



1-26-1872

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 31): January 26, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 31): January 26, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 439.
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Answer to the Beautiful Snow.

BY SALLIE J. BAXTER.

Care by the bright wings of angels, the snow
From the uppermost heights to the earth below;
Gently descending a star-begowned angel,
Over the living and graves of the dead,
Radiantly white, as the gent of story;
Pure as the saints in their robes of glory,
Their soft tresses of sympathy from their all,
For the sin and the curse that are over us all;
Fleecy and light from the olive-hued skies,
As the trailing-lispings of paradise;
The soft fair falling thing that is given to us,
To the world aglow with splendour of heaven.

Proud spirit! that told of the height whence you fell,
"Adown as the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell,"
God made you as fair as the beautiful snow;
He loves you, poor sinner, though you may not know
How deep in his infinite heart sank your cry—
For selfish and lust of the crowd passing by,
Who upturned you, and left you to die in the street
With a bed and a shroud of the snow and the sleet,
The world it has cursed you, yet God has not said,
"A soul shall be barred for gold or for bread."

He knows all your error and horrible woe,
The want and the thirst that have maddened you so,
All the dreariness of the life and the strain,
And pure to you for repentance and pain,
Made white by His blood as the beautiful snow,
"That falls on a sinner with nowers to go,"
And sweeter the pain that will win by the cross
Which from Magdalen lips went up to the skies.

O beautiful snow! from the flith of the earth,
Swift rising again in its cherubic mirth,
In crystalline dew-drops all glistening bright,
As clouds shifting stars in a heaven of night,
If contrite to the throne of God's mercy we go,
He will lift up our souls like the beautiful snow.

MY HOLIDAYS.

[Continued.]

I was sitting before a glorious fire after the
fatigues of the day. I had just finished reading
my last article in print, and the tea was brewing.
It wanted ten days to Christmas. I re-
membered the time when Christmas had been
very happy to me, but that was long ago, when
I was a boy; now I had no relatives to be
happy with, for my sister always went down to
spend that day with her husband's family. I
was alone in the world; and saving that Christ-
mas day told its own story to me, every year
with fresh hope and beauty, it made no differ-
ence to my life. I poured out my tea, and
stirring the sugar round, fell to thinking. Christ-
mas should be happy to everyone. But what
is happiness? how do we get it? I knew well
enough that true happiness comes from making
others happy. Whom did I make happy?
Now and then a crossing-sweeper by the gift of
a six-penny-piece—no one else. Wouldn't it
be good to begin this Christmas by doing some-
thing more? But—how? and where? Whose
heart could I make happy?

Suddenly, as I sipped my tea, the vision of
a pleasant face rose before me. For a moment
I did not remember to whom it belonged;
but it soon flashed across my mind that it was
Sunrise. I would do something for her—the
question was, what? Were they still at Marley?
and how was I to get about it?

All ten times I was amused with thinking
over my new scheme, and by the time I had
finished, my plans were laid. I would go down
to Marley for Christmas; it was years since I
had seen the trees in their feathery frost cos-
tume, years since I had seen acres of level
snow, having gone to Marley. I would send
Sunrise such a hamper as her eyes had never
yet beheld.

Forthwith I wrote to engage my rooms for
the twenty-third of December, and then fell
to thinking of the surprise I would give Sun-
rise. I determined she should not know who
sent the present, and I also determined I
would do my best to see the issue. I was some-
what puzzled about the direction for the ham-
per. Was she Mrs. or Miss Prosser? To avoid
mistakes, I settled to put "James Prosser, Esq.,
and having decided these preliminaries, I re-
tired to dream over them.

My experience of Christmas is that it is
generally mild, damp, and green; but the year
I speak of proved an exception; it was bit-
terly cold, and as I arrived at my lodgings on
the evening of the twenty-third, the snow was
beginning to fall in large flakes. I made my-
self as comfortable as I could that night, and
the next morning I went to my window tolera-
bly early to inspect my neighbors' premises.
The snow had fallen thick for many hours, but
it had ceased now, and I could see into the fair
window. The bird was hanging up, the white
curtains had been replaced by red ones, the
table stood in its old position, and the sofa,
but there was no sign of the Prossers. While
I was looking, I saw the sofa moved around
towards the fire, and then the skirt of a dress
brush past; presently the slippered feet ap-
peared, but only for a moment, and I saw in-
stead the head and shoulders which appertained
to them. From their position I understood
that Mr. Prosser was now able to sit up. Then
Sunrise came to fetch her bird, and I had a
good view of her pleasant face. I was very
glad I had thought of doing anything to please
her.

After breakfast I sallied forth to walk three
miles into the neighboring town. I was well
repaid for my trouble; the roads were almost
impassable in some places from the heavy drifts,
but the extreme beauty of the smooth, wave
like tiers of snow I had never seen equalled.
The trees and hedges were like crystallized sil-
ver, the whole earth was a giant fairyland. It
was worth taking some trouble to see such a
lovely sight.

When I reached the town I went to the
poulterer's, and bought a turkey and some
sausages; then I bought new laid eggs, a ham,
a sponge cake, some port wine, apples, oranges,
preserves, &c.

Having ordered all these things sent to the
same shop, I had them packed in a hamper.
"Where shall I send them sir?" asked the
man as he was tying them up.
"Send them by to-day's carrier to Marley,"
address them, "James Prosser, Esq., Marley."
"Carriage paid. And now what have I to
pay?"

That being settled, I waited to see the direc-
tion properly fastened on, and then retraced
my steps. I knew enough of the country ways
to be able to guess with tolerable accuracy that
the hamper would arrive about three o'clock,
and by that hour I should have got home and
be in a position to see the result.

Everything worked well. I reached Marley
in time for my mid-day meal, and then drew
my easy chair so that I could see into my
neighbors' room without being seen by them.
By-and-by the heavy carrier's cart stopped
at their gate, and after sundry cogitations the
hamper was delivered. I waited some time;
then I saw Sunrise come to the window to catch
the waning light upon the card of address. I
saw her lips move, and I heard a merry laugh.
After a time I saw that she had dragged the ham-
per nearer the light, and Sunrise was on her
knees unpacking it; it did me good to see her
face as she handed the things to James; I felt
very happy in having made her happy.

