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Maxham & Wing

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me;
Oh, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Although my faith is dim,
Wavering and weak,
Yet still I come to thee,
In grace to seek—
Daily to plead with thee:
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

When earth looks bright and fair
Festive and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin,
Moved undefiled:
Oh, for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

Yea, though my faith be dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive:
Oh, take their young hearts now;
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee;
Though 't were my dying breath,
I'd cry to thee
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

—American Messenger.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.
IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

I.—CHOLOOKE.

Mr. FITZ PATRICK, a friend of mine in the south of Ireland, had invited me, then in London, to spend the month of July with him; and much as I dislike exposing a favorite horse to the risks of sea-travel, I took Cholooke with me.

I have always had a jealousy of grooms. To abandon a valuable animal to their influence and care is a kindred fault to that, even oftener seen, of substituting the nurse for the mother. Looked at merely as property, no kind of it thrives better than the horse for the constant use of the master's eye. Regarded in the light of a friend—as I considered Cholooke—the horse is not only happier for the attention of his master, but confers a happiness on him by his gratitude shown in affectionate manners and redoubled service, which no indolent horseman need ever expect to experience. I have never felt uneasy unless I visited my horse at least once a day. This has been particularly the case since Cholooke saved my life for the sixth time, although when I took steamer from Liverpool he had only obliged me to that extent five times; yet I could not persuade myself to leave him in the London stables. I had indeed gone so far as to send my luggage to the train for Liverpool before I had made up my mind to take him across the Channel. I had half an hour for lunch and lounging—picked up "Charley O'Malley" to amuse me between stout and sandwich—got struck with a fit of horse-enthusiasm—thought how proud I should be of Cholooke in Lever's country—saw a groom in the street whipping some other man's favorite horse unmercifully—and jumping into a cab reached the station in time to detain the train. When I did set out Cholooke was with me. And with me, not much the worse for wear, he landed in Ireland.

That change of mind was for me the luckiest turn of fortune's wheel. How Cholooke saved my life for the sixth time, together with his own, his master's, and, what is still more, his country's reputation, it is my intention herein to relate.

Cholooke is a strange name for a horse—I don't deny it. He was named after the loftiest waterfall in the known world—the greatest of the Great Yosemite falls, in California. There was a manifest propriety in this naming him, since his earliest christenings were in the spray flung by that fierce priest of nature, old Cholooke, who was baptizer, font, and sponsor all in one. Then, too, the namesakes resembled each other in temperament. My horse had his spurts and plunges like Cholooke. Neither of them would satisfy people who like mild-dams.

I never liked them. If any enterprising speculator in the picturesque should go about New York contracting to introduce a waterfall, on reasonable terms, into every body's back yard, he should not put one into mine. I would not have a waterfall that could go into a back yard. For the same reason I would not, at any figure, buy that animated spring-board known popularly as "the kind family horse." Niagara would please me no better were its roar warranted not to disturb the most delicate invalid. I would not comb Ben Lomond; nor would I twice look at a horse who had not enough spirit in him to behave as savagely as Cholooke did under the circumstances surrounding my first introduction to him.

Our meeting occurred at a San Francisco sales-stable, where I had gone to buy horses for a party consisting of myself and several other gentlemen about setting out for a tour of exploration in the Sierra.

I had selected for the examination of my friends the animals which I thought particularly to the taste of each, when I found I had left but scanty choice for myself. I was looking discontentedly at an animal, large-legged piebald, who, to believe his proprietor, had all the wisdom of Balaam's ass, and, to believe his ears, might have possessed the same pedigree. I had just made up my mind to look elsewhere, when a bright blood-bay of sixteen hands rushed up the front ramp, and nearly through the stable, out of the back door again.

"Oh! here's one you haven't seen," said the proprietor, getting out of his way with all dispatch.

"Humph!" insubordinately growled the groom. "Who wants that devil?"

I fixed my eyes on the subject of the conversation. He was frothing at the mouth like a case of demoniacal possession. He had torn the girth of a trotting-harness from his back, and every now and then snapped at the remainder viciously as a wild-cat, meanwhile uttering sounds unlike any previous horse utterance I ever heard, and in my mind, comparable only to the panting way in which men abuse each other in the breathless stage of a rough-and-tumble fight—a sort of o-o-o! terminating in a grasp of concentrated spite. It was only to be wondered that he had not smashed the thills and skeleton of the buggy which some unreasoning person had ventured to strap to his indignant sides.

He was a born saddle-horse. That was as plain as day. He knew it as well as I did; and when he saw me looking at him he stopped biting at his harness, and regarded me from his blood-shot, bulged-out eyes for several seconds, with an expression like the query—

"Stranger! can you understand why I rebel?"

I answered the question by walking up to him and patting his neck. The groom directed

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1866.

NO. 34.

Waterville Mail.

fully muttered, "Ye'd better love that alone;" but Cholooke did not seem to be of his opinion. He nipped at me once, but seeing that I did not start he paused, reflected, and then put his head around gently in play. I felt my way down his cheeks and nose, talking to him in that low petting voice to which a horse is as susceptible as a woman. Before long he was permitting me to examine his mouth and his feet, as if I had been the family farrier for generations up his pedigree.

My examination resulted in the knowledge that he was sound of wind and limb; in age rising six; well put together; capable of being trained both to speed and endurance; a good eater and of healthy habit, as indicated by a skin the most beautiful I ever saw over horse-flesh—soft and pliant as a woman's, with silky hair that lustrous bay shade which is iridescent in the sun. As I afterward found, not even a month's "picketing out" could make it lie roughly.

The frank confession of both proprietor and groom finally informed me that, as a drawback to the above excellences, Cholooke (then called "Scarem-much," as a stable-yard corruption of the name Scaramouche, under which a terrified lady-owner had sold him) was an animal of most uncertain and unfortunate temper, and gifted with all the vices under the sun. I saw, moreover, for myself, that he was perceptibly o-necked; but experience had taught me that, however much of a defect this trait may be in point of looks, it is anything else but that, as regards speed and endurance. In fact, it would be hard to quote from the calendars of the turf any first-class animals which curbed to a degree entitling him to a position among fashionable parade horses. All pasturing animals are apt to acquire the o-neck, and few peculiarities sooner become permanent.

As to Cholooke's moral defects I reasoned in this wise: "Here is a misunderstood intellect. I can not suppose that all the fury I have witnessed could be aroused by the mere heat and worry of a light trotting-harness. There is some common sense in a horse. He has adequate motives if one can but find them. He is enraged because he is entirely mismanaged. And he has the very shape for a saddle!"

Here—as the physical strayed into the moral field—I asked the proprietor if he had ever tried him under the saddle. The groom grinned, and answered for his superior that the last time a gentleman tried that the beast threw him and broke his arm.

I asked if the sufferer had been using a Mexican bit. The man said "Yes," and I replied that I had supposed so. The conference ended in my saddling him myself, bridling him with a plain snaffle, and riding away upon him, after the payment of seventy dollars in gold of the realm. But for his reputation I certainly could not have bought him under \$600.

