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Maxham & Wing

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TRANSITION.

When leaves grow here all things take sombre hues:
The wild winds wait no more the roadside through,
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky;
The golden bees supinely buzz by;
In silent flocks the blue-birds southward fly.

The forests' cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,
The cynic frowns—emphatic—Jane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss a-sweet the somber hill,
The naked woodbine climbs the window sill,
The breaths that noon exhalers are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sights of invisible strings hum the ear,
The morning's hush reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo fall,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Incantant Summer to the tropics flees,
And, as her roses catch the amorous breeze,
Lo! bare, brown autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,
And all her paths are lost in crystal mazes!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew,
Safely they sleep the churlish Winter through.

Though all life's portals are indicted with woe,
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,
Fear! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up! dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,
Serenely tender, bends to catch the glance,
Within thy tears shyly sunbeams dance!

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land,
The fall is but the folding of his hand,
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pinesless tree
Will thrub again; and then the torpid bee
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant blue-birds backward fly,
And all loved things that vanish or die
Return to us in some sweet By-and-by!

FAST AND FIRM.

A ROMANCE OF MARSEILLES.

It was at the Marseilles railway station: why there, or where going, I don't exactly remember, so much having happened since, and I, just at that time, having no special reason to go to one place more than to another.

The express train from Paris had just come in.

She was standing a little aside, just out of the crowd and bustle, looking on, scanning every face as it passed and repassed: mine among others, and, as I fancied, with more interest than others. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were anxious, but she looked calm and self-possessed; her manner had no bashfulness, no hardness.

Was she waiting for her fellow-passenger to rejoin her?

People hurried to and fro, each one intent on his or her business. No one approached this little lady.

By-and-by I saw her speak to an elderly woman, who, for a few moments, stood near her, a mature specimen, apparently, of the genus "unprotected." Of her I think she asked some questions. From her she received, I fancied, a hurried, a not over-courteous answer. I saw a flush rise to her face as she turned away.

By this time the platform was almost clear. Such passengers as were by-and-by going on had departed to refresh themselves; others had gone to their resting-places; the railway officials began to regard this solitary figure curiously. Raising my hat, speaking to her in French, with as formal a courtesy as I could command, I ventured to ask if she was waiting for anybody; wanting any information; if I could be in any way of any service to her. A shade of perplexity or disappointment crossed her face, when I thus addressed her.

She answered in better French than mine, while her eyes seemed to read mine with something more than curiosity—with interest. "I was to have been met here. I see nobody who is looking for anybody. I am disappointed. I must wait here; some one will, perhaps, come yet. Thank you very much for your kindness, but I must wait."

Again lifting my hat, I left her; but only to pace the platform and think about her. Wait! what had she to wait for? Any one meaning to meet her would have been there when the train came in. Alone there, and most likely, strange to the place, what could she do?—Meanwhile, there she stood, waiting composedly, patiently.

As the minutes passed by, I thought she looked paler and paler; at last, as I approached her nearer than in my other turns, she came a few steps towards me.

"Will you be so kind," she began in English, then, correcting herself, she spoke French. "I'm English as you are."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said quite childishly. Then she added, "I can offer no excuse for troubling you, but will you tell me what to do? I am come direct from London. I am going to my brother, who is ill in Rome. Some one was to have met me at Marseilles, and I know nothing about the route beyond this. My brother is very ill. I must travel quickly, or—here she paused, or rather her voice failed her.

"Were you to go by land?"

"Yes, my brother forbade me to travel by water. Sea-traveling had killed him, and he would let me try it."

"But," I said, quite angrily, "it is an impossible journey for you to undertake alone by this route, or, indeed, by any route. What were your friends thinking of?"

"I was to have been met here, you know. I quite depended upon that."

"But you have no business here at all. If you want to go by land, and quickly, you ought to have gone by Chambery, across Mount Cenis, by Susa, Turin, Milan."

She turned so pale that I paused. She looked about for some resting-place; I gave her my arm, led her to the waiting-room, got her a glass of water and a cup of coffee, begging her to drink the latter.

She obeyed me, and as soon as she could speak, it was, "You will tell me what to do now? My brother is very ill, perhaps dying. Will it be best to go back to—the place you spoke of, or, as I am here, to push on by this route? Which way is the quicker?"

"Where is your luggage? The train starts for Nice in five minutes. I am not sure what better you can do than push on by this route now you are here."

She rose directly. "I have no luggage but what is in that bag," pointing to one I had taken from her when I gave her my arm.

"What a charming travelling companion she would make!" I thought to myself.

Added, as we hastened towards the platform, "I left London at an hour's notice in consequence of a telegram." As I hurried her along, she asked, "Are you going any further by this route?"

"Yes."

"Would you kindly, while you are travel-

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ling the next stage, write me down directions?"

"Certainly."

The ladies' carriage into which I looked was full; so I handed her into another, and got in myself, and as that small hand rested in mine, a curiously strong conviction entered my mind, and rested there.

I seated myself opposite to her, and having said, "We shall have plenty of time to talk it over before we get to Nice," I feigned to be fully occupied with route-books and maps in order to leave her quite time to recover herself.

All the while that I seemed thus occupied, I was thinking intently. I was not very young or "green." I had heard of bewitched and bewitching widows and of childish-looking little adventuresses lying in wait, at such places as the Marseilles railway station, for men's hearts to ensnare them and men's purses to make use of them, and I considered myself a man not likely to be imposed upon. Many a calm, investigating glance of mine rested on my opposite neighbor's face, her dress, her ensemble.

She did not speak to me; she turned her face to the window. I thought her earnestly interested in the fascinatingly romantic scenes past which we were flying—the rocky heights, castle-looking rocks and rocky looking castles, the blue bays and gray olive-hoary plains, which she was seeing now probably for the first time. By-and-by, a gentle, stealthy movement of hers, a little hand slipped into her pocket, and then her handkerchief lifted to her face, assured me she was crying.

I am always afraid of a woman who is crying. A man is a brute who can speak a harsh word to a weeping woman, and a kind one often changes a mild trickling of the salt waters to a deluge, so I left her alone.

She kept her hand, and her handkerchief toward the window as much as possible. I began to hope she would fall asleep. I believe I myself did fall asleep for a few moments. By and by I was roused by the falling of a book from my hand; when I opened my eyes I found my opposite neighbor's fixed upon me with a look of waiting for the opportunity of addressing me. She had left off crying then; that she had cried a good deal her face told; her lids were reddened in tiny spots; she was looking very wan and ill.

She had her purse open in her hand. "Shall I have enough money?" she asked me, holding it towards me, when I gave signs of being fully awake.

