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Maxham & Wing

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PICTURES FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

THE YOUNGER SISTER.

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motherly-bosomed mat,
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Or sliver reach of river canals,
And holy peace of Paradise
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river canals,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain!
And now, when summer winds blow
And briar and hawthorn bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she lay, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went,
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the bees are busy;
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something which I should not miss,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left me? Trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow over me,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gossamer,
Shall I not see thee in the wind,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

THE NEWSPAPER.

So DAYS went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Atlantic was the bested Nile,
Read and reread our little store,
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forlorn,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had),
Where Ellwood's meek, dark-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the bested Nile,
Sung, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
As last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door,
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled,
We saw the thespian stage unfold,
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And duff McGregor on his raids
In dim Floridian everglades,
And up Texago's winding growl
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us this week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic eye!
Its monthly gleam of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding kiel and dirge of death;
Fest, anecdote, and three low tolls,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling and calling,
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The child embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow,
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

IN EIGHT SECTIONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Pedigree in one unchallenged succession
back to the Norman conquest could never have
taught him *was*! In the misanthropic horse-
flesh, for which I had paid a dray-horse price
at that San Francisco stable, dwelt that price-
less power, Genius!

While Trevanion's thoroughbred struggled
in the bog with wild terror—maddened eyes
bulging from the sockets at every desperate
plunge, miring himself and his master hopelessly
deeper—my democratic American coolly be-
thought himself of Platte River quicksands,
and called to our own aid resources which
had brought him scathless from many a por-
tious ford of that doubtful stream.

He began treading the bog like the laborer
in a wine-press. The ooze flowed fast into
his hoof-marks, but not faster than he could
trample. He had struck knee-deep, like Inker-
mann; but by the time that the latter had
sunk to his girths he, with my weight on him,
had risen three inches. I turned to Trevan-
ion.

"Get on his back and jump to your shore
of the bog!" I shouted. "You can easily
do it from the saddle."

Trevanion was deadly pale; but his lip
never quivered as he shook his head and an-
swered, "He broke my right leg on that rock
when he slipped."

Cholooké seemed to know he had all our
lives on his dear old shoulders! Tramp, tramp,
tramp went his legs, tireless as a churn-dasher.
He was gaining on the ooze! Another inch
of us was out.

"Oh, Trevanion! forgive me, and may God
forgive me, for bragging about our horses and
bringing you into this scrape!"

"Don't you mind that, old fellow! My
fault! I say, if you ever get out, don't you
let Miss Fitz Patrick know I was in love with
her, or jealous of you, or any thing. Not on
account of pride, you know, but it might make
her feel badly, I've seen. Really think she
liked you best from the first."

"Don't talk that way, Trevanion!" said I,
with the tears running down my cheeks. "I
was an old man than you, three or four
years and I oughtn't to have let our American
dislike of Englishmen make me so careless
as to rouse you. You shant die if I live, my
boy!"

Cholooké neighed that instant in indorse-
ment; and rearing with one mighty effort that
took his fore-feet clear out of the bog, sprang
like an antelope. Thank God, when he struck,
though it was a little more than a yard forward,
he got both his fore-hoofs on the further side
of a hummock of swamp sedge. Before it
could give way he had clawed his hind legs up
to it. I say "clawed," for the action was that
of an animal with nails rather than hoofs.—
Again, and just as the hummock disappeared
backward into the ooze, he got from it its last
possibility of "purchase"—deluged Trevan-
ion and Inkermann with a shower of black
mud, and put his fore-hoofs on unyielding bot-
tom.

Another instant, and my glorious horse was
standing erect, with his master astride of him,
on the broad, hard pavement of limestone at
the foot of the further bluff!

I jumped down, put my arms round his neck
and kissed his brown, silky cheeks with a love
and enthusiasm surpassing that of Titania
for Bottom—to say nothing of the "sanity and
reason which here had not. Cholooké answered
my caress by rubbing his pinky-white nose
against my beard, then gave himself one good
universal shake which made the mud fly, and
turning to fix his honest brown eyes on Inker-
mann, neighed with all his might.

Paler still from the increasing pain of the
broken leg, Trevanion swung his cap round
his head and cried:

"Three cheers for the Yankee Trotter!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XIX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1866.

NO. 39.

Even in such a little matter Trevanion
showed himself the man and the delicate, cos-
mopolitan gentleman; for he did not give that
bustard cheer, "Hurrah!" which he knew to be
the abomination of Americans, but said,
"Hurrah!" even though he was by nature
bigotedly British, had a smashed tibia, and sat
a horse not only mad with terror but almost
withers-deep in mud.

It was the work of an instant to snatch my
lariat down from Cholooké's pomel. I drew
three yards slack from one end of it and hitched
it firmly round a fallen block of limestone.
The rest of the coil I cast to Trevanion. I
had to argue with him before I could persuade
him to fasten it round his own body below the
arms, for he wished to save Inkermann and
himself at once by attaching it to the saddle-
girth. When I showed him that the double
salvation could be accomplished he obeyed me,
and lying on his back let me draw him to *terra
firma* across the slippery ooze. I then left
him to the surveillance of Cholooké, who, with
all the unconsciousness of intellectual grandeur,
at once began browsing along the rank grassy
border (that he had done anything unusual
never entering his dear old head!) and pro-
ceeded to rescue Inkermann. This was a harder
job.

Involved trifling risk, but a great deal of
what our English cousins do not hesitate to call
by a name unpleasing to our more fastidious
American ears—"nastiness." I fired the lasso
loop of the lariat over Inkermann's head,
and hauling the shore end taut, made a sort of
"man-rope," by which I managed to drag
myself across the bog to the slowly sinking sad-
dle. I then loosened from about Inkermann's
neck the loop, which was within a few seconds
of strangling him, and tied it around the girth-
strap as low as I could reach through the ooze.
Then, dragging myself hand over hand across
the bog and to the rocky brink again, I began
hauling in with all my might and main; and
the Captain alternately calling between involuntary
groans of sickening pain, "Inkermann! Come,
pretty boy! So there! Inkermann! Come,
brave fellow! Inkermann!" and cursing him-
self for not having made of his horse such an
intimate friend as I had made of Cholooké.

It took a good while for us to make the thor-
oughbred understand that we really intended to
save him; but at last, as he felt my steady pull
and found that he was really sinking no fur-
ther, he put forth some sensible auxiliary ef-
forts of his own, and in ten minutes more stood
by the side of Cholooké, looking rather like the
first frame set up in the clay by an artist com-
missioned for an equestrian statue than an an-
nihilated horse who had ever shown his pages along Rot-
ten Row, and belonged to the stables of her
Majesty's Guards.

