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STORY OF A COIN.

You publish this morning an article on coins and coin collecting. I am given to the love of curious coins myself, and nothing tempts me further than the prospect of adding one to my cabinet, especially an American coin, a pine tree-shilling, Granby copper, or other memorial of our own country. It was such a prospect that led me out of my way on the homeward trip from the White Mountains to a quiet village, the locality whereof I need not mention with precision. My friend, the village doctor, wrote me long ago that if I would come and see him, he would give me a quaint measure full of coppers about which he knew nothing, but which some one had pronounced valuable. So I went, and he gave me the coppers, and some of them were valuable additions to my collection.

We were sitting in the evening, before a blazing fire, for though it was but the first of September, it was nevertheless very cold, when the doctor took from his medicine cabinet a little case, and from the case a small gold coin.

"What would you give to add that coin to your collection?" he asked me.

"I examined it," I said, "it was a common gold half-eagle, of not very old date, and I tossed it to him with a smile of indifference."

"You don't value it?" he asked me.

"Five dollars," I replied.

"Ah, you coin collectors have an idea that your coins are valuable because they are rare. A little break in the Mint when only one piece of coin has been struck, that coin forthwith becomes precious. But my friend, it is possible that coins may be as valuable for private associations, as for public historical reasons. I have sometimes thought of making a collection of coins by taking one out of every fee I get, that is, especially worth remembering. Then I would catalogue them thus: 'Dead,' 'Said,' 'Lamented,' or some word to remind one of the story that hangs by them. But that coin would be the crown piece of the collection."

And then the doctor told me a story. But to appreciate it you should have seen us, the group of listeners, and you should have seen the twinkle of my friend's eye, now and then, by way of gesture. For his smoked his pipe as he talked, and did not move hand or foot, only lips and eyes.

"That coin was a fee I once got for a winter night's service to an old man. It was nearly midnight. The night was furious, blustering aloud, and cold as the thermometer could allow it. That is, the mercury was in the bulb, and as my instrument only measured twenty below zero, I cannot guess how much below that it was. These winter nights of ours are arctic sometimes. I was in bed. Thanks to a hard day's work, I had dozed every one of my patients satisfactorily before the cold grey dawn, and had passed the evening cozily by the side of my candle in front of the roaring fire."

I had drawn my bed out from the corner into the very middle of the room; heaped on a pile of logs that sent their blaze flashing up the chimney, stowed myself away under the covers, opened the last number of the Edinburgh, and relapsed into a condition of perfect calm.

How the wind roared outside—laughing, shouting, shrieking around the corner of the house, dashing itself like a thousand of boys—through the branches of the trees, raising the limbs against the clattering of the house as if some one were sawing pine boards for kindling wood; in short, uttering all those sounds that a winter storm utters up in the country, and which are musical or melancholy, cheerful or dismal, precisely as the tone of the listener's mind may be.

Scarcely had I read ten lines, when a thundering rap shook the house.

"Query," I said, "shall I be at home—anyway? Shall I be in or out?"

"Answer," I said, "I am out—visiting a patient across the hill; not coming home till to-morrow. I'll try it at all events. And thinking thus, I blew out the candle and listened. Blowing out the candle was not of much use when such a blaze was on the hearth. I went there was more light after I had put it out. And the next instant I heard under my window a voice that was exceedingly thrilling—

"Doctor, Doctor—oh, Doctor Strong—do wake up!"

"Very simple words, but very thrilling I say. She—it was a woman's voice—must have come in at the gate, climbed a fence at the side of the house, and braved the terrors of my dog. Or—

"I sprang to the casement. I did not know the voice, but it could be a woman's appeal in such circumstances? All the shades were drawn down and stuffed with cotton, and I could see no one, pressing my face closely as I could against the glass. So I shouted, 'Wait a moment! and plunging into a pair of pantaloons, I opened the door of my room."

The air of the passage nearly knocked me down. It was terrible for a man in a thin night shirt and a pair of trousers. But I went down in the dark and opened the back door.

There was a faint misty moonlight. The snow storm was heavy over. The old moon was shining through driving clouds, and by its light I saw lying on my doorstep, motionless, a little woman, her face as white as paper, her hands clasped in prayer, and her eyes fixed on the sky. I had fallen there, exhausted, and it was the work of an instant to seize and lift her, and carry her up stairs to my room, and lay her on the bed, and cover her with a blanket, and then I looked at her face, and saw that she was dead.

I looked in some perplexity at my patient. She was pretty. She was more than that—she was magnificent. I had read of beautiful women—I had seen beautiful women. If I was a country doctor, I had been about the world a little, and once danced in the Pitt Palace with a Grand Duchess for a partner. But to not saying much to any one, that I knew the freedom of the Court of Russia, and sometimes told well to my country practice.

But I had never seen anything like this. She was a little, finely formed person, looking now and then at the fire, but when she had partly recovered, evidently not twenty. She had a pale face—perhaps you will call it red. It was in heavy masses gathered about her forehead. She was perhaps a little larger in form than was necessary to the perfect outline of beauty, but that was not the point when she stood up and walked.

After a little I restored her. When the blood came tingling in her cheeks and neck, and her eyes were open, she was as beautiful as the dawn. She was a little larger in form than was necessary to the perfect outline of beauty, but that was not the point when she stood up and walked.

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The Eastern Mail.

She staggered to a seat, but brushing her hand across her face, as if to sweep away some mist she appeared to see through it all in an instant.

"You are Doctor Strong?"

"I believe I fainted on your step. I remember calling to you and then sinking down. Pardon me—it is so strange that I can scarcely yet recall my errand. It is a terrible night but you must go with me, doctor. My father is very ill, and I came for you myself. We must be in haste; have I been long here?"

"Not five minutes—but will you tell me while I throw on some clothes, who is your father, and who—"

"What I am. I am a queer messenger, you think, at midnight, for the doctor. My poor horse must be nearly frozen. I will go down and look after him while you get ready—no do not be troubled about me—I am perfectly strong now. It is a fault, a failing, a disease I have. I am well now—only hasten, doctor, hasten."

