



1-26-1866

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 30): January 26, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 30): January 26, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 126.

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YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet;
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are to seek too journey,
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Frown your fiercest soldier true,
Where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle field is silent,
You can go to the silent dead,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it ANYWHERE.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

ABBY DILL'S FORTUNE.

WE taught school together. It was a district school "down East," and she had the girls under charge and I the boys. I presume she was eighteen when we met, and I know I was twenty-five. I had heard her name before I saw her. It was Abigail. It was an ugly name, and I expected to see a spinster to match. That was perhaps why she seemed so very pretty as I caught the first glimpse of her in the golden morning light standing on the old school-house steps. She had on a white dress, and the blue ribbon at her neck was no bluer than her eyes. Envious daisies called her hair red. It was really burnished gold. When I stood beside her she said, simply, "My fellow-teacher, Mr. Lorne, I presume. I am Abby Dill."

And we shook hands and were friends from that moment.

There is little romance in the rule of a district school. Do you wonder that I strove to find a little for myself in the presence of Abby Dill? Most young men of five-and-twenty would have done so under the circumstances. Wary of boy-faces, dull or saucy, of stammering tongues and stupid eyes, I turned to look at her over my desk a hundred times a day by way of relief.

It always helped me. I never saw her flushed or angry. I never saw her sleepily drudging at her task. Always alert, always pleasant. Sometimes with a pleased smile for a bright scholar, sometimes with a comic lifting of the eyebrows (quite involuntary I knew), when the biggest dunce in the class fell prostrate over some childish stumbling-block.

It was not the sedate placidity which will at times provoke a nervous sinner, but a merry good temper not to be soured by trifles.

I had taught before with one Mrs. Good-enough, and only my lucky stars, or some cherub who keeps watch over poor school-masters, kept me from flinging the dictionary at her head, when, in moments of most complete misrule, I caught sight of her with the same fat smile, the same front teeth visible, the same sleepy folds of her hands at her waistband.

Abby Dill, smiling or grave, always made me feel comfortable. Pretty soon I began to think what pictures I would make of her were I an artist. Whether I should choose the time when the sun burnished her golden hair, as it fell through the window near her seat, when cheek and lip and lily throat were flower-like masses of high lights and color, or that hour when the long shadows crept over the school-room and amidst them the fair face was mellowed and toned down to that of a Madonna.

Then I began to think of a home and fire-side where she should welcome me after the day's toil. I fancied her running to meet me at the door; sitting opposite me at the table; sewing while I read to her in the long winter evenings; leaning on my arm as we walked together in the summer twilight, and then I acknowledged that I was in love with Abby Dill.

It was not the work of a few days nor of a few weeks. We had taught together a year before I said, "I must have her for my wife or be wretched." And then I hardly knew whether she liked me or not.

In that country place "courtin'" was performed after a set fashion. The gentleman was paired off with the lady on all festive occasions. They made no great secret of kisses, and the usual manner of promenade, even in broad daylight, was with the masculine arm about the feminine waist. Consequently, no mortal guessed the state of my feelings, and village gossip never suggested the possibility of Mr. Lawrence Lorne and Miss Abby Dill "keeping company."

But I think she knew how I loved her. I thought then she liked to know it. She had a look she kept for me, a tone in her voice, I believe, I alone heard. Loving all the world as she did, I could not help hoping that she loved me best of all. Yet I was not sure.

I tried to find out for myself without asking—all in vain. At last I resolved to tell her how I felt. That day, after school, I wandered away into the woods, and sat there thinking. I knew I was not rich; I knew she was as poor as I; were we really too poor to marry? Should youth wait for gold and lands before it took love to its heart? Were graybeards right, and the beardless boys who disobeyed them wrong? It seemed to me not so. We were young. I had energy, hope, and strength. She had all that I possessed, with the sweetness and beauty that had made me love her. Why, if she loved me, should we not begin the world together?

The breezes sighing through the branches whispered, "Why not?" The birds sung it. The sun smiled it in the golden blotches of light dropped through the leafy shadow. My heart said, "Why not?" In its every beat. So I arose and went to her home across the fragrant clover-field, where the honey-laden bees seemed once more to hum to me, "Why not, if she loves you?" I found her sitting on the porch, sewing. In the cozy parlor her old grandmother sat asleep over her Bible.

The summer day was nearly over, but it was light yet, and the windows of the houses and those of the little church were turned to molten gold by the sunset. All along the road tinkling bells told of homeward-driven cows; swart laborers trudged out of the fields into the high-road, whistling as they went. Now and then a fitting flock of birds flung a passing shadow to the earth, and far away a sweet-toned bell was ringing. It was only a factory bell; I knew that, yet it minded me of the olden peal of the curfew. And still the sweetness and the loveliness of Nature, the look in Abby's blue

eyes, the throbbing of my own heart seemed to say to me, "Why not, for she loves you?"

But I could not speak then and there. If I had this story would never have been told. She must be quite alone with me before the words I must speak could come. So I asked her to walk with me. She assented.

"But we must have tea first," said she. "I am not ethereal enough to despise that ceremony, and grandmother is ready for hers, no doubt. Come in!"

So she folded up the muslin she was covering with buds and blossoms, and led the way to where the table was spread with a snowy cloth, and the homely home-like tea-time sights and odors asked the same old question.

I remember she had just poured out a cup of tea for me, and that in taking it my hand had, by chance, touched hers, thrilling me through with its velvet softness, when some one came to the door and knocked. Abby said, "Come in!" and in walked a great hulking lad, a scholar of mine, whose father kept the Post-office.

"Evenin', Miss Abby," he said. "I was comin' past, and father said I'd as well fetch this. It come in late this afternoon, and looks important."

Abby took the letter. "Thank you, Tom," she said. "Won't you have a cup of tea?" But Tom, startled with confusion at the request, "hadn't time, couldn't stay," and shuffled out.

The letter remained upon the table, a large envelope, with a great red wax seal, four or five postmarks, and as many scrawls, indicating the existence of other Winstons. Miss Abby Dill had waited several weeks for her letter, whatever it was, and it really "looked important."

