter term of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill. It is an educational institution with a good reputation, and is never without pupils from this section.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—For a gratifying statement in regard to the soundness and reliability of this well known Fire Insurance Company, see our advertising columns, and then consult the agent, L. T. Boothby.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. M. E. Chase proposes to open a class in singing in this village in a few weeks. Further particulars will be given soon. We hope there is a growing interest here in vocal music.

JOHN E. SIMONS, of Pittsfield, accused of forgery, attempted to turn State's evidence, and pleading guilty himself, charged Going Hathorn, a well known citizen of the same town, as accessory. After an exciting and interesting preliminary examination at Dexter, the case was submitted to the Court without argument, and Trial Justice McGrillis discharged Hathorn and ordered Simons to furnish \$1500 bail for his appearance before the S. J. Court.

We learn from the Anson Advocate that from 15 to 18 inches of snow fell at Flagstaff on Thursday of last week, and that the logging teams on the road were compelled to haul up for a change from wheels to runners. More teams are fitting out for the woods this year than last.

The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at New York on Monday, in a pouring rain, but that did not prevent a large number of ladies from attending the committee that sailed down the harbor to meet him nor a large crowd from thronging the wharf to await his arrival. He did not land, however, until Tuesday, when the military were out in all their glory and the city was full of sight seers.

NOTICE.—Many have expressed a desire to see the improvements in our Shirt Manufactory, and we should be pleased to gratify their desire; but it is not easy to render due attention to transient visitors and especially while the work is yet unfinished. We therefore propose to name a day when we may be prepared to welcome all who choose to come. Perhaps the day may be Wednesday, Dec. 27th, from 3 to 6 P. M. C. F. HATHAWAY & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December is for sale at Henrickson's. It is a capital number, and commences a volume.

G. H. CARPENTER has removed his music store across the street into Lyford's Building.

THANKSGIVING next Thursday. Manifest your gratitude by doing to others as ye would they should do unto you.

The Republican majority in Wisconsin is 9,547.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY announces several new features for the coming year. Dr. Holmes will resume his "Autocrat" series in "The Power at the Breakfast Table;" Mr. Parton will contribute a series of semi-detached articles on the life of Thomas Jefferson; Hawthorne's recently discovered romance, "Septimus Felton, or the Elks of Life," will run through the greater part of the year; Prof. James De Mille, author of the "Dodge Club," will furnish a story, while Longfellow, Howells, Fiske, Bret Harte and others will be regular contributors. The Editorial Department will be enlarged so as to occupy some 20 pages of each number, and will not only as heretofore, the prominent phases of literature, but those of politics, art, music and science. The December number has the following table of contents:

Light and Darkness, by John Fiske; The Legend Beautiful, by Henry W. Longfellow; Kate Beaumont (Conclusion), by J. W. DeForest; A Japanese Doctor and his Works, by R. H. H.; Watch and Ward, Part V., by Henry James, Jr.; Shasta, by Clarence King; Their Wedding Journey, (Conclusion), by W. D. Howells; Chicago, by John G. Whittier; General Butler's Campaign in Massachusetts, by "Warrington;" Our Whispering Gallery, Part XII., by James T. Fields; The Princess Bob and her Friends, by Bret Harte; Recent Contributions, Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for December, which completes a volume, has the following table of contents: Jack Hazard and his Fortunes (Conclusion), by J. T. Trowbridge; In the Fishers' Hut, a poem by Helen Barlow; A Trip to the Big Trees, by Aunt Frances; Blue Birds in Autumn, a poem by Celia Thaxter; How Tommy rode a Horse to Water; The Dog of Melrose and his Mistress, Part II., by Walter Mitchell; Fido's Fan, a poem by Ellen Porter Clapp; Major Nash and his Bear Story, by Ajax T. Damon; A Stormy Day's Pastime, by Laura D. Nichols; The Story of the Pansy, by Margarette G. Townsend; Give them Mothers, a poem, assembled in Westminster Abbey; Some beautiful specimens of Flemish architecture; Farewell to Father Land, a touching scene; and several other fine pictures. It is announced that this weekly is to drop its pictorial character on the first of January and resume its old form and become again a Journal of Choice Reading."

Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5.00 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week has fine portraits of President Grant and Rev. W. H. Murray, pastor of the Park St. Church, Boston; a double page picture of the Company for the Revision of the Old Testament, assembled in Westminster Abbey; Some beautiful specimens of Flemish architecture; Farewell to Father Land, a touching scene; and several other fine pictures. It is announced that this weekly is to drop its pictorial character on the first of January and resume its old form and become again a Journal of Choice Reading."

Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5.00 a year.

ELECTIC MAGAZINE.—The December number of this Magazine is at hand, and brings the year to a close with a long and very interesting table of Contents. There is a fine portrait on steel of Professor Tyndall which ought to be in the possession of every one interested in modern science, and in the letter-press, is an appreciation of his life and work. Some of the notable articles are one on "Aerial Voyages," giving a complete record of all the attempts hitherto made at navigating the air, and an explanation of the principles on which the science of Aerostatics is based. This is followed by "A Mahometan Revival" (in India); Some American Books, containing capital criticisms on Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Miss Phelps, and others; Prospects of the New Book of Reformations; News from the Planet; The Legend of Frederick Barbarossa; Centennarians; Amber California; Shakespeare and His Times; French Finance; Literary Reminiscence; and a variety of others, together with copious Editorial notes on Literature, Science, and Art.

The time has now come for readers to decide what Magazine they will take during 1872, and before doing so we advise them to look over the contents of the December number. It is published by J. L. Peters, 330 Broadway, New-York.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for December has two steel plates and a large number of other illustrations with the usual designs in the work department. There are stories from the pens of Marion Harland, Mrs. Hopkinson, Miss Frost, See Chestnutwood, Louise Barton and Belle S. Wilson, and poetry by Sue Harlock, Carrie D. Beece, John S. Ried, Clarence F. Bahler, and others. This number completes the forty-first year.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for December is at hand, containing nineteen choice pieces of Vocal and Instrumental Music, all of which can be had for 30 cents. It seems hard to believe that so much can be furnished for such a small sum, but we know that it is. It comes regularly every month, and contains nothing but good music. Bound volumes for 1871 are offered for sale, at \$5. They come elegantly bound in crimson cloth, gilt sides and edges, and are guaranteed to contain \$50 worth of choice Piano Music, (some 200 pieces.) If ordered per express, \$5.00 will ensure its safe delivery. It is a book of choice Holiday Presents to bear this work in mind. Music is always a proper present to a lady, and in no other shape can the same amount of good music be bought. It is published by J. L. Peters, 330 Broadway, New-York.

THE MAINE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will hold the fifth annual meeting at City Hall, Portland, on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27th and 28th. In the programme we notice that Prof. M. Lyford, of Colby University, is set down for a paper on "Intellectual Culture, and Modes of Study best adapted to secure it;" and that J. H. Hanson of Waterville, and W. H. Lambert, of Lewiston, will participate in the discussions.

Hotels will furnish entertainment to members of the Association at reduced rates; free entertainment will be furnished to a limited number of ladies provided they apply to A. P. Stone, Portland, and the railroads will furnish free return tickets to members of the Association.

HOLD ON, BOYS.—The State of Illinois proposes to relieve her soldier bounty lands of the requirement of actual settlement. So it will be with all these cases as soon as enough claims get into the hands of the brokers to enable them to buy the necessary legislative votes;—so hold on to your claims, soldier boys, and reap the benefit yourselves. It will come sooner than you now think.

Wool continues to look upward in price and prospects, notwithstanding the scarcity of money and hay, and falling prices on everything else. If Congress arranges a proper tariff this winter, as they are expected to, wool growing promises to settle into a steady and profitable business. This is the opinion of Mr. Harris, the great manufacturer, as he gives it in the agricultural papers over his signature.

So hold on to your sheep, ye shrewd Kennebec farmers—(who threw your pretty flocks away in a panic three years ago) and as soon as you get enough of them to shear you will begin to get pay for the hay you feed out.

