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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 25): December 22, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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BY JOHN G. WHITIER.

O people! chosen! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do His will and speak His word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war,  
Not man alone has called ye forth,  
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands  
He quenched; into His hand he gave  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,  
And, not by cell, or gallows-stair,  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep  
Your hands; bend no suppliant knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the will  
Of starving men; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?  
What tears wash out that stain of death?  
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours  
Who bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars! Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action; trust  
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's throat,  
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your life's lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress  
To Labor's utter neediness.

Reve the old heroic will,  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory.  
Your loss the world of all amends,  
And love be love and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common stain be mourned, and let  
Its memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all.

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome,  
Stretch hands and bid ye welcome home!

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

## THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

The whole family of the Mays, to the remotest branch and ramifications of that tribe, and their guests, were assembled on Christmas eve at the home of one of the number, a worthy and wealthy man, whose chief pleasure in life was to promote the enjoyment of his only daughter; and all the young people among the cousins and their friends, were playing Christmas games, with Louis Raynor as Grand Panjandrum, or leader in the same.

He was a handsome, stately cousin of six and twenty; whiskered and tall, with rather a grave manner, and a thoughtful air. He had not been formerly so general a favorite among the juniors as some of the more rattle-pated relatives, but had filled his post unusually well on this occasion, and achieved a brilliant success, in the matter of proposing and originating new and charming games.

"What shall we play now, Uncle Lewis?" whispered little Nettie Stern, during a pause which threatened to disperse the juvenile group gathered in the back parlor; but she hinted in vain, for Mr. Raynor's attention had irretrievably wandered, in following the progress of his Cousin Fanny among her arriving guests, and listening to the various greetings that fell from her pretty lips as she received them.

"You are quite fashionably late, Mrs. Mills," smiled she, to an old lady in black satin who blocked up the doorway a moment and then passed on. "We came home almost at the same time from your delightful tea-party the other evening. It is such a nice, sensible idea to begin and leave off so early—it gives one time to sleep; I wish we were all brave enough to do it! But you must not go away so soon to-night, or we shall not see enough of you."

"I am glad you enjoyed yourselves," returned the gratified matron.

"Oh, yes, dear Mrs. Mills, we always do; your plum cake, you know, is quite celebrated; it ought to go down to posterity. Please give mama the receipt, and then I can have it all the year."

Still smiling, she moved on, dispensing pleasant welcomes, till she encountered a pretty young girl in white with rose-colored trimmings, standing listlessly on the edge of a crowd; who instantly seized her hands with empressment, and drew her aside.

"My dear child, how bright you look!—are you really alive after last night?"

"Hardly," laughed Fanny, shrugging her dimpled shoulders. "It was quiet, wasn't it? Were you very sleepy, Jessie?"

"Quiet! doesn't describe it," cried Miss Jessie, holding up both hands in horror; "I would rather explore the Dead Sea, my dear. Was there ever such a black funeral silence as that in which we sat down to tea, with the shadow of coming indigestion looming darkly over us?"

"Too many plums in the cake?" hinted Fanny.

"Too much of everything," asserted Jessie, sweetly. "It smelt and tasted like an apothecary's shop—I wish it was half as healthy—I shall be well for a week. They say the receipt has been in her family ever since the days of Queen Bess; I wonder Queen Bess did not behind the earliest ancestor that made it, for the good of the rest."

"It was rather heavy," said Fanny, "not the cake only, but the whole entertainment. I mean, Mr. Chase came home with me, and we talked proverbial philosophy all the time. We both agreed that we felt rather aged and decrepit, afterwards, and he proposed to come up in the morning with a bottle of Sterling's Ambrosia in case I found any gray hairs in my head. I suppose you had rather a serious time with Mr. Plummer?"

Miss Jessie nodded a strong assent. "It was dreadful," she added. "We had nine squares to go home—they live in such an out-of-the-world place—and he walked on my back backwards the whole way; my new gray silk is ruined forever. Then to hear him apologize like a shopman, and to see his bald head glitter under the gas-lights, as we passed along!"

Fanny laughed, and moved on. There was a crowd of new arrivals by the door, among them the identical Plummer, just brushing up the remains of his stiff red hair, and looking vacantly about him. She stretched out a little hand in warmest welcome.

"Merry Christmas!" she cried, "if it is not too late, we had almost given you up; you must really be more punctual another time, if you expect any favors from St. Nicholas!"

The delighted man awkwardly accepted the offered hand, and raked his brain for a comprehensive compliment that should convey all the sentiments he desired to express in return; but finding none, after a period of silence, relinquished it, with a bungling pressure, and shot a red-hot glance of admiration after her.

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from his little gray eyes as she left him. She came next to her favorite, Mr. Chase, who detained her a few moments to rally her on Mr. Plummer's devotion, and the events of the preceding evening at Mrs. Mills' party.

"Your friend, Miss Ward, is rather hard upon both," said he, "I have but just escaped from her denunciations; she vows she will never speak to Plummer again."

"He tore her dress," said Fanny.

"Yes, but wasn't it rather long? Now confess, Miss May, need there be quite such a sweep—what do you call it?—a trail—for us unhappy fellows to put our feet in. I really pitied Plummer. She looked like a tragedy queen before they started, and when I met them after I left you, she was walking majestically apart, with her robes gathered about her like Lady Macbeth in the play, and at him in a way that was positively murderous!"

"She was bored and tired," said Fanny.

"Fatal facility! when was she ever otherwise. Do you know of any party at which her 'back hair' has not been pulled too tight, or her fiances crippled, or where the ice cream has been flavored to her fancy, unless Alfred Royal was there, to make things endurable to her high-mightiness? Now we suffered last night, you know, but mildly in comparison—not to that previous extent. Come! you may as well admit it—I see the truth of my surmises in your face."

Between laughing and blushing, her bright face did indeed confess his discernment and a great deal more, and the few deprecating words she uttered only confirmed it. She felt with a little pang of pain that she was being untrue to both her friend and herself, for want of a moment's courage to disagree with him, and she managed to escape from his further conversation, to fall into the hands of her aunt, a correct maiden lady of fifty-five. "My dear Fanny," whispered she, loudly—"are you engaged to that young man?—he seems very intimate."

"Why no, indeed, Aunt Nanny. How can you think so? I like him very much—very well; he is very pleasant to talk to—so nice and sarcastic, and dances so beautifully; but as to anything further, he is just the last person!"

