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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 30): January 19, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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To Whom shall We Give Thanks?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump  
From whence the sparkling water burst,  
And drank with eager joy the draught  
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.  
Then gratefully he touched his cap—  
I thank you, Mr. Pump, he said,  
For this nice drink you've given me!  
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump, My little man,  
You're welcome to what I have done;  
But I am not the one to thank—  
I only help the water run.  
Oh, then the little fellow said,  
(Polite he always meant to be.)  
Cold water, please accept my thanks,  
You have been very kind to me.

Ah! said cold water, don't thank me;  
Far up the hillside lives the spring  
That sends me forth with generous hand  
To gladden every living thing.  
I'll thank the spring, then, said the boy,  
And gratefully he bowed his head.  
Oh, don't thank me, my little man,  
The spring with silvery accents said.

Oh, don't thank me—for what am I?  
Without the dew and summer rain?  
Without their aid I ne'er could quench  
Your thirst, my little boy, again;  
Oh, well then, said the little boy,  
I'll gladly thank the rain and dew.  
Pray, don't thank us—without the sun  
We could not fill one cup for you.

Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks  
For all that you have done for me.  
Sun! said the sun with blushing face,  
My little fellow, don't thank me.  
'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores  
I drew the draught I gave to thee.  
Oh, ocean, thank! they said the boys—  
It echoed back, Not unto me.

Not unto me, but unto Him,  
Who formed the depths in which I lie,  
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,  
To Him who will thy wants supply.  
The boy took off his cap, and said,  
In thanks so gentle and so true,  
Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift,  
Thou art the giver of all good.

MY HOLIDAYS.

'Please, sir, missus says what will you have for dinner?'

I looked up from my writing, at the trim country girl who spoke.

'Tell her anything she likes to send,' was my answer, and from Jane's face it appeared that my reply was more puzzling than she anticipated.

This interruption to my train of thought caused me to lay aside my pen and go to the window. It was a sweet country prospect that I saw; a gay piece of garden, then a rural road and beyond the green fields and stately trees, which betokened that I was many miles from London.

I gave a sigh of relief at finding myself away from the noise and toil and multitude of the great city. This was my first day of holiday, and unlike most city men, who rush to gay water places or gayer Continental town, I had come to bury myself in the quietude of a country life.

To me, Nature and solitude were two great resources of my overtaxed brain and strength; I had tried them often with success; and now, for the second time, found myself under their influence in the quaint village of Marley.

I had taken the same lodgings which I had occupied the previous year, partly because the landlady was a woman of but few words and fewer ideas. None troubled themselves about me in Marley, and I troubled myself about no one.

All I wanted was quiet, and country sights and sounds, and those I got. If I had a wife or sister, things might have been different; but I was a bachelor, and my only sister had married into a higher sphere than her own, and her associates ill accorded with my feelings.

The house was semi-detached, but as the next door neighbors consisted only of two maiden ladies and a deaf old landlady, there was not much chance of their intruding on me. I had a pleasant sitting-room, with a large bay window looking to the front of the house, and a bed room up stairs which commanded a view of the meadows, where there were generally cows and horses, ducks and fowls and other rural sights.

My leisure time was occupied in literature, for I was beginning to be a known writer in some of the magazines. 'Please, sir, missus says the butcher ain't a coming to-day, and will poached eggs and bacon do?'

I turned from the window to reply, 'Anything she likes will do so long as there is enough of it. Tell your mistress not to send up again, as I don't want to be interrupted.'

So the maid went down to her own domain. She was a clean, strong, bright-looking girl; I suppose the sight of her face caused me to fall into a reverie about women in general—at all events, I did so. I despised all women; they were often pretty and fascinating, but shallow, vain, and heartless.

There was not a woman I knew, who, if temptation came to her, would not destroy her husband's peace of mind for the sake of outwitting her neighbors, nor a girl who would not break her lover's heart (if it were breakable) for the sake of an additional triumph of her beauty.

In olden times there had been wives and mothers worthy of their names; now the woman world seemed mad for admiration, show and conquest. In my boyish days I had been a worshipper of the ladies, but I had seen enough of their foibles now to despise them.

From my window I could almost see into the bay window of the next house. Everything there was old and faded and shabby; the doorsteps were not clean nor dry; the garden was a wilderness of weeds and flowers and rank grass; the windows were dusty, and the curtains old and dirty.

I could see, too, the carpet was almost worn out, and the furniture was all tumble-down and miserable-looking. I pitied the poor old deaf woman who owned the place, and I pitied more the two maiden ladies who could make such a house their home.

I had seen them occasionally during my visit last year, but they seldom opened their window, and never sat near it, so that the only glimpse I had of them was through their way to and from the post-office.

I was not in my regular working order yet, to after this reverie I got my hat and went out for a ramble. Everything was bright and fresh, and every living thing was bursting with sounds of joyousness from the buzzing fly to the shouting noisy lad. Down the lanes I went, on and on, until I was alone with the sky and flowers, the grass and larks and insects, then I sat down to think, and my thoughts ran into so many various channels, that they became feelings instead of ideas.

As I said before, Nature and solitude are two great restorers; they are also our two best and greatest teachers. The man who gains no new ideas or sensations from them, must have sadly lost the image in which he was made.

When I had enough of my own reflections I strolled back to my eggs and bacon, and after eating them I read the newspapers, and then I wrote for several hours, until tea was brought; and so my first day came to an end. Many days like it followed, and much rest and satisfaction came to me from them. Now and then I took the train and spent a day in the neighborhood, exploring the objects of interest on all sides.

One morning on going to my window to observe whether the heavy clouds were likely to break, I saw, to my surprise, a little boy, busily pulling up weeds from the path in the neighboring garden. I looked at the next window; the dirty curtains were gone; the old table

which had been laden with musty books, was polished up, and instead of books, now supported a gay geranium. There were cobwebs still in the corner of the window, but while I was looking at them a long brush came and swept them quickly away, the window was thrown up and I saw the next door had a new inhabitant. More than that, she was a woman, but whether young I could not see, for as soon as she noticed me she retreated into the room.

I hate gossip; I would scorn to ask a question about my neighbors as much as I disliked them to ask about me; still I was sorry this lady had come into such a desolate house and among such old desolate people.

Unfortunately I had managed to sprain my ankle, and this obliged me to remain in-doors for some days. I sat by the window that I might enjoy the air and the view, and so that in my idle moments I could not help seeing into the next house.

By degrees the windows were cleaned, fresh curtains were put up, a new piece of druggery laid down, plants put in the windows; then the rank grass in the garden was cut, the luxuriant flowers were tied up, the weeds were removed, and soon the place looked almost cheerful in its trimness. All this was done or superintended by the lady; she was young and fair, her fingers seemed able to do anything, and she had brought new life into the old place.

The deaf lady furnished up her steps, and came out in a new and wonderful cap. The two maiden ladies seemed to have vanished. Altogether the next door was becoming a place to wonder over.

If I had not hated gossip, perhaps I should have asked Jane what all this meant. I only despised myself for noticing the changes, and wanted to know what was to be the next step. This I soon saw. A bird was hung up in the window, above the plants, a sofa wheeled into the bay, and an easel placed upon the table; and there, day after day, the lady would sit poring over her paintings, while on the sofa I could see two slippered feet, evidently belonging to a gentleman. The lady often went down the village to the post office; often still busied herself in the garden; but she was seldom long away from the sofa, on which the slippered feet were always resting.

Was she vain and shallow, and heartless? what was her name? where did she come from? What was she doing there? Who was the gentleman? All these questions I caught myself asking myself; and I would take up my hat and go to my two great teachers, to help me finish my magazine article, and would forget about the young lady and her busy fingers till I saw her at work again.

