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The Oxford Democrat

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My goods are made from the best material and
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Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.
Boston, March 19, 1879.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

A tyrant in my border dwells,
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight glideth tender soft
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levee, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch,
Where victims, out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant Luxury doth so
On wretched souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web he'll leave
Of flattery's deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave
His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed,
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

—(Scribner.)

THE MOUNTAIN CAVE.

BY ELLA M. S. MARBLE.

[A Story for Children.]

Once upon a time—not so many years ago—three cousins were passing the summer in one of the pretty villages of Maine. A huge mountain lifted its pine-capped head above the cluster of dainty white cottages, and a silvery lake sent back a perfect picture of mountain and village—making one of those beautiful bits of landscape for which Maine is famous.

On the side of this mountain, these three children—Addie, Johnnie and Effie by name—passed many pleasant hours. And it was one of the numerous adventures with which they met that I am going to tell you.

One day, while rambling a trifle higher on the mountain side than usual, they made a great discovery—nothing more nor less than a cave, and a real large one, too, plenty large for them all to go in and walk about,—providing they did not hold their heads very high; and you may be sure they were delighted. To be sure, it was not quite so mysterious as the wonderful "Smuggler's Cave," of which Johnnie had been reading, or so bountifully supplied with rich treasures as "Aladdin's Cave," but to three city children, roaming at large in a quiet country village, it was sufficiently wonderful, and promised an untold wealth of fun.

Johnnie was ahead, as usual, on these tours of exploration, and started the girls, slowly toiling up behind him, with his shout of "Oh! I've found a cave!"

The girls hurried up to view the wonder, and after expressing a suitable amount of surprise and admiration, set about clearing it up a little and planning in what way they could best enjoy the new-found treasure. It was decided to gather together a good, large pile of dry twigs ready for a fire, and then go down to the house and ask Aunt Sophia for some potatoes to roast, and something nice to finish out the lunch, and then come back and have a jolly time. No sooner said than done, and away they scampered over brambles and rolling stones, soon reaching the border of the pretty lake, which sparkled so brightly in the morning sun, at the foot of the mountain. A very few moments sufficed for them to reach home and make their errand known. And as they were large enough to be trusted, Aunt Sophia kindly furnished them a little basket filled with nicely washed potatoes, bread and butter, cold meat and doughnuts. What could children ask more? Only a kiss, and away they scampered back to the cave on the mountain side.

Here the fire was soon kindled, and after having been kept burning sufficiently long to form a good bed of coals and ashes, was allowed to die down somewhat, and then a nice place was raked open, the potatoes carefully laid in and covered up and left to bake, while the happy playmates went inside the cave to prepare a suitable place for a table on which to serve their lunch. This they soon found could be nicely arranged on a large rock, near the opening, which proved to be quite flat and even when the loose rock and earth were cleared away; and in a short time the table was laid and all was in readiness for the potatoes.—They were accordingly raked out, placed on the cover of the tin pail, in which they had taken the precaution to carry up some water, and so placed upon the table. Whether half-done baked potatoes and salt (which Auntie had thoughtfully put into the basket) would have been considered a delicacy at home is a question; but "hunger is the best sauce," you know, so the potatoes were soon all eaten up and everything else, for that matter.

I must not stop to tell you of the cracked and even broken dishes that found their way, from day to day, to the mountain cave; or of the wonderful furniture constructed for its embellishment; but it was soon made very comfortable and convenient, and many were the dinners and suppers, yes, and even breakfasts eaten there. But I must stop just long enough to tell you one incident that occurred at the cave after it was all arranged in "apple-pie order," as the girls expressed it, and then I will close.

The early summer had slipped away and the garden vegetables were beginning to appear upon the table, when the cousins planned a grand dinner at the

cave. Auntie kindly loaned them a small iron kettle, and they had picked and prepared green beans, peas, new potatoes and sweet corn. Auntie, who enjoyed making them happy, gave them a little pot of butter, salt, cold meat and goodies too numerous to mention; and away they started, as free and happy as the birds above them. On reaching the cave they sat down near the door to regain breath and rest after the warm and tiresome walk, when they were suddenly startled by a strange scratching and scrambling in the further end of the cave, (which was quite dark) followed by a very decided growl.