With another shrug of the shoulders, utterly condemnatory of Mr. Chase's pretensions, had he but seen it—and a blush that outtrived and outglowed those she had given to him, Fanny flitted back to the place from whence she came, and where she was oftentimes to be found, and where upon the whole she felt it pleasantest to be—the place beside her cousin, Louis Raynor.

But Louis Raynor's brow was dark, and his heart was very heavy. He had followed Fanny's progress round the room, half-listening, half-guessing, with the instinctive penetration of affection, what had been said and answered on the way, and it seemed to him that a darker shade was gathering every moment on the sweet character he loved. Wherever she moved, he saw, and comfort, and pleasure followed in her train; her guests spoke more gayly and smiled more brightly, and lent themselves more freely to the amusements of the hour, inspired by the irresistible fascination her presence always brought. But the price of this popularity—the cost of all this witchery?—Fearless, brave, and honest, utterly truthful and sincere himself, he shrank with something like horror from the "innocent deceptions," the "harmless white lies," the thousand falsities of speech and manner—of flattery and detraction, which "society" fosters and practices, and in which the graceful Fanny was such an adept. He would have given the strong right hand with which he had already compelled Fortune to his service, to save the dear girl from the dominion of the only fault she had. But there was no such question to be decided, or subject to be mooted at present; the only one now before him was how best to amuse the laughing throng of children and young people gathered in the little parlor at the end of the handsome suite of rooms, ready for any harmless romping or gaiety that could come under the head of "Christmas games."

Fanny was leader and prime mover in all of course, subject only to her cousin Louis, to whom she deferred with a sweet submissiveness that owned its special charm for one who knew as well as he the right she had to be imperious. If petting, and cherishing, and favoring could spoil, she should have been spoiled long since, for she had known nothing else since she first opened her dark gray eyes to the light of this sunlit world. She was not pretty, to be sure; she was too small, too short, too dark, too slight, too slender; but there was something better than beauty, as more than her father and her friends agreed—not to be found in the round face she looked at in the glass, and yet to be felt in the winning witchery of her manner. Whatever she wished, was all ways done—whatever she said, always carried conviction—the innate amiability of her character made it impossible for her to distress or disappoint anybody, if the sacrifice of anything (truth was one of the things) on her part could avert it. So she agreed with every one, and pleased every one, and was popular with all.

But then she was bright, and gay, and witty, and her conversation had a vivacious charm of its own, embellished, not with those sarcastic "mots," those burning epigrams, that slay and smite, and are passed about rapidly from hand to hand in society, like "Robin's Alive" in the play; but with lively "slings and arrows," that, to be effective, must be fired behind the back of the gr. at giant truth, and of those she criticised. So it happened that, without deliberate dissimulation, or malice, or evil intention, Fanny had unconsciously fallen into those crooked paths of deceit which are called the "ways of the world," and yet was thought the sweetest girl in it by all her family and friends but one—the one who loved her best.

The evening passed pleasantly to both young and old; there was no dancing, but a delightful supper, which all could appreciate, plenty of music and lively conversation; and finally all the youthful part of the company, at least, became interested in the amusements the children prosecuted with such zest. A triple row of admiring spectators surrounded the laughing group, and even the scornful Jessie was moved to something like spiritlessness. At a very late hour, the forfeits had not yet been all redeemed, and the players were unanimous in demanding "one game more," that should set them all right in this respect, from the tall leader of the festivities.

"I know one," admitted he, at last, "but it will require a week to play it."

"How?—why?—what is it?" they eagerly inquired.

"The Palace of Truth," said the Grand Panjandrum, with a side-glance at Fanny.

"I don't think we quite understand," she suggested.

"It is very simple; you must all speak the truth for a week; as if we were living in the Palace of Truth itself. No evasions, no deceptions, no prevarications, remember, but with the regular witness-box qualification—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There! have I not given you a sufficient task to redeem your forfeits? In a week from to-day I shall be happy to release such as can conscientiously be claimed by their owners."

The circle broke up amid much laughter and applause, but Louis' quick glance observed that Fanny moved away in an absorbed, mechanical manner, with a warm flush in her cheek, and an absent, uneasy look in her eyes. When the last guest had departed, and those who belonged to the house had left the room, he lingered latest to speak to her.

"This is my Christmas gift," said he, sliding into her hand a little keepsake copy of the "Series of Distinguished Women;" exquisitely bound, and rimmed and clasped with gold. The fair faces of saints and martyrs looked into hers as she turned the vellum leaves, till a bright tear from her downcast eyes fell upon the creamy page and stained its polished surface.

"What is it, Fanny?" asked her cousin, tenderly.

She turned, smiling at him, deprecatingly, and drawing her slender fingers across her wet eyelashes as if to hide the traces of emotion, with a movement of rapid grace peculiar to herself.

"I hardly know," she answered. "I suppose I was tired, vexed, dissatisfied with myself, and that the sight of all these good women with their high standard of right and duty, was rather mortifying to my vanity. I want to know," continued she, lifting to him suddenly the earnest inquiry of her beautiful gray eyes, "if you were really sincere to-night in proposing that we should abide for a week in the 'Palace of Truth?'"

"Is it so hard?" returned Louis.

"I think it is," she bravely confessed, "if one is to live in society at the same time. I don't pretend to defend our system, but there are so many little deceptions, and subtleties, and conventionalities, so many delinquencies and concealings of your crystal Truth, that we have grown up in the faith of—(shabby traditions, they are, all of them, and I for one don't excuse, though I practise them,) that I am afraid none of us can reasonably hope to dwell in your palace for so long a time."

"Will you try at least?" said Louis, bending over her with the irresistible fondness her bewitching frankness and gentleness evoked.

"Dear Fanny, these are little things and slight, I know, but are they so unimportant after all? The cowardice or the heroism with which we meet the hourly conflict with trifling temptations like these, do they have no share in moulding the whole character, and deciding our final destiny?"

She was leaning over a table, with cheeks deeply colored, and striving to restore to position the unfortunate bronze effigy of some distinguished warrior, who had had the pedestal knocked from under his martial feet in the course of the evening, by the romping children who owned him. In the earnestness of his discourse, Louis seized and imprisoned the little fluttering hands in his, and she looked up into his face with a quick, inquiring glance, and a smile that flashed like a diamond through her tears.

"It was for my benefit, then," she murmured, half under her breath, "and I am, I confess, all that you think me; a hypocrite, an arch deceiver, who could not abide in your Crystal Palace for an hour, I am very sure!"