In three minutes I found her at the door, in her cutter, and we drove off over the white road, plunging through drifts, dashing down hill and up, like the very wind that was behind us.

When we were fairly started, I began to question her, and now learned who she was. For it was strange that any one within my best should be unknown to me, especially any one like this beautiful creature.

It was ten miles to her home. Old Doctor P., who killed the people in that neighborhood with incredible doses of calomel, had taken a twenty-grain dose himself, and was past the help of any one but the sexton. Hence it became necessary to call me in any important case occurring thereabouts, since I was the nearest physician.

Miss Duncan was the daughter of an old Scotch farmer, an elder in the Presbyterian church just one mile farther on. He was a man of whom I had heard, but whom I had never seen. His family I knew nothing of. I now learned that he had but one daughter, who with the female servants, formed his entire household. He had been ill for some time, but was suddenly worse, and she had come for me—alone at midnight—driving her horse over the wildest part of the country.

I will not pause now to relate the subjects of conversation on the way over. I have said I was a bachelor. I think that up to that time I had loved but three women. One was older than I, and married before I was of age. The next was a child, who never grew old enough to love me, and the next one—but never mind that.

My companion was not only beautiful. I learned very shortly that she was well educated, a fine scholar; that she had traveled, had read much, and was an accomplished woman. The charm of all she said was indescribable. It was no place for sentiment, that elixir in the tempestuous night; but when I reached the old Elder's house—it was a fixed fact—I loved for the fourth and the last time.

You think I speak in a trifling tone. I know there is not the appearance of sincerity in what I say, but I know well that I am serious, and when I say that I loved Jane Duncan that night before I reached her father's house. I will be more serious hereafter, for I am now to relate a serious fact in my life.

It was a dimly lighted room in which the gaunt old man lay. As I entered it, there was a sickening odor of medicine, which contrasted so forcibly with the cold clear air without, that I was at first overpowered. Miss Duncan hastened to his side, before I was fairly in the room, and asked in a low voice if he was any worse.

"Night towards the end of the month. It was blowing a gale, but I had a warm hearth fire before me, and I let the horses have their own way."

When I passed down the lane, darkness had come on. But we, the horses and I, knew the way well, and we did not hold up. I don't know to this day precisely how it happened, but instead of finding myself dismounting at the door, I woke in a large room that I had never before seen, and found myself covered with blood, clothes nearly all taken off, my arm and two ribs broken, and Jane Duncan, pale as a ghost, standing over me.

They had brought me into the first room, which was here, and there I lay a week before I could stir. How I studied that room, tracing her graceful thoughts in its adornments. What delicious dreams I found clustering in the folds of curtains. What eyes of angels looked on me from the ceiling; what starlight that was which stole in at the window and struck back startled and frightened when it found that her purity was not there, and only a rude village doctor, monning on the bed of his discontent. No, I will not say that. I was content—I would have been content to stay there forever.

But one evening I said to her that I was ashamed to be so long occupying her room, and keeping her out of it; and that next day I would get away, and go back to my own place.

"What to that large, dismal dreary room of yours?" she said.

"Ah, you have seen it, haven't you?" I said; and then with a sudden thought, I asked her to go back with me, and she went—And yonder she sits laughing at you; and that's all the story."

But the fee, doctor—the coin?"

"Oh, that was a notion she had from her father's old country habits, that the doctor's fee should be paid on each visit. She gave it to me the morning he died. I wish more of my patients had the same notions. But I couldn't spend that coin. Don't you wish you had it in your cabinet?"

No! did not tell its story, would become famous. What joy and sorrow, glory and infamy, had the half eagle been the price of before the doctor took it!

WHICH FEEL IS THE BEST.—A new scholar arrived at the beginning of the term at Academy; a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked.

There was a set of gay fellows who immediately surrounded and invited him to join their carousals. They had frolics; and I suppose the boys know pretty well what that means. They used to spend their money in eating and drinking, and amusement, and often run up large bills, which their friends sometimes found it hard to pay. They wanted the new scholars to join them; and they always contrived, by laughing at, or reproaching them, to get almost any they wanted into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. This new scholar refused their invitation, they called him mean and stingy—a charge boys are tired of hearing.

"Mean!" he answered; "and where is the generosity of spending money which is not my own, and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again with no sacrifice on my part? Stingy. Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which those friends would disapprove of? for after all, our money must come from them, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it ourselves. No, boys, I do not mean to spend one farthing in a way that I should be ashamed to give an account of to my father and mother if they asked me."

"Eh, not out of your leading strings, then?" "Fraid of your father; afraid of his whipping you; afraid of your mother! Won't she give you a sugar-plum?" they cried in mocking tones.

When in the prime of life. Nor is this all, she has a stone clear over our fence yesterday. That's a good style of encouraging truthfulness in a child; we don't think."

A Romance in Art Life.

One of our famous American sculptors, residing in the delightful city of Florence, whither all the genius of England and America seem to tend, was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo, for which, by the way, he might stand as a model himself, when his attention was attracted by a tremendous tramping in his court-yard. He looked out of the window and beheld a magnificent carriage with outriders drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admittance to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince de B. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage—was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object; all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to begin the work instantly, and the Prince making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at the curious mode of locomotion, as the lady did not bear the slightest trace of illness in her countenance. The Prince interrupted his glance, and replied to it.

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in the face or form could have been dreamed by Phidias. A face like Cenci's before it was clouded with the memory of crime—masses of rich, lustrous, auburn hair, flaming a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely-molded form was indicated; and when the young signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious premonition of some indefinable catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired; and a pang struck his heart, as the hour for retiring came. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door was closed on her, and the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did not move that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night, dreaming of her. Then he would shudder and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity, that I feel; she is a paralytic!"

