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Maxham & Wing

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BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?
Who littered the carpets and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares;
Who called for their supper with eager shout,
And while they were getting in and out;
Who kept the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling;
Had ever a want and ever a will,
That added a cure to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come
When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wish to-night,
No little troubles for mother to regret,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to be hung on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no little crack,
No little trundle bed, brittle of frolic,
Galling for mamma to smother the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
Oh, such a dear, lonely evening as this is!
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night!"
Silent the house is, no little ones here,
To stifle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
It seemeth but yesterday since they were young;
Now they are all scattered the world's paths among.
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing,
Out where the high hills of science are glowing,
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping;
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfare all to them nothing;
Out in the wide, wide world striving and toiling,
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again.
Can the great ones to the no-man return?
The broad rolling stream flow back to the byrnie?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
Tend in manhood went forth the strong and the free?
Nay, nay—no true mother would ask for them back;
Her work is done, she has her tramp on life's track,
To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer;
And though the tears fall when she's silent and lone,
She'll know it is best that she's scattered and gone.
Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Thy will, O Father, not my will, be done!

NUMBER ONE.

BY MISS S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Take care of No. 1—that is my motto, gentlemen," said Mr. Markham, and as he spoke he buttoned his coat tightly about him, as if he thought that this act would be convincing proof, to his auditors, that he intended to act to the sentiment he had just expressed.

"But, surely we are commanded to help one another," was the reply. "We should do as we would be done by."

"Exactly! I agree to that last proposition. My barn should be burned down, I should wish to have my neighbors asked to share expense of having it rebuilt."

"Certainly not, because you have comparatively ample means, and could easily have it rebuilt yourself. But you may be placed in a situation when help from another will be very necessary to you."

"Possibly; but I have never yet found it. I believe every one can take care of himself if he has the disposition to do so—I just beg you to excuse me, gentlemen, it is me that I was of my way to the city."

The disappointed visitors took leave, and Mr. Markham returned to the comfortable domestic where his wife and children were waiting him.

"It was early for callers," remarked Mrs. Markham. "Who were they, dear?"

"Two gentlemen, who are trying to get up subscription to rebuild Mr. Lawson's barn, which was burned three or four months since, just before we moved here."

"Mr. Lawson, is he our next neighbor?"

"Yes; you can see his house from the window—that small old-fashioned farm-house. The barn stood on the other side of the road and as really quite a good building. It was a real loss to him, though there was some insurance."

"How much did you give, Harry?"

"Nothing at all. It was a great piece of insurance to come to me. We have not lived the town for more than three months, and I rely know Mr. Lawson by sight. What possible claim has he upon me for assistance? Besides, I always stick to my motto, 'take care of number one.'"

Mrs. Markham looked thoughtful and shook her head.

possible. Poor little fellow! I fear we shall not be able to prevent him from taking the disease."

"Indade an' I'm very sorry for ye, sir, but I must be after laving. My month was up yesterday."

"But surely, Bessie," exclaimed the indignant gentleman, "you would not be so cruel as to leave us, now that we are in such trouble?"

"It is not cruel and selfish that I am, sir. I am very sorry for ye all, but indade I'm afraid of the fever, I must lave this very evening."

Expostulation, persuasion and bribery were alike useless. Bessie's only reply to Mr. Markham's remonstrances was that she "must take care of herself."

"This is looking out for number one with a vengeance," muttered the discomfited master, as he turned from, and went reluctantly to tell his wife of the new misfortune.

"In another hour Bessie was gone. 'We must make the best of it,' remarked Mrs. Markham. 'We can get along very well to-night, and to-morrow I will send for Mrs. Bates, who sometimes washes for us. She will help us for a day or two, until we can find some one to take Bessie's place. I should not like to have a stranger in the house just now. Perhaps Dr. Merrill knows of some suitable person.'"

Morning brought no relief, either to the sick child, or the anxious parents. The fearful disease was making rapid progress, and it was evident that the case was an extremely critical one.

Wary with watching and anxiety, Mrs. Markham sent at an early hour for Mrs. Bates, but received for answer that she could not think of coming where there was scarlet fever, and would not even be willing to have the clothes brought to the house, lest her own little girl should take the disease.

"What can we do, doctor?" asked Mr. Markham, as he told Dr. Merrill how they were situated. "Can you tell us of any one who would be willing to come and help us awhile?"

"I fear it will be a difficult matter to get any one," returned the doctor. "Scarlet fever has been so fatal of late that it is as much dreaded as the small-pox. You should not have told Bessie the name of the disease, Mr. Markham."

"I did not suppose any one would be so selfish as to go off in that manner, when there was sickness in the house," replied Mr. Markham, indignantly.

"Oh, as to that, people always look out for number one," said the doctor, good naturedly, and quite unconscious that he was treading on delicate ground. "I will make inquiries, and see what I can do for you," he added, as he took leave, promising to see his patient again in the course of the day.

"I think he will find some one," said Mr. Markham, hopefully. "Everybody cannot be afraid of scarlet fever; and for to-day I can remain at home without serious inconvenience, and will do my best to help you. What shall I do first?"

"You had better stay with Julia, I think," answered Mrs. Markham, a little doubtfully, for she had not much confidence in her husband's skill as a nurse, and still less in his capacity for being useful in the kitchen.

The day wore slowly away. The child continued very ill, and after doing what was absolutely necessary for the comfort of the family, the mother returned to the sick room, and devoted herself to the sufferer, while Mr. Markham took charge of Robbie, who was lonely and fretful without his usual playmate.

The doctor's second visit brought no relief. He shook his head gravely as he looked at his patient and made no direct reply to the anxious inquiries of the parents; and his efforts to procure help had been entirely unsuccessful.

Another weary night passed. The little girl moaned piteously if her mother attempted to leave her, and after one or two efforts to take his wife's place, Mr. Markham went to the kitchen to prepare the breakfast. This was for him no easy task, for he was totally inexperienced in such matters.

And in another moment, Mrs. Lawson was actively preparing a substantial breakfast, which with some help from Mr. Markham in telling her where things were kept, was soon ready for the table, while a little waiter stood neatly arranged for taking a tempting morning meal to the weary mother, who was still watching by the sick bed.

"Mrs. Markham will feel better for a cup of coffee and a bit of toast. Will you take it to her, sir?" said the kindly neighbor, and I will have all ready for you and the little man when you come down."