One night I could not sleep. Toward morning I got up to bathe my head in cold water, but even that did not cause me to rest. Day broke, and found me still awake; and when the larks began to sing I got up and opened my window. After a time I thought I would fetch a book, and going down stairs for that purpose, I went into my sitting-room, and drew up the blind. I was not a little surprised to see my next door neighbor already at work in her garden, and from that time I called her in my own mind 'Sunrise,' for want of a better name. Sunrise seemed in that shabby, dirty house, and sunrise no doubt she was to the eyes who were so often gazing at her from the sofa; and from that morning she became 'Sunrise' to me, and considering that her real name was unknown to me, I do not know that I could have made a more appropriate choice. Whether Sunrise was pretty or not I could not tell; she sat with her back to the window and garden in a sunbonnet, so that her face was not familiar to me, but I knew she had pretty, fair hair, and a pretty head and shoulders.

I was confined to the house for nearly a week with my ankle, and during this time, when I was not writing, I amused myself with watching my neighbors. Sometimes I was almost inclined to relent in my sweeping assertion that all women are heartless, and make an exception in favor of Sunrise; but then the thought would cross my mind that she was out of the world and therefore from temptation. Day after day she would be seated at her easel; but sometimes, when her window and mine were both open, I could hear the gentleman's voice reading to her, and occasionally I distinguished hers, making comments, I suppose. Certainly this individual must be a happy man to be so waited upon and cared for. 'Supposing I were ill, who would do the same for me? and I was forced to own with humiliation—nobody.

I imagined, from Sunrise's dress and from her mode of life, that they were poor, and yet there was that in her manner and bearing which showed that they were gentlemen. In Sunrise's face, too, there were lines of thought, or rather, I should say, there was a sober gravity which told of battles fought and won.

My neighbors had been in more than a month, and I knew no more about them than on their arrival. I was putting together my manuscripts one day when I heard steps on the gravel path, and then a voice saying:—'Lady, do buy this nice bell-trope for eightpence, or a lovely rose, for ninepence. Lady, do buy.'

I listened, and another voice replied, 'Not to-day, thank you, good woman.'

I went nearer to the window, that I might see without being seen. The woman was standing in the next garden with a basket of plants on her head and Sunrise was talking to her from the open window.

'Indeed I don't want any to-day,' she said. 'I shall be ruined if I buy so many plants.'

'Sure, and a kind act never ruined a lady yet,' said the woman. 'It'll be a real kindness if you buy one. Do my lady, do buy.'

I saw the wistful look which Sunrise gave the plants as she shook her head.

'Indeed, I can't afford it,' she said.

'But, lady, persisted the woman; 'I am tired and hungry, and I want to take something home to my children.'

'I could not hear what followed, but presently Sunrise came to the door, then the woman set down her basket on the gravel path and went into the house. I waited till she came out again, which was perhaps a quarter of an hour, when she had hoisted her basket on her head and was going off, and I got my hat and followed her. I walked behind for some distance, till we were quite out of sight of any houses, and then I came up to her.

'My good woman,' said I, 'I want one of your plants; what price are they?'

She took the basket and put it on the ground,

'Here's a rosebush for ninepence, a geranium for sixpence; and this is tenpence, and this is fourpence, and that a shilling,' she said, indicating each.

'You don't seem to have sold many,' I remarked.

'But two this day,' she replied.

'You must be fatigued with carrying this heavy basket in the heat,' I said.

'Sure and it's well nigh ready to drop I am,' she replied. But for a kind lady up in the village, I don't know how I'd be getting along.'

'Indeed!' said I; 'and what did she do for you?'

'Took me inside her house and made me rest awhile,' said the woman; 'gave me a good meal, looked me out some clothes and spoke words as did me heart good to hear.'

'Did she not buy your plants?' I asked.

'No sir,' she replied; 'she'd not the money to throw away on 'em, much as she wanted to have 'em; she told me she was poor and what money she got she wanted for the sick gentleman.'

'Her husband, I suppose,' I said.

'Well, 'twas her husband or her father, I expect,' was the reply; 'but which of my plants will you be pleased to buy?'

I selected one, and giving her the sum she asked, I got a boy to carry it home, and followed him, pondering about Sunrise and her history.

Two or three days after this, Jane opened my drawing room door, saying, 'The lady from next door, sir.'

As may be imagined, I was immensely surprised. What did she want? and why did she come to me?

I put aside my pen, and rose to place her in a chair; for a moment she looked embarrassed, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she bowed and half smiled as she said, 'Pardon my intrusion; I have come to ask a favor of you.'

'Pray be seated, madam,' said I; 'what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?'

She glanced at the chair I had placed for her, but remained standing.

'I am painting a flower-piece,' she replied; 'and unfortunately, by an accident, the flower I was copying has been destroyed; I am come to ask if you will be so kind as to lend me the plant you have in your window, which is like it. I am sure I don't know how to apologize enough for coming to you.'

'No apology is necessary,' I said. 'I am happy to be able to do anything for you; pray keep the plant, and do as you will with it.'

'Thank you, you are very kind,' she said, 'but not kinder than I thought you would be; she added while a gleam shot into her eyes.'

Now why should she think me kind, and why did she smile at me as if we were old acquaintances?

'I would not have come to you,' she continued, 'if I could have procured a flower elsewhere which would have answered my purpose; but I am obliged to finish my painting by a certain day, and my time is short.'

'You are painting, then, for an exhibition?' I remarked.

'Yes, and I must send the picture to London in a fortnight,' she replied. 'I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, and James will be too.'

'May I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?' I inquired.

'My name is Prosser,' she replied, smilingly. 'Yours, I know, is Bailey.'

She bowed and moved towards the door, but came back a step and held out her hand.

'I thank you so much,' she said. 'Good-bye.'

I took the plant and accompanied her to her own door; then I came back to look up my desk and go for a ramble. During my walk I was thinking of my visitor; no one would call her beautiful. She had a young pleasant face, with bright soft eyes, and a gentle voice. Was she vain, and shallow and heartless?

Who was James? Was he her husband? Certainly he was not her father. She must be a clever girl to paint for exhibitions; something different from the ordinary run of girls, for she must have some ideas beyond show and dress and admiration.

It pleased me when I returned from my walk to see my plant on the table before Sunrise, and to know that her eyes were studying it, and that James was gazing on it and her, probably with approbation, for I could see his slippered feet upon the sofa. I knew now that his name was James Prosser. And what was hers? Was she his wife or sister? She was still Sunrise to me.

My holiday drew to an end. I left Marley and the Prossers and went back to my lodgings and city life, and almost forgot them in my every day business.

It was said by some people that my magazine articles had never been so good as those I wrote during that summer holiday.

ABOUT HORSES.—The other day a boy asked me if I would play horse, and let him drive me. 'O,' said I, 'I am too old and clumsy for a horse.'

'But,' said the boy, 'I don't drive old horses so hard.' 'Good!' said I. I liked that. That is the true principle.

I wish every boy and man in the nation had to obey it. I suppose a young horse likes to go. If I were a young horse, I should want to see how fast I could run, and I should want to snap my heels and stretch my legs. If my driver said 'Now, pony, do your best,' I would take a long breath, and then show him what I could do; and I would make the road spin.

I have seen a colt swoop over a five-rail fence, just like a bird. That is the way I should like to do it. But an old horse does not feel so spry; and I know how an old horse does feel. He feels young inside—just as young as ever; but his legs are stiff and don't go as easily as they used to, and sometimes they ache. I have seen an old horse that forgot he was old, and he began to jump and risk like a colt; and everybody laughed at him.

But if I were a horse, I would never run on a race course. That is one thing they would have to understand. I don't believe in gambling, or betting for money, anyhow.—[W. O. C., in Little Corporal.]

EXTRAVAGANCE in living is making rogues of thousands, and cowards of all. The time has come when the great demand of morality and courage is to live moderately.—[Boston Daily News.]