"But it is not," she answered, with a laugh. "How could an important letter come to me?"

"Mercy on us! you are going to read it, ain't you, Abby?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, by and by, when I have had my tea and my walk, grandma."

"Have you no curiosity whatever on the subject?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I will own the honest truth. I never was so silly before; I'm actually afraid of the letter. I know of no one who would write to me on any subject of importance. I can think of no possible event which, in any degree, could give me joy or pain of which I should hear by letter; but I am afraid of it, nevertheless. That seal seems an ominous red eye staring at me."

"How you do talk, Abby!" cried the grandmother. "I couldn't rest until I read it, if I felt that way."

But Abby left the letter on the table, and we finished our meal, and she arose to put on her bonnet, and still never touched it.

At the door the old lady called her back.

"Abby, you never behaved so before; I'm curious about that letter, if you are not."

"Suppose there should be something terrible in it, grandmother," said Abby, with a laugh.

"I want my walk first."

"You really frightened me," said the old lady.

"It's all my conscience, grandmother; you may read it for me while I'm gone."

"At night?"—with these spectacles that never suited me?

Abby looked at me. "Well," she said, "must I read it?"

"We'll try," said I, and took a penny from my pocket. "Toss up for it. Heads, Miss Abby Dill reads the letter now—the reverse, she waits a wee."

I spun the coin in the air—Fate brought the head upmost.

The candles were lit by this time, and with a laugh Abby sat down near them and opened the envelope. At the first words I saw her change color and grow deeply interested, and at the close she started to her feet.

"Important!! Tom was right," she cried. "To think that such a letter should come to us. It's like a fairy tale. Am I really awake?"

She was too much excited to read the letter aloud, but soon I understood from her words that a far-away cousin of her father's who had been fond of her as a child, had died, leaving her all that he possessed. She had not heard of him for years, but that he had never forgotten her was plain in the fact that, by his death, she had become his heiress.

The letter had been several weeks upon its journey, and had reached her an hour too soon at last. An hour too soon for me, for, had we started on our walk before it came, should by that time have told her how I loved her—should have known whether she loved me.

Now, when she had suddenly become a rich woman, I could not do this. What would she think of me were I, who had never uttered a word of love to her, to speak the first one that night? She would see in it the most transparent fortune-hunting, and reject me with scorn. I must, at least, wait longer now, and I hated myself for not having had the courage to speak before.

We did not even take our walk. She seemed to have forgotten, and I did not wish to remember it. I could not congratulate her, I could talk at all. My only wish was to escape, and I did it soon.

Going home through the summer moonlight, the katydids chirping shrilly in the bushes seemed to answer the question all nature had asked me in the sunny afternoon—"Why not?"

"Ah, Lawrence Lorne! because she is a rich woman and you are a poor man!" It was not so much that she was a rich woman, after all; she had been so all along; but now, Abby Dill must show me that she liked me before I could say to her the words which would have been uttered that night had the letter been delayed a little longer. The postmaster's stupid Tom came nearer to a fogging than he knew of the next day, as he blundered over his spelling-book.

Was she cool to me, or I cool to her? I can not tell; but our intimacy seemed to diminish. She was very busy, too, for they were going to New York in a week, and another person had already agreed to take her place in school.

The day before they left I went to see her. I could not stay away, and, without intending it beforehand, I found myself walking with her in her garden, all aglow that evening with gay autumn flowers. She picked a bouquet for me, and sighed as she was tying it.

"Who will watch these flowers bloom next year, I wonder?" she said; "I have been so fond of them."

"You can have finer flowers," I said, "and will forget these and everything else here very soon."

"Am I so very fickle?" she asked, quickly. "I'd give the world to be sure you were not," I said; but to that she made not one word of answer.

Just then a wagon came to take her trunks to the depot, and, as I watched them go, I knew the first step of what might be an eternal parting had been taken. My heart sunk within me, but I could not say a word to hinder it, even had I hoped she liked me well enough to make it worth the while.

We walked up and down the broadest path of the garden quite silently after the bustle was past. She had written her city direction on a card, and I had put it in my pocket-book. I had hoped she would have a pleasant trip. She had hoped that "I should find the new teacher a pleasant person." Why were we so formally polite and decorously distant that afternoon I cannot tell. One tremulous tone, one tender look, would have broken down my resolution, but it was not to be spoken.

At last I said, "Good night." It was night now, for the sunset had passed and the gray twilight taken its place.

"She answered," "Good night, Mr. Lorne?" Our hands just touched, though I was filled with a wild longing to clasp her to my breast and cry:—

"Do not leave me so. Tell me you love me, Abby."

And then the gate had opened and closed after me, and I stood in the road alone.

She was miles away when I took my place at my desk next day, and Heaven only knew whether I should ever see her again. I also should leave the school in a few days, for the term was nearly over, and I had but one hope now. To find some path in which a fortune might be won, become a rich man, and then—

Alas! Time was fleeting, and one of us might die, or another might win her; or, when the wealth was won, the heart might be too cold and dull to beat as it beat then. I knew that as well as any one could have told me, but I was a dreamer by nature, and one dream being gone I must have another to live on.

Alas! without an effort on my part, the chance I longed for came. A position was offered me, involving a long absence from my native land, a residence in a country for which I had but little love, and not a little toil and trouble. But it would bring with it a chance for speculation, and possibly a fortune to match Abby Dill's.

I undertook it cheerfully. I performed my duties zealously. I succeeded beyond my hopes; and five years from the day of my departure from America, returned to it a rich man. All that while I had heard no tidings of Abby Dill, and did not know, when I set foot upon my native shore, whether she were alive or dead, yet single, or married to another. The last was most probable, for she had health and beauty, and was now full five-and-twenty years of age.