"We shall see," persisted Louis, slipping on the slender forefinger of the tiny left hand he held, the ring he habitually wore; a beautiful solitaire, blazing with an unmistakable lustre.

"Take this, as a sort of charm or amulet—only as a loan! I don't be afraid!—to help you to redeem your pledges. You wear crystal jewelry, I think, don't you?"

"Oh yes! the hateful things! I am tired of them already."

"Contrast their base glitter then, with the pure and perfect light of the diamond whose rays they imitate; you see I am both metaphorical and philosophical, Fanny—and see if the reminder won't help you."

"To what reward?" was on her mischievous lips to say, but smile and question both died away before the plainer language of the look she met, and without another word she escaped to the seclusion of her chamber, where, with beating heart, and burning cheeks, and tears of real emotion and regret, she renewed to herself the promise she had tacitly given him, and resolved to purify her heart and conscience for their coming sojourn in the Palace of Truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMERS' PAINT.—Farmers will find the following profitable for house or fence paint:—

Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slacked lime, eight ounces; Spanish white, three pounds, linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces. The line is to be elated in water, exposed to the air, and then mixed with about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is dissolved, to be added, a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This is sufficient for twenty-two yards, two coats. This is for a white paint.

If desirable, any other color may be produced; thus, if a cream color is desired, in place of that of the Spanish white, use the ochre alone.

[Working Farmer.]

At the Knickerbocker banquet in New York the following remarkable toast was given:—

Holland—Land of dykes and Van Dykes, of brooks and Ten Brooks, of pools and Vanderpools, of schooners and Schoonmakers; land of cities of euphonious names, Saardam and Edam and Amsterdam and Rotterdam; land of edam and Zee Zees; proprietor of bottom land on the largest known European scale. Broad-based Holland, Haill!

## LECTURE ON SHODDY.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelly recently delivered at a lecture before the Press Club of Philadelphia, from which Forney's Press makes the following extract:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Knowing better, perhaps, than any of you the labors of the gentlemen connected with the press of any city, it was with pleasure that, on Friday, I accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture this evening in the place of the talented but erratic gentleman in whose place I stand. I propose to let you know what shoddy is, and to deduce some useful lessons from it; and I shall attempt to show you that America would be a greater nation if more devoted—not to the production of shoddies, but to shoddy.

The difference between the American and the English use of the word shoddy is as different as one language can make the word.—You see an elegantly-dressed young man sitting behind a pair of elegant horses, with a costly Afghan covering his limbs, and you say "Shoddy." I see a poor, miserable being, with a bag over his shoulder and a stick with a hook on it in his hand, picking up rags through the streets and depositing them in a bag, and I say "Shoddy." I use it in the English sense of the word, you in the American.

I met a gentleman during the war whom I had known in business in New York. I met him near Alexandria. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was just on a little speculation, and had been buying up refuse bread from the army. I asked him what he did with it. The soft parts he rebaked and sold over again, and the black, dry parts he had ground and sold to the grocers for pepper. Americans would say of that man, "Shoddy." [Applause.] I do not apologize for the defrauders of the Government, who sold inferior articles during the first year of the war; but there is no doubt that we are as much swindled in the purchase of articles of daily consumption, as was our Government during the first years of the rebellion.

Our war began when we were entirely unprepared for it. How was it when it closed? Never had the world seen armies so well provided as were our victorious armies, when at the close of the war they marched into Washington, and were all clad in clothing of American manufacture. [Applause.]

If you ask me what nation best fills the use of the word shoddy, I say the American people; for whether new gotten wealth be obtained by fraudulent contrivances, or in an honest way, no nation is more proud of showing their possessions than the Americans. They boast and display largely beyond their means, are entirely thriftless, and altogether wasteful. Didn't gentlemen, long before Sumter was fired upon, buy glaring pictures because they were in gilded frames, and didn't ladies sweep along our streets with costly organdies for mere display?

In the West Riding of Yorkshire there is one mill whose productions are blankets. They are sold by pedlars. It is renowned the world over for their productions; and everything made there is from the single article—shoddy—gathered from all the semi-barbarous nations which depend altogether for their existence upon the plough and the sword alone, and do not attempt to manufacture.

It was found about 1813 that refuse rags were valuable, and from one little woolen mill there are to-day in the town of Batley the largest mills in the world, and they send to all the corners of the world their productions. I want to show you that we are the shoddy country of the world. We have our coal lands and our broad farming acres, and we will not use them. We waste our substance and enrich by our refuse shoddy the many manufacturing districts of England. They make flustering, druggists, pilots, tweeds, revistels, linings, velvet, seal-skins.

Let me ask you why that work may not be done on American soil? They admit themselves that no country in the world supplies them with so much or so good material as the American market. Have we not the coal to move the machinery and the genius to do the work? Why do we not do it? It used to be the fashion here to go out to the Falls and eat a catfish supper, or to Fairmount and eat plank shad. A fisherman the other day drew up his net and found it heavily laden. He took off a perch and other valuable fish, and upon being interrogated as to his waste, he said he came catfishing, and when he went catfishing, he went catfishing. So in the year 1859 we wasted one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars worth of shoddy, and this State of Pennsylvania would be found indulging in a waste still heavier than that. Go to the English manufacturers and ask them where they get their rags, and they will tell you from the semi-barbarous nations—Turkey, Russia, and America. They get no rags from Russia under the present Emperor; he saw, when he gave freedom to the serfs of Europe, that he must find employment for them, and the rags are retained that they may be worked up by these people. The wise Emperor of the French has absolutely prohibited the export of rags.

The speaker continued in this strain at some length, and read extracts from English works showing the extent of the manufacture of shoddy in that country—amongst others, England's improvement by sea and land, by Andrew Yarranton, showing how England can whip the Dutch without fighting them and pay off debts without money.

We have mortgaged ourselves as a nation for three thousands of millions of dollars, and yet we throw away our skins to England for a sixpence, and they return us a tail for a shilling. Better we had been exporting our acres until the ocean had overthrown them, for then we should have known our loss, than to waste our substance as we do now for the enriching of England. The reason why I selected the subject, "Shoddy," you will see. I want to impress upon the people a determination that America should pass from the category of semi-barbarous nations into that of civilized who manufacture their own articles.

That able paper, the New York Times, has enlarged its size considerably, and announces that in future it will have the aid of the great ability and unequalled experience, as a journalist and a politician, of Thurlow Weed.