MR. BEECHER'S NEW LECTURE—"MANHOOD AND MONEY."—He began by referring to the widely diffused passion for wealth. This enters into conversation, forms ambition, and is the dream of the greater number of individuals. The non-lucrative professions are entered with reluctance. An important question in this connection is, Whether a man may be a Christian and possess wealth? And another: Whether or may, if the possessor of Christian virtues, make wealth? Still more important is the question, whether he can grow in grace and wealth at the same time?

His theory was that this world was intended as a place to fit men for a better life, but that at the same time they shall so live as to make the world a better place to live in than ever before. Every man must build himself so as to help the world. There is no meaner selfishness like that of a man who goes through life caring only to finally get to heaven. There is no heaven for such men.

It is a right thing for Christians to create wealth, and if so it can be done without injury to them. It is possible for men to earn money and manhood at the same time. The time must come when the best things in the world will be in the hands of virtue. Christianity is to have its time of exaltation when the pure in heart, and the weak, shall inherit the earth. They may not be able to bear these things now, but they will come to it as Christianity becomes developed. Toward this end we should aim and endeavor to be fit for it. Many things at first would have been ruinous which will not be eventually. From this wrong standpoint men come to wrong notions of religion and they find a constant struggle between their religion and their instincts for gain. If you are good enough you have a right to be rich. So long as riches do not destroy his spirituality it makes no difference how rich a man is. The earning of wealth is a moral education, and possession of it a Christian power.

The worst thing that can happen to man is death while he is alive. Men must be stimulated to action. Better to arouse them to action by instinct of wealth than not to arouse them at all, and the lower part of a man's nature most naturally inclines to activity. When men stagnate in property-getting they forget that it is a schoolmaster. Self denial, one of the Christian virtues, is taught by business, by money-getting. The man who works and makes everything else give way, learns cross bearing better than he can learn it from teaching.

God works by and through everything, good and bad. He sees something besides the Church on earth. Those who work, whether in factory, or shop, or farm, all are aiding in the civilization of the world, and commerce has done its part. The active men, not the retired merchants, build the world. The world builders are the money makers. God uses such men, and they are in accordance with His economy.

He knew there were dangers but they were venial. If a man sacrifices manhood for money it is his own fault. Scrupulous honesty is necessary to your manhood; your success is not to be measured around your stomach, or your pocket, but around your head. It is to be in proportion to what you can take out of the world with you, and there'll be very little for some men to carry. He held that men, differing from tools, grew larger and better from use. If you fail don't grumble at fortune and luck, but at the fool that did it. A man may serve his master anywhere and everywhere.

All men cannot get rich. There are men who earn and can't keep, and others who keep and can't get. There are a few who do both. He always stood in awe of such men. Some men plant money and it comes up; he planted it and it rotted in the ground.

It is not necessary to save wealth, however, in order to be happy. Wealth is very much like an abundant stream to a mill. That which can't get through the wheel is of no use but to make a noise running over the dam. Being happy is not an American art. The trouble is not the lack of money but the lack of manhood. There is not much in you because there are not chords enough in you. It's a divine art to make a little go a great way, and to make its possessor happy. A man needs enough to give him food and raiment, and means of culture for himself and family. If he has these and isn't happy it is because he is foolish. The sensuous enjoy themselves, but such pleasure is not to be compared to that of the higher faculties. The true range of manhood is above the lower senses, and he who has the higher faculties developed is made most happy by wealth. Happiness doesn't go by millions. Individual men are not happy in proportion to their wealth. One of the most wealthy men he knew was one of the most miserable. Money will help you enjoy, but it will not, in itself, bring happiness.

Then men were foolish in not enjoying themselves as they go along. When a man has means enough to live better than he does he ought to do it. Salt it down? What will you be then? As dry as an old codfish! Use your money to educate yourself and your family. One of the most pitiful things in the world is the way old men come into old age. Ships may lose spars and rigging, and come into the harbor with the cargo safe, and he had seen men come in so. He had seen steamers come in, too, with their cargo burned for fuel. So some men come into old age, though some have abundance of wealth and abundance of misery.

Men lose their manhood often by sudden wealth. It is the education of slow money-getting which fits men for its use. Men want to be rich at once. They don't want to live on farms. They think they can do better and so go into places for which they are not fit. They are never willing to go back and start in places they can fill, but try dishonesty, and finally fail in their labors, and then complain of all the world, when but for haste to be rich, and doing by craft what he was not able to do honestly—a plan which never succeeds—the might have done well. Men must pay for all they get in some way. No man ever got permanent good from money got without an equivalent. Yet men hasten to be rich.

I have buried four generations, of men from Wall street in twenty-five years. Wall street is a dunghill of misanthropes. There is a vast growth of men in every single year, and every year they are trampled down in hosts. I know of but one or two men in that period who have been able to make permanent gains and hold their gains. And they didn't do it by speculation; they added other means of accumulation

which were the foundation of their stability, and I believe that all the men there are trying to be rich in uncanny ways, and are trying to be rich without paying for what they get—they are rushing on to destruction. Others may look upon those great, marvellous and sudden changes that have taken place in New York with ridicule. I feel in looking upon them as solemn as judgment day. I have for years been urging the young men in my church not to envy the rich men that came not by honest means. I have again and again prophesied that the day should come that would see them overwhelmed or ruined. I thought it would not come so soon. Where is that chapparel—where are those men ensconced behind impregnable walls? Scattered, shorn, odious, their households like Niobe weeping and they disgraced and paralyzed, and cast utterly out of society; the men that were destroying the integrity of the young, they are Sodom and Gomorrah. And I say to the young men who have been partly biased from their integrity, —Look upon these men and see how surely iniquitous gains bring down ruin and disgrace upon their heads.' And that supreme memento of fortune,—the astounding event of this age that a man with some smartness in business, but absolutely without moral sense and as absolutely devoid of shame as the desert Sahara is of grass, that that man with one leap should have vaulted to the very summit of power in New York, and for seven to ten years should have held the courts in his hand, and the legislature, and the Erie line—the most consummate investment interest of the land—in his hands, and laughed at England, and laughed at New York, and matched himself against the financial skill of a whole city, and outwitted the whole, and rode out to this hour in magnificent and glaring prosperity,—that this great criminal, abominable in his lusts and flagrant in his violation of public decency—that the man should have been the supremest there, and in an instant, by the hand of a fellow-culprit, God's providence struck him to the ground! And yet I am sorry for him. I cannot see a fellow being go down, though he have been wicked, and though he have wrought sorrow in every way. I cannot see the ruin of a man for whom God gave his Son, and not feel a pang in my heart. And yet I say to every young man who has looked upon this glaring meteor and seen his course of prosperity, and thought that perhaps integrity was not so necessary. Mark the end of the wicked and turn back again to the ways of integrity.' It is right for you to be rich if you don't barter your manhood for it. It is right for you to be rich, and you may be joyful therein if you don't lose your conscience or your power with God. But remember in seeking your riches never lose manhood, for the existence of that is the only thing which will make your riches a blessing and a permanent abiding influence with you.'

A LITTLE SERMON.—At a railroad station not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural, simple way, that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low spirited, or stupid.

Just then a forlorn woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?'

'No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I go out agin.' My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere.'

'Here it is,' and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

'Well now, ain't that nice?' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. 'Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, ben' lame and aching; and not selling much made me sort of down hearted.'

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, 'Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this?'

'Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?' cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummed face like a streak of sunshine. 'Well now, this is just lovely,' added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. 'That does warm my heart.'

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins, and shoe strings, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered it rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grinningly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it seemed to brighten that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain pale lady with sudden respect; and when the woman with many thanks got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

There were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the thanks of a poor old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveller that on her way better for that half hour in that dreary station.—[S. S. Workman.]