My acquisition, like most of those desperate characters which philanthropy undertakes to educate up to the normal standard, was no case for sudden conversion, and gave me a tussle before he consented to reform. He was full of blood—three-quarters Morgan, and the rest belonging to a tribe of Mustangs famous for speed and endurance. He had the spirit and the obstinacy of both his sources. He liked me from the outset, but he was by no means disposed to accept me as his master until I had proved myself so. I felt all the fonder of him for that—a fondness growing out of respect—and set about presenting him the evidence necessary to complete conviction.

During the ten days which were to elapse before my party started for the Sierra I daily took Cholooke out for drill. In a very short time I found that he wanted nothing of exercise, his well-known ferocity having given him little to do but eat and drink during his stay at the sales-stable. He was presently able to make the distance between Point Lobos and the stables—eight miles—in twenty-six minutes. For a green horse I thought this satisfactory; especially as he only broke twice in the entire distance.

Regarding his spiritual state there still remained much ground for concern. On consulting my diary of that period I find—

1. Cholooke backed. The thing itself is dreadful enough without permitting ideal minds to make it worse than it is by pondering upon the mystery of the still more fearful word. I hasten, then, to define "backing" as a violent perpendicular leaping to the height of several feet, the animal landing perfectly stiff-legged, with an effect jarring to the nerves of the most rugged constitution, and producing in the most hermetically sealed countenance what refined doctors nowadays call "nasal hemorrhage."

For this vice one good prescription is to let the horse "back himself out." To accomplish this with ease to the rider every frontiersman's spur has a little iron bell dangling from the rowel. This, which in peaceful times jingles for cheerfulness, in times of tempest (i. e., "backing") is, by an adroit movement of the foot, thrown between the rays of the iron star. This brings the spur to a dead-lock. One of its points is thrust on each side of the horse in relation remaining from his fit of sulks, and will show him at once that you have only waited for him to return to reason that you might resume your own predetermined way.

But the grand constitutional remedy for Cholooke's backing (and how many sprigs and blossoms of evil fall off when that is applied at the roots!) I found to be making him love me. If he did that, he would like to have me on his back, and, of his own accord, would stop backing as a proceeding imperfectly calculated to keep me there. To my surprise, for it is one of the most obstinate of vices, this backing ceased to trouble me sooner than any defect in his character.

And that I might still see by what uncertain tenure I held his aristocratic favor he indulged in an eccentricity none the less painful, because,

so far as I can learn, it was purely original with himself.

2. This consists of a sudden blow delivered backward with the hardest part of the skull. It is not difficult to imagine that a horse's braincase coming without the slightest premonition, with the velocity of a prize-fighter's fist against a rider's thorax, is a dose which may unfit the strongest pair of lungs for their normal use for at least five minutes.

Regarding this vice too murderous to dally with I undertook to cure it immediately. It was the only mean, treacherous fault which Cholooke had; and the more reason, then, why I should at once give him my opinion of it. The third time that he exhibited it I had been an hour watching for him, and was ready. As his head came up my fist went down. They met just back of his ears along the crease. He reeled and staggered like a drunkard. A little child could have led him away. I looked to see him fall, and cleared my feet of the stirrups, but he presently recovered himself, went forward at a brisk rate sneezing, and never more attempted the trip-hammer trick on me.

3. Cholooke bit. I cured this vice by getting his mouth healthy, partly by a wash, of which myrrh and alum were the principal ingredients, and, still more, by the use of a rational bit. I never approached him without holding out some little tid-bit that associated my gestures toward his mouth with favorable impressions; and finally he permitted examinations of it with as much confidence as a baby shews in letting you feel its gums. Though his skin was so sensitive that he was slowly compelled to nip at insects, he never showed his teeth at a human acquaintance after the first six weeks of the service with me.

4. An insane propensity to break into the premises of private citizens. In the outskirts of San Francisco Cholooke was a terror to the inhabitants of shanties. He despised their humble inclosures, and undertook on every favorable occasion to flank their rails or tear down their pickets. He was fond of old straw hats, and did not scruple to take them from the heads of children belonging to suburban foreign parents. Within the city limits he behaved like Attila. Civilization had no boundaries for him. I have known him stop at a flight of freestone steps, and fill with dismay a family looking out of the parlor windows by a suddenly yet sternly conceived resolution to ascend to the porch and enter the front door. If we were far enough in the country to encounter rancho or barn-yard gates I invariably had a fight with him before I could persuade him to pass them. He was as obstinate upon the right of visit as an English Admiralty Lord, and took as long to be convinced that his freak could not be indulged. Firmness beyond his own, exerted with steady gentleness, was the remedy which proved finally successful; but at first I lived in constant uncertainty as to the exact line where society ceased to tolerate horse-training on the public highway; where misfortune shaded into a legal offence; and where my tribulations with Cholooke might amount to a cause for the action "Quare clausum fregit."

5. I will not further "peach" upon him to the public than to mention that he sometimes balked, and on such occasions was a Gibraltar in horse-flesh. More properly I should call him a Turpin Rock, because many an unhappy wretch had been thrown from his precipitous front when the notion of stopping short in a three-minute dash suddenly occurred to him. I sickened him of this terrific palsy by bringing his nose around close against my left knee, and keeping him in that position with my hand held low, while I spurred him upon the left flank so mercilessly that if I had worn anything but the blunt Mexican apparatus the blood would have streamed from my rowels. After turning him like a peg-top as long as I could stand it, I again gave him his head. For the first minute that receptacle of mischief was not of much use to him. While he was still thoroughly bewildered, and feeling wildly with his feet to keep himself from falling, I launched him forward at the top of his speed, hating him only when he was out of breath. This is not the way to deal with most balky horses. In harness a horse usually balks because his load is too heavy, or because inconsistent orders and general ignorant management have perplexed him. But Cholooke had no such excuses. His balking with me was the purest perversity, though mismanagement had doubtless originated the vice with him.

I shall have been followed thus far by horsemen. If any other readers have accompanied them I will make the rest of the way as interesting, in other technical respects, as I know how.

After I had reformed Cholooke I found, just as I had expected, that I had a horse in every respect superior to the six-hundred-dollar animal who had never needed reformation, or whose character had been formed by some other hand than his rider, and previous to his purchase. No dog ever possessed more attachment to his master, or a higher degree of intelligence. Cholooke was fast; I trotted him in three minutes without the spur. He was versatile; breaking into a gallop at word of command; falling into the pace by a mere touch on the shoulder; leaping any obstruction over which one could take a first-class English hunter; dancing in excellent time to music, or even to drum tap. He was so obedient that he would fight rather than leave the place to which I had assigned him without "rein-strap" or hitch of any kind; and his endurance was equal to his other virtues. As the crowning excellence of all he had "nous"—was the animal for an emergency, and not only knew how to shift for himself, but on occasion for his rider also.

Having abundance of time I sent on my luggage by the common conveyance, and, on the back of Cholooke, pursued my journey from the coast to my friend's estate.

FAITH AND WORK.—A distinguished clergyman lately preached a sermon on "faith," in which he took the ground that it was the source of all power and achievement, and more trustworthy than any physical or material advantage. While he was going home, after church, one of his congregation, accosting him, said that he was expecting to be assaulted by a bully whom he had offended, and good-humoredly inquired if he should trust to faith or muscle in the impending contest? "To faith! by all means to faith!" earnestly re-

sponded the preacher: but he instantly added, and with a gesture suited to the occasion "you must show your faith by your good works!"