I ate my Christmas dinner alone, yet I was
not lonely, for I knew in the next house there
was mirth and enjoyment. The twilight was
falling, and I was waiting for candles, when
Jane appeared, bringing me a slip of twisted
paper. "This has come from next door sir,"
she said.

"Surely they had not found me out! I opened
and read—

"We saw you at the window, and want you to come
in to tea with us to-night, as soon as you can. J. P."

No beginning and no ending to the note; no
"kind regards" nor "compliments," but just a
quaint little scrip. Who was J. P.? The hand-
writing was neat, irregular and firm. Was it
his or hers? To solve the question, I answered
the note in person.

Sunrise was looking for me, and opened the
door herself. She gave me a glad welcome, and
I followed her into the room, and was intro-
duced to James. He rose to greet me, and I
saw he was able to walk now. He was a fine
handsome man, in spite of the traces his illness
had left upon him.

"If it had not been for your note," I said
turning to Mr. Prosser, "I should have spent
to-night alone."

Sunrise smiled, and he answered, "It was
Janet's thought, not mine. I did not know of
your being here until she told me."

We grew friendly over our talk, and I
asked her about her picture. Mr. Prosser
answered proudly for her.

"It was sold directly, for twenty guineas,"
said he.

"I congratulate you," I said, turning to her.
Twenty guineas are not easily earned in these
days."

"Janet often earns more than that," said
Mr. Prosser.

"Oh James, you shouldn't tell!" she expo-
stulated.

"But I like to tell," said he "and he and Mr.
Bailey likes to hear."

"Indeed I do," I said.

"And what do you think she does with her
money?" he continued.

"I cannot guess," was my reply.

"Spends it upon me!" said James.

"Oh James!" she again expostulated.

I looked from one to the other. Was she
heartless, and shallow and vain. There was a
glow upon her face and a light in her eyes that
made her almost beautiful.

"But I haven't told you all yet," continued
James. "When the rest of the world forsook
and blamed me Janet stood fast; when poverty
and sickness came, Janet came, too."

"But James," she interrupted, "you seem to
have sent for Mr. Bailey only to go into rhaps-
odies about me!" and as she glanced at him, I
saw there were tell-tale tears in her eyes.

"Well, dear, it is Christmas day," said he.

"Mr. Bailey will forgive me for being hap-
py over you."

"Forgive you, indeed!" said I. There are
not many men who have such cause for happi-
ness. I could forgive a great deal to be con-
vinced that are true women, still in the world;
and I begin to see there are."

"We were once rich—and I was going to
say and happy," he continued, "but we are still
—oh Janet? We stood the storm together, my
little sister and I; and in the face of the whole
world of relations, she upheld me in what was
right; and we gave up property that we might
legally have kept, for the sake of being honest—
—oh Janet!"

She sat stroking his hand in hers, while her
eyes grew more and more misty.

"Pardon me for telling you all this," said
James. "It is Christmas, and I have need to
tell some one of my good little sister and what
she has done for me."

"But don't say any more, James; for indeed
I only did what pleased me," said Sunrise.

"Ay, that's where it is," said her brother;
"everything good and kind is pleasant to her."

All through my long illness, all through my
depressed spirits, she has always been cheerful,
always been the best of nurses."

"But now won't you let me give Mr. Bailey
some tea?" she said; "and won't you let me tell
him about the wonderful hamper? You forget
that I am a woman, and my tongue aches for
want of use."

He smiled, and so did I. Then she busied
herself with the tea things, and began to relate
the history of the hamper, winding up with,
"Now who could have sent it?"

"Some kind relation, I should suggest," said I.
They both smiled.

"No," said they; "all our relations gave us
up when we gave up our property."

"A friend," said I "perhaps one of your broth-
er's school friends."

"No, oh no," said she, "None of them know
our address."

"Then I must come to romance and suggest
a fairy, a real old-fashioned Christmas fairy," I
said. "What say you?"

"I could love that fairy very much," said she,
laughing.

"No doubt, the fairy would be delighted that
you should," said I. "Love and fairies and
Christmas all go together, you know."

"Ah, they did when I was a child," she an-
swered with a sigh.

"And they do now to those who look and
believe in them," I said.

"I don't know about the fairies," I said, "but
we all believe in the other two, don't we?"

"I hope so," she said gravely beginning to
cut up the cake.

It was years since I had been in company
with so much genuine affection, as that I saw
between this brother and sister. I could not
get over the strangeness of my being with them,
and feeling as I had known them for so long.
I watched one and the other, and listened to
their playful talk till I almost began to think I
should be lonely when I left them. Before I
left I ventured to ask a question.

"Why did you ask me in to-night?" I asked.

"They looked at each other and smiled."

"Tell, Janet tell," said James.

"But she shook her head and laughed."

"Well, then," he resumed, "Janet said that
as it was Christmas, we ought to make some-
body happy, or try to do it, and we thought
you must feel lonely by yourself, so she wrote
the note to you."

"And I have been very happy," I said; "I
thank you both for my pleasant evening, and
for more than that."

"What more?" she asked.

"All you have taught me," I replied.

"I taught you," she said.

She had followed me to the front door as I
spoke, and as she opened it for me I replied,
"You have taught me to believe we have real
women among us still."

Then I went home, and I know she re-
turned to her brother with a happy face at my
speech, for she would not have been a true woman
unless she had been made happy by well-
merited praise. I went home, as I said, and

all night long dreamed of Janet Prosser and
her womanliness.

Every day after this, I went to see my neigh-
bors, and every day they were glad to see me.
But my week came near its end; there were
ledgers and business waiting for me in the great
City; I must go back to the routine of life, and
wait a whole year for another Christmas. And
should I wait a whole year before I made any
one happy again? Would Janet wait a whole
year before she made any one happy? No, for
she was always pleasing others. Then I wished
I had her somewhere near me, that she might
show me how to do this godlike work. I had
found out she was neither vain, nor shallow,
nor heartless, and with this knowledge came a
desire to see her often and to be with her.

"Well," said I to her at last, "this has been
my pleasantest Christmas for a long while."

"Have we made it so?" she said. "You have
given us much pleasure."

"I am wondering what I shall do when I get
back to London," I said. "You will not be
there?"

"But in London there are so many people,
sure you won't miss us?" she said, laughingly.

"I shall miss your teaching," I replied.

"Am I such a pedagogue?" she asked.

"Such a woman, rather," said I.

