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Maxham & Wing

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TRUST.

I know not if I am or bright
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Till my heavy chain;
Or, day and night, my heart be torn
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my heart
With smiles and gloe;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempests all.

Safe to the land—'tis to the land!
The end is safe;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

[From Scribner's Monthly Magazine.]

How One Woman Kept her Husband.

[Concluded.]

Emma Long wrote to, and Ellen wrote to her occasional affectionate notes, but referring her always to John's diary-letters for the details of interest. I used to study Mrs. Long's face while these letters were being read to her. John's animated, his enthusiastic pride, must, it seemed to me, have been bitter to her. But I never saw even a shade of such a feeling in her face. There was nothing base or petty in Emma Long's nature, and, strange as it may seem, she did love Ellen. Only once did I ever see a trace of pique or resentment in her manner to John, and then I could not wonder at it. A large package had come from Ellen just after tea one night, and we were all gathered in the library, reading our letters and looking at the photographs (she always sent unmounted photographs of the place from which she wrote, and, if possible, of the house in which they were living, and the children often wrote, above the windows, "Papa's and mamma's room," etc., etc.)—hour after hour passed. The hall clock had just struck ten, when the door-bell rang violently. "Good heavens!" exclaimed John, springing up, "that must be Mrs. Long. I totally forgot that I had promised to go with her to Mrs. Willis's party. I said I would be there at nine; tell her I am upstairs dressing," and he was gone before the servant had had time to open the door. Mrs. Long came in, with a flushed face and anxious look. "Is Mr. Gray ill?" she said. "He promised to call for me at nine, to go to Mrs. Willis's, and I have been afraid he might be ill."

Before I could reply, the unconscious Alice exclaimed:—
"Oh, no; papa isn't ill; he is so sorry but he forgot about the party till he heard you ring the bell. We were so busy over mamma's letters."

"John will be down in a moment," added I. "He ran up stairs to dress as soon as you rang."

For one second Emma Long's face was sad to see. Such astonishment, such pain, were in it, my heart ached for her. But then a look of angry resentment succeeded the pain and merely saying, "I am very sorry; but I really cannot wait for him. It is now almost too late to go," she had closed the outer door before I could think of any words to say.

I ran up to John's room, and told him through the closed door. He made no reply for a moment, and then said:—

"No wonder she is vexed. It was unpardonable rudeness. Tell Robert to run at once for a carriage for me."

In a very few moments he came down dressed for the party, but with no shadow of disturbance on his face. He was still thinking of the letters. He took up his own and putting it into an inside breast-pocket, said, as he kissed Alice, "Papa will take mamma's letter to the party, if he can't take mamma!"

I shed grateful tears that night, before I went to sleep. How I longed to write to Ellen of the incident; but I had resolved not once to disregard her request that the whole subject be a sealed one. And I trusted that Alice would remember to tell it. Well I might!

At breakfast Alice said:—
"Oh, papa, I told mamma that you carried her to the party in your breast-pocket; that is, you carried her letter!"

I fancied that John's cheek flushed a little as he said:—
"You might tell mamma that papa carries her everywhere in his breast-pocket, little girl, and mamma would understand."

I think from that day I never feared for Ellen's future. I fancied, too, that from that day there was a new light in John Gray's eyes. Perhaps it might have been only the new light in my own; but I think when a man knows that he has once, for one hour, forgotten a woman whose presence has been dangerously dear to him, he must be aware of his dawning freedom.

The winter was nearly over. Ellen had said nothing to us about returning.

"Dr. Willis tells me that, from what Ellen writes him of her health, he thinks it would be safer for her to remain abroad another year," said John, very quietly.

"Oh, John, could you?" and, "Oh, papa, will you take me?" exclaimed Alice and I in one breath.

"Yes, and yes," said John, laughing. "And Sally too, if she will go."

He then proceeded to tell me that he had been all winter contemplating this, that he believed they would never again have so good an opportunity to travel in Europe, and that Dr. Willis's hesitancy about Ellen's health had decided the question. He had been planning and deliberating as silently and unexpectedly as Ellen had done the year before. (Never once had it crossed my mind that he had desired it, or that it could be. But I found that he had for the last half of the year been arranging his affairs with a view to it, and had entered into new business connections which would make it not only easy, but profitable, for him to remain abroad two years. He urged me to go with them, but I refused. I felt that the father and the mother and the children ought to be absolutely alone in this blessed reunion, and I have never regretted my decision, although the old world is yet an unknown world to me.)

John Gray was a reticent and undemonstrative man, in spite of all the tenderness and passionateness in his nature. But when he bade me good-by on the deck of the steamer, as he bade me, he whispered to me:

"Sally, I shall hold my very breath till I see Ellen. I never knew how I loved her before. And the tears stood in his eyes."

I never saw Emma Long after she knew that John was to go abroad to John. Ellen. I found myself suddenly without courage to look in her face. The hurry of my preparations

for Alice was ample excuse for my not going to her house, and she did not come to ours. I knew that John spent several evenings with her, and came home late, with a sad and serious face, and that was all. A week before he sailed she joined a large and gay party for San Francisco and the Yosemite. In all the newspaper accounts of the excursion, Mrs. Long was spoken of as the brilliant center of all festivities. I understood well that this was the first reaction of her proud and sensitive nature under an irremediable pain. She never returned to —, but established herself in a southern city, where she lived in great retirement for a year, doing good to all poor and suffering people, and spending the larger part of her fortune in charity. Early in the second year there was an epidemic of yellow fever: Mrs. Long refused to leave the city, and went fearlessly as the physicians to visit and nurse the cases. But after the epidemic had passed by she herself was taken ill, and died suddenly in a hospital ward, surrounded by the very patients whom she had nursed back to health.

Nothing I could say in my own words would give so vivid an idea of the meeting between John Gray and his wife, as the first letter which I received from little Alice:

"DARLING AUNTIE—"

It is too bad you did not come too. The voyage was horrid. Papa was so much sicker than I, that I had to take care of him all the time; but my head ached so that I kept seeing black spots if I stooped over to kiss papa; but papa said I was just like another mamma.