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The amendment to the Constitution reported by the Joint Committee (and passed by the House of Representatives) excluding from the basis of representation all that portion of the population of any State which may be disfranchised by the State laws on account of race or color—has some manifest advantages over the proposition to make legal voters the basis of representation. In the first place, it does not, as the latter would have done, punish the older States for sending large drafts of their young men to the West, by depriving them of a large proportion of their federal weight. In the next place, it does not tempt the States into competing for voters, and getting them of whatever quality, where and how they can, and at whatever cost. It would leave the public judgment free to decide whether any qualifications are necessary for the exercise of the franchise, and, if any, what they ought to be.

But then it would not settle the Southern difficulty. It does not restore or secure any human being in any of the revolted States in the possession of his rights. It does not provide for freedom of speech or freedom of the person, or freedom of instruction. It does nothing for the restoration of industry. It does not furnish any Southerner with a single reason for laying aside his old fear or hatred for the Union, or for desiring to be in feeling, as well as in fact and in law, one of its citizens. It does not remove any of the causes, whatever they may be, which now either hinder or retard the assimilation of society in both sections into one homogeneous whole. We do not say that its failure to do any of these things is a good reason for opposing it. It may have uses, and great and grave uses, without accomplishing one of these results. But then, these are, after all, the great ends of any process of reconstruction. Any amendment of the seventy now before the public that does not help us to obtain these results, ought to have very striking merits of some kind to entitle it to weeks of debate and the solemn confirmation of a national vote.

What will this amendment accomplish? It will, certainly, as long as the Southern States do not choose to admit the colored population to political equality, diminish the representation of those States in Congress. This may be a gain; for the present, and as long as they exhibit the least restlessness under the public debt, or the least disposition to make us pay for the damage done to their property in following their armies over their territory, it certainly will be a gain. If they do admit the negroes to political rights, there is, of course, every probability that the vote of the latter will be cast on our side, and the addition they would make to the Southern delegation would weigh in our favor. But, then, suppose the South should give up all hope of damaging the public credit—suppose they should consider it quixotic; should perceive that, owing to the mode in which the public debt was contracted; owing to the character and influence and wide diffusion through the land of those who hold it; owing, too, to the sacredness of the associations which surround it, to the strong hold it has on the heart of the North, as the very price of national existence, they should abandon definitely all hope of either impairing its value or swelling its volume by adding to it any portion of their own burdens—suppose they should be satisfied, after a little better acquaintance with Northern feeling, that the least attempt to lay a finger on it would cause the very stones of the free States to rise and mutiny, and they should make up their minds to sit down quietly and pay the taxes necessary for its redemption—what then?

We should undoubtedly have escaped a great danger. But where would we stand? The South would have a few delegates less in Congress than it would like to have, and one great cause of Northern uneasiness would have been removed. But then the problem of all others which puzzles us most just now—the problem of social and political inequality at the South—would remain as far from solution as ever. A large portion of the Southern population might still, probably would still, be permanently excluded from the citizenship on grounds which we all hold to be absurd and unchristian, if not utterly repugnant to the spirit of our institutions. Caste at the South might still be created and perpetuated. A feudal system, based on serfdom, would still be possible under the Constitution. But this is not the worst of it. All this we have had in times past without thinking ourselves morally responsible for it. The trouble is that, the present amendment once passed, we should be morally responsible for it. The question would have been solemnly submitted to the Congress and people of the United States, whether a State with a "republican form of government" should have a right to disfranchise a portion of its population for being of a particular color or belonging to a particular race, if it choose to cut down proportionally its representation in Congress; and would have been solemnly answered in the affirmative.

The choice in this case does not lie between an exercise of the "war power" and a constitutional amendment, as it did when negro suffrage began to be first debated, but between two constitutional amendments. An amendment forbidding any man's exclusion from political rights on the ground of race or color is still possible. It would, perhaps, hang fire for the present in some of the Northern States; but it would certainly be carried before very long. In days when New Jersey votes for the abolition of slavery, nothing is impossible. And we confess we believe that the submission to the country, by the national legislature, of a proposition to strike out at once and forever from every statute book the last traces of the great stain of our history, might bring the matter home to the national conscience with a force that would soon show that the votes in some States, such as Connecticut or Wisconsin, did not, after all, express the feeling of the people in its highest and noblest moods. At all events, we should be saved from the danger which now threatens us, of establishing a bad precedent for the sake of avoiding a temporary inconvenience. [The Nation.]

GRABBING SHEEP. Daily do we see sheep grabbed by the wool and hauled about. Will people never learn better? Let some one take them by the hair, and they would probably learn a lesson. Could they look under the skin they would be surprised how much suffering they inflicted—for the sheep is dumb, and does not tell its pain. Take by the neck—any place rather than the wool—any place but the hair. So it is where sheep are hooked or thumped or knocked about. They are tender it must be remembered—more so than any stock on the farm.

ALTERATION IN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives, fixing a standard of weights and measures, to take effect, if possible, on the 1st day of July, 1867. It provides:—First, That the unit of length shall be the metre, or, in millionths part of the distance from the pole to the equator, measuring at the level of the sea. Its multiples shall be the decimeter, hectometer, kilometer and myriometer, its subdivisions the decimeter, centimeter, and millimeter. The unit of surface shall be the are or square decimeter; one square meter shall be called centiare, and one square hectometer be called hectare. The unit of solidity shall be the ster or cubic meter, its subdivisions the decister, centister and millister. The unit of capacity shall be the liter or cubic decimeter, its multiples the decaliter or terriliter, its subdivisions the deciliter, centiliter and milliliter.

Second, For the purpose of assessing or collecting duties and taxes for the sale of public lands, and all purposes where strict accuracy is not required, the following list of approximate equivalents is established:—One decimeter, four inches, one meter, one and one-tenth yards; one decimeter, five-tenths of one chain; one kilometre, six hundred and twenty-five thousandths of a mile; one centiare, one and five-tenths acres; one liter, three hundred and seventy-five thousandths of a gallon; kilogram, two-tenths pounds, avoirdupois; one ton, two thousand, two hundred and forty pounds.

The bill proceeds at length to fix all the various weights and measures in accordance, it is understood, with the French decimal system.

RESOURCES OF MAINE.—A correspondent of the Portland Press has collated from the Census Returns some statistics relative to the resources of this State, which are worthy of attention. We therefore copy some of these items for the consideration of our readers. It appears that the quantity of improved lands in the State, in farms is 2,704,113 acres, and unimproved in farms 3,023,535, being nearly one-fifth part of the whole State; the cash value of which is set down at \$78,688,225. The whole number of farms into which this is divided is 55,675, of which 23,898 are between 20 and 50 acres, thus by small sub-divisions giving the lairiest room for thorough cultivation. The average number of acres in the farms was 103; the increase in the number of them from 1850 was 8,938, with an increase in the number of acres improved of 664,537.

