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Poetry.

For the Oxford Democrat.
I REMEMBER.
I remember a pair of eyes—
Blue, and smiling, and full of mirth,
That looked into mine as we rode along
Over the shining, snow-clad earth.
'Twas a sunny day in early spring—
Our merry hearts knew no alloy;
And how the echoing tones of mirth and joy
To the thrilling tones of mirth and joy!
As we rode away.
In our beautiful sleigh,
Neath the blue, blue sky of an April day!
He was a child of the chilly north—
He with the azure laughing eyes;
But early the earnest youth went forth,
To follow the will of his own choice.
Now his aged mother waits in vain,
With prayers her beautiful boy's return—
'Tis strange—will he never come again?
Never again to love and me again?
Still e'er I dream
Of eyes that seem
To smile in joy like a mountain stream!
MAY.
Washington, D. C., April, 1870.

Select Story.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

One day, a good many years ago, a
young woman knocked at the door of a
little cottage in the suburbs of the town
of New-castle-upon-Tyne. The knock
was immediately responded to by the
opening of the door within. An aged
woman, neatly dressed, and who had evi-
dently risen from her wheel, was the sole
inmate of the little cot.

"Bless your heart, girl," said the dame,
as she entered with her visitor, and sat
down to the wheel again; "there must
surely be something particular about you
to-day, for you did not come to knock."

"I was afraid some one might be with
you, mother," said the girl, who had taken
a seat opposite the spinner.

"And though a neighbor has been here,
replied the dame, "this surely wouldn't
have frightened you away. But the truth
is, you have got something to say to me,
Catherine," continued the speaker, kindly;
"out with it, my dear, depend upon the
best counsel old Hannah can give."

The young woman blushed deeply, and
did not speak.

"Has William Hutton asked you to be-
come his wife, Catherine?" said the dame
who easily and rightly anticipated the
matter that was in the thoughts of her
youthful visitor.

"He has mother," was the reply.

The woman began to brr earnestly at
her wheel.

"Well, my dear," said she after a short
pause, "is not this what you have long
expected—aye and wished? He has your
heart; and so, I suppose, it needs no
witch to tell what will be the end on't."

This might be all very true, but there
was something on Catherine's mind which
struggled to be out, and out it came.

"Dear Hannah," said she, seating her-
self close by the dame, and taking her by
the hand, "you have been a kind friend—
a parent—to me since my poor mother
died, and I have no one to look to for ad-
vice but myself. I have not given Wil-
liam an answer, and not until I had
spoken to you; more especially as some-
thing—as you once said—"

"What did I say, Catherine?" interrupted
the old woman; "nothing against the
man you love, surely. He is, from all that
I have seen and heard, kind-hearted,
industrious, and every way well-behaved."

"Yes, Hannah," replied the woman;
"but you once said, after I had brought
him once or twice to see you, that you
did not like those—those sort of low fits
that sometimes fall upon him, even while
in your company. I have noticed them
since, Hannah," continued Catherine,
with a sigh.

"Plague on my thoughtless tongue for
saying such things to vex you, my dear
child! He was a soldier, you know, a
good many years ago—before he was
twenty—and fought for his country. Per-
haps he may have seen sights that made
him grave to think upon, without blam-
ing himself.—But whatever it may be, I
mean not, Catherine, that you should take
such passing words to heart. If he
has some little cares, you will easily soothe
them, and make him happy."

As the worthy dame spoke her visitor's
brow cleared, and after some further con-
versation, Catherine left the cottage, il-
luminated of heart by the thought that her
old friend approved of her following the
course to which her inclination led her.

Catherine Smith was well entitled to
pay respect to the counsel of Hannah.—
The latter had never married, and had
spent the greater part of her life in the
service of a wealthy family at Morpeth.
When she was there, the widowed moth-
er of Catherine had died at Newcastle, and
on learning of the circumstances, Han-
nah thought a friend merely, and no rela-
tion, had sent for the orphan girl, then
about ten years of age, and had taken
care of her until she grew to maintain
herself by service. On finding herself
unable to continue a working-life longer,
Hannah had returned to Newcastle, her
native place, where she lived in humble
comfort on the earnings of her long ca-
reer of servitude. Catherine came back
with her to Newcastle, and immediately
entered into service there. Hannah and
Catherine had been two years in these re-
spective situations, when the dialogue
which has just been recorded took place.

On the succeeding expiry of her term
of service, Catherine was married to the

man whose name has been stated as be-
ing William Hutton. He was a joiner by
trade, and bore, as Hannah said, an ex-
cellent character. The first visit paid by
the new married couple was to the cot-
tage of the old woman, who gazed on
them with a true maternal pride, think-
ing she had never seen so handsome a
couple. The few years spent by Hutton
in the army had given to his naturally
good figure an erect manliness, which
looked as well in one of his sex, as the
light, graceful, and fair, ingenious coun-
tenance of Catherine was calculated to
adorn one of woman kind. Something
of this kind, was in the thoughts of Han-
nah, when Catherine and her husband
visited the dame's dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by the
same parties to Hannah, and on each suc-
cessive occasion the old woman looked
narrowly, though unobtrusively as possi-
ble, into the wife's feelings, with a moth-
erly anxiety to know if she was happy.—
For, though Hannah, seeing Catherine's
affections deeply engaged, and made
light of her own early remarks upon the
strange and unplesant gloom, occasion-
ally, if not unfrequently, observable in
the look and manner of William Hutton,
the old woman was never able to rid her
mind altogether of misgivings on the
subject. For many months after Cath-
erine's marriage, however, Hannah could
discover nothing but open, unalloyed
happiness in the air and conversation of
the youthful wife. But at length Han-
nah's eye did perceive something like a
change. Catherine seemed sometimes to
fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits
of abstraction, not unlike those which
had been observed in her husband. The aged
dame felt greatly distressed at the thought
of her dear Catherine being unhappy,
but for a long time held her peace on the
subject, trusting that the cloud might be
a temporary one, and would disappear.

It was not so, unfortunately. Though
in their manner to each other when to-
gether, nothing but the most cordial af-
fection was observable, Catherine, when
she came alone to see Hannah, always
seemed a prey to some uneasiness which
all her efforts could not conceal from her
old friend. Even when she became for
the first time a mother, and with all the
beautiful pride of a young mother's love,
presented her baby to Hannah, the latter
could see signs of secret grief imprinted
on Catherine's brow.

Hoping by her counsel to bring relief,
Hannah at last took an opportunity to
tell the young wife what she had observ-
ed, and earnestly besought her confidence.