## An Education Good Enough for a Farmer.

The best education is none too good. Who sets out second-rate fruit, if he can get first-rate? or who sows poor wheat if he can get the best? What is the best education that a farmer can have? Truly, that which will fit him for most successfully tilling the soil, for business intercourse with men, for taking a creditable position in society, for serving best his fellowmen and honoring his God. To help us to decide what course of mental culture—for that is what we generally mean by education—will best accomplish these ends, let us see what men are the best farmers, and what their education has been. As a general thing, we believe that among those farmers who work with their own hands more or less, and are not merely proprietors of estates which they may or may not personally manage,—those not bred to the business of farming are by far the most successful. Many of them were born on a farm, and others took to farming after learning other business. Is then the education which the farmer-boy picks up after he leaves the farm, while he is at work in the machine shop, shoving the jack-plane, or behind the counter, the best he can have? No, indeed; but he gains something which makes him a better farmer than his neighbors. Premising that he would not have returned to farming, or taken it up if he had not had a love for it, he has probably gained, in the shop or store,—First, a just estimate of the value of accurate accounts, of knowing the pecuniary success or failure of the simplest ventures; Second, a high estimation of the value of knowledge of one's business, which makes him read and think, as well as work; Third, liberality in regard to the views and opinions of others. It has made him quick witted also, and not set in his own way. Besides, contact with men has given him confidence in himself when he knows where he stands, and a lack of confidence when he is not sure of his ground. Such a man will always succeed as a farmer. He may be dreadfully green for a year or two, but in a short time he will beat the old farmers out and out. If our readers will testify, they will confirm what we say, and point out neighbors of theirs that they used to laugh at for their blunders and city-fied farming, which, perhaps, was half book farming and half guess work, who now are beyond being laughed at; or at least the laugh is on the other side. These men have gained their farming by the hardest. Our boys ought to have a better chance.

The Home School is where the boy gets his first notions and principles, and these will have their effect upon him to the day of his death. The Common School is where the foundations are laid of whatever literary or book education the boy ever gains, together with the establishment of correct habits of study and thought, a taste for mathematics, quickness at figures, etc.

The High School, whether it be Academy, College, or Agricultural College, is supposed to bring the young man forward to the threshold of mature life with knowledge enough to enable him to make a good start, and with such habits of study and thought that he will always value knowledge and seek it. Finally there is—

The School of Experience, in which we are all pupils and always have been, from the time we first learned we could not reach the moon, and that the candle-flame was too hot a place for our fingers. It is in the school of experience that men educate themselves in their judgment of probabilities, in the estimation of men for what they are worth, and in many other things which have a great influence on their success or failure, superiority or mediocrity in whatever business they follow.

This last excepted, the other schools mentioned are named in order of their importance in forming character and developing the mind. The boy should have the best instruction where and when this development takes place. The best teachers are by no means those who know the most, they are those who inspire the child, or youth, with a desire to do best, and to learn most; those who guide the young mind into those channels in which it can and will pursue useful knowledge with zest. A child of fourteen well started, will do well under poor teachers, after that. We propose to discuss these three schools in other articles.

[American Agriculturist.]

LORD PALMERSTON AND GENERAL BUTLER.—The Washington Republican has the following:—

"When General Butler issued his celebrated order No. 28, in New Orleans, known as the 'woman order,' he was denounced by the rebel chieftain, Beauregard, as a 'beast,' which epithet was not only echoed all over the South, but was adopted in spirit by Lord Palmerston, late prime minister of Great Britain. Shortly afterwards the Kane Palmerston scandal was set afloat, much to the discredit of our noble lord. General Butler took advantage of the fact, and addressed a note to a distinguished gentleman on the other side of the Atlantic, in which he alluded to the fact that Palmerston had repeated the dirty scandal about his (Butler's) 'woman order'; that perhaps the learned Premier was not aware that the order which, in consequence of the beastly conduct of the women of New Orleans towards the federal troops, became a military necessity, was copied verbatim from an order of the City Council of London, established during a time of peace! General Butler having just heard of the gossip about Mrs. Kane and Palmerston, remarked in the letter referred to that probably his lordship had begun to know how good it was to be slandered. Upon reading General Butler's letter, which embraced all the facts about the misconduct of women, making Order 28 a necessity, Lord Palmerston wrote a letter of apology to General Butler, which the latter still holds."

REASONS FOR NOT SOWING TIMOTHY.—"Why did you not sow Timothy with the clover?" Because I intend to break up the land in two years and sow wheat; and I have a theory that timothy, being a cereal, robs the ground of those elements most needed for wheat. This is not the case with clover, peas, and other leguminous crops. So that on wheat land, and when the hay is to be consumed, as it always should be on the farm, I think the less timothy and the more clover we can grow, the better. Clover impoverishes the soil less than timothy and makes richer manure."

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## Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... DEC. 22, 1865.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 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.

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Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

## NEW YEAR'S PRESENT!

If you are in debt for the Mail, pay for it before Jan. 1; and take our pledge that this act shall give you pleasure as often as you read your paper. If you are not in debt, pay a year in advance; and thus be happier than the man above mentioned. If we had but one word of counsel to utter for the profit of all men, it would be, *Pay for your paper in advance.* Next to this would be, *Pay up arrears.*

**DROWNED.**—Nellie, aged seven years, only daughter of Frederick P. Haviland, Esq., who resides near the Foundry, was drowned on Saturday last, in the Emerson Stream, just above the Paper Mill dam. She had been permitted to go upon the ice for a few minutes, with her brother, previous to riding into the village with her mother. Charlie was skating, and hauling Nellie on her sled; and in passing under the bridge, just opposite the house, the sled broke through a thin spot in the ice; Charlie turned to seize his sister, and fell in with her. Messrs. Stiles and Town hurried from the paper-mill to their help; and on reaching the spot the ice gave way and they also fell in. Charlie meanwhile manfully supported his sister; but before they could recover themselves so as to secure her, his benumbed fingers, burdened with a mitten, relaxed their hold, and she passed under the ice. During the afternoon untiring efforts were continued to recover the body by cutting through the ice; but they were not successful till after the ice was entirely cut loose, from the bridge to the dam. About 6 o'clock it was secured.

The efforts of Charlie, a few years older than his sister, to save her at any risk, are worthy of all praise. Exhausted by holding her, and benumbed with cold, he frantically urged help for her, and insisted upon being left to support himself, till he seemed to lose his hold of her unconsciously, and from sheer exhaustion.

