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Maxham & Wing

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A PRAYER.

"Forgive us our trespasses! as we forgive."
As we forgive! O thou all-righteous Father,
Not so—not so!
Such mercy was to mock our need, and gather
Anguish to woe!
Not as weak man deals with his weaker brother,
Deal thou with us!
Who? to such pity as we show each other,
Would dare to trust!
Oh, not as we forgive, the cautious measure
The chilling tone,
Cheating the yearning heart that grasps at treasure
The stunted boon!
The sternly faithful memory that recordeth
The offending deed!
And half misgives the wisdom that awardeth
The brother's need!
Not to such pity did the breast heart gather
Its broken trust;
According to thy mercy, righteous Father,
Deal thou with us!
According to thy mercy cancelling,
All our debt,
And covering like the winged cherubim
Thy judgment-seat!
And while that mercy, boundless, free and ample,
Biddeth us live,
Oh, teach us by thy precept and example,
So to forgive!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

[CONTINUED.]
I.—THE LARIAT.

We now passed Shaugh, his broad face, after the Page system of painting, "laid in" with one uniform ground of freckle, and glazed over that with an equally uniform grin. He had dismounted, and stood by his pony's head, cap in hand, holding open for us the gate of the wild-cattle park.
The herd was a magnificent one, chiefly composed of black Highlanders, numbering several hundred, and gamy as buffaloes. We could not approach a group of them nearer than forty yards before their heads and tails began playing see-saw, and they scurried away at a speed which would have delighted the most enthusiastic of Mexican vaqueros. Miss Fitz Patrick's horse had such confidence in his mistress that he did not attempt to shy, but as the veins throbbled faster, bending out his delicate skin, as his legs trembled and his small ears twitched nervously, it was easily to be seen that he did not like the looks of our game. My host's little Galloway stood stolidly indifferent as a saw-horse. The Captain's thoroughbred behaved so that his master was overwhelmed with mortification—standing on his hind legs, prancing, swelling as if he would burst his girths, and jumping sideways as every new group stamped in front of us. The Captain rose many paces in my estimation; for he kept both his seat and his temper with a skill that showed the real man and horseman underneath the glaze of Young Englandism which had made him so intolerable on a rainy day indoors.
"I say, Von Haaren! Don't let go him or me by this beastly behavior! He wouldn't act so if he heard a whole park of artillery going off behind him, but he's new to this kind of a thing, d'ye see?"
"It's not such a bad time to judge his rider as to judge him. I must congratulate you on your seat. I don't see how it could be improved except by a change of saddles." I said this in a tone which Miss Fitz Patrick could hear, and Trevanion gave me an unconscious look of exceeding gratitude.
As for my Choloqué, he of all the horses exhibited positive delight. His eye-neck went up like a stag's; he pricked his ears forward, he pawed, he pulled at the snaffle, he snorted in a tone of almost human significance; triumph and impatience bulged his eyes; he rekindled memories of many an ancient buffalo hunt filled them with fire. I was both proud and amused to hear Miss Fitz Patrick say to her father, in what was intended for an aside, "Dear papa, who would ever imagine that was the same horse?"
Knowing that she could not with safety get much nearer the cattle than we had succeeded in doing already, I unsung my field glass and handed it to her, with a request that she would use it to select my quarry from a group feeding on a grassy knoll about a hundred yards from the spot where we had halted. She chose a splendid fat ox, crossed between the native and Durham. The herd was browsing with heads turned from us, and this particular ox was at the head of the herd. I resolved to flank him by going round the other side of the knoll, and then to take him in front. To avoid the danger which the rest might incur by remaining where they were if I stampeded the cattle toward them, I requested them to accompany me until I broke cover, afterward accompanying me or ascending the knoll to see the hunt at their leisure, as might please them best. Choloqué understood the manœuvre as well as if I had been able to communicate with him in the Mustang dialect of Morgan, and stopped fretting the moment I let him go, although I kept his gaze down to a walk. Miss Fitz Patrick was astonished at him.
"See," she said, "he creeps like a cat! Is there any thing he can't be taught?"
"He does that by instinct—compliment him, not his trainer," said I, as I took the coil of my lariat from the pommel and cleared it for the throw.
Three minutes after this I broke cover. The ox was within forty yards of me when he saw me, wheeled and started off on a lumbering gallop. This species of chase was so novel to Miss Fitz Patrick that although I could have finished the job immediately I prolonged it several minutes by holding Choloqué in and accommodating his pace to that of the game. The young girl, satisfied that I would keep my promise and cause our victim no pain further than that of exerting himself beyond his usual custom on a warm day, gave himself up so entirely to the enthusiasm of the chase that I was in danger of being distracted from the object of my pursuit to look at and admire her. She rode with the grace of a flying swallow, and the fearlessness of a Cossack. Her golden hair had shaken loose from its net and was streaming back from her jockey (she had not been so corrupted by fashion as to wear that universal English and all too common American crime, a man's "stove-pipe") like wind-driven spray from a fountain of sunshine; her cheeks were warmed into that exquisitely shaded tint which has no like on earth unless it be hinted by the inner pink of some Indian conch-shell; her eyes that I once called a dreamy brown were full of joyful fire; her lips were slightly parted by childlike eagerness and quickened breath; and I frankly said to myself that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen on horseback in either hemisphere. Is it remarkable that I was able to note and chronicle all these particulars in so short a time? Just remember, if you please, the oft-recorded phenomenon of people seeing a whole lifetime flash by them in a second when they discovered that "it was all up with them." It was all up with me!

I can imagine how my old chums of the police and the newspaper will laugh when

buffaloes and mustangs by their side dashing recklessly with lasso in hand at a fat domestic steer on an Irish pasture-field. Let those laugh who win! To make such a comrade so beautifully happy as Daisy I would, *faute de mieux*, have imitated our old colossal field-sports by tilting at cats in a garret astride of a walking-cane!

An ox is not a buffalo, though a wild Irish ox is like one than most animals within civilized fence or hedge, and it was not long before the pace of the herd perceptibly slackened. Mindful of my promise, and of the fact that a long run would greatly deteriorate the quality of my game, regarded from the point of barbecue, I pressed forward and broke into the herd to select and separate the particular animal I wanted. I knew it would be dangerous for Daisy to follow me here, her horse being of course entirely untrained for *vaguerio* purposes, and told her so. She replied: "Oh! I'm not in the least afraid! I've perfect control over Hadji!" I leaned over my saddle and whispered: "May I ask it as a particular favor to me, that you won't risk yourself?" This was a very simple thing to say, but the melting sea-shell pink of her cheeks deepened in hue as she heard it, and halting her Arab, replied: "Yes." The Captain, who had not yet succeeded in getting his nervous thoroughbred within ten rods of us, and Mr. Fitz Patrick, who had staid back with him for courtesy's sake, now rejoined her. The former smiled like a famous Spartan boy—or as that heroic boy probably would have smiled had there been a horse instead of a fox gnawing at his vitals—he smiled and swore not. I so admired his fortitude and his gallantry that I wished there were ten different things which he knew how to do better than I, that I might compete with him in each and get beaten in all. I do not wish to diminish the glory of his self-control, but as he afterward confessed to me, he had got through all his swearing before Miss Daisy returned to her father and himself. It consisted principally of ingenious imprecations on his own head, to take effect if he did not send his brute to Tattersall's the very day he got back to London.
Five minutes more and I had separated my ox from the herd. My lasso whizzed as deftly as if it felt a pride in its national reputation, and "ringed" both horns of the steer. These were very broad, so I regarded that throw as the best and most difficult I ever made. There was a brown-eyed inspiration behind me! Though I had no time to bow my acknowledgments, I could distinguish a lady's voice in the cheers with which my fortunate cast was recognized. Feeling this novel fillet about his brow, the ox put forth fresh energies. I let Choloqué press him closer, and gathered in several yards of slack, my end being held by half a dozen turns round the saddle-horn. Pressing still closer I came upon his flank, and dropped the bight of the lariat near his fore feet. As he fouled one of them I reined Choloqué in. The horse had not forgotten his American training; "*calum non animus*," etc.—you know the rest—and instantly went down almost on his haunches, like a bird-dog, planting his four hoofs deep in the turf. The ox gave one tug—his very best—but could not break the lariat nor pull Choloqué head over heels—the only way any good *vaguerio* horse can be upset. Of course my game was not aware of this last fact, so started to run sideways. Choloqué, without a hint from me, wheeled at once as on a pivot, and again put himself in exact line with the strain. This time the ox got inextricably fouled, and went down on his knees. Before he could consider himself safe and make an attempt to come up again, Choloqué and I had, thrice made his circuit, winding the lariat round him as long as it would last. I then dismounted, and leaving Choloqué without fastening of any kind, (a confidence which he never betrayed by stampeding) proceeded to tie the steer's legs with little loops of braided leather-rope, extemporized by myself that morning. Last, I got my lariat clear of him, coiled it once more around my pommel, and returned to the knoll, where I received welcome from the brightest pair of eyes that ever rewarded a man for doing something so perfectly easy to him that he feels ashamed to be praised for it, and looks around nervously to see if somebody who knows what a humbug he is not laughing at him. Because that somebody will, in all likelihood, read these pages, I skip all the congratulations I received (and with my habitual modesty) handed over to Choloqué, coming at once to our ride homeward.

