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Maxham & Wing

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[For the Mail.]
TO M. B. W.

BY INCOGNITA.

"O little feet that weary not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, but they have reached the shore;
Be patient, heart! while waiting, to see their shining way,
For the little feet in the shining street, can never go astray."

The little one has sped
Back to its little home, and yet the gate
Through which it late hath fled
Is closed; where angel messengers await.

To bear it to the sphere,
Where sinless souls with no dark earth stains dwell—
And thought to you so dear,
Look up with chastened heart, and say "tis well!"

God had a light to choose
The purest gems to strew his jeweled throne;
And though from earth we lose
Our pearls, in heavenly setting they are still our own.

They came to us unseen—
Our "loved and lost," and over our lives they flung
Hope's sunny tints that wean
Us from regrets—deeper faith they bring.

A faith that tears aside,
The veil between our dark earth and heaven—
With spirit arms stretched wide,
We thus embrace those dearth-bathed from us risen.

Surfing must come to all,
And lives are stained by falsehood, vice and crime—
Mourner, would you recall,
The feet can never stray in that blest clime!

[From the Lady's Friend for February.]

ONE OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

DR. MCKINSTRY lifted Clyde Donovan into the sleigh, tucked the robe around her, not forgetting the dainty little feet nestling in the lamb's wool mat at the bottom, and then took a survey of her there in the moonlight. She was pretty enough to be surveyed anywhere; and yet, not one of the beautiful women who startle you by their charms. Very fair, with soft golden hair, whose rich waves never needed the assistance of crimping pins; large, tender eyes, that were of no particular color, but held in them a shady light, reminding you of some clear lake when a little cloud drifted over the sun. A tint of peach in the cheeks, a ripe scarlet in the lips; small, delicate, with a refined distinctness about her face, instead of making her weak, was one of her strongest characteristics.

She blushed a little at the look—it was almost as light as day—and seeing the rising color, confused the grave doctor. He fumbled about the horse a trifle, came around to his own side, and, clearing his voice of a suspicious huskiness, asked if she was all right and comfortable.

"Oh, yes," with a sweet smile. "It's too bad to give you all this trouble."

"I don't want you to think that. I'm glad to do anything for you. And I've a sick man over by the hollow. I should have gone again this evening, in any event."

"But you did not know that when you offered to take me," she responded, archly.

"No. You would have been just as welcome, though."

He touched the horse, who flew along over the snowy road, jingling his bells to the prancing accompaniment of his feet. Dr. McKinstry had been keeping her fresh for to-night.

"How splendidly he goes!" Clyde said, her face a glow of animation. "Do you know what I almost wish, Dr. McKinstry?"

"What?" And he dared to indulge himself with a glimpse of the dangerous smile.

"That there wasn't any danger, or hell, or whatever they call it, as Trainers' to-night; and then, I'd do nothing but ride the whole evening."

"I wish there wasn't," gravely.

"And yet, I love to dance dearly. I suppose, when I am there, I shall wish that would last always. I believe I like everything too much. I am a foolish little body."

Dr. McKinstry took a look at the snow this time. He could not quite trust himself with the sight of her sweet face, much as he longed for it. He wondered why it should affect him so this night. Presently, he said: "Youth is the time to be foolish and gay. God means we shall view everything with young eyes; then, there's enough care and sorrow afterwards."

"I wonder if I shall ever have any?" was her meditative query.

"Do you want it?"

"Oh, no. Only sometimes I ask myself if it is quite right to be so very happy, when there is so much pain, and grief, and trouble in the world; to enjoy everything with so much zest."

"I think it is. What were you reading the other day?"

"To some men God hath given laughter,
But tears to some men he hath given;
And we who have the tears, give thanks for the smiles of others, when we have none of our own. It is a blessed thing to be happy, Clyde, and to make others so."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1867.