THE Boston Advertiser says, 'Those who insist that New England blood is running out, and that foreigners are coming in to usurp the places heretofore held by natives, would do well to examine the statistics of the Maine Legislature. It appears that as far as has been

ascertained, only two members of the Senate and fourteen members of the House were born outside the State of Maine; and of these sixteen, fifteen are natives of other New England States. One only is an immigrant, and he is from the adjoining province of New Brunswick. There is probably no other State in the Union where the proportion of native legislators is as large.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.—A wise and good man, who was obliged to admit a stranger to daily conversation with his family, would look to his character, and try to estimate his probable influence. But no common daily visitor can exert the same amount of influence that is exercised by the daily newspaper, which gives all current events its own color, and presents all living questions in its own light. It is admitted to an intimacy denied to ordinary visitors, and can present facts, make allusions, and suggest thoughts that would not be uttered, or if spoken, would be rebuked by the blushes or the protests of an average household.

A newspaper for a family should as near as possible resemble the conversation of a purely and thoroughly informed man. No considerate parent wishes his friends to detail in his family the information, which it is the painful duty of lawyers to elicit in the police or divorce courts. No wise mother wishes to familiarize her children with the plans of the vicious or the schemes of the degraded. In fact, the instinct of their gentleness forbids allusion to them in the family by those who must know them; and why should a newspaper spread out in detail before the eye what dare not be addressed to the ear?

On the same principle of common sense, we presume a Christian man would not willingly introduce to familiar daily intercourse with his children a scold, who never misses a chance to make religion ridiculous or hateful. Bigotry, you say. Be candid now, and inquire who puts into his family the print that habitually ridicules even his politics or abuses his party. Do not be angry with men for valuing their religion as much as you do your politics. One should desire for a family friend a man who, when he has occasion to touch religion, will touch it in a religious spirit. Can any one assign a good reason for selecting a daily newspaper from an opposite principle?

But even where scoffing is shut out, and impurity is rigidly excluded, there is a certain objectionable tone adopted in many newspapers, we presume from a natural anxiety to satisfy the demand for liveliness. Fatal accidents are made amusing; felony becomes funny; tragedies are done into comedies, and even murder loses its horrors in the facetious narrative.—Widows may weep or the virtuous be shocked, but the readers get a good laugh out of the transaction. This is bad in taste and demoralizing in influence. It takes all seriousness out of life; but crime and cruelty are serious. They are matters for horror or for tears, but not for laughter. It habituates the mind to see, and eventually to see only the trifling side of things; it deadens sympathy, and makes vice and cruelty dangerously familiar. It destroys earnestness and that horror of evil which is the safeguard of the young till they are actuated by fixed principle.



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 19, 1872.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the MAIL and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business or editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

The popular subject of railroad monopoly—which which the people of Maine have heard more or less—seems likely to have its principal investigation this winter upon two petitions for charters of new roads. One of these is for a road from Portland to Bath, in the interest of the Boston & Maine; and the other is from the citizens of Lewiston and Auburn, for a road from Lewiston to some point on the G. Trunk road in Auburn. Both these petitions meet the most emphatic opposition of the M. C. Central; while both look for popular favor from all that class of the people who are jealous of the growing power of a consolidated railroad interest already founded, as they think, in the Maine Central.

The Lewiston and Auburn petitioners want a closer connection with the G. T. road in order that western produce may arrive there as cheap as at Portland, and to give their business men an opportunity to reach the business port of Portland from G. T. station. They also urge squarely their wish to provide competition in transportation of freight and passengers. The Maine Central urges in objection that the proposed road would be a rival road and seriously injurious to the M. C.; that it has made large sacrifices to meet the wants of the petitioners, and that the charter should not be granted unless it can be shown that the M. C. road cannot or will not remedy the difficulties complained of. This question has had full hearing before the railroad committee, Mr. Dingley of Lewiston appearing for the petitioners, and Judge Rice in opposition. The committee are to vote upon the question to day.

But the main battle will be upon the petition of the B. & M. road. They urge in favor of their petition that their rights and interests suffer by the present combination between the M. C. and the Eastern roads; and that the construction of a competing road between Portland and Bath, to progress in due time to Bangor by way of the proposed "shore line," will not only relieve them, but serve as a protection to the public against the monopoly growing out of consolidation. The M. C. road, which is the only opponent of the petition, urges that such a rival road would operate greatly to their injury, and that the public interest rests in protecting and fostering the great enterprise now organized and consolidated in the Maine Central Railroad.

On this question both parties are now busy organizing their forces and manipulating the Legislature. On these two petitions, in a great measure, hangs the important subject of consolidated railroad monopoly—whatever this may be—in the State of Maine. No effort will be spared on either side; and whatever may be the result this winter in the legislature, the people have yet to give the matter the investigation that finally settles all questions which take deep hold of their interests. This investigation it has not yet had.

The Maine State Agricultural Society held its annual meeting at the state-house on Wednesday. They elected Samuel Wasson president, S. L. Boardman secretary, W. E. Morris treasurer, and B. F. Hamilton and Rufus Bince trustees. They instructed the trustees to locate the annual fair for a term not exceeding three years, if any town or city offers acceptable terms. The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$118.14.

**FIRE.**—The farmhouse of Mr. Wm. Balen time 2d, in the south part of Waterville, was burned at an early hour on Wednesday morning last. It was insured for \$800. Nearly all the contents were destroyed. The fire caught from the stove.

The high cupola seen from some localities on Maine-st., south of and nearly on a line with the Universalist church, is that of the new residence of Daniel Moor, Esq., nearly opposite the villa of Mr. Furbush. Mr. Moor bought of the Catholic church the large building erected by them a few years ago on the Plain. Removing it to the elegant lot on which it now stands, the owner has secured when it is finished, one of the most elegant residences in Waterville.

The Spanish government has directed that all organizations of the International Society in that country must be suppressed, at the same time that the largest liberty of speech is to be allowed.

**TOWN MEETING.**—The Selectmen of Waterville have issued their warrant for a special town meeting, on the 24th of January instant, Wednesday of next week, at Town Hall. The warrant consists of seven articles:

Art. 2 proposes to raise money to pay for our new bridge.

Art. 3 proposes to hear the report of the late bridge lawsuit, and determine what further action shall be taken.

Art. 4 moves for the repeal of the special bridge act, or for such change as shall relieve the towns of Waterville and Winslow and impose the burden of the bridge on the county.

Art. 5 proposes to raise by loan or assessment the sum needed to pay for the bridge, or procure an injunction against the Co. Commissioners to stay proceedings till further application can be made to the S. J. Court.

Art. 6 proposes to exempt from taxation any property invested in cotton or woolen factories.

Art. 7 proposes to instruct our representative and request the senators of Kennebec county, to procure the passage of an act compelling the immediate construction of a fishway at Augusta dam, and at any other dams that prevent the ascent of fish.

The State Temperance Convention, at Augusta, convened Wednesday afternoon, Gov. Perham presiding, and adjourned Thursday, after a very full and interesting session.

The Committee on Temperance Legislation reported in favor of restoring the cider and wine clause as it stood in the act of 1858; that the Michigan law making the seller of intoxicating liquors and the owner of the building responsible for damages done by an intoxicated person be enacted in Maine; that a person convicted of illegally selling liquor be required to give bonds not to violate that law for a year; and one or two other slight amendments.

The substance of the resolutions was as follows:

The first resolution asserts prohibition as the policy of the State, and details evidences of its progress.

The second asserts an increase in the traffic within the last two or three years, and urges renewed efforts to oppose it. [This resolution was sharply debated, several asserting that it was not true that the traffic had increased; and the wording was so changed as to declare that the traffic had increased "in various localities."]

The third urges renewed efforts by lectures and frequent meetings, under the direction of suitable committees.