Of a sudden it occurred to us that Shaugh and his pony were missing.
"Confound that boy!" said Mr. Fitz Patrick. "I believe that if St. Peter set him to keeping pipe while he stretched his legs for an hour he'd go off sky-larking with some young Irish saint of his own age, and leave the new arrivals to swing the bar for themselves!"
"Now that I think of it," said I, "it must have been when I saw, without taking any particular notice of him at the time, scampering his pony down toward our last gate, while I was tying the thongs round our future barbecue."
What had become of Shaugh may just as well be recorded here. The cast of my lasso drove him crazy with wonder and emulation. Without the leave which he would have been certain to ask under any ordinary circumstances of enthusiasm, the young scamp had taken advantage of our absorption in the Irish buffalo hunt, and gone back to the house as fast as his pony's legs could carry him. There he surreptitiously possessed himself of the laundress' best clothes-line, and tying one end of it into a slip-moose, coiled it around a tenpenny spike driven into the peak of his saddle-tree, in imitation of my pommel. So much for the intelligibility of that which now follows.
To return to our party. On our way home, finding the sun somewhat oppressive, we descended into the grateful shade of a ravine, about thirty feet below the general level of the pasture-field, bounded on the left by a picturesque scarp of limestone crags densely wooded at the top, and on the right by an almost equally steep bank of turf, thickly planted with evergreen from base to summit. The floor of this miniature "canyon" was so narrow that for forty or fifty yards we were obliged to travel single-file. Before we entered this cool dell Miss Fitz Patrick and I had been comparing our

light and edification. The good sense, discretion, and acuteness of her remarks charmed me no less than her enthusiasm and lovingness (if you will forgive me for setting up a branch mint of the vernacular, to supply deficits in the coinage of Webster and Worcester); and I thought to myself what moral regeneration would result to the turf, what physical regeneration to that frail, night-blooming cereus sisterhood of our American women, if all young ladies of eighteen entered with such refined zest as Daisy into the art and science of horsemanship. As we approached the ravine we were studying with the greatest interest an equine friendship which seemed to have sprung up between her Arab and my American. At the entrance to the dell Miss Fitz Patrick said to me: "Let me go first, please, and keep close behind me; I should like to see whether Hadji will miss Choloqué, and if so, how he will show it." Accordingly Miss Fitz Patrick took the lead of our column; I went next; then the Captain; and our model host closed the rear. The result of our experiment was very interesting. Every few rods Hadji neighed for his new friend, or tried to turn his head and look for him over his shoulder. In the study of this modern Damon and Pythias we amused ourselves for two-thirds of the way through the ravine. Just as we reached an abrupt bend in the direction of the miniature "canyon" our ears were greeted by a confused hullabaloo of shouts, trampling hoofs, and roars of taurine indignation. We turned the corner, and lo! the performers in the concert!

Tearing down on us like a locomotive in raw hide came the fiercest, blackest, ugliest, and biggest of all the veteran bulls in the herd! His eyes were bulged and blood-shot with rage; his tail stood stiff and perpendicular like a flag staff, with a hairy pennant drifting back from it on the wind. Behind him came Shaugh, yelling at the top of his lungs, belaboring his rugged little pony into a frenzy, and holding his surreptitious clothes-line ready for a throw. There were not two seconds to lose. I leaped down and drew my own and Daisy's horses close against the rocky side of the glen, judging that the momentum of the bull in turning the curve would be likely to throw him over against the opposite bank.

"Do you see that shaft?" said I, pointing to a ledge of limestone just above her horse's head, which projected scarcely two inches from the face of the cliff. "Gather up your skirt—there! Stand up on your saddle!" I leaped to my own and stood up. "Quick! give me your hand; now your foot—just as if you were mounting!"

"But what will become of you?"
"Daisy, for God's sake! Oh! quick, dear Daisy! Now—up we go!"

Standing on Choloqué, I took her little foot upon my palm and lifted her to that meagre foothold with as little exertion as if she had been a feather. If we had had half an hour to plan and execute this course we should have failed. We had ten seconds and succeeded. The very horses seemed inspired; of their own accord they hugged the bank as if they had been nailed there, and Choloqué never stirred or trembled. In that moment how I thanked God for having blessed me with a gift of making horses love me—for showing that this alone was education! I might have cowed Choloqué by pain—the thing that some parents would call "breaking his will"—but my product would have been a coward: in the day of danger he would have trembled under me, and I that beautiful girl, now standing on a ledge scarcely broad enough to hold her foot, would have gone down with me to be trampled into shreds in a pool of bloody mire! Horsemen! whoever you be, thank God if you have made your horse believe in you, for then there shall never be danger so black that he shall not face it with you unsundering; the least care of your hand means, "*Ne timas. Cæsarum ovis*," and you can go nowhere that he dare not follow.

Like the statue of some lovely saint, marble white, but sweet and brave within, Daisy Fitz Patrick stood in her niche, with—ah! here the saintly metaphor breaks down—with her arms clasped round a mortal's neck—that mortal's my own.

The act was one of necessity. In it she chose between life and death. It was indicative of nothing personal to me. Pure and unshaken, the beautiful girl might have no idea how sweet the clasp was to me. But my heart found it so sweet that I could have staid there the livelong day—ay, for a life long! Then I knew how much I loved her, and felt how completely my life was merged in hers—how I loved her, had been loving her, loved her at first sight. I would not for my soul's sake have taken advantage of her utter helplessness to ask her a question whose solution involved the joy or the misery of her whole future; but none can ever know the severity of self-control which kept me from that unfairness. Would she have been as glad had her safety rested on any other support—supposing me a wooden prop, an iron bar, a brass handle, a distant relation—any thing capable of being clung to or held on by? This whole train of thought and the action which accompanied it occupied not more than thirty seconds from the time when I first descended the bull charging up the narrow defile. Then a pair of bloodshot eyes glowered fiercely at our side, and Taurus shot by. As he passed Daisy's Arabian he made one angry lunge sideways, and laid the beautiful animal's flank open with a gash ten inches long. The victim uttered a human cry of anguish, and knowing where to find his best friend, reared to the height of Daisy's waist, and looked at her with pitceous, swimming eyes, like a wounded deer. The pain his suffering cost her at once deepened her to her own danger. With the tears brimming over her eyelids she reached one arm forward to caress him, just as the bull flashed past doing none of us further injury. Before I could catch her and set her on my own saddle she lost her balance and went down between her Arabian and Choloqué. Never losing hold of her, I jumped from the saddle, and would have saved her had not Hadji, in dropping to all fours, caught her with his off-fore-foot and carried us both beneath his hoofs. Not knowing what he did in his restive misery he tapped his mistress on the top of her head. She gave no cry, but her eyelids closed at once like the petals of a lily, and with one little sob lay pulseless on my heart. Until now I had never wished that it might not beat again.