Good fat pork, good fat beef and good fat mutton now bring about equal prices in market. Who ever saw it so before? Look the fact in the face, all ye shrewd farmers and set your corns accordingly.

DISTRICT NO. 1.—A School meeting is called for the evening of the first of December, to choose an Agent, &c. See warrant in advertising column.

William Reynolds, of Sidney, aged about 18, employed in J. P. Wymann's sash and blind factory at Augusta, fell upon a circular saw, on Wednesday, and cut his right hand nearly off.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION is spreading and Juarez asks for extraordinary powers to suppress it.

COLLECTOR MURPHY, of New York, has resigned and General Chester A. Arthur takes his place.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL entered Rome on Monday and took up his residence in the Quirinal. He was greeted with earnest enthusiasm.

From London we have the sad news of the sinking of two British vessels, with all their crews, in the Mersey.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Samuel O. Gray, of Portland, a brakeman on the Maine Central Railroad, was thrown from a freight train, on Wednesday, by striking a bridge near the Lewiston station, and instantly killed.

The following paragraph in the Portland Press is probably pointed at somebody, but the hope expressed is surely not unreasonable and we trust will be realized:—

The senior class at Colby University is now said to be "a united band of professed Christians." Glad to hear it. But we hope that they will not, like some other seniors we wot of, place rebellion against the academic authorities among the Christian virtues, or justify evil works by a citation of the liveliness of their faith.

THE KU-KLUX INVESTIGATION IN GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.—Representative Maynard's subcommittee for the investigation of Ku-Klux outrages, was in session twenty days at Atlanta, Ga., and four at Jacksonville, Florida, examining a large number of witnesses at each place. Most of the evidences at Atlanta, came from personal visits of the Klan, and showed a state of affairs hardly less deplorable than that of the South Carolina counties, in which the habes corpus is suspended. Ben Hill, the well-known politician, expressed the opinion that Toombs, Stevens and other leaders were actually endeavoring to arouse the people of Georgia to another open rebellion. Thirty-three witnesses testified at Jacksonville, stating that the Ku-Klux order under the guise of democratic clubs exists in every county in the State, having at its command a secret service bureau by which obnoxious citizens were quietly expelled from the country. Since the war 108 murders have been committed in Jackson county, but not one of the murderers has been convicted. The negroes testified that under the present regime not a fourth of their number would vote at the next election.

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.—An Augusta correspondent writes that Charles Berry, a musician residing in that city, played at a ball at Kendall's Mills on Monday evening, and after the ball retired to rest as usual, but was restless and unable to sleep, and a sensation of dread of something wrong took hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and courted sleep in vain. So strong did this uneasiness become that he at length arose and took the first train for Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son of four years of age, both nearly suffocated from coal gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he been absent an hour longer, they would doubtless have both been dead.—[Bangor Whig]

IMPORTANT RAILROAD RUMOR. Toby Candor writes as follows to the Boston Journal: "The rumor comes to us that the Boston and Maine Railroad Company are contemplating the purchase of the Maine Central road, but how true it is we cannot say. Our information comes from excellent authority, however."

London letters say the Prince of Wales is acting worse than ever; that his profligacies and debaucheries are shameful and infamous, and that leading Cabinet officers are resolved to make him Regent practically, in order to give him something to do.

The freight business of the Maine Central Railroad, was never so large in the month of November before, and is constantly increasing, so that more rolling stock is imperatively needed.—[Bangor Whig]

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. John Tucker of Sangerville, was found dead Friday upon a load of wood. The cause of his death is supposed to have been heart disease, as he appeared to be enjoying his usual good health only a short time before.—[Bangor Whig]

The Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland have declared war on the National schools, on the ground that

"Because mixed education is intrinsically and grievously dangerous to faith and morals, and tends to perpetuate dissensions, insubordinations and disaffection in this country, those holding different religious principles from theirs, seek to violate the civil rights of Catholic people by forcing upon them a system of education repugnant to their religious convictions, and destructive alike to their temporal and eternal welfare."