At first Catherine stammered forth a
hurried assurance that she was perfectly
happy, and in a few seconds belied her
words by bursting into tears, and owning
she was very unhappy.

"But I cannot, Hannah," she exclaim-
ed, "I cannot tell the cause—not even to
you."

"Don't say so, my poor Catherine," re-
plied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that
prompts me to interfere."

"Oh, no, Hannah," replied the young
wife; "I know you speak from love to
me."

"Well, then," continued the dame,—
"open your heart to me. Age is a good
adviser."

Catherine was silent.

"Is your husband harsh to you?" asked
Hannah.

"No, no," cried the wife; "man could
not be kinder to woman than he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink; is—"

"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was
Catherine's reply; "my husband is as free
from all faults as ever man was."

"My dear child," said the old woman,
almost smiling as the idea entered her
head "you are not suspicious—not jeal-
ous—"

"I have never had a moment's cause,
Hannah," answered Catherine. "No my
griefs are not of that nature. He is one
of the dearest and best of husbands."

Old Hannah was puzzled at those re-
plies, as much as she was distressed by the
open avowal of Catherine's having some
cause for sorrow; but, seeing that her
young friend could not make up her mind
to a disclosure at the time, the aged dame
gave up her inquiries and told Catherine
to think seriously of the propriety of con-
fiding all to her.

Hannah conceived that on mature con-
sideration Catherine would come to the
conclusion of seeking counsel to the cot-
tage.—And she was not wrong. In a few
days after their late conversation, the
young wife came to visit Hannah again,
and after a little embarrassed talk, en-
tered on the subject which was uppermost
in the minds of both.

"Hannah," said Catherine, "I fear you
can serve me nothing—I fear no living
being can serve me. Oh Hannah! good
as my husband appears to be—good as he
is—there is some dreadful weight pressing
upon his mind, which destroys his peace
—and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits
which you as well as I have noticed in
him, are not, I fear, without cause."

Catherine wept in silence, and then con-
fessed: "All that I know of this cause
arises from his expressions—his dreadful
expressions—while he is sleeping by my
side. Hannah, he speaks in broken
language of murder, of having committed
murder! Perhaps a woman deceived and
killed by him." As Catherine said this,
she shuddered, and buried her face in that
of the babe which she carried in her arms.

Hannah was shocked to hear of this,
but good sense led her at once to suggest,
for the comfort of the poor wife, that it
was perfectly possible for her husband to

consider himself a murderer in his sleep,
and speak of it, without the slightest
reality in the whole affair.

"Ah, Hannah," said Catherine, sadly,
"these dreadful sayings are not the result
of one night-mare slumber. They occur
often—too often. Besides, when I first
heard him mutter in his sleep these horri-
ble things I mentioned the matter to him
in the morning at our breakfast, and
laughed at it; but he grew much agitated,
and telling me to pay no attention to such
things 'as he sometimes talked nonsense,'
he knew in his sleep," he arose and went
away, leaving his meal unfinished, indeed
scarcely touched. I am sure he does not
know how often he speaks in his sleep,
for I have never mentioned it again—
though my rest is destroyed by it. And
then his fits of sadness at ordinary mo-
ments! Hannah, Hannah! there is some
mystery under it! 'Yes' continued the
wife, "he is so good, so kind, so dutiful
to God and man! He has too much ten-
derness and feeling to harm a fly! Han-
nah, what am I to think or to do, for I am
a wretch at present!"

It was long ere the old dame replied to
this question. She mused greatly on
what had been told her, and in the end
said to Catherine—"My poor child, I can-
not believe that William is guilty of what
these circumstances lay seemingly at his
door. But if the worst be true, it is better
for you to know it, than to be in this
killing suspense forever. Go and gain
his confidence, Catherine; tell him all that
has come to your ear, and say that you
do so by my advice." Hannah continued to
use persuasions of the same kind for
some time longer, and at length sent
Catherine home, firmly resolved to follow
the counsel given to her.

On the following day Catherine once
more presented herself at the abode of
Hannah, and as soon as she entered, ex-
claimed: "Dear mother, I have told him
all! He will be here soon to explain
everything to us both."

The old woman did not exactly compre-
hend this. "Has he not," said she "given
an explanation, then, to you?"

"No, Hannah," said Catherine; "but O
he is not guilty! When I had spoken to
him, as you desired me, he was silent for
a long time, and he then took me in his
arms, Hannah, and kissed me saying:
'My darling Catherine, I ought to have
confided in you long before. I have been
unfortunate, not guilty. Go to kind
Hannah's and I will soon follow you, and
set your mind at ease, as far as it can be
done. Had I known how much you have
been suffering, I would have done this
long before.' These were his last words,
Hannah, O, he may be unfortunate but
not guilty."

Hannah and Catherine said but little to
each other, until the husband of the latter
came to the cottage. William sat down
gravely by the side of his wife, and after
kindly inquiring for the old woman, at
once commenced his story. "The reason
of the unhappy exclamations in sleep,"
said he, "which have weighed so much
upon my mind, dear Catherine, may be
very soon told. They arose from a cir-
cumstance which has embittered my own
peace, but which, I hope, is to be re-
garded as a sad calamity rather than a
crime. When I entered the army, which
I did at the age of nineteen, the recruiting
party to which I attached myself was
sent to Scotland, where we remained but
a few months, being ordered again to
England, in order to be transported to
the continent. One unhappy morning,
as we were passing out of the town where
we had rested on our march southward,
my companions and I chanced to see a
girl apparently about fifteen years of age,
washing clothes in a tub. Being the
most light-hearted, I took up a large stone
with the intention of splashing water
against the girl. She stooped hastily,
and, shocking to tell, when I threw the
stone it struck her on the head, and she
fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull
fractured. Stupefied by what I had done,
I stood gazing on the stream of blood
rushing from my poor victim's head,
when my companions observing that no
one had seen us, for it was then early in
the morning—hurried me off. We were
not pursued, and in a few weeks were
on the continent; but the image of that
bleeding girl followed me everywhere;
and since I came home I have never
dared to inquire into the result, lest
suspicion should be excited, and I should
suffer for murder! For I fear, from the
dreadful nature of the blow, that the
death of that poor creature lies at my
door!"

While Hutton was relating this story,
he had turned his eyes to the window,
but what was his astonishment, as he
was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry aloud;
"Thank God!" while his wife broke into
a hysterical passion of tears and smiles,
and threw herself into his arms.

"My dear husband," cried she, as soon
as her voice found utterance, "that town
was Morpeth."

"It was," said he.

"Dear William," the wife then cried,
"I am that girl!"

"You, Catherine," cried the amazed
and enraptured husband, as he pressed
her to his breast.

