

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

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the Portland, New, and Hovey Flour &  
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## Poetry.

### The Rivals.

BY R. H. STODARD.

A king of a most royal line  
Stood at his gates, as history said;  
He stretched his hand, he made the sign  
To put a captive there to death.

As those who can no further fly  
Turn sharp and grasp the deadly sword,  
So the poor wretch about to die  
Abused the king with bitter words.

"What does he say?" the king began,  
To whom his jargon was unknown,  
His vizier, a kind-hearted man,  
Who knew that language like his own.

Answered him: "Oh, my lord, I see,  
Who stay their hands from blood-  
God made for such men Paradise;  
He loves, He will defend the good!"

The king's great heart was touched at this,  
"The captive's blood shall not be shed!"  
Then—for a serpent needs must hiss—  
A rival of the vizier said:

"It is not decorous that we  
Whose blood comes down from noble sires—  
No matter what the end may be.  
We should speak truth before our king."

"The man who kneels respited here  
Abused our gracious, eloquent lord:  
There was no blessing, O vizier—  
There was a curse in every word!"

Sternly to him the king: "I see;  
You speak the truth, no doubt; but still  
His falsehood better pleased me.  
For he means good, and you mean ill."

"If I should punish, as I might,  
Be thankful that I am not just—  
Your head, when I command, 'Suffice!  
Would roll before me in the dust!"

—Harper's Monthly.

## Selected Story.

### MY NIGHT IN A STAGE COACH.

From Scribner's Monthly.

The year was 1856—the month De-  
cember—the place Tomsqua. I was a  
young man then, and a strong one. I  
did a good deal of traveling through the  
State of Pennsylvania, going from country  
town to country town from the beginning  
to the close. My exact business in the  
country states consisted of hunting up  
titles to obscure, wild lands, paying axes  
upon them, and getting them in good  
condition for immediate sale.

I arrived at Tomsqua in that December  
of 1856, on a Monday afternoon which  
was quite as cold and disagreeable as a  
Monday afternoon as I remember ever to  
have known, though, when compared  
with the Tuesday that followed, it might  
be considered rather warm than other-  
wise. I was half frozen when I got there,  
and I was not quite thawed out when I  
left, for I had yielded to a burning curi-  
osity to visit a coal mine, and I fancy that  
Tomsqua is nothing but a coal mine, with  
a thousand mouths that every morning  
swallow so many miners and disgorge  
them every night. It was then, and I  
think it is now, a very black and sooty  
place, with a canal in front of it, a hill  
behind it, and the huge mine I have  
spoken of under it. It was not only  
black and sooty itself, but its people were  
similarly black and sooty; and so were  
its horses, or rather its mules, for it  
seemed to have few of the former and a  
great many of the latter. Even its dogs  
and cats partook of the general sootiness,  
and were evidently greatly depressed by  
it. I was very cold when I went down  
into the mine,—which had its shaft just  
behind the hotel,—and I was colder still  
when I came out of it. I went to bed  
cold, and I got up cold, so cold, indeed,  
that I thought I would never be warm  
any more. When I went down into the  
frozen breakfast room, I looked out of the  
window, and saw that the ground was  
covered deep with snow, and that it was  
still snowing as if it meant to exhaust  
the whole winter's supply in five minutes  
or so, being very greatly pressed to do it  
immediately. I drank my cold, tough  
coffee, and ate my cold, tough breakfast  
in gloomy silence, thinking more than I  
had done for a long time before of home,  
of its pleasant cheer and warmth, and of  
the loving boys and girls in it who were  
even then, no doubt, expecting my speedy  
coming, for this was already the morning  
of Tuesday, and Thursday would be  
Christmas Day. In that home I was St.  
Nicholas himself, for it was I that brought  
home in the night the brave tree with its  
spreading green branches; it was I that  
planted it firmly in the midst of the wide  
parlor; it was I that found the infinite  
variety of toys, oaks, bon-bons, and  
glittering baubles which covered it; it  
was I that placed the ever beautiful  
image of the Christ Child on the topmost  
bough; I that lighted the many colored  
tapers, and I that, at the auspicious mo-  
ment, suddenly threw open the folding  
doors and let in the children to behold  
the glory of that Christmas miracle.