Addie and Effie sprang up in affright, and would have run towards home with all possible haste, had not Johnnie called after them not to be afraid, for there could not be anything there to hurt them, as Auntie had told them lots of times that there were no wild animals on the mountain.

Somewhat reassured, they turned back, only to be greeted by a louder growl and more excited scratching. Johnnie, brave and sensible as he was, grew a shade paler, and caught up the basket beside him hastily. Another growl, louder and nearer the opening of the cave,—and Johnnie's courage failed, and all three children started down the mountain side, when the growl changed to a bark, and old Carlo, the house-dog, came scampering down after them.

You may be sure that they soon stopped and turned to retrace their steps, Johnnie trying to hide the shame he felt at what now looked like cowardice, by scolding Carlo for digging in the cave for wild game without permission.

Addie and Effie, however, comforted themselves with the reflection that if it had been a bear, Aunt Sophia would not have liked them to stay, and perhaps would never have let them come again.—Gospel Banner.

A PRETTY CHRISTMAS STORY.
CORA NORWOOD'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The brightest and pleasantest story of the Christmas season comes to *The Daily Press* and *Knickerbocker*, from Maine. Indeed it is a veritable romance, and almost like a fairy tale. In a village of the Pine Tree State, which bears the prosaic name of "Bucksport," lives Cora Norwood, the heroine of our story, who employs her busy little nine-year-old fingers in knitting mittens and gloves, to assist in meeting the expenses of the family. One day last year, while Cora was deftly and swiftly engaged, not in "spinning yarns," but in weaving their varied colors into the useful articles which were to protect some brawny hands from the biting frost and the cutting wind, visions of the ice and the snow, of Christmas frolics and Santa Claus with his reindeers, came flitting through the little maiden's mind, until she seemed transported into the winter days. When the gloves into which she had woven so many day dreams and airy visions were at last completed, she wrote a little note, saying:

"This pair of gloves were made by Cora S. Norwood, aged nine years, of Bucksport, Maine. As my parents are too poor to give me a Christmas present, I would be much pleased to receive a wax doll for Christmas, and hope that the person who buys these gloves will think enough of it to comply with my request."

This note she placed on the inside of the gloves. Together with others the glove, with its precious message, passed through many hands unnoticed, to Boston, to New York, and finally to Chicago. There, in the Phoenix city of the great west, a clerk in the store of Keith Bros. & Co., found the wish so modestly and prettily expressed, and calling the attention of the proprietors and his fellow clerks to the matter, a purse was raised, the doll procured, and given into the sure hands of the United States Express company, to deliver to the little girl away by the sunrise sea. To Mr. B. Schermerhorn, President of the United States Express company, was related the story of the little girl's request and the purchase of the doll, which so pleased him that he determined at once to secure the free delivery of the present to the hands of the intended recipient. The following is the copy of the way bill, as made out by him, and to which he attached the note found in the glove:

United States Express Co.—One box. Consignee, Keith Bros. & Co. furnishing goods, Chicago, Ill. Address, Cora S. Norwood, Destination, Bucksport, Maine. Advance charges, gift. United States charges, gift. Kansas Pacific charges, gift; collect nothing. Prepaid, with love. Remarks: Be happy. The letter pasted on is a request found in a pair of gloves, and this box contains the desired wax doll, being the gift of employees of the firm selling the gloves. Please let this way bill go through and be delivered with doll. Those who handle the way bill may indorse on the back their Happy New Year, etc.

(Signed) B. SCHERMERHORN.

The back of the way bill bears the following endorsements:

"Merry Christmas to Cora; B. Schermerhorn."
"A. Carleton sends his compliments; Michigan Southern route."
"Schneider wishes that all your requests in life be granted as readily as this. Dun-
kirk and Toledo route."