In sheep, Maine has 402,472, standing next to Vermont; milch cows 79,762; horses 147,314; swine 60,639. The yield of maple sugar is 306,742 pounds; of maple syrup 32,679 gallons. Of butter Maine contributes 11,687,781 pounds, and of cheese 1,799,862 pounds. The great agricultural staples of Maine are hay and potatoes; of the former the quantity produced was 975,803 tons, the States of Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio only exceeding us; in that article there was an increase over 1850 of nearly 110,000 tons, and the value of which, estimating it at the moderate price of \$10 per ton, amounts to the large sum of nearly ten millions of dollars. Of Irish potatoes 9,474,617 bushels, exceeding every State but New York and Pennsylvania, and yielding at the average price of fifty cents a bushel, \$3,187,308. Of barley there is raised 802,106 bushels; oats 236,519 bushels; peas and beans 246,615 bushels; rye 123,287 bushels; wheat 233,876 bushels; Indian corn 1,546,071 bushels.

Messrs. Fred. Douglass, George F. Downing, Alex. Dank, A. J. Rousier, John F. Cook and others, constituting the delegation representing the interests of colored people of the Union, have memorialized Congress against the passage of the amendment to the Constitution now pending in the Senate, and in general terms against any amendment which will allow any of the States to disfranchise any class of citizens on account of race or color. They represent that the Constitution as adopted in 1789 evidently contemplated the result which has happened, viz, the abolition of slavery. It was framed and adopted for the whole people, colored people being at that time legal voters in most of the States. In that instrument, as it now stands, there is not a word conveying any authority by which a State may make race or color a disqualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage, and they say they will regard it as a real calamity if any such words are now introduced, and they submit that the pending amendment will, if adopted, enable any State to deprive any class of citizens of the elective franchise, notwithstanding it was obviously framed with a view to meet the question of negro suffrage only. For these and other reasons they pray that it may be rejected by the Senate.

Gen. Fisk, of the Freedman's Bureau, tells the story of an elegantly dressed Tennessee lady who called on him for assistance in recovering her estates. He found she could neither read nor write, and desiring to punish her for her unlimited abuse of the Government, referred her to his negro clerk who would read and write for her the documents it was necessary she should sign. "Can that nigger write?" she exclaimed, and went to his desk with reluctance. The negro treated her politely, and when he handed her the papers for her signature, she could only "make her mark." The lady could not but notice her inferiority to the clerk; she wept, apologized for her harsh remarks about "nigger," and went away with ideas more becoming a reconstructed woman than she came.

The people of Harper's Ferry, whose opportunities for rejoicing during the last four years have not been numerous, were very joyful over the intelligence of the transfer of Jefferson and Berkeley Counties from the State of Virginia to that of West Virginia. The agent of the ordnance bureau lent them a 24-pound mortar to make a noise with.

MINISTERS AND MEDICINE.—A few days ago, taking up my country newspapers, my eyes fell upon an advertisement of certain bitters with a tremendous heading, much resembling some of the big headings over very little news in the Philadelphia Enquirer. The advertiser, after setting forth, with many capitals and exclamation points, the wonderful qualities of his medicine, one half of which is enough to stagger the largest sized credulity, calls his witnesses to the stand; and who do you think they are? Why ministers of the Gospel, every one of them, seven in all; and five of the seven Baptist ministers, and two of the five D. D.'s. To make the matter worse the advertiser tells where each belongs. One says he found the bitters good for a cold; another, for liver complaint; another, for general debility; two found it good for dyspepsia, and the other two for ailments generally, or perhaps for their stomach's sake and their often infirmities. One of them testifies that it is not a "rum drink," which he, no doubt, believes, but there are not many others who do. Another of the gentlemen who found the bitters very beneficial for dyspepsia I know to be a confirmed dyspeptic, and if he was ever worse he must have had the disease but indeed. His case reminds me of another brother of the ministry who has not a hair on the top of his head in the place where the hair ought to grow, whose certificate appears in the papers every now and then, affirming that by the use of a certain hair tonic he produced a fine growth of hair on a bald pate. On asking him once where that fine growth of hair was, he said that such had been the case, but that the printer had hardly time to set up his statement before the hair fell out. But while the hair is out the patentee keeps the certificate in to humbug somebody else.

While this age is variously denominated, it might with propriety be called the age of patent medicines. They are as numerous as the plagues of Egypt, and some of them far more injurious. And there is no nostrum invented that cannot find ministerial indorsement. The result is that tailors, cobbler, etc., drop the goose and the awl, call themselves doctors, grow rich, and for their success are more indebted to ministers than to any good qualities in their medicine. This is the bright side of the picture. The dark side is, the people do themselves to death. It might with truth be written over many graves, "Here lies the victim of quacks and ministers."

I write these things in sorrow and mortification of heart. Brethren, for the sake of humanity, truth, and the Gospel, think well before you put your name to such certificates, pay for your medicines, find some better way of getting your names in the newspapers, and let patent medicines take care of themselves. [Chronicle.]

A STATESMAN'S THREAT.—The late enlightened and liberal Count Cavour, the Prime Minister of Victor Emmanuel, with a thorough comprehension of the genius of Romanism in its efforts to repress free thought and resist the spirit of the age, threatened the overthrow of Papal domination, not by fire and fagot, the favorite weapons of Rome, but by the introduction of modern improvements. "I will attack Rome," said he, "by railways, by the electric telegraph, by agricultural improvements, by establishing national banks, by gratuitous education on a large scale, by civil marriages, by the secularization of convents property, by the enactment of a model code, embodying the most lenient laws in Europe, and by the suppression of corporal punishment. I will place the spirit of modern expansion face to face with the old spirit of obscurantism; I am quite certain the former will triumph. I will establish a blockade of civilization around Rome. If she undergoes a modification, she will come to us; if she remains unchanged, she will, by constant comparison, become so disgusted with her state of inferiority, that she will throw herself into our arms to escape destruction." As a result of this far-seeing policy, wherever the liberal role of Victor Emmanuel has extended in Italy, schools are multiplying, internal improvements are advancing, industry and enterprise are increasing, property is rising in value, and as a necessary result, the power of the despotic and bigoted priesthood is gradually but surely waning.

FRENCH WOMEN.—Rev. Mr. Dunn, who is travelling in Europe, in a recent letter in the Morning Star, speaking of the women in France, says:

"It looks a little odd to see a gang of little old women, some of them very old, stooping and haggard, with old caps, dresses about as large as mealbags, reaching within a foot of the ground, with their feet tied into wooden shoes which could almost float them across the river, hard at work upon the street under an official. Or to see such women and some young and handsome ones pushing a cartload of vegetables, furniture, beer barrels or fish, large enough for a pair of mules; or carrying upon the back loads sufficient for an Egyptian donkey. And especially ludicrous if this latter load is bread. Most, if not all the baking is done by the bakers, and most of the bread is in rolls from one to six feet in length. Let a woman four and a half high take a basket two and a half feet deep, holding about two bushels upon her back, the top rising above her head and the bread a foot and a half higher still, and it presents a picture which a Yankee will not soon forget. And I observed upon the splendidly cultivated farms in passing, that with the exception of ploughing, women do all kinds of farming work. And O such farms and farming. But this is one extreme. And from this upward. These little French women are smart. They can keep a hotel and a large proportion of the one thousand hotels in Paris are kept by women; a boarding house or store, as they can play the agreeable and the useful with as much ease and gracefulness and exhibit as much culture as any woman on earth. Frenchmen are noted for their gallantry, and I do not wonder that they exhibit some respect or gratitude, for they employ the women for all imagined purposes."