Oh, Auntie, only think, there was a mistake about the letters, and mamma never got the letter to tell her that we were coming; and she was out on the balcony of the hotel when we got out of the carriage, and first she saw me; and the lady who was with her said she turned first red and then so white the lady thought she was sick; and then the next minute she saw papa, and just fell right down among all the people, and looked as if she was dead; and the very first thing poor papa and I saw when we got up stairs, was mamma being carried by two men, and papa and I both thought she was dead; and papa fell right down on his knees, and made the men put mamma down on the floor, and everybody talked out loud, and papa never spoke a word, but just looked at mamma, and nobody knew who papa was till I spoke, and I said,

"That's my mamma, and papa, and I have just come all the way from America,"—and then a gentleman told me to kiss mamma, and I did; and then she opened her eyes; and just as soon as she saw papa, she got a great deal whiter and her head fell back again, and I was so sure she was dying that I began to cry out loud, and I do think there were more than a hundred people all round us; but Louise says there were only ten or twelve; and then the same gentleman that told me to kiss mamma took hold of papa, and made him go away; and they carried mamma into a room, and laid her on a bed and said we must all go out; but I wouldn't; I got right under the bed, and they didn't see me; and it seemed to me a thousand years before anybody spoke; and at last I heard mamma's voice, just as weak as a baby's; but you know nobody could mistake mamma's voice; and said she, "Where is John—I saw John;" and then the gentleman said,—oh, I forgot to tell you he was a doctor—

"My dear madam, calm yourself"—and then I cried right out again and crept out between his legs and almost knocked him down; and said I, "Don't you try to calm my mamma; it is papa—and me too, mamma!" and then mamma burst out crying; and then the old gentleman ran out, and I guess papa was at the door, for he came right in; and then he put his arms round mamma, and they didn't speak for so long, I thought I should die; and all the people were listening, and going up and down in the halls outside, and I felt so frightened and ashamed for fear people would think mamma wasn't glad to see us. But papa said that was always the way when people are too glad that they can bear; and the surprise, too, was too much for anybody. But I said at the table that I hoped I should never be so glad myself as long as I lived; and then the old gentleman—he's a very nice old gentleman, and a great friend of mamma's and wears gold spectacles—he said, "My dear little girl, I hope you may be some day just as glad; and then he looked at papa and mamma and smiled,—and mamma almost cried again! Oh, altogether it was a horrid time, the worst I ever had; and so different from what papa and I thought it would be."

But it's all over now, and we're all so happy we laugh so all the time, that papa says it is disgraceful; that we shall have to go off and hide ourselves somewhere where people can't see us."

But, Auntie, you don't know how perfectly splendid mamma is. She is the prettiest lady in the hotel, Louise says. She is ever so much fatter than she used to be. And the lady has grown so I did not know her, and her curls are more than half a yard long. Louise and Mary have got their hair cut short like boys, but their gowns are splendid; they say it was such a pity you had any made for me at home. But oh, dear Auntie, don't think I shall not always like the gowns you made for me. Charlie isn't here; he's at some horrid school a great way off; I forgot the name of the place. But we are all going there to live for the summer. Mamma said we should keep house in an apartment, and I was perfectly horrified, and I said, "Mamma, in one room?" and then Louise and Mary laughed till I was quite angry; but mamma says that here an apartment means a set of a good many rooms, quite enough to live in. I don't believe you can have patience to read this long letter; but I haven't told you half; no, not one-half of half. Good-bye, you darling auntie. ALICE."

P. S.—I wish you could just see mamma. It isn't only I that think she is so pretty; papa thinks so too. He just sits and looks, and looks at her, till mamma doesn't quite like it, and asks him to look at baby a little!

Ellen's first letter was short. Her heart was too full. She said at the end—

"I suppose you will both laugh and cry over Alice's letter. At first I thought of suppressing it. But it gives you such a graphic picture of the whole scene that I shall let it go. It is well that I had the excuse of the surprise for my behavior, but I myself doubt very much if I should have done any better, had I been prepared for their coming."

The Tablet continually reiterates what we may well understand, that whatever may have been the fact thirty or even twenty years ago, the Roman Catholic opposition to the public schools is not now simply, or chiefly, because the Protestant Bible is read in them.

Exclude it and we should abate nothing of our opposition. We object to them as we object to all schools, in which we are not free to surround our children with a Catholic atmosphere, to teach them the Catholic religion, and to train them to its observance."

CONGREGATIONAL CLASSICAL SCHOOL.—The Hollowell Classical and Scientific Academy, for the purpose of promoting christian education and the more thorough training of youth in such languages and in such of the arts and sciences as the trustees may direct, has been incorporated by the Legislature. The following are the names of the trustees: Simon Page, George Sampson, Charles G. McCulley, Henry F. Harding, James G. Blaine, Charles Danforth, James M. Hagar, John O. Fiske, J. S. Wheelwright, John D. Emerson, Joseph Titcomb, N. T. True, William H. Fenn, Amos D. Lockwood, and Charles F. Todd. The trustees are never to exceed fifteen in

number or less than eleven. They are to hold in their corporate name property for the institution, the income of which shall not exceed \$10,000.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

I believe Satan has devised few more prolific sources of misery than this idea so universally cherished among girls, that a single life must of necessity be one of wretchedness. Just so long as they allow themselves to consider marriage as the end and aim of their existence, just so long will their chances of ever realizing in married life all the joys it is capable of yielding be lessened a thousandfold. In this, as in every other instance, undue eagerness to secure a coveted temporal good often leads to mistakes fatal and far-reaching in their results.

Girls, let every one of you look this matter fairly and squarely in the face. Make it not a subject for foolish jesting or sentimental dreaming. Assign it once for all its proper place, and then press on to lay broad and firm the foundations of a character which shall redeem our sex from the oft-made charge of weakness and frivolity. Every true woman must regard a happy marriage as one of God's best gifts. If it comes to you accept it joyfully as from above. If not, remember that in this, as in every thing else, the Lord reigns. In the meantime waste no years in idle waiting. Some one has said that in order "that the hand be given with dignity woman must be able to stand alone." Then set at once about the task of learning to stand alone gracefully. Thus will you prove indeed a helpmeet instead of a dead weight to him who may ask you to share his pilgrimage, or if your journey be companionless you will be enabled to walk so firmly, and with so free a tread, that the world in passing to admire shall forget to sneer.

