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Maxham & Wing

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FAITH.

What matter how the night beaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day.
How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now.
The dear home faces whereupon
The fitful light gleamed and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees.
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made.
No step is on the conscious floor,
Yet Love will dream and will trust,
(Since he who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his head away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,
Across the mournful marbles play,
Who had not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever loved of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

I.—THREE NATIONALITIES.

It was seven o'clock of an early July evening when I trotted up the fine old avenue of elms and European lindens leading from the porter's lodge to Nestledown—Mr. Fitz Patrick's hospitable country house. During the afternoon I had been compelled to turn in to a road-side "shebeen" by one of those almost daily summer showers which preserve to this beautiful island its Emerald reputation, and now every refreshed leaf of boughs above or blade of grass beneath was tipped with its pendant orb of crystal turning to ruby, amethyst, sapphire, and carbuncle in the slant flame of the setting sun. The house, as I saw the moment I passed the lodge, occupied a commanding position on the edge of what in America should call "a bluff." This natural formation was artificially terraced down each flank toward the north and south, but left in its original shape on the eastern slope where the house fronted. This slope was luxuriantly soddied to its foot, where it met the lawn proper. Through this lawn wound the avenue, gravelled hard as a pavement, and reaching the base of the southern terrace, ascended in a roundabout but picturesque series of lines to a broad and lofty carriage arch in front of the porch, built of creamery tufa, supported by corbelled pillars, and bearing the Fitz Patrick arms carved on the keystones.

I was met by my host with a hearty Irish welcome, half-way between the lodge and the terrace. He was mounted on a brisk little Galway, and accompanied me directly to his stables, where I saw Choloeké put up for the night. This attended to he led me to the house by a shrubby foot-path, showed me my room and asked me to excuse further ceremony till the bell rang for dinner, as his family had just come in from a day at the Assize races, and were dressing, as I much needed to do myself. My baggage having reached Nestledown before me, I was able to acquit myself of a very satisfactory toilet; and being a young man at that time, put on my prettiest white tie as well as my most winning manners. Upon whom my impression was to be made I had no idea; Mr. Fitz Patrick's eldest child being a son then at Trinity College; his wife dead a number of years previously; and the pet daughter of whom I had often heard him speak, invariably mentioned as "my little girl," or "the baby."

To my surprise I discovered on descending to the great west parlor a charming young lady of eighteen, with dreamy brown eyes and riant mouth; golden hair (most beautiful of all contrasts for dark eyes); a figure developed by horsemanship and other out-door exercise into the very perfection of womanhood; a delicate little hand that looked like rose-leaves, and when she gave it to me with innocent confidence in indorsement of her father's welcome, felt like rose-leaves too. Her voice was the instrument of many keys—all of them so sweet that I could not decide which I liked best. Just as I made up my mind in favor of the liquid undertone which took me home to American sunsets and the vesper gurgle of our wood-robin, Daisy laughed a silvery little laugh like a June waterfall, and again I was undecided.

I might have considered the question with more equanimity had I not discovered, even before we went in to dinner, that another person was interested in its solution equally with myself. That person was an insufferable Englishman! Algernon Maurice Sidney Trevannion was captain of a company in Her Majesty's Guards. He was introduced to me by that name and title; I was presented to him as plain Mr. Von Haarlem, the American hunter, traveller and horseman. Mr. Fitz Patrick, though the farthest in the world removed from snobbery, could not help the feeling common to every man under British rule that I needed a little pedigree to put me right before the Captain, and that as a mere private citizen I should have a little picking on my bones for a dainty young aristocrat, none of whose London acquaintances had less names, blood, or titles than himself. Accordingly, in introducing me he added, by way of appendix, that I belonged to a very old New York family.

The Captain cast upon me one of those superior smiles which make their recipient forever the enemy of the donor. As Mr. Fitz Patrick and I turned away from the bow-window in which Miss Fitz Patrick and the Captain were standing I heard that mellow English voice say to the beautiful Daisy:—

"Aw really! Quite a delightful paradox! Then they do have old families in New York? How long does it take to make them? Pray when was New York founded? George Third—somewhere about that time, if I recollect. I say! how jolly it must be for an ancient historian in that country—so close to his facts, you know."

Mr. Fitz Patrick and I were crossing the parlor to a table strewn in elegant carelessness with bog-ork ornaments of every description, carved by a tenant of his, in whose genius (like most Irish landlords at this day, unless their veins are tainted with absenteeism) he took a just pride. I knew that the very best nob in the United Kingdom would scarcely have ventured on such pleasantries as the Captain's to a gentleman to whom he had just been introduced. I therefore excused his language on the ground that he did not mean to have it reach my ears. Throwing a quick glance over my shoulder, I perceived that Miss Fitz Patrick did not even smile at the wit of Mr. Trevannion. Woe to him if she had smiled! Since she had not, I put him down in my mind for a conditional amnesty.

I felt still more like forgiving him when the

footman announced dinner, and in virtue of my being the latest guest I was assigned the pleasurable service of handing *Miss Fitz Patrick* to the table. We formed a *partie carree* at the first homelike dinner I had enjoyed since I left my own bachelor menage in New York. The father and daughter sat vis-a-vis. The Captain sat on the father's right, I on the daughter's. The superior smile was in point-blank range with my soup, which it cooled, and my salmon, which it made watery; it dried the juice out of my slice of sirloin, and flattened my Champagne.

"Father hoped to see you here last evening, Mr. Von Haarlem," said Miss Fitz Patrick. "And I should have been here then if I had not come from the harbor on horseback."

"You have missed something which I should have been much pleased to have you see—the county races," said Mr. Fitz Patrick. "Something he would have liked to see; eh, Trevannion?"

"Aw—yes—that is aw—I suppose—I should say aw—quite a novelty to an American gentleman—when he got acquainted with it, you know—where do those things so differently to our friends on the other side." (Superior smile again.)

"Yes; I believe as a general thing we do make a little better time than you do. But I can see a great improvement in you since we sent over Rarey and Ten Broeck."

"Pon me honor! I say, Mr. Fitz Patrick, Mr. Von Haarlem seems to regard us as a missionary field."

"Yes, so I observe. He looks at you with one Tattersall's eye and another from Exeter Hall."

"Aw! You, did you say? Why not say us?"

"Because I'm an Irishman, I suppose, and being open to any valuable knowledge that presents itself, don't need evangelization quite as much as you across the Channel. Besides," added my host with a twinkle in his eye, "was there ever an Irishman who didn't know everything about horses already? Stop the verriest bog-trotter any where on our tight little island, and a hundred to one he'll tell you that he was brought up with them from the time I was the height of a bee's knee." Isn't that your experience, Von Haarlem?"

"Yes, among Irishmen in America. That is one reason why I feel it a disappointment not to have been at the races. I should like to see the horsemanship on which they pride themselves so much."

"Ever attended the Darby, Mr. Von Haarlem?" asked the Captain, in a charitable tone, as if he pitied the mortification he was compelled to cause an American by referring to that subject.

"I was present at the last races, Sir."

"Aw."

The Boston *yes*, the German *so*, and the *aw* of Young England, mean unspeakable things. The Captain's "aw" meant my entire extinction. The mere mention of the "Darby" was my final rebuke, and I saw beneath the exterior puppyism of the Englishman the true generosity of the man. He would not crow over me; the "Darby" had been recalled to my mind, my American pretensions were floored, and he would not strike them after they were down. But he evidently expected me to say something. When he saw me silent he cast a puzzled glance at me and continued:—

"Very well, Sir: what, aw, was your impression?"

"I saw many beautiful animals, some which under the training of my countryman, Hiram Woodruff, might be made an honor to any American race-course."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Captain, looking pitiously to Mr. Fitz Patrick. "Why, this is most prodigious!"

My host laughed, and Miss Fitz Patrick smiled in spite of herself.

"In fairness I should have told you," said the former, addressing Captain Trevannion, "that my friend here is no mere theorist in horse matters, but a most obstinate and experienced opponent. By the way, Von Haarlem, that horse of yours has a splendid head. I never saw cleaner lines nor a more spirited eye.—Where did you get him? There's evident blood in him, though for the life of me I couldn't tell where it comes from."