I took the poor little poorly-furnished purse in my hand. "Oh, yes, if you don't get cheated; and as I am going to Rome by this route, I will see to that, if you will allow me." "You are going to Rome?" Such a light in the eyes, and such a pretty transient flush over the delicate face. "You are going all the way that I have to go?"

"Yes." It was the state of her purse that had finally decided me.

She put the purse I returned to her back in her bag. After that, and when I pretended to be looking in another direction, I saw her small hands folded together, and was confident that her lips formed the words "Thank God!" Somehow I was more touched than I could have told reason for this.

"Have you slept at all on the road?" I asked, presently.

"No; I have been too anxious."

"Try and sleep now, or you will be utterly worn out. I am going to do my best to take care of you. Try and fancy I am the friend your brother sent for you. I will try and take as good care of you as if I was." It was not a case for half-measures, you see; I leaned forward, not to be overheard, and spoke earnestly.

"You are very good," she said, and her eyes filled.

I put my hat-box for her feet, and threw my wrapper over her; then I immersed myself in my books again.

Two old ladies and one old gentleman were nodding in the other compartment of the carriage. For a long time I did not stir hand or foot or look at my neighbor, hoping that, her mind more at ease, she might catch the infection of their drowsiness. She did; when I did venture to look at her she was asleep. Her hat lay on her knee; her head was leant back in the angle of the cushions. The light of the carriage lamp—it had grown dusk now—streamed down from the bright hair, threw a shadow of long lashes on the pale cheek, fell on the pretty round white throat; but it did not look peaceful sleep: the mouth retained lines of anxiety and depression. I did not look at her long; I was afraid of disturbing her, and besides it seemed to me that it would be a piece of unchivalrous audacity and profanity to take that advantage of the unconsciousness of one so strangely thrown upon my protection. Her hat slipped off her knee and fell to the floor of the carriage; I picked it up reverently and laid it on my own, which was on the seat beside me. I felt to considering it; it was a modest little hat, pretty, but not in a coquettish way; simple, tasteful, and free from any of the grotesque and unsuitable excrescences (I can't call them ornaments) I have wondered at on other women's head-gear. Her whole dress struck me, as I first noticed her at the station, as having a special appropriateness, a neat completeness, an absence of all superfluity, and yet no absence of feminine gracefulness.

"Who is she? What is she?" I pondered, and as I pondered my eyes, for the first time, fell upon a card fastened to the handle of her bag, which I had put on the seat beside me, to give her more room, when I begged her to try and sleep.

The name—not a common one—was not unfamiliar to me, and yet the familiarity of it carried me far back into the past.

"Harkness?" I kept repeating. I questioned and perplexed myself to no purpose, but by-and-by, when I had given up, or imagined that I had, thinking about the matter, it all came to me.

Harkness was the name of an old drawing-master of mine. Harkness was the name of an old school-fellow of mine. Harkness was a name that for two or three years I had seen in the Royal Academy's Catalogue as the painter of pictures which had struck my fancy—mostly scenes in the country round Rome, cattle and peasants of the campagna. For the sake of the name as much as for the pictures themselves, I had purchased some two or three. I forget

which, of these works (I bought up many more of them afterwards, for her sake) at the time, wondering if that young artist Harkness was my young school-fellow Harkness.

I now determined that the two should certainly be one, and that one the brother of my little companion, who must as certainly be the "sister Ruth" of whom he had often talked, a baby girl, and the object of his almost idolatrous affection.

While she slept I furnished up my memory as to all matters regarding the two Harknesses, father and son; it was some time before I could remember the son's Christian name, much to my vexation; but, at last, that came too, Harold—Harold Harkness. I was triumphant, almost anxious the tired little sleeper should wake, quite resolved that Harold Harkness should have been my very dear friend. I could remember, happily, that I had sometimes been of service to him; that I had been fond of the boy; that he had been a bright, beautiful-faced, fair-haired little fellow, who had nourished a romantic and grateful regard for me.

My charge, so I now regarded Ruth Harkness, moaned in her sleep in a faint, distressful sort of way.

I bent towards her; we were stopping at a station, Cannes, I think. She roused herself. "Could you get me a glass of water?" she asked; "I am so sorry to give you trouble." "You feel ill, faint? I'll be back directly." I sprang out; I brought her a glass of water into which I had put a little cognac. "You needn't be afraid, it's not too strong, it will do you good. I'm a sort of a doctor."

She took it with a grateful, confiding look, and drank it. Having paid a porter to return the glass, I was lingering on the platform, near the carriage door, regardless of warnings to get in, amusing myself by watching the eager hurry of others, wishing in that manner to show myself an old, experienced traveller, perhaps, when she looked out.

"If you should be left behind, or get hurt in getting in a hurry," she said, "I was in the carriage before she had finished speaking, her anxious face was enough. It was new to me to feel myself of paramount importance to anybody; a very novel and pleasant sensation.

I brought her a small nosegay, of Province roses, jasmines, and violets; but I took it away from her almost directly, saying, "The perfume is too strong."

She let me do as I pleased, but she looked at the flowers lovingly.

"You are better now?"

"Oh yes, thank you! I had been dreaming painfully about Harold, my brother."

"I wonder when you are anything last."

"I have eaten some biscuits I had with me; they told me I should have plenty of time to get refreshed by the way, but I was afraid to lose my place, and the bustle confused me."

"Then you have lived on biscuits since you left London?"

"I have not been hungry."

"I have made a very pleasant discovery while you were asleep, Miss Harkness," I said, pointing to the card on her bag. "This is your name?"

"Yes."

"It is a well-known name to me. A favorite school-fellow of mine was called Harold Harkness, a favorite artist of mine, whose works I have greatly admired, is called Harold Harkness. Now don't tell me you are not the 'little sister Ruth' he used to talk about."

"I am only too glad and proud to tell you that I am."

"You don't ask who I am, or seem surprised at my discovery."

"No," she answered, slightly smiling. "I knew before."

"Yes; Harold used to talk to me about you enough to make me remember the name very well; and while you were walking up and down the platform at Marseilles I read your name upon your luggage."

"But how did you come to associate the luggage with its right owner? I did not go near it."

"By instinct, I suppose, partly, and partly because Harold once tried to paint a likeness of you from memory, and you are still enough like his picture to have made me notice your face before I noticed the name on the luggage."

When we reached Nice—how wonderfully lovely under the moonlight some parts of that route looked!—the sharply lined sea Alps against a clear, large-starred sky, the smooth, flashing little bays, the crystallized slopes of olives, the romantic and significant looking black fells of cypresses, like a mournful, mourning, funereally-draped procession—when we reached Nice, I wondered what it would be to do with Miss Harkness. I studied the faces of the old ladies, our travelling companions, but they had a sour, grimy way of looking at me and my charge; they spoke to her about us, and shook their heads. I did not venture to ask them to be charged with the care of her till morning, as I did not wish to own to them that I was not her legitimate protector—her brother or her husband.

