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Maxham & Wing

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FOLLOW THOU ME.

Have you looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have you trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be you'll see in the gloaming
The print of the Savior's feet.

Have you folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb,
And taught the little lost one
To sound the Shepherd's name?
Have you searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them;
He had nowhere to lay his head!

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told the fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the feeble and blind
To the shores of the Golden Land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To comfort the sorrow stricken,
And strengthen the feeble hand?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted,
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,
"A pathway I often go."
My disciples, my friends, my brethren,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.

[From The Christmas Lookout.]

BOMBAY SHIRLEY'S CURE.

"I am called a man-hater," said the pretty lecturer, with a shake of her short curls in the face of her audience; "but that, my friends, depends upon the man." It seemed but a small "fretwork," an inconsiderable quiddity, to call forth such a tempest of applause and laughter. It would have fallen dead as a door-nail from the lips of an ancient bloomer, who had grown old in the pioneer work of Woman's Rights; it was the archness, the curls, the *tout-ensemble* of prettiness, of this champion who had come in at the eleventh hour, that did it. It was possible to conceive of one or two men, at least, being interested in the question of her love or hatred.

When the crowd poured out of the hall, and parted into innumerable little groups and dots, like a drop of quicksilver spilled on the ground, two young men sauntered away, arm in arm, with the air of ineffable superiority to the rest of the world peculiar to college students in the senior year: they are demigods to the freshman class, and they have yet to learn that the outside world is not like unto it.

"Is that woman out of her sphere, or not?" said Lennox to Bombay Shirley, his familiar spirit.

"That depends on how long a fence you would put round a woman's sphere. She is at least out of mischief when she is lecturing from a platform; and her lecture has the virtue of homoeopathic pills—if it does no good, it does no harm, either."

"I am sure I thought her argument a good one. I had hopes of your conversion."

"Her argument! My boy, the possessive feminine pronoun can never go before that word. She stole it bodily from some man who favors the cause, and trimmed it so deep with a fringe of her own flippancies, that you mistook it for hers."

"At last, she's pretty: she might reduce your confounded stoicism through your eyes." "I admit the prettiness, and regret the brains which made her take up oratory, instead of flirtation. When she leans forward with that arch look which seems to assure every man in her audience that he is not the one she hates, it may be better so, than in a moonlight stroll with half a dozen by turns."

"Tell me the truth, Bombay. Have you never known a woman whom you thought you could trust?"

"Never. Who am I that I should pretend to greater wisdom than Solomon?"

"When you fall in love, may I be there to see?"

"That will never happen. I may possibly marry late in life, as those old Romans did, when their Emperor Metellus reminded them that marriage, however happy, was still a duty."

I know not what possessed Shirley to look over his shoulder at that precise moment of his high discourse. Close upon him was a young girl, in a light gray suit, quakerishly plain, whose haste would not abide their slow saunter; and as she passed them she looked at Shirley, with the faintest of quizzical smiles hovering about her mouth. It struck him with a sudden sense of having made a fool of himself; and he watched the slight figure, till it disappeared in the one little dry-goods store of the village.

She came out with a small package in her hand, as Shirley and Lennox passed the door. Shirley was twirling a walking-stick of twisted bamboo in his hand; and having a giraffe-like habit of carrying his head high in air, as if looking over an invisible wall, he knocked the parcel out of her hand. She picked it up and held it out to her without a word. She received it with an infinitesimal nod of thanks, and a smile of amused recognition, which brought a blush to Shirley's face. (These chestnut-haired people, always blush so easily.)

"A tableau for a deaf and dumb asylum!" said Lennox. "You must own you have seen one woman who refrained from speaking when she had a fair chance."

"Do you know who she is?" asked Shirley, his curiosity getting the upper hand of his wisdom.

"I am sorry I don't, as it is the first time you ever asked the question."

Shirley caught himself watching the gray dress out of sight, and came back to his old way of thinking with a mental jerk.

"What right had the girl to smile at me in that superior way?" he said, provoked by the memory of it.

"The right of the strongest, my man; she was far more at ease than you were."

This was as true as it was disagreeable; and Shirley chewed the bitter cud of it in silence till he reached his room.

A woman-hater is made, not born. The leaning of the natural heart of man is to place the other sex only a little lower than the angels; and, when this order of things is reversed he either is ruthlessly jilted, or the twig was bent early by a firm hand.

Bombay Shirley was a woman-hater of the most aggressive kind. He not only cherished unreasonable contempt on his own part, but tried to convert his friends to the same way of thinking; and yet, "the pity of it Iago!" for he had everything pertaining to the outer man, which would draw and hold illogical feminine regard. He might have been a young viking (if the ordinary notion of a viking is the true one) with the

It up in papers every night of his life. It actually made one feel warm, on a frosty morning, to look at Shirley's hair as he went to "prayers." He had suffered agonies with it trying to take out the curl—it looked so womanish!—till there came that welcome fashion of cropping the manly head into the semblance of a baboon's then his soul had rest.

He had never been "disappointed," as the phrase is; and yet there was a woman at the bottom of his cynicism, there is at the bottom of most mischief. The blame lay at the door of Miss Temperance Strong, the only woman with whom Shirley had any acquaintance; yet she was that one good woman of a thousand whom Solomon might have found "counting one, by one," if she had lived in his day, and he had not shut his eyes to all but giddy Egyptians and the fair Moabitish women. Her price was far above rubies; so far, indeed, that no man had ever offered any thing approaching to it; and she had continued Miss Strong for more than three score years. She always told her age at the first interview, so as to guard against the suspicion of wishing to hide it.

But to begin at the beginning. Bombay Shirley was born at sea, and cost his mother her life; but being a lusty hard-fisted baby from the first, bound to thrive on hard bread and water if nothing else served, he came to the turning-point of jacket and trousers on ship-board.

Captain Shirley professed to scorn all learning that could not be at once applied to a practical use; and the most contemptuous thing he could say of a botched piece of work, was that it looked as if it had been done by a "collegian." No one familiar with sailor-nature (which does not entirely come under the head of human nature, but)

"Suffers a sea change,
Into something rich and strange;" felt any surprise that he had set his heart on his son's going to college. In selecting a preparatory school, he passed over all those academies, formerly as plenty as blackberries in New England, where boys and girls were educated together ("courting-schools," he called them,) and settled him in the family of a solemn old minister.

Two or three other motherless boys and Miss Temperance made up the family. I don't know whether she liked Bombay any better for having taken his first step off Madagascar, and spoken his first word near Cape Horn; but he seemed to bring into her life the freshness of the trade-winds—a breezy flavor that she had never felt before. He had known no other woman; and his affection, slightly tempered with awe, was deeply grateful to her.

As for him, Miss Temperance strangely reminded him of a ship's figure-head, carved out of heart of oak, that had braved all weather till its first good looks are battered out of all shape or comeliness.

She had bowsels of compassion for all the weakness that boy-flesh is heir to,—her heart would have held the fitty sons of Priam; but all women were faithless as Helen in her eyes, or would be if they had opportunity. She looked upon young girls, and their ways, with eyes of such fierce condemnation, that not one had ever darkened her doors in Shirley's time. In the nature of things, Miss Temperance must once have been a girl herself; but she could never have been "of girls, girlish."

Shirley cherished a certain bashful worship for all women in his boyhood. He had lived among sailors in cabin and fore-cabin; he had touched pitch, but he had not been defiled; the most abandoned wretch among them had held up to the boy only the true sailor-ideal of womanhood, which never fails him, though he may not have seen the semblance of it since he left his mother's knee.

It was Miss Temperance who set in order before him the depths of deceit of which the girlish mind is capable. The shortest way to the manly heart may or may not lie through the stomach: Miss Temperance certainly commanded that avenue. She tended her kitchen fire like a vestal virgin; and the marvellous products of genius which came from it were things to remember, and to aggravate one's wife with, through life. "Shirley's last vestige of unbelief in the general worthlessness of young and pretty women vanished when his father's death brought out all the tenderness of Miss Temp's heart. Her sympathy and her preserves did for him what her logic would never have accomplished; and he went to college a confirmed woman-hater. He avoided boarding in any house where there were daughters, and had serious thoughts of taking a room, and providing for himself, when he was placed opposite to his landlady's niece; but the niece proving only a temporary, as Susan Nipper would say, he staid. He passed by the windows of two boarding-schools, many times a day, as if he were walking an invisible tight rope; and his philippics were terrible against those who suffered their souls to be moved by certain signals, or the shaking of a handkerchief. He is willing to make oath to this day, that he passed through his four years in college without speaking to any woman under fifty."