This is exposed by the Sunderland (England) Times, which points out that so far from the system being "forced" on the Catholics, it was the result of an agreement, forty years ago between Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, and Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl Derby, and approved at that time by the Pope. The schools aim to be Christian, but not sectarian, and the authorized books of lessons read daily in them, contain copious selections from the Holy Scriptures, approved, when first compiled, by the heads of the rival churches. The Schools, as the Times remarks, have not changed, but Catholicism has, being now expounded in Ireland by bigoted and stupid ultramontanes.—[Port. Press]

AIR POWER AT BRUNSWICK.—We are informed that a successful application of the new air power has been applied at Brunswick. The air is compressed by a waterwheel and connected through a 2 1/2 inch pipe under ground three quarters of a mile and furnishes the motive agent for an engine at the railroad station used for sawing wood. We understand that the power is to be used at other places in the millage.

A minister in one of the Brookfields gave to his son a liberal education, and he was duly examined for the position of principal of a high school, and was rejected. His father was very much excited on hearing the news, and, hastily taking his hat, he rushed down street, and ran full tilt against one member of the committee. He cried out, "What does this mean? Don't the committee know that my son can talk and also write in four different languages?" The committee replied, "That may be, but English is not one of them. We examined him only in English."

The Grand Jury of the Supreme Judicial Court, in session at Lancaster, N. H., has found an indictment under the statute, against the Grand Trunk Railroad for charging unusual freights. The indictment is quite a novelty in legal proceedings, and the questions raised on it excite considerable interest.

Frederick Douglass was refused admission to one of Wagner's palace cars at Rochester, the other day; but he went in, nevertheless. The conductor threatened to throw him out, but thought better of it afterward. Mr. Wagner is a Republican senator elect in New York, while Douglass ran hundreds of votes behind his ticket for the Assembly, on account of his color.

A proposition to repeal the public school law has been introduced in the Georgia legislature, which also has before it a measure proposing game laws nearly as obnoxious as the game laws of England.

A poor soldier, dying at the military asylum a short time since, of the delirium tremens, imagined that young imps of the devil, snakes, and all sorts of venomous reptiles were crawling about the stump of his leg, and that an enemy was constantly squirting tobacco juice into his face. A peaceful and happy death, surely.

Apothecaries in England have hereafter to put all poisonous drugs into bottles of peculiar shape, which cannot be mistaken in the dark or anywhere else.

The corner stone of the first Methodist church in Salt Lake City was laid recently, and there are now regular church organizations of Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics and Presbyterians.

On the 10th inst., Jason Weeks, Esq., late postmaster of Bangor, who was on his way to visit his son at Quincy, Ill., was set upon in a horse car in New York by half a dozen roughs, knocked down, gagged, and robbed of \$7,000 in government bonds, \$6,000 in City of Bangor bonds, and a note for some \$1,100—in all about \$14,000. The matter was placed in the hands of the New York police, but nothing has been yet recovered. Mr. Weeks had some \$500 in bills with him which the rascals did not get, and thus he was able to proceed on his way.

It is proposed to hold a convention in the city of Philadelphia on or about the twentieth of February next, for the purpose of forming a National Catholic Total Abstinence Union. The number of members of State unions is now about thirty thousand.

Mr. John Fehrenbach, the President of the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union of America, in a recent address to the Trades Assembly of Toronto, said he did not believe employers and laborers were enemies, and discounted much of the folly of which trades unions are guilty. He said:

"I want to see more apprentices who will learn their trade thoroughly, and come out good workmen. I believe that in no country in the world can there be produced a greater show of both work than in the United States. Many of our boys undertake to learn trades, and they work just long enough to do a portion of their work, and they go to some place, and hire out as journeymen."

CAUTION! CAUTION!! CAUTION!!!—Unprincipled men are endeavoring, in different parts of the country, to palm off upon the unwary an imitation of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, under a similar sounding yet not identical name. Remember the genuine is called "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy" and not "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Cure." "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy," or some other similar sounding name. Also bear in mind that the genuine has the words "R. Y. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.," printed upon the outside wrapper, and has Dr. Pierce's portrait, name and address on the Government Revenue Stamp upon it, which is a positive guarantee of genuineness. It is therefore an easy matter to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. 566.

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