The next day the same was repeated, with this difference, that the Prince, having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to take his daughter home. Poor girl! although the sculptor was a model of manly beauty, her deplorable condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room, and drove away his carriage. A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away at his clay image without raising his eyes; still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his forehead, and a burning kiss was imprinted on his forehead. With almost a shriek, he leaped to his feet, and then, with blushes crimsoning his pale cheeks and alabaster neck, he kept the paralytic girl with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said. (An Italian woman, when she loves, knows no half measure.) "My father was very strict with me. I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis for two months. I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition, my father released the surveillance of my motions; he granted every wish, and, as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sister. I have said that I love you; if you do not return my love, I can only die."

What answer made the American, we need not inquire, only when the Prince de B. returned, he found nothing in his studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. The original was nowhere to be found. A few days afterwards, in a small town in France, the Florentine Princess sank her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.

TRUTHFULNESS.—Susan was teaching her little brother to read, and she had gone busily over the alphabet several times. "What is that?" she said, pointing to a letter which the little brother found it hard to learn. It is a crooked letter, he replied.

"But what is its name?" inquired Susan. "Come, now; tell sister right off."

He name be hook, said Bub.

"O what a stupid boy!" exclaimed Susan. "I have told you that letter a thousand times this morning. Grandfather shook his head. Well, I have told him at least a hundred times, persisted the little girl. Still the conscientious old man shook his head. 'Well,' said Susan, 'I have told him six times, for here it is marked upon my slate.'"

Alas for Susan! She should have come nearer to the truth than six is to a thousand. Perhaps the children may think this a small matter; but it is not. The slightest deviation from truth blunts conscience, and prepares us to approach falsehood with less fear and trembling.

You have seen shopkeepers try suspicious coins, ringing it to see if it would give the right sound. Our words, too, will be tried, for their echo will ring when the lips which uttered them are cold in death. Let us, see that we give a true sound.

CHUNKING GUM.—Trifling as the subject may appear, yet it is of importance. It is of importance to have sound teeth in middle life and old age, proper precaution must be used by childhood. The habit of chewing gum like a piece of soap, or a piece of wood, is a bad habit, and the consequence is a violent strain on the dental nerves. The bad results may not show themselves immediately, but the boy or girl who indulges in the habit may calculate on having rotten teeth

blantly made change, deducting the 65 cents. The communicated sound had in this instance proved of some little service, and was utterly unnoticed save by the two parties interested.

COUNTRY MEETING TALK. An Illinois editor, who sometimes has "a stack of phonography," attended a country meeting, where he took down the following notes of different topics of conversation at one time:

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a political aspirant, "I'd as soon vote for William Lloyd Garrison himself, voted down as he is with—"

"Two of the finest beef critters you ever set your eyes on, interrupted a dealer in cattle, 'that I sold for—'

"That horrid yellow dress again!" exclaimed a Miss Spruce, in what might have sounded like a whisper if she had been on the side of the room; 'printed, too, half an inch thick, and wears—'

"Teeth and ten nails to get off," broke in another politician; 'but the people will not trust him again! besides, he is—'

"Spavined in both hind legs, wind broken and fundered to foot, as I told Mr. Jarvis at the time—"

"One tea-cup full of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four of eggs, and a sprinkling of nutmeg, makes—"

"Both ends meet when the year comes round, poor woman! she has got six children, the oldest one blind, and—"

"No saddle or bridle to ride him with; somebody stole it while I had gone to Chicago, after—"

"The long-promised millennial day, which we have no doubt, is brought about 'through the ministrations of—'

"Two Dutchmen, a monkey, and a hand-organ to grind it, and oh! it makes the funniest music, and the little figures danced around like—"

"9,000 miles of railroad track; and this at an estimated cost of—"

"Five cents a dozen. I sold four, hets, to Mrs. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three, besides any number of chickens, and—"

"Such a handsome young man and he dances so beautiful. Did you ever see a handsomer pair of whiskers, or a more insinuating—"

"Handle my new tea-pot, and Tommy declared he hadn't touched it at all, and I knew Emily hadn't for she had been all the time—"

"Running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, with no head-lights on, and around a curve at that when the locomotive broke the bridge over—"

"That young Miss Brown that had the small-pox last spring. They do say she is going to marry—"

"Two pointer dogs and the best gun in town. I wanted the gun the worst way, and offered him—"

"The scarlet fever and the whooping-cough, and I don't know what he hasn't had, poor little darling. This is the first time I've taken him out at all since—"

"The Mexican war, which I consider perfectly unjustifiable, unless it be on the ground that—"

"The preacher has come!" exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school-house to muse upon the utility of phonography.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, from Toledo, Ohio, tells an amusing story of the acute sense of smell of a tobacco-smoker. He and his clerk were examining some tobacco, submitted for his inspection. After carefully inhaling the flavor, by three or four protracted sniffs, he exclaimed to his clerk, "John, can't you smell old leather in that tobacco?" "Clerk presented it to his olfactory, and thought he could." "The clerk then smiled again, and declared that he could smell a very slight flavor of maple sugar. This last aroma, John pronounced beyond his powers. Samples of leaf tobacco, you know, are taken from each end of the hoghead, and also from the middle, where there was found an old boot heel, full of maple pegs! Judgment on tobacco-smokers from that quarter, is now regarded as final!

ORIGINALITY.—Originality any one can write, is unconscious or undetected imitation. Even Goethe complains, that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him, had he been lucky enough to have preceded them. "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, in the same candid spirit, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience; often have they saved the harvest I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe."

It is in the power of any writer to be original, by deserting nature, and seeking the quaint and fantastical; but literary monuments, like all others, are generally short-lived. "When I was a young man," says Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." Strictly speaking, we may be original, without being new; our thoughts may be our own, and yet common place.

WEBSTER AND CROCKETT.—No two characters could be more dissimilar than those of Webster and Crockett. One had penetrated to the profoundest depths of law, statesmanship, diplomacy. The other had penetrated to the profoundest depths of the forest, and was a passionate lover of its wild delights. Crockett paid Webster a compliment that both pleased and amused him. "It is related that when his celebrated speech upon Fugate's resolutions was published, he sent a copy of it to Davy Crockett. Shortly after it, Davy called upon him to make his acknowledgment for the favor, remarking that it was the only speech that he had ever been enabled to read without the aid of a dictionary." Mr. Webster, it is said, frequently remarked that although, perhaps, a compliment was not intended, some was ever bestowed upon him that he valued as highly.