"I'll tell you, then. His father was a full Morgan, his mother half Morgan and half Mustang. In the English sense neither of these races is 'blood.' The Mustang is a reclaimed animal, belonging to the last hundred and fifty years to the wild herds of American plains. His remote ancestors were two stallions and four mares turned loose on the Pampas by early Spanish adventurers. Whence were descended the half dozen animals which colonized the New World of course nobody can say, though they probably had some Arab or rather Moresco stock in them."

"Isn't that blood?" asked Miss Daisy.

"My pet horse is an Arabian, and if any horse was ever blooded he is."

She looked so beautiful in her enthusiasm that if her pet had been a Suffolk punch I believe I should have risked my reputation by saying "Yes," even before the man of the superior smile.

"Yes, it was blood once; but the twelve or fifteen generations of savagery which have elapsed since the first stock were turned loose on the plains have obliterated nearly all the external characteristics of whatever Arab blood the Mustangs possess. Their great speed and power of endurance may perhaps be relied on to prove the pedigree; they also resemble the Arabian in size, being considerably smaller than the English thorough-bred. So much for the Mustang half of my pet's mother. The rest of her and the whole of Choloeké's sire—the Morgan blood, though not so far from its European source as the Mustang, is still sufficiently remote to have allowed time for acclimation and other modifying influences to produce an entirely distinct variety. The original Morgan horse was born in 1793, in Springfield, Mass., and at the age of two years was taken to Vermont, where indeed most people supposed him to have originated, multitudes of excellent horses there claiming descent from him."

"Where is Vermont?" asked Miss Daisy.

"It's the capital of the State of Charleston," said Captain Trevannion. "If I remember rightly it's not very far from New Orleans."

"His nearest relations with European stock are derived through his paternal grandfather, imported 'Traveller.' Among his foreign an-

cestors are included English, Elopse, Childers, and the Godolphin Arabian."

"Aw!" said the Captain, "then it's easy enough to see where his blood comes from."

"Excuse me, Captain Trevannion, but you are not ignorant that the mother is of vital importance in the formation of race-characteristics. The mother of the original Morgan was three generations off from the nearest British thorough-bred, and is described by her contemporaries as unusually heavy-chested, with long shaggy hair upon her legs, almost like a 'Sheltie'; of medium size, and of a color approaching the sorrel. An animal less like the typical English thorough-bred in external respects can scarcely be imagined. There has been an unsuccessful attempt to derive her pedigree on both sides from the same Wild-ard blood to which it is believed she may trace her sire. At the best, her origin is very uncertain; only less so than that of the greatest trotter that ever lived—Flora Temple. So you see that the famous 'Morgan' was an equine Rodolph of Hapsburgh—the founder of his own family. Though Flora is the most remarkable instance of a first-class (indeed the first-class) race-horse, she is not the only one."

"How about your Lady Suffolk?" asked Mr. Fitz Patrick.

"She comes from a strain entirely unknown beyond her sire 'Engineer.' 'Dutchman' is even obscurer in his pedigree, and on our side of the water there are numerous celebrated animals besides, who in their veins have not one well-authenticated drop of any blood which Captain Trevannion would call 'fluid.'"

In the matter of all pure trotting horses, I endorse, without the least hesitation, Mr. Wheelan's assertion, that he knows in the city of New York above a score of roadsters in common use, which could successfully enter the lists against the fastest trotters on the English turf. So, Mr. Fitz Patrick, your discovery that my horse had 'blood' in him is a great compliment to your intuition, since there is nothing in him which Captain Trevannion would consider as such, or which would be so regarded at Tattersall's."

By this time the Captain had recovered from the stupor of amazement into which he had been plunged by my stolid refusal to be crushed out by the "Darby."

"Oh, Mr. Von Haarlem!" said he, returning to the charge. "I say! What, aw, did you see, aw, to dissatisfy you in the 'Darby.'"

"Nothing, Captain Trevannion; for as your Dissenters say, English horsemen 'live up to their light'; and I believe that in process of time they will abandon their false conservatism and their bad school in riding heartily to adopt a better style."

Captain Trevannion had asked my objections to the English school of horsemanship very much as he would inquire the reason why I wished to change the British form of government, burn down St. Paul's, or substitute Methodism for the Established Church. That any institution of the country in whose service he wore epaulets could be changed for the better, struck him very much as I should have been affected by a proposal to dig up Bunker Hill Monument and reset it point downward.

Feeling that the conversation was becoming too argumentative for a dinner-table, we dropped the issue by mutual consent, the Captain and myself having promised each other to compare horses at the stable on the following day.

II.—THE AFFAIR PROPOSED.

A fine drizzle set in during the night and lasted for the next twenty-four hours, spoiling all our calculations. Mr. Fitz Patrick was obliged to pass the day in his library, auditing the accounts of his model estate with Donohue, the steward. The Captain and I were accordingly turned over for entertainment to Miss Fitz Patrick. The manner in which she acquitted herself of her burdensome task greatly enhanced my admiration for her. If I was one-tenth as heavy a load as the Captain, Miss Fitz Patrick deserved a crown of martyrdom. I had often read with wonder passages in English novels describing the ennui of a party of gentlemen weather-bound among the ladies at a country seat; how they yawned and dawdled; how they wandered from the grate to the window, from the sofa to the piano; how listlessly reading a new story; now sketching a little; now cleaning their guns; now picking the bones of the poor old *Tues* down to its very advertisements. Though the domestic novels of Great Britain are almost unanimous in their testimony upon this point, I used to leave a large margin for exaggeration on the ground that almost all writers feel authorized to set their own country in ridiculous lights, which they would exclaim against the most shameful flattery were the burlesque perpetrated by a foreigner. I could not believe that the real life of any country could afford examples of such imbecile helplessness, such absence of aim, such extinction of all resources, among well educated, and in some respects, eminently capable men, as the modern English novel (among magicians especially) portrays in every description of a "nasty day" at a British country seat.

No novel could exaggerate Captain Trevannion. I felt, in beholding him, like a man who had read of the dodo without compromising himself by a belief in that bird, but who had at length lighted on an unmistakable survivor of the species in a trackless wild of some tropic island. Trevannion was one of those anomalous men who exist elsewhere as curiosities, but whom the philosopher must visit England to see in their full development and possessing a normal status among mankind—not wonderful because they are universal. Nobody is surprised at elephants in Africa; nobody would look twice at Captain Trevannion in England.

With its ignorance of every thing beyond the blissful scope of one's own clique stands the outward and visible sign of thorough meanness of nature; enormous self-complacency, without the slightest effort to hide it or the least suspicion that it is a perpetual challenge to ridicule, is, *prima facie*, inconsistent with one's being an accomplished man of the world. But the average high-born Englishman lives in a portable and impenetrable Grosvenor Square. His railing is not cracked by the summit frosts of Mont Blanc, nor melted by the sun of the equator; the Grand Lama himself, without an introduction, can not speak to him through its bars. He goes down in a diving-bell and wonders what "our fellows" would say if they were there. He would be ashamed if he could

not be waked up at any hour of the night and give the name of any shire town in England before he had opened his eyes; but he considers it rather praiseworthy than otherwise to be ignorant of all remaining mundane geography. In this respect none but the Chinaman can be his parallel; and I am not sure but the Chinaman would by this time have abdicated in his favor, had he not dugged that pagan off the track of enlightenment by cramming opium down his throat at the point of the bayonet.—Yet this Englishman, if you seek his best key, and touch it adroitly, is one of the most benevolent men in the world. He is a good, broad creature, tortured to death in a tight surcoat inherited from Tudor dwarfs and Stuart starvelings. In warm, sympathetic countries, where he takes off his body and sits in his soul, you can see where our own superior race of Anglo-Saxons got some of its best qualities.