In relating this sorrowful scene I have been

me than all the rest of the world to speak of Mr. Fitz Patrick and the Captain. Seeing the bull as soon as I, and knowing that there was no time to turn their horses, they dismounted and scrambled up the wooded side of the ravine, drawing their horses after them. One glance had revealed to them our situation.—To have hastened to our help would have been both murderous and suicidal. It could only obstruct the passage, and preclude the possibility of our getting out of danger on either side. They now rode up to us with anguish-smitten faces, and heads drooping to conceal their despair. Dismounting, they fell on their knees before the lovely creature, stroking away the fibrous sunshine of her golden hair, dabbled in her own and Hadji's blood. A convulsion of anguish passed over the father's face—the paralysis of the first shock was over, and with an exceedingly bitter cry he fell prostrate beside his dead "baby," pressing her soft, snow-white cheek to his own. The Captain, like one in a night-mare, seemed frozen where he knelt. When either moved his lips to speak he whispered only, and this only whisper was, "O Daisy! O Daisy! Dead—dead—dead!"

Parting away Daisy's silky amber locks, I discovered that there was no bone fracture, though a slight cut in the scalp was bleeding profusely. I took from my belt a broad Wostenholm bowie-knife, (slung there that morning to give Daisy a better idea of the *vaguerio* rig) and held its burnished blade over the lovely girl's lips. There was the faintest film on the steel when I looked at it. I also fancied that I could perceive a slender intermittent pulse, and my own heart, which seemed to have stopped, began throbbing once more like a triphammer.

"Mr. Fitz Patrick, thank God that you are mistaken. Your daughter is not dead."
The two men leaped to their feet and stared at me with bewildered eyes. "Don't tell me that!" cried the elder, clasping me by the arm; "don't be so cruel as to tell me that to console me! To be disappointed would be worse than the first shock! I live for her! She is my joy, my crown, my morning glory, and my evening song! I shall die if you deceive me! Daisy! O Daisy, my own Daisy! I love you better than any blessedness on earth!"

"So do I," said the Captain, solemnly.
"And so do I," was my answer. "Do you think that she who is the dearest object of three strong men's affection can thus take away the sunshine from the lives of all? Where is your nearest physician?"

"Five miles across the fields; eight from my lodge-gate," replied the father, mechanically.

"In which direction from here?"
"When you reach the field level you will see nearly due east the spire of the parish church of Killmacough; you cannot fail to recognize it: on such a sunny day as this it shines like snow. The doctor lives a few doors from the church. Any body in the village will direct you exactly."

Crossing the mouth of the ravine we saw one of Mr. Fitz Patrick's tenants driving a farm-cart. I called him and he halted. I lifted Daisy from the ground, and taking the sweet weight in my arms like a baby carried her to the farmer—Choloqué following, as he always did, without my touching his bridle. Each of the gentlemen led his horse, coming after me in Indian file. Fortunately the open level into which we emerged was a hay-field. We covered the bottom of the cart with a thick layer of hay, and after Mr. Fitz Patrick had taken his seat at the back of the cart, lifted Daisy in and put her head on his lap. I bid the one audible "Good-by," with "God bless you!" To the other I looked it, and prayed silently, "God keep you for me!" The moment that the cart was ready to return to the house I leaped into the saddle.

"Can I do anything more to help you?" asked Trevanion, in an eager, quivering voice.
"No, thank you, Captain. In fifteen minutes Daisy will be in the care of her old nurse."
"Then I will accompany Von Haaren. Perhaps something may happen to one of us, d'ye see, and then the other will be left to bring the doctor."

SOUTH CAROLINA. As an interesting exhibit of the state of affairs in South Carolina, we copy the following paragraphs from a Charleston letter in The New York Post:—
"There is very little pauperism, and the freed people are almost all at work. In one district there is not one well freedman dependent on government for support; but there are fifteen white people reported as 'dependent refugees' in that district. Hands are scarce 'up country,' but the rates of wages and social comforts will not attract either a white man from the rich prairies of the West or from the good farms of Virginia, not even when he can have the use of a plantation for nothing; and such an offer has been made.
The good friend of the South is the negro. He loves his home. He loves his master who has always been honest and kind towards him. He will divide profits with master or friend. But he is dignified, and he will be respected, if it is for no other act than offering a stranger a baked potato. And he is logical as a child on moral subjects; deceive him once and he is wary ever after. He knows his ignorance, and that his children may not suffer from ignorance he makes every exertion to send them to school. He craves a little land and even now he pays extortionate rates as rent. Liquor sellers are doing a great business, while white and black are injured by it.
It is a sight promising much future benefit to society to witness the large attendance of child in all the schools. And some who influence society have at last seen the necessity of labor, and declare that it is honorable. Such is the case with Judge Aldrich, who has heretofore believed in 'blood' alone; now he believes in 'blood' and labor."

NEGRO EQUALITY.—Is it not a little singular that those who claim that in intellectual capacity the colored man is greatly inferior to the white, are the very ones who ask odds of him in the race for wealth and station? Says the Jersey City Times:—
"If that is wanted to make the African the equal, socially and politically, of the Caucasian, is a written law, then none but scoundrelly despots will deny him that law. If existing laws are the only barriers which interpose

black, then only a cowardly and dishonest oppressor will rob the black man of his right and insist upon the retention of those laws."

We do not feel afraid to take our chance in the race of life, upon strictly equal terms, with either black men, yellow men or red men. If they beat us that is well for them. If we beat them only because we have previously clogged and fettered them with disabilities, that is small credit to us. Let all start fair, and let the winner earn his laurels and his prestige. If these men who rail at the notion of negro equality can get ahead of Frederick Douglass in argumentative oratory, Stellar Martin in pulpit eloquence, or Alexandre Dumas in literary skill, or Robert Small in patriotism and native shrewdness and courage, by all means let them do so, and demonstrate their superiority over the cultivated "nigger." No one will object, though some may be not a little surprised, to witness such a result.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECORD.

We give below some extracts from Andrew Johnson's speech on receiving his nomination as candidate of the Republican party for Vice President. Read it and see wherein the principles of reconstruction there advanced differ from those advocated by the Congressional radicals. As the President and Congress do not now agree, somebody must have changed. Who is it?

"And let me say that now is the time to secure these fundamental principles, while the land is rent with anarchy and upheaves with the throes of a mighty revolution. While society is in this disordered state, and we are seeking security, let us fix the foundations of the Government on principles of eternal justice which will endure for all time. There is an element in our midst who are for perpetuating the institution of slavery. Let me say to you, Tennesseans and men from the Northern States, that slavery is dead. It was not murdered by me. I told you long ago what the result would be if you endeavored to go out of the Union to give slavery; and that the result would be bloodshed, rapine, devastated fields, plundered villages and cities, and, therefore, I urged you to remain in the Union. In trying to save slavery you killed it, and lost your own freedom. Your slavery is dead, but I did not murder it. As Macbeth said to Banquo's bloody ghost:—
"Never shake thy gory locks at me;
Thou canst not say I did it."

"Slavery is dead, and you must pardon me if I do not mourn over its dead body, you can bury it out of sight. In restoring the State, leave out that disturbing and dangerous element, and use only those parts of the machinery which will move in harm's way."

"But in calling a convention to restore the State, who shall restore and re-establish it? Shall the man who gave his influence and his means to destroy the Government? Is he to participate in the great work of reorganization? Shall he who brought this misery upon the State be permitted to control its destinies? If this be so, then all this precious blood of our brave soldiers and officers so freely poured out will have been wantonly spilled. All the glorious victories won by our noble armies will go for naught, and all the battle-fields which have been sown with dead heroes during the rebellion will have been made memorable in vain."