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ferred to take her over. Fred Graniss had invited her afterwards, but she did not think it worth while to reconsider. Fred was rather sweet upon the young girl, and she stood in a little dread of it.

An so, Clyde was much moved by that sentence of Dr. McKinstry's. She fell into a silence of musing, looking with idle eyes over the sparkling snow, that lay so soft and white everywhere. The tinkle of the bells, the scarcely perceptible sound of the horse's feet, and the crunch of the sleigh-runner, were all that disturbed the beautiful night. Something strange came over Clyde. Who could she ever make happy?

Dr. McKinstry reined his horse up in front of the hotel amongst a crowd of turnouts of every description. "I am afraid you haven't enjoyed the ride so very much," he said, slowly.

"Because I was silent? It has been most delightful."

Some one came down the steps, and peered at her. It was Mark Trainor.

"Oh," he said, "is that you, Doctor? And have you little Miss Donovan there? Bess has been going on about her, for the last half hour."

"Why, I am early," retorted little Miss Donovan.

"Early!" Mark gave a whistle. "I'll take her, Doctor; and he did take her, and ran up the steps with her."

She glanced back. Dr. McKinstry stood at his horse's head, a grave, almost apathetic expression, shadowing his face. He was above medium size, strongly, rather than elegantly made. Somehow you would seem to understand at once that there had been a great trial or sorrow in the man's life. It had left him patient and tender, ready to sacrifice himself, if need be. Clyde felt this. And she wondered what would make him happy.

Bessie, and a host of girls were there, in the dressing-room. They kissed Clyde, told her that she looked lovely, begged her to tie a ribbon, or fasten some flowers into somebody's hair. They all talked and laughed together.

"Oh, he's splendid!" Bessie said, in answer to one of the girls. "Now, see who will make a conquest. I cannot enter the lists, you know."

"Who?" said Clyde, looking up.

"Oh, a Mr. Bruce. He is boarding here. He is to be book-keeper in the new woolen mill, and has come up to see about the machinery, and some other matters. He is real entertaining and agreeable. I like him. Come, girls! are you ready? There's the music, and here comes a new crowd."

They went down into the large room, that was everything by turns. Bessie clung to Clyde. She had two or three secrets to tell; and, waiting for them, grouped together, discussing ordinary country topics. One stood a trifle apart. Clyde knew in a moment it must be Mr. Bruce. Mark Trainor, as landlord's son, began to do the honors. And so it came to pass that Clyde was the last to be introduced; consequently, Mr. Bruce lingered by her. Perhaps, too, because he felt better acquainted with Bessie.

They spoke of the weather and the sleighing. Mr. Bruce pronounced it wonderfully fine, and declared himself quite in love with Milford. He confessed he had been a little afraid of a month's loneliness.

"And I told him the ball was in his honor," said Bessie, archly. "I am to open it with him. Do you know, I had half a mind to send him after you?"

Clyde almost wished she had. No, it was such a pleasure for Dr. McKinstry to bring her.

After Mr. Bruce had danced once with Bessie, he came back to Clyde, and engaged her for several quadrilles. He was extravagantly fond of dancing. So was she. And this was just the kind of entertainment at which one might enjoy one's self thoroughly.

Mr. Bruce confessed that these country belles and beaux were not deficient in refinement and courtesy; and, as to beauty and taste, would favorably compare with the circle in which he moved. Especially Clyde Donovan. There was something very attractive about her. Her dainty figure, her low, musical voice, and the winsome grace of every motion, was pleasing, indeed, to a man with the fastidious notions about women that Alton Bruce held.

Supper made a break in the dancing, but it went on merrily afterwards. A right enjoyable time for all. Bright young faces and glad young voices can transform every day life into an enchanted land, with a spell as potent as a magician's wand. Every one went home delighted. Clyde and Bessie, sleepy and happy, could neither tell secrets nor lay plans.