He invited only Miss Temperance to his last commencement, and introduced her to his friend Lennox, with an affectionate solicitude that he should know at least one woman "capable of a syllogism."

"You would take more interest in me, I doubt," said Miss Strong, "if he had said 'capable of a bigamy.'"

"To be sure," said Lennox, "and so would Shirley, if he only knew it;" and then that wicked boy went about asking other spirits worse than himself if they had seen the Vale of Tempe, in which Bombay Shirley had been brought up.

"There's your little girl in gray," said Lennox to Shirley, at the President's reception on the same day.

"Where?" said Shirley, deigning actually to look about him. "I don't see her."

"She's speaking to Miss Strong this minute. Her gown looks as if it were woven of white smoke, and fits as if it had grown on her."

"I am no judge of muslins," said Shirley.

The next instant Miss Strong seized his arm. "I've seen a ghost, or something worse," she said. "Don't say any thing, but just go home with me now. I've staid long enough."

"It rains," said Shirley. "You must wait till evening, and the carriage will come for you."

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, to be melted by rain; and I would go out on the thirty ninth day of the deluge, before I would see that face again."

She marched resolutely back to her hotel through the sloppy street; and at intervals through the night he heard her heavy step pacing up and down her room. But in the morning she presented him the same sturdy old figure-head to kiss, and gave no word of explanation.

"I believe the sight of so many flighty girls has made me dizzy. I am actually light-headed," said Shirley, when they reached her own door. "I haven't felt like this since I had my fever."

"I did not know you ever had such a thing," said Shirley.

"It was long before your time, when I was young," said Miss Temperance, making a dive at her tea-kettle and missing it. Her motions were as erratic as those of the "dilapidated cousin," in "Bleak House;" and Shirley was forced to make the tea himself.

Afterward she fell into a heavy sleep, and Shirley covered her with his travelling shawl when he went up stairs for the night. When he came down to breakfast she still lay on the sofa, scowling fearfully in her efforts to suppress the moans which her pain wrung from her.

"Tell me what to do, and I'll do it, for I haven't the least idea," said Shirley, hanging over her with the true manly helplessness.

"I've got a stroke, I doubt, or maybe it's only rheumatism."

"I had better go for the doctor, anyhow."

"No in-deed. I ain't so tired of life as that, nor I won't have any neighbors coming in to spy out the land. There's plenty of cold meat and bread. You can camp out on that, and I shall be well enough to-morrow."

It was one more proof to Shirley of the substratum of manliness in Miss Strong's character, that so soon as she was ill she became peevish and exorbitant. Most women can be ill gracefully,—it is their normal condition; but Miss Temperance knew the thing only by name.

Shirley half-lifted and half-dragged her to her bed, as she would not be carried, and could not walk. He did not venture to leave the house, and at noon his patient thought she could take some tea and toast. Shirley had made tea before; and having made it, and placed the tea-pot on the hearth out of harm's way, he addressed himself to the toast, which after repeated failures, was at last a success.

"Do you call that a cup of tea?" said Miss Temperance scornfully. "It's cold as a step-mother's breath."

Hot water made it too weak, and another brewing had to be made with infinite care.

"You were gone long enough to burn John Rogers, instead of this toast," she said, when he presented it. And these were the last conscious words that Shirley heard her speak for many days and nights.

She began to talk of things that Shirley had never heard of,—called him Arthur, and made lover-like entreaties to him not to forsake her. He sat patiently by her side, kissing her thorny hands, when he saw that it soothed her for a moment; and when at last she fell into a doze, as twilight began to fall, he escaped into the parlor to think what he could possibly do next. He dared not leave her long enough alone to go for a doctor; and for a long time he watched the rain beat sullenly against the window, hopeless of seeing any one pass through the lane on which Miss Strong's house faced. Hope had nearly died within him, when the slight figure of a woman, cased from head to foot in a water-proof suit, battled round the corner, and dropped a heavy carpet-bag on the doorstep, while she scrutinized the house. Shirley rushed to the door, and opened it noiselessly. "Madam, I beg that you will come in, if only for a moment. You cannot think how great a charity it would be."

"Certainly I will come in; I have been travelling all day for that express purpose, if this is Miss Strong's house;" and the girl leaned forward to pierce the gloom which enveloped Shirley, who waited for no more words, but lifted her, bag and all, into the little hall, and shut the door.

"Miss Strong is very ill, and wandering in her mind; and I am wholly alone with her. You could not be more welcome if you were an angel out of heaven," said Shirley, in the extremity of his delight and relief. He found her hand somehow in the dark, and shook it as heartily as if she had been Lennox.

"I thank you," said the girl simply. "Miss Strong is my cousin; and if you will be so good as to bring a light for a moment, I will take off my cloak."

Shirley found a candle with a light heart; the clear, low voice of the new-comer seemed to create a new atmosphere in the house. She met him in the parlor, and held out her hand again frankly, to be shaken. "I know you now," she said. "I saw you with Temperance at the commencement."

She had taken off the water-proof disguise, and stood before Shirley, the identical "girl in gray."

"This is my cousin's room, I suppose," she went on with a smile which might mean confusion to Shirley, in the memory of their first meeting, or might not. She gave him no time to decide, but pushed open the door, and stood with him beside the bed where Miss Temperance lay moaning in her sleep.

"These are her bureau and wardrobe, of course. She must be undressed first of all; and while I do that, you may make a good fire in the kitchen, and I will come to you there."

"Now you may go for the doctor," said the girl in gray, coming into the kitchen with more bustle than if she had spent her life there. Shirley went joyfully, feeling that he must be entertaining an angel unaware.

The fever would run its course, was the doctor's verdict. Good nursing was all the patient needed for a few days. "All!" thought Shirley, as he measured his great strength with the intelligent weakness of the "girl in gray;" who instinctively did the right thing at the right time. "I must look for some one to help you," he said, when they were again alone.

"Thank you, but there will be no need. Sickiness is my strong point."

"I begin to think I have no strong point, unless it is Greek verbs."

She gave a mellow little laugh. "If you are turning meek, you must be hungry."

"I believe I have eaten nothing to-day."

"I thought so. You shall show me the pantry, and I will see what there is for our supper, for I am hungry too."

Shirley wondered at himself that he could

eat so heartily in that presence, but hunger and the good example of the girl in gray were too many for him.

"My name is Rachel Gordon," she said, as soon as she thought of it. "My mother was first cousin to the Strong's. There was some 'unpleasantness' between them while she lived, but she was deeply anxious that I should win over Miss Temperance if possible."

Shirley was immediately convinced that she could win over anybody to any thing; but, having no practice in compliments, he remained silent, and stared at her unmercifully. Rachel kept him busy all the evening with bringing in wood for the night, and making all sorts of slight changes for Miss Strong's comfort.

"Now I have no more need of you," she said at last, "I will bid you good-night; and, if I need anything before morning, I will go up stairs, and knock at every door till I find yours."

"But—but"—stammered Shirley, who had fully made up his mind to share a night's vigil with her.

"I know no such word."

"You must need rest, and I am much stronger than you are."

"The last clause is self-evident, but you don't know so well how to use your strength," said Rachel, opening Miss Strong's door.

"But—but"—persisted Shirley, utterly at a loss for the proper phrases for such an emergency.

"That must be one of your Greek verbs, you are so fond of it. Good-night, and I will see you in the morning." She disappeared, and Shirley was routed in his first campaign. He was certain that he should not close his eyes; but exhausted nature overcame him, and the small hours were growing large again, when he stole down stairs, and was guided to the bedroom door by a dim light within. He meant only to look at the invalid, but his eyes were caught before they reached Miss Strong. Rachel had been sitting by the bed; and, laying her head where the least motion of the sick woman would wake her, she had fallen asleep.