"Why all this carnage and devastation? It was that treason might be put down and traitors punished. Therefore I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, loyal to freedom, loyal to justice, these true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely. [Loud and prolonged applause.] I say that the traitor has ceased to be a citizen, and in joining the rebellion has become a public enemy. He forfeited his right to vote with loyal men when he renounced his citizenship and sought to destroy our Government. We say to the most honest and industrious foreigner who comes from England or Germany to dwell among us, and to add to the wealth of the country, 'Before you can be a citizen, you must stay here for five years. If we are so cautious about foreigners, who voluntarily renounce their homes to live with us, what should we say to the traitor, who, although born and reared among us, has raised a partitioned land against the Government which always protected him? My judgment is that he should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship. A fellow who takes the oath merely to save his property, and denies the validity of the oath, is a perjured man, and not to be trusted. Before these repenting rebels can be trusted, let them bring forth the fruits of repentance. He who helped to make all these widows and orphans, who draped the streets of Nashville in mourning should suffer for his great crime. The work is in our own hands. We can destroy this rebellion. With Grant thundering on the Potomac before Richmond, and Sherman and Thomas on their march towards Atlanta, the day will ere long be ours. Will any madly persist in rebellion? Suppose that an equal number be slain in every battle, it is plain that the result must be the utter extermination of the rebels. Ah! these rebel leaders have a strong personal reason for holding out to save their necks from the halter; and these leaders must feel the power of the Government! Treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and improved. Their great plantations must be seized, and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men. The day for protecting the lands and negroes of these authors of rebellion is past. It is high time it was. I have been most deeply pained at some things which have come under my observation. We get men in command who, under the influence of flattery, fawning, and caressing, grant protection to the rich traitor while the poor union man stands out in the cold, unable to get a receipt or a voucher for his losses. [Cries of "That's so!" from all parts of the crowd.] The traitor can get lucrative contracts, while the loyal man is pushed aside, unable to obtain a recognition or acknowledgment of his just claims. I want all to hear what I say. I have been in a grid-iron for two years at the sight of these abuses. I blame not the Government for these things which are the work of weak or faithless subordi-

administration. For myself, I mean to stand by the Government till the flag of the Union shall wave over every city, town, hill-top, and cross-roads, in its full power and majesty."

WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO.—The Freedmen's Bureau is the Nation's right arm, gently but firmly outstretched to keep the peace between these warring classes. Its principal objects are three: 1. To save the blacks from famine, abuse and massacre. 2. To set them at work. 3. To see that they are kindly treated and fairly paid for their labor. It is a gigantic enterprise, and has achieved a marvelous success. Hundreds of thousands are now industrious and comfortable laborers, with roofs over their heads and food in their cabins, who would have been prowling, thieving, hunted, famishing vagabonds in the absence of the Bureau. It has patiently and generally disabused the Blacks of the notion that they are to share their masters' lands and goods; it has planted schools, inculcated obedience and diligence, and been foremost in all the good that has lately befallen the South. If three million bales of cotton are made this year—and we judge that there will be—the Freedmen's Bureau will have given us at least one-third of it, worth not less than \$100,000,000 in gold.

Yet the President has vetoed the bill providing for the continuance and greater efficiency of this Bureau. We deeply regret this; and we think he will live to regret it even more keenly. For this veto will be understood by all that is brutal and raffish at the South as giving license to any abuse and oppression of the Blacks that White malignity and rancorous hate can devise. It will be understood as a proclamation of license to the meaner Whites to wreak their malice or their lust upon the hapless and betrayed Blacks. There are thousands of innocent persons now living whom this Veto consigns to a painful death before the close of the current year.

Of course, the Freedmen's Bureau is anomalous. There is no dispute as to that. Nay, more; it indicates a blind, roundabout way of doing partial justice, when complete justice is (with the President's consent) easier and safer. Three lines in the Federal Constitution, abolishing and inhibiting all laws and ordinances that bestow or withhold privileges because of Color, would be worth several Freedmen's Bureaus. Justice—Equal Rights—the recognition of his manhood—these the ex-slave wants—not coddling and petting. Say, if you will, that he must read before he can vote; but then don't let White villains burn his poor school-house. Say if you will, that he must have property before he can vote; but be very careful that the law secures to him all he earns, and gives him every needed facility for maintaining his rights. If you deny him the right of suffrage because of his ignorance, look well to it that you do nothing calculated to perpetuate that ignorance, and that you incite him to learn by proffering him enfranchisement as the reward of his diligence and acquisitions. In short, make your laws rigidly just then abolish your soup-houses. But until then—

Mr. Johnson has made a grave mistake.—He has relieved those who elected him of a great responsibility by taking it on his own shoulders. Hereafter, whatever wrongs may be inflicted upon or indignities suffered by the Southern Blacks, will be charged to the President, who has left them naked to their enemies. Time will show that he has thereby precluded a true and speedy restoration of the South, and inflicted more lasting misery on her Whites than on her blacks.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

THE NEGRO AGITATION.—The Universalist, has a sensible article on this subject, and in answer to the inquiry as to how this agitation is to be stopped, says there is just one thing to do it, and that is justice. "Only let the negro have equal chance; take from him all unequal burdens; treat him in the matter of political and civil rights and privileges just as you treat the white man, and from that moment the agitation stops." And it adds: "Forget the negro's color; see only his manhood; treat him as his character deserves—that is the panacea. If you say reading and writing is a proper qualification for the duty of suffrage, say it is the proper qualification for men, not for negroes, and no one will complain. If you say twenty-one years, or ten years, or ten days' residence should precede the right to vote; say this of men not of negroes, and no angry discussion of the negro question will ensue. There may be difference of opinion in regard to such measures, and earnest discussion may ensue; but the question for debate will no longer be a negro question. We ask for the Negro just what we ask for the Irishman—no ask no more, and we can take no less. In a word, we ask for Justice!"

SATIRE IN A BALL ROOM. Straws, Jr., writing from New York to the Springfield Republican gives the following. It shows up the weakness of human nature even where people gather together to please and be pleased; but it is sharp and rather too true:

"The masculine world is made up of two classes," said a young lawyer—very much disgusted at being deserted for a "dancing man"—"those with brains and those with heels, and I find that the latter have the inside track with the ladies." "The feminine world is made up of two classes," replied a lady—"those with brains and those with pretty faces, and I find that the latter are favorites with the men!" "You are right, and so am I," continued the lawyer. "What do you suppose the next generation will be?" "Ape!" answered the lady. These two individuals went home in a happy frame of mind.

A letter from Vicksburg supplies the following synopsis of the by-laws adopted by a company of Mississippi State militia recently organized at the capital of that State:—"1. The company votes to adopt the regulations and tactics of the Confederate army. 2. No one admitted as a member of the company who was not in the Confederate army, or who was not friendly to the Confederate cause. Motto—'Try us.' 3. The uniform to be grey, but the buttons and insignia of rank to be the same as in the United States army."

PRUNING TREES. It is a practice with many farmers to prune their trees during the winter, or in early spring months, and many probably do not stop to consider the result. A little study of tree philosophy will show that the cutting away of limbs during the season of growth will give the tree an excess of growth during the coming season, because of the less number of buds to be supplied early in the season, and therefore their more rapid development and elongation of wood during early summer, or the growing season.

Trees, therefore, that are wanted to be kept in a vigorous, growing state, it is well to prune at this season; but if by bringing them into bearing is the object sought, then the pruning should be delayed until July, when the evaporation is great, and the tree is forming its increased size of limb, and storing up food in the buds for another season. If the water-floods, crossing trunks, &c., are taken out, the remaining buds are supplied with the food that would have been partially absorbed by these branches.

cut away, and, hence, are more perfectly ripened and brought to maturity or bearing condition. Cutting away large branches should never be done in the winter season, because the wood so left hardens all next to the outer bark, and prevents the formation of new layers to cover and shield it which if cut is made early in July, it will do, and in a few years present no appearance of a limb having ever been there.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 16, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PATTEN, at 10, Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 13 Collyer Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

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

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.

Although the weather was unpleasant and the travelling bad, yet we have never known a more crowded March meeting than on Monday last. The people were somewhat excited by the contest upon the Selectmen, but they generally managed to retain their good nature, and the business was finished at an early hour.

The following officers nominated at the caucus on Saturday, were chosen:—

Moderator—J. Nye.
Town Clerk—E. R. Drummond.
Selectmen—who act as Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, and Highway Surveyors—Noah Boothby, Wm. Hatch, T. W. Herrick, Superintendent School Committee—Rev. Dr. Sheldon, re-elected.
Treasurer and Collector—C. R. McFadden. The compensation to Collector was fixed at \$4 of one per cent.—the allowance last year having been one per cent.