In my frequent journeyings through  
the State, I had seen many places which  
I wanted to get away from quickly, but I  
never saw another that I wanted to  
turn my back upon so much as Tomsqua.  
It was not in any manner a pleasant  
place, and besides, for those nephews and  
pieces of mine were to have a Christmas  
tree at all in this year, 1856, I thought, I  
must go home as fast as I could travel.  
I had come to Tomsqua in a stage, and  
I must go away from it in a stage,—not  
to Philadelphia, exactly, but to the next  
railroad town, and that was distant, I  
knew not how far.

I arose shivering from the dreary  
breakfast, and hunted up the landlord of  
the inn. I paid his extravagant charges,  
and then informed him that I wished to  
reach as quickly as possible the nearest  
railroad station, and to take the first train  
for the East.

"The nearest station is at Ilium; Ilium  
is twenty-two miles distant; you cannot  
get there before night, if at all. I think  
you won't get there at all."

All this was spoken reflectively and  
with deliberation.

"If I can get there by ten o'clock to-  
night, can I make the Eastern Express?"

"You can, but I doubt if you can get  
there at all."

"Why?" I asked.

He was not a man to waste words. He  
only said:

"The stage won't go—on account of the  
storm."

"Are you sure of that?" I ventured to  
ask.

"Quite sure," and he closed his lips  
with a snap, as if he knew all about it.

"Who owns the stage?"

"I do," he replied; "and I won't let it  
go, because the road lies over that moun-  
tain yonder; it runs close to the edge of  
precipices several hundred feet high; it  
is rough and slippery, the snow is deep  
now, and getting deeper every minute,  
and I don't believe any horse could pull  
through it."

I thought of the little children waiting  
for me yonder; of their bitter disappoint-  
ment if I did not come. Then I said:

"I am very anxious to go, and I am  
willing to pay for being taken."

The landlord, leaning over the bar,  
asked:

"How much?"

I told him what I was willing to pay.

"I'll go get the stage ready," he said.  
After all, it was only the higher price he  
had been waiting for.

In five minutes the stage was at the  
door. It was an ordinary box wagon on  
good strong springs, having a cotton  
cover, open in front. The horse was a  
half stunted, faded looking beast. I took  
all this in as I stood on the porch waiting  
for the driver. Getting impatient at last,  
I asked:

"Where is the driver?"

The landlord, without speaking, pointed  
to an ill-clad fellow standing at the horse's  
head. I looked closely at him. He  
might be, I thought, fifteen years old, or  
might be not more than ten. His eyes  
were clear blue, and he hearing my ques-  
tion, turned them full upon mine, a frank,  
boyish smile rebuking the distrust my  
words implied, and lighting up every  
feature of his delicate face. His com-  
plexion was like that of a girl, his mouth  
small and tender, his hair yellow, his  
figure slight and sinuous.

I looked at him, standing there shiver-  
ing with the cold, and thought of the  
driving storm along the snow-covered  
mountain road we were to travel to-  
gether, and asked:

"Are you not afraid to go?"

The landlord interrupted:

"It doesn't matter if he is afraid. He  
belongs to me. He shall go."

"No," I said; "he shall not go, if he is  
not quite willing."

"I am not at all afraid," the boy re-  
plied, "and I am quite willing to go. I  
have gone, often and often, through  
worse storms than this."

There was an earnest, manly grace even  
in the way he shook the gathered flakes  
from his tattered cap, and in his voice  
there was a hearty, cheery ring, that  
from that moment I trusted and loved  
the boy.

I jumped into the stage, took the back  
seat, drew my great frieze coat close  
about my legs, and we drove off from  
among the gaping, sooty crowd of miners  
into the lonely mountain road; into the  
cruelest storm of wind and snow that I  
ever saw.

The boy sat on the front seat, waiting  
to be spoken to, looking straight ahead.

When we were quite clear of the  
straggling huts of the miners on the out-  
ermost limits of the town, I asked him  
his name.

"They call me Lewis Shively," he said.

"How old are you, Lewis?" was my  
next question.

"Fourteen, next April, sir."

"Do you live at home, with your  
father and mother?"

"That man yonder is all the father or  
mother I have, and his stable loft is the  
only home I have had since he took me  
from the poor-house. That was better  
than the stable, though, for they taught  
me something there."