But they talked them over the next morning, sitting in Bessie's cosy room, where a wood fire crackled and burned on the hearth, sending out a glow as pretty in its way, as the sunshine that crept in at the window. Bessie was to be married, and Clyde was to be bridesmaid, so there was no end to consultations. And she wanted Clyde to go into town some day, to do some shopping. Would she?

Of course. It was so delightful. Clyde kindled into a charming girlish interest. They appointed a day, and made out a list of absolutely necessary articles.

"You can take Clyde home this afternoon," Mark, Bessie said at the dinner-table. "I cannot coax her to stay another night."

"But she must stay until evening," responded Mark. "I shall have to go to Falmouth, this afternoon—just the opposite direction. They will not think at home that you are lost, Miss Donovan."

"I shall be happy to take her, if she will accept of my escort," Mr. Bruce said, glancing up; "I am going past Mr. Donovan's, on some business."

Bessie had a shrewd suspicion the business was invented for the occasion, but she did not say so. She felt rather gratified at the thought of her friend riding through Milford with so fine an attendant. And as Clyde would not remain until evening—

As Clyde was lifted out of the sleigh at her uncle's gate, she saw Dr. McKinstry down below at his own door; and she contrasted the two rides—the two men; it was only natural, Mr. Bruce at twenty-six; the Dr. ten years older. The one with the polish of society, the other with a shadow of sorrow hanging about him.

"This ride has been altogether too short," Mr. Bruce was saying, as these thoughts ran rapidly through her mind. "We haven't half finished our conversation. I wonder when you will visit your friend again?"

"Next week."

"That is so distant and uncertain."

"Is it?" and she laughed. And then she gave him the invitation he meant she should.

"What a charming little creature!" he said to himself. "I wonder some of these country fellows do not find it out."

But Clyde Donovan with no fortune, was not quite so attractive, perhaps, as some of the rich farmers' daughters. But she was more fastidious. She was looking for, and dreaming of something she had not yet found.

She entered the house in a pretty flutter, to tell who was there, and how they were dressed, who brought this one, and who took that one home, and all the harmless little details that make so much of the talk of life.

But she had something better than this to think about. The books Mr. Bruce had spoken of, the poems he had mentioned, the glimpse into an existence higher and broader than her own, that she had dimly imagined. It even told Bessie and the wedding finery out of her mind.

In a few evenings, Mr. Bruce came over with a message for Bessie. He meant to be charming, for he thought a woman who was worth pleasing at all, worth some endeavor, at least. And he liked to kindle this sweet face into interest and animation. She was so guileless, so winsome, and never gave you the impression that she was weighing every word or look, to see how far it might be made to go. He had met a good many women, this Alton Bruce, and he had no fancy for being held to a strict account.

From that time, there was a great deal of going backwards and forwards from Farmer Donovan's to "Trainers." Mr. Bruce made excellent friends with Bessie. He was one of those men who are always ready to do a favor, yet never officious. Bessie declared him as good as a woman. He came for Clyde, or took her home; he spent evenings in reading to her, or they discussed topics that held a singular and vital interest for Clyde. All this, without any attentions that were positively lover-like. He prided himself considerably upon his honor; and then, too, he did have a strong interest elsewhere.

But Clyde, having no safeguard, and knowing little of the world—little of men, save what she had learned of one essentially noble and true, took this glitter for pure gold. Why not? We are all born with a certain faith and hard, cruel facts grind it out of us. And so, Clyde unconsciously translated these looks, these little, delicate attentions, and listened to the voice that fell into tender inflections unwittingly, without dreaming of any danger. Only that she grew happier, that her heart warmed with a strange interest, and her eyes deepened into musing softness, as if her soul was always lingering on the confines of a bewildering land.

The mill progressed rapidly. The machinery was brought up, loads of "stock;" cottages were planned for workmen, and one of the owners, a Mr. Moore, came to stay at "Trainers," for days together. Mr. Bruce was quite devoted to him. On those occasions, Clyde saw but very little of him, but she never marvelled. They expected to open in March, and Mr. Moore made arrangements to bring his family to the hotel, until he could suit himself with a house. Bessie's wedding was appointed for the last of February. Mark was to stand with Clyde. She had wished it could be Mr. Bruce.