The Bangor Whig publishes from a correspondent, a biographical account of Charles P. Todd, who was among the insurgents killed at Harper's Ferry. He is a native of Poland, N. H., where his parents now reside. In 1835 he joined Dr. Cutler's party of Kansas emigrants, and on his arrival in that territory joined Brown, assisting him in turning off slaves from Missouri. Todd adhered to the followers of old Brown until he met his death in the mad attempt at Harper's Ferry.

THE JEWS IN AMERICA.—This is the golden age of the Jews in America. They number some two hundred and fifty thousand, and will adhere to the faith of Abraham. They have forty thousand in New York alone. Two Senators and four Congressmen are of the Jewish faith, which shows the ancient political talent of the race. The Christian Jews do not number more than three or four hundred, of whom one hundred are studying for the ministry.

The Eastern Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, J. DAVIE H. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 1, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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The "Fish-Way" Question.

What has been done, and what is doing.

Some of our readers are probably aware that Mr. Crosby, whose communication follows, has been laboring with most commendable zeal for a year or two past, before the legislature and elsewhere, to restore to our rivers and ponds those migratory fish which have been excluded by dams and other obstacles. He commenced with special reference to procuring the construction of a fishway in the Kennebec dam, agreeably to the conditions of its charter; but so persevering and successful have been his efforts, that the result is a general law providing for the admission of the fish to all the streams of our State. Mr. Crosby is deserving great credit for the energy with which he has pursued his object, and the result must be gratifying to all classes of our citizens. The public owe him a debt of enduring gratitude, with such co-operation as will enable him to overlook the enterprise to its entire completion.

I have been informed that the fish Wardens have laid out a fish-way through the Augusta dam, on the west side of the river, founding it upon a ledge whereon the dam is built; which seems to be the best location, in their opinion, for its construction. I have been told that the way is to be twelve feet wide, with length enough to facilitate the free passage of the fish, by the aid of its slack water pools. This ledge is shaped and so elevated in the dam, that in the opinion of the Wardens, the expense of constructing the fish-way will not exceed one thousand dollars. This model for a fish-way, I am told, appears to be more satisfactory, upon the whole, than was anticipated by the parties generally. On the one hand, where it has been proved, I am told it offers a better facility for the passage of the fish than was anticipated by many who were desirous of seeing the fish restored, while on the other hand, the cost is much less than was expected by those whose duty it may be to build the way. Thus we are led to believe that both parties are to be happily disappointed for the better and not the worst.

Thenceforth as I am told that there is an agreement among the corporations to build this fish-way this winter and have it ready for the spring of 1860, that the fish may come up, I am permitted to announce through the Mail to my constituents, (and they are many in number who have given their names and voices to advance the cause we have undertaken,) that we may, for the present at least, confide in the pledges made that the fishway shall be constructed. Thus we may hope that this contest, which threatened such disastrous consequences in the opinions of some and the pretences of others, is about to end in peace and satisfaction to all.

When the salmon passes through the gates, which they say are about to be opened for him, then he will seal the treaty with his peaceful presence, and pay the cost with the reward he brings with him; which is an article of value to commerce, as you know the shad and alewives, which always accompany him, are valuable.

If the report of the prosecutor of this matter should seem fabulous to any of its readers, just take your large Bible and turn to the definition of words, and you will find the meaning of the word salmon to be peaceful, perfect, that which recompenses or rewards; the same as the meaning of the word Shalome, in which Solomon represented the camping of two armies.

Now, in the case of the salmon, there were two armies in the legislature when they came to take his case into consideration. Those who appreciated the worth of the salmon, shad and alewives, went for the bill, while those who did not appreciate their worth, went against the bill. So we were obliged to make known to the members of the Legislature the habits of these fish; how they were known to multiply and attract swarms of insects to the waters where they abound; in fact, showing that the shad, fruit, and most if not all of our agricultural products were more infested where these fish were annihilated, than they were where they abound to all the rivers, streams and ponds where they were once known to exist. Then the Legislature, when knowing the truth of the matter, all with one consent said, let the bill pass—let the Governor and council appoint three suitable men to have a general supervision over the whole matter of the salmon, shad and alewives, not only in the Kennebec, but in all its tributary waters. So on the third day of May, 1859, the Governor had council met and appointed the Wardens—Moses B. Bliss, of Pittston, chairman, John B. Sawyer, of Richmond, and Nathaniel B. Chaborn, of East Madison. So after the appointment of the Wardens, we petitioned to lay out a fishway at the Augusta dam, that it may be made ready for the next spring.

The Wardens immediately met to perform their duties. The opposing party claimed legal notice, and seemed to wish to claim all the premises of adjourned hearings, pretending they could convince the Wardens of important truths in relation to the fish. The Wardens being called into the field unexpectedly, to fill a new office created last winter, very properly

investigated the matter carefully, and deliberately, to know what their real duty might be, and to perform that duty rightly. So after several hearings in relation to this thing, the opposite party brought in a petition, with some seventy signers, praying the Wardens to examine the river and its streams and see if the thing was practicable. They went through and examined, and reported that there was no infensibility in the opening of the ways, in their opinion. I attended all of these hearings in person, employing no counsel but once, and that was when there seemed to be a question in the mind of the ancients whether a private man should successfully stand before so many venerable lawyers, who had lived by making law their study and now wanted to get away from it; so to remove all prejudices I employed Josiah H. Drummond, of Waterville, to go and expound the law to both parties. So Mr. Drummond told them, in sum and substance, that law ought to be law in all cases, as much for the poor as for the rich; and in this case it was imperative, in every sense of the word. Since the Augusta dam has passed into new hands things seem to appear more favorable. Mr. Ruel Williams and Mr. Lombard seem desirous to have the public satisfied with a fishway.