"You will make me as vain as a peacock,"
she said. "It is very well for me you are go-
ing away."

"And that is all you have to say to me?" I
said.

"What more would you have?" she asked.

"Are you not sorry?" I said; "not a little
bit sorry?"

She waited a moment, and then lifted her
eyes to mine.

"Yes I am sorry," she replied; "and I hope
you will come again."

"Christmas ought to be a happy time to
every one," I said. "Will you make it so to
me?"

"I thought I had," she replied with some sur-
prise.

"But make it so happy," said I, "that its joy
shall spread through the year and gather
strength with each succeeding Christmas to the
end of our lives."

She did not speak, but her lips quivered.

"Can you do this for me?" I asked.

"Then she spoke in a scarcely audible whisper;
"I can try, if James likes."

And James did like. I went then and there
to ask him; while Janet stood blushing by.

"Only," she said kneeling beside him, and put-
ting her head on his shoulder, "I can't leave
you."

"No, no; James must come too," I said.

I question if any people were so happy as
we three at this termination of our Christmas.

Several Christmases have come and gone
since then; but there are two people who look
back upon that time as the beginning of their
best happiness—a happiness not without anxie-
ty, care and trouble at times, but still true hap-
piness, because founded upon the holy teachings
which Christmas brings.

As Janet says, "If everybody made some
body happy at Christmas, what a pleasant day
it would be! You tried to make me happy
and I tried to make you happy; and both to-
gether we made James happy by our happi-
ness." To which womanly speech I find my-
self incompetent to add a single word except
"Amen," and a Christmas greeting to all the
world from James and Janet and me.

A MODEL SPEECH.—Horace Greeley never
made a better speech than at the banquet
which closed the exercises connected with the
unveiling of the Franklin Statue. He said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—If I were
required to say for which of Franklin's achieve-
ments he deserves the most and best of men,
I should award the palm to his autobiography,
so frank, so sunny, so irradiated by a
brave, blithe, hearty humanity; for if our
fathers had not largely by the aid of his coun-
sel, his labor, his sacrifices, achieved their in-
dependence at the first effort, they would have
tried it again and again until they did achieve
it. If he had not made his immortal discovery
of the identity of electricity with the lightning,
that truth would never have been demon-
strated. But if he had not so modestly and
sweetly told us how to wrestle with poverty
and compel opportunity, I do not know who
beside would or could have done it so well.
There is no to-day, there will not be in this
nor the next century, a friendless humble or-
phan working hard for naked daily bread and
glad to improve his leisure hours in the corner
of a garret, whom that biography will not cheer
and strengthen to fight the battle of life man-
fully. I wish some humane tract society would
present a copy of it to every poor lad in the
United States. Let me sum up the character
of Franklin in the fewest words that will serve
me. I love and revere him as a journeyman
printer who was frugal and didn't drink; a man
who rose from want to competence, from ob-
scurity to fame without losing his head; a
statesman who did not crucify mankind with
long-winded documents or speeches; a diplo-
matist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who
never loved, and an office-holder who did not
steal—so regarding him, I respond to your
sentiment with "Honor to the memory of Frank-
lin."

Elizabeth Churchill tells the girls that the
best novels ever written will hurt them if they
read nothing else—that they will grow senti-
mental, morbid, and self-seeking, while com-
mon duties will become distasteful and common
pleasures insipid. Mrs. C. believes that half
of the wretched marriages spring from the
romantic rapid reading of our girls, and that
she who can talk sensibly on the current topics
of the day, who can tell whether San Domingo
is one of the Orkney Islands or not, and
whether on the whole she wants it annexed,
who reads Spencer and Ruskin and Stuart
Mill, doesn't throw her life into the care of a
first booby or rascal who asks her to do so,
because it is romantic to be engaged.

THERE are now more than 300 Japanese
boys in this country at various schools, sent by
the government, and although there are per-
haps two thirds as many more in European
schools, the preference given to this country
is very decided. It is well known that several
of our citizens have recently entered the service
of the Japanese government to reproduce in

that country our financial system, but it can
hardly be so generally known that in other re-
spects we are made a model by the Japanese.
They are even discarding their own habits of
living and national customs for that of the civi-
lized countries of Europe and America. Other
departments of our government besides that of
finance are to be modelled after the United
States, and some of our institutions are to be
transferred to that eastern (or western) coun-
try. Mr. Mori, the Japanese charge d'affaires
says that English is likely to supersede the
Japanese tongue altogether, and he is gathering
information in regard to common schools, by
command of his government, for the purpose of
introducing the American system there.

"THE ONE-TERM" PRINCIPLE.—There is
much talk about the "one-term" principle as a
salutary political rule—in which we do not fully
concur. Historically, it is evident enough that
this doctrine has been mainly as a weapon of
opposition to particular men. It lies neglected
and forgotten, until some warrior, ready to use
any missile, finds it and hurls it at the tempo-
rary occupant of the Presidency. But the peo-
ple do not require that their choice shall be so
restricted. If they want a man twice, they
will give him an encore. Nor is there any
danger in the encore; the danger is in its pro-
ceeding from the *claqueurs* and not the audi-
ence. In other words, the reelection of a Presi-
dent is not an evil; but the existence of a vast
body of office-holders, whose tenure is so frail
and so independent of their merit that the ques-
tion of the President's reelection is to them,
politically and financially, life or death—this
is a colossal evil. Nor would the one-term
principle be a remedy. So long as all the offi-
cers in the country constitute the "patronage"
of the reigning administration, faction, intrigue,
and corruption are distinctly encouraged. This
single word, "patronage," reeking with the
memories of the rottenest days of Rome, epitom-
izes the shame and danger of our condition.
So long as it exists, a frequent, inexorable
change of administration means nothing but a
new deal of cards. The game may be changed;
but the gambling, cheating, and quarrelling go
on. Now, this is precisely the danger which
the reform of the civil service entirely removes.
The reelection of a President is in itself no
evil. Indeed, this honor has never been be-
stowed upon any incumbent of whom the histo-
rian can say he was unworthy of it, or that the
bestowal resulted in injury to the welfare of
the country.