The day came, as all days do, finally. Clyde had been staying nearly a week with Bessie. That very morning, Dr. McKinstry had been in congratulating her in his grave fashion. He glanced over by the window at Clyde, sewing some trifle. How lovely she had grown! Well, it was all right. Youth and love, and happiness were true companions. And he hoped she might be very happy.

Coming out, Mr. Bruce stood on the steps. They passed a cordial good-day. Somehow, Dr. McKinstry had never been able to like the young man thoroughly. He rated himself, now, for a little mean feeling—a narrow judgment, he was not in the habit of entertaining.

If he makes her happy—and Dr. McKinstry crowded down a great troublesome lump, that would rise in his throat. His mind reverted to the last time Clyde had shared this seat beside him—that delightful ride under the white moon, and through the white snow. And he said, again, with a dumb pain at his heart, that it was all right—as God meant it should be.

Clyde lived in a dream and a whirl all day. Such laughing and jesting, such confusion and bustling about; when, after all, everything was right and in its proper place, Bessie's attempts at sentiment continually breaking into some gay laugh.

"I ought to feel solemn, I suppose; but I don't," she said to Clyde. "I am real glad to marry James; and I have a pretty little home all in the nicest order. So why should I cry, when I can visit father and mother every day, if I like. It isn't separation."

"No," answered Clyde, dreamily. What folly to talk wedding-dull or sad. They were the happiest events of one's life. If any James, or—she filled the space with a vision—loved her, she should be glad to go.

The star-crowned night folded them in, and the lamps were lit. Guests began to gather. Merry-makings were nothing new at the hotel, but this was different from any other.

Clyde and Bessie, and said they were both fit for queens. Mr. Trainor went through a process of endearment not very wordy, but of deeper effect; James and Mark were admitted for a glimpse, and hosts of cousins who were "dying to see Bessie before she went down."

Clyde had some little last errand through the hall. A hand stopped her.

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!" A strange terror came over her.

"Forgive me! How lovely you look! One man here to-night is to be envied. No, I'm not going to echo the shallow platitudes about the bridegroom. I mean Mark Trainor. I wish I was in his place."

All this in a rapid whisper, that seemed but a breath. Clyde blushed and trembled. He saw the rift of color over by the dim light; he saw the quiver of the slender fingers, and just one instant he clasped her in his arms and kissed the fragrant lips vehemently.

She forgot what she wanted. She went back to the group, frightened, and breathless. Mark took her in charge, and the procession was marshalled down stairs. Clyde held Bessie's handkerchief and flowers, and that was all she remembered until the congratulations began.

Mr. Bruce was nearly the last. He kissed Bessie, and told James he was a fortunate as well as a happy man. Clyde stood with downcast eyes, her heart in a strange flutter. She almost hated the kisses that had come between his two.

Soon as possible, he engaged her for a quadrille. He could not monopolize her this evening, however. And then he had a friend to look after a little—Mr. Pembroke, who had come up from the city. But his eyes followed Clyde, and she felt proud of the oversight.

Quite late in the evening, tired and excited, Clyde stole into a quiet corner, by an open window. Some one was smoking without, on the long balcony, and talking low. She did not pay any attention to it, yet somehow these words caught her ear—"It will be your turn next, Bruce. It's lucky Kate's coming up here to look after you. These country lasses are very bewitching, and I'm afraid you've been indulging a trifle. That Miss Donovan is pretty."

"Yes; and yet not to be compared to Kate's regality. I don't lose my head so easily."

"They'll be up next week, and then adieu to charming flirtations. Make the best of it to-night, Al."