The Englishman is an exception to all laws of moral classification. He may be an exquisite without being effeminate; a bully yet not a coward; a braggart with foundation for his self-complacency. He is unjust, selfish, arrogant in private life, yet there are no hands I had rather fall into than his as a prisoner, if I have only shown pluck enough and done him the damage that makes him respect me. Trollop begins his "Bertrams" with the exclamation "Ye Devils!" It is awful not to succeed in England. But if one's conquest has put England to her trumps she sets him on her right hand at Guildhall feasts, and the "Ye" refers only to those turtle which bleed for his honor. Englishmen need a great deal of study—but to the patient they become intelligible at last. Like vice, they are

"Monsters of such hideous mien
That to be hated need but to be seen;
Yet when we grow familiar with their face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

All this seems episodic, but is not; for it has amounted to a generic description of the typical Englishman Trevannion, and leaves me nothing to describe save his *personnel*. He was six feet high. His hair was a handsome wavy blonde, parted in the middle. His moustache was yellowish than his hair, his military whiskers a modulatory tone between the two. His manners were those of a great, green, conceited boy, "brought up by hand" by the relentless Mrs. Joe Gargery, of British tradition. His life was one long chronic sin against the canons of natural good-breeding; but he would sooner have been unjoined alive than to have offended against those artificial regulations which proved his blood gave him his entrée at Almack's, made him liked in his club, or secured his position in his regiment. He was twenty-four years old; I was twenty-eight and on his social level—so I could be much more patient with him than if I had held in any respect "the junior hand." His father had once owned the estate adjoining Nestledown; which fact accounted for his intimacy with the family, and his invitation to pass a summer's furlough with them. He had the long upper lip and the short nose of his race, which makes so many Englishmen look like a gutta-percha head of Antinous pulled out lengthwise; his eyes were a handsome blue, opened into a perpetual stare of astonishment the moment he got out of England. As we have seen, he said "Aw!" and thought things "prodigious," under circumstances whose tendency on our veriest American Hoosier would have been only to make him cosmopolitan. A man whom one would gladly have had at his back in an Inker-mar charge; but oh! what a dreadful comrade for any minor emergency like a rainy day at Nestledown!

While he stood, backing the peat fire after the British fashion, glowering into suicidal vacancy, and answering every attempt to amuse him in curt but not rudely intended monosyllables, I sat down before Miss Fitz Patrick and converted myself into a reel from which her deft fingers would once upon a double zephyr into the gold and crimson fruits containing the germ of some resplendent future Afghan!

BRANDY.—The deleterious consequences resulting from the use of ardent spirits, must be apparent to every one. That people now-a-days get more easily intoxicated than a century since there can be no question. Because our fathers drank ardent spirits every day, and lived along to old age, is no reason that we can do so and live to the allotted age of man, for the very tendency of the liquors now used is to shorten life. They are compounds, made of all sorts of poisonous drugs, designed to get up the fuddle quick. To extend to which the liquors now sold are adulterated, was shown in a recent liquor case before the United States Court at Albany, N. Y. The testimony presented brings to light facts of great interest to all classes, and especially brandy drinkers. From that testimony it appears that a very small proportion of what is sold as pure French brandy is imported. It is manufactured on a large scale at New York, Albany and elsewhere, from alcohol and various drugs, and even the casks with the French marks are made in New York. There are said to be at least a thousand brandy factories in the United States. The profits of the manufacture are immense. One firm in New York, uses as many as a thousand of the bogus French brandy casks every year. The chief elements of the made brandy are said to be "cologne spirit, oil of cogniac and neutral." It was started by one of the witnesses on the trial that brandy which sells for from \$10 to \$15 per gallon costs only about \$2.50 to manufacture.

[Bath Times.]

OBSCURE IDEAS.—"Yankees, Dutchmen and Irishmen." Such is the style of phrase used by a Virginia editor in speaking of a prospective overflow of the sacred soil of the Mother of Presidents, by immigrants from Europe and the North, which the said editor deprecates beyond measure. If the State should fall into the hands of such barbarians it would soon be recognizable as Old Virginia no longer. Very like. There is a sublime provincialism about the dwellers in the recesses and fastnesses of the Old Dominion, which surpasses that of the famous monarch in the interior of Africa, who ordered a cannon to be discharged every day before he sat down to dine, to let mankind know that he was taking his daily rations. One would suppose that the inhabitants of the land of Schiller, Wallenstein, Frederic and Luther, of Burke, Sheridan and Wellington, of Franklin, Bowditch, Green and

Longfellow, were of ordinary potter's clay, while the somewhat antiquated and isolated yeomanry of the James and Rappahannock are the true Sevres porcelaine of this nation.

Let our friend, the Virginia editor in question, possess his soul in patience. Doctor Johnson once recommended a foolish fellow to clear his head of cant, and in like manner we recommend the editor referred to, and all others of his way of thinking, to clear their heads of old provincial Virginia nonsense. Virginia has produced great men in her time, and can doubtless produce more such; but let her modernize herself and come alongside of the age in which we live. Then she will renew her palmy days with tenfold splendor.

A YOUNG MAN LOST.—A few days since the sad intelligence came to our community that one of its estimable and enterprising young men had been lost at sea and a universal regret was felt and sympathy manifested for those who have been by this sad event so suddenly called to mourn a worthy and affectionate son, brother and husband.

But the thought comes to us of how many who are still in our midst, might these sad words more truthfully be said—"A young man is lost!" The lamented young shipmaster to whose sudden death we have alluded, died honorably at the post of duty. A dearly prized life was lost, but not the virtues which make a life estimable. But of some among it might be said, "there is a young man lost!"—not lost to life, but lost to manhood, to virtue, to industry, to integrity, and to honor! And is not this a sadder thing to say! When we see a young man reeling drunk in our streets, when we see him the habitual frequenter of bar-rooms, when we know that the drunkard's appetite is fastened upon him, when he associates habitually with tipplers and rowdies, is not here a "young man lost?" Such young men we have, and they are not confined to the families of the poor, the ignorant and the degraded. We know them. Our citizens generally know them. It is known that these young men are "lost"—that they are squandering their time, their health, their opportunities, their virtue, their industry, their honor—that unless they turn from the road they are pursuing, it will lead them to ruin. They might be honorable, virtuous, industrious, haying the foundation of a career of industry, honor and wealth; but instead, they are making such a career more and more nearly impossible, and wasting life at the outset.

The glory of a community is in its young men. It is to them it must look for its future position and achievements. Shall the young men of this community bring it shame, instead of honor? Shall they forfeit all their opportunities for honorable and successful life. Shall our young men be lost, because of the rum traffic? It is this that is ruining our young men. Men, who have sons, to be happy, or miserable; to be virtuous or depraved to be honorable or despised; to be industrious or loafers; to be sober men or drunkards,—will you permit a few men, devoid of conscience, to carry on a criminal traffic by which your sons may be lost, and by which some of them are being lost? Men of property and influence, who have your dearest interests at stake, why will you not take the sword of justice and judgment into your own hands, and execute the law? Is the man who will see his son and his neighbor's son tempted, and it may be ruined, by the rum-traffic, and not lift his hand to put down the iniquity, doing his duty? Men and fathers, will you submit to this crime longer? We pray you say NO! and then we may no longer say, as some youth goes reeling and bawling through the street, "There is a young man lost!"—[Rockland Battle Axe.]

"ILL-TIMED." The opponents of Manhood Suffrage denounce the passage of the bill by Congress to confer the right to vote on the colored men of the District of Columbia, as "ill-timed." Was there ever, in this world, any measure of right undertaken that was not thought "ill-timed?" We can recall none. There are always some to be found, whenever such a measure is proposed, who say "Yes, I am in favor of that; but not now. Wait till some future time." And if the world is to act upon the counsels of this class, there never is and never will be just exactly the right time to undertake anything that involves progress. Every reformatory movement begun in this country has been stigmatized as "ill-timed." When the devils quailed before the gaze of our Lord, this was their plea, too. "Art thou come to to mount us before our time?"—[Indianapolis Gazette.]

ANOTHER WITNESS FROM THE SOUTH.—A Washington correspondent says that General Grant's most trusted aid, Colonel Eli Parker, the Indian chief, has just returned from a prolonged tour through the South, and thus reports his experience there:—

"He, wearing his uniform, was struck by the redundant professions of loyal submission which everywhere greeted him. These were so frequent as at last to excite his suspicions. He clothed himself in citizen's garb, and there-after passed as a member of the Choctaw nation well known to the South as a rich, well-educated, and intensely pro-slavery tribe of the South-west. This disguise unloosed the latchings of their secret thoughts, and thereafter he heard not one loyal word except when in pursuance of his duty he was with our own officers. The most malignant disloyalty, the most vindictive hatred, the fiercest, though suppressed revenge, was everywhere made visible to the man whose color and stated relation made them confident of sympathy."