The fourth endorses the opinion expressed by Gov. Perham in favor of primary effort through the press and the pulpit, and by the faithful execution of stringent laws.

The fifth objects to the assertion that "we have law enough," and expresses a demand for more embracing such executive force as will execute the law according to the intent of the people.

The sixth urges combined moral and religious influence, through a recognition of the fact "that the church is like to increase as grog-shops lessen."

The seventh thanks the Governors of Massachusetts and Maine for the unequivocal and earnest stand taken by each in their late messages.

The eighth approves the organization of the children in the order of "Cold Water Templars," where they are taught to abstain from intoxicating drinks, tobacco and profanity.

After the organization of the meeting on Wednesday, Mr. Nye entered the galleries of the hall with three hundred children, whom he had gathered into the order of Cold Water Templars. This was a most emphatic assertion of "what is to be done" in the future.

The citizens of N. Vassalboro' have lately organized a society, known as the N. Vassalboro' Lyceum, which has thus far been a perfect success. The meetings are held every Saturday eve at the Temperance Hall, with good attendance. The exercises consist of Declarations, Select Reading, Essays, Extemporaneous Speeches, discussions and papers. The principal citizens are interested, and the move is lively. Invitation is extended to those abroad.

It is rumored that an effort will soon be made to relieve the Peck bondsmen from a share of their liabilities. Those who are solvent complain of being obliged to shoulder the whole load, from which, by neglect of the State, to enforce its claim earlier, a portion have been delivered by bankruptcy. It might be interesting to know if some of these very complaining parties have not been actively instrumental in putting off the day of payment.

HON. A. G. JEWETT, a veteran of the forum and the bar, and a hard fighter, has retired to a large milk farm half a mile from Belfast, where the editor of the Journal recently found him surrounded by his flocks and herds and evidently enjoying his position in the milky way.

ANNUAL Session of the Waterville Union Sabbath School Association, will be held at the Congregational Church in Waterville, Sunday evening next, commencing at 6 1/2 o'clock. The following topics will be discussed: "Home Study of the Bible," "What are the Chief Wants of our Sabbath School?" Relating experience by Sabbath School Workers, and Question Box. All are invited to attend.

THE UNION MEETINGS last week were so interesting and pleasant, that at the last one, on Saturday evening, it was voted to continue them another week; and accordingly well attended meetings have been held this week, two evenings at the Methodist vestry, two at the Baptist chapel, and on this and to-morrow evenings the meetings will be at the Congregational vestry.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC opens with the second chapter of Hawthorne's "Septimius Felton." Alice Ashbury has an interesting article upon "Wagner and the Pianist Bellow;" Mr. De Mille furnishes Part II of "A Comedy of Terrors," and Mr. Parson continues his "Life of Jefferson," interesting as a novel. Mr. Atkinson sends of "The Visible and Invisible in Protection," and the remaining articles are unusually good. The poetry consists of "There Was a Rose," a charming piece by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, and "Morris Lake," by Wm. Ellery Channing. Dr. Holmes continues the "Poet at the Breakfast Table" in a way which will ensure an increasing number of readers. "Recent Literature" includes careful notices of—among other things—Forster's "Life of Dickens," "Taine's History of English Literature," and several other recent English, French and German publications. Its "Politics" cover a wide range of topics.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February, contains some very remarkable articles. Prof. Hayden's paper on the last Yellowstone Exploration confirms the graphic accounts before published in this Magazine; and the illustrations, drawn by the celebrated artist, T. Moran, who accompanied the expedition, are exceedingly curious and effective. R. H. Seeley tells us precisely what we want to know about "The Mormons and their Religion." This article is accompanied by capital illustrations of places in and around Salt Lake. It is a picture by portraits of many of the chief men and of one of Brigham's daughters, who is an actress. Prof. Wells gives an illustrated description of the "Charities of the Fatherland." "Wilfred Cumberland" is continued, and Mrs. Olyphant's new story, "At the Gates," and a great variety of other interesting articles, making the number one of the most readable of that always entertaining Magazine. Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S for February, is embellished with two Valentine plates, a handsome colored fashion plate, an alphabet of interlaced letters, a large presentation sheet of braiding patterns and the second of the series of "Miss Lollipop's Party." In the work department, the ladies will find an unusual variety of designs for fancy work, and a beautiful and interesting matter by popular authors, combine to make this a splendid number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for February has a pretty steel engraving, "Fanny's First Flirtation," a double page colored fashion plate, patterns for sewing cup, and numerous patterns and designs for fancy work, and a beautiful and interesting matter by popular authors, combine to make this a splendid number.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE, and THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, two excellent publications—well known and highly prized wherever known—present us interesting and attractive numbers for February—full of good reading and beautifully illustrated.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January, opens with four chapters of Mr. Townbridge's new story, "A Chance for Himself," and the "Young Folks" are all getting intensely interested in "Jack's" future, and impatient for the coming numbers. Among other articles we have "The Northern Hare," "Tobe's Monument," "How Sammy went Grogging," "How to make a set of Chessmen out of Old Spools," Chapters III and IV of Rev. D. R. Carter's "Crusoe Life," and several other good articles, be-ides poetry, caricatures, etc.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

UNCLOUDED skies are not man's lot to see;  
Nor paradise, in all the changing scenes  
Of life, with all its joys and all its pains,  
With careful scrutiny, our ways be free  
From many dangers of us now unfurled,  
So beautified by Heaven's sunlight is the world.

God, in his wisdom, draws a shadowy veil  
Over all creation; that the light of Him  
Who came to save the lost, so weak and frail,  
When seen, might be of doubtful avail,  
Which compass is to mariners on oceans tossed;  
Saving and blessing when we feel we're lost.

Now all ye saddened hearts unfold the door,  
That through this misty veil the glory light  
May enter in; and bless from Heaven's shore  
Your raptured hearts, and bow and adore.  
Thus shall ye find celestial joys untold,  
And help the soul its beauties to unfold.

H. C. NEWHALL & Co., of our village, have just finished an elegant pair of harnesses—best of leather with ornate trimmings—for Col. H. C. Merriam, now stationed in New Mexico.

With a pair of spirited, handsome animals inside of them, they will gladden an enthusiastic horseman's eye.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is grumpy over Fish's dispatch in relation to the Catecazy affair, to which he makes a saucy reply; and the Emperor, we are informed, thinks Alexis was not politely treated by Grant, and he shall not allow him to return to Washington. Dew tell! It has been well suggested that instead of toadying the sprigs of royalty who come over to visit us, we might be better employed in making friends with the people of Europe.

THE MAINE ECLECTIC SOCIETY held its semi-annual meeting in Gardiner on Wednesday of last week. The proposed Medical Act was discussed, and Drs. Holmes of West Waterville, Marble of Gardiner, and Wright of Bath, were chosen a committee to use their influence to prevent its passage. Several interesting papers and addresses were listened to and it was voted to hold the next meeting in Bangor on the fourth Monday of June next.

THE HALLOWELL GAZETTE has ceased to exist; having died, as the Kennebec Journal says, of three distinct diseases, either of which was sufficient to kill it—irresponsible soliciting agents, the premium system, and one dollar a year to subscribers.

FIRE IN WINTHROP.—The oil cloth manufactory of C. M. Bailey took fire last Saturday afternoon, and the flames quickly spread to an adjoining mill and three dwelling houses which were consumed. One of these houses consisted of six tenements. There were no facilities for extinguishing fires, which is singular in a village of the size of Wintthrop—and messages were sent in various directions for help. One was received here, and Waterville 3 was speedily put upon a car, with hose and men, but just as it was ready to start, news came that the fire was got under. The Lewiston Journal says:—

These shops comprise about one-half of Mr. Bailey's works. Thirty workmen are thrown out of business. The goods were mostly removed from the tenements. The fire caught in the large south shop built last fall, in the second story. No fire had been in the room. Two workmen were cleaning the cylinder, used for varnishing cloths. It was revolving in a box of tight naphtha, which exploded with a loud report. In an instant the whole room was sheeted with flames. The men escaped barely with their lives at either end of the room, pursued and scorched by the flames. There could be no more favorable circumstances for a fire. There was not a breath of wind, and the smoke and flames arose perpendicularly and spread over the horizon. Had there been a breath of southern air Mr. Bailey's whole works, freight house, etc., must have been burned.