"Yes," said old Hannah, from whose
eyes tears of joy were fast dropping; "the
girl whom you unfortunately struck was
the one who is now the wife of your
bosom; but your fears had magnified
the blow. Catherine was found by my-
self soon after the accident; and though
she lost a little blood, and was stunned
for a time, she soon got round again."

Praised be heaven for bringing about this
blessed explanation!"

"Amen," cried Catherine and her hus-
band.

Peace and happiness, as much as usually
falls to the lot of mortals, were the lot of
Catherine and her husband from this
time forward, their great source of inqui-
tude being thus taken away. The wife
even loved the husband more, from the
discovery that the circumstances which
had eased her distress, were but a proof
of his tenderness of heart conscience; and
William was attached more strongly to
Catherine, after finding her to be the per-
son whom he had unwittingly injured.
A new tie, as it were had been formed
between them. Strange as this history
may appear, it is true.—Chamber's Mis-
cellany.

The Lost Oneida—Divers at Work—A Thrilling Incident of the Day's Labor.

After the usual preparations had been
concluded, and by sounding it had been
ascertained that the deck of the Oneida
was 103 feet beneath the surface of the
bay after every caution had been given
to eight strong sailors to keep the air-
pump constantly in motion, and allow
not an instant of stoppage to occur,
as thereby depended the life of the bold
diver; after Charley Lougee had been
helmeted, and shut from air, except that
supplied through the slender tube of the
coiled rubber, with a life-line around his
body, and leaden elgs to his feet, with
"Good-bye" and "God bless you" from
all aboard, he was dropped over the side
and slowly disappeared in the blue waves
while a nervous tremor shot through our
frames as we realized the fearful risk taken
by that man who was seeking for truth
in over 100 feet of water. Away to leav-
ard, borne by tide and wind, came
floating bubbles to the surface—life sig-
nals from below. The men at the pump
labored manfully, but becoming fatigued
attempted to change for fresh hands, and
there was a stop. "Great God! you will
murder my brother! Quick! for Heav-
en's sake, quick!" And as the men re-
commenced the revolutions of the air-
pump, the elder Lougee, with blanched
face and trembling lip, gave a signal on
the life-line below. For an instant there
came no response, and the face of that
brother seemed turned to marble; but
when we saw the quick motions from the
submarine station, and knew it was the
welcome signal of "all right," and then
Lougee turned to the men at the wheel,
who came so near sending both below,
and simply said: "My brother's life
depends upon your efforts in keeping that
pump constantly in motion—stop
again at your peril." The calm face and
passionate eye told those men not to stop
again, and with Lieut. Tanner close by
they kept at work until stopped by orders
from Lougee. Meantime while we were
on the deck of that "sand pan," counting
the tedious moments which lengthened
to half an hour, Charley Lougee was
searching the Oneida at the tremendous
depth mentioned. At last came the sig-
nal for "surface," and instantly the life-
line was put in motion; slowly came the
coiling hemp and rubber on deck, and at
last, away in the deep blue waves, came
in sight the diver, shrouded and pan-
opied in weird garments. As he came to
the surface he reached Minister DeLong
a sword and a lacerated box, and then
was his helmet loosened, and our party
crowded around to hear of the gallant
ship. Among our party were many of
the survivors of the Oneida; among them
were Wm. Crowninshield, Capt. Clark,
Master Yates and Dr. James Sadtler,
who were intensely excited to learn the
tidings.

Said the Diver: The water for the
first seventy feet was quite clear, as the
sun gave excellent light, and although
my supply of air was once choked for an
instant, I reached the deck of the ship
just as the mizzen-mast and close
by the mess-room hatch; the tide was eb-
bing quite strong, and I was compelled
to hold to the lines from the rigging to
keep from being swept forward. I first
examined the side of the ship; she was
cut from the mizzen rigging (at an angle
of about forty degrees) across the whole
stern of the ship, her timbers, far below
the water line, being crushed and broken
the captain's cabin cut in two, the wheel
and steering gear all carried away, and
in fact, the whole end of the ship stove
in or cut away. The ship is heading
south-west and sits upright on the bot-
tom, and is making sand slowly. I laid
on the deck and peered over the broken
end into the cabin, but did not dare trust
my air-line in contact with the jagged
timbers. The guns and armament ex-
cept one, are in place aft; but I did not
go forward, as I was afraid of entangle-
ment in the rigging.—Turning to Crow-
nshield, he said: "Your evidence,
which I read, described almost exactly
the injury, except that she was cut deeper
than you could have known." Lougee
expressed the belief that it will be imprac-
ticable to raise the ship, but says the
splendid battery, personal effects, &c.,
can be saved if the government sees prop-
er.

By this survey the testimony of the
living is verified and the memory of the
dead without a stain, for the position of
the ship as found, and the positions of
to by the Oneida and Bombay, as testified
it was impossible for the captain of the
Bombay to have seen the red light of the
Oneida, and that the order of "Port your
helm," by Capt. Eyre was wrong, and
the "Starboard," hard-a-starboard" of
Master Yates was right.—Japan Cor-
respondent's Union.

SIGHTS ABOUT NAPLES.

We take the following article from a
private letter, written by a Midshipman
in the Navy to his friends here, as il-
lustrating some of the sights of Naples
not generally given in the "Guide Books."