"J. C. Rac—'Heaven's blessings be with you, hoping you a Happy New Year.'"
"To Miss Cora—As you gently glide down life's rugged river, be ever watchful of the many deceitful rocks that so thickly line its banks, and you will always have a Happy Christmas. A. Shaw, train 12, December 17, 1879."

"W. H. Fielon wishes Cora a Merry Christmas."
"A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Cora Norwood. William Hutchinson and partner, Boston, Dec. 21, 1879."
"I fully concur in the above. A. D. Keith, Boston and Bangor route."

The last messenger through whose hands this bill and its precious package passed, wrote:

"Respectfully referred to Cora's young man."
The doll thus brought and carefully

and tenderly carried to its destination, came to hand on Christmas eve, and the delight in the house of Norwood may be imagined, but not described. We are sure all who read this little poem of real life will join in the wishes for a Merry Christmas, and many of them, to little Cora Norwood in the far east state of Maine.—*Albany Press and Knickerbocker*.

HOW A CONNECTICUT BROTHER DESTROYED HIS USEFULNESS.—A deacon of a prominent Connecticut church whose pastor had just resigned, says the *Hartford Courant*, recently met a Hartford divine, when the following conversation ensued:

"I was sorry to hear that Brother Blank had resigned. I have always liked him. He is regarded as a very able man, isn't he?"

"We-e-l, y-e-s" (hesitatingly). "Oh, y-e-s, he's an able man."

"But he's a first-rate preacher, isn't he?"

"We-e-l, y-e-s, he's a very good preacher."

"And he is a man of the highest Christian character; so we have always thought here."

"We-e-l, y-e-s. Oh, yes, he's a good Christian."

"But there must be something the matter, deacon. Why do you hesitate so and say, 'We-e-l, y-e-s'?"

"Has Brother Blank been guilty of anything wrong? I know of a church that I think he's just the man for, and I mean to recommend him very highly. Have you any reason to suppose that he would not give satisfaction?"

"Well, doctor, Mr. Blank is all you say about him, but I'm afraid he's not calculated to make a successful pastor in the country."

"Why not, deacon? You surprise me very much."

"Well, I will tell you one reason. Mr. Blank lived next to a neighbor whose hens and chickens troubled him very much by digging up his garden. He spoke about it several times, but it did no good; those fowls kept in his garden all the time. And what do you think he did? Instead of shooting some of them or building a high fence around his garden, he came here to Hartford and bought the best game-cock he could find, took him home and turned him loose in the garden. The next day that neighbor heard a great commotion among the poultry, and when he looked over the fence there were all his hens and chickens lying in winnows, and that game-cock walking over the bodies and crowing. Now, you can't say that was unchristian conduct, but it was certainly calculated to destroy Mr. Blank's usefulness in that section."

MODEST "GEM'LIN AN' BRUDDERS."—The very first letter opened by the secretary of the Lime Kiln Club as he turned to his desk caused a grand flutter of excitement in the hall. It contained a communication from the president of a well known college conferring upon Brother Gardner the title of LL. D., and upon Sir Isaac Walpole that of A. B.

"Fo' de Lawd, but jias lissen to dat!" yelled Trustee Pullback, as he rose up and swung his hat.

There was a grand yell from every member present, and during the excitement Samuel Shin managed to get in his work on the stovepipe, knocking it down for the fifth time this summer. When the excitement was somewhat subsided the president arose and said:

"Gem'lén, I am taken by surprise. Had a pocketbook wid fifty dollars in it dropped fer de roof, de cold chills couldn't creep up my back any faster.—But, surprised or prepa'd, dar am but one course to take. I shell decline de title."

A groan of anguish resounded through the hall.