When all necessity for human help was over,
as always happens, a dozen people appeared at
the edge of the quarry just above us. I hired
a sufficient number of them to carry the Captain
in their arms up a steep pathway to a tolerably
comfortable cabin forty yards from the brink;
and after ascertaining that the fracture was not
a compound one, set off on Cholooké to finish
our sadly-interrupted steeple-chase to Killma-
keough. I should run the risk of appearing
ungenerous (had not the Captain insisted on
my doing Cholooké justice) when I say that
Cholooké went up the precipitous pathway
from the bog like a cat—more easily, indeed,
than any of the human cortege—while Inker-
mann was so utterly demoralized that no coax-
ing could make him attempt the rocky steps up
the bluff side, and he had finally to be hoisted
in slings by a quarry-derrick brought to the
brink for that purpose!

Sorrowfully and alone I finished the re-
mainder of my steeple-chase to Killma-
keough. I was saved a painful dilemma by finding two
doctors in the village. One of these I im-
mediately dispatched to the shanty in which my
friend and antagonist lay suffering. The other
I took back with me to Nestledown by the
road, mounting him on the best horse I could
find at the stables of the post-chaise station.

Every step of Cholooké's increased my anxi-
ety. I had no longer any sense of rivalry to
act as a stimulus and keep me from brooding
over the possible injury which have occurred to
the lovely little Daisy from the accident at the
close of our run, and rode so fiercely that the
doctor on his fresh animal could hardly keep
up with my Cholooké, just from his steeple-
chase.

I can not (to any man who has loved I need
not convey in words the relief I felt on re-
aching Nestledown at being ushered with my doc-
tor into the pleasant parlor where I had held
skins for Daisy the day before, and finding
her brown eyes open, her soft cheeks tinged
with a lovely pink as I came in, and her spir-
its entirely rallied from the shock, under which,
two hours before, she had fainted in my arms.

There was literally nothing for the good doc-
tor to do except justify her faintness by an
elaborate Latin prescription.

This and the information that "Moi ledly is
subject to similar attacks in the present febrile
state of th' atmosphere," put a stop to all the
little darling's self-reverberations at having
caused so much trouble—"especially I," as she
said, "who love horses so, and can ride with
any lady in the country."

The doctor, according to instructions, put
her under strict orders not to rise from her sofa
the rest of the day.

Here she found it hard to obey. She had
never let any one else superintend preparations
for her father's birthday party since she was
indeed, as now and always in name, "his baby."

If I had already proposed and been accepted
in set terms, I could not have been happier
than I was when I saw how gracefully she con-
sented to delegate all the active arrangements
for the festival to me, making her sofa the su-
preme directory to which I was to come for all
general features of the plan.

Private and Confidential: to be read only by people who
have been in love.—I would be ashamed to tell any one
but you, that I felt really gratified when after delegating
all the arrangements to me, as above, she added: "Oh! by-
the way! That naughty little thing, who was near killing
us all, when he came up to the house and stole into the room
to ask me to have papa forgive him, told me that you and Captain Trevanion rode a
steeple-chase into Killma-keough to get the doctor for
him. Did you? Who beat?"

"I beat," said I, ungenerously. But you know the
temptation, my confidant. Then my better nature
added, "by a mere accident. That is to say, Cholooké
beat me!"

Daisy smiled, with a happy look in her eyes. Then
Daisy blushed to think she had smiled.

You may remember that both the Captain and I had
made a pretty frank avowal to Mr. Fitz Patrick, that

morning. He never betrayed our confidence to Daisy.
The Captain a year betrayed mine, I am sure. But Daisy
found it out. How do you suppose she did it?

The apathetic public may begin to read again.

18.—THE AFFAIR SETTLED.

I spent the rest of the day in getting ready
for the festival and looking after Trevanion.
Shaugh would have jumped off the highest
round tower in all Celton Archeology to re-
stimate himself in our good graces. So I kept
him and his pony running post to and from
Killma-keough to bring bulletins of the Cap-
tain. By evening it was found safe to bring
him round by the road to Nestledown on a lit-
tle. The fracture was a very simple one; it
had been well set, and no inflammation had set-
tled in. We excused his non-appearance to
Daisy by saying he was helping me.

I believe that I became, in that short period
of emergency, *au fait* in the management of a
whole Irish estate. Closing myself occasionally
with the steward I saw to the punctilious
dispatch of separate invitations (a point of
Daisy's tactful making, and one which kept the
whole "pinty" devoted for the next year) to
every cabin on the whole estate; to the pur-
veyance of a festive yet temperate amount of
"materials" for punch with the real peat flavor;
to the out-door fire-places for the barbecue whose
essentials I had lassoed in the morning; to gay
ribbons by the block for the women, and sprightly
handkerchiefs by the bale for the men. I
had all the bagpipers in the country lodged
safely within the barn enclosure before sun-
down. I had ready the five receipts for one
year's rent of their cabins and little "pratie
patches," which were always presented on the
birthday to that number of widows whose hus-
bands had died in the Squire's service, and
were always short a pound or two in their pay-
ments. I tasted the big plum-puddings made
overnight to be eaten next day by the tenants
as cold as they could be with flaming brandy-
sauce after the barbecue, and after approving
them carried a little saucerful off the raisinest
side to Daisy's sofa, to have my critical taste
pronounced excellent by that little brown-eyed
connoisseur.

In fact I worked all day under a sort of in-
spiration. What that was will be understood
by those exceptional people whom I took into
my confidence in a recent paragraph. I suc-
ceeded so well that before my work was done I
heard the following colloquy take place in the
cow-yard as I was passing behind a high wall
on an errand to the farther stables.

SHAUGH.—And if all Americans is the
likes of him, divil the wonder is it that Ould
Ireland's all the time immigratin' to that coun-
try, shure! Faix an' isn't it a pity that a gin-
tleman like him isn't an Irishman?

MOLLY McLAUGHAN (Milkmaid).—Arrah
be aisy! Niver tell me! Sure an' he is an
Irishman, then! Look at the blue eyes of
him, and see him on a horse! The saints rist
his soul! He may be changed in his cradle—but
who, barrin' an Irishman, can sit a
baste the likes of him, and look so wicked out
of the tail of his eye and be so good to the
poor? Whist! whist! I knew it the minute
I set eyes on him—he's an Irishman and don't
know it, that's all, macushla.

Having finished my errand at the stables,
which was to send down a led saddle-horse and
a baggage-cart to meet Daisy's brother at the
harbor, where he was expected that evening on
his way home from college to the birthday festi-
val, I returned to the house, dressed for din-
ner, and spent an hour in Mr. Fitz Patrick's
library.