There are few slanders that have obtained so wide a credence without the least foundation, as that the Pilgrim Fathers persecuted the Quakers. They confound the Pilgrim Fathers—who were Separatists—with the Puritans, who remained in the Church of England as long as possible, and who advocated a union of Church and State. The founders of the settlement of Plymouth were Separatists, and sailed in the Mayflower in 1620. The first Puritans sailed in 1629, and founded Boston. When the Quakers first appeared in Boston, in 1656 the Pilgrim Fathers were dead, and their descendants were many of them roughly handled by the Puritans for assisting the Quakers and

boldly opposing persecution. Plymouth had then ceased to be an independent settlement, and was part of the New England Confederation.

SUFFRAGE FOR THE NEGRO. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, in the debate on the District Suffrage Bill, defending the colored people from the aspersion cast upon them, said:—

Are they in rags, filth and degradation? The tax books of the District will tell you that they pay taxes on \$1,250,000 worth of real estate, held within the limits of this District. On one block, on which they pay taxes on fifty odd thousand dollars, there are but two colored freeholders who have not bought themselves out of slavery. One of them has bought as many as eight persons beside himself, a wife, and seven children. Coming to freedom in manhood, mortgaged for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars as his own price, he has earned and carried to the Southern robber thousands of dollars, the price extorted for his wife and children, and is now a freeholder in this District. They maintain, sir, to the infamous disgrace of the American Congress and people, thirty-three day schools, eight of which are maintained exclusively by contributions from colored citizens of the District; the remainder by the contributions, eked out contributions, from the generous people of the North; and every dollar of their million and a quarter dollars of real estate and personal property is taxed for schools to educate the children of the white people of the District, the fathers of many of those children having been absent during the war fighting for the Confederacy and against our Constitution and flag. Who shall reproach them with being poor and ignorant, while Congress, which has exclusive authority, in that jurisdiction, has till last year robbed them day by day, and barred the door of the public schools against them? Such reproach does not lie in the white man's mouth; at any rate, to member of the Democratic party ought to utter it. They take in, as the subscription lists of the two papers show, more than twelve hundred copies each afternoon of the "National Republican," and over thirty-five hundred copies each morning of the "Daily Chronicle."

I remember, Mr. Speaker, to have been here the day after the President issued his proclamation, and to have seen one of the volunteer companies of the District, ordered out for temporary defence, marched on a dreary, wet morning to the front of the War Department, and I saw Colonel Thomas propose to swear these members in. The company numbered seventy; and when the colonel proposed the oath that would bind them to fight for and not against the Union, all *excepting thirty-seven stepped out*; and those proved to be nearly all northern men, temporarily residing in the District. . . . I remember another scene. After long persuasion, the Administration consented to permit the colored man to attest his manhood upon the field of battle. I went to Mason's Island on the second or third day after the announcement of that determination, and I found nearly a regiment of colored men swarming there without officers, save Colonel (now General) William Birney and a second lieutenant. They were poor and ignorant; but clustered in groups, those whose intellectual eyes slavery had almost put out, were through the instrumentality of pamphlets and newspapers, sometimes torn fragments, beginning to see day dawn, by the labors of their more fortunate associates, who were acting as teachers. From these shreds and patches of paper, they were beginning to prepare themselves to perform the civil duties of American citizens, while preparing to go forth and lay down their lives, if need be, in maintaining American republican institutions.

THE TESTIMONY OF A UNION MAN.—We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter written by a merchant who was formerly a highly respected citizen of Boston, but who has resided in Mobile for the last twenty-five years:—

MOBILE, February, 1866. "My regular business has been ruined by the war, and during its continuance we were subject to many privations, but in contrast with thousands of others our condition was comfortable. Our severest trials were persecution for local sentiments, which we steadfastly maintained. Now that the war is over, I wish I could report that its asperities had passed away. But this is not the case. The lenity shown by the government in pardoning so many prominent leaders of the rebellion has not been appreciated. Instead of making them humble and grateful, it has caused them to be proud and defiant; and they now talk of asserting their rights as if they had never done anything to forfeit them."

The character of the men that have been elected to represent the South in Congress is a true index of the sentiment that still exists.—To have been a Union man is regarded almost as a crime, and no such man could be elected to any office of honor or profit, and hence when government agents come South to get information of the status of our citizens, they come in contact with the politicians who have been prominent in aiding the rebellion, and are told by them that there are no men of respectability, who are qualified for office, that can take the "Test Oath." This is not true. There are sound Union men in almost every community in the South, but as a class they have not been politicians, in the common acceptance of that term; and the government, if sincerely disposed to confer office upon them, can find them out, if they seek information in the right quarter. President Johnson has openly avowed his intention to place loyal men in office, but this has not to any great extent been carried out practically. But I have not time to enlarge on this topic. What I have stated is true, and the government has been remiss in not thus far protecting and honoring the men who amid trial and persecution, and even at the risk of their lives, have firmly maintained their attachment to the Union."—[Boston Advertiser.]

FRENCH SPOILIATION CLAIMS. A bill has been reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations for the adjustment of claims of American citizens for spoiliations committed by the French prior to the 21st of July, 1801. The bill provides that satisfaction shall be to an extent not exceeding five million dollars. Three commissioners are to be appointed to examine and determine the validity and amount of claims. The claims are to be paid whenever Congress shall make an appropriation for that purpose. All claims not presented to the commissioners, within a period of three years from the passage of this act shall be forever barred.

GEN. BUTLER A VIRGINIAN FARMER.—A special Washington despatch to a New York contemporary says that Genl Butler has just closed negotiations for a valuable mill property, on the James River, near Richmond, intending to erect extensive cotton factories. The Cox farm, containing 2800 acres, through which runs Dutch Gap Canal, has been offered to the General, and he has in contemplation its purchase. New England families and mill operators will be settled upon it.

There are few slanders that have obtained so wide a credence without the least foundation, as that the Pilgrim Fathers persecuted the Quakers. They confound the Pilgrim Fathers—who were Separatists—with the Puritans, who remained in the Church of England as long as possible, and who advocated a union of Church and State. The founders of the settlement of Plymouth were Separatists, and sailed in the Mayflower in 1620. The first Puritans sailed in 1629, and founded Boston. When the Quakers first appeared in Boston, in 1656 the Pilgrim Fathers were dead, and their descendants were many of them roughly handled by the Puritans for assisting the Quakers and

boldly opposing persecution. Plymouth had then ceased to be an independent settlement, and was part of the New England Confederation.

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Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 2, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. 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 the office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye 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 departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS.

A meeting to endorse the President in his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and in his position upon the question of re-construction, was held in Washington last Thursday. Several prominent republican Congressmen, who by their recent votes would seem to stand with the President, were advertised to be present, but they failed to come, and the meeting was managed almost entirely by democrats and re-construction rebels. Resolutions were passed as follows:

One declares that as no punishment had ever been provided against a State for an attempt to secede from the Union, none can now be legitimately inflicted, either by enforcing disabilities or otherwise; that, therefore, any delinquent State, from the moment it returns to its allegiance and resumes its rightful position as a member of the Federal Union, becomes entitled to the exercise of all its rights under the Constitution, including that of being represented in each branch of Congress which it enjoyed before the commission of its offense.

Another declares that the test oath cannot be legally required of members of the House, and that they who illegally attempt to exclude the representatives of any State from seats in the Federal Congress, or who in any other way endeavor to prevent the full restoration of the Union under the Constitution, are equally culpable in principle with those who have heretofore disturbed the harmony of our great political system.

Another says we have witnessed with the utmost alarm the recent reckless disregard of constitutional restraint on the part of the governing majorities in both branches of Congress, as indicating a public danger quite as great as that from which we have so recently been delivered, and with hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude we hail the recent veto message of President Johnson, which has said potentially to this antagonistic revolution, "Thus far shall thou go and no farther."