I went straight to Winston. I never expected to find Abby there, but she had made friends in the place she would hardly drop, and they might know her whereabouts, I hoped. I found Winston altered. Some rows of brick dwellings had grown up. There were a dozen schools instead of one. The church had a new steeple, and there was a little frame edifice, known as the Methodist meeting-house, besides. As for the school-house, that was altered past knowing, and had a porch, a tree-shaded playground, and four new class-rooms. It was vacation time, and it was quite empty, so I was free to visit the rooms and admire the improvements as much as I chose. All I did was to sit down at my old desk and fancy Abby Dill among her girls in the light of the long south window.

Opposite the school-house arose another edifice, bran new and exceedingly pretentious—the Winston Bank, an institution of which the Wintonians were wondrously proud. But it shut out the prospect of distant hills, and the pond with its water-lilies and drooping flags and rushes was quite hidden, and I did not like the alteration.

On the way home I passed Abby's little cottage. Some one lived there now who cared more for beans and cabbages than for flowers, and I gave one look over the palings and walked away.

Yes, Winston was altered, but I heard pleasant news that day. Miss Abby Dill had returned thither and lived with her old grandmother in a beautiful cottage on what was called The Hill.

She had suitors and offers enough, they said, but she was single still, and "kept company" with nobody.

On Sunday I saw her at church. She had not altered. She was even lovelier than ever, and I felt that the path lay clear before me, and that I was free to woo and win her.

But I put a restraint on myself and never went near her. I wanted her to learn that I was there, and that I had become wealthy enough to woo her without being accused of mercenary motives. A monomania for the time being, I withdrew all that I possessed from sundry excellent investments and deposited every cent in the Winston Bank, that gossip, nimble-tongued enough in Winston, might carry the news to her. On Wednesday I intended to call upon Abby Dill and begin my wooing. Alas! the most positive intentions fail to be carried out at times. On Tuesday evening, entering my room in the dark, I struck my eyebrow against the door. Next morning I had a terrible black eye. To present myself for the first time in such a plight was simply impossible. I fumed and fretted again. I was not presentable for a week despite the apothecary's lotions. Then going to church once more with the intention of offering Abby my escort home I found her seat empty. She had gone away with her grandmother on a visit, and she remained away a fortnight. When they returned there came with them a lady and gentleman, brother and sister. The gentleman, a splendid fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who devoted himself to Miss Abby in the most noticeable manner. Walked with her, talked with her, sang to her, (for how often I listened, miserably enough, under the cottage windows in the secrecy of the evening shadows,) and was said to be favored by her as no one had been favored before.

I would not see her while this rival must be seen also. Yet I felt conscious that I was leaving the field free to him, and that, by acting

as I did, I might cast my last bright hope away. One day, miserably bitter, I set off for a long tramp through the woods on a damp, foggy sort of day. Lost my way, caught a cold, and was on my back a month. When I got better, there was news in store for me. The landlady undertook it. She came and sat beside me as I rested, weak and worn, on a garden bench and began,

"This is a world of trials, Mr. Lorne."

I acquiesced. "And trouble comes when we least expect it, and heaviest when we are feeling safest," said the dame. "Now are you prepared for bad news, Sir?"

My thoughts flew at once to Abby Dill. The words, "is she married?" passed my lips unawares, and my landlady cried,—

"Who? Marcy! it's nothing about marriage. I wish it was. There's a deal of trouble here just now, and you have a big share in it. They said I must tell you. The Winston Bank is broke, Mr. Lorne, and nobody that has had money there will ever get a cent of it as long as they live."

I heard her through without a word, and then arose and walked away. For the next few hours no mortal eye saw me, and I can only desire to forget them as though they had never been.

In the evening I went into the village. The stores were full of people talking over the event; some curious spectators of the woes of others; some truly sympathetic; some crushed into a sort of stupor by their losses; and others eager for revenge, uttering threats against the bankers, and cursing them and their own folly. I heard my own name once or twice, but I spoke to no one. At last I went home, and locked myself in my room, but not to sleep. Long after every light was out in Winston I paced the floor.

Midnight had passed and the moon had set, when against the dark sky I saw, as I gazed from my window, a reddish sort of smoke or mist, which puzzled and attracted me. As I gazed forth, tongues of blue flame burst through the lurid mass, and I knew some building was on fire. In a few moments the sky grew crimson, and I could see the flying sparks and cinders plainly. The fire was on The Hill, and Abby Dill's new house stood there, with other of the best houses of the place.

At the thought I started from my post beside the window and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

A bell was ringing by this time, every door open, and people, half clad, running in the direction of the fire. Two bank directors occupied dwellings there, and some mad wretch, ruined by the failure of the Winston bank, had become an incendiary, forgetful in his wrath that between the two stood the abode of one innocent of all wrong-doing—Abby Dill's home, which was in one broad blaze from roof to cellar when I reached the spot.

They had the old grandmother safely out by that time. A servant had lifted her from her bed and carried her bodily through flame and smoke; and now she stood wringing her hands and calling for help for Abby.

"My child!" she screamed, "my sweet, good girl! Save her! save her!"

But all stood helpless, gazing on the roaring flames hopelessly. I pushed my way through the crowd and dashed toward the doorway. Some one cried, "stop him! It's certain death!" And then I was in the midst of a suffocating smoke, in a furnace of horrible heat.

But the worst was past in a moment, and I was on the stairs calling wildly for Abby to answer me, and a faint voice replied, and, springing forward, I clasped a white figure in my arms and turned—not one moment too soon; but Heaven's mercy brought us safe in life and limb through the greedy flames to the sweet outer air.

I was weakened by illness, though excitement had sustained me to perform my task; but when all was over a death-like swoon crept over me, and I lost consciousness for many moments. I thought myself dying, and was happy; for, as light and hearing left me, I knew my head reposed on Abby's arm. It lay there still when I awoke to life again. It was gray dawn when I stood with her and looked on the ruins of her pretty home. A tear was in her eye, and a sad look on her face.

"Poor old house!" she said; "I loved it; but I should not grieve so were it not for grandmother. She will feel the privations of narrow circumstances more than I."

I looked at her curiously.

"Sure one house can make little difference to your circumstances," I said. "Others are to be built or bought."