We had met on the Continent—had traveled
together for months, and knew each other still
more thoroughly by his having been my guest
at my lonely bachelor country-seat near Throg's
Neck, when he visited America.

From the library I went once more to Dai-
sy's sofa, ostensibly to report progress—really
to make progress further if Heaven so willed.
Ah! there was no false modesty in that proviso,
for hopeful as a man may be, he trembles when
his whole future life is at stake!

The barbecue had gone off splendidly. That
sturdy invalid, the Captain, was roaring with
laughter as he lay under sumptuous Afghans
lighted into more dazzling rainbow glory by the
sunset rays slanting upon his litter
through the elm and linden boughs of the lawn;
and the estate tenantry, who caused his out-
burst were putting their sturdy legs and still
sturdier brawns through every variety of twist
and palpitation excitable by the squeak, shriek,
groan and scream of the national pipes under
impulse of the national elbow and the guidance
of the national fingers. The women were
brilliant in their ribbons; the men gorgeously
in their neckerchiefs. The widows forgot their
afflictions in gratitude for their receipts. The
children roaming everywhere, playing hide and
go seek behind the old tree-trunks, holding
royal slabs of pudding marked with semi-lunar
bits.

The Squire—happy as must be every man
who lives to make others so—sat, with his face
beaming on his people's sports, in a great rus-
set chair. Daisy, flushed with healthy excite-
ment, sat on a little camp stool clapping his
right hand. That bright fellow, the very image
of him, standing on his left, was the young
Squire, just from college. I stood behind him,
leaning on the back of his chair.

Shaugh suddenly ran up to me, and whis-
pered with great trepidation:—

"Oh! yer Honor, your horse has run away!
Just the minute he heard the pipes he bolted
out of the stable and leapt the gate, an' divil
the wan o' us could catch him!"

"Never mind," said I, laughingly; "he can't
run far—no off the estate certainly."

I understood the matter perfectly. When I
was camped out in California, I frequently gave
him the range of the neighboring river-bottoms,
and at the sound of the horn which our cook
blew to bring the party in to dinner he invari-
ably rode the Merced and struck a bee-line
for camp. So, the first thing I knew he had
his pinky-white nose over my shoulder, kicking
the salt off of my dinner-plate. Undoubtedly
the bray of the pipes had revived his old mem-
ories of the dinner hour.

The jig over, Squire Fitz Patrick rose from
his chair and beckoned me round to his right
hand beside Daisy.

"Boys!" said he, addressing the tenantry,
"I want to talk to you a minute or so."

"Whist! whist!" ran through the happy
crowd. "The Squire is ather givin' us a
spache!"

Every body turned toward our group.

"All of you know me! I've tried to be a
good landlord! ('Faith an' we do!') 'Ye
have that!' And well ye've succeeded! I were
the grat-ful echoes which interrupted him.)—
"You know my son, Mr. Robert, and my
daughter, Miss Daisy."—(More grateful echoes
of "Hivin' bless their swate young faces!")—
"They're the sunlight of the poor!" "Sure
an' it's the dear Lord knows 'em too! He hears
the prayers of the widdy and the orphan!"—

"And now I have to introduce you to another
member of the family—another son of mine."—
(Here the Squire's voice broke down for an
instant; Daisy blushed and hid her face on her
father's shoulder; I looked, without turning my
head, at Trevanion, who was pale as when he
sat Inkermann in the bog, and through all his
unspeakable happiness his heart ached for him
almost as if we were in each other's places;
but, pale as he was, he smiled—not the superior
smile, but one of true, self-forgetful manliness.
God bless him!)—"another son of mine, the
gentleman who will always feel toward you as
I feel, whether you stay here where you were
born and reared, or go to make new homes for
yourselves in his own happy country—my new
son—the gentleman who is to be Miss Daisy's
husband—Mr. Von Haarlem."

So saying he put Daisy's little hand in mine,
and again sat down in the rustic seat under the
linden.

"The more impressive women of the tenantry
were beginning to cry, with that tender, yet
most audible Irish wail which may well un-
nerve the strongest man.

"For God's sake say something!" said the
Captain. "They'll stop if you speak. They
expect it of you; and that wail makes my leg
ache again. Speech! speech!"

So I began:—
"Boys! yes, and girls too! I've just re-
ceived from your noble landlord—generous as
I know he's been all his life long—the greatest
gift he ever gave, even on a birthday! I wish
to introduce to you (for you all know the rest
of us) one true-hearted friend, who will stand
beside me as my groomsmen when the thing
which has been begun here is blessed in church—
my friend—the friend of your older and
younger Squire—the friend of your guardian
angel and mine—the friend of your dear young
mistress—Captain Trevanion!"

"Ah, meboy!" said the Captain, smiling,
"you forgot to introduce the brave fellow who
has done the most for you."

Just then a pinky-white nose, as of old, stole
over my shoulder—but, better than of old, be-
tween that shoulder and Daisy's—the nose of
Cholooké.

"Faith an' he is an Irishman!" said Shaugh,
standing in the front rank of the tenantry.
"Would a horse love him like that if he
wasn't? Three cheers for the horse that loves
Miss Daisy's husband!"

And again the air was rent—Oh! how de-
servedly—with cheers for the hero who had
saved life, love, and honor for me, reputation
for himself and his country—the real hero of
the "International Affair."

THE FAMILY AND SOCIETY.—It were better
to discard every other agency in our efforts to
save the nation and the world than the Family
institution. If its radical power be not invoked
all our toils and sacrifices will be futile. If
the children be not looked after, and educated
and trained at home in early years, in the
right way, in vain will the State seek to guard
their morals and prosper them, and the Church
strive to win them to Christ.

The Family no longer occupies that high
and sacred position which it did in the earlier
days of our history. There is less reverence
and importance attached to it. There is less
attention and pains given to the cultivation of
the home virtues, and the wise training and
development of character under the fostering
influence of parental love. Family instruction
and family religion are not so faithfully at-
tended to. The realm of family government are
slackened. Parental authority is not exercised
and represented as it once was. The influence
of home is less potential on character, and much
of its sanctity is gone. Society—a modern but
expressive word—has come, in a great degree,
to take its place, and exercise its prerogatives.
What the Family once was to man—his in-
structor, his life, his solace and power—Society
has grown to be.

Society has come to overshadow the Family
and dictate opinions and laws to the world.
Society is the one idea which now early gets
possession of the mind. Society is the influence
which moulds opinions and shapes characters.
Education has come to be essentially based on
the tastes and maxims which prevails in Society.
The family life is regulated by Society. Society
forms the marriage contract, disposes of our
children, and settles the grave questions involv-
ed in life and duty. Society steps in between
the parent and the child, and overrules parental
love, and the maxims of the Bible, and the
lessons of Providence, and decides what
the family powers shall be exercised; to
what ends and on what principles our children
shall be trained. If in-tances without number,
the hearts of the fathers are not turned to the
children, nor the hearts of the children to their
fathers, but both to Society.