Shirley thought (after he came to the thinking point) that he had never seen any thing so lovely in all his days. Rachel had put on a white wrapper with a long ruffled cape to it, and, for comfort's sake had taken the pins out of her hair. This light-brown hair rippled round the small ear, and lay over the dress, and fairly lay on the floor in a soft, wealthy way that was bewildering to Shirley, who had never before seen a woman's hair, "her glory."

A passionate longing seized him to touch it once, to see if it felt like his own stubborn curls. Rachel's face was too earnest to be pretty. She had more of the "romance of your stone ideal," than those "ripe and real" women whom Byron preferred. Her best feature was a straight nose, which, as Miss Bronte says, will give a clear look to any face, flatters her marks of trial and hard earned rest, but its purity struck Shirley with awe. He never knew how long he leaned against the door-post, gazing, with his soul in his eyes, at the sleeping girl. He learned her by heart in that look, as if she had been a lesson, from the little purple sprigs on her white gown, to the blue veins in her forehead. He saw a woman for the first time, and he never after saw another with the same eyes.

From that moment the current of his eager soul set only to her; a rage of covetousness possessed him; she was the one thing needful to round his life; it must have been for her that his heart had waited through his youth. He drew back at last with an inward wretch, in the fear that she might wake and find him spying on her solitude. He went into the cold kitchen, and there Rachel found him, sitting bolt upright on the old-fashioned settle.

"You have not been sitting here all night, I hope," she said.

"No," said Shirley, with a blush of repentance that he had not done so, and so have been worthy of a little scolding on her part. She had twisted up all that wandering hair into a loose knot by this time, but that did not alter the picture which was newly hung for all time in Shirley's memory. He longed to tell her somehow that she must use him in every possible way to save her own strength, but the right words were slow in coming.

"Miss Gordon"—he began more than once. "That name sounds odd to me," she said. "I have never been anybody but Rachel. My mother belonged to the Society of Friends; and, though she never made me quite a Quakeress, I grew to love their simplicities. You may call me Rachel, if you like."

Shirley only bowed, and set about making the kitchen fire. To call her Rachel was no comfort; it seemed to put her farther away from him, when their degree of acquaintance did not warrant it; but he now recognized the Quaker element in her face, the pure quietness which so often looks out of those gray bonnets.

"Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Mind meanings best express
Mild of quiet Quakeress."

Three or four days went by on wings while these two young people kept house together, and waited for Miss Strong's fever to spend itself.

It soon dawned upon Shirley that he must have fallen in love with this plain girl. Nothing but the old, old love could so transfigure mere living and breathing in her sight. It struck him with a certain impatience that no man had ever found words that would do it perfectly. To all, it is, at first, something new under the sun.

He hid it closely from Rachel however, and grew daily more ceremonious and dull. Rachel looked at him sometimes with the quizzical smile which the first words she had ever heard him speak had provoked.

She sat by the bedside one day, while Shirley stood in his favorite position, holding up the door-post. Suddenly Miss Temperance raised her head from the pillow, and stared wildly from one to the other. "Arthur, you love her!" she almost screamed. "I see it in your eyes. You never looked at me like that. Rachel has weaned you away from me!"

A flush rose to Rachel's pale cheek, and Shirley hailed it with a big heart-throb. Then he tried to soothe Miss Temperance with all the fond words he could think of.

"Have you any idea why she calls me Arthur?" Shirley asked Rachel, when he saw her alone.

"Yes," said Rachel, with the flush again in her cheek.

"Don't tell me if it pains you."

"You may as well know it. Miss Strong was

engaged to Arthur Gordon, my father; and while ill with a fever like this my mother came to take care of her, and won away her lover. I believe, at least I hope she had no idea of what she was doing till Miss Strong saw the change in his feelings, and released him. My father thought she did not mind it, and had never really cared for him; but my mother knew better how strong-hearted women suffer. While my father lived, they were all on apparently good terms (that was part of Miss Temperance's pride); but so soon as he died she forbade my mother to enter her sight, and I dread her becoming conscious again lest she will transfer the enmity to me."

"She could never do that," said Shirley eagerly.

"Why not?"

"Because"—stammered Shirley.

"That's a woman's reason."

"Arthur! Arthur!" screamed Miss Temperance from the bedroom. "Don't be making love to Rachel in my very hearing. Come in here, both of you."

They obeyed her silently.

"Now, Arthur, look at me. Can you lay your hand on that shifty heart of yours, and say to me in truth and soberness that you are not in love with Rachel?"

Shirley hesitated. He forgot that it was not in his own name that she addressed him. He thought only of his devouring love for this second Rachel.

"That's enough," said Miss Temperance, falling back, pale and trembling. Before either could speak to her, the wild look was gone from her face. "Shirley, boy, what was I saying to you. I will take the broth now if it is burnt, you did the best you could."

Rachel had slipped noiselessly out of her sight.

"You have been in this bed a whole week," said Shirley, kissing her thin cheek, though he felt his heart sink within him at the prospect of Rachel's being driven away by Miss Strong's hatred of her mother.

"Who has taken care of me? I have an uncomfortable notion of a ghost hovering about me; for Rachel's death was in the paper,—I saw it with my own eyes."

"Rachel's daughter has been here since the first day. You would have died but for her."

"I wish I had, rather than have been kept alive by one of that treacherous brood. Rachel's daughter! a thin, colorless girl, with eyes deep as wells, who would not do any harm for conscience' sake, but will take your very life in her quiet way, smiling faintly at everybody all the while."

"Rachel's daughter has done nothing worse than to keep your house, and nurse you day and night for a week," said Shirley severely.

"O Shirley, my boy, son of my old age!" cried Miss Temperance, in an agonized tone. "I have lost you. Arthur said those very words of her mother. You have grown to love her."

"Yes, I have," burst out Shirley, with the force of a torrent breaking bounds. "She is the one woman of all the world to me. None shall say an ill word of her in my hearing."

"Mr. Shirley, you are beside yourself," said Rachel, seizing his arm. "Think of her weakness. Would you kill her with hard words? I am going away at once, Miss Strong; and I will never come again till you send for me. I hope you will do me the justice to believe there has been no love-making over your sick bed. This is the first word or sign that Mr. Shirley has given of his love for me."

She went out quickly, and Shirley's quick ear heard her mount the stairs. He gave the quieting draught to his old friend, which had been left for her to take when she returned to consciousness.

When Rachel came down, Shirley met her in the hall. She was again the "girl in gray," with her bag in her hand.

"If you go away, I go with you," said Shirley desperately.

"No," said Rachel, "your place is here. If we belong to each other we shall meet again."

"If!" repeated Shirley contemptuously. A radiant smile made Rachel's face beautiful for an instant. Shirley became somehow possessed of both her hands, and drew her towards him with a sort of awful wonder at his own boldness; but the dropping of the bag roused Miss Temperance.

"Shirley, where are you?" she called querulously. And Shirley obeyed the call, carrying Rachel's last words in his heart for his only solace: "When Miss Temperance can endure the sight of me, I will come again."

What a dull, homely old room that sitting-room was to be sure, when Shirley could go back to it, for he found no Rachel there, and had no clue to her destination. He spent the evening in searching for a nurse for Miss Temperance. The bustling, good natured neighbor who finally took Rachel's place in the house was a thorn in the flesh of both of them. Shirley endured his wretched uncertainty, till Miss Strong was able to sit in her arm-chair, and knit a little under protest. He was walking nervously up and down the room, as his father used to walk the deck, when he met her wistful eyes.

"My boy," she said gently.

"It's of no use staying here," he said, bending his cheek down to hers. "If you can spare me now, I'll make that visit to Lennox."

"You are going to Rachel?"

"I wish I were, but I have no idea where she is."

"Did she give you no address?"

"No."

"She must be either more or less than a woman to hear you say you loved her, and yet go away without giving you a chance to say it again."

"She said she would come back when you were willing to receive her."