Others declare against any amendment to the Constitution; against punishment of any individuals by *ex post facto* laws; against the extension of the right of suffrage to negroes; against centralization of power; against the Freedmen's Bureau bill; against the paralyzing and disheartening treatment of our erring but repentant fellow-citizens of the South by those who have seized upon the exclusive legislative powers of the government.

The last declares that the "wise, humane and patriotic efforts of President Johnson to restore all the States to their appropriate orbits, commands our unqualified approbation. That we do not but they will be fully indorsed by the American people now and hereafter."

After the speeches in the course of which the tyrannical course of the Lincoln administration was severely denounced, a procession was formed which proceeded to the White House and listened to a speech from President Johnson, which all agree in pronouncing "extraordinary." Protesting his consistency, disinterestedness and patriotism, he declared in favor of the speedy admission of the late rebellious States to all their ancient rights and privileges, and denounced those who opposed their admission as traitors and enemies of the Union.

We quote a passage: "I said in the Senate, in the very inception of the rebellion, that States had no right to go out, and that they had no power to go out. That question has been settled, and I cannot turn round now and give the direct lie to all I profess to have done in the last five years. [Laughter and applause.] I can do no such thing. I say that when they comply with the Constitution; when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted; when they yield obedience to the law; I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and Union be restored. [Loud cheers.] But then, gentlemen, as we swing round the circle I have fought traitors and treason in the South: I opposed the Bayverses, the Toombses, the Slidells and a long list of others, who-e names I need not repeat; and now when I turn round at the other end of the line, I find men—I care not by what name you call them—[A Voice—'Call them traitors!']—who still stand opposed to the restoration of the Union of these States, and I am free to say to you that I am still for the preservation of this compact; I am still for the restoration of this Union; I am still in favor of this great government of ours going on and following out its destiny. [A voice—'Give us the names!'] The President—A gentleman calls for the names; well, suppose I should give them. [A voice—'We know them.'] The President—I look upon them, I repeat it, as President or citizen, as much opposed to the fundamental principles of this government, and believe they are as much laboring to prevent or destroy them, as were the men who fought against us. [A voice—'What are the names?'] I say Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania. [Tremendous applause.] I say Charles Sumner. [Great applause.] I say Wendell Phillips and others of the same stripe are against them. [A voice—'Give it to Forney.'] Some gen-

tleman in the crowd says "Give it to Forney." I have only just to say that I do not want to waste my ammunition on dead ducks. [Laughter and applause.]

He claimed to be standing simply for the vindication of the constitution, in which cause he was willing to sacrifice his life, if necessary, and he seemed to feel confident that his assassination was threatened.

THE UNITARIAN LEVEE. The amount taken at the levee, last week, was eight hundred and forty dollars, netting the Society about six hundred and twenty dollars, instead of eight hundred, as we stated last week. Mr. C. K. Mathews had the honor of drawing the barrel of flour—best "Major Mills," from Doolittle and Shores—to Mrs. Farrington. His well known persistent pluck carried him through the arduous task triumphantly, though his position as the central attraction of a large and somewhat boisterous crowd must have been trying to his native modesty, and the heavy load and "sloshy" travelling severely tasked his "muscle." He was cheered on his way by the melodious music of a select band of tooters, from the college, and having safely delivered the flour, was compelled by his admiring friends to mount the sled, and after being drawn back in triumph was remanded to his ordinary avocation with three cheers and a tiger.

The money raised at this levee will go towards furnishing the Society's new church, which will probably be ready for occupancy in June. Workmen are now busy upon the crowning point of the spire, which will be finished and raised to its place during the present month.

"A CATHOLIC"—who, in language more forcible than courteous, denounces us for copying the account of Cavour's method of dealing with the Pope, protesting that the Catholic Church should not be slurred nor the religious sentiments of any class stigmatized, "in this boasted land of civil and religious liberty"—ought to know that just because this is truly a land of freedom, all opinions, doctrines, and institutions, however hoary with age, are open to criticism, and their merits will be freely canvassed. Cavour, however, only sought to end the Pope's temporal sovereignty, which stood in the way of his prospective Italian kingdom, contending, all the while, that the spiritual authority of Mother Church would thereby be augmented. Even though the infallibility of the Pope, as head of the Church, may not be questioned, as a temporal ruler his acts must be judged, by outsiders at least, like those of other statesmen; and few will deny that in this light the States of the Church present a rare example of beggarly and thriftless management. As to the Pope's attitude towards progress and modern civilization, let him be judged by his own words. Here is an extract from an Allocution issued in 1861:—

Now to those who bid us for the weal of religion to stretch out our right hand towards the civilization of the present, we would address the question, whether the facts be such as can possibly induce the Vicar of Christ to associate himself with modern civilization, except to the most grievous harm of his conscience and to the greatest scandal of all men, when through it there befall so many ills never to be enough deplored, and there circulate so many opinions, errors, and most pernicious principles, wholly contrary to the Catholic faith and its doctrines? This modern civilization besides, while favoring every form of worship opposed to the Catholic, and while not only shutting out unbelievers from admission to public offices, but actually opening Catholic schools to their children, burns with indignation against religious orders, and institutions founded for the direction of Catholic schools and against a very great number of ecclesiastics of every rank. Could it ever be possible that to a civilization of such a nature the Supreme Pontiff should stretch out the right hand of friendship, stoop to conditions with it, and bind himself to alliance therewith?

SURE ENOUGH, why?—The substance of the speech of the suave Secretary of State, made last week in New York, at the meeting called to endorse the President, was as follows, according to the *World's* report:—

"The Ship of state has outbreasted the storm, and is now in a haven of rest. There is no cloud in the future; the Union is fully restored; it does not much matter whether Congress or the President prevail—all will come right in the end. In short, according to the Secretary—

"Every thing is lovely, And the goose hags high."

"The query is," continues the *World*, "if every thing is so serene, why was the meeting held? and why did Mr. Seward come all the way from Washington to give it his countenance?"

The plentiful rain of last week brought the brown earth to view upon the hill tops and ridges, and nearly ruined the sleighing in this vicinity. It also produced quite a fresher in the river, tearing up the strong greenish blue ice, and making a clean sweep from Kendall's Mills to Ticonic Bay. The mingled mass of ice and logs swept down with mighty force, on Sunday, and lodged in the Bay, beyond which it could not go, though it moved the whole sheet of ice there, forcing it many feet high upon Fort Point and the islands. As it lies there it presents a sight which will well repay one for the walk thither, many of the logs standing in nearly their original position in the forest, with a large portion of their length above the top of the ice.

Scanty sprinklings of snow, since the rain, have enabled runners to hold their own against wheels up to the present time.

Commend us to the funny man of the Boston Advertiser, for an excruciatingly elaborated pun. E. G.:

"Young Beeswax was asked to explain the difference between an anti-Johnson man and an Andy Johnson man. Beeswax replied that it would be T D ious to do so."

BOOTS AND SHOES AT COST.—See Maxwell's advertisement.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Me. Cent. R. R. Co. was held here on Wednesday, and, as usual our streets were enlivened by an influx of strangers, though of course the crowd was not so large as when the gatherings occurred in the summer. The old board of directors was re-elected, as follows:—A. P. Morrill, R. B. Dana, J. H. Drummond, E. T. Little, G. K. Jewett, M. G. Palmer, F. W. Hill.

The reports show that the earnings of the road from June 1st. to Dec. 31st, 1865, from all sources, were \$335,970,70—the net earnings being \$119,500,67—a gratifying increase over the same period last year. Friendly relations continue between this road and the Portland and Kennebec, the Somerset and Kennebec, and the Androscoggin roads; but complaint is made of lack of accommodation on the part the roads west of Portland, as well as of serious impositions and exactions in the transportation of freight and passengers.

Pollard, of the *Richmond Examiner*, in resuming the publication of his paper, says that Gen. Grant flatly refused to release his office, whereupon he applied to the President, who countermanded the order of Gen. Terry, after receiving his (Pollard's) promise to "support the Union, the Constitution and the laws, and the policy of the administration." But all this he claims to have faithfully done, ever since the close of the war, with the exception of the last provision, so that the extent of his loyalty is easily measured.