There were no complaining chords in  
the tones in which these bitter words  
were said, and while he was speaking,  
he was drawing the long whip gently  
across the horse's back, brushing off the  
snow that had fallen on it.

"Have you been driving on this road  
long?" I inquired.

"Going on three years. It will be  
three years in March."

"Is it cold out there? Colder than in  
here, I mean?"

"I think it is," he replied; "the wind  
and snow cut so, but I don't mind, sir.  
We get used to rough weather up these  
hills."

"I wish you would come in here; my  
coat will cover us both."

"No, I can't," he said. "I must watch  
the road now. We have to go pretty  
close to the precipices, some times."

"How close?" I asked.

"Within a few inches. I can't see now  
five yards ahead, the snow falls so  
heavily."

"Do you think it safe, then, to go?"

"Quite safe, sir, and I don't mind the  
cold," but his teeth chattered as he said  
it, and the ruddy glow was all gone from  
his cheeks.

I did not talk more then. There were,  
I discovered, wide cracks in the bottom  
of the stage, through which the wind  
poured mercilessly. I was chilled through  
to the heart in less than an hour after  
starting. I do not know how far we had  
gone, or how long we had been upon the  
road, when I heard the boy's voice,  
cheery and bright, asking:

"How are you now, sir? Feeling  
pretty comfortable, sir?"

I nodded my head, and crept closer  
into the corner. But he was wiser than  
I, and would not let me have the sleep I  
coveted.

"You are in a hurry to get home," he  
said, for want of something better to say,  
with which to rouse me.

"Yes," I replied. "I want to at home  
on Christmas Eve."

"The best days I ever knew were  
Christmas,—a good while ago."

He said it as if he were ever and ever  
so old, and what was saddest of all, as if  
he were done with Christmas forever. I  
told him of the tree I was to get, and how  
Christmas Day was kept in the great  
cities. He was most interested in the  
tree, making me tell him again and again  
about it. But after awhile, as if he were  
tired of it, he said:

"I never saw a tree like that. I know  
about Christmas, though. About the  
Star and the Shepherds, and the Christ-  
Child, you spoke of—that they laid in a  
manger."

"Then you know all that any one in  
this world need ever know," I said.

It may have been an hour, or two hours,  
but it seemed but a minute after this that  
the boy shook me roughly by the shoulder.

"We are to get out here," he said.

I was very stiff in my joints, but I  
could get up and climb out of the stage,  
and no more. If I was cold I did not  
know it; my limbs were numb, yet other-  
wise I was comfortable enough. I crawl-  
ed out and followed the boy into a  
miserable looking shanty by the roadside,  
in front of which we had stopped. There  
was a rough bar running across the room,  
there was a thick, black haired, brawny  
looking man behind it, and there were  
two or three kegs of liquor behind him.  
There was an iron stove in the middle of  
the room, a bench along the wall, and  
that was all. The boy asked for some  
brandy, drank a glass of it after handling  
one to me, which I drank, and felt so  
much better for drinking that I called for  
another and got it; but the boy refused  
to take the glass I offered him.

"I have had enough," he said.

We were going out, when the landlord  
opened the door before us. Looking out  
into the storm, he asked incredulously:

"Are you going on?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I was told to  
drive this gentleman to Ilium to night,  
and I'm going to do it."

"If you get there at all, it will be  
night soon enough," the landlord said.

"I will get there all the same," was the  
boy's reply.

"Let us stop here to night," I said,  
"we can go on in the morning."

"I would rather take you on, sir.  
There's no danger. I can't put my horse  
up here, and my master would kill me if  
anything happened to him."

That decided me to go on. Besides, I  
did not care to talk. I was beginning to  
feel cold again standing in the wind, so  
we got into the stage. It was not snow-  
ing any faster than before, simply because  
it could not. But the roads were heavier,  
and when we tried to start, the jaded  
horse balked and struggled through the  
drift, for the stage had frozen fast where  
it stopped.

It was three o'clock now, the light in  
the west growing dimmer and dimmer—  
the gloom of the mountains and the bare  
woods coming nearer to us, making their  
meaning felt in our souls, filling mine  
with an awful dread of the snow covered  
road beyond. Ten miles to go yet, the  
night coming quickly on, the cold grow-  
ing more intense, the road rougher, more  
precipitous, the horse evidently giving  
out! But the boy took up the lines, the  
bright, frank smiles upon his face, the  
cheery word upon his tongue.