Lewiston is moving to secure the proposed Industrial School for Girls for that city, and offers to the State, for that purpose, the City Hospital Buildings and Land.

## State Legislature.

The Legislature is getting well at work, but a brief report will give all that is of special interest to our readers at this stage of the proceedings.

Petitions for the removal of the shire town of Somerset county come in lively and are referred to the appropriate committee. Daniel Bunker's petition to set off his island farm from Benton to Fairfield meets with opposition. The legislators are looking after the savings banks, and orders have been introduced proposing annual returns to the Bank Examiner, limiting the rate of annual dividends, regulating annual returns to town assessors, and requiring them to pay into the State treasury a semi-annual tax for the benefit of schools; while one order proposes an amendment of law which will permit Savings Banks to loan in part upon notes of hand, without collaterals, and prohibit loaning out of the State.

Commissioners on an Industrial School have made a report with bill accompanying. The committee on Education have reported a bill appropriating \$25,000 for a suitable building for the Eastern Normal School. Orders have been introduced proposing to punish assault and battery by imprisonment in the State Prison, instead of County Jail, that a man's person may be as sacred as the coat he wears; proposing a general law enabling cities and towns to loan their credit in aid of manufactures; to change the punishment of rape, arson and burglary from a life sentence to a term of years, at the discretion of the court. Petitions are in for a law regulating private booms on Kennebec River; and the Kennebec and Wiscasset Railroad Co. asks for an extension of its road and for authority to the towns to aid in its construction.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the com. on Education was directed to inquire into the expediency of a law compelling the attendance of children at school. The committee on Senatorial votes presented a report on Waldo County district, declaring that Crawford S. Fletcher, and William H. McLellan are elected, but a minority report only endorses the election of Fletcher. A savings bank at Wintthrop was asked for. In the House, inquiry was ordered into the propriety of compulsory vaccination. Petitions were presented asking for a railroad from Dexter to Brownville. Petition of James Gray of Benton for pension was presented by Mr. Cornish of Winslow.

On Wednesday, in Senate, inquiry into the propriety of changing the standard weight of oats and beans. Bill from last legislature, regulating the qualification of practitioners in medicine and surgery, was indefinitely postponed without debate. Act to establish State uniformity of school books, from last legislature was referred to com. on Education. Inquiry ordered to see if any change is needed in the standard measure of milk. The Senate refused to consider the proposition of Belfast Academy for location of the Eastern Normal School, reduced the appropriation to \$20,000, and passed the bill to be engrossed. Inquiry was ordered as to the proper toll for grinding ears of corn.

In the House, inquiry was ordered in relation to the rights of married women. A bill was reported in relation to the location of school houses. Bill authorizing Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad Co. to locate and construct branch lines was read and assigned. A joint committee was chosen to consider the expediency of a general railroad law. An act to repeal an act relating to School Supervisors was, after some debate, referred to com. on Education. Petition for railroad from Bath to Portland presented and referred. Act relating to duties of sheriffs and county attorneys, and a bill to amend a section of the law relating to the sale of intoxicating drinks, presented and referred.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, advertised in our columns, is really a meritorious work, full of excellent reading—the only suspicious thing about it being its low price, which is only one dollar a year. Among its premiums for subscribers are Wood's Pocket Magazine, which every boy needs; Easter Morning, a beautiful chromo; Our Hope and Our Joy, two beautiful companion pictures, and Niagara Falls, a new and beautiful chromo, just added to the list. We shall be pleased to show the magazine and these premiums to any who call, or copies of the magazine may be had free, of the publisher, by all who apply by letter.

By an arrangement recently perfected, Rev. J. O. Skinner, of our village, will divide his labors between the Universalist Society here and the one at Kendall's Mills—preaching here in the forenoon and at Kendall's Mills in the afternoon.

SMITH'S GREAT BIBLE DICTIONARY—Hurd & Houghton's edition—advertised in our columns, is without doubt the most complete work of the kind ever published, being a great improvement over the English edition. It should be owned by every clergyman and all studious Bible readers.

The employees of the Maine Central Railroad Co. are laughing over the requisition of the station agent recently appointed at Knox station, a new one on the Belfast road. Among the articles wanted from head quarters was some red oil for signal lights.

The genuineness of the letters from Fisk to Miss Mansfield, recently published, is denied; and as strenuous efforts will be made to prejudice public sentiment both ways, people are advised not to allow their sympathies to get enlisted upon either side.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD Co. notifies a dividend of three per cent. on scrip of May 12, 72. See advertisement in another column.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last Saturday night, to rob the Great Falls National and Savings Bank. They made the way through the first door of the safe, by means of wedges, but appear to have left in haste without advancing any further. The police, it is said, have a clue which they will follow up.

The editor of the Bangor Whig is happy over a pine apple grown by Mrs. Z. P. Eastes, of that city. He calls it "ripe and luscious," but we reckon it took no small amount of sugar to make it go down with a relish.

HON. JAMES BROOKS, of New York, has just returned from an extended tour in Europe and resumed his seat in Congress.

The editors of the Portland Press and Advertiser,—good fellows both—are respectfully requested to maintain the dignity of their profession and set no bad examples for their country brethren.

The Kennebec JOURNAL hoists the flag for Grant and Colfax, and warmly urges the renomination of the Vice President.

SIMON A. LOVETT is on trial in Portland for killing Leonard F. Swett last Sept.

STOKES has been indicted for the murder of Fisk, but it is said he will not be tried until next month. Stokes is beginning to feel alarmed for his safety, and expresses fear that he will not have a fair trial.

ALEXIS has killed a buffalo—lots of 'em, so they say.

A STATUE of Horace Greeley is proposed and the sum of \$6000 has been subscribed for it in New York.

REV. C. R. MOOR, pastor of the Universalist Society in Augusta, cannot be persuaded to withdraw his letter of resignation, and will close his labors with them on the last Sabbath of this month.

STOKES was arraigned for the murder of James Fisk on Thursday, and the case then adjourned to next Wednesday.

CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—The examination will occur on Thursday and Friday the 25th and 26th instant. All are invited to be present.

SAMUEL L. BOARDMAN, Esq., agricultural editor of the Maine Farmer, has been appointed one of the members of the Board of Agriculture, to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Prof. C. E. Hamlin of Colby University. No better appointment, probably, could have been made.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—A. H. Abbott, President of the Board of Education, announces that it will hold its annual session of five days, commencing January 22d, at the office of the State Superintendent of Common Schools, Augusta. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the educational welfare of the State to attend the meeting of the Board and to participate in its public discussions. The participation of school officers throughout the State in these deliberations is especially solicited. No programme of the exercises can yet be presented. Members of the board and others have, however, signified their intention to present papers and matter for discussion of interest to all. Free return tickets over the Maine Central railroad and its branches will be issued to regular attendants who have paid full fare coming to the Convention.

Constantinople 17.—The first Turco-European train over the railroad striking the Sea of Marmora, entered Stamboul yesterday crossing the old Seraglio grounds.

A reporter called on Gen. Butler and asked him if it were true, as was stated, that he had declared he would oppose Grant if Wilson was put on the ticket with him for Vice President. "Well," said the General, "if I never oppose Grant until Wilson is nominated with him, I shall be supporting him as long as I live."