As she spoke, she stooped to give little Robbie who had been attentively watching her, a kiss, and carefully lifting him into his high chair, tied on his table-apron, which she saw hanging ready for the purpose, and placed his breakfast before him.

Mrs. Markham looked up and made a sign of silence as her husband entered the room with the waiter.

"She is really sleeping quietly," she whispered, as she came forward to meet him, "and there is moisture upon the skin. I do think the symptoms are more favorable. Why Henry!" she exclaimed, with a glance of surprise at the waiter, "what a good cook you are! I had no idea you could get breakfast so nicely."

"You are not indebted to me for it," replied her husband with a smile. "We had help of the first quality down stairs, I assure you."

"Is it possible? What a relief! Did Doctor Merrill send her?"

"No, indeed! She came of her own accord. It is our neighbor, Mrs. Lawson. She heard of our situation, and came to offer her services."

"And you asked her to get breakfast? Why, Henry?"

"It is all right, I assure you, little wife. She is just the kindest, most motherly sort of woman you ever saw, and takes right hold of the first thing she sees needs to be done. She said a cup of coffee would do you good, and asked me to take it to you, and then come to my own breakfast. She has it all ready."

"Go then, by all means; I am sure you need it. But it does seem so strange to be indebted to a stranger in this way," replied Mrs. Markham, with a sigh, as she closed the door gently after her husband, and sat down to refresh herself from the little waiter.

"And now, Mr. Markham," said his new friend, as the gentleman finished his morning meal, and expressed his earnest thanks, "if you will trust your family to my care for the day, and go to your business as usual, I will do my very best to attend to them faithfully."

"But, my dear madam, it seems too much to ask of you. We have no claim upon you for so much kindness."

"I do not see it in that light. We all have claims upon each other for kindness and sympathy. I have a daughter at home who can attend to the family, so you need not hesitate to accept my offer. I am very glad to be of use to you."

Mr. Markham thought of his boasted motto, "Take care of number one," and stood rebuked in the presence of his friendly neighbor.

An early visit from the doctor, and an assurance that the disease was taking a more favorable turn diffused a cheerful spirit throughout the household. Mr. Markham went to his business, and Mrs. Lawson, after putting the house in order, and attending to little Robbie's wants, went in her motherly way to the sick room, and quietly won her way to the hearts of both mother and daughter.

When Mr. Markham returned in the evening, he was surprised to find his wife awaiting him at the supper table, and to hear her say that Julia was quite willing to have Mrs. Lawson stay with her a part of the time.

The gentleman said nothing; but as she went on talking with his wife on other subjects, he thought over the events of the last two weeks, and came to the just conclusion that the lesson he had learned from Mrs. Lawson was far more valuable than anything that money could bestow; and in his heart he resolved that the better motto of "Help one another" should in future take the place of his old one, "Take care of number one."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in referring recently to the New York frauds, took occasion to express sympathy with the criminals, whereupon the *Nation* takes up the Rev. gentleman, and among other utterances has the following:—

We deny altogether that there is in Bible canons, or traditions, any warrant for the doctrine that sympathy with the perpetrators of a crime, who is trying to escape without abandoning his "swag" is a Christian duty, even of imperfect obligation.

We will go a little further and say—and we mean no pleasant saying it—that the practice of trying to look at the world and at our fellow-men "as God looks at them," in which so many excellent people indulge, is a failure, and had better be given up. There are one or two obvious objections to it. The first is, of course, that God's eyes are all-seeing, while our range of vision is very narrow; and that his voice is almighty while ours is very weak.

We doubt, indeed, if there be any weakness which does more to bring about the corruption and looseness which we are all mourning over, than these sentimental attempts to imitate the Divine government in the matter of dealing with offences against social morality.

God can well afford to let a thief run, because he can catch him whenever he pleases, but we must catch him before he takes the steamers or disposes of his goods. God can indict and convict him now, or half a century hence, with the certainty of doom; we must indict him while the witnesses are living and the courts sitting. It is, of course open to any of us, as matter of moral and religious discipline, to pity him, or forgive him; but our duty as citizens is none the less to join the sheriff in pursuing him, and while on the track to refrain from demoralizing or discouraging the posse, by expressing doubts whether, as we are all sinners, it is worth while to chase him.

ANCESTRAL WISDOM.—In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of Peter Van Schrenkenblyke, who had cleared his own farm, guarded carefully from the attacks of the Indians, and willed it to his son Jacob. The farm was transmitted in regular order from father to son and at last became the property of Heinrich Van Schrenkenblyke—a good natured, stolid Teuton, whose son, Johannes, a bright and lively youth of sixteen years—was told to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with a grist, and hurry back. The grist was on such occasions placed in one end of a bag, and a large stone in the other end to balance it. Johannes, having thrown the sack across the horse's back and got the grist evenly divided, had no need of the stone to balance it. He ran to his father and cried:

"Oh, father come and see; we don't need the stone any more."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the scene, and with a severely reproachful look, said:

"Johannes, your father, your grandfather, and your great-grandfather all went to the mill with the stone in one end of the bag, and do grist in the other. And now you, a mere boy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. You put de stone in de bag and never more let me see such smartness like dat."

We wish we had the space this week to speak as it deserves of the good work that our Young Men's Christian Association is doing in relieving the destitute. The delicacy and sympathy with which their assistance is rendered, and which, in the nature of the case, can hardly be so exercised by the regular relief committees, are worth quite as much as the relief that goes with them. They solicit a contribution of supplies or money from the churches on Thanksgiving day. It may be sent to the Secretary of their Relief Committee, Rev. Robert Patterson, corner Peoria and Jackson streets.

[The Advance.]

The fact that a man prates prettily about piety and humanity does not prove that he possesses either. There have been in history some eloquent preachers whose lives have proved to be void of principle—not many, but enough to prove that there is a difference between sentiment and principle. A man may be a philanthropic writer and no philanthropist; he may, at times, be a Christian writer and no Christian; he may give expression to experiences that he knows only by imagination; he may marry beautiful feeling to false doctrine, and so give the one a false light reflected from the other. And he who does not recognize the difference between sentimentalism and religion will always be liable to be deceived by the thin veneer and cheap gilding which readily pass among the indiscriminating for solid wood and pure gold.

The statistics of trade show that, relatively, our people read newspapers more and books less every year. The sensible thing for those who do not like that fact is, not to grumble at it, but do their best to make the newspapers worth reading.