RAILROAD MONOPOLIES.—The New York
Financier, an able paper, offers a word on the
other side:—

"Monopolies or no monopolies, our railroad-
ers of incalculable service to the country, and
we do not believe in the assertion that the whole
nation is under the heel of the railroad king.
The indications of such a thing are not suffi-
ciently clear to us, and even if they were, it
would be difficult to point out a remedy. It
would be easy to surround the railroad corpo-
rations with legislative restrictions that they could
not evade. In this, as in every other matter,
the prevention of abuses is in the hands of the
people, and for any wrong which may be done
they are chiefly responsible. It is true that the
immense wealth in the hands of the corpora-
tion enables them to execute schemes which
would be otherwise impossible; but we are
grown so base that the material for incorrupt
legislators and an honest judiciary can no longer
be found among us? The railroad monopolies
are not yet so dangerous to the country as many
would have us believe; what they may become
is another, and a very different matter."

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—It is easy to see
the gradual introduction of Continental ideas
of the Sabbath into this city. The churches
are usually well attended Sunday morning;
dinner comes, and the afternoon is given up to
repose or pleasure. Whoever stands at the
Fifth Avenue gate of Central Park of a Sunday
afternoon will see a class of citizens, merchants,
bankers, literary men, and others, going for a
ride, that five years ago could not have been
induced, upon any consideration, to use the
afternoon of the Lord's day. On the Bowery
and Third Avenue there are five miles of
pleasure places open for music, dancing, drink-
ing, bowling, and games of various kinds, with
theaters, large beer saloons and gardens, and
attended by tens of thousands of men, women,
and children. Some of our most fashionable
and so-called respectable places of amusement,
theaters, opera houses, and well known halls
are open on Sunday night for concerts and for
entertainments. Paid lectures are common on
literary and comic subjects, with some broad
burlesques. One of our churches was opened
on Sunday night for a service purely secular,
and some clergymen have taken Sunday night
to give secular lectures; one announces that
his subject is "Work and Play." Unable to get
an audience on religion, he is trying some
other theme. This shows the drift of things.
The old landmarks on Sunday are now rapidly
being obliterated. With Continental fashions
come Continental Sunday.—[Burleigh in the
Boston Journal.]

The Pope "rises to make a personal explana-
tion." He has often complained that he was
a captive, a prisoner, but he now admits that
these words were used in a limited sense. At
the reception of the delegates of three Roman
parishes, he said: "I am not a prisoner in the
ordinary sense of the word. I have neither a
warder in my prison nor guards at my gates.
But I am morally imprisoned; for it would be
impossible for me to go out without my person
and my dignity being offended."—[N. Y. Ob-
server.]

The Belfast Journal says heavy lumbering
operations are going on near Burnham, upon
the Eaton Tract, of 2000 acres, recently pur-
chased by Heath and Crosby, of Waterville.
They have a large force of men and teams, and
are hauling about 100,000 a week. The pines
that are, fit for masts have been purchased by
Belfast men, and are being cut and hauled un-
der direction of Sam Walker. Seven of them
were brought over the road last week, which
measured from 70 to 78 feet in length, and
from 18 to 24 inches at the dock.

It has been stated that more people are in-
jured in London, every year, by slipping on
orange-peel than by all the railroad disasters
in the kingdom.

OUR TABLE.

A GRAND WORK.—We have before us
Briggs & Brother's catalogue of flowers and vegetable
seeds, for 1872. The outside appearance of the work,
with its highly embellished cover and interlarded
leaves would seem to indicate that the book comes before us
for notice from some extensive lithographic printing es-
tablishment or illustrated monthly printing house. Nei-
ther of these would be correct. The publishers are seeds-
men, said to be the most extensive in the world; who raise
and sell flowers and vegetable seeds, sending them in
large or small quantities to all parts of the country. They
own no end of gardens and farms, both in and out of New
York State—having a 200 acre farm at Clinton, Iowa, de-
voted expressly to seeds, and their establishment at
Rockchester, has upwards of 60,000 feet of flooring, devoted
exclusively to packing and shipping seeds.

But to revert to the catalogue before us, we must say,
that it is more than we promised in the advertisements
of the firm. Its typography is perfect. Its illustrated
plates are models of pictorial beauty. Its contents em-
brace useful hints upon the growth and raising of flowers
and vegetables, and are the results of years of practical
experience. The purchaser of a catalogue (an order to
Briggs & Brother for one dollar's worth of seeds, secures
it free), also receives an insight into what he may obtain
in certain conditions, in the way of one or two chromo-
graphs, or flower bouquets, representing pictures of
choice natural scenery. Briggs & Brother also send out
These chromos are fully equal to the highest priced chromo-
sold, and are a fit ornament for parlor or sitting
room. The catalogue also contains two representative
engravings of the chromo-and parties ordering only one
which without an order for seeds, requires an enclosure
of seventy-five cents, can select which they prefer.

There is no person interested in flowers, house or gar-
den plants, or engaged in the raising of vegetables or
market cereals, who cannot be benefited by the possession
of this valuable and beautiful illustrated catalogue. An
enclosure of twenty-five cents, secures it prepaid,
and the amount in seeds is returned, if an order follows
the purchase of a catalogue.

We might say in explanation of the slight delay in is-
suing the work, that Briggs & Brother have prolonged
the time, in order to further beautify the work at an ex-
traordinary cost, and to send out the catalogue with
representative engravings of their chromos, as well as
to add the very latest novelties, both imported and na-
tive.

R. H. McDONALD, the "Vinegar Bitters"
man, has just issued an illustrated History and Map of
Chicago, with a history of the great Fire. It contains
a description of the prominent structures destroyed,
and is a very neat little book. The map is a fine ex-
act survey of the city as it was, with a careful and cor-
rect outline of the burned district. Price 50 cents.

THE MIRROR OF TYPOGRAPHY.—By cour-
tesy of the publishers, we are in regular receipt of this
beautiful quarterly, which must gladden the eye of every
printer who sees it and prompt him to greater excellence
in his art. It is a model of neatness and good taste.
Published by T. H. Senior & Co., New York, at \$1 a
year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for Feb-
ruary contains the announcement that Gail Hamilton has
been secured as one of the editors of this excellent monthly,
and her opening address will appear in the March
number. It is said that the magazine has been doing an ex-
traordinary business, and that it is now selling at \$3.00 a
year, or about \$10 a day; and we notice that the enter-
prising publisher is continually buying other
publications and consolidating them with his own, which
will tell for a large sale; but how a monthly Maga-
zine of forty-eight pages, including

Waterville Mail.