It has been three years since I first set out for a fishway, and commenced getting names on petitions to that effect. Since that time I have received nine hundred and seventy names, besides seventy, I think, brought before the Wardens from the citizens of Augusta; making in all, one thousand and forty names. During these three years I have gained what information I could in relation to the ways and habits of fish, and trade carried on in this business, in this and other countries. The facts in this thing would seem almost incredible to those who never were eye witnesses to the astonishing increase of fish under a proper treatment. I put a few fish into Pettis's Pond last spring, in June. These were alewives, and on the first days of October there came down young alewives by thousands. These young fish were nearly five inches long. They passed over the wasteway in the mouth of the stream, in the town of Winslow, and passed on towards the sea. Next spring, if nothing molests them, we shall probably see them at our stream again, full grown alewives, according to their usual custom of returning to the same waters where they started from.

Now, if there are any who may doubt the feasibility of the restoring of the salmon, shad and alewives through this vast extent of territory where they were used to go in former years, let them go to the town of Damariscotta, in this State, and see what has been done there, for most a half a century, in the breeding of fish. There they carry them 60 feet high in pools.

ABRAHAM CROSBY.

Winlow, Nov. 30, 1859.

MR. COVERT'S CONCERT.—The hundreds of good friends, who in times past have warmed their hearts and cracked their ribs under the cheering music of a score of different troupes, led by the veteran Covert, will not, we feel sure, let his Concert, set for this evening, pass without having a full house. He has a good company, and the few who heard them on Tuesday evening, went away well pleased. He presents a good programme to-night; and the fine bass voice of McLean, in the "Tempest," the superior violin performance of Frank Max, and the "good round harmony" of the two Coverts in their funny songs and sentimental ballads, certainly deserve an audience.

We understand the Waterville Chess Club has challenged the Lewiston Club to play a match at the royal game. Waterville should be a little cautious how she flings her challenge round carelessly. She will find some few "tigers" in the Lewiston Club. [Port Adv.]

Mischievous paragraphs should not be "flung around carelessly," more especially when they have no foundation in fact. We have no less than three flourishing chess clubs in our village, but neither of them has sent a challenge to any other organization. The "Waterville Chess Club," we understand has taken the preliminary steps for a convention of the players of this right royal game, in this State, to be held here or elsewhere, as shall be thought best, further notice of which will appear in due time.

FARMER'S CLUB MEETING.—The committee, appointed last Spring for the purpose, have called the first meeting of the Waterville club for this evening, Thursday, at the Selectmen's office, in the building next north of Appleton Hall. The number in attendance will tell strongly upon the interest of the meetings for the winter, and the committee request us to urge a general attendance of all interested in the discussion of agricultural matters. Future meetings will be held with the members, wherever the club may be invited to meet. Let us have a full meeting this evening.

LIBEL SUIT WITHDRAWN.—Editor Blaine recently of the Portland Advertiser, finding himself in an unanticipated dilemma, has backed out of his suit against John M. Adams, whereat he of the *Argus* is saucily jubilant and says many provoking things, winding up with the following pointed anecdote:—

By the way, this valorous Knight of the libel reminds us of a witness that testified in a 'school master case' up in Oxford county some years since. The witness, with two or three other large scholars, had attempted to 'turn out' the school master. Counsel asked the fellow, when on the stand, if he did not undertake to put the master out?

Schooler—Yes.

Counsel—Why didn't you do it?

Schooler—(hesitating until all in court became curious to hear the answer) 'I wasn't a bit afraid of the free school!'

OUR TABLE.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The December number of this magazine contains two beautiful steel engravings—one of which is a scene in the life of the Savior, "The Lilies of the Field," and the other a portrait of Queen Charlotte, D. D. L. L. D. The issues of this 'Queen of the Monthlies' for the year past, present an unbroken array of excellence, both in the artistic and literary departments, and now that a new volume is about to commence, it is fitting that its claims to public confidence and patronage should be briefly set forth.

The Repository is published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church; it is truly a magazine for the family, and the only one of the kind in the country. Literary without being pedantic; religious in its tone and character without bigotry; it will make itself welcome wherever it is known. It has a large list of original contributors, and the best English literary and religious magazines are laid under contribution. Miss Virginia Townsend, a popular writer, furnishes a series of Religious Items; the Editor's Corner, Domestic Economy, Wayside Gleanings, Literary Correspondence, Notices of New Publications, Literary, Scientific and Religious Items; The Repository is handsomely printed on a fine quality of paper, while two original steel engravings, in the highest style of the art, are given in each number.

Published by Stormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year; J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The December, which we ought to have noticed two weeks ago, has three fine steel engravings; a beautiful fashion plate; a Suspense and Sorrow, two reasonable pictures, and 28 pages of wood engravings designed expressly for the ladies—a rare combination of the useful and the elegant. The number abounds in good reading, including many interesting stories, excellent moral essays, &c.

Take notice, all the ladies for themselves, and the gentlemen for the ladies—that a new volume of this unrivalled ladies' magazine will come out with the January number, and now is the time, therefore, to send in your subscriptions. Young gentlemen, a word in your ear: for ingratiating yourself with a fair maiden there is nothing like a present of a year's subscription of this popular magazine; it operates like a love charm. "A word to the wise," &c.

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

MEXICO'S MUSEUM.—The December number, just received, is most admirably well filled for the instruction and entertainment of the juveniles—Pretty stories, accompanied by pretty pictures, with a great little poem, one of which is set to music—interesting anecdotes, instructive sketches, amusing chat, &c. The next number will be the first of a new volume, which the publishers are confident will surpass all its predecessors, particularly in the beauty of its embellishments. Send them a dollar, and make the children happy for a whole year, by its monthly visits. Address J. S. Stearns & Co., New York.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING.—and, as usual, inquiry will be made for gift books for the young. The *Boston Journal* has the following notice of one soon to be issued by Brown, Taggard & Chase, which we think will be eagerly sought for. Of course Mathews will have it.