Town Agent—E. F. Webb.
Auditor—J. Nye.

Inspector of Police—J. Nye.

Constables—H. B. White, J. P. Hill, Simon Keith, G. H. Eay, C. A. Dow, F. S. Chase, L. T. Boothby, C. R. McFadden, M. V. Heron, N. W. Merrill, B. F. Otis, W. H. Thorne, J. W. Hubbard, Wm. Ballentine, V. W. Edwards, C. G. Tilton, J. Nye, C. H. Davis.

Pound Keeper—H. B. White.

Sextons—W. L. Maxwell, N. H. Wilbur.

Callers of Hoops and Staves—Jona. Higgins, George Boardman.

Fire Wardens—J. P. Blunt, B. C. Benson, Calvin Crowell, H. W. Getchell, Wm. Getchell Jr., John Cornforth, Joseph Hitchings, H. B. White, I. T. Stevens, John M. Libby, Robert Cornforth, John B. Bradbury, C. R. McFadden, E. L. Getchell, E. H. Piper.

Fence Viewers—H. B. White, R. Foster, Calvin Crowell, I. T. Stevens, Robert Cornforth, Gay T. Hubbard, John Moor, Winthrop Morrill, Wm. Ballentine, Josiah Morrill.

Health Committee—Jos. Percival, L. E. Crommett, Wm. Maxwell.

West Waterville Cemetery Committee—B. C. Benson, E. P. Blaisdell, N. H. Wilbur.

Town Hall Keeper—Simon Keith.

Mr. Nye, as Chief of Police made a report, which the Town voted to have printed, and it will appear in the Mail next week. Hon. W. A. P. Dillingham presented the following resolution, which was adopted with a unanimity that must have opened the eyes of some young and ardent politicians to the fact that, though our board of Selectmen has been changed, the attitude of the people on the subject of temperance and the enforcement of the liquor law remained the same:—

WHEREAS, Temperance is a cardinal christian virtue, an ornament to human character, a safeguard against innumerable social evils, and a great conservator of public peace and the welfare of the State; and whereas he who promotes Temperance, by a fearless execution of the Maine Liquor Law against all offenders, through good report and evil report, by day and by night, must be held and sustained as a public benefactor and entitled to the grateful appreciation of every good citizen; therefore

Resolved, in open town meeting, on the 12th of March, 1861, that the thanks of the citizens of Waterville be tendered to Joshua Nye, Esq., Inspector of Police, for his heroic and successful efforts in aiding to shut up rum shops and clean out the foul nests of the birds of prey that feed on widow's broken hearts and on children's tears; and we also pledge him our co-operation in the further prosecution of his official work, until the record of this town shall be unstained by the poisonous exhalations of even one rum-seller.

Rev. Mr. Kelton, in the absence of Dr. Sheldon, read an abstract of the report of the Superintendent School Committee; after which the town voted to have the usual number of the complete Report printed, and raised the sum of \$4000 (same as last year) for the support of schools. The Selectmen and Superintendent School Committee were directed to submit a plan for re-districting the town at the next annual meeting.

The town refused to sell the Poor Farm, or to buy a wood lot for the same; and they would not authorize the Selectmen to clapboard and paint the Town Farm house, or to paint anew the Town Hall building; but they voted to raise for the support of the Poor the sum of \$2,500—same as last year.

The following committee was appointed to investigate the management of the Town Farm, and the support of the Poor, with directions to report a plan for the same at the next meeting: James Stackpole, George Rice, Alfred Winslow, Reuben Foster, Wm. Ballentine.

The sum of \$3000 was raised for the repair of roads and bridges, and for breaking roads in winter. It was voted to continue the same method pursued for two years past, which is, that the Selectmen be highway surveyors, with authority to establish highway districts, and to appoint subordinate surveyors in such districts, and assign to them such sums of money, to be expended in the repairs of roads and bridges in such districts, as in the opinion of the Selectmen may be necessary—to be expended under their supervision and direction. The Committee of five, previously appointed, were also directed to investigate the matter of highway repairs, and report the best plan for doing the same at the next annual meeting.

To pay the current expenses of the town the sum of \$1500 was voted—the same as last year.

Last year our citizens raised the sum of \$20,000 and extinguished about one-third of our war-debt; but this year they would vote only \$5000, which will but little more than pay the interest. Near the close of the meeting an effort was made to re-consider the vote, and double the amount raised for this purpose; but, as usual, it was found a good deal easier to "raise the devil" than to "lay" him, and he would not down at anybody's bidding. We think the town made a grave mistake in this matter, and that that the voters and tax payers, after a little time, will regret the short sighted policy into which they have been betrayed. The Selectmen were directed to pay, by law, for that portion of the debt which falls due within the ensuing year; and the "committee of five" were directed to examine into the condition of our debt, the rate of interest, times of payment, etc., and report the result of their investigation at the next annual meeting.

School districts were authorized to choose their agents, as usual; and the Selectmen were authorized to appoint a suitable number of persons to be measurers of wood and bark and surveyors of logs and other lumber.

School District No. 9 was annexed to No. 10.

The Town refused to vote any instructions to the Assessors in taking the inventory of taxable property.

With the present high run of the sheep fever, of course dogs were doomed; though the friends of poor Tray stood up manfully for his exemption. Their plea that "taxation without representation is tyranny" has no force while so many privileges are awarded to two-legged puppies all over the land.

The Health officers were directed to exercise increased diligence, in anticipation of a possible visit from the cholera the coming season.

The time for freeing Ticonic Bridge was extended a second time, and the Selectmen were directed to invest the amount raised for that purpose in the indebtedness of the town.

The Town refused to build a new Town House, or to designate where future meetings shall be held, any farther than to vote that our next meeting, in September, shall be held at Mechanics Hall in the West Village.

It may be a satisfaction for our friends abroad to know that our new board, like the old, are all good republicans, and that they will heartily co-operate with the friends of temperance in all efforts for the suppression of the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors.

Town Meetings.

FAIRFIELD.—The following officers were chosen on Monday:—

Moderator—Jona. Purinton.

Town Clerk—Andrew Archer.

Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor—Charles Cornforth, A. N. Greenwood, Henry Lawrence.

Treasurer and Collector—Andrew Archer.

The rate of compensation for collecting was fixed at 1 1/2 per cent.

Superintending School Committee—E. G. Rideout, for one year; C. H. Rowell, for three years.

Auditors—Nahum Totman, Wm. Connor, Stephen Cannan.

Town Agent—Nahum Totman.

Pound Keepers—George A. Soule, I. N. Murray.

Constables—Jos. F. Nye, Andrew Archer, F. S. McFarland, E. G. Rideout.

Raised for support of Poor, \$1500; Schools, \$2100; Roads and Bridges, (in labor and material) 3500; Incidental expenses, \$2000.

The town voted to raise \$5000 to apply to the war debt, the total of which is \$21,135; and \$500 was voted to aid in building a Soldier's Monument, it being expected that as much more would be raised by subscription.

WINSLOW.—On Monday last the following officers were chosen:—

Town Clerk—Chas. K. Keith.

Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of Poor—J. C. Hutchinson, Haines L. Crosby, Elias Hodges.

Superintending School Committee—Charles Hodges.

Auditors—Isaac W. Britten, D. Libby, C. R. Drummond.

Town Agent, Constable and Collector—J. C. Hutchinson.

Sextons—Hazo F. Wood, James M. McIntoch.

Pound Keeper—Leavitt Reynolds, jr.

Callers of Staves—B. C. Paine, Daniel Phillips.

Surveyors of Wood and Bark—Jos. Taylor, B. C. Paine, Edwin Spring, D. H. Paine, Stephen Crosby.

Fence Viewers and Field Drivers—J. E. Garland, J. B. Rhoades, Ira Getchell, C. E. Oustman, Eph. Towse, J. B. Furber, Isaac Wilbur, Joseph Watson, A. P. Southard, David Burgess, A. H. Boulter, Thomas McKinney.

Raised for support of Poor and other town charges and expenses, \$2000; Schools, \$1815; For War Debt (which is about \$8000) \$8500; Highways and Bridges, \$2000.