ED. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 26, 1872.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscription orders for the Mail, and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, & 87 Park Row, New York.
S. M. LILLY, No. 1 School Building, Boston.
O. P. HOWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. O. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

SPECIAL TOWN MEETING. On Wednesday drew out a fair hall full and all matters were disposed of promptly, pleasantly, and with great unanimity, J. B. Bradbury being in the chair. It may not be amiss to suggest that the absence of the two West Waterville Selectmen, and several bitter opponents of the bridge in our own village may have contributed largely to this pleasant result. The several articles which contemplated further resistance to the Free Bridge were all promptly dismissed and the meeting voted "to authorize and instruct the Selectmen to raise a sum of money sufficient to pay the liabilities of the town for building bridge over the Kennebec river, near Ticonic Falls, not exceeding \$26,000, by a temporary loan at the earliest practicable day."

The meeting also voted, with great unanimity, "That any property invested in the town of Waterville, in the manufacture of wool or cotton, be exempt from taxation for the term of ten years." Several leading men from the West Village were present and advocated the passage of this vote, and with their known energy and enterprise it would not be surprising if the first manufacture of this kind should be established in that part of the town.

The meeting, with equal unanimity, voted to instruct their representative, and request the Senators of Kennebec County, to procure the passage of an act compelling and enforcing the immediate construction of suitable fishways, by and over the Augusta Dam, and any other dams on the Kennebec river which are so constructed, and of such a height as to materially impede the passage of salmon, shad and alewives up said river, and to procure the repeal of any acts or parts of acts authorizing any delay in making such fishways."

MR. FRANCIS FOWLER, a Canadian Frenchman long in the employ of Messrs. Webber & Haviland, at Ironville, an honest, hard working man, and a faithful Catholic—was struck with paralysis while at work in the foundry, about two weeks ago. His fellow workman was frightened to see him struck down so suddenly, and seeing this, Fowler, to re-assure him, said, "Don't be frightened; for even if I die I shall go to heaven." He has since died, and let us hope that his trust was well founded.

THE UNION RELIGIOUS MEETINGS in this village were found to be so interesting and so well attended that it was decided to continue them the third week in the same order as before. This evening and tomorrow evening they will be at the Congregational Church. Probably these meetings will be continued another week.

PROF. S. K. SMITH, whose house and grounds opposite Memorial Hall have been purchased by the Maine Central Railroad Co., has bought the Gen. Robinson homestead, next north of Mr. Geo. Shores' place on the Kendall's Mills road. This gives him a nice little farm of nearly twenty acres, on which to quarter his Jerseys and get his needed exercise.

A RAVING INEBRIATE in Lakerville, Mass., recently shot four men before he could be secured. It is hoped that none of them will die, though two are severely injured. But don't abridge anybody's liberty to sell or drink liquid poison, for that would be tyrannical, you know!

PERSONS VISITING Bangor must not be "innocent" enough to leave property unwatched. A young man who left his team for half an hour, on Saturday, says the Whig, found a nice jar of butter missing when he returned.

LATER.—And while he was trying to hunt up his butter, the rogues stole a nice overcoat.

TIMOTHY CROSBY, Esq., one of the oldest and best known citizens of Bangor, extensively interested in navigation and ship building, died last Sabbath morning at the age of 78.

DRAMATIC.—The Ladies of Ticonic Division No. 13, believing that "music hath charms," &c., will hold a Levee for the purpose of obtaining money to buy an organ, on Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 1st and 2d. The moral drama entitled "The Drunkard," will be presented both evenings. The entertainment will conclude the first evening with the farce entitled "Slasher and Crasher," and the second evening with "The Man with the Demijohn." Tickets 25 cts. The object is a good one, and will doubtless be well encouraged by our citizens—among whom the Division has so many good and true friends.

FESTIVITIES AT MASONIC HALL, on Wednesday evening, closed about 11 o'clock; the large company failing entirely after prolonged efforts to either clear the tables or make any progress towards short supplies. As usual, for want of room, the invitations had been confined to the wives and a few lady friends of the members. With the office of Hon. S. Heath, which was kindly tendered as cloak room, and the large carpet room of C. R. McFadden for the "tea things," assisted by the two ante-rooms, the regular hall was made spacious enough for the company. The supper was under the direction of Mr. C. E. Williams, who never fails to meet expectation, and embraced the entire appearance of turkeys, oysters and coffee, in full variety. Its only fault was profusion, both in variety and quantity. Vocal music and social intercourse, without any set programme, filled the rest of a long and pleasant evening.

It is noted by the friends of temperance, as a favorable sign of the times, that the coarse old bacchanalian songs that used to be sung in bar-rooms and beer shops, have gone so nearly out of fashion that only now and then a young man is able to sing one of them, and that generally in poor style. It may be that some of them have retreated to "secret" places, to wait upon the once popular inspiration that has also been driven from the many to the few. Let the young men of the times be commended for their forgetfulness.

SUICIDE.—Albert E. Getchell, in a fit of temporary insanity, put an end to his existence on Monday evening at about 10 1/2 o'clock by cutting his throat with a razor. He boarded at 270 Tremont street, and at this house the deed was committed. He had seemed to be in much despondency and in an unquiet state for some time past, so much so, as to attract the attention of his room mate. The deceased was a young man, and kept a hat and cap store at 522 Washington street. [Boston Traveller.]

Young Getchell, mentioned above, was son of Mr. Eleazer C. Getchell, of Waterville. The body arrived here on Wednesday, and funeral services took place from the parental home on Maine-st., Thursday afternoon. The deeply afflicted family, who had already been called to bear heavy burdens in the tragical death of other promising children, share deeply in the sympathy of our whole community.

SERENADE.—The Kendall's Mills Band, in two well developed double-sleigh loads, passed through several of our principal streets on Monday evening, discoursing their pleasant music as they went, very much to the delight of our citizens. Everybody seemed to appreciate the compliment of the visit, and to reciprocate it in very marked praise of the music. It is said the band embraces several gentlemen of excellent musical taste and culture.

The Junior hopes that "when next" this Band "doth ride abroad, he may be there to" hear—especially if they play for his particular benefit.

Will the clerk please send us a list of the members of the band, which we learn is led by Mr. John Gibbs, formerly of our village.