There are tens of thousands of families in our
land to-day who have no such head, distinct, per-
sonal, and responsible, as God ordained in the
family arrangements; they have really no
father, no mother, but Society. Society owns
them; society educates them; society forms
their principles and habits; society directs their
aims and disposes of them. The father virtu-
ally vacates his sacred office for a usurper to
fill. The mother hands over her infant to stran-
gers to bring up; and it often draws its nourish-
ment, its life blood, not from the mother, but
from an alien. Society invades the nursery
with its false ideas, and superstitious stories,
and artificial training. Childhood and youth
hear only of society, and are taught to think
only of society; and mind and heart are de-
veloped mainly with reference to society. A
fashionable education is given them, i. e., they
are unfitted for home duties, and educated to
play their part gentry in society. And when
their education is complete they are given over
to society, and given up to it.

And what can be expected of those who
have received such training? Where is the
Family institution, with its sacred relations
and holy influences, and moulding forces, in
such a state of things? What sort of husbands
and wives, fathers and mothers, citizens and

patriots, will they make? Can the Church of
Christ thrive in the midst of such a genera-
tion? Will the bonds of social order and
virtue be kept strong? Will the sacred du-
ties of life be discharged by them? Will not
God "smite with a curse" for such things?
J. M. Sherwood.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

Jacob Abbott, in his Hoaryhead, a volume
published a quarter of a century ago, tells for
one of his illustrations, the story of a poor wid-
ow and her son Gilbert, a boy about ten years
old, who lived in a solitary log cabin among the
hills. Gilbert is not a very bad boy, but heed-
less and somewhat neglectful of his mother.
On a certain day in winter he loiters on his
way home till dark. His mother has done
work for him. He eats his supper, lies down
by the fire, and sleeps. She puts a bear skin
and a pillow under him, and ere he awakes,
she almost finishes a pair of mittens, which she
is knitting for him in secret. Her strong de-
sire to awaken his gratitude leads her to show
him her work, and he only seeks for faults in
it. Just after he climbs the ladder to bed, a
belated traveller enters to inquire the way—
He does not delay for the night, but accepts
her offer of a bowl of bread and milk, for which
she will accept no pay.

He then inquires:—
"Is there no way that I can render you any
service? You seem dejected and sad. I have
had some experience in the world, and have
seen a great many troubles."

Encouraged by this, she told him what
troubled her mind when he came in, and then
led on by his expressions of kindness and sym-
pathy, she unburdened her heart entirely to
him. She told him how long she had tried to
win Gilbert's love, but all in vain. And she
described to him her efforts in detail, and their
want of success. "I would give all the world
to have him love me—but he cares nothing for
me at all. Now what can I do?"

"Is he idle and disobedient?" asked the
guest.

"Why, no, I don't think he is, generally.
He does his work most days as well as you
could expect of such a boy. He helps me a
good deal—but I don't care much about that.
He doesn't seem to do it out of regard for me.
If he should bring me home even a flower out
of the woods, because he thought it would
please me, I should like it better than all the
work he does now from morning till night."

"I see," said the traveller, "you want his
heart, and not merely his cold, outward obedi-
ence."

"Yes, sir," said she, "that is it exactly."
The traveller paused a minute, looking into
the fire, apparently lost in thought. He then
said:—

"When you make him presents, and do him
little kindnesses, how does he receive them?
Does he seem grateful then?"

"No, sir, I don't think he does. He gen-
erally likes the present well enough, and is
glad to get and use it—but then I don't see
that he thinks anything about its coming from
me."

"He takes the gift with a selfish pleasure,
but has no grateful feeling towards the giver?"

"Yes, sir,—and sometimes he murmurs and
complains when I have done the best I could
for him."

The traveller sat in silence again several
minutes, lost in thought. He presently turned
round toward his hostess and said:—
"You ask me what you shall do, and I can-
not well tell you, unless I ask you one or two
questions about yourself, which perhaps it would
not be proper for me to ask under other cir-
cumstances. If you would rather not answer them,
do not hesitate to say so. Are you in the
habit of morning and evening prayer?"

The mother's eye dropped. She looked em-
barrassed, shook her head and faintly an-
swered,

"No, sir."

"Do you read the Bible much?"

"No, sir," said she faintly; "we used to have
one, but it is almost worn out."

"And do you never read the Bible, and pray
secretly to God?"

"I used to, some, when I was young, but
not of late years."

"Then there is now no communication what-
ever between your soul and God?"

She hung her head and made no reply.

"No thanksgiving for his favors—no love or
affection returned for his goodness—no desire
to do anything to please him?"

The speaker paused at each inquiry, but his
hostess made no reply, and yet the expression
of her countenance showed that her feelings
were not displeased that the questions were
asked, but self-reproach, awakened by the an-
swer that her conscience gave.

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 30, 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 this office.

S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 100 Broadway, New York, 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.

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

AMONG THE "SHEEP MEN."

The papers having very generally announced the important fact that one of the editors of the Mail has been to Vermont, and returned with a few sheep, it may be expected that we will "talk sheep" a little to the class of farmers now suffering from the disease called "wool on the brain." That our little sheep enterprise excites so much newspaper notice must be imputed to one of two reasons—either our brethren are disposed to brag that one of the craft is able to be the owner of a sheep, or they are willing to put us on guard by hinting that thirteen sheep are three more than "the law allows," and we are in danger of having our flock reduced by something that bites sharper than dogs. In either case we are duly thankful for the notoriety they have given our sheep, and promise to distribute a note in every cent of the profit of our first "clip," after paying for the flock.

The first suggestion of contrast between Kennebec and Vermont sheep, is in their color. The dark Merino brown, running all the way from the tanned brown of a Georgian to the deep shade of a black walnut veneer, tells you that you have got beyond the precincts of "natives" or "long wools." We were surprised to note the difference, in this respect, between the thoroughbred flocks, such as had been closely cared for long enough to become noted among buyers of choice sheep, and those of neighboring farmers, that had been bred with less care, but whose owners would point you to what they called their "full bloods." This difference was emphatically suggestive, especially to those who believe that "blood tells" as well among sheep as among horses. It premises that the term "full blood" must be taken with allowance, even in good Merino flocks; hinting that even in Vermont there can be comparatively but few strictly thoroughbred Spanish Merino sheep—but few in which the sooty Merino blood has not been taxed to begin the pale natives. It suggests careful attention to pedigree in the selection of breeding sheep of both sexes; and wariness of speculators, who buy only to sell, and care not whether the animals have any surety of perpetuating their characteristics in their offspring. To us it suggested, in very marked language, the necessity of buying "only of honest men, of established reputation, and requiring a detailed statement of pedigree, on both sides.