We are indebted to some friend for a pamphlet containing an account of the Inauguration of the Statue of Major General Hiram G. Berry, by the Masonic Fraternity of Rockland, Oct. 31st, 1865. The address delivered upon the occasion by Rev. Nathaniel Butler, which is embraced in the pamphlet, thus alludes to the statue as a work of art:—

"It seems to add to the interest, and indeed to the intrinsic value of this work, to us, that it came from the hand of a youthful artist of Maine—Frank Simmons—who like the brave man his art seeks to give to immortality, rose from humble walks to the honorable work and name which he to-day enjoys. With a genius that did not borrow its inspiration from mercenary motives, but rather from love of art, with high regard for the reputation of his State, and with admiration of the character of his subject, with wonderful fidelity his plastic hand has made the cold marble almost breathe and move with the life we knew so well, so that the imagination needs little license, to make the living hero stand before us."

SHEEP SHOW.—Several gentlemen in this vicinity, interested in breeding sheep, are making arrangements for an exhibition at an early day, that they may come together with specimens of their flocks, compare notes, and get the benefit of each other's experience. It will afford an opportunity for outsiders to profit largely by the example of those who have been experimenting with a great outlay of money, and the exhibition will doubtless draw a crowd of shrewd men, wide awake to take a hint as well from the failure as from the success of neighbors. Further particulars hereafter.

A woman, a stranger from the country above, was detected in an attempt to abandon her child at the depot in Skowhegan, last week—an infant six or eight weeks old.

EVERY SATURDAY—the new weekly miscellany, filled with articles from foreign magazines and newspapers, light but well chosen, improves with each succeeding issue. It supplies a want long felt, and cannot fail to widen its circulation rapidly. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

THE LEAVITT SEWING MACHINE—new to this section, can be seen in operation over Thayer and Marston's store, where stitching of all kinds is done to order. See advertisement of Miss Brewer, in another column.

An adjourned meeting of the Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Co., which has accepted its charter, will be held at S. Heath's office next Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

After the Veto was promulgated, Gen. Howard thought it advisable to issue a circular to the Assistant Commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau, in which he urges them, in anticipation of the excitement that will necessarily follow the action on the Freedmen's Bill, to act steadily and firmly in any emergency which may arise, and be prepared for increased hostility on the part of those who have so persistently opposed the operations of the Bureau, to cause more uneasiness among the freedmen. He suggests also renewed exertions for the welfare of the freedmen during the remaining year of the existence of the Bureau.

Subsequently Gen. Howard held an interview with the President which is thus reported:—

General Howard said he construed the President's veto message to mean that he considered the war as ended, and that he, the President, contemplated an early cessation of the operations of the Bureau. General Howard further said that he was desirous of the President's official interpretation of this point. The President, in reply, said in substance that he did regard the war as ended, and would shortly issue a proclamation to that effect; and that his interpretation of the act of Congress establishing the Bureau would authorize the continuance of the Bureau for one year from the date of such proclamation. In addition to this, it is currently reported that the President indicated to Senator Lane, of Kansas, his willingness to approve a bill extending the operations and powers of the present Bureau for two years. Senator Lane has given notice of the introduction of such a bill.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY of this village are arranging for a Levee, to take place in a few weeks.

FRED DOUGLASS states that an attempt was made to assassinate him in Baltimore's Sunday night.

OUR TABLE.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January has the following table of contents:—John Stuart Mill on the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton; Precursors of the French Revolution—Saint Pierre and D'Alembert; Lord Palmerston; Coleridge's Writings; Physiological Experiments—Vivisection; The Political Instruction of 1863; Dr. Livingstone's Recent Travels; Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 38 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 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.

HOURS AT HOME.—The March number of this popular monthly, devoted to religious and useful literature is embellished with a very fine picture—"There let it wave!" and contains the following articles:—Samuel Adams; Rambles among the Italian Hills; Jane Gurley's Story; Waiting for Divine Grace; Submission; Natural History of the Yagney Family; Nocturn; The Beautiful; Life in New Zealand; Major-General James B. McPherson; Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D. D.; My Orange Branch; Influence of the War upon our National Literature; The Angel's Portion; The Conversion of the Roman Empire; Short Sermons for Sunday-School Teachers; Adaptation in Nature; Our Willows; Eliphaz Not, D. D. L. D.; The Centenary of Methodism; The Tribute Book.

This is an excellent work, and it deserves a wide circulation. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The March number of this old favorite of the ladies has a charming color engraving entitled "Knuckle Down," a resplendent plate of colored fashion, a collection of patterns and illustrations of the most modern and similar mysteries of *Feminae* art; a new arrangement of a favorite air from *Fine Dancin*, and other attractions too numerous to particularize. The literary contents of the number are of the usual merit.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S ENTERTAINMENTS at Town Hall, this week, commanded full but not crowded houses, and we feel confident that all who attended went away delighted with the performances of the little folks and the Continental Vocalists. Commodore Foote is a trump; charming little Miss Eliza Nestelle everybody pronounces a darling; and that restless sprite, Colonel Small, is a very Puck, the personification of innocent fun and frolic. Of the quartette we have heard but one opinion expressed, and that is unqualified admiration. Their music, both instrumental and vocal, is of a higher order than we often hear, and must have been a treat to the musically educated, while its melody and harmony could be measuredly appreciated by all. Fine specimens of manly beauty they are, too, in the costume of "ye olden times," and it was a pleasure to look as well as to listen. We hope they will favor us with another visit, soon.

Robbins have appeared in East Machias. [Exchange.]

Using two *b's* as you do, it wouldn't be strange if they had been there all winter.

THE NEW HALL in Granite Block, Augusta, will be opened on Monday evening, March 5th, by a Dedication Promenade Concert and Dance. We are under obligation to the proprietors for a complimentary ticket, and if the ball-giving editor returns in season, perhaps our establishment will have a representative present.

ALL THE BOYS—old and young, are on the *qui vive*, daily expecting the arrival of Waterville Engine No. 3, which is en route from Button's manufactory, having been rejuvenated, improved, and glorified.

P. S.—We stop the press to announce that the Three will be here this afternoon.

A NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE—certainly a very desirable one, if all that is claimed for it is true—has just been produced by the well known Singer Co., and is for sale by Leader and Phillips. See advertisement.

WE would call the attention of all those in want of a pleasant and remunerative business, (particularly Ministers and Teachers who wish to add to their small pittance) to the advertisement in our columns this day headed "Solicitors Wanted."

A VIVACIOUS DESCRIPTION.—Even the present political crisis has its comic aspect. The *Norwich Bulletin* has discovered it, and speaks as follows of the Hartford Times and other democratic papers:—

"They wriggle and twist with delight. The Hartford Times, whose subsistence for the past five years has been on funeral baked meats, bobs around the arena in perfect ecstasy of pleasure. It slaps the President on the back, calls him 'Glorious old Andy,' says he is 'a tower of strength against the assaults of disunionists,' calls on the people to 'rally round him,' and piouettes about him as though he was a long lost brother, left in his infancy on a desolate island, but now discovered and recognized and identified by the wart on his elbow and the elegant voice he has for whiskey. The Times acts like an elephant that's been taking chloroform. Who cares for broken crockery when fun like this is going on?"

THE NEW YORK TIMES and ITS POLICY.—A New York correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following little story which is perhaps worth reproducing:—

"A joke is going round certain circles at the expense of Henry J. Raymond, which is too good to be kept private. Report has it that Mr. Ganson, an ex-member of Congress from the Buffalo district, the other day introduced Mr. Raymond to Ex-Governor Parker of New Jersey, who is, as everybody knows, a pro-slavery democrat. 'Ah,' says Judge P. 'I'm very glad to make Mr. Raymond's acquaintance. I take the Times because I like to see both sides.' 'Yes,' says Ganson, 'and you get both sides in the Times.'"

A despatch from Washington says intimations have been given of a Fenian plan to seize British Columbia, and establish a harbor for privateers on the Pacific coast.

FESSENDEN ON THE VETO.