"Gem'lén, you forgit dat titles am only worn on de sleeve," continued the president. "We hev seen judges put off de bench for coruption. We know Aldermen who kin be bought fer money. Doctors of divinity hev stolen horses, and bachelors of art hev robbed smokehouses. I has tried hard to win de title of an honest, hard-workin' man, who kin behave like a gem'lén at all times an' in all places, an' dat's title 'nuff fer me. I am pleased at de compliment, an' I must decline to see de club take it as an honor, but I must firmly decline to lengthen out my name."

"Gem'lén an' brudders," began Sir Isaac as he rose up, "I am an ole man. Ize gittin so tremblin' an' feeble dat I kin hardly walk about, an' I know dat de time am not far ahead when dey shell h'ar my knock at Heaven's gate. I hev tried to do right by all, an' dat feelin' am worf a fousand times more to me dan de titles all de colleges in de land kin kiver me up wid. Tell 'em dey hev my thanks, but dey kin tie de title to somebody who needs it afore he kin git trusted at de grocery."—*Detroit Free Press*.

FREE TEA AND COFFEE.—The figures which Secretary Sherman sent to the Senate Thursday show that the people have gained nothing by free tea and coffee, and that the Government has lost a good revenue. When the Government got from ten to three million dollars for revenue from tea the price ranged from 30 to 31 1/2 cents per pound. Since the repeal of the duty the Government has lost from eight to sixteen millions a year, and the price paid has been from 24 to 25 1/2 cents per pound. Before the repeal the price of coffee was from 10 to 12 cents, while since the repeal the price has been from 12 1/2 to 16 1/2 cents per pound, and the Government has lost from eight to twelve millions annually by the repeal. Of course the prices given by the Secretary are the invoice prices at the port of entry in gold.

—The fellow who drops a counterfeit coin on the church plate is the one who occupies the last pew in order to save the interest on his cent while the collection is being taken up.

AN OBSCURE HERO.

Here is a story which comes to us from New York: An engineer named Edward Osmond was recently running a passenger express train through from Philadelphia to Jersey City. It was one of the swiftest and heaviest trains, which are only entrusted to the most experienced engineers. The train was making sixty miles an hour, when a heavy connecting rod of one of the driving-wheels on the right of the engine broke, and one end of it, swinging upward with terrible force, struck the cab beneath him, and shattered it into a thousand pieces.

Osmond fell senseless on the engine. He was both burned and scalded, and the pain quickly restored consciousness. The engine, with open throttle, was rushing forward with frightful velocity to certain destruction.

Inside the long train of cars men were talking, smoking, laughing; women playing with their babies. The fireman let himself down from the tender and escaped. Osmond might have done the same. Instead, he crept along the side of the engine, carefully let himself into his place, and with his burned hands reversed the engine and applied the air-brake. The train stopped. People inside the cars went on with their reading and their gossip, and the children played with their mothers, who wondered, indifferently, perhaps, why the train was stopping again. They never will know how, in one brief minute, they passed over the very mouth of the grave, and were snatched back by the quiet, high courage of one poor workman.

To our mind there is something finer in the calm integrity to duty in the face of danger and death which is so often seen in the lives of our obscure American mechanics who fill posts of responsibility, than in the dash and sudden courage of a daring soldier on the battle-field.

THE HISTORY OF A PIG.

Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in England, after receiving an excellent education, was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, when he entered into the possession of a very large fortune. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes and the best cooks were to be procured. He had no servants but men cooks. Footman, butler, housekeeper, coachman, and groom were all cooks. Among those more professionally so were one from Florence, another from Siena, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only, the "dolce picante" of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys, and all the rest were French. Mr. Robertson had a messenger constantly travelling between Brittany and London, to bring eggs, of a certain kind of plover near St. Malo; and a single dinner, consisting of two dishes only, sometimes cost him upward of fifty guineas. He counted the minutes between his meals, and was wholly absorbed in devising means to indulge his appetite. In the course of nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and was totally ruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after he was found dressing an ortolan for himself. A few days later he died by his own hands.

SOME THINGS TO DISBELIEVE.