A Western soldier who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home that "he never realized the horror of war till he got home to Indiana and found his gall married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk."

A GOOD REBEL HOME.—A Virginia paper says that as Gen. Early and Breckinridge were crossing from Winchester, the night after the battle of the 19th of September, 1864, closely pursued by the Yankees, tired, hungry and dispirited, the party were riding singly along when Gen. Early, in his squeaky voice, asked Gen. Breckinridge "What he thought just then of our rights in the Territories under the Dred Scott decision?"

The excavations now making at Pompeii have brought to light several vestiges of the ancient Christians. In the palace of the Edile Pansa, in the Via Fortuna, an unfinished sculptured cross has been found on one of the walls, as well as abusive inscriptions and caricatures ridiculing a crucified God.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, FEB. 23, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FETTERILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York, are agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. P. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

clerk, editor, or business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

VETO OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BILL.

—On Monday last the startling news went over the country that the President had returned the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, with his reasons for refusing it in his signature. This bill passed the Senate by a vote of 37 to 10, and the House by 149 to 33—over the doubtful men Doolittle, Dixon, and Raymond voting for it—and its supporters had good reasons for believing that the general principles of the bill had the approval of the President; but the veto is so sweeping and radical that it is folly to attempt to disguise the fact that the President is no longer in accord with the party that subdued the rebellion and placed him in office. To say that this is seriously regretted by his political supporters, is but feebly to express the profound feeling of sorrow and indignation that stirs the hearts of the friends of freedom and progress at this betrayal of trust by one of their chosen leaders; and it is an equally significant indication of the character of the act to state that all at the north who denounced the war for the maintenance of the Union, and all at the South who favored secession, are in ecstasies of delight.

An attempt to pass the bill over the President's veto, on Tuesday, failed of securing the requisite assent of two-thirds of the Senate, the vote standing 30 to 18—six republicans being found too weak to stand by their original vote, viz., Dixon, Doolittle, Morgan, Norton, Stewart and Van Winkle. In the House, the indignation of the members found vent in the summary passage of a significant resolution—119 to 40—declaring that no senator or representative from any State recently in rebellion shall enter either branch until Congress shall have declared those States entitled to representation—Raymond and Hale of New York, and Newell of New Jersey voting in the negative. It is said that Senator Doolittle will immediately introduce a bill which will meet the approval of the President—unless in the mean time he should take another long stride toward.

More in sorrow than in anger the loyal press and the friends of humanity universally condemn the President and sustain Congress in this unfortunate impregnable. The Boston Advertiser, one of the most calm and candid, as well as one of the most patriotic papers in the country—ever ready to palliate and explain what has seemed amiss in the President heretofore—closes an article as follows:—

The grave character of the issue thus suddenly joined between the legislative and executive branches of our government will not escape the attention of our readers. It is an issue which it was worth much serious effort to avoid—not for the interests of party which are temporary and inconsiderable, but for the sake of national interests which are momentous and eternal. But if it has indeed come, we know not how Congress can decline to meet it openly and firmly, relying upon the certain support of the great majority of the American people, in a steadfast adherence to the course marked out alike by self-respect and by the demands of public safety.

LIEUT. FRANK W. DICKERSON, of Belfast, son of Judge Dickerson, of the Supreme Court of Maine, and grandson of the late Capt. Debenham Getchell, of this village, died on board of the steamboat, at Boston, on the 17th, of disease contracted during service in the late war. He was an able and faithful officer.

In revenge for the shooting of James G. Fernandez, a Southern desperado and outlaw, by a soldier of the 13th Maine regiment in South Carolina, the cavalry retaliated in a characteristic way, by shooting three innocent negroes, one of them a woman. The citizens of the vicinity showed their sympathy with the dead ruffian by attending his funeral in large numbers.

If anybody supposes that Napoleon will march the French soldiers out of Mexico in a hurry, and abandon his protégé, Maximilian, to the tender mercies of Mexican republicans and filibusters and themselves mistaken. He is a sly old rat and knows how to say one thing while meaning another. But we shall see.

F. W. HASKELL's neat little shoe store, opposite the Post Office, will doubtless attract a crowd of visitors, filled as it is with choice articles for ladies wear. He will be pleased to have you read his advertisement and give him a call.

"EQUALITY" must send us his name.

FAMILIAR TALK ON POLITICS.

Messrs. Editors:—For the past two months the public have been anxiously watching the action of Congress in its deliberations, and the sinuous policy of the President, hoping that he might finally be found with his friends, on the side of justice and humanity, but this hope has ended in fruition, by his practical abandonment of the party which placed him in power, in the issue on the Bill which has just passed both houses of Congress for the enlargement of the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau.

This Bill he has vetoed in every section, and returned with his objections, and adds his views upon reconstruction, the employment and education of freedmen, etc., which are entirely at variance with those of the loyal and earnest men of the country, as well as the views he has expressed in his Message, and his "little talk" with this delegation and that Congressman, which have been too frequent of late, for any one to forget his ideas, nor his language.

This Veto Message will be read with amazement by the loyal portion of the community, while the copperhead presses will be jubilant over a defection and schism they have long prophesied. I confess I have often thought his unanimous support by disloyal men, North and South, sufficient condemnation of his acts, and evidence of coming perjury. The document would not be out of character in the New York Daily News, or Pollard's Examiner, resuscitated by him, but it is unworthy of the President of the United States.

He has assured the colored people that he would be their "Moses, to lead them out of bondage." In this message he turns them over to the tender mercies of those to whom their "uncertain expectation and restlessness," "will be a source of constant and vague apprehension."

Again, "Undoubtedly the freedman should be protected, but he should be protected by the civil authorities, especially by the exercise of all the constitutional powers of the courts of the United States and of the States."

It is no more than justice to them to believe that as they have received their freedom with moderation and forbearance, so will they distinguish themselves by their industry and thrift, and soon show the world that in their condition of freedom they are self-sustaining, and capable of selecting their own employment and their own place of abode, of insisting for themselves a proper remuneration, and of establishing and maintaining their own asylums and schools."

That they cannot support their own schools is certain, for with the assistance of the Freedmen's Bureau but 60,000 colored pupils are to-day attending school, and to supply the advantages of education to all who desire it, would require 50,000 teachers.

Would they be "protected by the civil authorities?" A people who for three-fourths of a century have been taught to despise a negro as an inferior being, cannot be expected to suddenly change their views, particularly when smarting under defeat.

There is, there can be, no security for person or property under civil laws, ingeniously framed to blind the eyes of "pusillanimous Yankees," and to wrong, cheat, and defraud the friendless black.

The laws of Louisiana, for example, "as loyal a State as Massachusetts," allow a freedman to testify in courts, sue, and be sued.