Another suggestion of contrast between the sheep we examined in several good flocks of this vicinity, and even ordinary Merino flocks, was in the weight of the fleece. It was the contrast of shadow with substance. In the former, our inquiry how much their clip averaged per fleece, in no instance got an answer above four and a half pounds, and rarely over three and a half; while the Merino flocks varied from seven to twelve. "Washed wool?" inquires the reader. No, we answer, but it brings a higher price by the pound than the four-pound fleece you call washed! "Grease and gum," you say. What need you care for the grease and gum, so long as the manufacturer is ready to buy it? Does any wool sell better than the Merino wool of Vermont and Ohio? A little flock of yearling ewes, that did not claim to be full-bloods—much less thoroughbreds—averaged ten pounds each, of wool that sold for 60 cents. Here is six dollars per fleece; a "figure" that contrasts strongly with the two dollars for which many farmers in Maine sold their clip. How long would it take such sales to cure the raise of his spleen against grease and gum?—Such fleeces may just as well be sheared in Maine as in any other State.

Those who go from Maine to examine Vermont sheep—those who have got their ideas of sheep husbandry existing there only from the few choice animals they may have seen from there—will be surprised to note the contrast between the thoroughbred flocks from which these sheep are taken, and the ordinary flocks of the farmers around them. The uniformly dark and heavy fleeces of the former are rarely seen outside, and only a few flocks are bred up to anything that very closely resembles them. Ewes that shear twelve or fifteen pounds are by no means rare in the flocks of Bridge, Cushing and Hammond; but they often come to Maine, or go to Illinois or California, than they pass into the best flocks of grade sheep. The same condition of things exists in regard to the very best class of bucks. It pays well to take them to other States to bring up the quality of

light fleeced flocks, both by their direct services and by the sale of their progeny; while the owner of a tolerably fine and heavy flock, whose fleece is his chief reliance, hesitates to send his ewes five to fifty miles away, and pay ten dollars a head besides—for this is the uniform price at which they hold the services of such bucks as "Eureka," "Bridges," "Plug Ugly," the "Sanford buck," and all of their class. This is done to considerable extent—enough to render such animals immensely profitable to their owners—but not enough to give to the grade flocks the color and weight they ought to have. The owners are aware of this, and always express the highest appreciation of what the thoroughbreds are doing for them. They advise buyers from abroad to purchase these high priced and high bred animals because it will pay; but for us, they say, who can sell you none of this grade progeny at extra prices, it is safer to secure the improvement of our flocks by a slower process and with less immediate outlay.

And yet the prices at which the best blood ewes of these grade flocks are held show that they are by no means underrated. In the best of this class of flocks, we could not get leave to pick half a dozen for less than one hundred dollars each. In the thoroughbred flocks the picking is done by the other party, unless the buyer talks of thousands instead of hundreds. Mr. Cushing, of Woodstock, offered us good ewes at a hundred dollars each, with choice of one out of two that he would mark; and this in a flock of several hundreds. Owners of the best grade flocks raise but few buck lambs, such as look close up to full blood; for with them pedigree is much closer watched than with us. These are occasionally sold to speculators, and by them taken where pedigree is thought less of than it is where the thoroughbreders are constantly demonstrating its importance. Nowhere does "blood tell" as in sheep; and with no breed of sheep as it does with the Merino. More anon.

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO ONE held its annual meeting on Monday evening last. Wm. Dyer was chosen Moderator, and Joseph Percival was re-elected Agent. H. B. White Clerk, and Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Prof. M. Lyford and Joseph Percival, Classifying Committee. The Agent reported the District about seventy dollars in debt, incurred for wool now in store for the coming year. The Agent and Classifying Committee were directed to confer with the Principal of the Academy, and see upon what terms the High School pupils can be admitted to that institution, and report at an adjourned meeting. J. Nye, C. A. Dow and Jos. Percival were chosen a committee to examine the lot upon which the Brown School House stands, and if it is advisable to square the lot by purchasing a strip of land adjoining, to see upon what terms it can be had. They are to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on the 9th of April.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LIQUOR CASES, which were carried up to the United States Supreme Court, at Washington, in the hope that the U. S. revenue law was to over-ride the State temperance law, have been decided adversely to the liquor dealers. The next step resolved upon by that iniquitous confederacy of rascals is to apply to Congress for a change in the law to enable them to continue their work of death in defiance of the will of the people; but they will not succeed, notwithstanding their persistent warfare, for we trust that rum-selling is doomed, in New England, at least.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT LAW, with instructions how to obtain Letters Patent for new Inventions, and a variety of useful information concerning the rules and practice of the Patent Office, etc. etc., is the title of a neat little pamphlet, published by Mann & Co., at the office of the "Scientific American," 37 Park Row, New York—the character of which may be learned from that portion of the title which we copy above. It is full of useful information to mechanics and inventors.

"EPIH MAXHAM, of the Mail, has just returned from Vermont with a flock of Merino sheep, and he justly feels very proud of them, and we have no doubt he will be a very successful sheep raiser—his father was."

[Home Jour.]

Glad he didn't raise pigs!

SOMERSET RAILROAD CO.—A meeting of the incorporators of this company is called at Anson Village on the 19th of April, and a mass meeting will be held at the same time and place. Subscription books will be opened on the 12th of April, and an earnest appeal is made for all on the line of the route, and the friends of the road everywhere, to come forward and subscribe.

"THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER" is the title of a large, handsomely printed and well filled paper, published by the Massachusetts Army and Navy Union, at Boston. It is devoted to the interest of returned soldiers, and the price is \$2.50 a year to advance subscribers.

SMART WALKING.—A young man from West Waterville, formerly a member of the 16th Maine regiment, who lost a leg in the battle of Fredericksburg, hearing of some smart things having been done by one-legged men, timed himself while walking around the outside of Boston Common, the other morning before breakfast, and found that he accomplished the feat in a little less than fifteen minutes, going upon an artificial leg made by himself. As the distance is one mile and an eighth, we think he did something worth reporting.

MEL. WESTON, formerly a well known resident of Maine, is associate editor of an Anti-Mormon paper, published at Salt Lake City, Utah.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in this number are "Birds at Home," with pictures of over thirty varieties of nests; "The Ruined House;" "The Navy in the North Carolina Sound;" and "The Last Months of the Teeping War." "Armada" is continued with increasing interest; and among the noticeable articles is "The Last Years of Sam. Houston." As a whole the number is an extra good one, and it furnishes a rich repast for the reader.