Pictures from Swiss History. We have read the advance sheets of a new work for youth, soon to be published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, which will be one of the most attractive books of the season. It is called 'Pictures from Swiss History.' It is a happy and successful attempt to combine the charms of romance with the truth of history. It comprises a succession of tales, which, in their leading incidents are historically accurate, while they form pleasing pictures of the life and manners at various eras in the progress of that interesting nation, the verisimilitude of which is greatly heightened by touches descriptive of Swiss scenery. The work is written in a chaste and forcible style, and is illustrated with engravings of more than usual excellence, from designs by Billings. It is intimated that this work may perhaps be one of a series which will furnish keys to unlock for the young the great storehouse of European history. It is a fitting introduction to the study of that history and cannot fail to be popular.

WORCESTER'S GREAT DICTIONARY.—The publishers of this magnificent work announce that it will be issued on the 10th inst. The subscription price of the library edition is now \$7.50, but after the 10th it will be raised to \$9, and some months will elapse before it can be put into the hands of the trade at any price. Over five thousand copies of this work have already been subscribed for, and this is gratifying evidence of the confidence of the public in its merits.

THANKS—BUT.—Many of our brethren, in noticing the new typographical "head" of the Mail, have taken occasion to say a good word for us, for which we trust we are properly grateful. Finding fault with compliments is something like "looking a gift horse in the mouth," we know; and as these were all right in spirit and, only erred in the letter, to cavil at them may appear to be more nice than wise. *Nathless*, as they all erred in that they were a little too singular, thereby leaving one head out in the cold, we cannot help regretting that while all 'right to a', they were at the same time lacking in a s. However, taking things as they ought to be and not as they are, by a liberal construction and a little stretching, as 'extension is the order of the day,' we will try to spread the limited allowance of the refined gold of compliment that two "old heads" shall be covered instead of one.

WEIGHT OF THE WORLD.—It may be of some interest to the dwellers upon this little mud ball of ours, to know how much it weighs. The president of the London Astronomical Society, Mr. Bailey, it seems has had us in the scales for six years, and finally determines the precise weight of the Earth to be (6,062, 165, 592,211,410,488,889) six thousands and sixty-two millions one hundred and sixty-five thousand, five hundred and ninety-two billions, two hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and ten millions, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, eight hundred and eighty-nine tons.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—JAMES G. BLAINE, Esq., has retired from the editorial chair of the *Portland Advertiser*, having been driven thence by the force of disagreeable circumstances. His successor is John A. Poor, Esq., formerly editor of *The State of Maine*. Politics makes strange bedfellows, it is said; but who looked to see the control of the leading republican paper of our State surrendered to a bitter opponent of the Maine Law—one, too, who lacked but a short half inch of being married with John Hobbins, at the time of the great rum riot? But "such is life," and its wonderful changes.

John Brown to his Old Master.

The following letter, recently written by the aged prisoner at Charlestown, to his old school-master, in answer to a message of Christian friendship, will be read with interest. The person who sends it to the *New York Independent* says:—"Has ever such an epistle been written from a condemned cell, since the letter 'to Timotheus,' when Paul was brought before Nero the second time? I have copied it faithfully from the autograph that lies before me, without the change or omission of a word, except to omit the full name of the friends to whom he sends his message. The words in italics and capitals are so underscored in the original. The handwriting is clear and firm, but towards the end of the sheet seems to show that the sick old man's hand was growing weary."

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., November 15, 1859.

Rev. H. L. Vail.—My Dear Steadfast Friend: Your most kind and welcome letter of the 8th inst. reached me in due time.

I am very grateful for all the good feeling you express, and also for the kind counsel you give, together with your prayers in my behalf. Allow me here to say, notwithstanding 'my soul is amongst lions,' still I believe that 'God in very deed is with me.' You will not, therefore, feel surprised when I tell you I am 'joyful in all my tribulations'; that I do not feel condemned of him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chain, or the prospect of the gallows. I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to 'suffer affliction with God's people,' but have also had a great many rare opportunities for 'preaching righteousness in the great congregation.' I trust it will not all be lost. The jailer (in whose charge I am) and his family, and assistants, have all been most kind; and notwithstanding he was one of the bravest of all who fought me, he is now being abused for his humanity. So far as my observation goes, none but brave men are likely to be humane to a fallen foe. 'Towards prove their courage by their ferocity.' It may be done in this way with but little risk.

I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I have experienced with different classes of men, clergymen among others. Christ, the great captain of liberty as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand ('the sword of the Spirit'); and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier, wherever he may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers.

My dear old friend, I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had then led us; and I bless his name that he has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the 'brink of Jordan.' See Bunyan's Pilgrim. God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of him whom I call my Father; and certainly no son ever needed it oftener; and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in making the prosperity and happiness of others my own; so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity. I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when 'peace on earth and good will to men' shall everywhere prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. 'I praise my Maker with my breath.'

I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am led the more earnestly to pray, gather not my soul with the unrighteous.

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them:

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly save. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not as yet, in the main, at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed as it regards myself in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entirely reconciled to that; even for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overturned the house. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very contrary to my better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes.

But 'God's will, not mine, be done.' I feel a comfortable hope that, like that erring servant of whom I have just been writing, even I may (through infinite mercy in Christ Jesus) yet 'die in faith.' As to both the time and manner of my death—I have but very little trouble on that score; and am able to be (as you exhort) 'of good cheer.'

I send through you my best wishes to Mrs. W. and her son George, and to all dear friends. May the God of the poor and oppressed be the God and Savior of you all.

Farewell, till we meet again.