No jury of "reconstructed rebels" can be unhampered in that State, however, who would believe a black man under oath, or at best, would not consider his testimony as against the rebutting evidence of a "chivalrous southern." If any white man, his debtor, refuses payment on restitution, he cannot sue, because he must first file a bond for the payment of costs, which no white man will sign. The South is full of just such men as framed Louisiana laws for her "own wants and interests," whose wisdom is but craft and cunning in oppression.

Would the States educate freedmen? Our excellent Christian General, who is chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, says in his report, "I believe the majority of the white people to be utterly opposed to educating the negro. The opposition is so great that the teachers, though they may be the purest of christian people, are nevertheless visited publicly and privately with undisguised marks of odium."

All the South now desire, "to be let alone," is, first, the withdrawal of the hated yankee troops, next, the abolishment of the Freedmen's Bureau, and lastly, representation in Congress. States will then enact such laws as will make freedmen more oppressive to the blacks than slavery, and servitude once more compulsory and involuntary. There is the same tendency to-day in the South toward black codes, and black laws, and an absolute class distinction, (a policy wholly at variance with republican institutions) as before the war.

The South has been alienated from us for forty years by their hatred of free principles, and though just vanquished in the field, after a four years struggle, which has torn and distracted the industrial and political system of half a continent, are hostile at heart, and any one who believes this feeling can be changed by promissuous pardon, and the restoration of property, and all civil rights, of traitors, will have an opportunity of learning wisdom by "coming events." Men whose hands are red with the blood of our brothers, are no sooner pardoned than they as blantly and defiantly assert their "constitutional rights," as if they had never done anything to forfeit them.

Thank God! we have a Congress as loyal, patriotic and sagacious, as its duties are grave. It is to be hoped they will not be satisfied with any half way measures like the proposed amendment to the constitution, proportioning representation to the whole population, excepting those "who may be disfranchized on account of race or color." Have we not been sufficiently punished as a nation for any injustice to the black men?

This amendment is unjust and objectionable: 1st. Because it admits by implication the right of a State to disfranchise a portion of its citizens, "on account of race or color."

2d. By merely changing the existing laws in many of the rebellious States, the blacks might be disfranchised by an educational or property qualification. If the former, ignorance would be compulsory as in former times under the regime of slave masters, while injustice, pillage and arson would effectually prevent the necessary accumulation of property.

3. If the amendment which authorizes such legislation should become a law, Congress would have virtually decided upon an exclusion consistent with Republican Institutions.

4th. It attempts to compel the enemies of the black race to extend to them such rights as are denied them by their friends, in order to regain that political prestige, and enforce that policy of oppression, and that spirit of caste and domination, which have been so outrageously intolerable to our sensibilities, and the peace of the country.

Representation is an essential element in a Republican government, and in the language of one of the fathers of ours, "taxation without representation is tyranny."

"For generations the Constitution has been interpreted for slavery. From this time forward it must be interpreted in harmony with the Declaration of Independence, so that Human Rights shall always prevail and the promises of the fathers be sacredly fulfilled."

FINANCE.

Everything has a beginning—finance, money and currency, no less than things. Finance, money, and currency are inventions, not things. Things are realities, created with and for man; inventions are combinations of thoughts emanating from man. The difference between things and inventions is like the difference between for and from; one is for the use of man and partakes of divinity, the other is a delusion, by which one man takes from another but adds nothing real to the community.

These are self-evident facts, not always seen by those who only take a superficial view of the workings of society. In human society, pure and simple, it is presumable there would be no use for finance and money, while everything would be current, so no currency as such. But, in a fallen state something has always been used as money, to represent value, which, by common consent, is stamped on that something, and made current in the hands of all. Hence currency, another name for money—finance, by corruption and use, applied to the handling of money, "the finances." Finance, originally revenue arising from taxes, (Webster) "fine, subtle; sly; fraudulent." Fine—a forced payment of something for nothing, a penalty by authority. Such accumulations are used for the support of those in authority, and to sustain the laws. Hence despotic and monarchical governments have found it their policy to multiply fines, forfeitures and taxes upon the people, in every form, to strengthen their finances and enable them to increase the number of their officers and attendants, so as to overawe and control their subjects. The more done in this way, up to the verge of forbearance, the stronger the government is considered; and the best financier for the king is the man who can invent the most plausible laws to enable him to draw abundant revenues from his people—a very wicked way to do wicked deeds, an enlargement of financing beyond the opportunities of private citizens. These transactions are clothed in mystery; it must be a shrewd, able man to plan them, a bold one to execute them. The mystery is the specious covering; uncover the affair it is robbery.

With us things are different. We have no despotic or monarchical government, unless we make despotic laws. The people rule and choose their law-makers; create places of authority, and fill them for a short time with men of their own choosing, who, after their brief period, leave the places to be filled by others. The round is perpetual, and as the chances are open for all, none are disposed to complain. Every man in a position to take advantage of the laws, and who has a taste for it, may try his skill at financing. "Financing, practicing artifice to accomplish a purpose." (Webster) Shrewdness is the indispensable quality. "Shrewd, proceeding from cunning or sagacity." (Webster.)

Able and shrewd men will form combinations to procure the enactment of laws to favor their plans, and procure legislative charters authorizing associations for financing. Most corporations laws, protective tariff laws, and all laws that can be used as appliances for causing individuals or classes of persons to contribute their means or earnings for the benefit of other individuals or classes, are financial laws—they authorize men to fine each other.

Individuals have their private financial schemes by which they become rich in material goods, earned by others. Every man who lives comfortably without producing a supply for his own wants by the pursuit of some industry, and at the same time is held in respectable esteem by the community in which he lives, is a successful financier.—he fines and robs successfully. Technically, he must do it by the skillful use of his money; he must make men willing to give him one hundred and twelve cents for a dollar as often as he deals with them.

The man who raises a horse, a pair of oxen or a quantity of corn and hay, and exchanges them for money, and the money for an equivalent in dry goods and groceries, is no financier; nor is the mechanic or manufacturer who exchanges his wares or goods for an even fair equivalent in whatever he needs, a financier. Neither does the merchant, who receives no more

than a fair equivalent for his labor in making exchanges, as compared with what others receive for his labor, belong to this mysterious class; he is no financier. Those only are good citizens about whose transactions there is no mystery. Still, others in the same callings, thinking themselves sufficiently able, shrewd, and experienced, may practice finance more or less successfully.—Every intelligent observer can point out the financiers in his own circle of acquaintance and define the rules of

FINANCE.

OUR TOWNSMEN AT THE WEST VILLAGE are moving with great energy and perseverance in raising funds for the erection of their Soldiers' Monument, and the association for this object numbers nearly every man, woman and child in the neighborhood. They held a Levee in aid of his movement at the spacious Hall recently built by Messrs. Hallett and Blaisdell, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week, of which a correspondent, from whom we hope to hear often, sends us a glowing account. The West Waterville Dramatic Club, under the management of Capt. John U. Hubbard, presented Bulwer's play of the Lady of Lyons on the first evening, and the patriotic play of William Tell on the second, with amusing afterpieces; and the performance, especially when their limited time for preparation is considered, was highly creditable. A bountiful provision of refreshments for the inner man loaded the tables each evening, and from a gift tree were distributed about two hundred prizes useful, beautiful, ornamental and comical, among them many nice specimens of the handicraft of the cunning workers in iron and steel at the manufactories of Hubbard, Blake & Co., and the Dunn Edge Tool Co. A large delegation, was present from Kendall's Mills, and a few from our village, crowding the Hall to its utmost capacity. Had it been generally known here that a train was to run, our neighbors might have been seriously discommoded by a rush of outsiders. The two entertainments netted the nice little sum of \$455, and for this satisfactory result the Association feel they are largely indebted to President Wm. H. Hatch and his able corps of assistants, ladies and gentlemen. They threaten to repeat the performance with variations, soon; and we sincerely echo the wish of our correspondent, that we may be there to see.