"With money," she answered. "I have none. A month ago I was a rich woman; but every cent I had was in the Winston bank; and you have reason enough to know what that implies. I'm as poor now as when I first began to teach in the old school-house yonder."

I acted on the impulse of the moment, and caught both Abby's little hands in mine.—Standing thus, I told her all I have told you, and then I said:—

"I must begin life over again, Abby, will you begin it with me?"

And she let me draw her to me, and kiss her on brow and cheek and lip, and hold her to my heart—my promised wife, who loved me.

"The path may be story, but your feet shall not be bruised," I said. "The thorns of life shall never pierce you, my treasure."

But she answers, "Nay, if there are thorns I must share them, and I have little fear: love can compensate for poverty. Then with a change of look, and a merry dimple in her cheek she cried, 'Do you know the vacation is almost over, and they have asked for teachers in the old school? You have said you must begin the world again together. Shall it be there, Lawrence?'

"If you like, darling," I said, and kissed her. So one bright morning found me at my desk, with the old array of broad red faces before me; but beyond, among her girls, my golden-haired wife—mine while life lasted; and no life could be weary, no toil hard, no lot humble, that was shared with her.

We are richer now; and there is more silver than gold in her bright hair, for we are old people together, and have grandchildren about us; but we are not rich enough, nor old enough yet to despise that dear old school or the life we began together there.

CURIOUS LAW. Law and justice do not always travel hand in hand. A man who was

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hundred thousand families of blacks. The government, therefore, has much more land in the Southern country than is needed to make every black man independent. There is little danger of a rush for homesteads from white Southerners, "who have never borne arms against the United States."

There needs but little legislation to make these homestead rights, which already exist under our law, available to give substantial independence to the Southern laborer. A full clear statement, universally distributed among the blacks of Georgia and South Carolina, that there is land to be had in Florida for the asking, would soon adjust the labor market in those States, and bring the land owners to their senses. For North Carolina and Virginia, some system furnishing free transportation to Florida for south

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JAN. 26, 1866.



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. S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 130 Albany Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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'."

RUNAWAY.—Very few horses enact the little tragedy, in our village, known by the popular title of "Smash-up." Many of them "go it with a perfect looseness," but with some one at the other end of the reins who can check them if he happens to see fit. Now and then one secedes from his driver, and pointing his nose in the direction endorsed by his legs, seems bent on reaching anywhere a little quicker than any other horse. If the exhibition happens to be by daylight it yields great sport for boys and dogs, though venerable men are apt to entertain fears that Macnabber's "something" is too likely to "turn up." Men in blue coats and brass buttons are apt to recollect some things they saw, or possibly enacted, at Bull Run. When all is over, and it is found that nobody is killed, but that somebody is profited with a good job of repairing, the entertainment is pronounced "lucky," and so forgotten. But the climax of excitement is reached when one of these "ke-lick! ke-lick! ke-lick!" alarms is given in a dark evening. If anybody knows that anybody is safe, nobody knows who it is; and click and whack and crash follow each other, till some echoing smash tells that whether for life or for death, the worst is reached. Just such a shock electrified the quiet nerves of our Main St. on Friday evening last, when a horse and sleigh were heard dashing furiously from a goal far up on College Street toward another goal at the extreme lower end of Boutelle Block. Everybody who was not out of the way got there by the shortest route; so that when the flying danger reached Temple Street there seemed but little hope of a schief except by dashing within the curb-stones and trusting luck for a strike. The first step upon the bricks cleared another horse from his moorings, and sent him upon the back track at rival speed, while number one passed on to the front of Mr. Leslie's dry-goods store, where he jerked his compliments through the low half of a window, and proceeded in the same breath to make complete wreck of a fine sleigh against the next curb-stone. "Nobody hurt," and "lucky," were the only words that could be picked out of the jargon of the scores of men and boys that gathered up the debris. Meantime the horse consented to be secured near the head of Silver Street, and hitched to the ideal curb-stone that caused all the mischief—where his owner, residing at W. Waterville, found him unhurt. *Moral*—Every run-away horse is sure to stop somewhere, sometime, for better or for worse; and should therefore be secured before he starts.

FIRE IN WINSLOW.—The fine new dwelling house of Mr. Weymouth Jones, the present owner of the well-known Col. Greene farm, was destroyed by fire on Sunday evening last. It was erected during the last summer, the family having moved into it only two days previous to the fire. The fire broke out about six o'clock, taking, as supposed, from a crack in the chimney in the attic. Its progress was not rapid, and there seemed at first a prospect of saving it. Ticonic engine was sent over from this place, with a good working crew, and while the supply of water lasted good progress was made towards extinguishing the fire; but the supply was soon exhausted, and but little could be done. It burned to the lower floor, which was so far preserved as to protect the cellar, which has been finished at a cost of \$500. The house had cost \$4,200, above the cellar, and was insured \$3,500, in the Home, of New York Mr. L. T. Boothby agent—which sum, as will be seen by Mr. Jones's card, was paid within three days from the loss. The insurance, the occupancy of the house, the fire, and the settlement, were comprised in the brief period of five days.

THE NEW AMENDMENT to the U. S. Constitution, proposed by the bill presented by Mr. Stevens, and which, we believe, is identical in principle with the plan of Mr. Blaine, is as follows:—

Representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, provided that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State, on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation.

The Unitarian Society are engaged in preparation for a levee, to take place in a few weeks, for the purpose of raising funds to furnish their new church.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

On Wednesday, Jan. 17, an order was introduced in the Senate which looks to the transfer of a large portion of business, that of changing names of persons, from the Legislature to the Judges of Probate.

In the House, another series of resolves, relating to the taxation of United States bonds, was presented and referred. An order was introduced inquiring into the expediency of the State's assuming town debts incurred on account of the late war. The Finance Committee reported, recommending a State tax of 7 1/2 mills on the dollar.

A remonstrance against the annexation of a part of Winslow to Waterville, with numerous signatures, was presented.