WINSLOW, Jan. 28, 1872.
Editors of Mail:—Will you please give notice in the Mail, that the gathering of Father Adams' friends, at his residence in Winslow, on account of the storm last Wednesday, is deferred to Wednesday, the 7th day of Feb., the anniversary of his 80th birth day; and if it be stormy that day it will be held the first pleasant day following. It is desired that all of his friends should call upon him on the day that he will be 80 years old. Truly yours,
JOHN DINSMORE.
[Maine Farmer please copy.]

A BIG LOAD AND A GOOD TEAM.—"A reader of our paper," writing from Saplin township, sends us the following:

Messrs. Editors.—The firm of Newhall & Gibson, of Kendall's Mills, lumbering on the Saplin, have one pair of horses that have hauled a load which the lumbermen here think worth putting in the papers. The load scaled 3219 feet, and was hauled on one sled one mile—the last pull being ten rods on a flat landing. Those who witnessed the hauling of the load said it was done handsomely, and we think this load is hard to beat. The horses were driven by Lewis H. Hodges, of Winslow.

Waterville Mail:—We noticed in your issue of Dec. 22d, that Mr. W. W. Ridout stated that he was in town for the purpose of adjusting the claim of Daniel Green, who insured his life in Sept. last. It is true that Ridout insured Mr. Green in Sept. last in the Phoenix Life Insurance Co. He was at that time employed by us; but at the time this article was published he was not at work for us, and had not been for thirty days previous. Mr. Ridout has nothing to do with us, nor with adjusting the claim of Mr. Green.

RYNOLDS & TIPP,
State Agents Phoenix Mutual Life Ins. Co., Portland, Me.

HOSWELL, the murderer, writes from prison that, having read the Bible some of late, he finds it full of condemnation of adultery, and he hopes to live out his term that he may publish two books, one a life of his wife, and the other a defence of his own course. We advise him to continue his investigations until he shall find out that the same book condemns murder, and that among its solemn utterances is this—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The existence of small pox in several places in Maine, together with the ravages made and making by this disease in Philadelphia, N. York and other cities, suggests the great propriety of resorting to vaccination. We call the attention of the sanitary authorities of this and neighboring towns to this subject.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, a good number—they are all good—has been received, and is for sale by C. A. Hendrickson, one door north of the Post Office. Buy it. Mr. H. is always promptly supplied with all the popular periodicals by the New England News Co. of Boston.

This is the day appointed for the great Canadian earthquake.

SILVER WEDDING. There was a large and very pleasant gathering of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ira H. Low, on Main-street, Friday evening of last week, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of their marriage. Some choice presents to which only a few particular friends had contributed, were freely admired by the assembled guests, and seemed to be regarded by the host and hostess as very welcome tokens of respect and esteem. The refreshments were such as might furnish a night's labor to the pen of a Boston reporter, but nearer home are more readily enjoyed than described. The guests made a long evening, in the whole course of which the kindness and genuine esteem between a house-full of neighbors and friends and the family of their entertainers, embracing husband and wife and four good and beautiful daughters, doubtless reached the climax of the fair growth of a quarter century. The only doubtful or "uncertain sound" heard among the departing guests towards College Street was an old latin quotation, only the last two words of which caught the ear,—"lempit dilecta." Nobody knows what it meant.

R. W. MULLEN, Esq., Collector of Customs at Franklin, La., formerly of Vassalboro', sends us a batch of New Orleans papers containing interesting particulars of the unfortunate political quarrel in that State, for which he will accept our thanks.

JOSEPH BURTON, Esq., Register of Probate for Kennebec county, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Augusta, was severely injured on Monday, by being run into by a boy coasting on the sidewalk; and being well advanced in years his physician has fears as to the ultimate result.

We regret to learn that there is no improvement in the condition of Mr. Burton. J. A. Richards, Esq., of Augusta, is filling his place as Register of Probate.

Under the new apportionment bill reported in Congress, Maine will have only 4 representatives, New Hampshire 2, Vermont 2, Massachusetts 9, and Connecticut 3.

MRS. WHARTON, who has had a very lengthy trial at Annapolis, Md., for the murder of Gen. Ketchum, has been acquitted, and admitted to bail upon an indictment for attempting to poison Van Ness.

THE PHOENIX FIRE INS. CO. and the Springfield Fire and Marine Ins. Co. make improved showings, as will be seen by referring to the advertisement of L. T. Boothby.

A GOOD CHANCE to Agents is offered by C. E. Luce, in our advertising columns.

Our village schools close this week for a fortnight's vacation.

Regular religious services will be resumed at the Unitarian church next Sunday morning.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has been in session at Augusta, this week.

A NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT, of the old Washingtonian kind, has been inaugurated in Gardiner, by a few hard drinkers, as we learn from the Home Journal. Let us hope that the fire will spread.

In the Louisiana muddle Gov. Warmoth seems to be coming out ahead, and the hubbub is subsiding.

SMALL POX in New York is increasing and is getting beyond the control of the authorities.

In the fight between the Boston and Maine and the Eastern R. R. Cos., it is thought that the latter is a little ahead.

See advertisement of Lawrence & Blackwell, Kendall's Mills. They do business on the square.

We have excellent sleighing now.

THE AUGUSTA PENSION AGENCY.—A Washington dispatch announces that the President on Tuesday nominated Col. Franklin M. Drew to be Pension Agent at Augusta, Maine. Forley, of the Boston Journal, refers to the case as follows:—

As telegraphed in these dispatches some days since, the matter in dispute between Speaker Blaine and Senator Morrill was left to the Maine delegation to settle by general vote. It is understood that the delegation refused to consider the personal question as between Messrs. Connor and Drew, the two candidates, and passed simply upon the general question of who had the right to make the nomination. On this issue the decision was in favor of Senator Morrill, and thus practically, the nomination of Col. Drew is secured. Speaker Blaine has resisted the appointment of Col. Drew for nearly eleven months past.

LIEUT. J. H. ROGERS, U. S. N., who has been stopping here for several months, has been ordered to Puget Sound, Washington Territory, and is now on his way. The numerous friends of this genial gentleman will be pleased to hear of his safe passage through the snow blockade on the Plains.

The vote on the Maine Central Loan bill, in the House, on Thursday, would seem to ensure its passage.