Your friend in truth,

JOHN BROWN.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP INDIAN.—The following are the particulars of the loss of this vessel, of the Liverpool and Portland line:

Capt. Smith states that on Saturday 19th, he sighted Cape Race, having been able to take but one observation on the passage. The weather was cold and sleety. On Monday morning the weather being bad, he had recourse to soundings to ascertain the shore, and having satisfied himself that she was well clear of land, retired to his room, but had not undressed when the ship struck, giving a sensation as if she had run on dry ground. She had 8 cabin and 30 storeroom passengers and a crew which made in all 115. Of this number 24 or 27 were drowned. The greatest loss of life occurred when the ship broke in two, which was about three quarters of an hour after the attack. A large tallow came on, lifting the ship about six feet and letting her fall suddenly on the rocks, breaking her. One of the boats full of people was dashed against the stern while lowering, and most of those in it perished. Another boat was swamped. Another was driven out to sea, but effected a landing 35 miles to the westward. One boat reached the shore. During the day the people of the village near which the steamer struck, a settlement of fishermen took off the remaining persons on the wreck. The

malls were got out by cutting through the deck. The villagers visited the wreck during the night and stole the silver plate and clothing, and the passengers complained of their stealing their effects. The ladies behaved with great calmness and self-possession. One singular incident occurred. An aged Irishman, who had a considerable sum of money with him, had for a week previous been insane from fear of being wrecked. He would frequently pack up his apparel and offer any one money to put him ashore, prophesying that the ship would never reach Portland. After the bow fell over, he was seen sitting on the forecastle-deck ladder, with his satchel in his hand, and apparently unconscious or unable to take advantage of the attempts made to save him. In a short time he fell from his place and slid across the deck into the sea, where he was drowned as he had foretold a week before.

The British schooner Wave, from Charlestown, arrived at Boston on Friday evening last, with five seamen who were picked up in a boat, which was the missing one from the steamship Indian. As these were thought to have been lost, it reduces the whole number supposed to have perished, to twenty-two.

LATEST FROM CHARLESTOWN.—The excitement in Virginia, increases as the hour approaches for the execution of Brown, the first victim. In this state of things many foolish acts are no doubt done, but many still more foolish are reported one day to be contradicted the next. The rumor of the tender of military aid from the Governor of Pennsylvania, is said to be without good foundation in fact, and the same is true of the warning from Gov. Chase, of Ohio, of the approach of a large body of rescuers from that State. The following items are probably reliable:—

On Saturday and Sunday the town was crowded with strangers and soldiers. Extensive preparations are making for the reception of additional military forces, which are hourly expected. The churches have all been taken possession of for barracks. Sentinels nightly fire at imaginary foes, and a number of citizens have narrowly escaped their bullets. On Sunday night the military confidently expected an attack, and the sentries were doubled. No disturbers appeared, however.

It is stated on good authority that Gov. Wise has sent spies into Ohio and Pennsylvania, and it is from their reports that large bodies of men are arming and moving towards Virginia, that the military forces are being so largely augmented.

About 700 additional troops have arrived here since Saturday, including two companies from Wheeling, so that we now have about 1500 soldiers under arms.

A letter from Huntington Co., Pa., states that large bodies of armed men are moving towards Virginia, across the North Mountain, supposed to be on their way to Charlestown. These rumors cause constant excitement among the people.

Gov. Wise has issued a proclamation announcing that the State has taken possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and that on the first three days of December they will be used entirely for military purposes. He also warns the people of the State to remain at home on patrol duty, on the day of the execution, to protect their own property. Women and children will not be permitted to approach the scene of the execution, and strangers are cautioned that there will be danger in approaching Charlestown or near it on that day—that if it is deemed necessary martial law will be proclaimed and enforced.

General Talliferro has also issued a proclamation to-day announcing that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves will be promptly arrested. That all strangers approaching Charlestown by railroad or otherwise, under the pretext of witnessing the execution of John Brown, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested.

Several reporters of the Northern press having arrived at Harper's Ferry yesterday were compelled by the military to return to Baltimore. It is said that Brown stated to a gentleman yesterday that he had no hope of a rescue on account of the extent of the military preparations, but that his boys would never have permitted his execution if there was any prospect of an attempt proving to be successful.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad report that the statement that their cars are invaded and their passengers searched for arms, is entirely fabulous. Passengers are not taken for Harper's Ferry unless they previously satisfy the President and officers of the Company that they have a legitimate business there and by an arrangement with the Governor of Virginia they are furnished with passports. The four companies from Fortress Monroe are all to go to Harper's Ferry in the morning under the command of Col. Lee.

A special dispatch says that Brown is engaged in preparing a long letter, to be published after his death, explaining his course, and correcting certain newspaper mis-statements. He looks forward to his fate with perfect composure. The other prisoners are also occupied with correspondence. All of them except Stephens are chained. Cook alone fails to retain his self-possession. The rope with which Brown is to be hung is on exhibition at the Sheriff's office. It is made of South Carolina cotton, a fact which is announced with glee.

GREAT FIRE IN TAUNTON.—A destructive fire occurred in Taunton, Mass., on Sunday morning last, by which property to the amount of \$150,000 was burned. It commenced in Washburn's block on Main st., and extended over one of the busiest portions of the town.

PERMANSHIP.—We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. A. G. Emery, who proposes to open a writing school at Academy Hall. We very confidently commend Mr. Emery to those of our citizens who may have occasion to patronize his school, as not only a fine penman, and in the use of a good system, but possessing good capacities for communicating instruction and interesting his pupils. We doubt not he will give good satisfaction.

SLEIGH.—A lot of ten, bearing the manufacturer's mark of Geo. Westworth, Waterville, departed by cars yesterday for New Bedford, Mass. A better lot, in style, finish and quality, we have never seen. The wood-work was from the shop of Mr. David B. Gibbs, the ironing by James P. Hill, and the painting by Geo. H. Eddy. In each of these departments they are highly creditable.

CONTRADICTION.—The report of the death of the renowned Kit Carson, who was killed by Indians on Monday last at Bannock, aged nearly seventy years, is contradicted.

British Periodicals.