As I handed Miss Harkness from the carriage, I felt that she was trembling.

"You cannot go on till the eight o'clock diligence in the morning. I shall secure a room for you at a hotel where I can rely upon your being safe and comfortable; I shall engage your place in the diligence to-night, and call for you in the morning." This as I led her to a cab.

"How can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"It is nothing. I am a very idle, unoccupied fellow, at anybody's service—especially at the service of your brother's sister."

"If only he is alive to thank you! You think I cannot go on to-night?"

"I know you cannot." I did not know it, but I knew she ought not.

The mistress of one of the Nice hotels was well and favorably known to me. I committed Miss Harkness to her care, explaining in a few words the object of her journey.

Then I ordered—and I remember I took great pains with its selection—a little dinner for one, of soup, game, cutlets, sweets, choice fruit and coffee, to be served as soon as possible to No. 99; and after I had done that, I went about my own business. I secured the coupe of the diligence and one place in the banquettes as far as Genoa. I sent a telegram to Marseilles to request that my luggage, which I had left unowned there, should be taken charge of

till further notice. I dined at a hotel close to the diligence office, drank coffee, smoked, lounging on the esplanade and looking towards the windows of the house where I had left Miss Harkness, and wondered dreamily what would come of this very strange adventure of mine.

Suppose a wife should come of it? 'Tisaw! most unlikely! What probability was there that a sweet girl like this should be disengaged?

To what sort of a fellow, however, if he lets her run such risks as these? Suppose she had fallen into bad hands as completely as she had fallen into mine—which shall be harmless for her, God knows!

She would not have fallen into bad hands. There is judgment, discernment, wisdom beyond her years in that sweet little face, with its serene brow and clear eyes, its firm, rather sad mouth.

I was sorry she had seen my name, otherwise I could have hid the flattering mention to my soul that it was my face which had inspired her with confidence.

But what on earth could she have done had I not been there? What in the name of heaven would have become of her? Well! heaven guards its own. Heaven knows what would become of her.

When I tired of my moonlight rambling by the shores of that wonderful Bay of Nice, and went to my hotel, I found it was too late to be worth while going to bed that night, so I watched till morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One of Maximilian's officers claims to have discovered in a forest near Huamantla, the ruins of a city built and inhabited by the aborigines long before the time of Cortez, and furnishes indubitable evidence of the high attainments of the people in civilization and the arts. The city is of considerable extent, surrounded by a stone wall five feet in thickness and ten feet high, and having its streets paved with polished stone. Many fine specimens of architecture were discovered, among them a magnificent palace, supposed to have been the residence of some Indian king, and also statuary and paintings of a superior character, monuments, reservoirs, aqueducts, canals, and all the concomitants of a civilized and educated condition of society.

The Wabash-Herald gives this illustration of the manner in which our military heroes are let down to their original level on their return home.—Gen. Sam H. went out in a regiment from the Badger State as Captain. Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to Colonel; and for gallant conduct in the field, was breveted Brigadier-General. On his retirement to civil life he told a friend that he let him down easy. At Washington it was Gen. H.; at Madison, Col. H.; at the town where he organized his company, it was "How are you Captain?" and when he got up to S., where he resides, every boy with freckles on his nose, was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"

CONTRAST the unbounded veneration of the newspaper that followed the Revolution a war with the milk-and-water utterances of the newspapers of our time. You might take the Herald, the News, and the World, and boil them down, and extract from them the combined essence of a week's bitterness, and it would not make a single paragraph in one of the country newspapers of that day. They are decent—they are eminently decent—these papers! The war has done them good!

CONTRAST the state of feeling that now exists in this nation with the feeling that followed the War of 1812. Then the air seemed as full of dagger-points as in winter it is full of sharp, cutting frost bites! It is astonishing to go back and read the books that were written, the pamphlets that were circulated and the newspapers that were issued.—Becker.

THEOLOGICAL VIEW OF TESTIMONY.—A very bold and telling speech in behalf of the right of negroes to testify in the courts was recently made in the Tennessee Legislature by a Mr. Richards, who said, in the course of his argument:

"Why, Mr. Speaker, to touch very cautiously upon the domain of theology, in which I am but little versed, is it not a fact that the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and other religious denominations of the South, have professed for years to have Christianized multitudes of the negroes and made them fit for Heaven? And will these good people have us believe that a man may be a good Methodist or Baptist and yet not fit to be believed on oath? That he may be worthy to take the sacrament and unworthy to stand in the witness box? That he may sing before the Almighty as a saint in glory, but cannot go before the Justice of the Peace to swear to an account of five dollars for work which he has done in the work-shop or cotton field? If that be religion, Mr. Speaker, and these the principles on which it is based, I think the less we have of it the better for public morality."

Since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has advanced her frontier 700 miles toward Vienna and Berlin, 500 miles toward Constantinople, and 1200 miles toward Lahore and Kurrachae in India. She has taken from Sweden more than half her territory; from Poland, territory more extensive than Austria; from Turkey, provinces equal to Prussia, the Rhine provinces, Belgium and Holland; from Persia, provinces as large as Great Britain; and from Tartary and China, countries greater than the whole of Europe. Her population in the same time has increased sixfold.

Here is an old description of coffee from Sir H. Blunt's Travels in 1534. "They (the Turks) have another drink called cauphe, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to a powder, of a sooty color, that they seethe and drink, in taste a little bitterish, but as may be endured—it is thought to be the old black broth used so much by the Laedemonians; it drieth ill humors in the stomach, comforteth the brain, &c."

January and March, of the present year, have two full moons each, and February none. An exchange calls this "a curious phenomenon of nature." The only thing curious about it is that the moon falls on the first day of Jan. and March, and half way between comes the 30th of Jan., leaving the short month without a full moon.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SURGERY.

BY W. W. HALL, M. D.

Even young children should be taught how to act in some of the accidents of life which require surgical skill. The arteries of the body carry the life's blood from the heart. If one of these is ruptured from any cause, and the blood is allowed to escape, the man will die within a few minutes sometimes, when with the aid of a stick and a string or handkerchief, either of which are almost always at hand, his life might be saved. If the severed artery is in the leg or arm, and there is no string at hand, tear a strip from any part of the clothing, tie it loose around the limb, pass the stick between the skin and the string and twist it round until the bleeding ceases. If a vein is wounded or cut, apply the dust from a tea canister or common cobweb; or even without these wrap a strip of cotton cloth around moderately tight, and then another piece around that; if the bleeding does not cease, let cold water run upon the wound until it dries, or until a physician arrives. But it is of vital importance to remember that the artery sends out blood by spurts or jets, and of a bright red character. If the blood comes from a vein, it flows slowly and evenly, and of a dark red. But these directions will do no good unless it is specially noted that if the blood comes from an artery, the application of the string must be made above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart; if a vein has been wounded, and the same appliances are needed, they must be made below the wound, or between the wound and the extremities.