On Thursday, in the House, on motion of Mr. Foster, of Bangor, the committee on Finance were instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the taxation of in ones derived from United States bonds and all other sources.

On Friday, the bill introduced in the House on Thursday, in relation to municipal war debts, was laid on the table of the Senate. Resolutions recommending discharged soldiers for employment by State officers and citizens were considered, amended and again laid on the table.

In the House a Joint Committee of Sanitary Necessities was ordered. A bill was reported to allow parties to agree in writing to a higher rate of interest than six per cent. Resolves authorizing the Treasurer of State to re-issue bonds to the Augusta Bank in place of those destroyed by fire Sept. 17, was passed to be engrossed.

On Tuesday, a bill making important changes in the militia law was introduced in the Senate and referred. An order was passed in the House directing inquiry into the expediency of abolishing the State Reform School. The bill changing the usury law came up on its passage to be engrossed. A motion was made to indefinitely postpone, and the bill was laid on the table for future discussion. The Report of the Judiciary Committee that legislation is inexpedient on the present poll tax, was debated at great length in the House, on a motion to recommit, but no decision was arrived at.

A resolve making an appropriation for completing the geological survey of the State was presented and referred.

CLAPP'S BANK GUIDE, containing a List of Banks in the New England States and New Jersey, which I have surrendered their charters giving the date of surrender, expiration of liability to redeem, etc., is a valuable little pamphlet, and almost indispensable to the business man. We are indebted to A. Williams & Co., the well known publishers and book and periodical dealers, 100 Washington St., Boston, for a copy.

A petition is before the legislature for reasonable tolls at the locks of the Kennebec dam, at Augusta. That must contemplate a reduction of charges, which have been very unreasonable, when it is remembered that the original proprietors of the dam agreed never to charge any toll, and that they still neglect to construct a fishway, in defiance of law.

TICONIC DIVISION, S. OF T.—The following is a list of officers for the present quarter:

C. A. Chalmers, W. P.
N. P. Downer, W. A.
J. U. Woods, R. S.
L. K. Hawes, A. R. S.
F. Maguire, Chap.
E. R. Drummond, F. S.
C. G. Tozier, T.
S. Lombard, C.
C. W. Stevens, A. C.
F. W. Washburne, I. S.
F. W. Chick, O. S.
Celia Scribner,
Carrie Emery, } Lady Officers.
Ellen Boothby, }

SUFFERING IN THE SOUTH.—The following letter was lately received by the Freedmen's Aid Society. The same story of suffering comes from other points in the South:—

—CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan., 1866.

"My dear —: Winter is really upon us here, with frost and sleet, and ice, and chilling winds. I cannot describe the sufferings and actual horrors to which the poor freedmen are subjected. They reach this city every day, almost by hundreds; many of them without a shoe or a blanket, and all of them in filth and rags. Some of them have had nothing to eat for days; some are sick with cold and fever, and all tell the same story of wrongs and cruelties which they have experienced, and which have forced them from the country to the city, with the hope that they may be protected and supplied.

"Multitudes have been worked and driven through the labor season, and then have been turned adrift, with no share in the fruits of their labors. To some their old masters have proposed contracts, but on such hard terms that they have preferred to run the risk of starvation outright, rather than submit to deeper degradation at home than they endured in former times. Some, no doubt, have proposed contracts with a tolerable show of fairness, but such crushing power has been exercised by them in the past, and such indifference to the wants and rights of the negro is now manifest that the freedmen dare not trust them. In many parts of this State, however, the negroes do not know they are free, and thousands are driven, and whipped, and taxed, and shot, and hung, just as though no Grant had accepted terms of surrender, and no figurative Moses sat upon the throne at Washington. This is no fiction, but stern reality.

"There is no need, there is no possibility, of exaggeration. We are doing all within our means to alleviate suffering. We are able to furnish rations (though scant) to all within our reach, but our supply of clothing is becoming fearfully low. There is, however, a large lot of government blankets and overcoats on the way hither, but how slow to reach us!"

THE EIGHTH MAINE REGIMENT—numbering 15 officers and 220 enlisted men, has arrived at Augusta, and will be immediately mustered out of service.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The February issue is the one hundredth number of this sterling magazine, which has been constantly increasing in popularity, and to-day is more widely circulated and influential than ever before. A city contemporary makes the following enumeration of its articles and their authors:—

The opening paper is on "English Opinion on the American War," and is by M. W. Rossetti. The "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books" are continued; the selections are less fragmentary than last month and describe a visit to a friend in Maine. Mr. Reade's story develops a plot which it will take some time to unravel; "Dr. Johns" appears to be nearing its conclusion; and Mrs. Stowe occupies her "Chimney Corner" with a further discussion of the domestic problem. There is the first half of a "Freedman's Story," by a freedman, William Parker by name, with a brief introduction by Edmund Kijko. The paper on "The Origin of the Gypsies," only three pages in length, is by Mr. G. W. Hosmer; "Court Cards" is a short essay by Mr. Charles James Sprague, similar in character to his paper published several months ago, on "A Pair of Old Shoes;" "A Landscape Painter" is a lively story by Henry James, Jr.; and "Three Months among the Reconstructionists" is a resume of the results of the observations of the Southern trip made by "Dixon," the correspondent of the Boston Advertiser. There is less than the usual amount of poetry in the number; Rev. James Freeman Clarke has some stanzas, entitled "Riviera di Poenoni," and John G. Whittier a characteristic ballad, "Town Pictures."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February opens with an article descriptive of the lunatic asylum at Blackwell's Island, profusely illustrated with interior and exterior views, and portraits of the more remarkable patients. The other illustrated articles are an interesting biographical sketch of Charles Ellet, with a detailed account of his exploits with his famous steam rams; a biography of the famous Indian chief, Red Jacket, which includes a portrait of his descendant, Col. Parker of General Grant's staff; a paper on diamonds and other precious gems, etc., etc. "Armadae" is continued, "An International Affair" is concluded, and there is an abundance of good reading in great variety.