THE WEST WATERVILLE DRAMATIC CLUB so delighted the people by their performances at the Levee, that a complimentary benefit has been tendered them to help pay for the beautiful scenery which they have recently procured from Portland. It will take place at Mechanics Hall, on Monday evening next, when the patriotic play of William Tell will be repeated, followed by the laughable farce of Sudden Thoughts. Refreshments will be provided in abundance, and the entertainment will conclude with a social dance.

ONE OF THE STRAWS.—Andrew Johnson and Robert E. Lee were made life members of the Southern Missionary Society by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at their recent conference at Alexandria Va.

ANOTHER.—The notorious Pollard, of the Richmond Examiner, whose paper was recently suppressed by Gen. Terry, was unsuccessful in his application to Gen. Grant and the Secretary of War for relief, but the President revived the order, and that mischievous sheet is again free to abuse the friends of the Union, North and South.

STILL ANOTHER.—Some of the revellers at Willard's Hotel in Washington, after the appearance of the Veto Message, publicly drank the toast; "The three chief Americans of the present day—Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, and Robert E. Lee." They might have added another shining trio—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and James Buchanan.

A RARE COMBINATION OF TALENT is embraced in the company advertised in our columns to appear at Town Hall next week. From scores of complimentary notices of this company we clip the following by one who has seen and heard:—

The three little people are certainly the greatest prodigies of the age. Educated and genteel, with a versatility of talent that might justly be envied by persons of a large growth; and the different characters they represent speak well for the careful training of their preceptors. Mrs. Russell, who adds much to the entertainment by her sweet songs. Presto!—and out steps the old "Old Continental Quartette" clad in the costume of "ye olden times" bringing back pleasant memories of by-gone days. Their soul-stirring songs caused the old Hall to echo back their sweet harmony, while the listener sat captivated as though living in a land of dreams. We can unqualifiedly pronounce them, in all necessary essentials, as the best quartette that it has ever been our gratification to listen to. Mr. H. M. Rogers possesses rare talent as a solo singer and may bear with him the assurance that, on our part, "His sweet to be remembered." The entire entertainment reflects great credit upon the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Ellinger & Foote, as caterers to public taste, for while they amuse every one present, there is no word spoken or sung that could bring a blush to the most fastidious ladies cheek. In closing we say to all go and see them, and those that have been go again, for with this company you always get a change of programme seemingly better than before.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—A friend "on change" hands us the following description of new counterfeiters about in this section:—

10c.—Fall River Bank, Fall River, Mass. Vignette, Scamper at sea. Right end, 10 females; left, 10, sailor leaning on capstan.

10c.—Saco Bank. Vign., two females weaving. Right, 10 female portraits; left, 10 female in a shell, ship, etc.

10c.—Lincoln Bank, Bath. Imitation. Vign., harbor scene.

10c.—Sandy River Bank, Farmington. Vign., female, eagle, ship, etc.

FRIEND E. S. BOUTLER, of Saco, has our thanks for some enormous hen clams, the largest we ever saw, several of which will fill a peck measure.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Of the contents of the March number, just out, a city daily has the following notice:—

The continued stories and series of papers now form so large a part of its contents, that there is rather less of freshness and novelty in each number than of old, while there is more of sustained interest. The selection from Hawthorne's notes is brief, and like the last instalment relates to his visit to Maine; the "Freedman's Story" is concluded; "Dr. Johns" is approaching a conclusion, and the mystery of the apparent resurrection of Madame Arles in the last number is explained; Mrs. Stowe discusses the question, "Is Woman a Worker?" in her "Chimney Corner," and Griffith Gaunt is continued with another budget of startling incidents. There are an unusual number of pieces of poetry—"Snow," by T. B. Aldrich; "An Old Man's Day," by Richard Realf; and "To Hesperia," and "In the Sea," from anonymous contributors. "A Ramble through the Market" is an anonymous and agreeable essay. The jolly account of a visit to Nantucket is by Mr. F. Sheldon; the paper on the animals who roam abroad in winter, entitled "The Snow Walkers," by John Burroughs; the article on "Communication with the Pacific," by C. C. Coffin. Mrs. Agassiz writes a charming account of one of the excursions of the scientific party now travelling in Brazil, under the title of "An Amazonian Picnic," and Mrs. L. Maria Child has a story of Massachusetts in the old time, entitled "Poor Chloe."

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the March number of this popular monthly are—In and Around Richmond, and the Burrows at Home; Some of the other articles are—Armada, continued; Aunt Esther's Story; The Second Life of Washington; The Seven Days Battle on the Peninsula; What Hope Bell Found in her Stocking; A Christmas Voyage across the Atlantic; The Gray Jockey, etc.; with a well filled Easy Chair and Copy Drawer.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for February contains a lifelike portrait of Mrs. Phebe Palmer, and the promised Centenary Plate, embracing twenty fine portraits of the fathers of Methodism in America. The literary portion of the work is of the usual excellence.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$8.50 per annum.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY, a Magazine of To-day, for March, opens with an illustrated poem entitled The Beautiful Snow. The other illustrated articles are—The Northwest Passage by Land; the Dead Letter; The Barometer—its construction and uses; Finger Rings—other history, Structure, etc. There are numerous other articles, including several good stories—the whole making a very attractive number.

Published by Beadle & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The March number of this foremost of the juveniles is full of good stories and other attractive reading, with numerous illustrations, and plenty of brain exercise in the well filled puzzle department. Among the contributors to this number are Mrs. Stowe, Miss Mary Prescott, and Gail Hamilton.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston at \$2 a year.

The rain and thaw of last week, succeeded as it was by a sharp frost, left a nice sheet of ice, of very respectable dimensions, in the "Gilmart field," between Temple and Spring streets, and on Friday and Saturday it was covered with a merry crowd of both sexes. The sight reminded us of a dream we have sometimes had of setting apart this field for a Common, grading it, introducing a fountain, with a pond, planting out trees,

"With seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

and making it a pleasant and convenient place of resort at all seasons, where the babies could be taken for an airing, the little girls roll their hoops and romp freely in warm weather, or slide and skate safely in winter, and where the sovereigns could hold open air meetings or celebrate Independence Day in a sensible manner. But—

ONE quarter of the McKay farm, in the Canada Oil region, purchased a few weeks ago by parties in this village, Biddeford and Lewiston, was very soon sold at an advance of 250 per cent in gold; and the editor of the Paris Democrat says he saw some of the lots sold at an advance of 100 per cent over that.