If an artery is cut in a part of the body where a string cannot be applied, hard pressure with the thumb at a spot about where the string would have been applied may save life. If stung or bitten by insect, snake or animal, apply spit of its own kind very freely with a soft rag, because it is one of the strongest of alkalies, and is familiar to most persons. The substance which causes the so-called poison from bites or stings, is as far as is contained, certainly acid. Hence the hart-horn antagonizes it in proportion to the promptness with which it is applied. If no hart-horn is at hand, pour a cup of hot water on a cup of cooking soda or saleratus, or even the ashes of wood just from the stove or fireplace, because all these are strong alkalies, and hart-horn is only best because it is the strongest. There is no conclusive evidence to believe that burning or cutting out a bite has ever done the slightest good. The proof adduced to show that they have been effectual is wholly of a negative character, and, therefore, not decisive. [Christian Watchman.]

WILD OATS.—In all the wild range of accepted maxims there is none taken for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—he be young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that and nothing else, shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. [Dr. Arnold.]

UNDERDRAINING SWAMPS.—Mr. Wm. Renick, who professes to have had experience in underdraining swamps, writes to the Ohio Farmer, that his underdrains have worked well for ten or twelve years. He writes:

"Dig a ditch from 2½ to 3½ feet deep, as the case may be, as narrow as can well be dug with a common spade. Then when this is done, I go back to the starting point and dig eight inches deeper, with a spade made for the purpose, with the blade but four inches wide. The increased depth being in the middle of the original, leaves a shoulder on each side on which I lay good white oak inch plank eight or ten inches long, and then fill up. This is all very simple, but they are far the most effectual ditches I ever have dug. I have tried it in such land, but I would not pay ten cents per rod for any more of that kind of ditching than that kind of land. Neither will mole ditching answer in this part of the country; the muskrats soon destroy it."

In laying down the plank I commence at the head of the ditch so that the under-plank of the plank may be down stream. The plank will not rot during at least one generation, except at the mouth of the ditch, and if they should the water has made its course, and will continue to run. I have shortblind or covered ditches made more than twenty years ago, with old rails too rotten to be put in the fence, and the water continues to flow from them to day, although the rails doubtless were gone long ago. There is a perceptibly increased flow of water from the ditches, or the most of them, since they were first dug, and the ground is drying further and further from them each year. Some years ago I tried to drain two very similarly situated pieces of ground, one with tile and the other with plank alone; the latter is now a fine blue grass soil where wild grass only grew before. The tile ditching has done but little good, only drying the ground but a few feet on each side, although I thought at the time that the tile ditch ground would be the easiest drained, as there was some fall, while the other had no fall—indeed the fall was the other way and we had to create a fall by depth of ditch.

The Public Opinion of London, after alluding to the results of the rebellion, remarks "We frankly give up the attempt to reconcile them with the opinions long prevalent in this country respecting America, and confess that there are important elements dominant in the character of its people which we have not understood. Either the American history of the past six months is a delusion, or the special correspondence of the past four years was as a whole, a most grievous abuse of the public confidence."

HAPPY AT HOME.

The little straw of every-day habit, floating slowly and silently down the stream of life, shows very plainly which way the tide sets. And when Mrs. Purple says, with a groan, "My husband never spends his evenings at home," it is natural to inquire within one's self why it is that Mr. Purple finds other resorts so much more attractive than the household altar!

"I don't see why he can't be a little more domestic," says Mrs. Purple.

Well, why is it? There is a reason for everything in the world say philosophers, and there must be a reason for this.

In the first place, Mrs. Purple is one of those unfortunate housekeepers whose work is never done. There is always something dragging—a room to be swept—lamps to be trimmed—fretful babies to be put to sleep, while one eye is on the broiling meat and the other on the muddy foot-print unwittingly left by Mr. Purple on the doorstep. "There, Purple, I know just how it would be. I wonder if you know the use of a scraper or a door-mat. I should think after all the time I've spent in cleaning up—"

And Mrs. Purple goes off into a monotonous recapitulation of her troubles and trials that has all the effect of a lullaby upon the baby; however trying it may be to the feelings of the baby's father.

Moreover, Mrs. Purple, with all her "cleaning up," does not understand the elementary principles of keeping a house neat.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 9, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & 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. R. M. PETERSON, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 10 State Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'THE WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE,'

THE BEST WAY.—Our sensible neighbors of Vassalboro' and Winslow are enjoying a course of "home lectures"—that is, lectures by common sense men, who are recommended neither for having a foreign brogue or coming from a great city, or for charging a hundred fold more than their lectures are worth. They seem contented without hearing Josh Billings or Tom Noddes, provided the lecture be one that will do them good. On Tuesday evening they had a lecture from Mr. Dyer of our village; and we have been requested by the managers to tender him, in behalf of his audience, their thanks for what they pronounce an excellent lecture, though the lecturer declined to take money for it.

LEVEE AT WEST WATERVILLE.—The Monument Association of the west village are to hold a levee on Tuesday and Wednesday evening of next week. We only know that the dramatic department promises to be excellent—leading off with the fine play of the Lady of Lyons and a good after-piece for the first evening, and William Tell for the second. We presume, though it is not yet certain, that a train of cars will take visitors from this place.

LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—In speaking upon the threadbare subject of temperance, at the present day, it is no easy task to command the attention and sympathy of an audience without resorting to outlandish tricks of speech or spicy anecdotes, to tickle itching ears and "make the groundlings laugh;" but Rev. Mr. Fernald in his lecture before the Lincoln Temperance Association, on Monday evening, interested his hearers and commanded their respect without availing himself of any such doubtful auxiliaries. His proposition—"Total Abstinence the only Safeguard"—he supported by a logical and carefully elaborated argument, clearly and forcibly presented in language chaste and elegant, of which the members testified their approval by a vote of thanks.

On Monday evening next, Mr. George Barney will speak upon the subject of "Legal and Moral Suasion," which has been under discussion for several weeks, and we confidently promise him a fair hearing and a good house.