"I went ashore to take another look at
the Museum. We went through the mag-
nificent Picture and Statuary Galleries,
and thence into the 'Egyptian Room.' The
Neapolitans have arranged their
Mummies for inspection, so as to make
them as repulsive as possible. The linen
wraps were cut in sections, and the whole
of the black 'cadavre' exposed with the
hole through which the embalming fluid
was injected, and the superfluous matter
removed from the body. Then they have
heads perched around with their black
lips drawn back from the teeth in a horri-
ble grin, that has lasted for thousands
of years. Although I have seen hundreds
of Mummies before, I have never seen
any that seemed so horribly sarcastic upon
all sublimity matters, as these fellows;
they seemed to have no idea of proving
the truth of the remark, 'dust thou art
and unto dust, &c.' From the 'Egyptian'
we went into the 'Pompeian' room, and
looked at the people who were surprised
by the ashes of Vesuvius, one day, about
eighteen hundred years ago, and since
that time have been lying stark and stiff
in the same positions they were in when
the ashes covered them up. From thence
we visited the 'Catacombs,' large roomy
corridors and walls cut in the solid rock
or 'Tufo.' All along the passages were
the burial niches, and all of them had been
occupied and then desecrated, the bones
lying all around in every conceivable form
and shape. In one part of the Catacombs
was a chamber, in which the Pagans used
to sacrifice an old dozen or two of
Christians, whenever they felt piously in-
clined. Occasionally we would come to
heaps of bones on the floor of the corridors,
from which death's heads would look out
in that peculiar 'smiling way' they have.
The effect of the grisley bones in the dark
passages of the Catacombs, illuminated
by the little taper of our superannated
guide, was to me quite striking, and as I
tossed up a skull, and it fell with a dull
'thud,' upon the ground, I wondered to
whom it belonged, and whether the spirit
which once animated that 'tenement of
clay,' would reclaim it again, when
'Gabriel,' shall announce the re-union of
'mind and matter.' My craving for
horror was fed, rather than appeased by
my interview with the old Egyptian, the
later Pompeian, and still later, Christian
dead men; and so I visited the old 'Campo
Santo.' This place consists of a series of
pits, 365 in number, the tops of which are
covered with stone flagging, a trap door
a yard square, being fitted in the centre
of each. One of these traps is removed
each day in the year, and all the poor
people who die in the city of Naples on
that day, are brought to that pit and
thrown in, after which, the trap is re-
placed for a year. As we rode up, there
was a man ahead with a hand cart, on
which was painted a 'skull and cross,' and
bones, and other envenoming advertise-
ments. He pulled away at it bravely,
but it seems to be hard work for him,
ascending the hill, at which we did not
wonder when we found his cargo to con-
sist of three grown persons and six
children, and he alone acting as hearse,
horse, bearer and mourner. When we
entered Campo Santo there were about
one hundred dirty Neapolitans setting
about, evidently in a state of expectancy.
Toothless old women were in a few
cases, telling their beads at some of the
freshly sealed slabs, but most of the crowd
were evidently waiting for their daily
entertainment, and, meanwhile, lousy
women picked the 'creepers' from the
heads of lousy children, and lousy young
girls with dirty bare feet and legs,
scratched their heads of magnificent hair,
and gossiped in the corners. At length
2 or 3 of the hearse hand carts were pushed
up to the slab to be lifted, and the crowd
collected around while a bear-eyed offi-
cial in a red vest, dirty velvet coat, rig-
ged a lever and fulcrum and hooked
chains to eyebolts in the slab for lifting it.
This 'Red vest' made a great deal of
noise directing the lazy men who took the
coffins from the zinc-lined hand carts, and
from the niches in the walls where they
had been placed during the day, and drew
them indifferently upon the pavement.
The coffins were zinc-lined and iron
bound, and had been used every day for
years. Red vest made the crowd stand
aside for the 'Signori,' and we were
placed close to the slab, which was raised
and pivoted to one side.

The Pit was about 25 feet deep, dark,
slimy, and loathsome, from which arose
a musty indescribable odor—the result
of a year's decay. At the bottom, was a
pile of bones barely discernable. A 'Cub
Priest,' and a dirty boy now came out of
a chapel, the first carrying a small swab,
and the other a dish, that looked like an
old fashioned silver-plated sugar bowl,
with all the plating worn off. The Priest
then kissed a very filthy, yellow scarf,
hung it around his neck, and proceeded
to sprinkle the hand carts and the coffins
lying about the pavement, muttering his
prayers, as he did so. The swab was not
very effective as a sprinkler, and very
little 'holy water' was thrown from it,
and what was, looked as though the
Priest had been washing his hands in it,
and as if they were very dirty hands too.
We were uncovered during the ceremony
and the people around stopped talking,
but they did not stop scratching, not an
instant. The Priest lost no time in about

a minute he stopped trying to shake any
water from his swab

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 6, 1870.

Political Vituperation.

A "free country" is often the license for a great abuse of freedom. The right to abuse and vilify a candidate for office, is claimed by many as incident to party politics, and justified by the freedom of the press. It is the bane of politics. A sharp-pointed quill, with scathing denunciation and keen satire is sometimes needed to expose wrong and unmask hypocrites and pretenders, but when men whose private characters are above reproach before nomination to office are suddenly made to appear as villains of the deepest dye, according to the statements of political opponents, there has been too sudden transformation for public credence.

The largest liberty should be allowed to public servants, without impugning their sincerity or honesty of purpose, because they differ from us. Independence of character should be vindicated and honored, and to do this, we must accord to those who occupy representative positions, certain opinions and minds of their own.

Let us avoid that acrimony in political discussions, which descends to personalities, and which engenders self-ill feeling as to embitter the social relations of life.

We were led to indulge in the above thoughts by reading the following extract from a correspondent in the York County Independent, of this week:

"Our honored Governor, a man of exalted character and unblemished reputation, deserves something better than vituperation and ungentlemanly assaults because he has independence enough (for which thank God) to follow out, in some measure, the dictates of his own judgment, rather than bend to the opinions of self-interested politicians, looking to their own interest instead of the general good. I have no fear of damage to these tried servants of the people from such attacks, for the overcharged gun generally does more damage in the rear than in the front; but men still live who are not sensible of the fact, and often pick themselves up after such a recoil to find the enemy before them unharmed and erect."

"Tis thy Vocation, Hal!"

The Maine Temperance Advocate was the creation of the third party—started as its organ, to advocate it and fan the flame of discordant element into a blaze, if possible—hence it feels the necessity laid upon it of contending for its existence. We find no particular fault with this, so long as it relies upon unquestionable facts and arguments, but when it ignores the common rules of construction of parliamentary law to make out a case, it departs from all fair and legitimate argument.

In its last issue, the editor, who is the G. W. Secretary of the Order of Good Templars and has the records, appeals to them to sustain his avowed that the Grand Lodge heartily endorsed the formation of the Temperance party, and recommended its continuance. Our readers are familiar with the proceedings of the Grand Lodge on the subject, and we need not recapitulate them. The simple point we make is this, that though the report of the Committee on political action was voted down, and the report of the Committee of last fall substituted—the gist of which is, "that the organization of a distinct Temperance party was wise, and that it should be continued until the objects for which it was formed are fully accomplished"—yet that the Grand Lodge on the next day took action diametrically and distinctly opposite to this—which, being the final action, controls and must be taken as the true expression or sense of the body.

The only question then is, was the final action of this nature. The Advocate claims to cite the records and says: "Just previous to the adjournment of the Grand Lodge, Bro. B. F. Teague of Turner, a square-edged third party man—introduced the following explanatory resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge disavows any intention to bind its own members, or the members of any subordinate Lodge to act with any particular party; but simply urges upon all Good Templars the duty of voting with such parties, and for such candidates as are in favor of enforced prohibition."