"I doubt she's more like Arthur, than that wistful mother of hers. Is she pretty, Shirley?"

"I don't know; I never thought of it," said Shirley, beginning to walk up and down again. Miss Temperance raised her eye brows till there were nearly lost in her hair; but she said no more of Rachel, and made no objection to Shirley's going away next day. He was no sooner gone, however, than she drew a little slip of paper from her knitting-basket, and after studying a long time, knitting all the while, she wrote a letter to Rachel. The letter had written her address, and stuck it on Miss Strong's knitting needles, knowing that she

would soon find it in that spot, while it would be safe from Shirley.

On the third day Rachel walked quietly into the familiar sitting-room, and offered her hand to Miss Temperance who glared at it over her spectacles as if it had been

Waterville Mail.

ED. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

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THE "RE-UNION" of the employees of the Maine Central Railroad, on New-Year's evening, brought together a crowd that tried the utmost capacity of Town Hall; and that "poor little hole," as it has been called, put its enemies to shame by its uncommon attractions and hospitalities. The crowd grew larger and denser till near 9 o'clock, jostling and squeezing, and smiling all over at the luxury of its sufferings, when they were called to order by Mr. G. A. Phillips. He politely welcomed the guests, of all classes and from all sections, in the name of the Maine Central Railroad, whose friends and employees they were. He said the object of inviting them to spend a social evening together was the promotion through the wide and expanding limits of their enterprise of those sentiments of union and harmony upon which success depended. He closed his brief but well-timed remarks by introducing Judge Rice, the president of the road, who made the principal speech of the evening.

Judge Rice's remarks were most emphatically good and well pointed; making as a whole a most sensible talk of an earnest working man to his fellow laborers. He aimed to be neither brilliant nor eloquent, but plain and earnestly for the promotion of an enterprise acknowledged everywhere to be of overwhelming importance to the industrial and commercial interests of the State. He urged harmony and union among the employees as the point upon which everything depended. Let every man aim directly at the success of this enterprise, let him be faithful, earnest, temperate, honest; each one looking closely to his own duties, and hoping for reward in the triumph confidently promised in the future.

The president's talk was well received, and drew a hearty response from the audience. Whatever prejudices may have been developed among the employees during the gestatory processes of consolidation, it is plain that president Rice stands above them all in the confidence with which he is everywhere accepted as just the right man for the position he holds. His long and varied business experience, added to his intimate knowledge of men; his well known integrity, aided by judicial experience that sharply points out the line between right and wrong; and with all these, his large and warm human heart, that beats for the welfare as well as for the rights of those who labor in his favorite enterprise, commend him to the best faith of the men to whom he has been talking. They know him—and he knows them.

Hon. Joshua Nye answered briefly, and with his usual welcome, to a call for remarks. He suggested union and harmony, and had all faith in the success of the enterprise upon which these elements were to be brought to bear. In the course of his few minutes talk he paid marked compliments—and no doubt just ones, for they were well received by the audience—to the competency, faithfulness and integrity of president Rice. No one followed Mr. Nye, to suggest that upon the business qualities of the Financial Agent, who came through long years of laborious service as treasurer of the old M. C. road without spot or blemish, depends at least the proportionate share of that office in the measure of public faith and confidence necessary to endorse the promises of the great consolidated enterprise. The audience, who had known him so long and so favorably, was well imbued with this thought. Individual merit—men of known honesty, earnestness, industry and faithfulness, to God as well as to overseers,—must be seen all along the most extended railroad scheme, if it would commend itself to public faith. They are light houses that give security against the breakers that stand so thick along the whole coast of railroad history, that the public demand them upon every point in sight. President Rice and ex-treasurer Nye stand on two of these—we trust.

Now began the work of the evening. Here was a house full of the employees of the road, from Portland to Bangor, and from all parts of the state; and here were their wives and daughters in full proportion. Citizens specially favored took all the spare room that could be found. There upon the platform was a band of music and a piano; and in the lower hall were tables loaded with luxuries to eat and drink. While a party of the seniors and dignitaries struck down stairs for supper, the band in full blast struck up for the dance. Tier by tier the party was fed, and set by set the dancers all had their share; so that when the early morning train from Boston to Bangor rumbled through the bridge the last section had been thoroughly "danced and eaten," and was ready to go aboard.

Now there was a chance to see what had been done. In the course of the night a magnificent "Pipe of Peace," capacious enough for a smoke stack, or to hold the "peace" Gen. Grant was so anxious to secure by his election, had passed from a committee of some kind to the chairman of the celebrating committee, Mr. F. S. Chase; in which ceremony a pair of neat little speeches had been made, some smoke manufactured, and a valuable pipe secured. It seemed to be the intention to burn out all the old quids and stubs that had been left sticking in the throats of the employees by consolidation. "So mote it be!"

Songs by our favorite village vocalists, Mrs. Boothby, Miss Sawyer, and Miss Downer, had been enjoyed at intervals with thankful applause; full sets on the floor had filled the time; fresh relays of supper had followed one another, with no "brake up;"—and—and—at noon next day you ought to have looked through those halls, and found the good natured janitor, himself an "employee," throwing a broad grin over the ruins, and making the closing speech in the brief words, "O-o-h, hain't we had a time!"

THE NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting at Town Hall, last Tuesday afternoon, for the choice of officers, etc. The weather being mild and pleasant and the sleighing fine, there were more present than usual. The reports of the officers showed the past year to have been a discouraging one in some respects; but the Society made one of its best exhibitions and will be able to meet all its bills. The old North Kennebec is yet full of vitality, and only needs a favorable season for the farmer to thrive as of old. The following officers were chosen:—

H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, President.
Wm. Dyer, Waterville, 1st Vice President.
Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro, 2d do. do.
B. D. Howard, Fairfield, Treasurer.
N. R. Boutelle, Waterville, Librarian.
W. E. Drummond, Winslow, Agent.
Daniel R. Wing, Waterville, Secretary.
Ira H. Low, " Treasurer.
D. R. Wing, " Librarian.
Eph. Maxham, " Agent.

It is proper to say that Dr. N. R. Boutelle was first chosen president, and he peremptorily declining, the office was tendered successively to Wm. Dyer, H. G. Abbott and Joseph Percival, who severally declined, when Mr. Burleigh, who had previously held the office for one year, was elected as above. Mr. Wm. P. Blake, too, was re-elected Trustee, but declined; so did Geo. E. Shores, and Josiah Morrill.

Under the head of "talk for the good of the cause," there was a somewhat rambling but highly spiced discussion of several matters—committees, their reports, &c.—some of the members using rather plain English in complaint and rebuke. We trust, however, that it was only a little "clearing up shower," and that all parties, having relieved themselves, will feel better natured, and now heartily unite in "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" for the prosperity of the Society.

Near the close of the meeting, Mr. Wm. H. Pearson moved that a meeting of the members, with such others as should choose to join them, be held on the 22d of February next, in furtherance of the interests of the Society with a dinner, and perhaps an address. And the President of the Society, with Messrs. Wm. Dyer, Wm. H. Pearson and Eph. Maxham were chosen a committee to take the matter into consideration and make all necessary arrangements, if in their judgment such a meeting is desirable.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER will be observed in Waterville as follows:—On Sunday evening by meetings at the usual places of prayer by the several churches; and union meetings on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the Methodist Church; on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Baptist Church, and on Friday and Saturday evenings at the Congregational Church.

THE BOSTON DAILY NEWS,—a new and enterprising paper of high moral tone, an earnest advocate of temperance, independent in politics and religion—is advertised in our columns this week. Its price is low and we commend it for circulation.

SAVINGS BANKS.—In view of the fact that savings banks are no longer used exclusively by small depositors, for whom they were primarily designed, but hide away from taxation the hoardings of the wealthy, and that this year they aggregate the large amount of twenty-four millions of deposits, there is little doubt that legislation will be demanded this winter to bring their returns to the notice of the assessors. Small depositors might be exempted as heretofore.

The publishers of *Every Saturday* quenched all regret at their change from a pictorial, by filling their last number in December with some of the most horrible portraits ever seen. These included an awful portrait of O. W. Holmes, who, we see it hinted, is about to prosecute for damages.