PORTLAND PRESS.—Mr. J. T. Gilman, the able editor of this paper, has disposed of his interest in the establishment to his partner, Mr. N. A. Foster. Mr. Gilman has had the editorial management of this paper since its birth, and has made it a "power in the land." With a wider circulation and a greater influence than any other paper in New England, outside of Boston, it has ever occupied high moral ground, and done good service for progress and freedom. We do not learn who succeeds him, but there are not many men who can fill his place. In retiring he pays a merited compliment to Mr. Royal W. Lincoln, the efficient and gentlemanly "local" of the Press, and makes just and generous mention of his late assistant, Miss Emma B. Cobb. Wherever Mr. Gilman goes he will be followed by the best wishes of his brethren of the press, who have always acknowledged and respected his ability, even though they may have been his political antipodes.

Mr. Foster, the present proprietor, announces that the editorial chair "will be filled by a gentleman whose ability and experience are a sure guarantee that the high position which the Press now occupies among the leading papers of New England, will still be maintained, and who, in connection with the present Assistant, and the City and Commercial Editors, will make the Press what the political emergencies of the country demand, the business interests of the community require, and a necessity in every loyal household." He also promises at an early day to add an agricultural department to the paper, and that such other improvements will from time to time be made as the public interest may indicate or experience suggest.

The lecture of Mrs. Gustine, advertised in another column for Sunday evening, at Town Hall, will no doubt secure a large audience. She is commended as highly interesting lecturer, and has had more than ordinary observation in the field of which she speaks.

Don't forget Miss Ford's Class exhibition in Musical Gymnastics, at Town Hall, Saturday evening. We rarely see a pleasanter entertainment, or more deserving of encouragement.

AMERICAN LIFE DROPS.—Life Indeed.

FINANCE.

Messrs. Editors:—I have read with considerable interest, several articles lately published in your paper, upon the subject named at the head of this communication.

I had hoped that, as the discussion progressed, the mist, which at first seemed to hang over the subject, would be dissipated; but, as the contest appears to have ended without so desirable a result, I venture to suggest the ground of what seems to be a confusion of ideas in some, if not all, of the articles referred to.

There is an ambiguity in the terms, *worth*, *worth to me*, *worth to him*, etc. Among the different meanings given to these we may notice the following:—First, I may say money is worth to a community what it saves that community in effecting exchanges. By this I mean that the advantage derived by a community from employing a circulating medium, instead of effecting exchanges without it, is just what it saves that community in effecting exchanges; which is a mere truism. This value of money must depend mainly upon the circumstances of the community; such as the variety or the sameness of its home productions; the facilities or the absence of facilities for effecting exchanges directly, etc.

Second: It is often said that money is worth less now than five years ago. By this is meant that a dollar will not now buy so much of the articles usually purchased with money as at that time. The value—or worth of money, as the term is here used, will depend mainly—other things being equal—upon the amount of money in circulation.

Third: We sometimes say money is worth six per cent. or nine per cent. By this we understand that men are obliged to pay six or nine per cent. per annum for the use of money. This value of money, or of the use of money, will depend mainly upon the relation between the demand and the supply.

Fourth: Any article may be worth more to one man than to another. Indeed, the whole ground of a desire for an exchange of products among men, is found in the fact that the same article is more desirable, or worth more, to one man than to another. An article may minister largely to the happiness or convenience of another, while I may be incapable of deriving any gratification or advantage from its use. So, too, when I have more than I can use of any article, the surplus would be worth nothing to me, if I could not exchange it for something else. From this it follows, that when I speak of what an article is *worth to me*, I may give it a very different value from what might be called its *market price*; although this last is somewhat indefinite.

Fifth: I may say of an article whose only value to me is its exchangeable value, it is worth what it will fetch; but in saying this, I mean not what it will fetch after expending time or labor upon it, but without expense of either.

This ambiguity in the terms employed, seems to me, as already intimated, to have led to a confusion of ideas in the articles alluded to. This confusion is more especially manifest in the articles of Sen'or; in which he allows himself to be completely entangled in absurdity.

Tyrol's perplexity, which led him to call for aid, may have sprung from the same cause. But what demands special remark, because of its importance, is the fact that Dr. Champlin himself seems to have been led astray by the same cause. His article is, in the main, sound, and based upon principles familiar to every one who has given any attention to the subject. But he seems to have confounded the *exchangeable value* of a dollar with what it *saves a man in effecting exchange*. When he says "a dollar in gold will always on the average save a day's work in making exchanges," he makes an assertion entirely arbitrary. There may be communities where it saves on an average much more than that; and there may be others where it saves less; and so there may be some where it saves just that sum. It is admitted, too, that the more dollars a community employs in effecting a given amount of exchanges, the less will each dollar save in effecting these exchanges.

But it is by no means necessary that a dollar should save a day's work in effecting exchange, in order that it may command a day's labor or a bushel of corn in exchange.

If a man can save anything by using a dollar as a medium of exchange, he will exchange his bushel of corn by means of it, rather than without it. So if a community, without any circulating medium, were debating the economy of introducing a gold one, the inquiry would not be whether every dollar will, on the average, save a day's work every time it is used as a medium of exchange, but whether these dollars will, on an average, save the expense of keeping them in circulation. There can be no doubt that, with us, a circulating medium always saves more than the expense of maintaining a gold one; so that it is a matter of economy to employ such a medium rather than do without any. Whether a gold dollar actually does, with us, save, on an average, a day's work every time it passes in exchange, may be a curious question; but it is one which does not belong where Dr. C. has placed it; and unless he chooses to correct his article, every tyro who undertakes to get from it a lesson in finance, must make this correction for himself.

SUBSCRIBER.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION TROUPE.—This well known and popular troupe are advertised to appear at Town Hall on Thursday evening of next week, in their pleasing and novel entertainment, consisting of comic and sentimental singing, clog and other dancing, parlor skating, zouave drill and bayonet exercises, &c., and from the well known excellence of the company, we can confidently predict for them, a good house.

OUR TABLE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for February is a charming number, both in its artistic and literary departments. A beautiful steel engraving of "The Crossing Sweeper," a double page colored fashion plate, and a pretty picture entitled "Drifting with the Tide," are among the embellishments. The reading matter is contributed by some of our most popular writers and will not fail to please the readers of this old favorite magazine.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of this magazine has the following table of contents:—

Sir Brook Fossbrooke—Part 8; J. S. Mill on our Belief in the External World; Switzerland in Summer and Autumn—Part 3; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and other Things in General—Part 20; Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence—Part 6; Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M. A.; The Parliament of Salisbury Plain; The Late King of the Belgians.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. as Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood's and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for February is full of nice little stories for the juveniles, with lively pictures to match, and a spicy dish of "Chat." Its young patrons will be delighted with it, and even older readers will find much in its pages to interest them.

Published by J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York, at \$1 50 a year.

(For the Mail.)

Clarksville, Texas, Jan. 9, 1866.