Whether Mr. Teague is "a square-edged third party man" or not, may not affect the particular point at issue much, but what he said, as prefatory to the resolution, and which the Advocate carefully suppresses, is of some import, and we claim that it should appear in its proper place. It is as follows, as given by the editor of the Lewiston Journal, who was present and reported the proceedings:

"B. F. Teague, Esq., of Turner, said the action of the Grand Lodge yesterday, had caused dissatisfaction, and that it was passed under a misapprehension. For the purpose of showing clearly the position of the Grand Lodge, he offered the following resolution.

These proceedings were not had, as Bro. Shorey gives the impression, just previous to the adjournment—but two hours, certainly, before the time fixed for adjournment—nor was the resolution unanimously adopted. Rev. E. W. Jackson objected that the resolution was in direct conflict with the previous day's action, and others expressed the same view. After the passage of the resolution, there was an attempt to rescind the previous day's vote, by Mr. Jackson and those who were instrumental in passing it, because the records would appear ridiculous with the two opposite votes upon them. If Bro. Shorey sees no incongruity in the two, he sees differently from most others. But the friends of the resolution were not particular about rescinding the action of the previous day, for the very good reason, that according to parliamentary and civil law, final action always modifies and controls previous action!"

And so we rest the matter, simply saying that there is a principle involved in this discussion, seriously affecting, in our judgment, the welfare of the order of Good Templars, and this is our only reason for pursuing the matter. We have no quarrel with Bro. Shorey, whom we respect highly as an earnest and devoted laborer in the good cause of Temperance.

Letter from Mr. Blaine.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 28th, 1870.
To the Editor of the Kennebec Journal:
I have received within the past year numerous tenders of support from leading and influential Republicans of our State for the position of U. S. Senator. I have neither accepted or declined these generous proffers, and have refrained from all correspondence on the subject.

But it appears to me quite evident that my candidacy of the place, even if it should result in my election, would tend to produce discord among those who have heretofore been friends, and might possibly mar the harmony of the Republican party in Maine. Sincerely attached to the principles of that party, and desirous of its success far beyond any mere personal advancement, I deem it my duty to say thus early and thus publicly, that my name will not be presented to the next Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator.

Very truly yours,
J. G. BLAINE.

—The Bangor Whig of Tuesday contains a letter from Wm. B. Suel, Esq., of Winthrop, and M. J. Metcalf, of Kennebec, two of the three members of the Kennebec delegation which changed their votes from Morrill to Hamlin, in the Senatorial contest of 1868. They emphatically affirm that their course was not influenced by Mr. Blaine, and that he did not, in any way, seek to influence them to go over to Hamlin's support. This relieves Mr. Blaine from the imputation which he has labored under since that time.

Sons of Temperance.

The action of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance recently held, was similar to that of the Good Templars, in relation to political action. The Portland Transcript says:

"They passed resolves recommending a third party convention to nominate Governor, advising temperance men to vote only for men who favor the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, and also one deprecating any discrimination against color in their order. It is understood that if the republicans nominate Mr. Perham, the third party will ratify the nomination. Some members were earnest to have the third party convention before that of the republicans, but were voted down."

THE FIFTH ME REG'T. ASSOCIATION will celebrate its 17th Anniversary on the 27th of July, 1870, at Biddeford. On arriving, members will be met at the Biddeford House by the Committee of Arrangements. Proceeding from thence, the Association will take the favorite Steamer Augusta for the "Pool," and make their headquarters at "Yates House," where the business meeting will be held, and dinner served. At the close of dinner, an Oration will be delivered by J. O. Winslow, Esq., (late Priv. Co. A.) and a Poem by "Komical Brown," (late of Co. H.) Members wishing to take ladies are assured of ample accommodations. The afternoon will be devoted to a social reunion of comrades, with suitable amusements.

The History of the Fifth Maine Regiment will be ready for delivery for those wishing to purchase.

Arrangements will be made for half fare on the P. & P. Railroad, and the Portland and Kennebec railroad.

Members who attend, are requested to wear the Corps badge.

All honorably discharged members of the Regiment are cordially invited to be present. [York County Independent.]

MASONIC. The Grand Lodge met in Portland on Tuesday last, John Lynde of Bangor, Grand Master presiding.

The report of the Committee on credentials showed an average attendance and representation, after which the Grand Master delivered his annual address. He advised against celebrating the semi-centennial anniversary of this Grand Lodge which occurs on the 24th day of June next. The address was able, and contained much information in regard to the craft in the jurisdiction. The following officers were elected:

John H. Lynde of Bangor, Grand Master.

David Cargill of Augusta, Deputy Grand Master.

Thaddeus R. Simonton of Camden, Senior Grand Warden.

John W. Ballou of Bath, Junior Grand Warden.

Moses Dodge of Portland, Grand Treasurer.

Ira Berry of Portland Grand Secretary. Oliver Gorrich of Portland, Abner B. Thompson of Brunswick, Wm. P. Preble of Portland, Committee on Finance.

E. P. Barnham of Saco, Stephen J. Young of Brunswick, Trustees of Charity Fund.

—It will be seen by our Court Record that County Attorney Paisior has been doing a big job in the way of bringing up rumsellers with a round turn. On Monday the jury convicted a long roll without leaving their seats, when the "oons" concluded to come down without further trouble. Judge Danforth proceeded to sentence the crowd to pay fines to the County amounting to \$3,200 and costs (enough to pay the whole expenses of court,) and a few to jail. One indictment was left hanging over each party as pledge for the future. County Attorney Paisior, City Marshal Douglass and the officers generally, are entitled to great credit for this work. They evidently mean "business," says the Lewiston Journal.

Temperance in Oxford County.

Nearly forty years ago, total abstinence was subscribed to by the lawyers and others of Oxford County, and a temperance society formed. Below we give the Constitution, and names of some of the subscribers, taken from the original document before us.

CONSTITUTION

Of the UNION TEMPERANCE SOCIETY of the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned being desirous of exerting their influence in the cause of Temperance, and recognizing and adopting the principle of total abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, hereby form our selves into an association, to be called the UNION TEMPERANCE SOCIETY of the County of Oxford.

ART. 1. The Officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice President and Secretary, to be chosen annually, by the members at the June Term of the Court of Common Pleas.

ART. 2. There shall be a meeting of this association on some day during each Term of the Court of Common Pleas, at the Court House, of which meeting it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give seasonable notice—and it shall be the duty of the President to request some gentleman to deliver an Address at each meeting.

ART. 3. Every person signing this Constitution shall become a member of this Society thereby engaging to adopt a total abstinence in reference to the use of ardent spirits as a drink.