"Good-bye," he said to the man in the  
door-way.

The man stood for an instant in the  
door-way looking after us.

"Good-bye," he said.

I crept back into my corner.

"Do not go to sleep," the pleasant  
voice warned me from the front.

"Thank you," I replied, cheered and  
warmed by his hearty glow. "I will not  
go to sleep."

Then followed a long silence, in which  
I had views of the falling snow, the white  
hills below us, in which I heard sounds  
from creaking, crooning branches, from  
the wind sweeping savagely past us.  
Then un conquerable drowsiness, fast  
coming darkness—then night.

I felt a hand on my face, then on my  
shoulder, shaking me roughly; a sweet,  
cheering voice in my ears, calling me  
back to life.

"If you go to sleep now, you won't  
wake up again," it said.

I woke with a sudden start, for an in-  
stant, to a full consciousness of time and  
place. I was not cold, only sleepy.

"I am quite awake," I replied. "Have  
we far to go?"

"Five miles," and the voice was still  
the same cheery voice that I had heard  
from the first. He spoke to me more  
after that; then I saw him in a dream,

## The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Seventeen years ago a party of one  
hundred and forty men, women and chil-  
dren, on their way from Arkansas to new  
homes in California, were crossing the  
plains and had entered the territory of  
Utah. The emigrants had reached  
Mountain Meadows, when they were  
attacked by the Indians, as the  
Mormons always said, although there is  
evidence that disguised "Saints" were  
among them. The attacked party de-  
fended itself bravely for four days.

Nearly exhausted by hard fighting,  
and suffering for want of water, the emi-  
grants were at last rejected to see a  
wagon approaching bearing a flag of  
truce. The wagon contained John D.  
Lee, an Indian agent under Brigham  
Young, and an elder in the Church of  
Latter Day Saints. Lee was hailed as a  
deliverer, and the besieged party eagerly  
embraced his terms, delivering up their  
arms and surrendering up themselves,  
men, wives, and children, as prisoners.  
When about a mile from the camp, at a  
signal from Lee, the Mormons and Indi-

ans shot down and butchered the whole  
party, except seventeen children of ten-  
der age. The reason for this singular  
piece of iniquity has never clearly  
transpired.

A general of the United States army,  
visited the spot some time after, raised a  
rude monument with this inscription:  
"Here lie the bones of one hundred and  
twenty men, women and children, from  
Arkansas, murdered on the 10th of Sep-  
tember, 1859," adding in another place;  
"Vengeance is mine, said the Lord, I  
will repay it." This monument is said  
to have been destroyed by Brigham  
Young, the first time he visited that  
part of the territory.

That same John D. Lee is now in the  
hands of the federal authorities and will  
be tried for murder in a few weeks.

Since the day of the massacre at Moun-  
tain Meadows, he has lived and flourished  
after the Mormon fashion. He is sixty-  
two years of age, and has had eighteen  
wives and sixty-two children. It is said  
that he takes the situation coolly and ex-  
presses his determination, to use his own  
words, to "put the saddle on the right  
horse," which means it is supposed, to  
show that his part in the massacre was  
dictated by the higher Mormon authori-  
ties. The evidence at the coming trial  
will be of the most important character  
and some think that its revelation will  
shake the whole Mormon system into the  
stage of dissolution.

### For the Oxford Democrat.

#### Twenty Years.

TO MR. AND MRS. V. D. KIMBALL.

Once, in the morning's rosy gleam,  
A bark moved down the waters free,  
Was gliding from a gentle stream,  
To sail upon a golden sea.

And spirits hovered on its track,  
Spirits of home, a loving throng,  
While halcyon breezes wafted back  
The music of a wedding song.

It glided down life's changing tide,  
Full twenty years with magic sway,  
Yet that fair vessel floats in pride  
As if it sailed but yesterday.

Many a port the staunch ship made,  
"Our Father," prosperous breezes sent,  
At side by side, in light and shade,  
The voyagers sailed on content.

The bark is moored, just for a day,  
Of glad, warm faces we have sight,  
From which old Time has stolen away,  
Not much we think of sunny light.