MR. & MRS. JOHN L. HALL and their company of "Adelphians," are to appear at Town Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 7th. In their own peculiar line of business, this company has gained a high reputation, and their performances have been everywhere commended by the press and public. In this place they have been special favorites, giving genuine delight in their artistic and unexceptionable entertainments. The company has recently been reorganized, and now presents a strong array of talent, including Mr. W. H. Monroe, whose mysterious changes are said to be truly wonderful.

If a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk from every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed and what was the girl's age?

PROPOSED TARIFF REDUCTION.—Mr. Burroughs of Illinois introduced a bill in the House on Monday to reduce the duty on imports. It is estimated that it will aggregate twenty-four million dollars, the reduction being on the following articles: Coal reduced fifty cents per ton, \$320,000; salt-eight to twelve cents per one hundred pounds, \$600,000; hides, to five per cent, \$500,000; rice, one add a quarter cents per lb., \$600,000; iron and steel and their manufacture, to thirty or forty per cent, \$4,000,000; cotton goods and wool, thirty to thirty-five per cent, \$3,050,000; woolen goods, \$8,000,000; earthen-ware, crockery, &c. five per cent, reduction, \$300,000; glass to specific rate of thirty to forty per cent., \$650,000; lumber to ten per cent., \$700,000; additions to free list, \$4,000,000; total \$23,230,000. The bill was referred to the Ways and Means Committee.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Under the direction of Mr. J. M. Lunt, the new General Superintendent, the road is divided into two divisions, the first comprising those portions of the line from Bangor to Portland via Augusta, from Waterville to Skowhegan, from Burnham to Belfast, and from Newport to Dexter; the second those portions from Cumberland Junction to Waterville via Lewiston from Bath to Lewiston and from Crowley's Junction to Farmington. Mr. L. L. Lincoln has been appointed Superintendent of the first Division with office at Augusta, and Mr. Arthur Brown, Superintendent of the Second Division, with office at Lewiston.

The birthday of Auguste Comte was duly celebrated in New York city on last Saturday evening by a number of his disciples. Many speeches were made in explanation of Comte's system, and the ceremony of partaking of bread and water in remembrance of the sufferings of the poor was also observed.

The State temperance convention has made provision for raising funds in aid of the Cold Water Temple cause. The list is commenced with contributions from the Governor, Hon. Joshua Nye, and the Cold Water Temple at Parkman. Gen. Boynton offers to be one of ten to give \$2000.

The result of the recent Editors' and Publishers' convention in Augusta will be to give a higher and healthier tone to the sentiment of the press, make the prices of advertising and job work more stable, and to weed out from the Association the newspaper "bummers," who have hitherto claimed its privileges on the ground of issuing a semi-occasional hand bill, or advertising prize packages.—[Journal.]

The agent of the Michigan State Prison has forwarded an order for 110 copies of Harper's Magazine for one year. These Magazines are taken by that number of convicts in place of tobacco rations.

A "great brute" who stood on the corner of Central Row, last Monday, remarked to a lady friend, as a despatching-dressed though some what middle-aged woman passed by, that "that lady reminded him of a saying his beloved old aunt used to trot out on such occasions—viz That is mutton, dressed lamb fashion."

Never call a man a lost man till he is hurled into a hopeless grave. No man is lost upon whom any influence can be exerted; no man is lost to whom the efforts of the Gospel may be brought. It is but a few weeks since I sat by the side of one of the purest and loveliest of females, who once was degraded, but who now is at the head of a family, highly respected and beloved. We are never to be discouraged. There is no man or woman so vile but God may bring them washed to his kingdom.—[Dr. Lyng.]

CARE OF HEALTH A MORAL OBLIGATION. By suicide the guilt of which none will deny, a portion, we know not how much, is cut off from the life—by neglect of health the same practical result ensues. It has been calculated that from the ages of twenty to sixty-five, the interruption of the daily labor of men from ill health averages from seven to fourteen days, each per annum. But this only estimates the pecuniary loss of time, and is nothing to the loss of energy, spirits and vital power which ill-health entails, and which defy all calculations. Many who have not lost an hour of actual work from this cause have yet had their faculties impaired, and their usefulness lessened to an inconceivable extent.

BUTTERMILK DIET IN THE TREATMENT OF DIABETES.—Dr. A. R. Thomas mentions a severe case of Diabetes which he successfully treated by simply making buttermilk the patient's sole article of diet. Several other remedies had previously been tried without any apparent benefit. The patient took comparatively nothing else but buttermilk for some four or five weeks, during which time the improvement was rapid and permanent, resulting in complete restoration to health.

TO REMOVE ACID STAINS AND RESTORE COLOR.—When color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases restore the original color. The application of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.

Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the tiny little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.—[City of Brooklyn.]

A STABLE INSTITUTION.—Just at the period when all stable men were complaining that the horse-owners of the day were unsavable remedies, the Mu-tang Linciment made its entrance in Missouri, without any flourish of trumpets, and within one year, became the favorite embrocation for the external distempers and injuries of horses and cattle in all the Western and Southern States. From that time to this, it has never had a rival in the estimation of accomplished horsemen; nor is its household reputation as a cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore nipples and caked breasts, tumors, mumps, sore throat, earache, toothache, bruises, burns, wounds and sprains, a whit behind its celebrity as a horse linciment. The Mothers of America know its value, and apply it promptly to the external injuries of the "rising generation," and in fact there is not a city or township in the United States where the Mustang Linciment is not regarded by both sexes and every class, as a blessing to the community.

FACES ON THE WALL.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "My Wife and I," etc.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way less perfect people, blessed by the generous fancies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and summer sun. I see yonder in the glen, the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roughish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly of another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing; for her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa-cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daisies are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dreamland, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child-heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than the portrait pictures of children. "The little child" whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not.

"A face cannot wither, custom cannot stale Its infinite variety."

For this reason a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one ever tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as children can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and intercourse to the little people skinned to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on as they are dropping off to sleep, or as they awake in the morning, send to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting-room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are the charming pair for the adornment of a nursery.

Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones either here or in heaven. Dickens says somewhere of his portraits of little Nell that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her—so dear, and so early taken! He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting; but when the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars and a chromo which can scarcely be distinguished from it, at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies and the originals, which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of most pictures painted by hand.

Blessings upon chromo-lithography, by which the successful painting of a master can be reproduced indefinitely, and can enter thousands of homes with its educating, quickening, reforming influences!