Our agile friend of the *Belfast Journal* charges the apparent obscurity of his Christmas sentence to the omission of the word "birth;" but he stoutly and ingeniously maintains that the sentence was all right as it stood—as we know he would, the artful dodger.

REMEMBER the meeting of the Farmer's Club next Wednesday evening at Mr. Joseph Percival's.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

WEST WATERVILLE ITEMS.

If we are to a reform in the Civil Service about which we read, it had better begin with the mail agents on railroad trains. That service is very unenviable just now. Mail matter from your village to this, is sometimes two days on the way, and then arrives via Portland. A reform is much needed.

Memorial Hall was occupied for the first time last Monday evening, by the Sabbath School connected with the Baptist Society. We hope for its completion next season.

The new axe shop erected the past season by the Dunn Edge Tool Co. is now in full operation. Its machinery is of the most modern and approved patterns, and the structure itself is an ornament to the village.

The Universalist Society of this place have given a call to Rev. Mr. Nutting, of Skowhegan, to become their Pastor. It is expected he will accept the same. His removal here, will be an acquisition to the religious and social interests of the place. He is one of the ablest ministers of his denomination in the State.

Rev. H. F. Wood still continues his connection with the F. W. Baptist Church and society. He is a young man of marked ability, devoted piety, thoroughly in love with the profession of his choice, and gives strong evidence of future usefulness. His friends, even outside of his own denomination, are many and appreciative.

The people of this town, in common with those of the whole State, are at this time somewhat interested with Railroad affairs. This is a hopeful sign, and one not at all relished by the "management." We sincerely hope that both the members of the Legislature from the good old town of Waterville, will be found with the people as against the encroachments of this new and dangerous power.

A. B. C.
West Waterville, Jan. 3, 1872.

For the Mail.

THE WINSLOW SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION met agreeably to a previous vote, at the Congregational church in Benton, Dec. 30, 1871. Our ride there was anything but pleasant, having a cold N. E. wind in our faces all the way. But as there is an end to all things, so there was to our ride, as we drove up to the door of the neat church in Benton. Plenty of warm stables were found in which we secured our horses from the cold wind, and although the grasshoppers made light crops of hay, yet some at least preferred to feel horses with lay from their own mows.

Horses cared for, we entered the "Kirk," well filled and warmed. Soon we noticed our venerable father Adams, who though nearly an octogenarian had ridden from Winslow, and was then taking part in discussing the question, "Has the Sabbath School accomplished that for which it was instituted?" Rev. Mr. Fish, of China, was also in attendance; while Rev. J. Dinsmore was in the chair. The exercises were interspersed with singing led by Mrs. True—a juvenile choir.

All passed happily till noon, when the baskets, boxes, &c. containing eatables, were produced, and the good people of Benton brought forward an ample supply of coffee with numerous plates of nice things for such as were not provided for.

At half-past one P. M. the exercises were resumed; we having enjoyed social intercourse for an hour. About this time Revs. Randall and Ludd came in; from whom we received valuable hints in connection with S. S. instruction. Near the close a half hour was occupied in listening to those who have recently professed religion in the East part of Winslow, where a work of grace has been in progress for more than two months, with more than eighty persons, who by the grace of God intend henceforth to be His servants.

The meeting was highly enjoyed by all, and we hope it will prove a blessing to all. Before our adjournment we voted to hold a similar meeting at the Methodist meeting house in Winslow, the first day of next May, if it is pleasant, and if not the first pleasant day after. We got home in good time, and shall not soon forget our brothers and sisters in Benton, but hope in good time to reciprocate their kindness.

C. H. KEITH, Secretary.
A Mrs. KENNEY, while out in New York, for an errand, on Tuesday evening, was seized by two ruffians and carried to a disreputable house on 37th street, where they tried to outrage her, but she fought desperately, and one of the ruffians split her forehead open with a blow from brass knuckles and fled. The woman ran into the street where the police arrested one of the scoundrels, who proved to be a notorious villain named George Schuyler Burns. He was tried and convicted a year ago for a similar outrage, but political influence released him. Mrs. Kenney is a respectable woman, and the mother of three children. Her husband is a car driver.

FRANK STETSON, a brakeman on the E. & N. A. Railroad, fell between the cars, while approaching the station at Olamou on Wednesday, and had one of his legs crushed in a horrible manner. The Bangor Whig says it is hoped that he will recover.

ABOUT 100 French citizens have been seized as hostages by the Germans, in places where outrages have been committed upon German soldiers, and unless the actual offenders are surrendered these hostages will be summarily dealt with.

THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, at Kendall's Mills, in the hands of Mr. Randall Andrews, is giving the best satisfaction. A masquerade ball rendezvoused there on Monday evening, and last evening the Masons had a supper and grand good time at the same place. Everybody likes Andrews.

The new style of "make-up" of the Portland Daily Advertiser bothers us in our clipping. The sheet contains so many good things that they are frequently found upon both sides of the same section of paper.

SEVERAL war vessels have recently been dispatched to Cuba for the protection of our citizens against the outrages of the volunteers.

OUR TABLE.

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL, AND COMPANIONS OF ST. PAUL, By John H. Houghton, D. D., Dean of Chester, with an introduction by Professor H. P. Mackey, D. D., of New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.
Pastors, Sabbath School Teachers, and all Bible students will be pleased with this little work which places within their reach a rich collection of facts relating to the literary, social and national usages of the Greeks and Romans in the time of the great Apostle, and from which his finest and most effective metaphors are drawn. Learning, eloquence, and a spirit of deep and pervading piety, are prominent characteristics of this valuable work.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

EVERY SATURDAY, according to previous announcement assumes its original octavo form, and dropping its illustrations is once more "A Journal of Choice Reading." The following is a list of the articles in the first number of the new series:—
A Persian Passion Play, by Matthew Arnold; The Iron Cage; The Critical Spirit, by Charles Kingsley; The Two Journeys, St. John; The Signor John; Under Ground; Foreign Notes; The Christmas.

The paper is better than that used formerly, and seems to indicate that the filling will be of permanent value and worth of preservation.
Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The January number of this excellent literary and religious magazine for the family, has two fine steel engravings—The Sitter Bridge, near St. Gallen, Switzerland, and a portrait of Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D., of Andover, Mass. It also contains the following articles:—Taking Leave, John Bunyan, Visit to the Danubian Principality, Gathering Peruvian Bark. The reading matter is always excellent and such as will purify and elevate wherever it goes.

Published by Hitecock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.
MERRY'S MUSEUM presents a good number for January, full of reading that will not fail to please and profit the young. Of the articles we will mention only the opening chapter of what promises to be a good story, by Mary E. Pratt, entitled "Rhoda;" "Sixty-Six Dollars," by Mary B. Haines; "Little Wings, a story in rhyme," by Mary G. Darling; "The Drummer Boy in Russia," with other articles there is a Declaration, as usual, a well filled Puzzle-Drawer, and spicy Monthly Chat.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year; every subscriber receiving a handsome steel engraving entitled "First Love," in addition.
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for December has the following table of contents:—
The Maid of Skoe, part 3; More Roba di Roma, conclusion; The Two Mrs. Scudamors, part 1; Cornelius O'Dowd, who treats of "What the Pope might do;" The Hands and the Hands, and Our Quacks; "Unrefined Childhood," and "Gerry's Necktie;" French House Life—No. 2—Children; Illustration; The House of Lords.

Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. For terms see advertisement on last page.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE begins the year with a new story by Horatio Alger, Jr., entitled "Slow and Sure, or From the Street to the Shop;" and much other entertaining and instructive reading, including a poetical Declaration, "Don't Go Too Slow," an original Dialogue, "A Full Chart of Gestures is also given for the benefit of the student and schoolmate. This magazine has several features that give it favor with youth.
Published by Joseph H. Allen, No. 366 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—Ira C. Stockbridge, of Portland, sends us the following pieces of music, which may probably be had of the dealers everywhere:—
La Favorite—March Militaire, By G. R. Paine.
Maggio Pop Galop, For Piano, By H. Kotzschmar.
Romance for Piano, By H. Kotzschmar.
Guard Monument, Military March, By G. W. Marston.
Two Pretty Scottish Songs, "What Wakes you up so late, my beauty," and "Can I forget my Father's hearth?" Composed by Geo. W. Marston.
The love of the sea, and the Stars are lit in heaven. Two sacred Songs by G. W. Marston.
Good Night, Song, By G. W. Marston.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MAIL.