When a man advertises for a partner, and wants a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred dollars and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. profit, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all other diseases, by merely sending a three-cent stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make every one else rich, and looks to other people's interest more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give you something of great value for the giving of less value—in other words, to give you something for nothing, don't believe it. Many persons advertise on purpose to filch young men of money gained by hard labor, and before entering into any speculation which may be offered you, take advantage of the many means at your command and ascertain the facts with reference to the proposed business before you invest, and thus save your money and assist in effectually breaking up all swindling establishments.

WISE WORDS FOR THE GIRLS.

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be you will never be happy. The most perfect man, who did not love you, should never be your husband. But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do. If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either lose him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember, amidst kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted, a companion, a friend as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good "because he loved her so." And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it she has been sitting with one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward, or who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her steps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing, and girls should be careful in the choosing.—*Bellevue*.

THE DRINK DIFFICULTY.

In the *Nineteenth Century* we find the following pungent little story:—The writer of an interesting article on the "Drink Difficulty" concludes by relating what occurred at a meeting in one of the northern counties in England. "It was a species of temperance meeting. Three excellent clergymen spoke. They harped on the elastic and indefinite word, 'moderation,' condemning intemperance, but setting up Timothy as a model man morally and constitutionally, lauding and magnifying sobriety, but commending the temperate consumption of alcohol. When they had concluded, an elderly farmer arose and said:—'I've heard that kind of talk for the last forty years, and I can't see that people are a bit more sober now than when it commenced. It reminds me of what I once saw at a retreat of imbeciles. It is the custom there, after the patients have been in residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of test to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not. They are brought to a trough full of water, with a small pipe continually running into and supplying it. They are given a ladle and told to empty it. Those who have not gained their senses keep lading away, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle, but them as isn't idiots stop the tap.'"

—A page of the Czar's diary, if we may believe the *San Francisco News Letter*, runs as follows: "Got up at 7 a. m., and ordered my bath. Found four gallons of vitriol in it, and did not take it. Went to breakfast. The Nihilists had placed two torpedoes on the stairs, but I did not step on them. The coffee smelt so strongly of prussic acid that I was afraid to drink it. Found a scorpion in my left slipper, but luckily shook it out before putting it on. Just before stepping into the carriage to go for my morning drive, it was blown into the air, killing the coachman and the horses instantly. I did not drive. Took a light lunch off hermetically sealed American canned goods. They can't fool me there. Found a poisoned dagger in my favorite chair, the point sticking out. Did not sit down on it. Had dinner at 6 p. m., and made Baron Laichounowonaki taste every dish. He died before the soup was cleared away. Consumed some Baltimore oysters and some London stout that I have had locked up for five years. Went to the theatre, and was shot at three times in the first act. Had the entire audience hanged. Went home to bed, and slept all night on the roof of the palace."

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.
AUGUSTA, JAN. 18, 1880.

Mr. Editor:

A looker on for a day or two in this warlike city has found something to amuse and much to disgust him, and perhaps some little account of "Garcelon's War," as this diabolical war will be called in history, may not be wholly devoid of interest to your readers. The "Aroostook War," remembered by many, had some real foundation, but it also had its ludicrous side, while for the present call to arms, there was no cause whatever, and instead of being ludicrous, it is only ridiculous and disgusting. While the citizens of Augusta have enjoyed their usual repose, and slept quietly in their beds, the martial tramp of cowhide boots and the call of the guards have been heard all the night long, at the State House, and the State officials, even under the protection of the "trumpets" they have summoned, tremble and quake with fear at every sound, whether of the wind whistling through the gutters or the frost snapping off the nails. Poor conscience-smitten souls! I presume there is not a person in the State who would harm a hair of their heads, or who has thought of punishing them for their infamous deeds in any other way than by the strong arm of the law.