She heard them moving off. A chill and awful quiet fell over her, chaining her to the spot. The lights burned dimly, the music came to her as some echo a long way distant. The figures moving about were unreal and distorted in shape. Bessie, there in her flowing white robe, looked like a ghost. A thousand wild and fantastic thoughts rushed through her brain; she might have laughed or cried, if some icy terror had not clutched her with its fierce grasp.

She never knew how she came out of it all. Only, afterwards, she found herself laughing and talking, and even dancing; but it seemed some strange third person. She kept close to Mark. She prayed for the interminable night with its senseless revelry to come to an end. She wanted to go away in the darkness and had turned into shadowy fear. Said earth seemed slipping from beneath her feet.

She had her wish at last; but oh! the misery of the thinking! That faith should be dashed down at one blow! For if Alton Bruce could not such a base part, put on smiles that were such black treachery; utter words that must lead one astray, who was true? Was love anything but a bitter, mocking passion? She forgot Bessie's happy destiny. She could comprehend nothing but the ruin that had overtaken herself; for in her first despair it seemed final. It is so hard for youth to accept the evil of life.

She was very late down stairs the next morning. She hoped Mr. Bruce would be gone; but he and his friend sat chatting carelessly. His demeanor stung her into a defiant pride. He should know nothing of the wreck he had made. So she smilingly returned the banter, and forced herself to eat a little breakfast, and fast, that was tasteless and choking. Bessie was gay and important. Presently, she was going over to her own house, to take up the sceptre as mistress. She begged Clyde to come to dinner.

"No," said Clyde, wearily.

"Have we not you out? Suppose you lie down on the sofa in mother's room, and rest. You do look pale."

Clyde caught sight of Dr. McKinstry jogging along. Not with sleek Hero this time. She rose and went out, but instead of heeding Bessie's suggestion, stationed herself on the balcony. The wistful eyes attracted "Dr. McKinstry."

"Well, little reveller; if I come in, shall I be treated to cake and wine?"

"In abundance. Are you going home?"

"Back in that direction. Why? You look tired."

"I want to go home," she uttered the words with so mournful a pathos, that it startled him. And some great change had come over the lately radiant face.

"Well," he said, quietly, "get ready while I am drinking my wine and wishing the bride good luck."

There was a great outcry at Clyde's announcement. Bessie summed up all her arguments with—"Mark can take you any time. It's foolish to hurry off in this fashion."

"Mark will be very busy."

"As if I was not always at your service!" Mr. Bruce's voice was tenderly reproachful.

"You have been too kind already," was all she said.

It was such a comfort to be riding quietly homeward, feeling that all the strain and excitement were over. Rest and peace, no one could ever have peace again, but stillness and solitude. How wearisome a life was. She remembered then that her mother had died of consumption at twenty-two. She had always dreaded it, but she never should again. Dr. McKinstry watched her intently, and understood that she was going through some mental struggle, so he wisely forbore remark.

Milford settled into calm. Clyde went about her daily duties, waiting for something she dreaded, yet longed to have over, a sort of crisis that would put the seal to her fate. Mr. Bruce made a brief visit to the city, and returned with the Moores, and somehow before another week it was rumored he had been for some time engaged to Miss Moore. Clyde saw her in church, a tall, elegant woman, stylishly dressed, and with the air of a princess. She had no further call to meet Mr. Bruce, and he had no excuse for coming to her uncle's.

So that was the end.

All March, Clyde grew pale and thin. The warm days in April exhausted the little reder, at the place of import; the looms were soon in motion, and there was a more rapid and

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going through had not left her much. Now and then some family connection prophesied she would "go just like her mother." Clyde hoped in a dreary, bitter fashion, that she might. What cared she for May and the flowers, or for anything life could bring? Her day had burned itself out, leaving behind the gray ashes of desolation.