A Boston letter says Jim Fisk's wife was an older woman than himself. With his notorious sins against her, there had never been estrangement between them. She excused everything, and he held her for a sort of platonic affection. He wrote to her constantly and visited her very often. She was his confidant and his adviser in many things. She was more like an elder sister than a wife to this mercurial being, who appears to have been compassionately regarded by her as an incorrigible, wayward member of the family, who must be humored in almost any eccentricities.

GOING TO AFRICA, is the spontaneous cry of thousands of colored men in the Southern States. A few weeks ago the American Colonization Society sent out to Liberia two hundred and forty-three select emigrants; and now earnest letters are pouring in upon them in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, asking how large a company each writer may form in his own immediate region. The society is embarrassed for means, and makes its appeal on the ground of the benefits to Africa.

"Liberia needs intelligent population. Her Government cordially invites emigration, and has made provision to give each family twenty-five acres of land in fee simple upon their arrival. They carry with them the benefits of civilization and religion, and become a power for good there; thus economically and efficiently working to elevate, cultivate, and evangelize benighted Africa."

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says a small French girl in Wintthrop commenced sneezing a week ago and continues sneezing yet. The doctors of the town and Dr. Hill of Augusta, have never known such a case and cannot arrest it.

The Lewiston Journal says a Mrs. Scott Brown of Readfield, went to a neighbor's to spend some half hour or more, leaving her house in charge of her two little ones—one four and the other one and a half years of age. On her return home she found the clothing nearly burned from its body, and the flesh charred in many places. Death came to its relief in six hours.

A Cabinet officer at Washington says the affidavits of the captain and mate of the Florida do not contain facts sufficient to authorize a demand for an explanation, and it is doubtful if one is asked unless further information shall make it reasonable and necessary. Minister Roberts expects to remain at his post.

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL," and as many critics have severely denounced Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln—some styling it a "limp, ill-favored man," totally lacking "the ideal aspect of Mr. Lincoln—that which everybody saw who saw him, and which everybody recalls now that he is seen no more"—we think it, but right that a friend should be heard in her defence. His argument is that her fidelity to nature, in giving us the representation of Mr. Lincoln just as he was, is true to art, and he says:—

And so she has made a statue for "a limp, ill-favored man," just such as, bodily, Lincoln was. Of course it "is not a good statue." Humanly speaking it could not be and still be true to the original. What, then, is the matter? Oh, it lacks totally the ideal aspect of Mr. Lincoln—that which everybody saw who saw him, and which everybody recalls now that he is seen no more! This vaporing about "his ideal aspect" is supremely silly. The Lord never made a man more utterly devoid of it in his external appearance. Nobody ever saw anything about the person of Abraham Lincoln which would for a single moment suggest the notion of "ideality." There he was, the tall, slim, lank, ungainly presence—morning, noon and night, the whole year round—and it is just simply the sheerest luckadassical nonsense to talk about his "ideal aspect, which everybody recalls."

The great merit of Miss Ream's work is that she dared to be true to nature; to present the form and features, the very attitude and aspect, yea, the very pose, dress, tone and temper of the man as he was seen of hundreds and thousands and millions of people in his lifetime, and to preserve them pure and simple in all their native awkwardness, undisguised and unencumbered by the swollen conceits and absurd fancies which some artists are prone to employ and some critics to applaud. What is it that we wish the world to have? What do we desire to give to posterity? Is it the true Lincoln—the real man, as he moved about among us and as we daily knew him, in his big boots and his long frock coat? Or is it some monster of a creature set up half-way between a satyr and a demi-god, with a Roman toga around him?

But the artist would not so adulterate her work. As we gaze on this wonderful personification of human uncouthness, and then remember the marvelous mind of Lincoln, the combination is truly remarkable. Was it in such a structure that those grand and beautiful thoughts were born? Was it here that the old prophetic Hebrew type again appeared? Was this the man who uttered the speech at Gettysburg and pronounced the inaugural of 1865? Was this the man upon whose shoulders rested the fortunes of the republic in the time of its greatest convulsion, and from whose lips proceeded the edict of emancipation for four millions of people? Oh, in our modern age, far, far more impressive and thrilling are the simple facts of history and nature than the wildest dreams of heathen imagination! The triumph of the artist who acts upon the truth cannot long be delayed. The strictures of those who ignore it will soon be forgotten.

There were 83 cases of small pox in New York last week and 20 deaths. The malady is decreasing in Brooklyn where there were but 59 cases against 87 the previous week. There have been 50,000 vaccinations in Brooklyn in two months.

At a meeting of the business men of Lewiston and Auburn, held Friday evening, a committee was appointed to urge the Legislature to grant a charter for a road to connect with the Grand Trunk railway.

FROM UTAH.—A Salt Lake despatch of Sunday states that after a long conference with John Taylor and Geo. Q. Cannon, leading Mormon Apostles, Attorney Bates left for Washington. It is believed that he is fully informed of the concessions which the Mormons are willing to make in order that Utah shall be admitted as a State, but polygamy will not be given up. It is expected that the council would on Monday pass an act authorizing a convention to form a State Constitution.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cure of the worst cases of Catarrh and Ozena of many years standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted. The instrument and two medicines sold for \$2 by all Druggists.

RE-ANIMATING THE HAIR.—When the hair ceases to draw from the scalp the natural lustrous which is its sustenance, its vitality is, it were, suspended, and if not promptly attended to, baldness will be the certain result. The one sure method of avoiding such an unpleasant catastrophe is to use Lyon's Katharine, which when well rubbed into the scalp, will speedily re-animate the hair and prevent it from falling out. Besides that, this inimitable rest-culant and strengthener of the Hair nourishes and stimulates its young and tender fibres, removes all obstacles to their growth in the shape of dandruff and dirt, and ultimately produces a new crop of hair, stronger, glossier, and twice as abundant as the old. As a hair dressing it is notably the most agreeable, refreshing and serviceable article ever placed upon a dressing-table.

**Insurance.**  
ENTIRE SAFETY.  
J. 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, \$12,000,000.
North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.	Assets, \$1,901,000.
Home, New York.	Assets, \$4,000,000.
And, Cincinnati.	Assets, \$1,901,000.
Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.	Assets, \$1,100,000.
Springfield Fire and Marine Ins. Co.	Assets, \$900,000.
Union of Bangor.	Assets, \$400,000.
Bay State Insurance Co.	Assets, \$900,000.

We shall give our best services to the protection of our patrons, and trust we shall receive their continued confidence.  
Oct. 18th, 1871. J. T. BOOTHBY.







MISCELLANY.

"GIVE US A CALL."

BY ELIA WHEELER.

[Suggested by seeing the above words in a saloon advertisement.]

Give us a call! We keep good Beer, Wine and Brandy, and Whiskey here! Our doors are open to boys and men, And even to women, now and then, We lighten their purses—we taint their breaths, We swell up the corners of their eyes, We sell for them, we give them a call.

If you are poor, position, or want to waste, Give us a call.

Give us a call! In a pint of our Gin We sell more wickedness, shame, and sin, Than a score of clergymen preaching all day, From dawn to darkness, could preach away; And in the Beer-they may take longer To get a man drunk than drinks that is stronger, We sell our poverty, sorrow and woe—Who wants to purchase? Our prices are low—Give us a call!

Give us a call! We'll tell you our brains—We'll give you headaches and racking pains; We'll make you old while yet you are young; To liss and slander we'll train your tongue; We'll make you a shirk From all useful work—Make theft and forgery seem fair play, And murder a pastime easy to pay, Give us a call.

Give us a call! We are cunning and wise; We're bound to succeed; for we advertise In the family papers, the journals that claim To be pure in morals and fair of fame. Husband, brothers, and sons will read Our kind invitation; and some will heed And give us a call!

We pay for all.

The space in the paper we occupy, And there's little in this life that money won't buy.