The town voted to tax dogs \$1 a head.

The Selectmen were chosen a committee

Bridge, and if satisfactory terms can be obtained they were directed to call a town meeting and submit them to the citizens, for acceptance or rejection.

MEETING OF WOOL GROWERS.

The movers of this meeting, which took place on Tuesday, expected but a small number of sheep on exhibition, as the season is unfavorable, and the movement was designed only to open the way for an organized association of those interested in improving the breeds of sheep in the State. More choice sheep were exhibited than were looked for, the weather being rainy; and the meeting at the hall in the afternoon was spirited and interesting in its discussions.

SHEEP EXHIBITED.

Seth Wentworth, of China, and Dr. Cates, of Vassalboro, presented some very fine Merino bucks, with good representatives of their breeding qualities. Both these gentlemen are largely interested in fine wool sheep, the former having bred them with much care for ten years past.

Dr. Cates, within two or three years, has been taking good steps in the right direction for improving a large flock of natives. He exhibited one thoroughbred and one grade ewe, and two bucks from Vermont, said to be full blood. The buck first named above, clipped 19 1/2 lbs. last Spring.

Dr. Boutelle, of Waterville, exhibited a full blood Merino buck, ten years old, bred by Mr. Tottingham, of Shoreham, Vt., the first fleece of which weighed 14 lbs., and the second 17 1/4 lbs. Also a flock of 20 grade ewe lambs of the above stock and three full blood Merino ewes.

Dr. B. has a large and excellent flock; and with one of the best shepherds we know of—Mr. Abram Woodbridge—has an inestimable advantage in improving them.

Mr. J. C. Hussey, of this town, exhibited four grades and five full bloods, stock of the well known "Ladd buck." Mr. H. is a young man, with good judgment in the business of wool growing, and with the fair beginning he has made, may in a short time have a choice flock of fine wool sheep.

Howard G. Abbott, Esq., of North Vassalboro, presented a dozen ewe lambs from his well known flock of grade native and Merino sheep. Nothing better, of their class, can probably be found in this section. From this stand point he has admirable advantages for breeding in either direction. At present the butcher will apply to him for large fat lambs, though his fleeces are considerable better, than the average of neighboring flocks. His sheep have care, which is the one thing useful.

Mr. Benj. T. Stevens, of Waterville, presented a Merino buck, with which he has been refining his flock, and we hear that he has succeeded in getting fine sheep. He also presented two yearlings that shorn last year 6 1/2 and 7 1/2 lbs. washed wool. He calls them grade Spanish Merino—though finer than many called full bloods, and probably as well entitled to be so called.

Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield, brought in, at a late hour, an unusually fine-wool buck evidently of choice pedigree, which was seen by few. He offers him for sale. As part of the same lot, Mr. George Richardson, of Fairfield, presented a buck and some grade ewes, with which he has commenced to breed carefully a fine wool flock. His past experience, as he related at the hall, ought to qualify him for success.

Master Fred B. Wing exhibited an unusually fine grade Merino ewe, with a good grade buck lamb. Like some of his seniors, he has the very necessary quality of a "good fancy for sheep," and knows more about them than one half of those who raise them on a larger scale.

Joseph Percival's pen of Cotswold ewes attracted marked notice. Mr. P. has bred them with great care for ten or fifteen years, and probably has as good a flock of this class of sheep as can be found in the State. For mutation they are not excelled, and to this end should be bred pure. They should never be spoiled by attempts to cross with Merinos. "The weal of the State" demands that the Cotswolds should be bred in good hands, and with great care, with no feeling of rivalry with the Merinos. This Mr. P. well understands.

Joshua Nye, Esq., who is improving a large and excellent flock at his farm on the Kendall's Mills road, presented two thoroughbred bucks, of superior quality and size, the largest weighing 176 pounds. The other has a finer though lighter fleece. Both are unusually good sheep, and in due time Mr. N. will be able to present the only conclusive evidence of merit, in samples of their stock.

Gustavus A. Parker, of Waterville, presented a very fine grade ewe lamb—just such as he should refuse to part with till he gets some better.

Master Cousins, of Winslow, exhibited a ewe and two lambs, of good blood, as we happen to know, which he may safely aim to make the foundation of a flock, with proper care.

If any exhibitors are overlooked, it is from our inability to get at facts.

And last—but our modesty will not say least—Mr. Maxham, of the Waterville Mail, presented three thoroughbred Spanish Merinos, a buck and two ewes, from a lot of thirteen, of various qualities, which he has just brought from Vermont. His buck lamb, ten months old, weighs 105 lbs. He was bred by Eben Bridge, Esq., the well known pioneer among the breeders of this class of stock in Vermont; site, the famous Rockwell buck "Eureka," which, since the death of Gold Drop, has no superior. The ewes were equally well bred, and the pedigree of the three will be cheerfully shown to such breeders of sheep as are properly careful in this respect. Mr. Bridge authorizes us to say that the lamb is the largest he has ever raised, and for the purposes desired in Maine, the best he ever sold. So much

him "the best sheep of his class" ever brought into the State," they do so at their own risk, and on their own responsibility.

AT THE HALL.

Joseph Percival called the meeting to order; and Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield, was appointed chairman, and Eph. Maxham secretary. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to arrange and report the time, place and plan for a State organization of wool growers—Joseph Percival, Seth Wentworth, Eph. Maxham, Charles Hallet, Joshua Nye, Dr. Boutelle, W. A. P. Dillingham, Geo. Richardson, I. W. Britton, Joseph Nye, 2d, Howard G. Abbott. (This committee will meet at the house of Hon. W. A. P. Dillingham, on Silver Street, on Tuesday next, at ten o'clock, forenoon.)

TALK ABOUT SHEEP.

Of this, which filled the time at the hall till 5 o'clock, we took hasty notes, which we shall probably find time to write out in season for our next paper.

CORRECTION.—In a portion of our edition last week it was stated that a liquor seizure had been made at the "Waterville Horse," when it should have read "Williams House." There is no "Waterville House"—what was formerly called by that name being now known as the "Continental House;" and we particularly regret this slip of the pen for the reason that this house, under the care of Mr. Brown, is a very quiet, orderly, well kept hotel, in which, we are assured, no liquor is kept for sale.

LEVEE AT W. WATERVILLE.—Our enterprising neighbors are to hold another levee in aid of their Monument Fund, on Tuesday evening. The cars will run from this place, and we presume from Kendall's Mills. Let's have a good turnout to a good entertainment and for a good object. Their dramatic company, who perform two most excellent plays on the occasion, have tendered their services for a levee at this place, in aid of our Monument. This is generous, and should be generously met.

WATERVILLE SECTION OF CADETS OF TEMPERANCE will celebrate their anniversary at Town Hall, next Monday evening, instead of Wednesday, as at first appointed. They have made arrangements on a liberal scale for a pleasant time for old and young.

MR. BENJ. A. ROBBE—a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, and recently of Andover—has accepted the call of the Congregational Church in this village, and will be ordained and installed on Thursday, 22d inst.

THE "KENNEBEC REPORTER" is the title of a handsomely printed, well filled paper, just started at Gardiner, by Bailey & Brown. It differs so little, however, in its character and aims, from the *Home Journal*, an excellent paper already well established in that city, that we can hardly divine why it has been called into existence.

The enterprise of the *Portland Press* is equal to its loyalty, and that is unbounded. Last Saturday, the proprietors issued a supplement, containing Senator Trumbull's great speech on the Veto Message; the President's extraordinary speech; and Senator Fessenden's views upon re-construction, as developed in his speech of the 23d of February. It may as well be known that Mr. Hobart Richardson, one of "our boys," and for a few years Tutor in Waterville College—has had charge of the editorial department of this paper, since the abdication of Mr. Gilman.

See how the boys come to honor who go abroad! Our young friend Geo. A. Wilson, Esq., who has "hoisted his shingle" as a lawyer at Paris, was chosen a member of the Superintending School Committee of that town, at the recent annual meeting.

THE PRESIDENTIAL—Doolittle constitutional amendment,—apportioning representatives according to voters and direct taxes according to taxable property—is thought by some to have the best chance for success in Congress.