What are the gains of twenty years?  
Have castles crumbled into dust?  
Hast thou joy to reap in tears?  
Walk ye 'mong wrecks of love and trust?

Ah, no! you've gathered more than leaves,  
For earnest hearts and willing hands,  
Have banded up rich golden sheaves,  
The offerings of well-tilled lands.

Pleanty in store-house and in barn,  
With health and hope the best of all,  
And peace hath shed a gentle charm,  
Within the dear old homestead walls.

And here's a precious mile of wealth,  
So very near the dear old hearth,  
Bright, rosy children, full of health,  
The richest gains of honest earth.

Unstained by contact with the world,  
With love and virtue for the guests,  
These children's hearts with truth impregnated,  
May sometime rise, and call you blessed.

What are the losses of these years?  
Are many white stones in your way?  
We'll count them, tho' they bring you tears,  
For 'neath them priceless treasures lay.

A Father in that country fair,  
Above the reach of mortal sight,  
Hath found a fountain gurgling there,  
And tastes its freshness and delight.

Brothers have entered by the gate  
That leads into the promised land,  
And in that proud temple wait,  
To meet, and clasp you by the hand.

Sisters, have fallen by the way,  
We think their earnest, loving eyes,  
Are gazing down on you to-day,  
"From out the loopholes of the skies."

They are not lost, but sure beyond,  
Cool writes your names upon his book,  
And when the life-clock beats no more,  
He'll help you cross the "little brook."

And now dear friends the tale is told,  
Accept our greetings, one by one,  
To ports of silver and of gold,  
The good ship waits to bear you on.

And to you port, fairest and best,  
Where hearts weighed down with cares in-  
crease,  
Enter the harbor of the blest!

To make the last great "port of peace,"  
North Woodstock, Nov. 22, 74. E. O. J.

### Why American Women are Un-healthy.

If we trace the history of New England  
back a few generations, we find a stal-  
wart race of mothers and grandmothers;  
and even now there are specimens of  
these, healthy, active, happy, of ages va-  
rying from three score and ten to one  
hundred years; and if we trace the histo-  
ry of American women from the landing  
of the Pilgrims to the advent of Dr.  
Clarke's book, we shall find the degener-  
acy exactly corresponding with the in-  
crease of sedentary habits, fashionable  
dress, gourmandizing on indigestible food  
and condiments, forced and precarious  
development, sensational literature, and  
dosing and drugging for the multi-  
tudinous ailments consequent on a mode  
of life which has so little of nature and so  
much of the preternatural about it. Until  
the children and young women of Amer-  
ica return to the more normal ways of  
their ancestors, they will go down, down,  
in the scale of vitality, with or without  
coeducation, or school education of any  
kind. Coeducation is one of the meas-  
ures that will exercise a saving influence;  
but alone it will not arrest the deteriorat-  
ing tendency. This requires thorough  
indoctrinating into the laws of hygiene  
and their strict application to practical  
life. In this, and in this only is the hope,  
not only of American women, but of  
American men, and, indeed, of the human  
race.—From the *Phrenological Journal*.

## Obituary Dossier.

From the *Independent*.

The Philadelphia Ledger easily leads  
the press of the country in the number  
and quality of its obituary notices. The  
column of "Deaths" is always well filled  
and to the announcements in the usual  
form a piece of poetry is frequently ap-  
pended, which is sometimes a stanza from  
a familiar hymn, but more frequently an  
original elegy written by some one who  
is kept for that purpose in the office of  
the Ledger. Occasionally, however, this  
elegiac bard finds his resources exhausted  
by the incessant drain upon his intellect  
and his emotions, and then he sometimes  
makes the same device serve several  
mourners. On last Wednesday, for ex-  
ample, the following notice stood at the  
head of the column of deaths:

On the 10th, inst., \_\_\_\_\_, in the  
forty-ninth year of her age.

This languishing heart is at rest,  
Her thinking and aching are o'er,  
Her quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more.

This was very soothing to the relatives  
and friends no doubt; but they must have  
experienced some slight mixture of emu-  
tions when about six inches farther down  
the column they read the following:

On the 10th ult., \_\_\_\_\_, aged  
twenty-eight years, four months and  
twenty-six days.