Dr. McKinstry, in his slow, cautious way, fathomed the secret. She little guessed then the keen pang it gave him, and how gladly he would have made her happy over the ruins of his own heart. For it had come to that—Clyde Donovan was the dearest thing life held for him. Dying for the lack of a little love, when he had so much to give her! He tried to rouse her in many ways. She was patient and grateful, but she did not care to live. The rest of death seemed to promise so much.

He brought her some roses one day, crimson with the deepening breath of summer. She was alone in the study parlor, lying on the sofa. Her voice was very sweet as she thanked him.

"If you would go out a little way with me," he said, his eyes pleading as strongly as his voice, "it would do you good."

"You are kind; but I don't care about it."

"No, that is the trouble. Clyde, do you know you are slaying God's best gift to you—life and health?"

"Is it the best gift?" Her eyes wandered out to the blue sky.

"Yes; for with it He sends everything else. Dear child, are you treating Him rightly, by thus refusing to be comforted?"

Something in Dr. McKinstry's eyes brought back a thought of the night he had taken her to Bessie's—the night she had first met Mr. Bruce. She took his hand and buried her soft face in it. He felt what she was scarcely conscious of—tears. And the voice was broken with which she said—"You know all?"

"I think I know all." His tones were low, and wonderfully tender. They thrilled her with a strange, quiet assurance, deeper than friendship. She even began to tremble for herself.

"And how weak I have been?"

"How weak you have been. The strongest of us faint at trials, sometimes. The wisest of us come to places where we believe the sun will never shine again. But God keeps that, and the strength, and giveth liberally when we ask Him."

"I believe I never have. Oh, Dr. McKinstry!"

As she raised her head, he took her in his arms. She made a faint struggle, but it was of no avail.

"I know you love me," she began, in a rapid, excited tone. "I wish I had a heart, and yet I don't want you to think any other passion broke my heart. When I found that was false, I believe I said I would trust no one—that there was no truth. And yet I don't know how far he was to blame. He never said a word but what might have passed for friendship. I was so weak."

"I watched it all. I thought he loved you. I would have given you up, if he had. But now I dare to love again—to hope a little. I am willing to take what is left. I believe I can nourish it into bloom and beauty."

"You are so good!" That was all she said for many minutes.

"Much older; tried with many sorrows, yet still believing in happiness. You can do so much for me. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," she said; "sometimes when I am stronger and better."

"You must let me help you to grow strong." She promised at last that she would. And all the rest of the summer he watched her with tenderest care. Mr. Bruce saw her growing radiant again under the influence of a truer and better love.

J. D. LANG ON THE TARIFF.

The amount of wool raised in Great Britain in the year 1800, was estimated to be 92,000,000 lbs. A duty of 12 cents per lb. was laid on imported wool, for the encouragement of wool raising at home. In the year 1828, the yield was estimated at 111,000,000 lbs., an increase of only 19,000,000 lbs. in 28 years. In that year the landholders and farmers complained that the duty was too low, and petitioned Parliament for an increase the better to protect the wool-grower. Much time was spent and the whole subject of protection was investigated, and every interest, by request of Parliament, was represented and fully heard. The consequence was, all duty was removed from the raw material, (wool, &c.) and protection given to the labor of her workshops. This policy she has pursued to the present day, making hers the workshop of the world.

The result of the policy adopted by Parliament of admitting wool free of duty, was shown in 1850, when the yield of wool amounted to 275,000,000 lbs., an increase of 163,000,000 lbs. in 22 years, against the 19,000,000 lbs. in 28 years, when the duty was 12 cents per lb. Notwithstanding this great increase of production, prices of wool steadily advanced after the duty was taken off, owing to the rapid revival of manufacturing.

France and other nations, seeing the prosperity of England under her new policy, soon adopted it, removed the duty and admitted all wool to be imported by their manufacturers free of duty, protecting labor only. The result has been similar to that of England.