THE FENIAN SCARE in Canada still continues, and the leaders in this country keep calling for money. "Stop your grog and invest in Fenian bonds," is the sensible advice of a correspondent of the *Portland Press* to the Irish Americans; for good will come of it in one way if not in another.

A CONVICT in a Massachusetts prison, who rejoices in the cognomen of "Scratch Gravel," is suspected of the murder of the Joyce children at Roxbury. The officers displayed a good deal of ingenuity, in working up the case, but if they elicited no more evidence than appears in print, we hardly think a jury will pronounce the suspected man guilty.

We learn from the *Anson Advocate* that the dwelling house of Mr. Jesse Fletcher, of Embden, was burned on Saturday night, with nearly everything it contained.

The *Anson Advocate* makes a strong appeal to the people to wake up and build the railroad chartered at the last session of the legislature.

The sum of \$160 was raised at a Levee at Skowhegan, last week, to go towards a public Library.

We are glad to learn that the several persons injured by the accident near the Continental House, last week, are all doing well, and that none of the injuries promise to be permanent.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION on Tuesday resulted in the re-election of Governor Smyth. The republicans have elected the entire council, nine of the twelve senators, and will have a majority of one hundred in the

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February has the following list of contents:—

What will the Government do? Sir Brook Fossbrooke—Part 9; Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence—Part 6; A Visit to the Big Trees; Religio Senarii; General Lamoriciere; Miss Marjoribanks—Part 12; Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part 22.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 88 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 66 cents a year.

For 1868 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.

NEW MUSIC.—From Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield St., Boston, we have received the three charming pieces of music named below:—

"Love Never Sleeps," a new and beautiful Song, with pianoforte accompaniment. Words and music by L. H. Gurney.

"Lost Marguerite." Song composed and arranged for the pianoforte by L. H. Gurney.

"There's no such Girl as Sally." Words by Philander Jones Esquire. Music by F. Kruppner.

For sale at Henrickson's.

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."

The Governor and Council have fixed upon Thursday, April 12th, as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

It is said that Holmes, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Mitchell, Charles Reade, Mrs. Stowe, C. G. Leland, Trowbridge, Whipple, and the author of the "History of Charles the Bold," are among the contributors to next month's *Atlantic*, which is to be a larger number than usual by sixteen pages.

It is stated that Mr. Seward has assured the British Minister that the Fenians will not be allowed to commit any overt act against the neutrality of the country.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS. We should not fail to speak of the splendid and valuable parlor ornaments, the Steel Engravings, Lithographs, and Paintings sold by the American Art Union New York, and offered by the publishers of the American Statesman to the subscribers for that sheet. We advise all to send for a catalogue and secure a collection from these splendid gems. Address American Statesman Office, 67 Nassau Street, New York.

Several cases of small pox are reported at Somerset Mills.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Among the greatest revolutions of modern times must be ranked that which has been effected in domestic affairs by the Sewing Machine. If the steam engine nearly doubled the sum of human life, and multiplied a thousandfold the power of mankind, so, also, has this great labor-saving invention. How clearly was its efficiency manifested during the gigantic war just ended! How could the millions of men who were sent into the field ever have been promptly supplied with outfits without the tireless, lightning-like fingers of this little instrument?

Few who are not travelling extensively through the country are aware how universally this machine has taken the place of the old wearisome needle. Perhaps an idea of the extent of this substitution can not be better obtained than by a glance at the magnitude of some of the manufactories. Of the number of the rival establishments, let us take one of the leading ones for an example. At the GROVER & BAKER factory, in Boston, the machinery for turning out the instruments, stands, and cabinets requires nearly five hundred men to work it. The Company conduct twenty-four sale establishments, in their own name, in different parts of the United States, and in London and Liverpool, England, and in Melbourne, Australia. They have, moreover, agencies established in all the principal cities of the World, and in almost every village of the New World.

The principal depot for foreign export is in this city, at No. 465 Broadway. This establishment occupies a building three stories in front on Broadway, and extending back two hundred feet to Mercer street. Unique in design and magnificently fitted up, it ranks among the first commercial palaces in the metropolis. From this place machines are being constantly sent out to all parts of the world. They go among all ranks—not only the humble, but the very proudest. They have been furnished, by command, to the Empress of France; the Empress of Russia; the Empress of Brazil; the Queen of Spain; and the Queen of Bavaria.

Now, remembering that although the GROVER & BAKER Company is the leading one, there are a dozen others approximating more or less nearly to it in extent of operations, and if we combine them all in our calculations, we may obtain some idea of the astonishing magnitude of the Sewing Machine business.

But a still more important aspect of the case is the beneficent mission it is performing in the myriad homes of our own and other lands. Lightening the cares of the household, taking upon itself the burden of the most exhaustive drudgery, it comes like a very angel of mercy into the domestic circle, shedding sunshine and happiness around it.

We wish we had room for the many expressions of thankfulness and satisfaction we have received from correspondents relative to this valued "household friend." As it is, we can give but a single one.

"We were much disappointed," writes a country person to a friend in this city, "at not being able to visit you; but the disappointment has been made up, at least so far as I am concerned, by appropriating the money we had intended to use for that purpose to the purchase of a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine."

You may be sure Fanny is delighted; four children to sew for is no joke, and a Grover & Baker has been her dream by night and day for several years."

It is so nearly needless that she has placed it in my study, and so simple in its operation that she has already learned to use it with facility."

small garments as to render it possible that they may some day disappear altogether.

At first I strongly objected to having it in my study, for fear of disturbance during my quiet hours, but soon found that it did not disturb me in the least, and now I can really write better with its gentle musical sound in my ears. The only difficulty is, that Fanny is constantly jumping up to claim my admiration for some fresh achievement. One time it is the fine tucks in the baby's cambric frock; another time the stitching upon my shirt, or some still more wonderful result in the making of a cloth basque.

Excuse me for devoting so much of my time to this great little machine. At present it is the principal subject of our thoughts and our conversation. It has really transformed my poor, languid, weary, overworked Fanny into something like the bright, cheerful girl she was ten years ago. Thank Heaven for our GROVER & BAKER!

This testimony, given in an indirect way, and without any idea of its reaching the public, is only one among ten thousand evidences of the high estimation in which the GROVER & BAKER Machine is held by families who possess them. Into whatever household it enters it carries sunshine—sunshine which is not darkened by difficulties and complications and unsatisfactory results, but becomes brighter and brighter with every glad surprise, every new development of its admirable qualities.

Its mechanism is simple, but perfect; easily understood; exact in its working; true, as the needle to the pole, to its mission. Under its operation the delicate folds of lace and cambric assume new beauty, and the stoutest woollen a grace which adds a charm to its usefulness. Its swift, noiseless fingers are never tired, never weary, always ready to execute the will of their mistress. Under its influence order and neatness take the place of disorder and neglect, and grace and refinement find time and room to grow and expand in the "humblest homes."

Its stitch is adapted to all kinds of work, the plainest as well as the finest, and every description of material used in a family, from lace to heavier cloth. It is also elastic, and is acknowledged, for beauty and durability, to be superior to all others. Ladies say a GROVER & BAKER is "such a comfort," because it never gets out of order, but, in its tireless activity, becomes brighter, more beautiful, and more efficient the more it is used. It has taken out more wrinkles, and beautified more women who were fast growing old and ugly, than the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It is the greatest lightener of household cares, and the richest blessing of the nineteenth century. Ask any woman who uses one if it is not.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement.
Commencing Nov. 6th, 1865.


On Monday, Nov. 6th, the Passenger Train
leave Waterville for Portland and Boston at 9.30 A.
returning will be due at 5.45 P. M.
The Commodore Train for Bangor will leave at 6.20
returning will be due at 6.20 P. M.
Freight train for Portland will leave at 5.50 A. M.
Tickets sold at all stations on this line for Bo
EDWIN NOYES, Sup
Nov. 1st, 1865.

PORTLAND AND KEN. RAILRO.
"LOWER KENNEBEC ROUTE."
 A Brunswick Augusta & Waterville to Skowhegan



WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1865-6
 Commencing Nov. 6th, 1865.