Levi Whitman, Daniel Emery, Robert Goodenow, Wm. Goodenow, R. K. Goodnow, Isaiah P. Moody, Timothy J. Carney, Daniel Goodenow, Reuel Washburn, Henry Farewell, James Walker, Samuel F. Brown, Timothy Carter, Peter C. Virgin, Levi Stowell, Joshua Randall, Virgil D. Parris, Solomon Hall, Thomas Clark, James Starr, John Woodbury, Augustine Haynes, John Jameson, Chas. Whitman, Albert G. Thornton, Hannibal Hamlin, Cyrus Thompson, S. Strickland, Eben Poor, Wm. Warren, Ira Bartlett, James V. Poor, Thomas Gammon, Elisha Morse, Geo. Turner, David Gerry, Ephraim Bass, Erasmus P. Poor, Stephen Chase, Ebenezer Jewett, Abraham Andrews Jr. Dan'l Chaplin, John S. Barrows, Josiah Blake, Simeon Walton.

Jan. 22, 1833. At a meeting of the Society, voted, that a committee of one or more Gentlemen in every town in the County be appointed to take a copy of this Constitution and procure subscribers, and the following gentlemen were appointed for the service, viz:—Fryeburg, Benjamin Wyman, Ebenezer Fossenden, Jr. Henry C. Basswell, Brownfield, James Steele, Samuel Stickney, George Bean; Hiram, Peleg Wadsworth, Alpheus Spring; Denmark, Samuel Gibson, Amos Poor; Lovell, Abraham Andrews; Sweden, Chas. Nevins, Nathan Bradbury; Fryeburg Addition Samuel Farrington; Waterford, Charles Whitman, Daniel Brown, Esq., Dr. Leander Gage; Albany, Aaron Cummings; Livermore, Reuel Washburn; Jay, Jas. Starr, Canton; John Henessey; Hartford, Cyrus Thompson; Sumner, Samuel Sewall; Peru, Levi Ludden; Dixfield, Henry Farewell; Mexico, Joseph Eustis; Hartford, Elder Hutchinson, Joseph Tobin, Edward Blake; Buckfield, Seth Stetson, Zadock Long, Lucius Loring; Paris,—Abijah Hall, Jr. Simeon Walton, Asaph Kittredge; Hebron, Wm. Barrows, Dr. Carr; Oxford, J. S. Keith, S. H. King; Rumford, Henry Martin; Andover, Sylvanus Poor, Jr.; Bethel, Jedediah Burbank; Newry, Josiah Black; Woodstock, Elder Whitman.

A REMARKABLE TRIAL. Dr. N. P. Monroe of Belfast, President of the Maine Medical Society, and for two or three years a member of the House of Representatives, has been sued for \$20,000 damages by Joseph B. Howes, a former patient whom he treated for inflammation of the eyes. The Plaintiff's testimony is in substance as follows:

Am 56 years old; was a stage driver from 15 years of age to 35; always enjoyed good health; never drank a pint of liquor in my life; never used tobacco; in May, '67, got a spattering of mortar in my right eye; a little uncomfortable; not sore; wore a bandage over one eye in wet or windy weather; defendant came to visit my sick wife; by her advice he looked at my eye; put something into them from a vial which made them burn as if there were coals of fire in them; I never saw after; in about a week or so he visited me again; performed the same operation with like results—with no benefits.

Dr. Monroe in defence says in substance:

I did put nitrate of silver on the inside of the eyelid of plaintiff—a good medicine in such cases. The catastrophe in the eye had already come before he applied to me. The Jury rendered a clean verdict for defendant.

—The Whig tells of the misfortunes of one liquor dealer, Charles Penny of Alton, who has just left for home after seven and a half months in jail. He had a little falling out with the Selectmen of his town in relation to the sale of liquor. Mr. Penny would sell it—the Selectmen wouldn't let him, and the consequence was that Mr. Penny changed his residence, lost eight months' time, paid \$157 in cash and went home to the bosom of his family, a wiser and we trust a better man.

—The Drama of Therese was very creditably performed, last Thursday evening, by the Amateur Club at South Paris. The characters were all well sustained. We would especially mention that of Therese, by Miss Mary Stone. The play being exceedingly tragical, called for difficult acting; but it was performed with good effect, which was aided, no doubt, by the new scenery, furnished by Mr. Frank Skillings, who, in the closing farce, rendered with inimitable effect, the character of "Toodles."

—The Portland Press says it is understood that Hon. Freeman H. Morse has disposed of his property in this State and will reside in London.

County Lodge, I. O. of G. T.

The County Lodge of Good Templars will meet at Bethel, on Wednesday next, May 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. We hope there will be a full delegation from every Lodge in the County. Bethel Hill is a delightful place to visit. The meetings will be held in the Academy Hall, or one of the Churches, and entertainment will be provided for visitors. Let us have a good social gathering and keep the ball rolling in our County.

East Fryeburg Items.

"Weeping fathers build their children's tomb."

East Fryeburg is again visited by that fearful and ever dreaded disease, the scarlet fever, always so sudden and fatal. Its first appearance in this neighborhood was in the winter of 1833, when almost every family felt its sad effects. Out of six families, and these were the largest half of the settlement, thirteen children were borne to their little graves, all having died of the scarlet fever. Since that time it has frequently broken out, and nearly always fastening fatally on its victims. About three weeks ago, it again made its appearance in the family of Mr. Charles Hutchins; a little girl of two years of age was attacked, and died in forty-eight hours; in the meantime, a little sister of five years old was stricken down, and died after twenty four hours' sickness, and the grief stricken family followed them both to their graves the same day; and to add sorrow to sorrow, in one short week, still another little sister of eight years was attacked, and in a few hours fell a sure victim to this terrible disease. 'Tis those and those alone that have been called to part with these little ones that can fully sympathize with this heart-broken father and mother and the remaining members of the family, consisting of two other children—a son and daughter, grown nearly to man and womanhood. Still we feel like dropping the sympathizing tear, and feel that our cup is dashed with bitterness by the overflow of others.

Bryant's Pond.

The ice broke up April 28, and the heavy rain of that night cleared the pond. This pond is rarely clear of ice in April. The Spring is forward and farmers are beginning their farm work in good earnest. Grass is unusually forward, and the buds on the trees are rapidly developing.

There have been quite important changes in real estate in this community this spring. Merrill J. Rowe has sold his stand and other real estate to Mr. Mountfort of Poland. Mr. Rowe has moved on to the William Chamberlain farm at North Woodstock. Geo. Bryant has sold his stand, which included the store occupied by Miss Perham as a milliner's shop, to a Mr. Mountfort of Poland, brother to the one last mentioned. Geo. W. Bowker has sold his real estate to Geo. Merryfield. Charles Davis has sold his farm to Allen Chase and Alonzo Felt. This is the old Perham farm, formerly owned and occupied by Joel Perham, and more recently by Hon. S. Perham of your town. It is now to be divided up and lose its identity as a homestead.