The growing disinclination for marriage manifested by young men is frequently made the subject of comment by those who are fond of watching the signs of the times. Many of the wise ones profess to find the reason for this in the extravagance and love of display among girls. Now I shall bring no railing accusation of this kind against you, simply because I do not believe it. I have always observed that when persons are bent upon shirking duties or responsibilities, they are found diligently looking about for other shoulders than their own upon which to cast the blame of their shortcomings; and generally it is the weak who are made to bear the infirmities of the strong. There are few young men of the present day who do not every year waste more on their vices than most girls in similar circumstances would think of spending in dress. It seems to me that the true reason of this unfortunate tendency is an abounding selfishness, and a seeking for happiness in forbidden paths instead of the good old ways of pure and quiet living. That there is much folly displayed by young ladies in dress is very true; and because it is everywhere so apparent, it has been seized upon and made to assume the relation of cause to an effect with which it has in reality little to do. Whenever young men are found urging this excuse their habits will generally reveal the fact that foolish extravagance is not confined to our sex alone.

But, even supposing that all young men were inclined to matrimony; as they are greatly in the minority in most of our older communities, it follows as a matter of course, that many women are compelled to pass through life unmarried; and therefore prepare to accept the situation and make the most of it. I am a firm believer in the doctrine of compensation. God never withholds from us a blessing without scattering others so plentifully in our pathway that if we will but allow our eyes to see, and our hands to gather them, we shall feel no poverty. Spend no moments in sighing for what may never be yours, and above all never go out of your way to seek for it. Gather freely of the pious harvest spread all around you, and your life shall become so rich in joy, so full of duties, so abundant in delights that there will be left no room for discontent or murmurings.—[From the Advocate and Guardian.]

Old John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg, is dead. The courage and patriotism of the venerable old gentleman in connection with that great battle have been the theme of poet and historian. Whittier has embalmed his motive and his deeds in immortal verse. Mr. John Burns died in the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday morning of an attack of pneumonia, that followed a paralytic affection which attacked him a few days ago.

INDELIBLE INK.—Ink for marking linen can be made by dissolving five cents' worth of lunar caustic (nitrate of silver) in half an ounce of water. Equal parts of starch and saleratus must be used to stiffen the linen. Iron it smooth, write on it while hot, dry and iron again, and if there be any blot, cover them with lard. Then lay it in the sun for several hours, and immediately wash in very strong hot soda.—[Scientific American.]

MR. J. W. BAUGHMAN, of Baltimore, Md., writes to inform us that a lady recently ran a needle into her flesh, about three inches above the knee, breaking it off under the skin. She preferred to risk the consequences rather than have it extracted by a doctor. Mr. Baughman thought of using a magnet, and applied one of the horseshoe shape, 8 inches in length. She wore it for two days, more or less, and then found the point end of the needle protruding from the skin, one inch from where it entered. The needle was easily removed. Our correspondent is curious to know how the needle could come to the surface point upward, having thus turned round in a space less than its own length, which was 1 1/16 inches, and he suggests that the muscles may have turned it about.—[Scientific American.]

The number of English silk umbrellas smuggled into America yearly by tourists and the employees of the steamship companies, has been increasing so rapidly that the New York trade has been thoroughly ruined and there is hardly one house that can afford to keep a stock. The Committee appointed by the American Umbrella Association has discovered that nearly every passenger returning from Europe brings several silk umbrellas for himself, and his friends without paying duty.

THERE is a measure of truth in the following article from the *Scientific American*. All truth is from God, and what is apparently contradictory can be harmonized if our knowledge is only broad enough; but the physical sciences do not include all truth, and though we may not deny facts, we are not compelled to accept all of the deductions of even the wisest scientists—indeed it is not safe to do so.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.—Genuine truth being uncontrovertible, the truths taught by religion and by science must agree in the end. Where discrepancy appears to exist, it is only because either the theologian takes the individual opinions of a certain class of scientists for the teachings of science itself, or the scientist in his turn, takes the individual opinions of certain theologians for the teachings of religion. In this way a kind of antagonism is cultivated, which would not exist if the training of those destined for religious teachers was less one-sided, and if, in place of confining their preparation chiefly to literary pursuits, they were also trained in the knowledge of those scientific principles, the application of which, during the last half century, has produced the most stupendous changes in the relations of man to his fellow man.

On the other hand, the training of many prominent investigators of science of the present day has been not less one-sided; the unwise antagonism, displayed by many religious teachers against scientific pursuits, has reacted on several of the prominent leaders of science, and, in their writings and teachings, they accordingly ignore religion; thus, a class of scientific scholars has sprung up, chiefly in Germany and France, who, to speak mildly, do not consider religious training to have any important value.

Herbert Spencer, whatever opinions many may have of him, has the merit of having clearly pointed out the demarcation line between the knowable and unknowable, between that which science can demonstrate, and that which is beyond the field of science, and which pure science can never reach. Certain minds appear to be constituted in such a manner that they can be satisfied with adhering to the knowable, to only that which science teaches, keeping that which science cannot determine out of their thoughts. But such a condition of mind is only temporary; sooner or later, there grows in them a desire for light in this direction; and happy are those who obtain it—happier in proportion that their work in obtaining it was more laborious. A simple mind may feel happy with a faith accepted without mental labor; but such an individual has no conception of the enjoyment and supreme happiness of the cultivated mind, that finds the truth by searching and working, and whose cares and doubts at last come to rest in the consciousness of having found that precious gem, which all intelligent beings are interested in searching for.—*Truth*.

For many ages, the teachers and priests of religion constituted the most influential class of human society. With the progress of knowledge, however, this influence has grown less and less, and at the present day, it is only very prominent where civilization is least advanced. This undeniable fact, however, must not be construed to mean that civilization is antagonistic to religion. We maintain the contrary; but it has been caused by the neglect of the priests of religion to remain at the head of civilization and in the vanguard of the searchers after positive knowledge, as was the case with the ancient Egyptian priesthood. Those men, supposing that the knowledge of the truth, by the mass of the people, would be dangerous to the maintenance of the existing order of affairs, instituted secret rites, to guard jealously, for the benefit of the few initiated, their precious knowledge; of those rites, certain degrees of the Masonic order of the present day are the degenerate descendants. In proportion as the influence of abstract religious dogmatic teachings, on the mass of the people, was growing less, the influence of the discoveries of science, of the increase of positive knowledge, concerning the material universe, grew stronger and stronger. The invention of printing has, for more than four centuries, been flooding the world with books, so that now almost every man may possess his own library, at a less cost than in ancient times a single book could be obtained for; to this is added, in our day, an unparalleled development of journalism, scientific, political, and religious. Not only our stock of knowledge has increased; its diffusion has increased in a still greater ratio; and, if our religious teachers and leaders only take this into account, and provide such measures as will cause their profession to be at the head of civilization, as well scientifically as in other respects, as was the case with the ancient Egyptian priesthood, there is no doubt that their useful and necessary influence will become greater than ever before, for the simple reason of the immense moral power which must be the necessary result of the combination of scientific knowledge with a religious mission and strict morality.