Mrs. Bowles, of Massachusetts, based her whole argument for woman suffrage before the convention at Philadelphia on the ground that, if one lone woman turned this world upside down, certainly all of the women now banded together can turn it right side up.

The new Signal office reports that, upon the afternoon of the fifteenth inst., the wind on the summit of Mount Washington, N. H., reached the velocity of one hundred and fifty miles per hour, by actual measurement. This exceeds by thirty miles per hour the greatest velocity previously noted by the meteorologists in this country and Europe.

Shanghai dates to the eleventh of October state that a mob of Chinamen in the interior razed two American and two British missionary chapels, killing one missionary. The Consuls have demanded reparation.

OUR TABLE.

OLD AND NEW.—The December number contains the first part of "Six of One and a Dozen of the Other," the much talked of story in six parts, one to be written by Mrs. Stowe, and the others by Messrs. Loring, Hale and Perkins. Mrs. Whitney and Miss Hale. The authors of the respective parts are not to be announced beforehand. The publishers offer free to new subscribers, the last three months of 1871, and also "The Christmas Looker," a Holiday Gift Book, published early in December, containing stories, poems and other papers by various popular writers. The contents of the December number are as follows:

Old and New; Day Dreaming, Francis Tiffany; The Language of Brutes, Leonard A. Jones; To —, J. J. Upes and Downs, Chap. XI, E. E. Hale; God with Man, Jos. May; Daphne; A Monday, Mary E. Nutting; A Model, F. A. W.; Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other, Chap. I; The Bear Rock, A. D. W.; Sorrento Papers, Charles D. Warner; The Companion of Paradise, Henry A. Miles; The Examiner; Fine Arts; Record of Progress.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$1 a year. Geo. A. Coolidge, Business Agent, 143 Washington St.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The publishers of "Arthur" claim for it the high distinction of being Queen of the Lady's Magazines; and the December number would seem to justify their claim to the point. "Key-Note," "A Merry Christmas," and "Check," the last a rich cartoon, are illustrations of a high order, and address themselves to readers of taste and culture. The fashions are finely represented, full and varied. But the special charm of the Home Magazine lies in the excellent quality of its reading matter. Speaking of this, the editors say: "While we claim for our serial stories a power and interest unrivaled by any of our contemporaries, we hold our magazine to be in advance of them all in the moral purpose underlying its conduct. The thousands in whose homes it has been for so many years a vision, can testify to its unswerving loyalty to all things pure and true and noble in human conduct. The frivolous, the prurient, the mere sensational in literature has never had and never can have a place in its pages."

This claim the publishers, the press has long since conceded; and it is gratifying to know that the people themselves recognize the claim and give the "Home" a wide and generous patronage. We close the year with "Now is the time to send for this Magazine. Terms \$2 a year, with a large reduction to clubs and splendid premiums. Specimen numbers 15 cents. Address: S. P. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia Pa.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—In their December number, just received, the publishers of this beautiful magazine say: "We will not promise to make the 'Hour' any better or handsomer any year than it has been in 1871, for we do not really know where to improve it. But we will promise to keep it fully up to its high reputation as 'the best and purest, and most attractive of the children's magazines.' We close the year with a number of unusual richness." Now is the time for all who wish to get the very choicest reading for their little ones, to send for the "Children's Hour," and secure its visits from the commencement of the new volume. It is one of the few periodicals that all may place in the hands of their children and feel sure that not a line will be found therein not fraught with a good influence. The illustrations in this number are remarkably fine. Price \$1.25 a year; 6 copies for \$5.00, with a beautiful Chromo as a premium for clubs. Specimen copies 10 cents. Address: S. P. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR December contains among other good things, Judge Daly, of New York, with a fine portrait; An Old Bone of Contention; South Africa and the Diamond Fields; Essays on the Future of Man; The Lure of Court and of Chancery; The Commune of Paris; The Session and its Lessons.

The four great English 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; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts to clubs in all the principal cities, and towns where 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 56 cents per year.

CATARH.—With three yankoes out of every four afflicted with catarrh, it is no wonder that those doctors who make the disease a specialty find their services in demand, and with their extortionate charges their practice yields quite a large profit. These men deal almost exclusively in local applications—steri-nutatories, nasal baths, snuff, etc.—which merely afford temporary relief without touching the seat of the disease, which, says Dr. R. T. Trall in *Phrenological Journal*, is in the liver.

All forms of catarrh, he contends, are born of a disordered liver, and to effect a radical cure something more is necessary than local treatment. His method of cure is as follows:—

To state the *methodus medendi* scientifically, the indications for treatment are threefold: 1. To maintain the function of the excretory organs generally. 2. To restore the function of the liver specially. 3. To obviate pain and irritation in the nasal mucous membrane.

In treating a case of catarrh these distinctive indications may be disregarded; for whatever is *wholesome* to the patient is adapted to either and to all of them.

But, first of all the patient must "cease to do evil." He must avoid all ingesta that tend to occasion biliousness. He should abandon all articles of diet, drink, or seasoning which conduce to congestion or torpidity of the liver. Of drinks little need be said. There is no beverage in the universe save water, so we have nothing to discuss under this head. All of the so-called beverages of Art—spirits, wine, cider, beer, tea, coffee, mineral waters, etc.—are nothing but water holding some impurity in solution, or mixed with poisonous ingredients. For all drinking purposes the rule of nature and of common sense is, *the purer the water the better*. Let the patient drink pure water according to thirst. It is better not to drink at all at meals; and those who adopt a proper dietary and disuse condiments will have no disposition to drink while eating. But, even the purest water should not be drunk as a habit. Most persons drink as much or more, from habit, as they do because of thirst. This is all wrong. It loads the stomach with useless fluid, burdens the vital machinery with unnecessary labor, and eventually impairs the digestive powers.

The dietetic plan, whether vegetarian or mixed, can not well be too plain. If late suppers are avoided and morbid cravings be duly restrained, it is not very important whether two or three meals a day are taken. I prefer two, however. But it is important that all articles which irritate the mucous membrane, salt and pepper, for example, and all articles that obstruct the liver or induce constipation, as do

all greasy and starchy preparations, should be sedulously abstained from. I regard milk as very objectionable, and sugar as still worse, notwithstanding they are freely used and highly lauded at most professed health institutions. The only truly wholesome bread is that which is made of unbolted meal and water. But those who can not have this, or who prefer to use fine-flour bread, should use a larger proportion of fruits and vegetables—the fruits especially. Many persons have a notion that certain fruits, as cranberries and tomatoes, have some specific or medicinal "virtue" in affections of the liver. This is all nonsense, as is the "cider-cure," which some persons recommend very highly. It is not many years since extract of tomato pills was sold all over the country as a substitute for calomel and blue-pill. All good fruit is good for sick folks or well folks, for diseased livers or sound livers, for well noses or catarrhal noses. But it should be taken at meals as food, and not between meals as medicine.