This magazine retains all its freshness and vigor, and it widens its circle of admiring readers with each succeeding year.

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

BEADLE'S MONTHLY, A MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY.—The February number of this new magazine is well filled and is handsomely embellished. The following is the table of contents:—

For What? A Ballad of the War—illustrated; The Dead Letter, chapters 5, 6—illustrated; The North-west Passage by Land—To Red River and the Wood Cree Country—illustrated; Assassins and their Work—William of Orange; Life in Rebel Prisons (second paper); The Prairie Dog at Home—illustrated; Tobacco: Its Where, When and How—illustrated; A Mad Night: A Tale—Part I; Christmas in Rome; Moonlight—A Poem; Camphor and Cologne—A Story; Physiology of Perfumes; Learning to Skate—A Story; On Growing Old; Current Notes.

Published by Beadle & Co., 118 William St., New York, at \$3 a year; six copies \$15; eleven for \$25.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for February has several embellishments, and is full of good reading. The curious in such matters (and who, after all is not?) will find an interesting revelation of the "Love Life of Dr. Kane" in extracts from his letters to Miss Fox, one of the well-known original spirit-rappers.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

GOOD WORDS.—A reprint of this excellent English Magazine, edited by Rev. Norman McLeod, D. D., is issued by Strahan & Co., 178 Grand Street, New York, one number only of which we have seen, that for January, 1866. It contains the first five chapters of a story by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Madonna Mary;" "Dervish Life," by Mr. Vambrey, the traveller; "The story of John Huss," by Henry Rogers; "Two Panels from an Old Picture," by Sarah Tytler, with illustration by Havelock; "Health of Body and mind," by Rev. W. C. Wilkinson; "Jonathan Swift," by the late Arthur Gilbert; "A Question of Minutes," by William Gilbert; three illustrated papers, entitled respectively "Refuge," "Distinguished Sufferers from Abroad," and "The Children's Carols;" a paper on the "Enforced Pauses of Life," and one on "Justification by Faith and its First Preacher," by the Rev. E. B. Plummer, Professor of Divinity in King's College, Dublin.

The price of this magazine is only \$3 a year.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.—

This new and popular magazine has taken a great start in popular favor. The number for January 13th contains the first chapters of a popular tale, entitled "How I Made a Fortune in Wall Street, and How I Got Married," written by a gentleman of long experience in the ins and outs of that celebrated locality. The great charm of this story is that it is a collection of facts, with only a change of names, and it promises a great deal of information that will be of thrilling interest to the general reader, and of particular importance to every one who wishes to know how fortunes are made and lost in New York. This Magazine has forty-eight handsome pages, and contains a great variety of popular tales, domestic stories, pithy essays and sketches of travel, and is remarkably cheap. We learn that the news dealers already take twenty thousand copies a week.

Published by O. H. Bailey & Co., No. 7 Beekman St., New York, at \$4 a year, or \$1 for three months; two copies one year \$7; five copies one year, and one to agent, \$20. Specimen copies sent by mail on receipt of ten cents.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for February is one of the nicest numbers we have had of this best of the juveniles. It is full of attractive stories, with more embellishments than usual. The little folks will find in it a rich treat.

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

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The February number of this magazine opens with a touching steel engraving, entitled "News from the War," which will touch the source of tears in many a sorrowful heart. In addition to this and a large colored Double Steel Fashion Plate, we have an engraving of Elsie Radner, (an illustration of a story of the same name,) with engravings of an Evening Toilet, Electric Bells, Embroidery, Children's Fashions, Crochet, Imitation of Crochet Lace, Winter Boot (in knitting), Greek Lace Trimming, Baby's Hat of white ecru netting, Knitted Carriage Shawl, etc. The music is "Near There," the words by Charles Swain. The number abounds in good stories.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Oliver Optic's new story, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Archers of Islington," is continued in the February number, which contains many other nice stories, with numerous illustrations, a piece for declamation, a dialogue, lessons in pencil drawing, a piece of music, etc.

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

The many friends of Rev. J. H. Hathaway are to meet at his house at Kendall's Mills, Wednesday evening, 31st inst. It is hoped that there will be a large gathering and a good time generally. Mr. H. is in poor health, and it must be both a pleasure and a duty to make him such a call as is proposed.

Raymond, of the New York Times, was out-generalled and compelled to vote for the District suffrage bill, much against his inclination, and as is as mad as a March hare in consequence.

GEOLOGY.—Prof. Gunning's concluding lecture will be given to-night.

Messrs. Editors:—The following was written with the intention of sending it privately to the individual referred to; but it occurred to me that it might be of use to others as well, and I therefore send it for insertion in the Mail. Should the one referred to feel hit, and state the fact to me, I will frankly own my intention, as I have nothing but kindness and regard for the sacred name of God in view.

Waterville, Jan. 19, 1866.

Mr. —:—It seems my duty to say, (with regret,) that I hear more profanely in your store than in any other place I visit. How much your own example has to do with it, you know better than I. But the character of a place is very apt to be conformable to that of its master.

Not only are the old thus "heaping up wrath against the day of wrath" for themselves, but the young are encouraged in wickedness, and society affected by this moral corruption.

I beseech you, therefore, to remember there is a God who has declared He "will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain; and remember you are answerable to Him not only for your own sins, but for your influence upon others.

C. F. H.

LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION occupied Monday evening in a further discussion of the subject of "Legal and Moral Suasion," their talk being very interesting, though the audience, we are sorry to say, was quite small. Rev. Mr. Fernald, of the Baptist church, was invited to deliver an address at the next meeting, which will occur Monday evening, Feb. 5th.

Good news for those who like to dance.—It is said there are 300,000 barrels of turpentine in North Carolina, awaiting shipment, and one of the important aids to fiddling must soon be cheaper.

"THE BATTLE AXE," for hewing down the Upas of Intemperance, is the title of a paper published weekly by the Rockland Division of the Sons of Temperance. It has a sharp edge, and we hope will cut to some purpose.