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

HOURS AT HOME, a popular Monthly devoted to Religious and Useful Literature.—The April number completes the second volume of this excellent monthly, which we fear is too little known, and of course not properly appreciated. To the considerate reader it offers an agreeable contrast to much of the sensational and highly spiced literature of the day, which is doing so much to vitiate public taste. "Without being religious, it is pervaded by a high moral tone, making it pre-eminently the magazine for the family, and giving it the strongest claims upon the friends of a pure and elevated literature;" while at the same time it compares favorably with other American magazines in the variety and interest of its contents and in general literary ability, for some of the best talent in the country is employed upon it.

The embellishment in the April number is a fine view of Windsor Castle, and some of the more prominent articles are—The Late Major-General J. B. McPherson, by Major-General W. T. Sherman; Jane Gurley's Story, continued; An Omitted Leaf in the History of Social Manners; Bertie's Four Years—a diary of the war; Two of Our Sculptors—Paul Akers and E. S. Bartholomew, by H. T. Tuckerman; Integrity of Literary Criticism; The Jamaica Massacre; Something about Women's Work; Napoleon's Religious Views and Ecclesiastical Policy.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 124 Grand St., New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs, and costly premiums to agents.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for April is rich in embellishments, foremost among which will be found a beautiful colored double-page fashion plate of eight figures, a large four-page plate of twenty-seven figures, and a charming chromolithograph, "Fishing to Save Purpura." There are numerous minor illustrations both in the fashion and literary departments. The fashion reports are full and reliable and the miscellaneous reading rich and varied, including continuations of Miss Bradshaw's "Lady's Mile," and Wilkie Collins's "Armada."

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for April is a nice number, full of good things for the little folks. Oliver Optic's new story, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Archers of Ilington" is continued, with increased interest; and it is followed by a charming story, entitled "Zwits and Easter Eggs," by Rosalie Yvonne; "Jake Martin," by William L. Williams; "The Children with Stars in their foreheads," an Italian fable; "Johnny's Thrilling Adventure," told in verse by Edward P. Nowell; with "Lessons in Pencil Drawing," a piece for Decoration, Dialogue, piece of Music, etc.

This little work has just been put into new type and is beautifully printed, and with its bright and lively illustrations is certainly a delight to the eye.

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

ANOTHER VETO.—The President has returned the Civil Rights Bill, with his objections. This bill received the support of many who sustained the President in his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and the public have been repeatedly assured, by those who have had his confidence, that it met his approval. And, by the way, supposing the President to be a frank and honest man, is it not a little curious that those who approach him should leave his presence with such opposite opinions of his position and sentiments. "The President is all right," says the Union Republican, "he will sign the Civil Rights Bill, and is in full accord with the party that sustained the war and elected him;" and the adamant conservative, fresh from the White House, also says, "We assure our friends, North and South, that the President is all right, and that the tyrannous reign of the radicals, under which we have groaned during the war, is at an end. The Union party, with which he is in accord, is made up of those who will support his views of reconstruction, and all others will soon find themselves 'out in the cold.'" Did visitors bring away such contrary impressions from an intercourse with Abraham Lincoln?

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The members of the Massachusetts Legislature, on Tuesday, went in a body to witness a trial of a new drill intended for operations upon Hoosac Mountain, which was pronounced very satisfactory. The trial took place at the works of the Putnam Machine Company, the drill having been manufactured there under the supervision of Mr. S. F. Gates, mechanical engineer, and Mr. Charles Burleigh, a member of the Company. Mr. Burleigh, with whom the drill originated, was a Waterville boy, and has won an enviable reputation as a scientific mechanic and a prolific inventor of useful and valuable machines, of which many have been patented. He is a prominent member of the Putnam Machine Company, one of the best known and most successful in the country, which is now, as we learn from the Boston Advertiser, filling orders for machinery from Russia and France, and has just received an order from England.

GEN. HAWLEY, the republican candidate for Governor in Connecticut, is right all round, and we hope he will be successful. Witness the following prompt answers to questions proposed to him while making a speech recently:

Q. Do you approve the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill, and the message?

A. No. If I had been a Senator I should have voted with those who voted to pass the bill over the veto.

Q. Do you approve the sentiments of President Johnson's speech delivered on the 22d of February?

A. No.

Q. Do you favor negro suffrage?

A. I am in favor of giving the right of suffrage to the negroes who served in the army, and who can read.

Q. Are you an Andrew Johnson man?

A. I am nobody's man but my wife's, and I stand by the flag.

TICNON WATER POWER AND MANUFACTURING CO., it must not be forgotten, will hold their first annual meeting for perfecting their organization, on Monday evening next, at Town Hall. Will you be there?

In no respect like a Dye is Root's Preservative.

COARSE AND FINE.—Those who have thought the days of fine wool were over, because coarse wool was in best demand during the war for army cloths, will be surprised to learn that extra fine Ohio fleeces are now quoted at 70 to 75 cts., and coarse at 50 to 55. It is about time for careful men to make a few figures. If the unwashed Merino fleeces, from flocks that average eight to ten pounds to the fleece, sell at 60 to 64 cents, as quoted, and the coarse, that average from three and a half to four pounds, sell at 50 to 55 cents, how much more mutton must a coarse wool sheep yield than a fine one to pay the same profit? Who will make the figures?

At the present term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Augusta, on motion of Reuben Foster, Esq., Harry M. Pratt and Foster D. Goodrich, both of Waterville, were admitted to the bar. Both of these gentlemen are recent graduates of Waterville College. Mr. Pratt has been teaching and studying law in Penobscot county, and Mr. Goodrich has read law with Mr. Foster, with a vacation of two years, filled up with honorable service in the army (1st Maine Veterans) which he entered as a private and left, at the close of the war, 1st Lieutenant.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL SETH WILLIAMS, who served all through the war as Adjutant General, laboring with unwearied energy and activity, died at the residence of his sister in Boston, last Friday night, of brain fever. He was born in Maine, in 1825, graduated at West Point in 1842, and was commissioned in the 2d Artillery. He served with great credit through the Mexican war, and at the breaking out of the rebellion was a Major in the Adjutant-General's Department. He served first as Adjutant-General to General McClellan in his campaign in West Virginia in the summer of 1861; and when that officer succeeded Gen. McDowell, Major Williams was appointed Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac, and was commissioned Brigadier-General in September, 1861.