In the matter of bathing, many persons who undertake to treat catarrh hydropathically, give too much of the "cold-water-cure," and too little of "Hygienic Medication." If the dietary is plain and simple, very little bathing will answer; and if it is not, much bathing will not cure. A tepid or moderately cool bath or

ablution two or three times a week is usually sufficient so far as the whole bodily surface is concerned. The wet-sheet bath, if practicable, or if not the full warm bath, once a week at bedtime, will be serviceable for those of full habits and strong constitution. All very hot or prolonged warm baths are injurious. Hip and foot-baths, from 75 to 85 deg., are often advantageously employed daily, or every other day. Nasal baths may be taken two or three times a day, provided the water is not too cold. It should not occasion irritation or smarting. The better way is to draw it very gently into the nasal cavities, and the proper temperature is usually 70 to 80 deg's. The inflamed surface often extends into the frontal sinuses, and then cold, or even cool water, drawn with violence upon the nasal passages causes much distress, and often induces headache. In all such cases the temperature of the water employed should be warm at first, 90 to 95 deg's, and gradually reduced as it can be borne without unpleasantness. I have had some patients to treat who had not been able to pass a drop of water through the nostrils for years, because of the swelling of the mucous membrane. They recovered in a few months by means of the plan of management I am recommending.

Exercise is one of the essentials of successful treatment; but here again the patient is very apt to overdo. All exercises should be moderate, but may be frequent, and as prolonged as possible short of fatigue. Many patients suffering from dyspepsia, catarrh, nervous debility, etc., being anxious for a speedy cure, exercise themselves into a feverish condition frequently, resulting in an increased congestion of the diseased mucous membrane and an aggravation of the catarrhal affection.

There is no one method of exercise better than walking. Yet some variety is preferable. The lifting machines, the vibrators, the Swedish movements, and wands, and rings, and dumb bells, etc., are all more or less useful, if properly managed; and so are croquet, horse back riding, boat rowing, and mountain climbing; and so is sawing wood, washing clothes, or making fences. Those who have time and room can easily extemporize some plan of exercises, that will answer. But if they can not, or will not exercise themselves, they had better go to a "machine-cure" and be exercised. Exercise is essential; and the systematic methods of the health institutions and gymnasia are much better than the careless and irregular habits which are apt to prevail in home-treatment.

Spurgeon tells the following: "I like the story of the servant who, when she was asked on joining the church whether she was really converted, replied, 'I hope so, sir.' 'What makes you think you are really a child of God?' 'Well, there is a great change in me from what there used to be.' 'What is that change?' 'I don't know, but there's a real change in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats now.'"

A few evenings since, in a country store of a neighboring town, a little knot of men were discussing the merits of the hydraulic ram; an honest farmer, who was making some purchases, overheard a part of the conversation, and he, stepping forward just as one of the speakers expressed his strong belief in the good qualities of the machine, remarked, "Yes, gentlemen, I know they are good,—that three year old ram I sold to Deacon Cooper last week was partly hydraulic."

George William Curtis offers in the last *Easy Chair* a qualified excuse for the acts of the Commune. He says: "The madness, the folly, the cruelty of mobs and revolutions are not all of them. A frantic Commune is not merely an illustration of the natural depravity of man, as it is called. No, it is as significant as the cloud that portends a tornado. If a man can not walk through the streets of the new city of New York, looking into its worst slums, its dreadful dens, and then reflect upon its fifty thousand human beings unhappier than the brutes and as ignorant, and who multiply themselves immeasurably, and not feel that society is justly reproached, and must somehow pay the penalty, what must be his reflections in crumpled and suffocating Europe?"

The Mobile Register publishes an article entitled "We are conquered. It is best to say so?" And in this article it remarks: "The South looked around for help in its extremity, eager to take it where it should find it. It found it in the Democratic party, and made an alliance with it. It was a wise alliance, even though it should finally fail. But it has not finally failed. We may have to extend our alliance, to gain more help and strength for our deliverance. Common sense and protection tell us to extend it when we can and where we can. And it is just because we are conquered, that we are so instructed."

The Louisville Courier Journal strikes the true key-note, when it exclaims: "Up with school books and down with the Ku-Klux is the word; and if it be spoken in time, and with the proper spirit and emphasis, it will prove a word of enchantment."

The Canadian papers show that, according to the recent census, the full population of the Dominion is very much less than was popularly supposed. It has a little less than three and one-half millions, while it had quite confidently counted on four millions.

Salt Lake is progressing. The city prisoners now appear at work on the streets without the ball and chain attached to their limbs. The Mormon papers say, "We must do everything we can to show to the Gentiles our advance in civilization."

The Emperor William has consented to act as an arbitrator between the United States and England, upon the question of the disputed line between the former country and Vancouver's Island, in the Strait of San Juan de Fuca.

Waterville Mail.

EDM. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 1, 1871.



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

A very pleasant condition to be in, certainly, is that of the young Russian heir to the throne, now visiting in this country,—that is, if report is true. Report says that the young duke is constantly guarded by the police night and day, for fear his life will be taken by the members of the Polish lodges in N. York. It says that the movements of these lodges indicate the propriety of this precaution against his assassination. Now, we do not believe a word of this, and yet the mere report is suggestive. It was before either this young man or his father, the present emperor of Russia, saw the light of the sun, that Russia, Prussia, and Austria entered into a compact to take the kingdom of Poland and divide it into three parts among them. They made no pretence of justice before the world; and the world stamped the measure the rankest case of political robbery and plunder in history. This deed was enacted about the year 1770; and from that day to this, Polish exiles, driven to become such by the burning patriotism and vengeance rankling within them, have been gradually distributing themselves among other civilized nations. Great numbers of them came to this country, for republicanism had been a turbulent spirit among them at home, before the partition. The city of N. York has many of them; and their lodges are known to harbor the spirit of revenge as well as the hope of restoration for their country. No wonder report should say the young duke's life is not safe among them. Political justice, as the European nations have interpreted it, might be expected to say the same thing. "By dint of negotiating and intriguing," said the Prussian king, "I succeeded in incorporating Polish Prussia with my old provinces." Maria Theresa said for Austria, "Not only public law, but all natural justice and reason cries to heaven against us." What Russia said at this time confessional is not on record, but the young heir to the unholy conquest ventures to meet in a foreign land the victims of a wrong he knows they never ought to forgive till they revenge it. And here report starts the above item of telegraphic gossip,—which we confess we could more easily credit if it were not so natural to think it true. Law, in this country, is stronger than the "natural justice" meant by the Austrian woman; and if the emperor of Russia did not believe it he would never trust his son and heir to come among us. The boy is probably as safe as any of us.