"RIVERSIDE" is now the poetical and euphonious name of the Post Office formerly known as Brown's Corner, in Vassalborough, G. L. Randall, P. M.

We invite attention to the article in this week's paper, headed "Family Sewing Machine."

TRANSMUTATION.—Appleton Hall, the place of so many and various entertainments in years past, has been thrown from its "sphere" by becoming one of the apartments of the extensive furniture establishment of Mr. W. A. Caffrey. It is to be the "Coffin Room," and now contains nearly one hundred coffins, of various sizes and styles, awaiting the orders of the Great Reaper. Those who would cherish pleasant memories of the past will do well to confine their visits to the first and second stories of Mr. C's establishment, where they will find very choice preparation for the enjoyments of this life. His removal and expansion of his business will enable him to rival any similar establishment in Maine.

THE MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE was organized on Thursday of last week by choice of the following officers:—

PRESIDENT—John F. Anderson, of South Winthrop.

VICE PRESIDENT—Asa Smith, of Matawankeag.

SECRETARY—S. L. Goodale, of Saco.

MESSENGER—James L. Martin, of Danville.

On that day Mr. French introduced a series of resolutions in respect to the death of Dr. Ezekiel Holmes, alluding to the great loss the State has sustained in his death, and advising that a eulogy upon his character and services be delivered by some member of the Board during its present session. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and it is probable the eulogy will be given before the final adjournment of the Board.

The rebellious south, in counting upon the support of the northern democracy in their political programme, were not mistaken. Hear the eloquent and hawning response from Tammany Hall, in the words of Mr. Brady:—

"The South is eloquent far beyond the North, and if they really mean that they will join us in Tammany Hall, in re-establishing this glorious old Union, why don't they call meetings, and why don't they address them, and tell the people what they desire? Do, for God's sake, come out, men of the South! Do come forward in the true American manner! Call your mass meetings if you really intend that the Union shall be re-established. Tell the people that you think so—tell them that you are conquered but not degraded, defeated but not subjugated, that you have made the most magnificent fight ever known on earth—that not one of you is disgraced by defeat—that you did all that was possible for human beings with intelligence and undying bravery to accomplish. We love you for your courage. You are still our countrymen: come and unite with us against these Radicals and enable this great Union, under the Constitution of the United States, to be happy and powerful at home, to face successfully the organized powers of the world."

Referring to the disgraceful humility of the Democrats before the Southern rebels, and their impotency to them for succor, the Boston Journal says:—

Let the people read for themselves these admissions of the Democratic leaders that their political brethren of the South—the men who have bathed this land in blood and loaded us with sorrows and burdens from which this generation can have no relief—are still unrepentant, contumacious, sullen; and then let them read the sickening servilities and flatteries by which it is sought to beguile these late traitors into putting on the forms of loyalty in order that they may join again with the Northern Democratic party in fighting "the radicals." And that is the way the Democracy are to be restored to power!—These leaders may Bounize themselves to the end of time, but the American people have not gone through the terrible ordeal of the last four years to be thus misled and imperiled.

New Jersey has ratified the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution.

THE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

BY JENNIE JOSE.

To understand the value of the Sewing Machine, and the happy changes which it has effected in the social and family relations, one must be familiar with the quiet households, scattered throughout the East and West, the North and South, of this great and thriving country.

Everywhere in the interior domestic assistance of any kind is so difficult to be obtained, that it is scarcely looked for, and every good housewife relies upon her own exertions, not only to keep her house in order, her larger well supplied with the essential luxuries of home-made bread, cake, and pies, but her own, the children's, and frequently her husband's wardrobe furnished with all the useful, if not the ornamental, articles of dress.

This necessity provided an immense amount of work for one pair of hands to perform—the female head of the house, the hard tasked wife and mother, found not a moment for relaxation. The drudgery of the kitchen was succeeded by that of the work-basket, whose pile of shirts and small garments seemed never to decrease. Not a moment of time could be afforded for the gratification of any simple fancy, even in ornamental needlework, all, to the last moment, and far into Saturday night, was exhausted in the necessities of the plainest work upon little aprons, frocks, and drawers and the inevitable weekly collection of family mending.

In a large number of these households, the case is now widely different; the Sewing Machine, generally the GROVER & BAKER, occupies an honored place in the family sitting-room, and accomplishes more and better than the most skillful seamstress. It is, in a sense, which only those who can appreciate who have known what it is to sew all the household garments by hand, the family friend. It is looked upon with eyes of real affection.

The interior of a country house, at this season of the year, is as pleasant as can be imagined; and it is made so, in a great degree, by the presence of the Sewing Machine. An hour's work in the afternoon, upon a bright, rapid, wonder-working GROVER & BAKER, will accomplish more than could be done by a weary hand working almost into midnight. It will not only finish the dozen shirts in "less than no time," but it will tuck drawers and chemises, ruffle nightgowns, stitch trousers, quilt linings and coverlets, and all this, and much more, with such strength, beauty, and precision, as would throw the neatest hand-work into the shade.

A Sewing Machine needs only to be purchased once in a lifetime, it is therefore of the greatest importance to get the best; the one which, all things considered, is most perfectly adapted to meet the requirements.

This we sincerely believe, and the opinion is corroborated by the highest authorities in the community, is the GROVER & BAKER Machine making the celebrated "GROVER & BAKER" stitch, the only stitch as far as we know, sufficiently elastic, to be adapted to all kinds of family sewing.

The peculiar qualities of the Grover & Baker Machine, are strength, beauty, elasticity, and versatility, or adaption to sewing completely and without any of the vexatious delays in rewinding, fastening, and finishing, which are common to other machines, and which occupy so much time, and waste so much material. It makes a beautiful, smooth elastic seam upon cloth or cambric, which gives when it is washed or stretched without breaking, and in which every stitch is so firmly locked, that the seam can be cut off between every half dozen stitches without impairing its strength.

Testimonial letters from ladies and housekeepers all over the country, speak unitedly of the beauty and superior elasticity of stitch. One lady says, it is the only machine that can "quilt;" another, that it is the only one fit for boys' trousers; and a third, that she is particularly delighted with the way in which it makes "woolen drawers and flannel garments."