The Reporter says that at the annual meeting of Somerset Central Agricultural Society, held at Skowhegan Feb. 31, the following board of officers was chosen for the ensuing year: President, Almer Coburn; Vice President, L. C. Emery, W. D. Hayden; Secretary, W. B. Snow; Treasurer, W. B. Snow; Trustees, Warren Russell, D. Snow, Albion McIntire; Standing Committee on Stock, A. Crawford, L. C. Emery, H. C. Burleigh; Standing Committee on Crops, Peter Malbon, Joshua Burns, B. M. Hight.

By the death of Mrs. Byron Greenough a legacy of her late husband of about \$25,000 to the Maine Baptist Missionary Convention becomes available. This organization has charge of the interests of feeble Baptist churches in Maine.

It is said that the best scholar in the University of Michigan is a girl, Miss V. L. Hite, of Kentucky, who has solved a problem in mathematics that for fifteen years has puzzled the graduating classes, each class averaging one hundred men.

Much hay is saved by foddering with pine boards, said one. Aye, true, as pine boards keep out the cold, which would otherwise have to be provided against by grain or hay. Moral—Money may be saved by providing comfortable quarters for stock.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

NEARLY 80 persons, of all ages, from Waterville, Winslow, and Vassalboro', called upon Father Adams, in Winslow, the 7th of Feb., the anniversary of his 80th birthday. Some went in the afternoon, but the larger part in the evening. It was a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion. Soon after it was announced that his friends proposed to visit him that day, presents began to flow in. Three loads of excellent wood were put into his wood-house—a letter came from Hallowell containing \$3,—another from Chicago containing \$5, and on the evening of the gathering still another having \$10. After the people had all assembled, a roll of bills and script was placed in the hands of Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, who in a brief address presented them to Father Adams, with the congratulations of his friends that he had arrived at his 80th birthday, expressing the pleasure that all felt that he had returned to live in the midst of the people among whom, in former years, he had labored in the gospel ministry, and to witness the fruits of those labors, and see, instead of the fathers, the children rising up to do him honor; also expressing the hope that he might live many years and be a blessing to the community where he now resides. Father Adams very touchingly replied, his heart being too full to give utterance to all of his feelings. He tendered his grateful acknowledgments to all present for this renewal token of interest manifested on this occasion, not forgetting the great interest exhibited at the 50th anniversary of his settlement in the ministry; and remarked that the Psalmist's statement in regard to those who arrived at "four score," found Ps. 90; 10, was not true in his case, he did not experience the *labor and sorrow* there spoken of, for goodness and mercy had followed him all his days. He thought sometimes, that Job's experience, especially the latter part of it, was his; for, though at one time when fighting the battles against king Alcohol, in charge of a temperance paper, he was peculiarly reduced to the same condition of Job, all his property being swept away; ever since that time his means have gradually increased, and his friends all seem to be giving him a piece of money. Indeed, bank bills have repeatedly fallen in his hands, as unexpected as if they had dropped from heaven. He wished especially to encourage his brethren in the ministry to trust in God, that Jesus was a good treasurer and would always take care of them; the promise found Ps. 37: 3 would always be fulfilled. He remarked that sometimes he had sad moments; only the day before, a boy brought him a letter at an hour when he was not accustomed to receive any mail, and the address was written in a strange hand, and the postmark was "Chicago," and on one corner the ominous words "Will the P. M. please deliver immediately." He had a son in that city and knew no one else there—could it be that his son was dead! All can imagine how his heart sunk within him and his hands trembled as he broke the seal marking to his daughter, "here must be sad news for us." But the contents of the letter was as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 3, 1872.

RAY THOMAS ADAMS,
Winslow, Maine.
Dear Sir, I have learned with much pleasure, by the Waterville Mail, that there is to be a gathering of your friends at your house in Winslow on Wednesday next—your 80th birthday. Though I have not the privilege of seeing you for nearly thirty years, I yet claim to be one of those friends, in whose memory your name will ever be green; and shall esteem it a kindness if you will accept the inclosed trifle—\$5,—from one whom if you accept the proffered, welcomed in terms so encouraging when he began writing with his "Yankee Blade." I pray that *deus in cunctis rediens*, and that your aim may shine more and more brightly as it nears its setting, I remain

Your brother in Christ,

WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

May the saddest moments of our venerated Father Adams, always be turned into joy as suddenly as in this case, and may his last moments in life be as full of the sweetest experience of the Master's presence and sustaining grace, is the prayer of one who was at the gathering, and

AN EYE WITNESS.

CARD.

FATHER ADAMS' tenders his heartfelt acknowledgments to his "friends and former parishioners," who, in goodly number, favored him with a call in the afternoon and evening of his eightieth birthday. It is seldom that a "father" finds himself surrounded by a happier or better behaved family; and it is hoped they will be pardoned for reversing on this occasion the scripture rule; "The children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children."