The afflicted family have the warm sympathy of the community in the loss of their beautiful child. Affectionate, thoughtful and truthful, in a marked degree—intelligent, gentle and playful—she seemed a summary of the qualities that secure affection. Consolation can come only from Him who has it in boundless store.

**JUST NOW.**—Yea, even to-day, before it is too late, make defence against mice gnawing your young apple and other fruit trees. A good preventive is to stamp down the grass and put around the roots of each tree a small quantity of ashes, soot, lime, or old plastering. In any event it will benefit the trees. We know an orchard of about an acre, in sight of this village, with which the owner took great pains the first two years; but the mice made such havoc with them the first winter, under the snow, that he became discouraged, and his fine orchard—that was to be—has never recovered from the misfortune. We mention these hints with renewed confidence when apples are selling for \$6 a barrel.

**Helmbold, the well known Medicine Man of New York,** is a firm believer in printers' ink, and does not hesitate to employ "the preserver of all art" to make known to the afflicted the wonderful qualities of his long established remedies. For a single page of the New York Tribune, for one week, he paid the publishers fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Helmbold says, "that those who advertise liberally are sure to get a return for their money, with fifty per cent. added." Every merchant and manufacturer should profit by the above suggestion, and let the people know where they can buy the most for their money.

**The New England Farmer** says that dogs infected by fleas may be cleansed by rubbing them with a piece of flannel saturated with naphtha. We commend, as a better remedy for such dogs, a piece of beefsteak saturated with oil of tobacco. And, by the way, tobacco alone, in almost any form, will generally prove effectual in shortening the life of any animal or insect that is foolish enough to take it.

Oh, the mischief wrought by hoop skirts! The post mortem examination of a cow in Farmington, recently, says the *Chronicle*, showed that she owed her death to a piece of hoop skirt steel spring, which after being swallowed had worked its way through the stomach and lodged in the heart.

[For the Mail.]  
AXIOMS IN FINANCE.

1. The results of a day's work in raising corn and mining gold must, on an average, be equivalent in value, and hence exchangeable with each other. If one employment were more profitable than the other, men would devote themselves to this till it ceased to be so.

2. If anything is "worth what it will fetch," then, if a bushel of corn will fetch a dollar, it must be its equivalent in value. Hence the price of anything is a measure of its value, not twice as valuable, as stated by Tyro.

3. I may sell a bushel of corn, either directly for another thing, say, for a bushel of salt, or indirectly for a bushel of salt, through the intervention of money. In both cases the result of my trade is the same, viz: a bushel of salt—in the one case by a single sale, in the other by two, viz, first the corn for the gold, and then the gold for the salt. And if in the direct exchange in kind it would, on an average, take me as long to look up my customer and effect the exchange, as to raise a bushel of corn, then the use of the gold, which enables me to effect the exchange without the loss of time, is worth to me as much as a bushel of corn. And as the only use of gold, as money, is to facilitate exchanges, it must be worth this because its use as such saves, say, a day's labor.

Having I id down these axioms, which to my way of thinking entirely vindicate both my view and the "doctor's," let me briefly point out the fallacy in Tyro's reasoning. He supposes a man to have a bushel of corn ready to exchange for salt, but finds that he will have to carry it twenty miles to effect the exchange. "But to effect the exchange in this way," says he, "will cost him another bushel of corn." Very true; and it is precisely the value of this additional bushel of corn which the gold saves him. It is not pretended that the gold will save him the trouble of raising his bushel of corn. He is supposed, on the contrary, to have it already on hand, and to be considering how he can exchange it off the cheapest; whether by looking up a customer who wants it and has what he wants, or by selling it for a dollar, and then selling that dollar at a neighboring store for the article he is in quest of.

A Tyro should look a little more closely to his logic when attacking a "Doctor" and a "Senior." He made up some very faces at my last "gag," and I shall be curious to learn how he gets along with this. SENIOR.

**THE 2D MAINE CAVALRY** arrived at Augusta on Sunday morning last. The regiment returns with five hundred and thirty-one men and fourteen officers, Major Eben F. Hutchinson commanding. It was recruited in the fall of 1863, mustered into service Jan. 12, 1864, and commenced leaving Augusta by squadrons the 15th of March, for Portland, where it embarked on transports for the Department of the Gulf. Col. E. W. Woodman, Lieut. Col. Spurling and Maj. Charles A. Miller, with about one hundred and fifty men of the regiment, were mustered out and paid off in Florida, where they remain, intending to go into business in the South.

**WELL DONE!**—Mr. C. E. Williams, formerly of the Williams House, and later of Williams' Saloon, has transformed the block corner of Main and Temple streets, into an elegant first class saloon, which has just opened to the public. So far, he has made his mark in the list of improvements on Main St., and his well known experience in catering for the public will no doubt secure him success—which we heartily wish him.

**THE friends of Mr. Joshua C. Bartlett,** formerly well known in Waterville, hear from him at Sacramento, Cal., in still failing health. Mr. B. left Waterville for that place some two years ago, for the benefit of the climate in pulmonary disease, and we regret to learn that the advantage found in a former visit is not realized in this.

**TAKE A TICKET?**—A lady who had been looking at the splendid posters of "Helmbold's Buchu," stepped into an adjacent bookstore and called for "two tickets for Helmbold's Buchu." Of course she was told that it was a medicine, and not an exhibition.

**The second lecture of Prof. Gunning's Geological Course** was given Wednesday evening. There was a fair audience, and the lecture gave the highest satisfaction. A ticket for the remaining four lectures can be had for fifty cents—which we advise everybody to give.

**ONIONS** retail in the Boston markets at 30 cts. the peck, and potatoes from 20 to 30 cts.; best hard from 20 to 25; round hogs 12 to 16; Boston hams 20 to 22; butter 40 to 50; eggs 45; white sugars, wholesale, 18 to 19.

**JACOB H. WING,** has lately moved from our village to Farmington, where, says the *Chronicle*, he has opened an establishment for the sale of furniture which is an honor to the place.

**APPLES.**—Richardson's Price Current quotes first quality, in New York, at \$4. to \$4.50; common, \$2. to \$2.50 per barrel. At this rate they are coming this way, from various sections.

**Miss Ford's class in Musical Gymnastics** are advertised for a public exhibition at Town Hall on Tuesday evening next. It will doubtless be found a very pleasant entertainment. Admission 15 cts.

**GLORY ENOUGH!**—Secretary Seward announces by proclamation that the amendment to the Constitution is fully made, by its acceptance by three-fourths of the States.