The GROVER & BAKER stitch is the only one that can be properly used upon bias seams, and is therefore adapted to an immense variety of garments containing such seams, and also seams which are subjected to much stretching and wear. In addition to the fact that no rewinding or no fastening is required, a great deal of time, and temper too, is saved to the operator, by the simplicity, regularity, and ease of the various movements, the adjustment without change of tension to different kinds of work and the method by which it is thrown from the machine, without delay or embarrassment, and also in such way as to enable the operator to maintain a pleasant and graceful position.

For dress-makers, the GROVER & BAKER is the only suitable machine; it is the only one that will accomplish satisfactorily, and with an immense saving of time, all the plain sewing, stitching, and quilting, which they have to accomplish.

For the heads of families it is equally valuable. It will do everything. It is simple, reliable, perfect in its operation, easy to be understood, not easy to get out of order and gives such thorough satisfaction, as to leave no room for complaint.—[New York Sunday Times.

Never was public opinion manifested more unequivocally than with regard to Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." Its popularity is so entirely unprecedented, and has been so rapidly obtained, that scores of would-be competitors have sprung up in its track; but the notice they have gained, like their perfume, has been unsatisfactory and evanescent. Sold everywhere.

Mr. Leonard Keith, a worthy, and influential citizen of Farmington, committed suicide Monday evening, by putting a handkerchief around his neck and over the bed post, then throwing himself off from the bed during a temporary absence of his nurse. He had been confined a short time by sickness. He was one of the largest traders of F., and County Treasurer, having for many years held several offices of public trust.

The Dover Observer says that on Saturday evening, 33rd inst. as James Stinchfield, aged about 20 years, son of Rev. Otis Stinchfield of that town, was returning home from a neighbor's house, he passed a man in the road and, looking around at him, the fellow fired upon him, the ball passing through the thick part of the calf of his leg. Stinchfield fell and the ruffian rushed upon him and commenced searching his pockets. Finding nothing but a wallet containing one key and a paper giving the dimensions of a pump, the discomfited rascal hastened to make his escape, running in the direction of Dexter. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrator of the outrage.

At the dedication of the Colored High School, at Nashville, on Wednesday last, Gov. Brownlow asserted that, if the military were withdrawn, forty-eight hours would not elapse before a mob would break up the Legislature of Tennessee.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, on Thursday, a bill for the admission of Colorado was reported. A bill giving the widow of President Lincoln the franking privilege for life was passed. A debate ensued on the resolution to appoint provisional governments in the South.—In the House a uniform bankruptcy bill was reported. A resolution was offered to treat as foreign-built vessels all American vessels registered in foreign countries during the rebellion. A bill was reported amending the act granting land to States for agricultural and mechanical colleges by extending the time and including Southern States on certain conditions. The District of Columbia Suffrage bill was taken up, and, after debate, was passed without qualification by 116 to 52, when the House adjourned.

On Friday, in the Senate, a petition was presented from citizens of the District of Columbia asking the repeal of all laws making distinction on account of color. The bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up, and after debate the amendment confirming titles to lands under General Sherman's order for three years, was adopted.

In the Senate on Saturday, the bill to enlarge the power of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. In the debate Mr. Guthrie took strong ground against continuing the Freedmen's Bureau in Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland and Delaware, and in the course of the debate gave it as his opinion that the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution respecting slavery had, of itself, rendered null and void all slave codes and laws respecting slavery. He admitted, however, that this view was not generally held in Kentucky, though he was glad to say that some of her ablest lawyers coincided with him in judgment. His colleague, Garrett Davis, is of a different opinion.

In the Senate, on Monday, the committee on reconstruction reported an amendment to the Constitution affecting representation. A resolution referring all papers on the subject of the representation of States recently in rebellion to the committee on reconstruction, was adopted. The consideration of Mr. Cowan's amendment to the bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was resumed and after debate the amendment was rejected together with others subsequently offered. The senate adjourned without action on the bill. In the House, an amendment to the Constitution relating to the administration of the government in the event of the death of the President and Vice-President was referred to the judiciary committee. The committee on reconstruction reported an amendment to the Constitution basing representation on the whole population of a State, but excluding from the estimate such persons as are denied the elective franchise or restricted in the exercise of it.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, notice was given of a proviso to the bill for the admission of Colorado, that no denial of rights shall be made on account of race or color. A debate ensued on the bill relating to the Freedmen's Bureau. A joint resolution was offered prohibiting any State from withholding the elective franchise from colored citizens. In the House, resolutions relating to secession were offered and referred. The proposed amendment to the Constitution was taken up. Mr. Stevens moved the previous question, but withdrew his motion, and the debate continued until the House adjourned.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.—A national enterprise.—The American Statesman, published in New York, offers as a prize to every subscriber for that popular weekly paper, one of those splendid Steel Engravings of the United States or National Portraits, comprising those of President Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Genls. Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McClellan, Fremont, and Admirals Farragut and Porter, and also including those of George and Martha Washington, engraved and published in the best style, 19x24 inches for framing, valued at \$2. each. The Statesman proposes to make this a national enterprise, and if possible place one or more of these splendid National Portraits and the Statesman into the hands of every American citizen.

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THE PEOPLE.—Will have their own way, and indeed we do not wonder that every one is bound to use Cog's Cough Balsam, and nothing else, for it is certainly the best thing in the world for Coughs, Colds, Croup, and Influenza. It is right that all should use it.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, an article prepared by the same parties, is equally good for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Rising of Food, Cramps, pains, and in fact any disorders of the stomach and bowels.

The New York Tribune chronicles the fact that on Thursday, for the first time in our country's history, a colored contractor received pay for carrying the mail. His route is in Virginia, but he finds that the Virginians raise no objection to having their mail-bag carried by a colored man—if they can receive their letters in no other way.

Mrs. Dixon, the widow of a U. S. Army officer, has been ordered from her home in Fargular county, Va., by reconstructed rebels, and