EDITOR STICKNEY, of the Presque Isle *Sunrise*, pitches into the prize package nuisance, which, by consent of railroad officials, exists on all the railroads and is also found in too many of our shops and stores. He makes the following figures, based upon a package he bought:

This package contained one and a half ounce of candy. A hundred of such packages would contain about nine and one-half pounds, worth to the extent ninety-five cents. The hundred packages are sold for \$10.00. Suppose it be true that one in a hundred contains \$2.20 in currency and \$1.00 in gold, which by the way is not, this peddler makes \$5.55 on each one hundred packages he sells. He knows, however, there is neither gold nor currency in one in a thousand of them. He knows he is cheating somebody every time he sells a package. He is simply educating himself to be a cheat, a villain and a trickster when he becomes a man. He is educating himself to be a defaulter in some bank, a thief in some store, or to live by his wits rather than by honest industry or honorable business. Of the thousands who pass over the road any number of them have an inkling for getting something without giving an equivalent, and so they buy a package with the forlorn hope of getting a dollar for ten cents, and every time they lose, or if perchance once in five hundred times trying they get it, they strengthen the passion to get something without paying for it. Can the managers of the E. & N. A. Railway afford to suffer such business to be transacted in their cars? Can they afford to educate boys to be villains? Can they afford to aid in breaking down the moral sense and conscience of one, two, ten or a hundred boys and foolish men by permitting such a business? Can they afford to suffer hundreds and thousands of men to be annoyed, who travel over their road and think precisely as we think of such business? But we have no reason to suppose that the gentlemen who control this road know anything about this practice in their cars, and take this method of calling their attention to the fact.

Wm. Foster, convicted of the brutal murder of Avery D. Putnam, on a horse car in New York city, last April, has applied for a new trial.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's health is said to be rapidly failing. He is nearly 71 years of age.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 16, 1872.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York.
S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay Building, Boston.
GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. O. EVANS, 100 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

GOLDEN WEDDING.—It had been previously announced in letters of gold that "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Doolittle would celebrate their Golden Wedding on Monday, Feb. 12." Consequently the spacious and elegant home of the party named, on Silver-St., was well filled by their friends before the fashionable hour of 9 o'clock. The greeting of the bride and bridegroom, the display of wedding gifts, the social hour of the guests, and the luxurious wedding feast,—these make a golden wedding. It is a festival which many desire and few win. This was one of marked interest. A townsman of thirty years, earnest, faithful and honest in all the duties that interest his fellow citizens—in the church, in town affairs, in business enterprises, and in social life—involves his neighbors to come and witness that for half a century he has enjoyed the blessings that can only come from wedded life. The greetings of their guests are a memorial of approbation which is to cheer the faithful husband and wife in the years that remain. Here were hearty greetings, and from as many as the spacious room would hold. Here were presents—a gold headed cane, pitcher and goblets, a wedding ring, gold sleeve buttons, &c.,—to be a record of friends when failing memory shall need such helps. The company broke up in due season, after an evening of rare enjoyment; and with better convictions that the socialism and the philosophies of free-love are a sham, and that in the true marriage is found the true condition of life.

FARM CLUBS.—The Southern Division Club is evidently one of the most lively in this section. From week to week they fill a house, from parlor to kitchen, and go on with their work as though they had nothing else to do. The men take the most comfortable room, the kitchen;—the women fill the dining or sitting room and the boys and girls of suitable age to play "button" take the parlor. This is the way we saw it recently at the house of the president, Mr. G. A. Parker. The subject was a good one—the relative value of oxen and horses for farm teams. Opinion varied enough to make a smart debate, after which there was a vote which settled nothing; and we came to the conclusion that the question depended upon the condition and circumstances of the farm and the kind of help employed. So they all thought, we guess.

But, better than this discussion in the kitchen was the pleasant talk of the wives in the sitting room. Of course we didn't hear it, but it was bound by none of the formal rules that hold the tongues of the men to a particular line. They talked of what they pleased;

"In friendly chat," they talked of this and then of that. Who ever heard a little assembly of women talk in any other way?

The liveliest and noisiest, and probably the happiest assembly, was that in the parlor. We only stole a look in at the door, but it happened to be just as that young fellow was down upon one knee and a pretty girl sat down upon the other, while he paid a debt of some kind—not what would be called a bill debt in common trade. Two little four-year-old "lillies" in the mean time danced hand in hand about the room, regardless of all rules but those of their own innocent pleasure. This was only what we saw at a glance; the whole evening had other revelations that we have no right to report if we could—and we can't. We could better copy a picture of thirty or forty years ago, not a bad picture to copy either.

At 10 o'clock one after another the sleighs were filled at the door, and the party was distributed about the neighborhood for a circle of two or three miles;—and this was a Farmer's Club.

Strange, we thought as we rode home, how any neighborhood large enough for a club will do without one. It is not merely the pleasant and profitable discussion in the kitchen, nor the cheerful social chat in the sitting room, nor yet the happy merry-making in the parlor; but all these together are profitable beyond estimate.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH in Pittsfield, which has been thoroughly rebuilt was re-dedicated on Thursday. Rev. G. W. W. Quimby, of Augusta, preached the sermon, and among the clergymen present were Rev. Messrs. Bates of Bangor, Moor of Augusta, and Skinner of Waterville.

Mr. RICHARDS, who held the office of Register of Probate by temporary appointment, died quite suddenly, last Friday. This reduced the number of candidates for the office to two—Hewins of Augusta, and Percival of Waterville. The Augusta man, however, having long been an office holder and an active party man, had the inside track, and received the appointment. We presume that Mr. Percival will come before the people as a candidate at the next election.

THE KANSAS SPIRIT is the name of a new paper just started in Lawrence, Kansas, by I. S. Kallack & Co. It is a handsome sheet, quarto form, with broad and generous columns filled with reading of a character to make good its title to its supplementary heading—"A Journal of Home and Husbandry." It is full of life and spirit, as any one would know if it were in Mr. Kallack's hands.

We are sorry to notice that Mr. K's Jerseys have suffered from the unusually severe winter, but there is nothing very serious, and he gathers a useful lesson from his misfortune.

PERCIVAL, the accomplished lady correspondent of the Portland Press, makes the following pleasant mention of our representative.

Possibly no one of the younger members of this legislature has so signally distinguished himself in debate thus far during the session as Mr. Webb of Waterville, making, as has been generally conceded, even by his opponents, the most effective speech of the past four days, hot and heavy warfare of words. Personally, Mr. Webb is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, tall, slim and not particularly robust looking. With dark brown hair and eyes, a low, full and projecting forehead, straight aquiline nose, and well set mouth, that has a habit of compressing itself a little scornfully when its owner is not well pleased, and expanding into a broad laugh at the quickly appreciated joke. A brown, well kept moustache, and faintly appearing side-whiskers are the additional face coming appendages of the pale scholar. Besides this, it is necessary to say that he is inclined to nicety in matters of dress, is very frank and unreserved in manners, putting one immediately at their ease in his presence, and causing them very soon to forget that he has ever been a stranger. Has a wearied air when sitting or walking, and has a habit of lounging with his elbow upon the nearest resting place, and his hand supporting his head, springing apparently from a not over vigorous constitution. Speaks in a clear smooth voice that is easily and distinctly heard, and gives the subject matter of his arguments in concise and definite language, rendered pointed and effective by shrewd arrangements and witty allusions.