The prospect of a steam mill here under the arrangement made last fall, is not as encouraging as we could desire. And in connection with his starch factory his business of this kind will be quite extensive.

The potato market is dull and so is business generally.

SEVERE ACCIDENT. On Friday morning about 7 o'clock, Mr. Henry Martin, employed at Greene's Box Factory, on Fleet Street, was oiling the bearing of the shaft, when he was drawn violently up against the floor above, crushing in his right side, injuring his lungs, and breaking several of his ribs. The space between the shaft and the floor was too narrow to admit of the passage of his body over it, and he was held there till the revolving machinery took every vestige of clothing from his body except the wristbands of his shirt, the bottoms of his drawers and his boots. When he fell partly upon the circular saw bench, and into the arms of the workmen who rushed to assist him. He was wrapped up and taken immediately to his home, in Morse's block near Stage Street, when medical aid was furnished, and he was at last as comfortable as could be expected. His injuries are considered very severe. He is a man about thirty-five years of age, and his family consists of a wife and one child.

We take the above from a Haverhill (Mass.) paper. Mr. Martin is a son of John Martin, Esq., of Rumford. The fourth day after the accident, his friends have hope of his recovery.

—T. H. Thornton, of Franklin Plantation, sends the Portland Transcript the following items of interest: On Sunday the 17th ult., a partridge lit on the head of a little daughter of D. H. Weaver, as she was standing in the door-yard; her father took the bird in his hands, but it flew out of them lighting upon her head again, where it remained perched till she went into the house; they kept it till the following morning when her father scared it away. The snow is about all gone, where it was 18 feet deep in drifts last winter.—Thomas Thornton aged 102, is believed to be the oldest man in Oxford County; he walks to Dixfield and back, a distance of 14 miles, alone.

—Reports are rife in Paris of a new plot discovered by the police, against the State, and the life of the Emperor. It is alleged that Friday a deserter from the army, a non-commissioned officer, was arrested in a hotel in the Rue Mentemur who had in his possession a letter from Gustave Flourens, and a note containing instructions for his part in the execution of the conspiracy. The Figaro says that a part of the design of the plotters was to blow up the palace of the Tuilleries and the Prefecture of the police.

—Thirty-three students of the Bowdoin Medical Class will take their degree at the close of the present term.

Bethel Items.

Mr. S. T. Stowell, Bethel, informs us that he has made a record of each snow-storm as it fell the past winter—and that he finds upon adding up, that there has fallen twelve feet and four inches; that will answer for one winter.

Mr. C. S. Heath, has been appointed by the Selectmen, toll gatherer at the town bridge for the ensuing year.

Among the sales of real estate made in this town recently, we learn that Mr. Josiah Brown, Jr., has sold his farm for \$2000 to Oliver H. Wheeler, and that Mr. Brown has purchased the homestead farm of the late Alvah Wheeler, for which he paid \$3000. We also learn that M. T. Cross has purchased of S. B. Twitchell the piece of land on the westward side of Church street, formerly owned by the late Henry Stearns for which he paid \$1600.

During the freshet on the Androscoggin in Bethel, the 19th inst., the water reached to within about three feet of the highest rise in the stream last year.

There has been only about one-third of a crop of maple sugar made in Bethel this season.

At the annual meeting in School District No. 15, in Bethel, held on the 18th inst., Dr. True, as one of the S. S. Committee, informed the District that he had engaged Miss Isabella Clough and Miss Jennie Bodge as teachers for the summer school, to commence the first Monday in May, says the Oxford Register.

—Moses Cross, Esq., has purchased 24 acres of land just below the Congregational church on Church Street in Bethel, which he intends to cut up into streets and house lots so that mechanics and others may obtain lots at a reasonable rate. Many young men would be induced to purchase lots if prices were within reasonable limits, and we hope that any number of those will avail themselves of this opportunity to make a home for themselves as soon as possible and not allow all their surplus earnings to be swallowed up in rent, says the Lewiston Journal.

—The School at Gould's Academy, Bethel, closes this week. The students will give an exhibition on Friday evening, May 6th, at Pattee's Hall. A good time is expected.

Peru Items.

This modern New England town, far back among the granite cliffs of old Oxford, is not similar to the Republic, which bears the same name, far beyond the tropic regions of the Gulf coast—in respect to its mineral wealth—but yet is not surpassed in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, to a certain extent, by any other town in the State.

The facilities for manufacturing, are quite extensive—or can be, when the water-power is all used to advantage.—There are in this town at the present time, seven available powers, where considerable business is being done, in the way of sawing boards, shingles, laths, and all other materials for building, and other purposes, which makes it very convenient for the people of this town who are building for themselves earthly habitations.

The oldest mill in town of this kind, is situated at West Peru, which is now owned by Cyrus Dunn, where there will be a great amount of sawing done this season. And in connection with his starch factory his business of this kind will be quite extensive.

At Brooklin, a little village so called, two and one-half miles from West Peru, there is another mill, including saw-mill, shingle-mill, and other fixtures, owned by John C. Wyman.

I understand that E. H. Lovejoy, is replenishing his old store with new goods for his customers, the coming year. This is the only place of trade at this village, and I should think he might succeed.

Two miles from Jersey City—otherwise West Peru—upon a little stream, called Alder Brook, is an excellent set of machinery, owned by E. G. Austin. Mr. Austin is very ingenious, and keeps his mill in good order most of the time during the year. He has things so arranged, that when his sawing is done, he puts in rigging, as the Threshing machine, to accommodate the farmers around.

There is situated at Peru Centre, also, a very ingenious kind of saw-mill, called on by George Hayford, Esq., who is doing a good thing for the people of that section. Further down the river, at East Peru, is another, kept in operation by Mr. Charles Howard, who has all that he can do in the way of cutting out lumber for that place, and the adjoining towns.

On the same stream, not over two miles from here, are Ripley's mills, at the foot of Worthly pond—the largest body of water in the township, which is two miles long, and three-fourths of a mile broad, surrounded by productive farmers.

The natural scenery of this locality, is the most sublime at Rumford Falls, which far surpasses anything of the kind in the State of Maine. There are four powerful falls in a distance one mile, with a perpendicular descent of two hundred feet—making it the best water-power in this vicinity—which I think will soon be used for the good of those who may avail themselves of the chance of joining in the enterprise.