BUNTING, superior to the foreign article, is now manufactured at Lowell, and for the first time in the history of the country a home made flag floats over the Capitol of the United States.

MR. J. W. HILTON, whose occupancy of the new hotel at Norridgewock we mentioned last week, will give a grand opening ball on Tuesday evening, 27th inst. Chandler's well known band will furnish the music for the pleasant occasion.

THE BOUDOIR: THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER.—This is the title of an elegantly printed, and handsomely illustrated sheet, issued by J. Swinton, 653 Broadway, New York. It claims to be the organ for fashion, taste and the general interests of the sex; and being published weekly, its reports and illustrations are of course much fresher and newer than those of the monthlies. In addition to fashion reports, stories, poetry, etc., there will be found an abundance of delightful gossip so highly relished by all of Eve's daughters in civilized life. Single copies \$5 a year, with the usual discount to clubs.

MR. A. B. CROSBY, one of our Waterville boys, of the firm of Crosby & Thompson, now of Colorado, writes in glowing terms of the success of their new process of desulphurizing the gold ones of that region, and his testimony is abundantly substantiated by other witnesses in a recent article in the Boston Advertiser. It promises to work a revolution in the perving of gold in that region, and will no doubt enrich all interested.

REMEMBER—that to-morrow (Saturday) evening, the corporations of the Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Co. meet for organization. "Now's the day, and now's the hour."

One of the "sovereigns" in Portland, who recently took the liberty to enter one of the public schools in that city and use abusive language to the teachers, was glad to be let off by making a very humble apology and paying the costs of prosecution.

OF THE UNITARIAN LEVEE we have only time to say that it was very successful, netting about eight hundred dollars—that the minister's picture voted for was awarded to Rev. A. Drinkwater, and the barrel of flour to the widow of the late Lieut. Charles Farrington.

THE GREAT PORTLAND FAIR in aid of the Freedmen will commence next Wednesday.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the act to regulate the killing of fur-bearing animals was amended and passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the resolve in aid of the Princeton Turnpike was finally passed; an act respecting school district No. 5 in Waterville, was passed to be enacted; also act to incorporate the Waterville Hotel Company; act to incorporate the Albion Manufacturing Company; act to extend the provisions of an act to incorporate the Somerset Railroad Co., and act to authorize the County Commissioners of Kennebec County to rebuild or repair a bridge over Sebasticook River in Clinton Gore.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the tax bill (assessing a State tax of \$1,239,062.14), was passed through its several stages to enactment. The Hawker and Pedlar bill was passed to be engrossed.

In the House, a resolve in behalf of the gratuitous instruction of the children of fallen and disabled heroes of the State was reported; resolve making an appropriation to build a bridge over Dead River, in Somerset County was passed to be engrossed.

On Friday, at its morning session, the House passed, after some debate, an order rescinding the former order of the Legislature to adjourn finally on the 17th inst., and fixing Friday next for final adjournment. The Senate subsequently amended the order, so that it would read that the Legislature adjourn on or before Friday next.

In the Senate, act to authorize the city of Bangor to further aid the European and North American Railroad, was passed to be engrossed, having been amended in concurrence with the House. Act providing for assessment of State tax passed to be enacted.

In the House, the "equality" resolves of the Committee on Federal Relations came up, when several substitutes were offered, and some debate ensued, after which the substitutes were ordered to be printed. Bill to increase the fees of jurors, deputy sheriffs, witnesses and county commissioners was read and laid on the table; the report of the Committee on Elections was accepted, ousting Mr. David Page, and giving a seat in the House to Alexis Cyr as Representative from the Madawaska (Aroostook) district.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the memorial from the Legislature of New Hampshire, relative to fisheries, was referred to the next Legislature; resolve in aid of building a bridge over Dead River was passed to be engrossed; reports were presented and accepted against resolves in favor of taxing United States Bonds, and the assumption of debt; also against act to tax stockholders in national banks on bank shares.

In the House, legislation in amendment of liquor law was declared inexpedient. Act authorizing any city or town to erect a monument in memory of deceased soldiers was passed to be enacted; resolve in relation to the cattle disease was finally passed.

On Monday, in the Senate, resolve for the appointment of Commissioners by the Governor to attend the World's Fair at Paris was passed to be engrossed; resolve in favor of the employment of disabled soldiers who are of good and temperate habits was indefinitely postponed; a bill was introduced in relief of the persons who destroyed the office of the Bangor Democrat during the war.

In the House, an act to incorporate the New England Telegraph Company was passed to be enacted, and resolve in aid of bridge over Dead River was finally passed; resolve in behalf of the gratuitous education of the children of deceased soldiers was amended and laid on the table.

The two branches came to a dead lock on the bill to prevent the killing of fur-bearing animals between the months of May and October.

On Tuesday the Senate adhered to its vote indefinitely postponing the resolve in relation to the unoccupied lands of the United States; concurred with the House in amending the bill to forbid the killing of fur-bearing animals between the months of May and October; discussed the act to make valid the doings of towns and cities relating to bounties, &c., and ordered it to be printed.

In the House the milk bill was indefinitely postponed; the Hawker and Pedlar bill was amended and passed; the International Telegraph bill was discussed, amended and passed. They are working hard, hoping to adjourn this week.

"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER." Commenting upon the recently discovered rascality of Concord railroad officials, a correspondent of the Boston Advertiser makes the following revelation of the why and wherefore:—

"The Concord corporation need not plume themselves on the prompt 'working up' of a suddenly discovered case of unmitigated rascality on the part of their employees in a particular branch of their business. By their own conduct and management they have induced or encouraged this astounding depletion of their treasury. They have seen, year after year, men come into their service as conductors who presented no evidence that they were worth a shilling. They have paid these men, who necessarily made their homes either in the city, Nashua or Manchester, the scanty pittance of \$700 or \$800 per annum. They have seen these men with few exceptions adhere like leeches to their profitable (?) places, whilst from some unknown source again they doled splendid diamond pins, sported unrivaled chronometers and repeaters, owned and drove 240 horses harnessed to finished phaetons, and erected palatial mansions in the city, flanked by splendid farms in the country. They have seen some of their conductors acquiring shares in their own road to a large amount. All this has transpired under the eyes of successive boards of directors, and no intelligent man, be he director or stockholder, could doubt for a moment the true character of these rapidly acquired fortunes. It has been common talk in all circles that conductors on this road are expected to 'feather their nests.'"

STILL ANOTHER: Disabled soldiers will receive one of the finest presents ever offered, in the celebrated Hartman's Patent Elastic Rubber Crutch, silver mounted, and of the finest finish, valued at \$20.00, by sending a club of twenty subscribers to the American Statesman. The Statesman is a large family newspaper 28x42 inches published weekly, at only \$1.50 per annum; a very entertaining and useful family journal. It sends to subscribers and clubs a number and variety of prizes, unsurpassed by any other paper, including Sewing Machines, Clothes, Washing and Wringing Machines, Hoop Skirts, Engravings, Lithographs, Albums, Books, Gold Pens, Soldiers' Crutches, and other articles valued from \$100.00 down. Send for copy and secure one of these valuable prizes. Address American Statesman, 67 Nassau Street, New York.