LORD MAYO, Governor General of India, was publicly assassinated on Thursday of last week, by a Mussulman convict and zealot. The Mussulmans do not readily accept the situation in India, and are in open rebellion in the Loeshai district, towards which a formidable force is advancing to subdue them. Lord Mayo was a man of some literary ability, and wrote a book called St. Petersburg and Moscow. His assassination made a profound impression in India, where a judge of one of the courts had just been killed under similar circumstances.

REV. DR. SHELTON has entered upon the duties of the office of County Supervisor. The legislature has shown an emphatic inclination not to change the present system, and Dr. Sheldon's long service with the machinery of education is supposed to give him marked fitness for the field he has entered.

LEWISTON WEEKLY GAZETTE.—This is the title of a large paper, the first number of which was issued last Saturday by William H. Waldron, formerly connected with the newspaper press, who believes that there is room in a community of 24,000 people for two papers, even though one of them is as good as the Journal. It is a handsome and well filled sheet.

The rush of business is so great in Bangor that funerals are impeded in their passage through the streets by persons driving between the hecks. Why, they treat St. Patrick's procession with more courtesy than that, in the city of New York!

Mr. Mark Paine, of Kustis Plantation, Dead River, at work lumbering, committed suicide recently by shooting himself. He was a man of excellent character, about 30 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

THE PORTLAND PRESS makes too much of the fact that we differ from our representatives in regard to certain railroad charters, especially when it construes anything we have said into a "rebuke" of either our senator or representative. We commend their course on the loan bill, as not only just towards the M. C. Railroad but right and honorable in behalf of the public. The argument of Mr. Webb against the Lewiston and Auburn bill—which has since been enacted—gave him great credit in the house, as a fair and logical defence of the position he took. It failed to convince us. The "Maine Central influences," to which the Press alludes, have never been wasted upon us. More powerful engines like the Press, are better worth their efforts. We have shared their courtesies in common with other editors, but know nothing of their sins as seen by the Portland Press.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS have been denied the privilege of appearing before the U. S. House of Representatives.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD Co., as will be seen by referring to notice in our advertising columns, will hold its annual meeting in our Town Hall, on Wednesday, 28th inst.

There was a race on snow shoes, last week, in Bangor, between two business men, which was fun probably to the lookers on.

Mr. H. M. Heywood, a member of Colby University, is preaching to the Baptist Church in Searsmont, where quite a revival is reported.

OUR TABLE.

READER, do you take the Illustrated Christian Weekly? If not, you fail to enjoy one of the best papers, if not the best of its class in the country. The articles are valuable, giving in a condensed form a variety of reading matter interesting to all classes; the illustrations are beautiful, and in short, the whole make up of the paper is in good taste. \$2.00 a year. American Tract Society, 160 Nassau St., New York City.

We are sorry to learn that Ticonic Division of the Sons of Temperance were unsuccessful in their late effort to raise a small sum for the purchase of an organ. The exhibition of "The Drunkard" had not the right attractions for our community. A few evenings later a travelling theatrical company took some two hundred dollars for showing "Who killed Cock Robin." All have the right to choose their own amusements; but a hundred dollars invested in music for our young folks at home put to our mind pay better interest than if put into the pockets of a travelling theater. After an intimate acquaintance of nearly twenty-five years, we feel confident that the Sons of Temperance have done and are still doing much good among the young folks of our village. Their social influence is felt beyond the limits of their rules, and their direct lessons and examples of temperance have made their mark upon the youth of our village. They spend an evening once a week at their hall, filling the time with music, readings, declamations, and such social intercourse as everybody admits to be profitable to the young.

Music is a leading feature, in their entertainment, and a large number have set their hearts earnestly upon having a parlor organ. No generous philanthropist has yet come forward to make them a donation, and thus bring down a shower of blessings under which it would be delightful to be smothered. So they propose to commit their cause to the generosity of our villagers—where no truly good cause ever solicited in vain. Some young ladies will call upon the fathers and mothers who are interested in the welfare of the young, and ask them to help complete the sum already nearly one-third raised. Most heartily we commend them to favor. Cast in your scrip, ye who can, and thus help to increase the number who have learned temperance and sobriety at home, to enable them to stand the buffetings of dissipation in lands that feel under it. Many noble men and women are now giving; these lessons abroad, who learned them and became strong in them in Ticonic Division.

"Once more to the breach!" Memorial Halls are not built in a day; and if it takes years, the work is a good one. On Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., they are to commence a series of evening lectures at West Waterville, to pay the debt due on their Memorial Hall. Three evenings are embraced in the plan, with a programme that promises to excel all past efforts. The leaders in this enterprise have labored long and well, and they most emphatically deserve patronage and success.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY had a pleasant social gathering at Town Hall, last evening, for the benefit of the Sabbath School, and the Unitarians will have a similar one next Monday evening at the same place.

Two fashionable burglars, just arrested in New York, offered \$5000 each to be released, but that was altogether too low a figure and they are held.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER, gives us the earliest news from Augusta, as well as from all parts of the country. In the early morning we frequently read of what has happened at our capital the afternoon previous.

They have commenced a series of Washingtonian meetings in Augusta, and are obtaining many signatures to the pledge of total abstinence.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE has now the largest number of pupils ever recorded on its lists; and all the former pupils rejoice to welcome Miss Ricker back, who comes with health re-established.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—The Spring Term of this well known institution will commence on the 11th of March, as will be seen by reference to advertisement in another column. The accommodations for pupils must be excellent now that the new building is occupied.

THE through trains on the Maine Central have been run over the back route for a few days, in consequence of a broken bridge near Richmond.

ANOTHER fearful storm of wind and snow is reported at the west on Monday afternoon and evening. The thermometer at Sioux City indicated 18 to 20 below zero, and several persons were frozen to death. The railroads are all snowed in. The winter at the west is the opposite of ours, which has thus far been very mild and pleasant, but not a single hard storm.