What has become of the dignity of the American Senate? cried one of our venerable statesmen forty years ago. In humble imitation of so good a man, when will anybody venture to inquire in a modest way "What has become of the integrity of American politicians?" Not that we care what might be the answer, for it would not change things much; but it might do the politicians some good to have the inquiry started. Now, here is that good and pure man, Mr. Colfax, out with a letter—so say the newspapers—denying that he is intriguing against Gen. Grant for the presidency! Who dared to think such a thing? He, the immaculate—almost—who dared to think so? Such a letter is as baseless as the inquiry of the boy who asked his mother, "What makes the boys all say I shant never set the river a-fire when I never had no notion on't?" Mr. Colfax don't even want the office—so the good man says; and of course after having been in office so long, he must be tired of it. And then to intrigue against his bosom friend, under whom he has enjoyed the only comfortable office the people could give him—all salary, and nothing to do. It is well that he comes out and denies the charge before anybody hears of it. It nips the mischief in the bud. We always sympathize with men whose integrity is attacked in this way. There was our Mr. Blaine, (who by the way, would make a good vice president) came very near being accused of intriguing against his friend Mr. Morrill for the senatorship. Of course nobody believed it; and yet so persistent is a suspicion of this kind, he had to back his denial with the endorsement of Mr. Morrill in order to make it pass. No man's integrity ought to be doubted in this way. Even Ben Butler—well—perhaps we strain matters a little by lugging Ben into this trio on a point of integrity—and—well, we'll leave him out. But we do wish some bold man would start an inquiry into the matter

named—the integrity of our great politicians. Why are they so strongly suspected of intriguing for office? That is the question.

The Kennebec Journal regards it a "case of honesty deserving 'special mention,'" that Mr. Vivian, when he found Mr. Weeks' pocket-book with \$500 in it, returned it to the owner instead of stealing it. This may pass for extraordinary honesty at our state capital, but anywhere else in Maine it is only "doing the fair thing." The Journal says, in substance, that it was the natural supposition that Mr. Vivian would pocket his neighbor's money and count it a piece of good luck. Some folks don't think so, friend Journal. Guess you are mixing up your politics with business matters. This will never do.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Oct. 1, 1871.

"The finest, the most imposing view of Quebec, is obtained in approaching it from the north. Here we have everything present which can conduce to its grandeur. The long line of cliffs, terminating in the abrupt promontory capped with its heavy citadel, are exactly fitted to raise our emotions, step by step, to a due sense of the majesty of the whole. View Quebec from the river, people it with imaginary personages, think of its past history, consider its present isolation, and it is grand, almost sublime. Would you derive all the pleasure possible from a visit to this quaint old city, cast off your Yankee peculiarities, all your utilitarian ideas, yield yourself to the complete control of your feelings. Give imagination full sway and you will be amply rewarded."

But now we approach the dock. We may well think that we have just completed the voyage of the Atlantic and are landing on French soil. There is but a narrow strip of land outside the walls on the side next the river, and away above the roofs of the houses we see the towering cliff and wonder how, by the aid of horses, we are ever to reach the upper town. A zig zag road, however, along the side of the hill, solves the difficulty, and we finally reach our hotel, which, alas, is sadly American. After breakfast as it is yet rather early to visit the citadel, let us take a short walk around the neighboring streets. But little observation serves to inform us that in one element of protection, at least, the walls seem to have been very efficacious. The spirit of enterprise, which we see in all the cities of the United States, and even in the other cities of Canada, has not entered here. Below the city, farthest from the citadel, and, as we may think, out of reach of its guns, it has a light foothold. But inside the walls, and, indeed, in their immediate proximity, it has left no trace of its presence. Quebec is not so many a delight in picturing it, a second Rip Van Winkle, awakening from a sleep of half a century. It has never slept more than it is now sleeping. It has walled itself in; it has, as it were, wrapped its cloak about its head, shutting out the influence of outside progress and, one on in the dark, living for and in itself. But something deeper, something stronger far, than its few feet of solid masonry have served to bring this about. How many reflections of this kind will crowd upon one's mind while visiting this strange, old place.

Now let us go back to the hotel and select one of the numerous *cabriolets* in waiting, take a drive about the place. Three dollars—silver dollars, it must be remembered—will pay for this equipage for a day. A short drive will bring us to the massive walls of the citadel. After all, they don't look so very massive. We cannot help thinking that, with one of our monitors in good range, they would soon be demolished. But be this as it may, let us ever bear in mind that we are in a walled city, the only one in America, a second Gibraltar, Luxembourg, anything strong, impregnable. A servant of Her Britannic Majesty, in the shape of a corporal, with a very small cap and a very large strap under his chin to hold it on, shows us the works. Of these we cannot speak as an engineer. The most interesting spot, to an American, at least, is the place where Montgomery fell. It is just outside the walls, and so steep is the embankment here, that to attempt an assault on this side would seem to be nothing less than madness. After making the circuit of the walls, we visit the officers' quarters and the barracks of the men. Here we see a survivor of the Winnipeg Rebellion, in the shape of a large black bear. Bruin seems to enjoy his present quarters as well as could be expected, and paces up and down, as far as his chain will allow him, with all the dignity of his military masters. His taste, too, seems to have become eminently civilized, judging from a remark of our guide. "Hoh, Sir," said he, "You thought to see 'im heat hoggs." We expressed ourselves as being very sorry not to be able to witness this strange phenomenon and, bidding adieu to the bear and the corporal, we drove to the next great point of interest—the Plains of Abraham.

Here, we find that the modern Englishman has triumphed over the old utility, supplants all the memories of great deeds performed which should render this spot sacred. The monument of Wolfe is overshadowed by a prison. But would we dispel these thoughts of the ingratitude of the present, let us go immediately to the Governor's Garden. We find, here, a more fitting testimonial to the memory of those two great men who both fell in the struggle for the possession—it might almost be said—of North America. In the erection of a monument to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, the British government has certainly shown great magnanimity.