**A LARGE SHEEP.**—(STORY).—The Prairie Farmer mentions a Cotswold buck, two years old, that weighed 344 pounds, and a ewe of the same age that weighed 230 pounds.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The January number of this best of American magazines, the first of a new volume, has just made its appearance. It is a volume of the following enumeration of its contents, with a list of the contributors, which we find in a city daily:

The number is an unusually brilliant one, as the first number of the year is expected to be. The publication of "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books" is begun. A large portion of the "passages" are brief jottings of suggestions for the framework of new stories and essays which the author never lived to employ. The department of fiction in the number is unusually well represented, and Mr. Beecher's "Griffith's Gun," and Mitchell's "Dr. John," being of course continued. Bayard Taylor having a story of old Russia, entitled "Beauty and the Beast," Miss Harding one of her characteristic tales, "The May Day of December," and Anne M. Brewster, a brief sketch entitled "Lucy's Letters." Mr. J. F. Rowbridge has a vivid account of his visit to the battle-field of the Wilderness, Gail Hamilton a paper with the odd title "The Kingdom Coming," urging the importance of a general Saturday half-holiday in all departments of labor, and Mrs. Stowe the first of a new series of "Chimney Corner" essays, "Being a Family Talk on Reconstruction." Mr. W. C. Bryant's poem, "Castles in the Air," an extract from an unpublished poem, in blank verse; Mr. Longfellow's contribution is a short piece of on y eighteen lines, on "The Bells of Lynn, heard at Nahant;" and Mr. Rich has some stanzas called "Wind and Clock." The reviews and literary notices treat of Robertson's Life and Letters, Burke's Works, the Illustrated Songs of Seven, Captain Savage's History of the Boston Police, and Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year; and sold by all periodical dealers.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK** for January has two fine steel engravings—"The Farewell Sermon," and the "String of Pearls," the last of which is very beautiful with a double-sized colored fashion plate, and wood cuts and patterns and designs of bonnets, dresses, caps, etc., in great profusion. Godey claims that his magazine is a leader in fashion, literature and fine arts, and his claim is allowed without much question by all good judges. It has always been a great favorite with the ladies and increases in popularity every day.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW** for October has the following table of contents:—Cathedrals of England; The Mariner's Compass; The Resources, Condition, and Prospects of Italy; The Poetry of Peace and Lord Houghton; Blind People; Field Sports of the Ancient Greeks and Romans; The Gallican Church; The Russians in Central Asia. For terms, etc., see advertisement.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**—Agreeably to promise, we find in the January number of this popular juvenile magazine a fine steel portrait of Mrs. Stowe, besides twenty-one illustrations on wood that will gladden the eyes of all its little readers. The number contains stories by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, L. Maria Child, Gail Hamilton, Charles D. Stanley, Margaret Eyttinge, Rose Tree, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jean Ingelow, and Captain Mayne Reid. "Our Letter Box," a new and agreeable feature is introduced, and the usual space is occupied with reviews, conundrums, &c.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year, with discount to clubs.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—"The Music Teacher" is the title of a very fine steel engraving in the January number of this excellent magazine, which contains several other embellishments. Miss Townsend commences a new serial—"Petroleum," a sequel to "Whether it Paid," and contributes her full share to the editorial department. Much good reading will be found in the number, including several stories, one of which we have commenced in this week's paper. We have so often commended this monthly that it might seem superfluous to say anything further in its praise at this time; and we will therefore simply advise all who are making up their list of magazines for the coming year to be careful not to overlook the claims of Arthur's Home Magazine.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year; three copies, 60c; six copies, 100c; ten copies, 150c. Every single subscriber, sending \$2.50 will receive a premium plate, entitled "The Courtship of Shakespeare," and the same is sent to every person who gets up a club.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington st., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

**CONGRESS.**—In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, a resolution was unanimously adopted, declaring that treason is a crime and ought to be punished—several democrats dodging the vote.

On Monday, in the Senate, bills were introduced granting a million of acres of land for schools in the District of Columbia, and providing for the payment of bounties to enlisted men who subsequently received commissions. In the House of Representatives, resolutions were offered relating to the admission of representatives of States recently in rebellion, against class rule and aristocracy, and that the elective franchise belongs to each State (tabled). Resolutions were adopted making the test oath applicable to all departments of the public service, and indorsing the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury. Various resolutions of inquiry were also introduced. Bills were introduced to repeal the fishing bounties; to establish a civil government in the Indian territory; requiring civil and military officers in Utah to disavow polygamy; to enable loyal citizens of States recently in rebellion to form State Governments. The Senate bill to appropriate \$25,000 to Mrs. Lincoln was concurred in. Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania made a speech on reconstruction, after which the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, notice was given of a bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Bills were introduced to provide for the defence of the Northern frontier, and to repay the State of Maine certain appropriations, and to establish a Freedmen's Bureau in any State where slaves have been emancipated. In the House a resolution was adopted proposing an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the payment of the rebel debt. The House refused to concur in the Senate's amendment to the resolution to adjourn over the holidays. The Speaker submitted the credentials of the Alabama members elect and of Mr. Barbour of Virginia.

**BOBBY WILLIAMS,** of Bangor, we are gravely told, has challenged a Mr. Smith of Augusta, to a game of billiards, for the championship of the State. Vpl not of it? And who cares which wins?

**BRITISH PERIODICALS.**—We invite the attention of the reader to the advertisement of the four great British Quarterlies and Blackwood's Magazine, in another column. In noticing these reprints of L. Scott & Co., of New York, the *Toronto Guardian* well says:—

"There are now few educated persons, or even persons who have in any way become interested in the numerous wonderful questions of this wonderful age, or in literature in general, who do not find it necessary to take one or more of the great Reviews. To professional men and intelligent men of business who have not sufficient leisure to read even the best books continually issuing from the press, the Reviews are indispensable, and at the same time sufficient to impart a comprehensive view of the merits of books, the nature and merits of the questions and enterprises of the day, and of the intellectual state and progress of the times. Nearly every number of each Review contains among its variety of articles, one or more articles of very superior merit, such as is more than an equivalent for a whole year's subscription."

And we may also add the opinion of Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York:—

"Questions of theology are now so intermingled with science and literature, that the standard British Quarterlies—the *London*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, the *North British*—are valuable auxiliaries to theological study, while their general contents afford that healthful mental stimulus which every student needs outside the line of his special studies."