And what a motley crowd of ragamuffins has been gathered as the body guard of Garcelon and his companions of the great steal! They are the scum of the city, and no city of its size can boast of meaner or dirtier scum. Some of them have been convicted of crimes, while others have not, simply because they have succeeded so far in evading justice. One of the drill masters is a rumseller from Water Street, and it may be he is allowed to turn a penny by supplying the garrison with his merchandise, for one of the city officials who visited Fort Garcelon one day last week, said it smelt stronger of bad whiskey than police head-quarters ever did after a seizure, while the halls and corridors were rocking with fumes of tobacco and other filth. The commander, who professes to have served as Captain in a New Hampshire regiment, although his name does not appear upon the rolls of any company of that State, came from a town whose chief productions are counterfeiters and horse thieves, and there are those who think the town overdid itself in the production of this pettyfogger. As for the privates enrolled by him, Yalstaff's recruits were gentlemen and scholars by the side of them. These are the scallawags which a corrupt Executive has called together to guard the capitol of the State from the attack of imaginary foes of which his own guilty conscience makes him afraid. With such a guard in charge of the State House, there is great need of another body of responsible men to protect the treasury and the archives of the State.

And what of the men who have committed the great crime against the peace of the State? Against the choice of Garcelon for Governor, the Republican Senate was sufficiently warned last winter. They regarded it as the least of two evils, but many others did not so consider it. His failure to manage his own business affairs successfully was brought up to show his inability to manage the affairs of the State. The desperate condition of his pecuniary affairs was brought up to show that as he had nothing to lose, he would not hesitate to engage in any scheme, however infatigable.

Of the same character and standing are the persons who compose the State House crew. Except in the treasury, every department is filled by persons without character or standing. Stacy, who has been one of the chief conspirators, long held office in the republican party and when, on account of the bad habits he had formed and bad reputation generally, he was dropped, he went over to the greenbackers and was eagerly taken up by them. The action of the officials in the State department in setting traps for unwary municipal clerks, by the form of the blank returns, stamps them with infamy, if this had been their only misdeed.

The Messenger to the Governor and Council by changing his colors, has held the position for several years. He is regarded by many as a simple-minded numscump, but a farther acquaintance shows him to be a cross between Uriah Heap and Fagan the Jew. The capitol of the State has become a den of thieves and the Hercules who will clean out these "Augean stables" deserves immortality. They are principally anxious to hold control of the State for another year to cover up the rascality of the past. If their plans do not succeed, startling developments may be looked for, and it will not be strange if some of the leaders of the great reform party bring up in the penitentiary.

In response to the invitation of boss Pillsbury, who once owed a head to the government for his treason during the late war in inciting the Kingfield riots, the greenback members began to assemble Saturday. There was the lop-eared, long-haired, greasy fore-love from Oxford, who is a fair representative of the greenback community party, and has the advantage of having been fairly elected. Then came also Dr. Bradbury of Norway with a fraudulent certificate in his pocket and a copy of the *New Religion* in his hat. The former was to enable him to fill a position to which he was never elected, and the latter to keep him up to the "highest standard in Literature, Science and Religion." The Doctor was chairman of the Republican town committee and nearly up to the time of the election was one of the champions of the party, but he sold out to the fusionists for the nomination to the Legislature and was fairly defeated. He is a receiver of the stolen goods sent out by the Governor and Council, and his acceptance places him on the same plane with the thieves.—Stealing sheep or robbing hen-roosts would be honorable compared with such a deed; and no one but a sneak and a rascal would be guilty of it.

Among the chief conspirators is Bill Dickey, the treasury barnacle and sucker from Aroostook. Under a dignified and gentlemanly exterior, he carries as much political trickery as any man in his party. During the fall and early part of the winter he traveled in the South, going as far as Texas, and it is now said that his object was to learn the bulldozing methods of Alabama, Arkansas and Texas. Since his return he has been in close communication with Kingfield Pillsbury, and under him, has had charge of maturing and carrying out the plot of inaugurating a fraudulent State Government. In another communication, I will give you further information concerning the inception and perpetration of this great crime against popular Government.