If you would go down in the world, and not up, If you would be slain by the snake in the cup, Or lose your soul In the flowing bowl—If you are a miser, or a miser's son, And a blasted name, Give us a call!

OUR BIBLE.—In noticing Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy," *Old and New* offers the following just commendation of our translation of the Bible:

This charming book therefore illustrates very curiously and very pleasantly that characteristic of the English Bible, which has done most toward placing it in the very front of the several modern versions. This characteristic is its rhythmic language—its frequent poetical flow. One and another translator tried his hand; and at last when the version of King James was made, all these versions came together into the hands of his committee, and they chose and did their best. The law of natural selection worked its way; and whichever rendering of the Hebrew or Greek best pleased the ear had the best chance, if only it was as accurate as those it was compared with. And there must have been on King James's commission some men who were true poets. Hardly one of them has left more than a name behind; but it is better than a name to have left such refrains as some of those in Isaiah and the Gospels and the Apocalypse. The ease with which the words are adapted to music in the oratorios is one evidence of their metric flow. And when an artist as skilful as Mr. Longfellow selects from these texts those that best of all suit the demands of verse and rhythm, when he even matches one bit in his measure against another, so as to give us artless rhyme,—artless it seems, so exquisite is the delicate art of the structure—there is one reason more for thanking some quiet English clergyman of Shakespeare's time, whose name we never heard nor shall hear, because he would not let the King's new Bible go from his paragonage to the press, till the words were as true to his ear as they were to his soul.

Law and medicine had a little tilt at Annapolis, Friday, in the course of the Wharton trial. The Attorney General declared that a physician ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes, to which Dr. Warren, the witness under examination replied, "They are as capable as a lawyer." The Attorney General rejoined that while doctors' mistakes are buried under ground a lawyer's are not. "But they are sometimes hung on a tree," said the witness.—[Port. Adv.]

A NEAR SIGHTED gentleman met an acquaintance on Liberty street, this afternoon, whom he saluted by name. "That ain't my name," protested the other. "That ain't your name?" repeated the saluter, with some asperity. "Certainly not," said the stranger. "What's the reason it ain't?" demanded the near-sighted gentleman, with a very severe look. But not having prepared himself for such a question, the abashed stranger slunk away without answering.—[Danbury News.]

SOMERSET RAILROAD.—We learn that at a town meeting held in Norridgewock recently, it was voted to render further aid to the Somerset Railroad by taking thirty thousand dollars of the first mortgage bonds of the company, which will doubtless ensure the completion of the road to West Waterville. The vote stood 172 for, and 56 against the proposition—a little over a two-thirds vote in its favor. It is supposed to have the road built next season.—[Bangor Whig.]

The Great Drouth of 1871

HAS proved a severe blow to many, but instead of despairing and moving to Annapolis or out west, let all say we will give old Kennebec county one more chance by buying of C. H. REDINGTON, FURNITURE.

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

Lowey, and Sofa, Chamber Suite, Cane and Wood Chairs, Bedsteads, Extension Tables, Walnut Ash and Chestnut, French and Cottage Bedsteads.

And every thing kept in the best Furniture Stores.

CARPETING,

Three Piles, Tapestry, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, Oil Cloths, &c., &c., &c. Reps, Mats, Carpet Lining, &c., &c.

CROCKERY,

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

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

GLASS WARE, new and beautiful designs at more nominal prices.

TABLE CUTLERY, Silver Plated Ware, Rogers' best, BATHING, Hair, Razor, Tooth, and Nail Brushes, SPRING BEDS, various kinds, LAMPS and belonging, FEATHERS, all grades, Mirror Plates set to order.

All goods used in Housekeeping sold at lowest prices, so that all who are getting married need not hesitate on account of prices.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

J. F. ELDEN & Co's.

No. 2, Boutelle Block, Main St.

WATERVILLE.

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

FURNITURE.

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

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

CARPETS,

on the river AT LOWEST 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.

CORNS 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. PERCIVAL,

Dealer in

FANCY & MILLINERY GOODS.

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

Cor. Main & Silver-Sts., Waterville.

LATHAM'S

Cathartic Extract

No Family can afford to be without this

Valuable Medicine.

It clears the Brain, relieves the Burdened System, cures Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all Humors and Impurities of the Blood.

Ask a druggist for Latham's Cathartic Extract.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PRICE, . . . . . 50 CENTS.

STAGNATION in the blood tends to produce nine-tenths of the diseases that afflict us. This, however, is obviated, WITHOUT PURGATING the system, by administering LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.—A bottle of LATHAM'S CATHARTIC EXTRACT will preserve the health of most families for an entire year. All the Druggists have it.

EMPLOYMENT.

TO energetic men and women, we will give employment that pays from \$4 to \$8 per day. Business strictly honest, and will pay in every direction and without delay. Stamp for sample and particulars, and go to work at once. Address J. LATHAM & CO., 228 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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Ye who want

Job Printing!

Small and Large, in all styles.

FANCY OR PAIR—FINE OR COARSE,

THAT AT

The Mail Office.

With its late well selected additions of choice

NEW TYPE,

and

ENLARGED TYPE.

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THE GREAT DROUTH OF 1871

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Kendall's Mills Column.

E. R. MAYO.

Oyster & Eating House.

CORNER BRIDGE AND WATER STREETS.

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 execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.

OFFICE

IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.

OPPOSITE EAST AND KENDALL'S MILLS.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

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

Dec. 1871.

REMOVAL.

G. H. CARPENTER

has moved his

MUSIC STORE

to P. J. Lyford's Brick Block, nearly opposite his former place of business, where he will keep a good stock of first class

Pianos, Organs, Melodions, and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Which will be sold at as low as can be bought elsewhere. There are advantages in buying near home.

A large stock of SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, &c.

The 1st rated

ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINES.

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Address G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me.

The Best Periodicals of the Day.

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DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

OVER

ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,

opp. People's Nat'l Bank

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE

34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

The object in establishing this Institution was to attain the greatest perfection in the preparation, practice and use of Vegetable Remedies, and to secure a permanent place where Families, Invalids, or any person could obtain the best medical advice, and such remedies as each might require, without the use of poisonous drugs.

Dr. Greene has been Physician of the Institute since its foundation, now more than twenty-five years. Few men have had so large experience in the treatment of chronic diseases. Dr. Greene is in his fifty-fifth year, and has devoted his life to this branch of his profession, and his success, we believe is without parallel.

Among the diseases to which he gives especial attention may be noticed Cancer, Scrofula, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, Asthma, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Spinal Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Complaints, Stomach, Catarrh, Erysipelas, White Swelling, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Deafness, Kidney Diseases, Seminal Weakness, &c.

Dr. Greene's Medical Pamphlet, descriptive of diseases and their proper treatment, will be sent free to Invalids.

Address, R. GREENE, M. D., 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

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WM. L. MAXWELL

having procured two

FIRST CLASS

WORKMEN.

Is ready to fill all orders on Pegg's Calf Boots at the shortest notice possible. Also

REPAIRING

done in the neatest manner at short notice.

Or if you want ready made

BOOTS & SHOES,

OR

RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES

of most any kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town, and of a superior quality.

ARCTIC OVERS.

Congress and Cash, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will be sold low for cash.

Nov. 10, 1870.

20

BILL HEADS!

Of all Quality, Style and Price

A THE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR SALE

OR TO LET.

THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Log, Esq., on College Street, will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let, and possession given the 1st of August.

July 14, 1871. J. F. BLUNT, EXR.

BOOTS & SHOES.

YOU WILL FIND the largest and best selected stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear in town.

ALSO, F. MAYO'S, opposite P. O.

AND RET. OF GENTLE HAND MADE SHOES.

CALL AT O. F. MAYO'S.

A FEW more of these Comfort Boots, for sale.

"COMFORT BOOTS."

A FEW more of these Comfort Boots, for sale.

NEW CHANDELIERS AND LAMP