Faithfully and untiringly, under all the different commanders of our eastern army, Gen. Williams served with great credit, and won the respect and esteem of all. In August, 1864, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers by brevet. In November he was relieved from his position as Adjutant-General, and was ordered to Savannah and other places in the South on a tour of inspection; but he returned in time for the last campaign in 1865. He went through this last service on the staff of the Lieutenant-General, and had the honor of conducting in part the negotiations for the surrender of Gen. Lee. After the excitement of the war was over, he began to feel the effects of the severe, and for so long a time uninterrupted, toil to which he had been subjected. His health, hitherto apparently robust, suddenly failed, and in a few weeks his life was ended. He sacrificed his life for his country as truly as if he had fallen on one of his many battlefields; and in him the country has lost one of her most faithful and valuable servants; the army, one of its most able and efficient officers.

The Universalist Levee, which closed in a rainy evening, made a gross of about \$900. The Chandlerer was voted to Ticonic Engine Company by a majority of 13 in a vote of 2332. Next week we will report their net profit.

COM. STOCKTON'S claim to a seat in the U. S. Senate has not been allowed, and the New Jersey delegation is now "one short." A committee of the House has reported against the claim of James Brooks, of New York, and in favor of Dodge, the republican candidate.

Any one who may have a set of glass prisms or pendants, that "strayed" away from the Unitarian Levee, will confer a favor by giving notice at the Mail office.

SENATOR FOOTE, of Vermont, died in Washington on the 28th. His last request was to be lifted up to look at the Capitol.

WING'S PILLS.—Among the proprietary medicines which gain in popular favor as they are longer known may be mentioned especially one of our own State manufacture, Wing's Antibilious Pills, manufactured at Auburn, Maine. See advertisement.

REV. N. M. WOOD, for several years pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Lewiston, and closes his labors there about this time.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS of Mayor Shaw, of Biddeford, fills over eight columns in the Union and Journal, and a portion of it is of very fine type. Over two columns of it is devoted to the "State of the Country," in which he glorifies Johnson and gives the "radicals" fits; but we do not see that he has anything to say upon the subject of temperance, beyond a dozen lines or so, in an indifferent way, on the Liquor Agency.

The Salt Lake Vedette says: "We have information from good authority that Brigham Young recently announced, in grand council, his unalterable determination to stand or fall by polygamy. It was ordered that all church officials should forth-with be instructed to promulgate this fact, and urge by every means the entrance in plurality at once of all persons who desired to hold good standing in the church. Immediate compliance was to be required, and those who failed or refused were to be informed that the church disowned them—all must become polygamists or be no longer recognized as among the faithful; they must do this for the sake of Brigham, or they were not with him."

Some of the English life insurance companies are refusing to insure liquor sellers, on account of the extraordinary risk. The rate of mortality among them is as high as 80 in 1000, while the rate for trades considered unhealthy, such as tailor and shoemaker, is only 15 in 1000.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The Galena, Illinois, Daily Gazette of the 14th inst., notices the nomination of General Grant for the presidency, by a republican meeting in Rochester, New York. It says that General Grant is a soldier and not a politician, that he has taken no part with either Congress or the President as against the other, and that his opinions must be gathered from his official acts. The Gazette then adds, with an emphasis which attracts some attention from the fact that Galena is General Grant's home:—

"We know all his hopes and sympathies are with the great patriotic union party of this country. He has neither sympathy nor toleration for any party, nor any set of men, who were against the country in its terrible time of trial and peril though which it has safely passed."

"With no ambition but to serve the best interests of his country, guided by the loftiest patriotism, looking to a regenerated nation, now resting upon the basis of universal liberty, all loyal and good men can now turn to him as their reliance and hope. If the good of the nation demand it, there can be no doubt that he will, at the proper time, respond to the anxious voice of his loyal countrymen, and permit them to rally under his banner, which will prove no less victorious in peace than it was in the storm-cloud of war."

OPPRESSION IN NORTH CAROLINA. Mr. S. S. Ashley, Superintendent of schools for the National Freedmen's Relief Association, writes to the Secretary of that society from Wilmington, N. C.

"In Sampson county six hundred children, some of them twenty-one years of age, were bound out by the county court, and then by an armed and mounted police force were torn from their homes and carried to a forced and unnecessary apprenticeship. Some of them, but were actually doing so."

A late Washington Chronicle publishes several private letters from the South, lamenting the marked change of feeling which has taken place among the rebels since the President's veto of the Bureau bill. The most important of these letters, recently received by Senator Sumner from Wilmington, N. C., represents that the spirit of hatred towards negroes and Northern men is increasing in malignity, and finds expression in libelling the female teachers from the North, insulting Northern citizens generally, and persecuting the colored people.

Arrests of the freedmen it is said are made on trifling pretences, and the most degrading and torturing penalties inflicted. The letter states that on the 15th inst, seven or eight colored men and one poor white were seized on an accusation of theft, and at broad noon, in one of the most frequented streets of the city, the colored men were strung up by orders of the officers of the County Court, their wrists bound by ropes and drawn up over the branch of a tree till their toes could hardly touch the ground, when they were stripped bare to the waist, and in the presence of a crowd of men, women and children, ordered to receive the number of lashes to which they were sentenced. This infliction was made upon three of them, when the affair was brought to the notice of the officer of the Bureau, who ordered the work to cease. The white man was released at once, on bail offered by some one present.

A prominent army officer stationed at Wilmington, in a letter received here, relates occurrences illustrative of the same spirit, and attributes them to the same cause. He says the rebels hurray for Jeff. Davis and President Johnson, and such is the feeling against the military that it is positively unsafe for an officer to venture out alone at night, unless well armed. An ex-officer of the 1st Texas Cavalry now in Texas, writing to one of his former military companions, now stationed in this city, after speaking of the attractions of the Texan climate and the inducements to settle in that State, makes the following remarks:—

"There is one thing, however, that is working against the speedy return of quietness, not only in this State, but throughout the entire South, and that is the reconstruction policy of President Johnson. It is doing more to unsettle this country than people who are not practical observers of its workings have any idea of. Before this policy was made known, the people were prepared to accept anything. They expected to be treated as rebels, their leaders to be punished; and their property confiscated. But the moment it was made known, their assurance returned. Rebels have again become arrogant and exacting. Treason stalks through the land unabashed. What we now want is emigration from the North, but we cannot look for any great amount until the present policy is changed."

NOT ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED.—There arrived in Washington, one day last week, seventy members of the society of Friends, from Randolph County, North Carolina, on their way to settle in Indiana. They were driven out by the persecutions of their neighbors, as a punishment for their constant and unflinching loyalty throughout the war. The Boston Journal, commenting on the facts, very truly says:

There can never be a class of emigrants who will be likely to make their way South, whose habits, principles and practices ought justly to be so little objectionable to the South, as the Friends. If they drive them out, we do not see what they can expect in the way of objectionable emigration. If the tide of population should ever set strongly southward, as it may in spite of obstacles which exist, the Southern people will be obliged to learn the fact, which even the result of the war does not seem to have taught them, that their ideas of society are widely at variance with those of the whole Christian and civilized world.