Messrs. Editors:—Thinking that perhaps a short account of the capture of "Bagdad," Mexico, by the Liberals, may not be uninteresting to a few of your many subscribers, without more ado I will proceed:—

At about two o'clock on the morning of the 5th inst. the citizens of Bagdad were surprised by the sound of musketry and the shrill call of the Mexican sentinels as they roused their comrades to arms. But the attack was too sudden and vigorous to be successfully repelled. The attacking party consisting of about fifty men under Lt.-Col. Reed of Gen. Crawford's staff, having effected a landing just below the town, passed to the rear of the main plaza, where dividing, one part took the route leading to the Ferry and barracks, while the other boldly assaulted the fort, mounting two twelve pounders and a small howitzer. Each party were completely successful, and in less than ten minutes after the landing was effected, Bagdad was completely in the hands of the Liberals, with the loss of only two Liberals and eight or ten Imperialists; among whom was the Alcaida. Immediately on the capture of the city it became necessary to cross over a detachment of the 118th Reg't. U. S. Infantry, from Clarksville, to protect American citizens from marauding bands of Mexicans who, true to their instinct, fell to plundering friend and foe as naturally as if they were pursuing their daily avocation.

At about ten o'clock A. M. a French man-of-war, which had been lying off the mouth of the river, opened fire on the city from a thirty-two pounder, while at the same time a small howitzer, carried by a small row boat, crept in close to the shore and blazed away quite rapidly and with some effect, if one could judge from the stampede produced among the citizens. Soon every boat was brought into requisition to convey the fugitives to the Clarksville side. In the meantime, however, the Liberals were not idle, but mounted a twelve pounder on the beach behind a sand hill which, by a few well directed shots soon compelled Sir Howitzer to seek the protection of the sturdy Frigate. With the approach of night the firing ceased, but little danger having been done, leaving the town quietly in the hands of the Liberals. Gen. Crawford having arrived from Brownsville assumed command of the town.

Orders from Gen. Weitzel soon produced considerable commotion among the blue-coats at Clarksville, and we were carried back to the scenes of the rebellion by witnessing the measured tread of the well disciplined federals as they gallantly marched to the banks of the river and crossed over to bring order out of chaos. On the morning of the 6th Gen. Escabado and Col. Mejia arrived and immediately commenced quarrelling about the command. Gen. Crawford occasionally having something to say which only made matters worse, which state of things continued till the morning of the 7th, when the rumor having gained ground that the Imperialists to the number of five hundred men were on their way from Matamoros, preparations were immediately made to evacuate the city, which was only prevented from being carried into effect by a fresh quarrel between Col. Mejia and Gen. Crawford, resulting from a desire on the part of Gen. Crawford to withdraw the artillery to the Clarksville side, which was opposed by Col. Mejia, who brought the pieces of artillery to bear on the boat conveying Gen. Crawford, and threatened to sink her if she moved a peg. Matters were approaching a crisis when the boat (the Prince of Wales) was taken in possession by the U. S. authorities, and turned over to Gen. Escabado, who having found that the expected Imperialists were nothing but a few Mexicans driving a herd of cattle, concluded that Bagdad was his yet, which idea was not weakened on his return to the plaza by finding the U. S. forces quietly engaged in despoiling a few leaves of bread and sundry cans of oysters. We must acknowledge that when we saw Gen. Escabado quietly returning to the plaza that we had some misgivings about his ever holding the place again: a real attack when a false alarm could produce such a scare.

What puzzled us most of all was the fact that with the arrival of so many generals and colonels our effective fighting force was not only not being increased, but getting badly demoralized; so much so that another detachment of two hundred blue-coats was required from the other side to prevent the Mexicans from devouring each other.

Among those who most distinguished themselves in the gallant dash on the city was one Paul Clyde, a citizen residing in Clarksville, who gallantly headed a band of Liberals, and, regardless of the leaden hail which swept the streets, rushed upon the Imperialists, and instantly put them to flight, although they outnumbered his own force ten to one. At present writing Escabado quietly holds the town; the streets being patrolled by Federals to the number of two hundred, who are still required to protect American residents.

BOCA DEL RIO.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

On Wednesday, Jan. 31st, in the Senate, a bill amendatory of the Hawker and Pedlar law was reported and laid upon the table.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Foster, of Waterville, the Judiciary committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of requiring all Life Insurance Companies issuing policies to citizens of this State, to hold within the State, liable to attachment, property to an amount sufficient to indemnify the insured.

A petition was presented and referred for an act of incorporation of the Albion Manufacturing Company.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a resolve in favor of an Agricultural Survey of large tracts of timbered lands was presented and referred.

In the House, the petitions for set off of part of Winslow to Waterville had leave to withdraw; petition of C. A. Dow and others for change of the pauper law was presented and referred.

The two branches united in a request to Gen. O. O. Howard to visit and address the Legislature on Wednesday, 6th inst.

On Friday, in the Senate, an act to regulate the inspection of flour was read and assigned; also an act amendatory of the Hawker and Pedlar law.

In the House, the committee on Finance reported legislation in expedient order relating to taxation of incomes from U. S. Bonds, and their report was laid upon the table. The bill relating to the rate of interest was called up, and Mr. Stetson supported his motion to amend by striking off all restrictions by a lengthy speech. Several other members also spoke upon the same subject and the bill was tabled for further debate.

Acts to incorporate the Trustees of the Maine Central Institute; to incorporate the Maine Water Power and Manufacturing Company; to authorize Oldtown and Orono to grant aid to the Agricultural College; to prevent the killing of fur-bearing animals between the months of May and October; to increase the salary of the Judge and Register of Probate of Kennebec County, and the County Attorney—are on the passage.

On Saturday, in the House, the Committee on Education reported that bill to establish a Department of Public Instruction ought not to pass. The usury bill was called up, and after a lengthy debate, in which Mr. Foster of Waterville participated, it was remanded to the table without action, for further consideration.

On Monday, in the Senate, a resolution was reported requesting our Senators and Representatives in Congress to procure the passage of an act prohibiting the imposition by any State of tax, toll, etc., upon the transit of passengers or merchandise over its territory from another State. An act to incorporate the Newport Savings Bank was passed to be engrossed.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a resolve in favor of the Insane Hospital (appropriating thirty-one thousand and five hundred dollars) passed to be engrossed; the bill to incorporate the International Telegraph Co. was discussed at length, amended, and laid upon the table.

In the House, a bill was reported providing for paying a part of the war loan of 1861 at its maturity; a resolve in favor of amending the Reciprocity Treaty, instead of abrogating it, was presented and referred.