PASSENGER Trains leave Waterville for Lewiston, (via Augusta and Brunswick), Portland and Boston, daily at 6 A. M. Returning, trains are due at Waterville at 6.40 P. M. Trains leave Boston for Eastern and Boston and Portland at 7.30 A. M. and Monday at 10 A. M. Portland with the above, leaving at 1.15 P. M. for all stations on this line and arriving Central Hall, arriving same evening. Leave Brunswick daily at 8.30 A. M. for Waterville, Augusta, Bath,



 The splendid and fast Steamships **DIPLOMAT**, **Capt. H. Szwedow**, and **PRANCOTIA**, **Capt. W. Szwedow**, will, until further notice, run as follows: **PRANCOTIA**, will leave **Waterville** for **Portland** and **Boston** at 6.15 A. M. on Mondays, and **DIPLOMAT**, will leave **Portland** for **Boston** at 6.15 A. M. on Mondays by this line will please notice that there is no change of cars at **Portland**, but go through the same route without breaking bulk.

Fare and Ticket for all stations on this line and for the Maine Central Railroad, can be purchased in **Boston** for the Eastern or Boston and Maine Depts. Change can be made at **Portland** for the Western line. There is ample time (45 minutes) to make the change at **Portland**.

Monitor cars are run with all through trains. Fare as low by this route as any other.

W. HAYDEN, Train Manager.

NEW ENGLAND SEMI-STEAMSHIP COMPANY
SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.


 The splendid and fast Steamships **DIPLOMAT**, **Capt. H. Szwedow**, and **PRANCOTIA**, **Capt. W. Szwedow**, will, until further notice, run as follows: **PRANCOTIA**, will leave **Waterville** for **Portland** and **Boston** at 6.15 A. M. on Mondays, and **DIPLOMAT**, will leave **Portland** for **Boston** at 6.15 A. M. on Mondays by this line will please notice that there is no change of cars at **Portland**, but go through the same route without breaking bulk.

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Monitor cars are run with all through trains. Fare as low by this route as any other.

W. HAYDEN, Train Manager.

NEW ENGLAND SEMI-STEAMSHIP COMPANY
SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

SATURDAY, at 4 P.M., and leave Pier 35 East River, New York, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 4 o'clock, for New Haven, and return on MONDAY and THURSDAY, making this the most speedy, safe and commodious mode of travelling between New York and Maine. Passengers are requested to send their freight to the steamer at these regular times, so that they leave the steamer loaded for the voyage. Freight rates and accommodations for goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bath, Augusta, Eastport and St. John. Shippers are requested to send their freight to the steamer at these regular times, so that they leave the steamer loaded for the voyage. Freight rates and accommodations for goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bath, Augusta, Eastport and St. John.

For freight or passage apply to
 R.H.M.B. & COX, Brown's Wharf, Portland.
 or to R.H. CROMBIE & CO., No. 38 West Street, New York.
 Feb. 23, 1866.

Boston and Boston Line.
 THE STEAMERS
Forest City, Lewiston and Munster.
 Will, until further notice, run as follows:

ay, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
o'clock P.M., and India Wharf, Boston, every Monday
uesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
o'clock P.M.


Fare in Cuba	\$2.00.
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Freight taken as usual.

The Company are not responsible for baggage to
amount exceeding \$50 in value, and that personal un-
derluggage is given and paid for at the rate of one passenger
every \$500 additional value.

Feb. 18, 1895.


L. BILLINGS, Agent.



1877

G. L. ROBINSON & CO.,
(Successors to J. Furlish.)
Dealers in the following celebrated Cook Stoves:
**Matchless,
Superior,
Waterville Airtight,
Norombega,
Katahdin,
Dietator**

Bangor
 Also Parlors and Chamber Stoves of various patterns
 have a very large stock of the above Stoves we will
 give very low prices, in order to reduce our stock.
 ALSO DEALERS IN
 Hardware, Iron and Steel, Paints, Oils, Nails, Glass
 Ware, &c
 One door north of Post Office, Main Street, Waterville
 HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE
 PAINTING,
 L. GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER
 G. H. ESTY
 continues to meet all
 in the above line, in a
 that has given satisfaction

 rior that indicates com-
rrence in the business.
Orders promptly at-
tended to on application at his
office.

**Main Street,
opposite Marston's B-
WATERVILLE**

PENSIONS, BOUNTY. and BACK PAY
Procured for Soldiers, Widows, and Heirs, by
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Counsellor at Law and Government Claim Agent
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DR. DRUMMOND has had experience in procuring
above, and any application to him, by mail or other
mode, will be promptly attended to.

No charge for services for procuring Boulees &c.
H. J. Adams, Jeweler, 70 N. Main St., Boston
Apply.—OFFICE formerly occupied Josiah H. Drummond,
in Phenix Block, over C. K. Matthews Bookstore

REFERENCES.—Hon. D. L. Milliken Waterville, Hon. A. J. Tenney Bangor, Hon. Josiah H. Drummond,
and, Hon. Jos. W. Merrill U.S.M.

\$150.00 PER MONTH We want agents everywhere
to sell our IMPROVED 20 dollar Sewing Machine
three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted
perfect. Above salary or large commissions paid. The
agent can make money at once. No stock required. We
are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Gro-
naker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. ALL other cheap
machines are SPURIOUS imitations and the seller or user pays
the penalty. Write for particulars. Agents wanted
everywhere.

All upon Shaw & Clark, Augusta, Maine. ly—28

\$90 A MONTH I-Agents wanted for six months
rides, just out of State Dr. GAREY, City of
Bangor, Maine ly—28

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(SUCCESSORS TO PUGH & DRUMMOND.)
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Doors, Sash, Blinds,
AND WINDOW FRAME
variety constantly on hand or made to order at short
notice from the best seasoned and kiln-dried Lumber.
Factory near Ticonic Bridge, Water Street
WATERVILLE, ME
Orders by Mail or otherwise promptly attended to.
JAMES DRUMMOND. JOHN P. RICHARDSON

TO BLACKSMITHS.
KINGS Providence Horse Shoes. Also the Patent
Corks. For sale at Manufacturers' Prices.
At ARNOLD & MEADE

POWDER.
A NICE lot of Sporting and Blasting Powder, also
fuse and Drill Steel &c., at
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FRANG'S PICTURES
ALL those beautiful publications of FRANG & CO.,
—to Landscapes, Birds, Flowers, Autumn Leaves,
—and other dainty Pictures—of a variety of
subjects, larger sized pictures, (see circular),
—the circulating Library &c., a series of extension picture books,
—and gifts for little folks. Flags of All Nations; Armorial
—Coats; Marriage Certificates for training &c., will
—be found at the new Bookstore, opposite the Post Office.

WE will sell the remainder of our stock of Woollens consisting of Shawls, Hoods, Sontags, etc., at a discount from regular prices; and the same reduction, in all goods of our line.

CRANBERRIES, by the peck or bushel.

at CHIPMAN

Waterville, Jun 20, 1895. M. YESCO
20

NEW FIRM
IN THE
HARDWARE BUSINESS

THE subscribers have associated themselves in the firm of
Dunbar under the name and style of G. L. ROSE
& CO., in the store recently occupied by Furbish & C^o,
where they will be happy to meet the wants of their
and of the public generally, with all articles usually
a first class hardware store.

Q. L. ROBIN
T. W. HEKIN
3

Waterville, Feb. 24, 1896.

VINEYARD

Old Papers and Books
We find a ready market at the MAIL offices, where
and the highest market price will be paid.

THE MONITOR COOK STOVE
ONE of the best in the market. For sale at
GILBERT'S, 2, Kendall's
He also has a nice variety of other Stoves and Hardware.

WHITE LEAD!
JOHN T. LEWIS'S celebrated Pure White Lead, for
ARNOLD & MEAD

EXTRA LAMP OIL
at ARNOLD & MEAD
TOMATO, Green Corn, Peaches, etc.
at I. R. DOOLITTLE

CHEMILLE's in all colors.
at R. & S. FISH

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks
sively prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in
a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at
ta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said
should not be granted.