When the Valley road is completed from Auburn to the base of this noble work of nature, then will the people begin to think that this little, secluded town is awaking from slumbers of past ages, and ready to take its place with its older sisters around, for the promotion of all enterprise, and the up-raising of suffering humanity.

A. L. H.

Editorial and Selected Items.

—Farmers are hopeful of a good season.

—Grass is taking a fine start.

—A mild, warm rain, would help the face of nature.

—May-flowers are plenty.

—May-day was celebrated by riding parties.

—Farmers are busily at work.

—The trees are rapidly putting on their foliage. The blossoms are appearing.

—Extensive fruit grafting has been done in this section this spring.

—Don't be tempted, in these warm days, to lay aside your winter clothing.

—Straw hats have appeared.

—Thin coats are being donned.

—The lower branch of Congress has voted to adjourn on the 4th of July.

—Mrs. Miranda Glover has been appointed Postmistress at Hebron, vice Robert Glover, deceased.

—A large number of foreign-born residents are taking out naturalization papers in Bangor at the present term of the judicial court. Chief Justice Appleton peremptorily declines to confer citizenship upon aliens in the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors.

—The First Maine Cavalry have decided to have a reunion this summer. The place is not yet decided on.

—Waldoboro', two years since, voted not to buy a fire engine, and now has voted not to purchase a hearse.

—The Maine Conference of the Methodist Church meets at Augusta, Wednesday, when the annual appointments of pastors for the various Methodist Churches west of the Kennebec, will be made.

—The Ellis Falls property at Andover, with the stock, farming utensils, lumber, &c., will be sold at Auction on the 19th inst.

—It has been suggested that the order of Good Templars in the County have a Great Picnic during the summer at some convenient and suitable place in the county. A good idea.

—Bartlett & Brooks, Norway, are selling off and offering great bargains. See advertisement.

—Several communications on hand, which will appear as soon as we can find space for them. Also, original poetry.

FIRE IN GRAFTON. The dwelling house of John Killgore, of Grafton, Me., was destroyed by fire with all its contents, on the morning of the 25th. No insurance.

—The Chronicle, Mr. Forney's paper, announces that Mr. Blaine is likely to secure a re-election to the Speakership.

MIXING THINGS.—The following is a verbatim copy of one of yesterday's New York dispatches:

One hundred and two witnesses have been examined in the McFarland trial, 89 being for the defence, four of whom were baptized by immersion.

—The Governor and Council will visit the Maine State Prison at Thomaston, on Thursday next, the State Normal School, at Castine on Saturday, and will return to Augusta and be prepared to resume business on Thursday the 10th.

—The Rappel, of Paris, says that Father Hyacinthe has been converted to Protestantism by M. de Pressence, and that he is about committing matrimony and taking charge of a Lutheran Church.

—A party was recently decketed through from Skowhegan to San Francisco, and arrived at their destination in eight days from the time they left home.

—Uncle John Lombard, who has so long supplied this section of the County with meat, has gone into the fish business, on his own hook, and will supply the villages around, during the season, with fresh fish, right from the briny deep.

—Whooping Cough is prevailing quite extensively in Jackson village, West Sumner. It is as good a season of the year for this distressing complaint as any.

—The Oxford Conference of Congregational churches will convene with the Church in Rumford, the 14th and 15th of June, instead of Andover, as previously stated.

—Sunday Rev. Mr. Weaver, of the Universalist church at Biddeford, though in attendance, was unable to preach.—His wife, known as an accomplished reader, favored the audience with several highly appropriate and interesting readings.

—Wednesday as Mr. Moses Miliken of Biddeford, was riding along Alfred street, his horse stepped into a hole in the street, sinking down so far as to bring his head under his body, breaking his neck.

—Tuesday and Wednesday of this week were warm days, as was Thursday of last week—the thermometer being up to summer heat.

—Rev. Mr. Balkam, pastor of the Pine street Congregational church in Lewiston, has resigned.

—C. C. Sanderson, Esq., of Norway, left with his family for Dedham Mills Village, Massachusetts, this week. He is engaged in Mills there. He is an active and enterprising citizen, and a loss to the village where his activities have been witnessed so long.

—The Lewiston Journal says that the report that there has been trouble between two of the classes at Bowdoin College is without foundation.

—Now that Congress is imposing fines on its absent members, John Morrissey has taken his seat for the first time since early in December. What a farce to elect such a man to Congress. Who elected him?

—The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming Territory says that the privilege accorded to women to sit as grand jurors caused a flight of the dance-house keepers, gamblers and demi-monde in dismay, because it was known that the women were too much in favor of enforcing the laws and punishing crime, to suit their interests.

—Halt's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer, the only reliable preparation for restoring gray hair to its original color.

Bank at Rockland broken into.

The vault of the Limerock Bank was broken into Tuesday night, May 3d, and the safe broken open and rifled of most of its contents. The burglars effected an entrance by breaking open the W. U. Telegraph Office, adjoining, and digging through the brick wall, separating the telegraph office from the bank vaults, in precisely the same manner as when the former attempt was made upon the safe last Sept. The door of the safe was blown entirely off and the brick wall between the bank and telegraph office badly cracked and bulged by the explosion. The explosion took place a little before 4 o'clock A. M., and was heard by two or more persons, who did not understand the cause.

The loss was about \$25,000. Four of the robbers have been discovered—an ex-policeman being one, he having confessed and implicated Alden Litchfield, a trader, and a New York sharper. Another was arrested in Belfast, and one is at large.

—Rev. D. Garland, of Bethel, corresponding Secretary of the General Conference, call the attention of the Congregational churches in the State to certain details, as follows:

According to the decision of the General Conference you are to make your report to the Secretaries and Reporters of the local Conferences with which you are connected, immediately after the first Sabbath in May. I should be very much obliged if you all will consider it such a privilege to yield to the request of the General Conference that you will be prompt in action.

We hope that the churches in this Conference will take notice, and send to us the reports from their churches, so that we can comply with Bro. Garland's request as to the Secretaries of the several County Conferences.

OXFORD CONFERENCE—CHANGE OF PLACE. Since our notice, last week, of the June meeting to be at Andover, the Committee of arrangements have changed the place to Rumford. The semi-annual meeting in October will be at Andover.

—The Lewiston Journal says, "we are well assured there is not a church of any denomination in all our community, having prayer meetings at all, in which women fail to participate to the common edification." We think there is a general improvement in this respect among those denominations which have not heretofore encouraged these valuable helpers.

—Expressions of opinion in various parts of the State indicate that Hon. Sidney Perham will receive a very strong support for Governor in the republican nominating convention, says the Lewiston Journal.