It is but a step from the garden to the terrace. This forms the promenade for the whole city. On a pleasant afternoon or evening it is thronged with people of all classes. We have from here a fine view of the lower bay and can see far down the river, which is dotted with vessels of all sizes, from the ships of the line to the smallest fishing-smack. The military we see everywhere. On the corners, we see the soldiers talking with the servant girls and in the *calachés* we see the officers riding with the daughters and, possibly, the wives of the honest *bourgeoisie*. Every second man you meet wears a uniform and you cannot but wonder what must become of the place when they return, as it is now expected, to England. The recent act of the British Parliament, giving to the provincial government the sole control of her American possessions, must be, to Quebec, the sounding of her death knell.

Now, let us make a general exploration of the city,—or, at least, that part of it within the walls. No danger of getting lost here, notwithstanding the crookedness and narrowness of the streets. Turn down which one you will, a short walk will bring you to the walls, and there, you can take your bearings anew and lay your course in some other direction. You can't

help thinking what funny streets these are, each bearing the name of a Saint, which appear on the corners like the names in some old catechism. Now, you pass a store whose windows are lined with cheap pictures, before one of which, you see an old woman devoutly telling her beads. At another place you see a monk, cowed and hooded, hurrying to his evening or morning devotions. The whole place bears the deep impress of Catholicism. Almost every prominent building is either a church, a monastery, a nunnery, or some institution built in its interests. You wonder at the diversity of taste shown in the color of the buildings, each one of which seems to have been constructed to the likes and dislikes of the inmates and the nuns. You cannot help thinking that the lawyers of Quebec must be a much more innocent class of persons than those of the States, judging from the signs of *avocats* which seem invariably to be placed on the doors of private houses rather than public offices. You look at the different kinds of people you meet in the streets, and try to decide their nationality from their appearance. In most cases you have very little difficulty. You have never seen before so many that seem an exact copy of your ideal John Bull, with glaring red mutton chop whiskers, all complete. Your real Parisian Frenchman is here too, to say nothing of the more numerous Canucks.

The houses of Quebec are all, or nearly all, built of stone, brick or stucco. They seem, for the most part, to be very low posted and, with their thick heavy walls, contribute, as much as anything, to the military air of the place. But of the city inside the wall we have said enough. At some future time the city *extra muros*, and the Falls of Montmorency, may claim our attention.

H. C. HALLOWELL, Esq., of Methuen, Mass., a "Colby boy," recently gave a public reading in the Town Hall in that place, which, says a correspondent of the Essex *Eagle*, drew out a large audience of the best citizens—much larger than has been drawn together there of late by any first class lecturer. The *Eagle* says, "The versatility of Mr. Hallowell is the great secret of his success as a reader. Though a Yankee, to the manor born, he would readily pass, in representing an Irish character, as a genuine Irish gentleman of the old-school. His keen perception and knowledge of the world enables him to present many points in character which a mere student or a less intellectual man would overlook." And the *Eagle* thanks Mr. P. S. Warren, teacher of the Methuen High School—another Colby boy, we believe—for this fine entertainment.

STRANGE!—One of our young business men is in trouble about a dream he had Thanksgiving night. He thought he subscribed twenty dollars for some charity which he cannot now remember, paying ten dollars down and giving his note for the balance. He says he is willing to let the ten dollars go, but declares he will refuse the note. He says he remembers that the payee was a tall man in black, with something about his coat-tail that made him think of the "Darwinian philosophy." He thinks he shall know him if he ever meets him. It is lucky, he says, that he knew enough not to give a negotiable note.

Boys! We will not say to you—Don't go on the ice, for fear of being drowned; but we will say, if you go, keep away from the dangerous places, even if some one dares you to go. A lad skating below the railroad bridge, on Friday, fell in, and in trying to rescue him, two more broke in. They were all got out, wetter, colder and wiser than when they went in.

SEVERE SNOW STORMS in the far west have occasioned much suffering and loss of life. In western Kansas large numbers of Texas cattle and several horses were frozen to death. Five bodies, supposed to be those of buffalo hunters, were brought into Hayes City Saturday night, frozen stiff, and great anxiety is felt for other parties who were out. In Minnesota, and Utah, too, there has been loss of life.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—From a catalogue just issued we learn that the number of students is 158, with 67 medical students. The Freshman class numbers 59, the largest for several years. Sewall M. Chandler, of Waterville, is a member of the Sophomore class, and David McCrellis Scribner a member of the Freshman class.

THE ADVANCE failed to reach us last week, but this week it comes to us restored to its old size and shape and brimful of solid reading with a delightful relish. Two of its eight large and handsome pages are occupied with the proceedings of the National Council of Congregationalists which recently met at Oberlin. Subscriptions for this sterling religious paper will be received until Jan. 1, at \$2.50 a year; after that the price will be \$3, and it is cheap enough at that price.

THE Belfast *Age*, in answer to some statements recently made in the papers, protests that that city has been slandered, and claims that the Belfast people are as temperate and well behaved as their neighbors.

RUM'S WORK.—In a drunken affray at Ross' Corner in Shapleigh, on Sunday, Luke Smith shot his two sons—one of them receiving a severe and perhaps fatal wound in the temple, and the other being wounded in the groin and in his right hand. All the parties were intoxicated.

THE WEATHER has been unprecedentedly cold for November, and on Tuesday night, at one freeze, Ticonic Bay was covered with ice—a thing never known to be done before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

THE large new saw mill at the east end of the Augusta Dam, belonging to the Spragues, has been leased by the Kennebec Lumber Co.

A MAN near Avondale, Penn., on his death bed confessed that he was one of the six who set fire to the breaker that produced the great disaster there.

OUR TABLE.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—The story of "Paul the Peddler," is concluded in the December number, but his adventures will be continued in the next volume, which begins with the January number, in a story entitled "Slow and Sure, or From the Street to the Shop," by the same writer, Horatio Alger, Jr. The interesting pictorial story, "The Captive Brother," is also concluded, and the number contains much other instructive and interesting reading, including the usual Dialogue and Declaration for schools. The publishers of for the last three numbers of 1871 to all new subscribers for 1872 who pay before Dec. 15th; and all the old ones who renew, with money in advance, before the same date, will receive the magazine free of postage. Published by Joseph H. Allen, 366 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE NURSERY, a monthly magazine for youngsters—readers—the only one of its class in the country—closes the year with a charming number, full of the nicest stories and the brightest pictures. This magazine is just the thing for little folks who are learning to read, and it has been introduced into many schools as a first reading book with the happiest results. Next year it will be better than ever—if possible.