A PUNGENT SERMON.—St Jerome, in one of his sermons, gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so apropos to our own, that it is circulated just now in Paris quite universally:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster faces, too white to be human, reminding us of idols—those who cannot shed a tear without its trailing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeit presentment of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

Since the "Night-Blooming-Cereus" charmed the town, Whole swarms of bogus pertunes have gone down.

Manufactured by Phalon & Son, 517 Broadway. Sold everywhere.

CATTLE MARKETS.

There were about four hundred more cattle last week than the week previous; but the number of sheep fell off about two thousand. The market was hard for the drovers, and prices, declined, as will be seen by the following extracts from the Boston Advertiser's report At the conclusion of the second day it says,—

Among the arrangements which the buyers have brought to bear upon the sellers of cattle we may mention the report from New York of a decline in prices of 3 to 40 per cent, statements of the yards at Suspension Bridge and other points out West being crowded with stock, whose movement eastward is limited only by want of cars; the discovery alluded to yesterday of a wide open door into Canada, and, perhaps, more than all, the feeling of shakiness in prices generally. In another place we cite particular lots which have been sold this week full 10 per cent less than last, but we do not think the average reduction as great as that. Buyers admit 1-20, while the sellers, of about 1-10. The stock is not determined to dispose of their stock at some rate, and at the time we leave the yards there are but few unsold.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few premium bullocks, 18-14 to 13-12 cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 12-14 to 13 cts. per lb.; First quality, good extra, best steers, 12-14 to 12-3-4 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 11 to 12 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, 10-12 to 11 cts.; Poorer grade of sheep cows, bulls, 8-12 to 10 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for Sheep and Lambs 7 to 8 cts. per lb. Extra 8-12 to 90; sheared 4-10 to 5-12 cts. per lb.

With only 3700, or more than 2000 less than last week, the market was crowded, and the buyers predicted last week, and we have the doings of another "well day" to report. Hereafter it may be better to take my predictions, as many do dreams, "by the contrary." Although the buyers did not intend to pay more this week than last the drover had the advantage of customers who were anxious to buy, and afraid to let him go when once they had him fairly button-holed. It is now said, for the consolation of the consumers, that although the country is full of sheep the supply of those which are properly fattened is not large, and the market is not likely to be overstocked until after the spring-time, which is yet some distance in the future, although a few drovers have already made their appearance in market with their jack-cats off. There are some rich sheep at market. One farmer said he had fed more than eight hundred bushels of corn to his flock of sheep, and that at prices he should hardly get his money back.

STORE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$175 to \$250 per pair; steers, \$100 to \$150; milk cows, \$50 to \$75; extra, \$80 to \$100; farrow, 60, 80 to 45.

There were some pretty good looking working cattle this week from Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts. They have been about the yards about a week or so, but the talk of cheaper beef, and a general shakiness feeling as to prices, deter many from buying at present. Farmers are complaining that the market is not doing well, and that the price of beef is not what it was a week ago. The cow merchants also, represent their market as dull, at present prices, and the appearance of the yards this afternoon was offered as corroborative of their representations.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, wholesale, 12 to 13 cts. per lb.; retail, 15 to 16 cts. per lb.; 1-2 to 1-3 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 7-12 to 7-10 cts. per lb.; country lots 8 to 8-1-2 cts.; tallow, 7-12 to 8-1-2 cts.; calf skins, 25 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$20 to \$25 each.

This week there were 1500 cattle to compare with 2200 last week; and 9000 sheep to 3800 one week ago. Beef 1-2 to 1c higher; mutton 1-2c lower.

A GIFT FOR EVERY ONE.—The American Statesman sends a prize to every subscriber and club, valued at \$1 to \$100, consisting of Hoop Skirts, Engravings, Portraits, Lithographs, Albums, Books, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Gold Pens, Plants, Seeds, and other articles too numerous to mention. Send for copy of Statesman and see Catalogue, office 96 Nassau St., New York.

Whatever doubts may be entertained as regards the Union, there is one thing there can be no doubt about, and that is (for we speak from experience) that Herriek Allen's Gold Medal Sermon is the best and most healthily dough expander in existence. It is so far ahead of any other saleratus or soda, that all who use it can see at a glance or a taste, that what we say is true. Go to your grocer and get a paper of it, and our word for it, you will never use any other. Their depot is 112 Liberty Street, New York. Most merchants sell it.

MISAPPREHENSION.—Common taters, said Mrs. Partington, after the preacher had ended his sermon—he having alluded to some commentators of the good book—common taters, she continued, well all sorts of taters this year are poor enough, but what has that to do with the gospel? Not half so much as the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap has, for that will make the outside of the platter clean if not the inside, besides it keeps folks from scolding or complaining; it is the best soap and needs no revival.

In the Supreme Court at Dover, last week, on motion of Hon. A. M. Robinson, Stanley T. Pullen, Esq., of Foxcroft, was admitted as a Counsellor and Attorney at Law, to practice in all the Courts of this State. Mr. Pullen is a graduate of Waterville College, and has been Preceptor of Foxcroft Academy. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1865. For about a year he has been reading in the Law Office of A. G. Lebrock, Esq., in Foxcroft, where he will remain for some time to come, after which he intends to enter the Albany Law School. [Ken. Jour.]

We have not yet been favored with a copy of the last Report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, but the editor of the Portland Press, who has, after justly remarking that those documents increase in value from year to year, says:—

The last contains a new feature—an agricultural survey of the County of Kennebec, by Mr. Boardman of the Augusta Farmer, with notes upon the history and natural history of the county. Under the latter head we notice an important contribution by Prof. Charles E. Hamlin, of Waterville College. Prof. Hamlin furnishes a catalogue of 185 species of birds found in the vicinity of Waterville, all but about a dozen identified by actual study of the specimens "in hand," and the rest observed under circumstances which leave no reasonable doubt of their identity. Prof. Hamlin thinks further examination will probably find about twenty-five more species, mostly birds of passage that stop on their way to and from Northern regions, but a few also that breed in that vicinity. This is the first attempt at forming such a catalogue, and when completed will represent well the birds of Central Maine.

CHANGE OF NAME.—By an act of the Legislature, passed at the recent session, the name of the New England Screw Steamship Company is changed to that of Portland and New York Steamship Company. The company is now running the fine steamers Desigo and Franconia on the route, and should it be necessary, a third one will be added to the line.

[Port. Press.]

AMERICAN LIFE DROPS,—and no one coughs.