Men who can afford to buy but very few books can glean from these sources the drift and worth of much of current literature, in every department; and occasional articles from master-thinkers are exhaustive of the topics of which they treat."

**A MONSTER KALEIDOSCOPE**—greatly superior to those bought at the shops, but costing nothing, may be readily improvised, if one has a piano, or similar piece of furniture, where two reflecting surfaces can be brought together in a desired way. Set the piano lid back at an angle with the top, and then fold over the cover, or any thick cloth, to form the other side of the triangle. Now hold colored or glittering objects a little distance from one end of this triangular tube, with a lamp midway between but a little one side. After satisfying your friends that no "sell" is intended, which they will be very apt to suspect, so simple is the whole arrangement, ask them to look in at the end of the tube farthest from the light while you move the objects about at the other, and they will not fail to be delightfully surprised at the brilliant exhibition.

**THE LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,** on Monday evening, had a very interesting discussion upon the merits of "Legal and Moral Sanction." Next Monday evening the consideration of this subject will be resumed, and as able speakers have promised to take part in the debate, we think our citizens will find it well worth their while to attend. An urgent invitation is extended to all to come in and participate in the debate, whatever their views may be. Fill up the Hall.

**QUERY FOR THE CRAFT.**—Not being members of the Editors' and Publishers' Association we do not often venture to speak in meeting, but we should really like to know why "Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Salutaris" is advertised all over the country for less than one quarter the usual rates. If any one knows, let him speak; he's the chap we want to hear from. Great is the power of "oly gammon," and the publishers of newspapers, though generally very intelligent, and "up to snuff," are not beyond its reach.

**A HINT,** just as valuable to farmers on the Kennebec as to those on the Sandy River, is thus put forth by the Farmington Chronicle:—

There is a great deal of waste land in our vicinity, such as steep intervals, banks of ravines, etc., which merely produces cherry, birch, and other bushes. Now it is a fact that apple-trees will thrive in such locations just as well as bushes and other trees. Cut away the trash and set out apple trees, promiscuously, and thickly, and let the imagination feast upon the future beauty and profit which will be the result. Dr. Russell of this village commenced on this sort of improvement last Spring.

**STATE BANK, AUGUSTA.**—The time for redeeming the bills of this bank expires on the first of January, and the papers are urging people to send them all in before that time. It is well to return the bills of all the old State Banks, but the one that refuses to redeem its bills simply because the legal time has expired must be under the control of a set of meanly dishonest men.

**MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH,** the well known spiritual lecturer, was married in Washington, last week, to Col. N. W. Daniels, of Louisiana.

**A NUMBER** of the loyal ladies of New Orleans recently sent the Louisiana Legislature a handsome U. S. flag, which was accepted by the Senate, and an hour fixed for its formal presentation; but it very soon leaked out that the ladies were colored, when the flag was sent back and the whole record expunged from the books.

**THE CATTLE MARKETS.**—This week, says the reporter of the Boston Advertiser, 2854 cattle and 9827 sheep were at Brighton and Cambridge, which, with the large numbers last week, proved rather too much for Christmas week, and the market favored the buyer.

It is notorious at the Custom House that the importation of European perfumery has ceased under the present revenue laws. Do not be cheated with the wretched imitation. Use Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," with which no toilet extract concocted either at home or abroad can vie. Sold everywhere.

The Secretary of State has addressed communications to Provisional Governor Johnson of Georgia relieving him from further duty as Governor, and to Governor Jenkins, authorizing him to assume the duties of his office.

**THE PROBLEM OF THE COLORED RACE.**—The more details we receive of the Jamaica outbreak the more pointedly do we see important lessons are to be gathered by ourselves regarding the treatment of the colored race in America.

In the first place the Jamaica planters adopted the system of apprenticeship which several Southern States have already enacted—trying to get work from the blacks without the payment of fair wages. This system resulted in driving the blacks from large estates. A reliable account says:—

The opposite system pursued in the Barbadoes, the Leeward and Windward and other small islands—that of paying fair wages for a fair day's work—reconciled employers and laborers, and has made those islands prosperous ever since. But the old slave-owners in Jamaica were not satisfied with enforcing apprenticeship. They resolved to govern the island themselves and keep the blacks down. They formed the voters—2,500 out of a population of 440,000; they chose the Legislature; they passed the laws and constituted the courts. If a negro was injured, he could seldom secure justice, because his judges were among his oppressors. In his ignorance, and having no share in his own government, he conceived that all legal forms and safeguards were only the implements of the whites to keep down and cheat the blacks. He would accordingly make no contracts for a length of time, and the planters frequently not having capital enough for payment of wages daily, the negro, not being able to recover his wages in court, would abandon the employer in the midst of harvest or planting. The large estates thus went rapidly to ruin.

The proprietors then passed a "whipping act," still further reducing the black; then the Courts punished him on the simplest pretences; then his clothes were severely taxed and he reduced almost to nudity; then a large number of coolies were imported and wages still further reduced. The same account adds:—

"The result of this, economically considered, is that out of an agricultural population of more than 400,000 only some 30,000 are employed on the sugar estates, and 30,000 more on other branches of cultivation, (not including provision-growers,) leaving 340,000 depending entirely on the little provision they can grow on their small farms or free holds. When drought comes, or unfavorable weather, this large population are left in absolute want, and this last year it appears famine has been truly staring them in the face. The result, in a moral point of view, of the system of the Jamaica planters, is that the negroes are rendered permanently suspicious of and averse to the employer of the island; they have been left in profound ignorance; the masses have no part or lot in the government; they attribute all their disaster and misfortunes to their old masters, so that their discontent and anger have been smouldering for many years."

The outbreak was neither so severe nor barbarous as was first reported—not a tithe so severe as the methods adopted in quelling it. [Bangor Times.

**FOREIGN.**—By late arrivals we get the following item of news:—

By the arrival of the steamships Peruvian and Cuba we have one week later news from Europe. The Shenandoah had put back to Liverpool with the loss of her sails and short of coal. The Fenian trials continued in Ireland. The cattle disease reports indicated a continued increase. Earl Russell was unwell, having contracted a cold which some regarded as serious. The visit of Gen. Schofield to Europe afforded matter for conjecture to the papers of Paris and London. The importation of cattle into France from England had been prohibited. The King of the Belgians died on the 9th inst. The rejection of foreign mediation by Spain in the Chilean difficulty had been positively announced.