THE jury in the Stokes murder trial has been selected, but the prisoner's counsel are resorting to all sorts of ingenious pleas to stay proceedings. The trial must be a long one.

J. M. LUNT, Esq., Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, has established his residence in Portland.

CANDY bought at a levee in Turner village, poisoned several persons, and one (John Keazar, son of Samuel F. Keazar) died from its effects—so the physicians say.

We do not hear that our Senators and Representatives have moved in the matter of opening a highway through Augusta Dam, in obedience to the recent vote of our town.

Kendall's Mills Post Office will be known as "Fairfield," after July 1st, and Fairfield Meeting House as "West Fairfield."

THE TICONIC COMPANY of Waterville, has just been chartered by the Legislature. We have not seen a copy of the bill, but the editor of Kennebec Journal, who has, says:—

The incorporators are D. L. Milliken, G. A. Phillips, Frank H. Smith, Samuel Appleton, F. P. Hasland, E. G. Meader, C. R. McFadden, Elias Milliken, C. K. Mathews, Reuben Foster, E. F. Webb, I. S. Bangs, Nathaniel Meader, F. R. Drummond. The company has been authorized by the Legislature to carry on, at the Ticonic Falls in Waterville and Winslow, the manufacture of cotton, wool, flax, iron, steel, paper, flour, lumber, leather and other articles necessarily connected therewith, and to purchase, hold and possess estate, real and personal, to an amount not exceeding one million dollars. The corporation is also empowered to purchase the real and personal estate of the Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing company, and all the rights and franchises of said company, and in case of such purchase to have and enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities conferred upon said Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing company by its act of incorporation and all acts additional thereto.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that at the Republican Caucus of the members of the Legislature Wednesday evening, the following were elected Delegates at Large to the Republican National convention at Philadelphia:—Hon. J. W. Porter of Burlington, Chairman; Hon. Eben Woodbury of Houlton, Secretary; Hon. F. A. Pike of Calais; Hon. Frederick Robie of Gorham; Hon. Isaiah Stetson of Bangor; Hon. E. C. Farrington of Fryeburg; Hon. John Hall of Berwick; Hon. Seth Tisdale of Ellsworth; F. C. Perkins of Farmington; Hon. Edwin Flye of Newcastle, were chosen alternates.

The Caucus also adopted a resolution endorsing GRANT AND COLFAX.

WHO CAN DRINK MODERATELY?—A moderate drinker always tells me, "I can give it up when I please." So you can. But when you say so, you don't please, and you never intend to please. It depends more on the temperament than on the strength of mind whether if a man drink he becomes a drunkard. You take a cold, phlegmatic man, and he is not likely to become a drunkard. He may be a good man, a good faithful father, a good husband, a good Christian, for all I know; but he is not warm hearted, impulsive, quick and generous. His hands fall on yours cold and clammy. Give him drink and he feels "very comfortable." Give him a little more and he feels "very comfortable." Give him another and he will go to bed "very comfortable." Give him yet next morning feeling "very comfortable." You can't get him beyond the point of feeling "very comfortable." It may affect his vital organs in the end, but there is no evidence of his intemperance. Take the other extreme, for I am dealing in extreme cases. Take a young man, nervous, full of fire, full of poetry, and full of music; a young man who can sing a song or tell a story; noble hearted, and always ripe for some mischief. Give that man a glass of drink and what is its effect? He feels it in every fibre of his system. It weakens the power of his will—slightly. It warps his judgment—slightly. That man is a changed man—slightly. As he keeps on drinking, and mingles in the outer circles of the world, every circle becomes narrower, narrower, narrower. He says he will give it up when it is injuring him. It is false! false! When you find it is injuring you, then is the time you do not give it up; you are like the soldier who called out to his comrades within the ramparts, "I've got a prisoner." "Bring him in," said they. "He won't come," said he. "Then come in without him," said they. "He won't let me," said he. You think you know and can guard against all danger. You are like the pilot who said he knew every rock in the channel. He steered clear of them for a while, but finally the ship struck. "That's one of 'em, Captain," said he. —[John B. Gough.]

Died in Winona, Minnesota, in April last, Ephraim Tripp, aged 73 years. Mr. Tripp was a graduate of Waterville College, in the first class, afterwards a Tutor in it for several years. He was a brother of Rev. L. S. Tripp of Surry, and a son of Rev. Jona. Tripp, late of Hebron, Maine.

ANTI-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.—A movement is being set on foot to regulate Catholicism in this country. It consists in the projected establishment of a United States Commission, which shall have power periodically to enter the doors of all nunneries and Popish institutions and offer liberty to such as may desire it. It is believed that unwarrantable restraints are placed upon inmates of the cloisters, and a step like this would go far to correct abuses if they exist, or set public opinion right if they do not exist. It is difficult to conceive why a Catholic nunnery should be any more inviolable to authorized inspection than an insane asylum or private madhouse.

Tuesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Jacob G. Wentworth, of Sanford, was driving an ox-team, with a load of bark, to Ricker's tannery, in Berwick, when he fell under the sled, breaking his backbone, from the effects of which he died at eleven o'clock. He was 57 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.

The Gilbreth Knox horse, belonging to the estate of the late J. H. Gilbreth of Kendall's Mills, has been appraised at \$12,000, and it is said the administrator has been offered \$13,000.

Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, says he apprehends no difficulty between the United States and Great Britain. He believes that everything will be satisfactorily adjusted.

Readfield farmers who have been starving their cattle on a mess of brackes, instead of giving them proper food, have lost them as they might have expected.

John Bright denies that he favors "Home Rule" for Ireland, and says to have two representative Legislative Assemblies or Parliaments in the United Kingdom would, in his opinion, be an intolerable mischief.

A Yale freshman writes home: "Went to recitation first time Tuesday, and on the way caught up with a young fellow who, in answer to my inquiry, said he was going to the same recitation I was. It seemed queer that so young a boy could have entered college. He asked me if I had looked at my lesson, and I said 'No,' with a laugh. He laughed too. When the recitation began, I noticed the same fellow was conducting it."

Wool continues to rise, and has touched 65 cts. for extra; medium 75 to 78.

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 shyly of another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing; from 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 soft-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 postcard 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.