In convention, Gen. Howard was received by the two branches, the Governor and Council and heads of Department being present. Gen. Virgin, in a short speech, extended to our one-armed hero a hearty welcome, and introduced him to the convention. As Gen. Howard was to speak for the Freedmen in the evening his response was brief, but gave a hopeful view of the situation, and was confident that sooner or later right will triumph, and that in ten years from now, every State in the Union will be as free as Maine is to-day. "Such is my confidence," said he, in conclusion, "I did not gather it when looking at men alone, such men as you have gathered here to conduct public affairs and such as we have at Washington, but I have confidence in Almighty God, who has directed us in the darkest hour of this revolution, who raised up the right kind of men to fight our battles for us, that He will guide us to the necessary legislation, to secure to us the fruits of the revolution. I call it a revolution, because, to all intents and purposes it was a revolution. How is that? you say, simply a rebellion put down. Yet the whole state of society has been revolutionized, and those that were despised as ignoble, those that were held in chains, have been raised up to the platform of manhood, and MANHOOD has been stamped upon them.

I congratulate you upon the part you have borne in the past conflict; I congratulate you upon the public men you have called forth; I congratulate you upon the delegation you have sent to Washington; they are the men whom you need there; they are the right sort of men to bear the banner "DRUMMO" the National Halls, and they are doing it. Our prospects, my friends, are bright now; what we need is simply to stand up firmly, steadfastly, in the fear of God and our convictions of truth and duty.

GRAND PRIZE FOR EVERY ONE.—Have you seen the list of Grand Prizes offered to subscribers for the American Statesman? Among them are a Wheeler and Wilson best Sewing Machine, the Empire Shuttle Sewing Machine, Bailey's patent Clothes Winger, Champion Clothes Winger, Hartman's celebrated patent Crutch, and over two thousand of the finest Engravings, Lithographs, Photographs, Albums, &c. Over \$100,000 to be sent out in prizes.

The Statesman is a large Family Journal, 28x12 inches, published weekly at one \$1 50 per annum, at 67 Nassau Street, New York. Send for sample copies and get up a club.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN ON SUFFRAGE.—This highly eloquent divine lectured in Portland on Wednesday night. The papers there speak of it as one of his best efforts. On one point considerably agitated just now, he is reported as follows:

With regard to suffrage, Mr. Chapin said some considered it a natural right, while others regarded it as a political franchise. He would not discuss the question, as it was not material. He only urged that whatever theory be adopted, the policy should make no discrimination founded on mere sentiment—none not founded on reason. The color of a man's skin is not a reasonable disqualification for suffrage, but a lack of intelligence was, and he was in favor of such a test.

SENSIBLE.—A Georgia paper expresses the opinion that it would be sound policy to confer the right of suffrage upon certain classes of colored persons, and thus give the remaining classes incentives to improvement so as to secure for themselves also this inestimable privilege.

HARD-PAN RECONSTRUCTIONISTS. The unconditional Union men from the South, who are sojourning at Washington, and who delight in the designation of "Hard-Pan Reconstructionists," have prepared the following specifications as an epitome of their construction of the Constitution, and had the same printed for circulation among Congressmen:

1. The exclusive power of Congress over the subject of citizenship and naturalization.
2. The power of Congress to give effect by the enactment and enforcement of laws to the protective provisions of the Constitution, and to make the principles of protection practically coextensive with citizenship.
3. The positive Constitutional interdiction upon the power of Congress, and upon the Legislatures of the respective States to subvert or impair the natural or personal rights enumerated or implied in the Constitution.
4. The power of Congress to compel the enforcement and maintenance of republican Government in every State, making the enumeration of personal and natural rights and protective features of the Constitution the definition and test of what is republican government; and further, in order to establish such local republican Government in every State, to prescribe, in case of necessity, the rule of suffrage or qualification of voters.

MR. AND MRS. NEWTON FITZ, whose musical entertainment here our citizens remember with pleasure, gave a concert in Portland on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of Messrs. Morgan and Shaw, which seems to have given great satisfaction to a fine audience. We trust they will not forget that they promised (almost) to visit us this winter.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, Thursday, among resolutions of inquiry was one by Mr. Poland of Vermont as to the expediency of extending the jurisdiction of the United States over all suits for acts done under the authority of the military of the United States and that of the so-called Confederate States. The amendment to the Constitution and the resolution recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis came before the Senate without action. Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the civil rights bill, declaring all persons in the United States, not subjects of a foreign power, citizens, was adopted.

In the Senate, Friday, a joint resolution was offered to provide for enforcing the anti-slavery amendment and guaranteeing republican government. The bill to protect civil rights was taken up for debate, and after numerous amendments had been defeated, was passed by a vote of 33 to 12. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House a petition of soldiers asking equalization of bounties was presented. The consideration of the Freedmen's Bureau bill occupied the remainder of the day.

In the Senate, Monday, the resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution with reference to the basis of representation was called up. Mr. Sumner offered a substitute declaring that all persons shall be equal before the law in civil and political rights, and spoke in support of his resolution, until the Senate went into executive session. In the House the Senate bill to protect civil rights was referred. A resolution was adopted suggesting inquiry in relation to the removal of the national capital. The bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, as reported from the Senate, was taken up for debate, which continued through the afternoon and evening sessions.

On Tuesday, the House passed the Freedmen's bill, 139 yeas 32 nays. Raymond, Kasson and other conservatives voted for it, and the democrats all against it.

Representative Farnsworth of Illinois is holding a correspondence with two of the union members of the lower house of the Tennessee Legislature. From one of the letters which he has lately received the following extract is made: "The defiant spirit of the rebels is increasing in this State, and by some of them Mr. Seward is denounced as guilty of treason. I hope our delegation will not be admitted to Congress till the Legislature and the people agree to do justice to all men, otherwise the colored people and the loyal whites will be crushed to the wall." Another letter says: "Our people are still insulted and spit upon in many communities of Middle Tennessee, because they were true to the Union during the war. It will be necessary to keep a considerable military force here for some time. Maynard, Stokes, Taylor and Fowler would help us if they could be admitted into Congress, but Campbell and Cooper and others of their views should not be admitted at all, and so the whole delegation must be kept out." From still another letter this is extracted: "You will see by the vote yesterday that we stand 41 to 28 against the immediate admission of our congressional delegation. Excuse me for repeating that we are lost if the republican party deserts us now. I think we shall soon have to give the vote to the colored man, for we must in some way disarm the rebels. We must numerically kill them, or keep the South under military rule."