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with anticipations of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-worked wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming pair of oil chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for \$10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And yet, although thousands of them have been sold in America at that high rate, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

GIVEN AWAY

to every subscriber to *The Christian Union*, an unsectarian, literary, religious and domestic weekly newspaper, edited by HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege, the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished to Mr. Beecher's publishers at a rate entirely exceptional. The subjects are *Life-Size*.

As to the *Christian Union*, the great success of that paper has been a marvel in the history of journalism, and the scholarly and critical New York *Nation* calls it "not only the ablest and best, but also the most popular of American religious periodicals."

This paper, hereafter, will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in twenty-four pages, pasted at the back and trimmed at the edges, a decided advantage possessed by no other religious weekly published. It contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matter of interest for every member of the household, young and old. For the year 1872, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE will write exclusively for the *CHRISTIAN UNION*.

It has something for every member of the household—father, mother, boys, and girls, young men and young women, all find something of interest. Admirable contributed and editorial articles discussing all the great topics of the day: fresh information on unacknowledged subjects; much matter of a high and pure religious tone; a Domestic Department, choice Poems, Household Stories, and Chat for the little ones, one of the chief attractions being Mrs. H. B. Stowe's fascinating Tales.

The terms of subscription to this paper are, For one year, ONLY \$3.00. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above pair of beautiful Oil Chromos. *THE CHRISTIAN UNION, Illustrated Holiday Number*, (28p p.) will be sent FREE to all who now subscribe for the year 1872.

Send money in postal orders, drafts, or registered letters direct to the Publishers.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED!
Intelligent men and women wanted everywhere. If you wish good territory, send early for circular and terms! J. B. FORD & CO., 27 Park Place, N. Y.; 11 Broadfield St., Boston, Mass.; 255 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 4 w.

WIDE AWAKE & Fast Asleep.—A pair of superb French Oil Chromos—subjects LIFE SIZE—exquisite facsimiles of original Oil Paintings, GIVEN AWAY to every subscriber to

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S
GREAT LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. Agents having great success! One took 1,000 names in 3 months; another 500 in six weeks; another 150 in one week; 41 in one day, and many others equally well, making from 50 to 500 to \$50 per day. Taken on sight! An old agent who knows says, "I think it the best business for canvassers ever offered. Sorry I did not engage sooner." Pays better than any book agency. A rare chance to make money.

WHY?

What is the reason that the literary, Religious, and Domestic Weekly, started two years ago, namely,

THE CHRISTIAN UNION, should have so suddenly achieved a success that makes all newspaper men wonder?

Reasons Why!

1st. HENRY WARD BEECHER is its Editor, of whom the *Chicago Interior* said "Probably no man on this continent sways so many minds, or is doing so much to shape religious thought for the next half century." His vigorous pen in *Editorials* and *Star Papers*, and Mr. Ellsworth's famed verbatim reports of his helpful *Lecture-Room Talks* in Plymouth Church, are an attraction to thousands of readers, who always want to know what he thinks on religious themes and the topics of the times. He is also assisted by an able editorial staff.

2d. It is Unsectarian in Religion, Independent in Political Discussions, and devoted to Morals, Reform, Home and Foreign News—both of Church matters and the world at large; Literature, Science, Art, Music, Agriculture, Trade, Finance, etc., with contributions from eminent writers of all denominations—in all parts of the country.

3d. It has Something for Every MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD—father, mother, boys and girls, young men and young women, all find something of interest. Admirable contributed and editorial articles discussing all the great topics of the day; fresh information on unacknowledged subjects, much matter of a high and pure religious tone; a Domestic Department, choice Poems, Household Stories, and Chat for the little ones; one of its chief attractions being Mrs. H. B. Stowe's fascinating Tales.

4th. It Admits no Medical or anything to offend the purest or most fastidious, and is therefore a favorite family paper.

5th. Its Form Twenty-four Pages Large Quarto, pasted at the back and trimmed at the edges, is so convenient for reading, binding, and preservation as to be a great special merit in its favor, apart from its superior literary attraction.

6th. A superb WORK OF ART IS GIVEN AWAY TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER AND THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS

Only Three Dollars per Year.

SPECIAL
ATTRACTIVE FOR 1872!
GIVEN AWAY!
TWO CHARMING AND POPULAR
WORKS OF ART.

"Wide Awake & Fast Asleep."

Two Exquisite French Oil Chromos, The subject of which are *Life-Size*, and cannot fail to please all who love art or children. Are GIVEN AWAY to every subscriber for 1872, whether it be a New Subscription or a Renewal! These Chromos are no cheap colored prints, but are splendid copies of Oil Paintings, by an eminent English artist, fully equal for their size (10 1/2 x 12 1/2) to any chromo ever published. The subjects are *Life-Size*. The pair, by a fortunate arrangement which one of the partners of this house was able to make in Paris during the late siege, with the proprietors of the pictures, are furnished at a rate entirely exceptional. So that, although thousands of them have been sold in America and at \$20, still are and will be sold at that price by the picture dealer generally, they can be given to subscribers.

A MOSAIC.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.
Two very good Chromos are "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," [1] which have few rivals in the market for attractiveness [2]—fresh, sweet and blooming child faces, [3] executed with true French skill. [4] We have rarely seen anything prettier than the two pictures, which, [5] both in color and sentiment are really beautiful [6]—worthy of a place in costly homes [7]—Unlike nine pictures out of ten that cost a good deal more, one can look at them day after day and not tire of them [8]. We have often stopped amid the bustle of Broadway to look at them, and never without feeling happier and better [9]. They cannot fail to please all who love art or children [10]. [1] Independent, N. Y. [2] Evening Mail, N. Y. [3] Aldine, N. Y. [4] Springfield Republican. [5] Advance, Chicago. [6] Harper's Weekly, N. Y. [7] Illustrated Christian Weekly, N. Y. [8] Christian at Work, N. Y.

A subscriber writes to the publishers: "The Chromos far surpass in beauty and style anything that I expected. A neighbor of mine bought the same Chromos in N. Y. a few months ago and paid ten dollars for them. Please accept many thanks for them."

2. Enlargement and Change of Form. After the first of January the paper will be printed on a still larger sheet, folded in twenty-four large pages, pasted at the back and trimmed at the edges—a decided advantage in convenience for reading, possessed by no other religious weekly published.

3. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe Will Write Exclusively for the *CHRIST*