Hon. W. R. Fessenden, our Maine Senator, is certainly no crazy radical. He has ever proved himself a cool, practical man, and is always temperate and courteous in the expression of his opinions. He is perhaps as good an exponent of the majority of the dominant party as can be found in Congress, and we can do our readers no greater favor than to give them his views upon the President's Veto. In the debate upon the concurrent resolution, refusing to admit any senator or representative from the States recently in rebellion, until those States are admitted by law, Mr. Fessenden took the floor:—

The resolution, said he, is nothing more nor less than an assertion by both Houses of Congress that they will not act upon the credentials of senators or members from any of the Southern States, until they have previously passed a law for the admission of that State. This is in exact accordance with what Congress has indicated as its intention heretofore. It was indicated in the last Congress, in a resolution which came directly from the committee on the judiciary, not applicable to all the States, but to one of them. It was contained in the report made to the Senate on the subject of the statement of Louisiana on the 18th of February, 1866. The report says in its last paragraph that the persons in possession of the local authority of Louisiana, having rebelled against the authority of the United States, and her inhabitants having been declared to be in a state of insurrection, in pursuance of a law passed by the two Houses of Congress, your committee deem it improper for this body to admit to seats senators from Louisiana, until, by the joint action of both Houses, there shall be some recognition of the existing State government acting in harmony with the government of the United States, and recognized by it. Now, sir, there is the principle laid down in so many words, as I understand it, specifically by the senator from Maryland, whose authority we all quote, that inasmuch as this State of Louisiana had been declared to be in rebellion, and intercourse with it suspended by a law of Congress, therefore Congress could not properly admit senators from that State, except in pursuance of a law of Congress to provide for their admission. When that resolution was introduced, there was no objection made to it here, or anywhere. How does it happen that when a similar resolution is offered, which is applicable to other States that have been in like condition with Louisiana, there must be so much sensitiveness in the minds of gentlemen? How can it be that what was so applicable to Louisiana is so inapplicable to other States?

Let us examine, continued Mr. Fessenden, and see what has occurred since that time; because I feel somewhat sensitive on the subject. Charges have been made with reference to the committee of which I have the honor to be one, and I feel compelled to vindicate it. Mr. Fessenden then had read an extract from the President's speech of yesterday, in which he severely arraigns the joint committee on re-construction as a central directory, &c. He then said he thought the President had not well considered his words in this regard, and had overlooked the manner in which this committee was raised, and the scope of the resolution under which it acted. He therefore would read the resolution passed by the House and that finally passed by both branches of Congress and state the history of this committee, which he proceeded to do. He then said that at the close of a four years' war, after all the expenditure of blood and treasure made in the country, at the first meeting of Congress which occurred after actual hostilities had ceased, that body had appointed a joint committee for the purpose of inquiry into the condition of these States, and for the purpose of reporting whether they were entitled to representation; but sir, said Mr. Fessenden, that simple provision for acquiring information, in order to enable the House and Senate to judge understandingly upon this important question, has been represented by gentlemen and by newspapers as an assumption by Congress of power which did not belong to it. I have nothing to say in this connection with reference to the President. I am speaking of the complaints that are made of the resolution to inquire into the condition of the so called Confederate States, and report whether senators and representatives should be admitted from those States. Now sir, were we doing anything more than was right? Was it not advisable? It was not a simple question, as we understood it, relating to the credentials of senators and members. It was believed that at the very foundation of the whole question; whether the condition of the States was such as to render the admission of the members advisable and safe. Now, sir, I have read this extract from the President's speech simply to show precisely what everybody must admit on this subject as I have stated it. I will read another short extract from that speech. Says the President: "I am free to say, as your executive, that I am not disposed to take any such position. I said in the Senate, in the inception of the rebellion, that States had no right to go out and that they had no power to go out. That question has been settled, and I cannot turn round now and give the direct lie to all I profess to have done in the last five years. I can do no such thing. I say that when they comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend the right hand of fellowship and let peace and union be restored." So say I. So say all. When they do that, there will be no objection to their representation, and the President himself, instead of anything saying different from me, says whenever they have complied with these conditions, then they ought to be admitted.

Mr. Fessenden continued, advocating the right of Congress to inquire whether the conditions named by the President had been complied with. The special committee was organized for the purpose of making these inquiries. He stated this, that the country might understand what all this noise was about with reference to the appointment of this committee. Is this committee of fifteen, said he, anything more than a servant of Congress? Can it set up its will against the will of the body which constituted it? We were appointed for the special purpose of making inquiries and reporting to Congress the result of these inquiries, and for the reason simply that neither branch, acting without sufficient information, might take a course upon which the other branch would differ, thus bringing about a collision between the two bodies that constitute Congress. Now, under these circumstances, is it quite fair to designate the committee of fifteen as a central directory; a power assuming to judge and decide questions which do not belong to it? Is it quite fair to designate it as a central power, sitting here with a view to get up a govern-

ment of a few against a government of the many?—because I cannot understand the language of the President in any other way. If any gentleman can propose another construction for it, I would like him to do it. I am unwilling to rest under any such imputation. Now, sir, if the Executive, and I mean to speak of the President respectfully, because I entertain respect for him,—if the President has evidence that all these matters, the several points which he has suggested, are preliminaries to the admission of senators and representatives, the question arises who is to exercise that power of judgment. Does it belong to us if a senator presents himself here, to ascertain whether these conditions have been complied with, or does it belong to him?

Mr. Fessenden then went on to speak of the President's message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill. He said he thought some of the reasons given by the President for not approving it were such as would commend themselves to public consideration. It is a bill, said he, upon the provisions of which there might well be a very considerable difference of opinion. I yielded my objections to it because I thought that the power did exist and that it was especially necessary to exercise it, and the bill therefore received my vote. Had the President confined himself to objections to the bill, to criticism of the bill itself, it is very possible that I might have waived my own feelings in regard to the bill and sustained the veto. But, sir, in looking at the veto message and the reasons given for it, and after passing through the consideration of the provisions of the bill, he gave other reasons which rendered it impossible for me, as a member of this Senate, with a due respect for myself and the views of Congress, to vote otherwise than to sustain the bill, because a vote in the negative was an endorsement of the opinions expressed in the veto. I so considered it. At any rate, I did not mean to put myself in the position of indorsing or giving my assent to the closing parts of this veto message.

Now, sir, what do I understand by the closing parts of this veto message? That in the judgment of the President, Congress has no right to pass any bill affecting the interests of those so-called confederate States while they are not represented here. I certainly understand that to be the purpose of the remarks I refer to. The President says: "I cannot but add another very grave objection to the bill. The Constitution imperatively declares in connection with taxation that each State shall have at least one representative, and fixes the number to which in future times each State shall be entitled." Now, sir, he does not state in so many words that we have no right to pass a bill. The objection he makes goes to the foundation, and asserts that no bill affecting the interests of the Southern States ought to be passed by Congress, until representatives and senators from those States are admitted to take part in our deliberations. It follows, if that be a correct position, that no law lying any restraint upon those States recently in rebellion, which fought for four years against the government, can be passed; that we can pass no law affecting them or restraining them, or providing for any change in the Constitution or anything else, until we admit their senators and representatives to the floor of Congress. I take that to be a necessary inference from his language. The President argues it, or states it in an argumentative way that we have no right to legislate with regard to them, but must take them in just as they are, upon their say, so; and then when they are here we may proceed to legislation. Sir, I cannot give my assent to any such proposition. Mr. Fessenden continued at some length, saying that if the President had simply vetoed the bill he could and would have submitted to its loss with grace. But the President went further than that, and it was this outside and unnecessary doctrine to which he objected. He was in favor of the admission of the Southern representatives and senators at the earliest moment consistent with the peace of the country and the security of the whole people, and he held that it was the primary duty of Congress to decide when that time had arrived.