"As cannot wither, custom cannot stale His 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 who are in their charge. The pictures that children's eyes rest on as they are dropping off to sleep, or as they awake in the morning, seem 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 a 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 portrait 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, with 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 to 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 \$2.00. This will entitle the subscriber to the paper and to the above pair of beautiful Oil Chromos. *THE CHRISTIAN UNION, Illustrated Holiday Number*, (38 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.

SPECIMEN COPIES of the paper will be mailed FREE of postage to any address on receipt of six cents by J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York. For full particulars, see advertisement in the next column, headed "Why?"

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 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.; 285 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 4 w.

"WIDE AWAKE" & "Fast Asleep"—A pair of superb French Oil Chromos—subject LIFE SIZE—exquisite fac-similes 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 1,200 in one week; 3 months; another 600 in six weeks; another 118 in one week; 47 in one day, and many others equally well, making from \$5 to \$10 to \$40 per day. Take an agent! An old agent who knows says: "I think it the best business for canvassers ever offered. Sorry I did not engage to sell days before than any book agency. A rare chance to me, 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 ways 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. Ellinwood'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 other possibly objectionable advertisements nor anything to offend the pious 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 ATTRACTIONS 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 \$10, 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 very 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 Union, 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 *CHRISTIAN UNION*.

4. The Illustrated Holiday Number of the *Christian Union* (38 pages) will be sent FREE to all who now subscribe for the year 1872.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are as follows: **One Year only \$3.00.**

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MISCELLANY.

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

COME, mother, set the kettle on,
And put the ham and eggs to fry;
Something to eat,
And make it neat,
To please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
For Jamie is our only son, you know,
The rest have perished long ago!
He's coming from the wars to night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free,
His old, loved home again to see.
I say for't 'twas a cur's thing
That Jamie was not maimed nor killed!
Five were the years,
With hopes and fears,
And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled;
And many a night, the past five years,
We've lain within our cottage here,
And while the rain storm came and went,
We've thought of Jamie, in his tent;
And offered many a silent prayer,
That God would keep him in his care.
I say for't 'twas a cur's thing
That Jamie was not maimed nor killed!
Five were the years,
With blood and tears,
With cruel, bloody battles filled;
And many a morn, the past five years,
We've knelt around the bedside here,
And while we thought of bleeding ones,
We've thought of him and breathed a prayer,
That God would keep him in his care.
Nay, Adie, girl, just come away,
Touch not a dish upon the shelf!
Mother well knows
Just how it goes!
Mother shall set it all herself!
There's nothing to a wanderer's looks,
Equal to food that mother cooks;
There's nothing to a wanderer's taste,
Like food where mother's heart is traced;
Though good a sister's heart and will,
A mother's love is better still.
She knows the side to put his plate,
She knows the place to put his chair;
Many a day,
With spirit gay,
He's talked, and laughed, and eaten there;
And though five years have come and gone,
Our hearts for him beat true and true,
And keep a place for him every day,
As well as ere he went away;
And he shall take, as good as new,
His old place at the table, too;
And opposite to him, again,
Your place, my Adie, girl, shall be;
Mother, your place,
And kind old father,
I'll still have opposite to me;
And we will talk of olden days,
Of all our former happy ways,
And we will tell him what has passed,
Since he, dear boy, was with us last;
And how our eyes have felt grown dim
Whenever we converse of him.
And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, his skirmishes and all;
Many a tale
And pity those who had to fall;
And many a tale of sportive ways,
Will give, perhaps, to make us smile;
And when his stories are all done,
And when the evening will has gone,
We'll kneel around his bed once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.
Hark!—there's a sound! he's coming now;
Hark, mother! there's the sound once more;
Now on your feet,
With smiles to greet,
It's a heavy step and tone,
Too heavy far for one alone;
Perhaps the company extends
To some of his old comrades here,
Of whom they be or whence they came,
Of course we'll welcome them the same.
What bear ye on your shoulders, men?
Is it my Jamie, stark and dead?
What did you say?
Once more, I pray,
I did not gather what you said?
What! drunk! you tell that tale to me?
What! drunk! O God, it cannot be!
It cannot be my Jamie dead,
Lying in drunken slumber here,
It is, it is, as you have said;
Men, lay him on your waiting bed.
'Tis Jamie, yes—a bearded man,
Though bearing still some boyhood's traces;
Stained with the ways
Of reckless days,
Flushed with the winecup in his face;
Swelled with the fruit of reckless years;
Bobbed of each trait that o'er endears,
Except the heart distressing one
That Jamie is our only son.
Oh, mother, take the kettle off,
And set the ham and eggs away!
What was my crime
And when the time
That I should live to see this day!
For all the griefs I ever drew,
And all the griefs I ever knew,
And all the tears I ever shed,
Above our children that are dead,
And all the care that creased my brow,
Were naught to what comes o'er me now.
I would to God that when the three
We lost were hidden from our view,
Jamie had died,
And by their side
Had lain all pure and spotless, too!
I would this rain might fall above
The grave of him we loved to love;
Rather than hear his coming traced
Upon this roof he has disgraced!
But, mother, Adie, come this way
And let us kneel and humbly pray.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.—Persons who stayed at home from church services Sunday may find an excuse to suit almost every occasion in the following list—

Overslept myself, could not dress in time, too hot, too cold, too windy, too snowy, don't feel disposed, no other time to myself, look over my letters to write to friends, mean to take a walk, going to take a ride, tired of business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sunday, can't breathe in church, always feel so full, feel a little feverish, feel a little chilly, feel very lazy, expect company to dinner, got a headache, intend nursing myself to-day, new bonnet not come home, tore my muslin dress down stairs, got a new novel must be returned on Monday, wasn't shaved in time, don't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing, don't like extemporary prayer, don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing without music, makes me nervous; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; nobody to day but our own minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at church.

To show the extravagance of some people, ladies are nowadays covering pin-cushions, sofa pillows, and tidies for the chairs, with real lace, sufficiently good to trim a handkerchief or waist of a dress. Some of the pin-cushions cost from \$20 to \$50, and the supply is equal to the demand.

The bishop of Strasburg notified the cabinet that the Holy See no longer recognizes the concordat as applying to Alsace and Lorraine. Bismarck replied that the Emperor of Germany will undertake independently of such a measure the church government of those provinces.

F. A. WALDRON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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