BY IRA W. DAVIS.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR" has been the cry as long as I can remember.
Not a child, nor an old man, nor all years die at the close of blank December.
Though I mourn its loss with a parting tear, I wish you a happy new year.
Time grows old as new years come,
So you grow old with years;
Your work on earth will soon be done,
Whatever its hopes or fears;
But still work on for mortals here,
In your work, I wish you a happy new year.
Tired nature oft may seek repose,
And as often be refused,
When duty calls you to work for those
Who are waiting and need the best;
But still be merry, work on with cheer—
As you work, I wish you a happy new year.
When all your work is ended here,
And life's toilsome day is done,
May the night of death be cloudless clear,
And the house of rest be won;
If this I live, I shall be true,
I'll wish you a happy eternal new year.

The venerable editor of the *Presque Isle* Sunrise takes issue on that rule of good manners which forbids eating with a knife, saying that he irreverently styles sublime nonsense. He says:—
"When we see any one picking up baked beans or stewed peas with a fork, or leaving gravy on his plate because he cannot get it into his mouth with a fork he gives evidence of the want of brains."

Daniel's head is level.
Serious disturbances of the peace have occurred at Rochester, N. Y. A negro named Howard, charged with outraging a little girl only ten years old, and so injuring her that it is feared she will die, was committed to jail in that city. A mob attempted to take him out by violence, and lynch him. The police, assisted by the military, resisted the attempt, and, being assisted with bricksbats, &c., fired on the mob, killing several. This seemed to add new fuel to the flame, and the authorities were obliged to call out a large force for the defence of the jail.

OF DR. CHAMBERLAIN, a well known dentist of Augusta, the *Maine Farmer* says:—
Dr. Chamberlain is widely known as one of the ablest men in the dental profession. He stands in the front rank of thoroughly educated dentists. His whole heart is in his business, to which he is consecrating his best energies. He has a host of friends, who have always given him all their patronage. We heartily commend him to all.

J. M. LUNT, Esq., who has recently retired from the E. & N. A. Railroad to take the office of Sup. of the Maine Central, has been presented with a fine sleigh valued at \$175, and his wife with the remainder of a fund which had been raised by the employees of the former company.

THE LEGISLATURE OF LOUISIANA is in a sad broil, and bloodshed is expected. The Governor, Superintendent of Police, and some others have been arrested by the U. S. Marshal, charged with unlawful conspiring to deprive the State representatives of their privileges.

Henry Ward Beecher, during a temporary absence, left his business in charge of a nephew, who received an application from Mr. Beecher's autograph. The nephew returned a response of graceful acquiescence, and signed his letter "H. W. Beecher, per F. B. Perkins."—[Exchange.

State Legislature.

This body is organized, with Senator Foster, of Waterville, president of the senate, and Frederick Robie, of Gorham, speaker of the house; Sam'l W. Lane, Augusta, secretary of the senate, and Herbert M. Heith, Gardiner assistant. S. J. Chadbourn, Dixmont, is clerk of the house, and Jos. O. Smith, Hodgdon, assistant.

The work of "getting ready to begin to go to work" is going on finely.

GOV. PERHAM'S MESSAGE.

Was delivered to the two Houses in joint convention on Thursday. It is longer than need be, but we can put it all in a nut-shell, so that our readers need not lose a bit. It is full and frank, and we see nothing that anybody need protest. The Lewiston Journal helps us in making the following synopsis:—

The receipts of the State treasury have been \$2,190,109.61, and disbursements \$2,115,911.21. State debt is now \$6,429,605—a reduction of \$840,000 the past year. He recommends a reduction of the State tax to three-fourths mills. The sum of \$29,841.28 has been distributed to the families of disabled soldiers. Our educational interests are commended to the fostering care of the Legislature. He recommends an appropriation of \$17,500 for the erection of a Normal School building at Castine. The Agricultural College is commended and the necessary appropriations advised.

The governor discusses the claims of the European & No. American R. R. Co. to the public lands, and says legal proceedings will be taken to protect the rights of the State in these lands and the timber thereon. The importance of our agricultural interests are set forth, and the necessity of developing our water power dwelt upon. Our ship-building interests, he thinks will soon be relieved by legislation.

Gov. Perham discusses the evils arising from the sale and use of liquors, and says that while our primary reliance for a remedy must be on moral means, yet stubborn facts show that our prohibitory laws greatly lessen the evils of intemperance, and that this good result is in proportion to the fidelity with which these laws are enforced. The laws themselves seem to be on the whole as good as they can be made at present; the trouble is with their enforcement. It is true that all our laws depend to a great extent upon public sentiment for enforcement; yet it is suggested that, however satisfactory this may be, there is a defect in our system of enforcing laws, by which the Governor is required to take an oath to see that the laws are executed, while there is no civil officer upon which he can officially call. It is suggested that Sheriffs and their deputies might be made such a State police. The governor sees no objection to this, and hopes the Legislature will consider the subject.

The Swedish immigration policy is commended, and the governor recommends that the same inducements be held out to all persons, as to the Swedes. The deaf mutes supported by the State, of which we have 56 at the Hartford asylum, at a yearly cost of some ten thousand dollars, receive a favorable word. The governor mentions the fact that 63 orphans of soldiers have been cared for in the Bath Soldiers' Orphan Asylum, while 330 have been aided to some extent outside. He recommends that the State secure some competent person to collect and arrange the industrial and social statistics of Maine.

The governor calls attention to our jail system, and hopes the Legislature will give due consideration to the recommendation of the commission of last year, that the jails at Auburn, Bangor, Portland and Augusta be provided with means for the employment of the labor of the prisoners. He recommends biennial elections and sessions of the Legislature, and a change of the day of our annual election to the same day on which the Presidential election occurs.

The governor urges the immediate inauguration of an Industrial School for girls; directs attention to the necessity for an early increase of accommodations for the insane; commends the management of the State Prison; states what has been done to put the reform School in good condition, calls attention to the duty of redistricting the State for Representatives to Congress; alludes to the rights of the Penobscot Indians in certain shore rents; makes some sensible suggestions in reference to private legislation; and concludes with the hope that the deliberations of the Legislature may lead to wise results.

Is it the Mail's Christianity, that the Portland Advertiser don't like? Try it, brother, and see if it isn't better than none.
During Dickens's first visit to the United States, he wrote home: "I don't like the country. I would not live here on any consideration. I think it utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy. Indeed, the Americans, when they are traveling, as Miss Martineau seems disposed to admit, are exceedingly negligent, not to say dirty. To the best of my making out, the ladies, under most circumstances, are content with smearing their faces and hands in a very small quantity of water. I am quite serious, when I say that I do not believe there are, on the whole earth besides, so many intensified bores as in these United States. No man can form an adequate idea of the real meaning of the word, without coming here." Yet he came here again to this Paradise of bores, and smirked, and gushed, and flattered—outwardly ecstatic, but inwardly disgusted, we may presume—and pocketed a hundred or two thousand of our dollars, without even looking to see if they were "dirty."

A correspondent states that at the last meeting of the Boston Radical Club, Dr. Hedge "spoke a good word for Buddha, who is more and more coming into vogue as the leading Christian authority in Boston."—[Port. Adv.