ANOTHER LITTLE TALK.—We learn from the Boston Advertiser that the President had a talk with several eastern Congressmen, on Tuesday evening, upon the test oath and amendments to the Constitution, which is thus reported:—

With regard to oaths he is reported as having said that he was inclined to think that swearing to support the Constitution is now a sufficient test of loyalty. With regard to amendments he is reported as having said that he thought they had better be dropped till Southern members were admitted, so that this whole country could have a voice in proposing them for adoption. He further thought the question of representation a comparatively small matter, and said the North could afford to overlook the two-fifths advantage to the South, because emigration, etc., would soon remedy it. If, however, the basis of representation was to be changed, he would favor making voters the basis. He asked how gentlemen expected to secure the adoption of any amendment by the Southern States; and when answered, by the same means which secured the adoption of that abolishing slavery, he responded that he saw no similarity between the two cases.

GRAND PRIZES FOR EVERY ONE.—The American Statesman and Journal has a gift for every want. Among the prizes offered to subscribers, are a Wheeler and Wilson best \$55 Sewing Machine for every club of forty; a Bailey's Patent Clothes Washing and Wringing Machine, valued at \$18, for every club of twenty; a Wringing Machine of the same make or the Champion Clothes Wringer, valued at \$9, for every club of ten; or a splendid pair of Hartman's celebrated Patent Elastic Crutches valued at \$12, for every club of twelve; a splendid Steel Engraving selected from over 2000 varieties, valued at from \$2 to \$6, for every club of from two to six; and without further specifying we would say a prize for every one. Send for copies and secure one of these splendid prizes.

Address American Statesman, 67 Nassau Street, New York.

SKATING.—One of the most healthy sports of the present age is skating. But too much care cannot be used after skating all the evening—getting the blood heated and the pores all open, that you do not get Cold and lay the foundation of throat and lung complaints. Coe's Cough Balsam will be found excellent in all such cases. We say, keep it in the house, ready for immediate use.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure is also one of the best remedies in the world for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

Root's PESTACHINE—'tis a splendid hair dressing.

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAIL.
Western Mail leaves daily at 9:30 A.M. Closes at 9:40 A.M.
Augusta " " 9:50 " " 10:00 P.M.
Boston " " 10:00 " " 10:10 P.M.
Portland " " 10:10 " " 10:20 P.M.
Bangor " " 10:20 " " 10:30 P.M.
New Brunswick, N.J. " " 10:30 " " 10:40 P.M.
Delaware " " 10:40 " " 10:50 P.M.
Philadelphia " " 10:50 " " 11:00 P.M.
New York " " 11:00 " " 11:10 P.M.
On Sunday and Holidays 8:00 A.M.
On Sunday and Holidays 2:00 P.M.
On Sunday and Holidays 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The Chicago Times says: "Erratum—in the poem published yesterday, for 'dirty shirt' read 'dirty shirt'."

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE PRESIDENT.—The first expenditure of gunpowder by the copperheads in New Hampshire, since the outbreak of the rebellion, was burned in honor of the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill.

Mr. Vallandigham has fired a hundred guns in honor of the veto, and is doing so from a flag from a window. Which flag the dispatch of the ribbon.

WOMEN THAN DOWNS EAST.—A little girl was frozen to death in the streets of Chicago on Friday last, while on her way to school.

Revivals of religion are numerous reported from various parts of New England, and still more numerously from the West and Northwest.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Our Maine drovers have little or nothing to do with the Massachusetts market in its present condition, and cannot have until the owners of cattle consent to a reduction of prices. The following extracts from the full report of the Boston Advertiser will enable all to judge for themselves of the condition of the market last week:—

Evidently the Northern drovers find a hard market. They are undersold by the Western men. Mr. Andrews has a yard full—and all follow to be sure—which he is offering without any delay at 10c. 40c. Still country butchers who are willing to pay from 11-12 to 12-13c per lb., are almost unanimous in saying that they cannot lay out their money to good advantage as they did last week. On the other hand, the drovers, especially those of New England, declare the prices offered are full 1-2c less than last week. The way such men as the Hungs, Philbrick, Goodrich, Brownell and Sibley have sold on to their drovers through the market shows that prices are either too low here, or too high in the country for them. Butchers and the consumers generally expect and demand a reduction in prices of beef, and if prices do not go down weekly they feel that the market is against them. The latter part of last week was a pretty hard one for the sale of Western cattle, as may be inferred from the fact that 100 were kept over, and a couple of carloads were sent down to Maine. The drovers down buyers will not be able to meet to close out all the stock unsold at the time we left the yards, about 4 o'clock. The week closes dull and heavy, with an apparent downward tendency.

BEAR CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few choice or premium oxen, 14 to 14-1/2 cts. per lb.; Commonly called extra, 13 to 13-1/2 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen best steers, 12 to 12-1/2 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 11 to 12 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 10-12 to 11 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 9 to 10 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for Sheep and Lambs, 4 to 5 cts. per lb. Extra 7-1/2 to 9 cts. per lb. We find 4000 sheep to compare with 7000 last week, or less than two-thirds as many as last week. Of course, the drovers made the best price they could get, but the demand for meat is so abundant supplied in all its branches that the butchers were quite unwilling to advance the price, although many of them were anxious to replenish their yards. The market for sheep in New York is reported as abundant, and so cheap that they can be brought to this market at rates which make butchers feel somewhat independent of the home supply. By the telegraph, the Brighton butchers order their agents in Albany to buy large or small lots any day in the week. But for this fact, we presume that prices would have advanced something in proportion to the difference in the supply. As it was, we think there was no great change—an opinion that any one can test by a comparison of the sales of the two weeks. Market was quick and sheep sold more readily and on rather better terms than last week, when it was raining nearly all the forenoon, which in some measure accounts for the low prices of last Tuesday, as butchers do not like to buy cattle at auction prices.

STOCK CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$100 to \$250 per pair; steers \$80 to \$100; milch cows, \$50 to \$75; extra, \$80 to \$100; calves, \$20 to \$40. Dealers complain that trade is not so lively as last week in working oxen. Most of the stock is rather ordinary. Buyers are not so numerous as last week, and those present are unwilling to pay the prices demanded. Though the market at present is not large, they will not all be sold. Shaw & Hosmer sold 8 in oxen for \$210; a pair of oxen, 5-year-old, 6 ft 8 in, \$220; a pair, 7 ft, 5-year-old steers, \$225; 3-year-olds, \$185. Milch cows sold very well, better than a few weeks ago. Mr. J. Flood, who has \$100 a head at market, says that he has the best in the best in Albany, which he said ought to sell for \$100 a head; but we did not see one. G. W. Brownell sold two cows with young calves at \$65 each; a good one for \$85, all having young calves.

MILK COWS.—Prices for cows, 12 to 14 cts. per lb.; extra, 14 to 15 cts. per lb.; extra, 15 to 16 cts. per lb.; extra, 16 to 17 cts. per lb.; extra, 17 to 18 cts. per lb.; extra, 18 to 19 cts. per lb.; extra, 19 to 20 cts. per lb.; extra, 20 to 21 cts. per lb.; extra, 21 to 22 cts. per lb.; extra, 22 to 23 cts. per lb.; extra, 23 to 24 cts. per lb.; extra, 24 to 25 cts. per lb.; extra, 25 to 26 cts. per lb.; extra, 26 to 27 cts. per lb.; extra, 27 to 28 cts. per lb.; extra, 28 to 29 cts. per lb.; extra, 29 to 30 cts. per lb.; extra, 30 to 31 cts. per lb.; extra, 31 to 32 cts. per lb.; extra, 32 to 33 cts. per lb.; extra, 33 to 34 cts. per lb.; extra, 34 to 35 cts. per lb.; extra, 35 to 36 cts. per lb.; extra, 36 to 37 cts. per lb.; extra, 37 to 38 cts. per lb.; extra, 38 to 39 cts. per lb.; extra, 39 to 40 cts. per lb.; extra, 40 to 41 cts. per lb.; extra, 41 to 42 cts. per lb.; extra, 42 to 43 cts. per lb.; extra, 43 to 44 cts. per lb.; extra, 44 to 45 cts. per lb.; extra, 45 to 46 cts. per lb.; 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extra, 593 to 594 cts. per lb.; extra, 594 to 595 cts. per lb.; extra, 595 to 596 cts. per lb.; extra, 596 to 597 cts. per lb.; extra, 597 to 598 cts. per lb.; extra, 598 to 599 cts.