MURRY'S MUSEUM is an old favorite with Young America, and will always remain so while it is so well filled. It always provides a happy combination of the useful and the entertaining, with a liberal sprinkling of handsome engravings to give added interest to the reading. Many good things are promised in the coming volume, including a new serial story by Mrs. Mary E. Pratt, entitled "Hilda," a sequel to "The Drummer Boy of the Grand Army," entitled "The Drummer Boy in Russia," and a bright story by the author of "Knock-About." New subscribers receive the Nov. and Dec. numbers of 1871 free.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

SHAYLER'S FAMILY RECORD, advertised in another column, is beautiful both in design and execution—but there should have been two spaces for photographs at the top, instead of one, in these days of equal rights.

OUR thanks are due to Hon. J. G. Blaine, our representative in Congress, for a liberal supply of public documents.

AN AWFUL WARNING.—A down river editor, (presumably poor by virtue of his avocation) who was comfortably lodged before, in an evil hour, and without carefully counting the cost, determined to build a house, and the bitter overflow of his repentance has flavored his paper weekly ever since he commenced the work. From grumbling he was driven to swearing, and now he sits with Job in sackcloth and ashes, echoing the prayer of that ancient worthy, with a variation—"O that mine enemy would build a house!"

John W. Channing, Kendall's Mills, has been appointed Dedimus Justice—whatever that is.

PRINCE ALBERT, the heir apparent of the British throne, a fast man, has been sick unto death, and papers have speculated as to the succession in the event of his decease; but later accounts are more favorable. It is to be hoped that he will rise a purified and improved man.

MISS RICKER, the amiable and accomplished teacher in the Classical Institute—who went home unwell a few weeks ago and concerning whose condition alarming reports were erroneously circulated—we are pleased to learn is improving rapidly, but she will need several weeks more of rest to recover from the physical exhaustion induced by overwork.

The Chicago times affably suggests that the Hon. John Young Scammon be seized and pitched into Lake Michigan because that obdurate man denies the right and wish of the city to sell the lake park strip to the railroads. The ground will bring nearly a million into the empty city treasury, and Mr. Scammon declares that he will enjoy his heirs ever parting with their share if the papers do not let him alone.

Mr. Scammon was reared in Kennebec County in this State.

THE MAINE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION met in Portland on Monday, Charles B. Rounds presiding. Valuable papers were read before the association, and important questions were discussed. We notice that Prof. Moses Lyford, of Colby University read a paper on Intellectual Culture and Modes of Study, and that Mr. J. H. Hanson, of the Waterville Classical Institute, was present and took part in the discussions. The following officers for 1872 were chosen:

President—T. Tush, Lewiston.
Vice-President—C. B. Stetson, Lewiston.
Secretary and Treasurer—W. J. Corthell, Calais.

Executive Committee—C. C. Rounds, Farmington; W. H. Lambert, Lewiston; E. Wentworth, Portland; J. H. Hanson, Waterville; L. Hovey, Portland; G. T. Fletcher, Castine; S. M. Hallowell, Bangor.

The following was reported and accepted as the list of editors of the Maine Journal of Education:

A. P. Stone, Portland; C. C. Rounds, Farmington; N. A. Luce, Freedom; C. H. Fernald, Orono; G. T. Fletcher, Castine; W. H. Lambert, Lewiston; Geo. L. Farnum, Augusta; W. J. Corthell, Calais; E. W. Hall, Waterville; E. S. Morris, Biddeford; Thomas Tash, Lewiston; R. Woodbury, Farmington.

The next meeting will be held in July or August, at the call of the Executive Com.

Our Kendall's Mills correspondent sends us the following items:—

The County Commissioners of the Counties of Kennebec and Waldo met at the dwelling house of Oren Learned, Esq., in Burnham, to act on the petition of Charles H. Brown and one hundred and five others, for a County Road thence through the Bagley Hill Settlement to the Unity Road, in Benton. After two days patient investigation and a hearing of parties, they decided that a road was not a public necessity, and therefore the petition was dismissed.

Dr. Fogg, of Burnham, has leased the residence of Mr. J. A. Wing, on Western Avenue, at Kendall's Mills, and will occupy it after Dec. 1.

The Somerset County lumbermen are getting their teams off for the lumbering regions as fast as possible. It is thought that there will be fully the usual amount of lumber cut this winter on the Kennebec.

Three of the condemned Communists—Rosol, Ferre and Burgeois—were shot in Paris on Thursday, meeting their death bravely.

The cholera has disappeared from Halifax and New York Bay.

VERY fittingly they have a "Hemlock Association" down in Slab City, at the mouth of the Cobscook Contee. And this reminds us of the nervous anxiety of an excellent old lady who once kept a boarding house in Gardiner, but who had formerly lived in Hallowell where she had imbibed high aristocratic notions. "Now I beg of you," said she, appealing to her boarders, "not to buy red flannel for undergarments, for if you do," and her lip curled with scorn, "people seeing them upon my line will think I have a crew of coarse lumbermen as boarders, instead of genteel young men from the printing office!"

And this story reminds us of another. Some years ago, a good lady here in Waterville—a recent importation from an aristocratic city—was lamenting that society here was so mixed—"no distinction between upper and lower, but gentlemen and laboring men coming together in the same room upon a level, and worst of all those horrid rough millmen sitting at table with you or taking your hand in the social dance!" "But," said the lady addressed, "and she was really and truly a lady, and no imitation—our husbands are millmen." "Oh, yes, I know," said the other slowly, a little set down, "but then you know they are master millmen!" That is, her husband was a mill owner, and tended the head-stock instead of the tail-stock, and the length of a log is more difference than you will always find between the representatives of the upper crust and the lower crust of American society.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., having decided to locate the new Union Depot in this village upon the lot opposite the Colleges, will break ground in a few days for the necessary change of track, but the Depot will probably not be erected until Spring. The house now occupied by Prof. Smith, which they have purchased, will perhaps be removed to the opposite corner and located upon the lot formerly designed for the Company's new shop. This change of track necessitates the removal of several dwellings on Front Street—Mr. Steph, Thomas's, Mr. J. L. Towne's, etc. The track back of the college buildings is to be abandoned, and the college lot will eventually be handsomely graded to the river. The new depot, we understand, is to be first class and its surroundings such as will befit its beautiful location opposite Memorial Hall.