THE MULTIPLICATION OF MACHINERY increases yearly, while the fertility of American inventive genius seems to increase in a larger ratio than the needs of production. Hence the inventor often finds that his contrivance for saving labor, power, or time, has been anticipated. The patent solicitor of to-day, has a vast field to investigate to enable him to justly decide on the feasibility of a patent for his client. An experience of years can only familiarize him with the more than six score thousand patents already granted; to say nothing of reissues, conflicting foreign patents, and other obstacles in the path of the candidate for letters patent. The solicitor should also possess the faculty of distinguishing and presenting the salient points of an invention, when drawing the claims for application, otherwise his client may not only lose much time and money in prosecuting his claim, but may eventually fail in securing that which is justly his due. Among the most successful solicitors in this country is R. H. Eddy, Esq., Boston, whose experience of more than thirty years has not only given him all requisite experience, but has made him widely and most favorably known with inventors throughout New England for promptness, energy, and success. He has given much time to the obtaining of patents for Trade Marks, with marked success in this method of securing the designer or manufacturer in his right against imitation. If we are not mistaken, he is the pioneer in this business in America.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.—Boston, Jan. 2.—The fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, was held to-day in Park street church, the President, Mrs. Albert Bowker presided. The annual report shows the society has over two hundred auxiliaries and about one hundred mission circles scattered from Canada to California. It supports 36 missionaries, 11 girls' schools and about 30 Bible women in India, Turkey and China. The Constantinople home was in successful operation, consisting of a first class Seminary and a Dispensary in charge of a competent lady physician. Total receipts for the year, \$51,103; expenditures, \$46,253. Communications from missionaries and addresses by ladies present, indicate very favorable results from the society's labors.

At length we have something like an authoritative statement as to the condition of military and Indian affairs in Arizona. Gen. Schofield, in a report just made, says substantially that the whites are as brutal as the savages; that in war times, when a large number of troops are in the Territory, the whites make a great deal of money feeding them; that in times of peace the Indians underbid the whites, and trade is restricted; that the Camp Grant massacre was a cold-blooded butchery, intended by the whites to incite the Indians to war and bring back the troops, and that the present indications encourage hopes of a lasting peace. Gen. Schofield declares that the efforts of the Peace Commissioners were of great value in disengaging the Indians from their warlike purposes.—[Port. Adv.

Agents of the Russian and Turkish Governments in this country are buying arms and munitions of war in great quantities.

Speaking of those Congressmen who defy the criticisms of the press, *Harper's Monthly*, in its Easy Chair talk, admirably says: "They might as well defy oxygen. It will still stifle the air we breathe, as the press, will still reflect events, and comment upon men and current history." A representative defying the press is the African king breaking the thermometer to change the weather. Let him change his dress, not crush the thermometer. The man who, in this hall, defies the press is a man, who in the heart of a huge reverberation, shouts "Liar! Liar!" and from every point, with accumulating thunders, the returning peal crashes deafening upon his own brain, "Liar! Liar!"

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Indisposition to exercise, difficulty of thinking or reasoning or concentrating the mind upon any subject, lassitude, lack of ambition or energy, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acid, thick and tenacious mucus, purulent, offensive, &c. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, scabs from ulcers, constant desire to clear nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, difficulty in speaking plainly, general debility, idiosyncrasy and insanity.

All the above symptoms are common to the disease in some of its stages or complications, yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or insanity and end in the grave without ever having manifested one-third of the symptoms above enumerated.

No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to R. V. Pierce, M. D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., for it. A pamphlet free. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. Remember that the genuine has the words "R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.," printed upon the wrapper; also has Dr. Pierce's portrait, name and address on his private government stamp upon each package.

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Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Insurance Agent, begs leave to present the following statement of the Insurance Companies represented by him, to the public, after paying all liabilities by the Chicago Fire.

Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.

Assets, (Gold) \$18,000,000.

North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.

London, Assets, (Gold), \$11,000,000.

Home, New York.

Assets, \$4,000,000.

Andes, Cincinnati.

Assets, \$1,201,000.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Assets, \$1,100,000.

Springfield Fire and Ins. Co.

Assets, \$900,000.

Union, of Bangor,

Assets, \$430,000.

Bay State Insurance Co.

Of Worcester, Assets, \$800,000.

We shall give our best services to the protection of our patrons, and trust we shall receive their continued confidence.

MISCELLANY.

PLEA FOR CHARITY.

BY ALICE CARY.

If one had never seen the full completeness
Of the year, but tarried half the way,
How should he gaze the fair and flowery sweetness
That comes with the May—
Guess of the bloom, and of the rainy sweetness
That comes in with the May!

Suppose he had heard the winds blowing—
And seen the brooks in icy chains fast bound,
Or should he guess that waters in their flowing
Could make so glad a sound—
Guess how their silver tongues should be set going
To such a tuneful sound!

Suppose he had not seen the blue-birds winging,
Nor see the day set, nor the morning rise,
Nor seen the golden pictures waving of the gay
butterflies,
Who could paint April pictures worth the bringing
To notice of his eyes?

Suppose he had not seen the living daisies,
Nor seen the rose, so glorious and bright,
Were it not better than your far-off prizes
Of all their lovely light,
To give his hands the feeling of the daisies,
And of the roses bright?

O Christian man, deal gently with the sinner;
Think what an utter wretch is he,
Whose heart of love has never been the winner,
To know how sweet it is—
Be pitiful, O Christian, to the sinner,
Think what a world is his!

He never heard the lily and the trembling
Of Eden's gracious leaves about his head—
His mirth is nothing but the poor dissembling
Of a great soul unled—
O bring him where the dead leaves are trembling,
And give him heavenly bread.

As Winter does her shivered branches cover
With greenness, knowing spring-time's soft desire,
Even so the soul, knowing Jesus for a lover,
Puts on a new attire—
A garment fair as snow to meet the Lover,
Who bids her come up higher.

The Great Drouth of 1871

It is proved a severe loss to many but instead of despairing
and moving to Antioch or out west, let all say we will
gladly keep it before the people that they can buy of
C. H. REDINGTON, FURNITURE.

Of every description, from the best Parlor Suite to the small
chair.

Lounges, and Seals, Chamber Suits, Cases and Wood Chairs,
Dining Room, and Parlor, and Walnut and Oak
Tables, Extension Tables, Walnut, Oak and
Chestnut, French and Cottage
bedsteads,
And everything kept in the best Furniture Stores.

CARPETING.

Three Pys, Tapestry, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, Oilcloths, &c.,
&c., &c. Bag, Mats, Carpet, Linoleum, &c., &c.

CROCKERY.

French China, Ironstone, Figured and Plain, also common
White and Yellow ware, Cups, Pans, Flower
Pots, Vases, &c.

SHADES AND CURTAIN FIXTURES, Tassels, Cord, &c.

GLASS WARE, new and old, at very low nominal
prices.

CASKETS AND COFFINS.

All sizes always on hand, Rosewood, Walnut, Whiteoak, Elm,
Biren and Pine, trimmed in the very best manner and at
price one half less than at other places. I will guarantee
that the price of Casket and Coffin will be satisfactory.
Extra Large Sashes always on hand.

ROBES AND SHROUDES.

I will say to all in need of any goods in any time that I will
sell them at such prices as will defy competition, and I will
be satisfied that you get the full value of your money.
— Just examine and judge for yourself.

C. H. REDINGTON.

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ENGLISH QUARTERLIES,

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

REPRINTED BY
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140 FULTON STREET, NEW-YORK.

At about one-third the price of the originals.

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(A facsimile of the original) Published Monthly.

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For any one Review, \$4.00 per annum.
For any two Reviews, 10 " "
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For Blackwood's Magazine, 10 " "
For Blackwood and one Review, 7 " "
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Postage, two cents a number, to be prepaid by the quarter
at the office of delivery.

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A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of
four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of
one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.50; four copies
of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$45, and so on.

To clubs of ten or more, in addition to the above discount
a copy gratis will be allowed to the getter-up of the club.

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New subscribers for the 1872 may have, without charge, the
number for the last quarter of 1871 of such periodicals as
they may subscribe for.

Or instead of the above, new subscribers to one, two, three,
or four of the above periodicals, may, as premium, one of
the "Four Reviews" for 1871; subscribers to all five may
have the "Four Reviews" for 1871.

Neither premium to be claimed unless the subscriber has paid
the subscription, and it will be necessary to make early ap-
plication, as the stock available for that purpose is limited.
To receive with further particulars may be had an applica-
tion.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,
140 Fulton Street, New York.