The Senate committee on the District of Columbia have not yet come to any decision respecting a report on the suffrage bill passed by the House. Their own bill, which gives the elective franchise to all negroes, is before the Senate, and therefore there is no need for immediate action on the House bill. The committee as a whole does not find, either in the condition of affairs or in the expression of the President's opinion, any cause to change the principle of their own bill, which is, of course, the same as that of the House bill. The paramount importance of the proposed amendment to the Constitution changing the basis of representation, as well as of two or three other pending measures, is recognized by the committee, and the suffrage bill is not likely, therefore, to be pressed to an immediate or speedy vote, though it is not impossible that one day of the present week may be devoted to its consideration.

WORSE YET.—Senator Dixon disclaims having had anything to do with the publication of the Associated Press dispatch containing an account of his conversation with the President. He gives out that he merely listened to what the President had to say, and that the President alone is responsible for the publication of the dispatch.

Small pox is still prevailing fearfully in the South. At first it prevailed chiefly among the negroes, but now the whites are taking it. The Memphis Appeal says there is scarcely a county throughout the entire South that is not infected, and the disease is steadily gaining ground, both in quantity and virulence. There are no data from which to estimate the number of deaths, but they must amount to hundreds daily.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of stock at market last week was lighter than usual, with little change in prices. We quote the following statements from the Boston Advertiser:—

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few choice or premium oxen, 11-12 to 13 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen best steers, &c., 12-12 to 13 cts.; Second quality, good or fair beef, 11-12 to 12-14 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 10-12 to 11-12 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., — to 10 cts.

Business has been more lively this week than last; but we think, after conversing with both buyers and sellers, that prices for beef are about the same as last week, the difference, if any, being in favor of the buyer; as there appears to be a pretty strong impression that prices are more likely to decline than to advance, especially if the Act of Congress prohibiting the importation of live stock is so modified as to allow the cattle and sheep of Canada to cross the line, of which we understand there is some probability, although Congress has not as yet taken any action on the subject. There are many cattle in the distilleries of Canada, as well as in the hands of farmers, which are anxiously looking this way for a market.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for Sheep and Lambs, 6 to 7-12 cts. per lb. Extra 8 to 9-12 cts. per lb.

With about 6000 sheep in place of 7000 last week, with the mercury below zero, and with good sleighing, the drovers hoped yesterday morning to be able to obtain better prices than last week. But the butchers and the consumers are very reluctant to agree to any such movement just now. There is a general expectation of lower prices, and the tendency of the prices of nearly all kinds of goods is understood to be downward. And sheep at Albany are reported dull—market glutted—6 to 7 cts. per lb. sales light. Against all this the drovers were unable to stand. And after they settled down on last week's basis trade went off quite lively, and the scales were kept busy all the forenoon. Many of the drovers say that prices are not as good as last week, but that they dare not let any fair bid slip.

STORE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$150 to \$275 per pair; steers \$80 to 125; calves, \$50 to \$75; extra, \$80 to 95; farrow, &c.; \$30 to 45.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, wholesale, — to — cts. per lb. retail, — to — cts.; fat hogs, — to — cts. per lb.; live hogs; Hides, best Brighton, 9-12 to 10 cts. per lb.; country lots 8-12 to 9 cts.; tallow, 8 to 10 cts.; calf skins, 25 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$1 75 to 2 12 each.

There was a large supply this week, but prices were unchanged.

During the debate recently in the House, Judge Kelley said that an Alabama gentleman had furnished him with a newspaper published in that State, from which it appeared that in one county there were, in one week, five executions of negroes by the regular sentence of courts, for the crime of larceny—two of the executions being for stealing a horse. The said newspaper justifies the larceny. It also contains the sentence of a negro to ninety-nine years' imprisonment, for stealing potatoes. The Judge made a point which the galleries applauded when he vigorously demanded that the loyal men of the State should be protected from such judicial murders as these, while rebels go unpunished for their crimes.—[Boston Advertiser.]

The objection of Mr. Sumner to the proposed amendment relating to the basis of representation, is that it is a recognition of the right of a state to exclude from the privileges of citizenship whole races and classes on the most irrational and inhuman grounds. He thinks South Carolina would prefer three representatives who would always vote for her class interest, rather than seven who would vote for the general interest, and so would forever exclude a majority of her people from the ballot-box. There is force in this view of the case.

By the last foreign arrival we learn that in his speech on the 22d ult., the Emperor Napoleon said that arrangements are being made to withdraw the French troops from Mexico, and it is hoped this will pacify the people of the United States, who were invited to join the expedition but declined, although such expedition was not opposed to their interest.

THE GREAT WEST.—Homes of the sturdy farmers who look about them over the broad prairies, and see for miles their lands and granaries, are often rendered desolate by the death of a beloved child in the ravages of the deadly Croup. Coo's Cough Balsam never fails to cure it, and is also the best remedy in the world for Croup, Coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

Coo's Dyspepsia Cure is the only remedy that is certain to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and in fact all disorders proceeding from the stomach and bowels.

Prophets have no honor in their own country; but this cannot be said of perfumes, inasmuch as Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the home-manufactured product of the sweetest flowers of the Western hemisphere, has long since taken precedence of all exotic extracts on this side of the Atlantic. Sold everywhere.

A detachment of the 5th U. S. regulars, while passing a piece of woodland a few miles from Centerville, Tenn., recently, were fired upon by a gang of bushwhackers, and three of them wounded. The rascals were pursued and one of their number killed.

No more puny children, decayed teeth, or yellow bread, if you will use Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus. There is nothing equal to it. It is far superior to soda to use with cream tartar. Bread or Biscuit raised by it is more easily digested than by any other. Try one paper, and you will not fail to use it ever after. Have the Gold Medal or none. Grocers and Druggists keep it.

It is but simple justice to the manufacturer of the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap, to award him the credit of being far ahead of all competitors in catering to the luxury of the ladies, who prize nice, clean, white clothes (and what lady does not?) Our wife says she could not keep house without it. It is decidedly the Soap of the world. It is a peculiar institution of itself, and such a luxury to use it, that after one trial, it is always found to be one of the most useful articles in the household. Depot, 112 Liberty Street, New York.

Speaking of the condition of affairs in the section of country twenty to thirty miles back of Alexandria, the Journal of that city says the ex-rebels who have returned home, emboldened by the leniency shown them by the State and national governments, are more proscriptive and hostile than ever before, and even determined to drive out every one who sympathized in any way with the government during the progress of the rebellion.

The President refuses to interfere with Gen. Terry's recent orders annulling the vagrant act passed by the Virginia legislature. Yet there is an act of a state legislature made of no effect by a military order. What is the use of theorizing about the rebel states being in or out of the Union when such things are done.—[Hartford Press.]

Mobile Advertiser reports the trial in the police court of a "pompous darkey" who was fined \$50 for a ferocious cursing a white gentleman. The question naturally arises, how much would the "white gentleman" have been fined had he done the "ferocious cursing"?