**GENERAL HOWARD'S REPORT** estimates that eleven millions of dollars will be necessary for the support of the Freedmen's Bureau for the year 1866. He asks for the appropriation of this amount, three millions of which are for the purchase and building of sites and edifices for schools and asylums in the South, for both black and white. Neither the President nor the Secretary of War makes any recommendation in the matter.

The President sent to the Senate, on Tuesday, a message in response to resolutions adopted on the 12th instant, asking for information as to the condition of the South. The message sets forth the progress made in restoring the authority of the government in the lately rebellious States and in reviving the operation of the different departments of the government. It also exhibits the progress of the different States in reorganizing their government. The President regards the South as presenting a more promising aspect than, in view of all the circumstances, might be anticipated, and he expresses faith in the honest purposes of the people. The message was accompanied by reports by General Grant and Hon. Carl Schurz.

Sumner contends that these reports are rose colored.

**THE REGULATOR OF DEMOCRATIC STRENGTH.**—"I have been home to vote," writes a Wisconsin loyal Democrat to a friend in New England; "the going was so bad we had to go round by railroad one hundred and forty miles to get fifty-two. We carried the day by fourteen majority; the copperheads have carried it heretofore by about thirty-five votes. They were greatly mortified by their defeat. If you will study the elections, you will invariably find that Democratic majorities are ruled by the price of whisky; for instance, when four hundred was the Democratic majority in Iowa county, whisky was then eighteen cents per gallon. Whisky went up to seventy-five cents, and the Democrats lost the register of deeds, sheriff, and clerk of the board of county commissioners. Whisky advanced to one dollar and fifty cents, and the Republicans carried the county by three hundred majority, and have held it ever since under the high price of whisky. Now it is two dollars and fifty cents, and the Democratic leaders can't afford to treat as formerly. We have carried the State by about ten thousand majority; and left a miserable set of traitors 'out in the cold' for two years more."

The Nashville Press, in denying the statement of a negro insurrection in Louisiana remarks: "We have the personal testimony of many intelligent Southern gentlemen, who were implicated in the rebellion, that the negroes have everywhere through the South shown an orderly, law-abiding disposition, the farthest possible from riotous conduct."

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The Richmond Enquirer reports that "two hundred and sixty negro paupers were turned over to the cold charity of the City Council," and asks Boston to support these blacks. To this an exchange paper retorts:—

"If those who used to hold men in slavery had paid them fair wages, and suffered them to be educated, they would not now be paupers. If a works his horse until it falls lame, it stands to reason that B. ought then to put the animal in his stable, and feed him the rest of his life."

**THE ELEVATION OF THE NEGROES.**—The New York Times says that the sum of \$10,000 is to be put at the disposal of George T. Downing, for his use in representing the interests of the blacks at Washington this winter, and that the colored men of New York intend to send Fred Douglass with the same amount to Washington. These delegates are to establish a bureau at the capital to obtain and disseminate information respecting the needs of their race.

A Chicago bootblack accosted a returned soldier with the usual salutation—"Black yer boots, sir? make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpollished 'gunboats' in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do—fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his "leathers" upwards, and then turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

The Bath Times is informed by a letter from Capt. H. A. Shorey, 15 Me. Volunteers, who is now commanding the 2d Sub-Military District of Western South Carolina, with headquarters at Chester, S. C., that the citizens of that section are exceeding hostile to the Union cause, offering insults to our soldiers whenever an opportunity is presented. A few days previous to the date of his letter, a party of citizens fired into a squad of soldiers belonging to the command, inflicting a severe flesh wound upon Private Josiah H. Rollins, of Phippsburg.

The J. Munroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap is one of those articles that should be in every household and the lady who does not furnish herself or domestics with it, loses a boon which it will be impossible to find a substitute for. It takes less in quantity, and washes as no other soap can do. It makes rough hands smooth, and softens and whitens the skin, as well as making the clothes look so white. Try it.

Senator Sumner is to deliver a eulogy on President Lincoln, in Washington, February 12—the martyr President's birthday—at the Capitol, before the two Houses of Congress, the executive, the judiciary, the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers here, and the general officers of the army and navy.

The Bath Times says that the house of Capt. Isaac Orr, of that city, having been closed, the family being absent, was found, on visiting it, to have been forcibly entered and thoroughly ransacked; closets, drawers, &c., having been overhauled. Not a room but what had been examined. Some few articles of female wearing apparel were taken, but not of great value. The object of the rugges evidently appears to have been money or valuable ware, but neither were in the house, the silver ware having been removed with the family.

**NEW COINS.**—The U. S. Mint at Philadelphia, has got up specimens of eagles, half eagles, half dollars and quarters, on which is the motto, "In God we trust." These coins will in future bear this motto, it having been approved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Legislature of Virginia has repealed the act of a previous one, consenting to the organization of the new State of Virginia, as though by such repeal a contract would be annulled, and an independent State be annihilated. The Boston Advertiser suggests that the chances of success in such an undertaking, are not worth calculating. West Virginia is satisfied, is loyal, has always been loyal, and her foundations are as firm as the base of her mountains.

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The town of Thomasville, Georgia, has been put under martial law, as the municipal government fails to protect unarmed United States soldiers.

**DEATH OF MR. CORWIN.**—Hon. Thomas Corwin, formerly Governor of Ohio, and late Ambassador of the United States to Mexico, died at Washington, on Monday afternoon.

The President has directed Governor Holden not to permit the collection of the business tax imposed by the North Carolina Convention, extending back to Jan. 1, 1865, when a large portion of the State was within our lines and subjected to military taxation.

It is said to be a noticeable fact that in the rebuilding of Richmond two-thirds of the bricklayers and builders, and nearly all the best of them, are colored men.

Two negroes, convicted of larceny in Haver County, North Carolina, have been sentenced to be sold into servitude for a period not exceeding five years.

The Legislature of Tennessee have refused to allow negro testimony to be taken in courts, Gen. Fisk, under special orders from the War Department, has issued an order which demands that all cases in which negro testimony is invoked, and which have heretofore been disposed of by municipal authority, shall be brought before the Court of Adjudication.

**THE WHITES AND THE BLACKS.**—We have no doubt there is much truth in what a Georgia editor says, that it is a much more vital question in the South whether the whites will work than whether the blacks will refuse to labor. The loudest and noisiest blatherers about the constitutional laziness and persistent indolence of the negro, are stout young white men who loaf about the corners, with hands in their pockets, chew tobacco, and drink bad whiskey, while their mothers, keep boarding-houses to pay family expenses and keep up appearances.