In calling attention to the advertisement of Leonard Scott & Co.'s reprint of these valuable publications, found in another column, we cannot do better than to copy the following paragraphs from several contemporaneous prints, setting forth the distinctive character of each, and giving other interesting information:—

The Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., of New York, who republish the four great British Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine, deserve the gratitude of all friends of sound and sterling literature in this country. These periodicals have long been justly celebrated for their elaborate and able criticisms, their learned, brilliant, and attractive essays, and their character and classic style. They represent respectively all the great parties of England, both in Church and State—the London Quarterly representing the Conservatives, the Edinburgh Review the Whigs, the Westminster Review the Liberals, Blackwood's Magazine the Tories, and the North British Review the Free Church of Scotland. But although each is the organ of a great party, none of them are liberal or narrow-minded, or will give any countenance to the prejudices and foolish vainglorious theories which sometimes find advocates even in the columns of the *Times*. The reason is obvious; their contributors are, without exception, men of superior education—men who are familiar, not only with British history, but with the history and ethnology of every civilized country. Hence it is that the English newspapers and the English periodicals are as unlike as possible on most international questions—nay on most subjects relating to England itself. The former can seldom see any fault at home, or at least that is commendable abroad; while, as a general thing, the latter are as willing to do justice to the French or the Germans as to their own readers. This cosmopolitan spirit is a striking and noble feature in the periodical under consideration, especially in the *Reviews*; and it is one that greatly enhances their value. If they were merely local in their views and sympathies they would not present, as the do every quarter, an epitome of the literature of Europe and America; for need we say that there is not a book published in either hemisphere that contains aught that is new or valuable, the pith of which is not to be found in one or other of the *Quarterlies*. Was it too much, then, for us to say, as we did at the beginning of this notice, that the gentlemen who furnish us the reprints at less than one third what the originals cost in England, deserve our gratitude? The four *Reviews* and Blackwood only cost \$10 in this country, while they cost \$31 in England.

Much commendation is due to Leonard Scott & Co., the enterprising republishers of these Magazines, for the style and promptness with which, month after month, they present them to American readers. We have heard the term of 'Literary Pirates' applied to these gentlemen, and we have pleasure in stating, by way of refutation to such a vindictive charge, that we know they have for a long time been in the habit of paying to the British publishers of the *Reviews* and Blackwood more than \$3,000 a year out of their profits. This fair dealing is worthy of the deserved reputation of the firm, and we regret to learn that there are publishers who not content with making use of articles which are furnished in the Magazine, named, have lately fallen into the error of drawing invidious comparisons between their publications and *the Scott & Co.*, both as to matter and price, calling direct attention, by name, to the works republished by the latter, and claiming to give in their works, only the 'cream' of British literature, winnowing the wheat from the chaff, &c., &c. A competition, especially when backed by such unjust and designing statements should not receive the least encouragement from American lovers of literature, who can discover the wrong which, by such unprincipled conduct, is perpetrated upon the exertions and enterprise of L. Scott & Co. We think that when the five leading English periodicals can be had for \$10 a year, a discriminating reader can wisely afford to judge for himself concerning the *what* and the *chaff*. Deeply impressed with the service which the republishers have rendered to the literary world of America by their spirited undertaking, we are prompted to make these remarks, in anticipation of the commencement of the new volumes.

For full particulars as to terms, &c., the reader is referred to advertisement in another column, and as new volumes of all the publications will commence in January, now is the time to forward subscriptions.

[The advertisement, alluded to above, is crowded out, but will appear next week.]

Gov. Wise, in answer to the urgent request of Mrs. Brown, has promised that she shall have the body of her husband, unutilized.

CHANGE OF TIME.—See advertisement for change of time on A. & K. and P. & K. Railroads.

SAD NEWS FOR ANGLERS.—From some unexplained cause, the trout in the tributaries of the Sandy River are dying in large numbers.

The Railroad Commissioners will hold a meeting in Portland, Dec. 1, to take into consideration the pending difficulties between the Androscoggin and Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroads.

POWER OF SARDINIA.—This State of Europe is already powerful. The new Sardinian army is stated to number 100,000 effective men, exclusive of the rifles and marines. The National Guards will number, in addition, about 600,000 men. This is a strong force and with the acquisitions which it is to be hoped may yet be united with her, she will become a power of weight and importance to the politics of Europe. As this government is the most liberal and popular upon the continent of Europe, it may reasonably be expected that it will contribute much to the improvement of the condition of Italy.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Masspel, Ill., writes to the *Scientific American* as follows: "Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be universally known as an infallible remedy: Make Plaster of Paris into the consistency of soft putty, and fill the cavity. It will soon become a solid plug."

ON WEDNESDAY evening, as Mr. Nathaniel Baker, one of our aged and respectable citizens was walking into a store on Fore-street, he fell through the cellar hatchway, the trap-door of which was open. Mr. Baker fell about 18 feet, breaking his jaw and badly injuring his face. He is upwards of 70 years of age, and it was feared that his injuries would prove fatal, but we are happy to learn that yesterday he was in a comfortable condition and doing well.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The report of the death of the renowned Kit Carson, who was killed by Indians on Monday last at Bannock, aged nearly seventy years, is contradicted.

GEORGE A. WHITING.

No. 35 Union Street, Boston,
INTRODUCED AND DEALT IN BY
Plates, Black Tin, Spring Steel,
Iron, Lead, Zinc, Slough Shoes
Iron, Copper, Tire & Sheet
Wire, Antimony, Steel Wire,
Keys, Raps, Nuts, Washers, Bolts, Rivets, Machine Screws,
Crucibles, Emery, Rags, Hammers, Jaws, and Stamps
of all kinds. Also, all kinds of Castings, Cast Iron
Machines. Also, Sheet Iron and Tin Plates in Bond.

VALUABLE INFORMATION
Married Ladies, and those contemplating Marriage,
in a letter envelope, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of
a silver or P. O. stamps. This is **NO HUMBUG**, made
known by the wives and daughters of the Army, the Police,
and the Navy, and is the only one of the kind in the
country—one of New York, the other of Boston—whose
cost and the facilities of manner accompany each letter
will be found to be of great value. The Boston
one will be forwarded by return post. 17

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."
UNDERWOOD'S "WHITE AND RED"
 The complexion, are the most delicate Cosmetics ever
 applied, will not injure the skin, at a dose substantial
 to the hair, it is the most perfect of all, and the use of it
 may as well be covered or improved as worn. Its cost is
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