GOOD TIME AT WEST WATERVILLE!—An "Apostrophe Festival," is arranged for Thursday evening, 7th inst. by the ladies of the Universalist Society. Music, dancing and supper are in the programme. "Each lady is expected to deposit an apron with Mrs. H. C. Winslow on or before Thursday afternoon."

A LECTURE—"The Year '71 in France,"—will be delivered in the Baptist Church in this village, next Wednesday evening, by Mr. Gilman C. Fisher, a graduate of Colby University, late Paris correspondent of the Springfield Republican, who by a residence of more than a year in that city is qualified to speak as an eye witness of the tragic scenes attending the two recent sieges. A vivid presentation of these scenes, with an inside view of French affairs, will be interesting to all.

MR. SAMUEL GOODRIDGE, of Canaan, 104 years old, is probably the oldest man alive in Maine, and perhaps in the country. He has 8 children, 63 grand children, and 108 great-grand-children, and a large number of great-grand-children. One of his grand-children presented him with four great-grand-children at a birth. These facts are obtained from an article in the Gospel Banner.

THE Bangor Whig calls the town of Springfield and vicinity "a paradise for partridges," because the editor saw a man with 340 which had been trapped and shot there. A queer kind of paradise that must be for this bird, where they are killed off at that rate. Perhaps he meant to say that it was a paradise for hunters of partridges.

YOUNG Lebroke, who escaped from confinement in Dexter, a few weeks ago, was found in Foxcroft by the officers on Wednesday, but as he threatened violence they feared to arrest him.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that Mr. Jacob Sprague, of Foxcroft, dropped dead from his chair on Tuesday. He was previously in his usual health.

THE Anson *Advocate* gives the following timely advice:

Look out for your stove funnels. See that there is no wood work in dangerous proximity, and also that there are no lengths of funnel burnt out. A few moments devoted to this matter will be time profitably spent.

SCHOOL MEETING in District 1 stands adjourned to Monday evening next, Dec. 4th.

They have good sleighing at Farmington.

The good work in New York goes on. Connolly is in jail and an order is out for the arrest of Mayor Hall.

JAMES FREEMAN, No. 2 Union Wharf, Portland, is determined that the editors of Maine shall annually have good cause for thanksgiving, and so he sends them fine specimens of the luscious oysters he sells, as a free will offering at this season of the year. By the politeness of the Eastern Express, we are in receipt of a keg, for which these parties have our thanks.

FOR CANKER IN THE MOUTH, one correspondent of the Scientific American recommends a wash of one ounce of muriated tincture of iron and four ounces of water, with which to rinse the mouth. Another says:

If F. C. S. will follow this advice (and I suppose he will not) he will doubtless get rid of the canker, if he means, by that, sore spots about the tongue and mouth. These ulcers

simply symptoms of irritation of the stomach, cannot be cured but by removing the cause. Keep yourself a little hungry, eat no swine's flesh, keep your bowels persistently free by opening diet, do not drink whisky, and you will soon rejoice in a sound mucous membrane.

Catholic organs in this country are always boasting of their love of liberty, and would have us believe that they are really the only true friends of free institutions; but here is the way they manifest their love of freedom and intelligence:

The members of a Christian Association were badly beaten near High Bridge on Sunday, by Catholics, for distributing religious tracts.

Forty children, under instructions from their parents, yesterday morning objected to hearing the Bible read in a public school at Hunter Point, and were promptly dismissed from the school. Threats are freely made against the life of the teacher, and the police guard the school house.

And a later dispatch says: The Catholic outrages on the public schools at Hunter's Point were continued yesterday. One boy told the master, when the Lord's Prayer was being read, to "take the Bible and go to hell with it." Thirteen scholars were dismissed for riotous conduct and all the windows in the lower portion of one of the schools were smashed by stones. A woman entered the school and used the most obscene and blasphemous language in the presence of little girls and was ejected by the police after a hard struggle. Principal Seibert's life is threatened.

A movement is being made to remove the county town from Norridgewock to Skowhegan. The matter is to be brought before the coming Legislature.

Mormondom contains some quite flourishing communities. Caseyville, which is a suburb of Salt Lake, has a population of seventy-three husbands, and these have, in the aggregate, three hundred and forty-seven wives, and first hundred and twenty-two children.

The Chicago Tribune publishes a list, which shows that two hundred and twelve permanent stone and brick buildings are now in course of erection through the burnt district of the South Division, covering a total street frontage of 17,715 feet, or about 3 1-2 miles.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND SOME OF THE DISEASES PRODUCED BY IT.—A sallow or yellow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face and other parts of body; dullness and drowsiness with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth; dryness of throat and internal heat; palpitation in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat, uneasily appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, or bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides; pain in sides, back or breast, and about shoulders; colic pain and soreness through bowels with heat; constipation, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhoea; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of limbs, especially at night; colic chills alternating with hot flashes; kidney and urinary difficulties; female weakness, dullness, low spirits, uneasiness and gloomy forebodings. Only few of above symptoms likely to be present in any one case at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for Liver complaint and its complications, are loud in its praise. Sold by all first-class druggists. 567.

GREAT CHANGE.

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

Co-Partnership.

Or, SELLING OUT MY WHOLE STOCK

And leasing my stores; sell any goods I have at near the cost and some of them

At much Less than Cost.

Included in my extensive stock of

HARDWARE, STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, BUILDING MATERIAL, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c., &c.

Any goods now out of season of use, such as

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, Plows, Cultivators, &c.

I will give great inducements to purchase now, and give long time of payment on interest, if desired.

Now is the time to buy at favorable prices, as I mean what I say.

I will sell right out either my

Stove and Tin-Shop Department,

And lease my north store and tin-shop; or the

Hardware, Paint, Oil, and Agricultural

TOOL DEPARTMENT.

And lease the south store, or all together, as desired.

It will be known that this stand has a fine class trade of reliable customers, and either branch of the business if I am a specialty, will make business enough for most any firm.

Those wanting any part of the above, please call.

J. H. GILBRETH.

ON THE RISE!

are still rising!

Now is the Time to Buy!

I am selling out my FALL and WINTER Goods lower than ever, and if you wish to get the advantage of the matter

CALL AT ONCE AT

P. S. HEALD'S.

are still rising!

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