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TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.
By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., Edinburgh, and the late J. P.
Kearney, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College,
New Haven.

Two vols. Royal Octavo. 1600 pages and numerous en-
gravings. Price \$7; by mail, post-paid, \$8.

REMOVAL.

G. H. CARPENTER
has moved his
MUSIC STORE
to Prof. Lyford's Brick Block, nearly opposite his former
place of business, where he will keep good
stock of first class
Pianofortes, Organs, Melodions,
and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere.
There are advantages in buying near home.
Also, a large stock of SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, etc.
The celebrated
ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINES,
BUTTRICK'S PATTERNS OF GARMENTS.
Address
G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

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WATERVILLE.

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass

Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

FURNITURE.

PARLOR SETS—Hale cloth, Rep and Terry. CHAMBER
SETS—Walnut Chestnut and Pine. Lounges, Mirrors, and
Dining-room Furniture.

The best assortment of Tapestry, Three Ply, Ingrain,
Hemp, Straw, and Oilcloth.

CARPETS.

on the river AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Feathers, Mattresses and Bedding; Crockery,
Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

Cutlery and Plated Ware.

Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps, in great variety.

LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.

CORNICES AND CURTAIN FIXTURES of all kinds.

A large stock of

Caskets and Coffins

always on hand

REPAIRING AND JOBBING

Of all kinds, promptly done by a good workman.
Waterville, April 20, 1871.

S. E. PRAY,

Dealer in

FANCY & MILLINERY

GOODS.

Laces, Ribbons, Velvets, Flowers, Feathers,
Embellishments, Spool Cotton,
Needles, Pins, &c.

Cor. Main & Silver-Sts., Waterville.

WHEELS' MAGIC COMPOUND

A SAFE AND SPEEDY REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough,
Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c.

A cold neglected soon falls to result in obstinate dis-
ease of the lungs. This remedy when used according to di-
rections will break up the most severe cold in a single night.
It will cure your cough and allay that unpleasant tickling in
the throat, and be the best remedy for cold, croup and
whooping cough in children. It is so pleasant to the taste,
and so active in its results. It truly works like magic.

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Solely by all dealers in medicine.

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NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

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ONLY \$2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. We are offering
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LARGE CASH PREMIUMS.

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age.

20-41 NEW

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Year Book, 1872.

Complete Official, Statistical and Business Directory of the
State, 490 pages. MAP, showing Counties, Towns, Railroads,
Steamboat Lines, with Distances, Farms, Telegraph and Ex-
press Stations. Full information as to date of meat. 14
complete City Directories, for \$1.50. Gravelly waste lit.
Sent post paid, at \$1.50. Map alone, pocket form, 50 cts.
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H. A. MCKENNA & CO.,

42-1-2 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

200,000 Copies Sold this Season.

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UNEQUALLED CHURCH MUSIC BOOK,

THE SACRED CROWN:

Nearly 400 pages of new music, for Singing Schools, Chorus
Conventions and the Home Circle. Selling rapidly,
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THE SILVER SONG,

By W. A. OGDEN.

The most popular Sunday School Music Book of the season.

— Fresh, bright and attractive.

PRICE, .35; \$3.50 per Hundred.

A NEW GLOBE BOOK,

THE CRYSTAL,

By F. H. PEASE.

The best work of the class or, if you want a new Globe
Book examine the Crystal.

PRICE, \$1.50; \$12.50 per Doz.

4w25 LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the People's
National Bank, will be held at their Banking Rooms, on
Tuesday, the 16th day of January next, at 2 P. M., for the
election of directors, and for such other business as may be
legally before them.

H. F. FICHAVAL,

Waterville, Dec. 18, 1871. 25 Cashier.

MAINE-CENTRAL R. R. CO.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, AUGUSTA, Dec. 20th, 1871.

A DIVIDEND of 3 per cent on the Scrip Stock of
this company, six months ending Dec. 31, 1871,
will be paid to the holders of said scrip on the 15th day
February next, at the office of the Treasurer in Augusta.

J. S. CUSHING, Treasurer.

PULMONARY BALSAM

USEFUL AND ECONOMICAL
REMEDY FOR THE MOST
OBSTINATE BRONCHITIS
FOR THE LAST 40 YEARS
"NOTHING BETTER."

CUTLER BROS. & CO.,
BOSTON.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS &c.

Fine Art Materials.

All materials for

OIL, WATER COLOR AND PASTEL PAINTING,
Drawing, Wax Flower Making, Decoupage, &c.

WHITE HOLLY WOOD ARTICLES.

A fine assortment of Water Color Boxes for Artists' pres-
ents, all at very low prices.

A. A. WALKER, Importer,
127 Tremont st., Boston. (Formerly of 322 W. St.)

Portland Weekly Advertiser

For 1872.

ALL THE NEWS

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Short Accounts make Long Friends.

Specimen copies sent free on appli- tion to

H. W. RICHARDSON,

75 Federal Street, Portland, Maine.

KENNESBET COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the
second Monday of December, 1871.

A "CERTAIN INSTRUMENT" purporting to be the last will
and testament of P. T. HUBBARD, late of Water-
ville, in said county, deceased, having been presented for
probate, with a codicil thereto.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks suc-
cessively prior to the second Monday of Jan. instant, in the
Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
terested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at
Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will
and testament and codicil of the said deceased.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, at Augusta, this
20th day of December, 1871.

That notice thereof be given three weeks suc-
cessively prior to the second Monday of Jan. next, in the Mail,
a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
terested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at
Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will
and testament of the said deceased.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, at Augusta, this
20th day of December, 1871.

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a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
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Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will
and testament of the said deceased.

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Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument
should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will
and testament of the said deceased.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, at Augusta, this
20th day of December, 1871.

Kendall's Mills Column.

E. R. MAYO.

Oyster & Eating-House.

CORNER BRIDGE AND WATER STREET.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-
ecute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

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F. C. THAYER, M. D.

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Dr. Thayer may be found at his office or at his home op-
posite the Baptist Church except when absent on professional
business.

24 Dec. 1871.

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FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

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PATION, DYSPEPSIA,

all Diseases having their origin in an impure state of
the Blood.

AS A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN IT IS
INVALUABLE.

Beware of Counterfeits. Buy only of our Agent,
J. H. PLASTER, Waterville.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

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INVIGORATING ANTI-BILIOUS

PILLS

Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Diarrhoea, Liver-Complaint and all low and
debilitated conditions of the system.

Have you Dyspepsia, and have "tried every thing else
and buy a box of WING'S INVIGORATING PILLS and
they will cure you.

Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will make
you well.

Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? Are you
weak, low spirited? circulation sluggish, dull and sleepless?
Appetite poor, constipation, with kidney complaint, with urine
high colored, with pain in the back, Headache, Nervousness,
Palpitation &c.

Be sure to try a box of the invigorating Pills, and you will
find it the most sovereign remedy that you ever used.

Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with troublesome
cough, and perhaps Neuritis? Then go straightway and get a
box of the pills, and all you will have to do is to take ac-
cording to directions to be made entirely well.

Are you now, and have you been for long time sub-
ject to spells of sick-headache, and have tried the "everything
else" and are not cured? Now the time has come for you to
get cured. Take the anti-bilious pills, and you'll not fail to
have a happy experience as the result.

The invigorating Pills are a positive cure for Amenorrhoea
and Chlorosis, or in other words for irregularities, such as
suppression, and retention of the Catamenia.

They will surely restore the natural function. Try them
and you will find a true friend. This indispensable function
of life and health is brought about by secreting or ans the
Ovaries, and when the secretion has not taken place, no
amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge
immediately, no more than a powerful fertilizer will produce
corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and
the special organs nourished into activity, during the
proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is
sure.

Dissolution.

Having purchased the interest of my late partner
in the firm of MAYO BROTHERS, I respectfully
inform the public that I shall continue to carry
on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS.

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

I shall endeavor to keep the largest and best selected as-
sortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

And shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

Aiming to do a cash business hereafter, I shall of course
be able to give customers even better terms than hereto-
fore, and trust by prompt attention to business and
fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public
patrons.

Waterville, Aug. 5, 1871. O. F. MAYO.