Under this policy, England, in 1850 manufactured \$180,000,000 worth of woollens; France \$200,000,000 worth, and the United States only \$43,000,000 worth. The same year, the wool imported into the United States cost about \$1,600,000, while woolen cloth imported cost about \$17,000,000, which difference between imported wool and woolen fabrics would be about a fair average for the ten years from 1840 to 1850, when the duty on wool was from 4 cents per lb. to 30 and 40 per cent ad valorem.

During these ten years, under the operation of the tariff of 1836, domestic wool averaged very low in price; the woolen mills had nearly all lost their first capital and were chiefly idle in 1856.

In 1857, Congress removed the duty on all the imported wool costing 20 cents per lb. and under, at the place of import; the looms were soon in motion, and there was a more rapid and

man here to-night is to be envied. No, I'm not going to echo the shallow platitudes about the bridegroom. I mean Mark Trainor. I wish I was in his place."

All March, Clyde grew pale and thin. The warm days in April exhausted the little reder, at the place of import; the looms were soon in motion, and there was a more rapid and

petticoated priests. It seems something unreal that powerful liberal nations like those of Great Britain and the United States, whose Governments extend to the spiritual subjects of Rome the utmost toleration and treat them with every consideration and respect, should have indignities offered to them of such a fashion. Our Protestant clergy do not go to Rome to make converts of Romans. They go to edify people of their own language and faith, who have made Rome a temporary residence. They have a right to do this, by all recognized rules of international comity. If their Government on their behalf do not assert that right, then it fails in its duty. That is the sum of the story. It is hardly worth quarreling with a sovereignty in the last stages of its existence; and it is always a painful and invidious thing for strong powers to attempt what may appear like coercion in their dealings with weak ones. And yet we do not think that the representatives of the United States and England were justified in accepting, without an emphatic protest, the invitation of the Pope or his Cardinal Minister of State to remove their places of worship beyond the corporate limits of Rome. The invitation was an insult, and none the less so that it was offered by a powerless ruler. It was an invitation given on the back of the French evacuation of the city, implying, in the most direct way, that American and English Protestants had been indebted to the Imperial occupation for the little semblance of toleration they enjoyed. It was doubly an affront, in view of the kindly and conciliatory policy which the liberal Powers of both hemispheres have pursued in smoothing the way for an understanding between Italy and Rome. It was a contemptibly ungrateful act, in view of the perfect equality between Roman Catholics and Protestants, under the administration of the two great Protestant Governments of the world.

In every sense—and from every point of view that we can think of—it is humiliating for us to read of our representative being obliged to slink outside of the walls of Rome, along with his fellow-countrymen and fellow-religionists, like so many conspirators, before they can read the Book of Common Prayer, or open the New Testament, as a worshippers congregation, of a Sabbath morning—while here, on every hand rise gorgeous Roman Catholic edifices, surrounded with all the appendages and endowments of a recognized hierarchy. The thing hardly admits of reasoning. It is one simply for un-paring and unqualified denunciation. [New York Times.]

Waterville Mail.

WPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 8, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. K. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Boston, Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 60 Cedar Street, New York; T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

HOW WILL IT LOOK?—The present law of this State prohibits marriage between whites and blacks. A movement has been made in the legislature to remove this restriction, so that any man, black or white, may select a wife to his own liking, whatever complexion he may prefer, provided she agrees to it. A few days ago the house voted to postpone the subject indefinitely, leaving the restriction as it is. A motion to reconsider has not yet been acted upon, so far as we have noticed. As this matter now stands it puts Maine in rather a curious position on the "nigger subject generally." Nobody can conclude that the members who have voted thus are in favor of giving the negro the privilege of voting.

LATER.—The motion to reconsider was lost—the member from Waterville, we are sorry to say—voting with the member from Fairfield in the negative. Next week we shall give our readers a little of the brilliant light thrown upon this subject by some of the wise ones.

THE NATION.—We invite attention to the advertisement of this sterling paper, in another column, promising to say more of it hereafter. Specimen copies of this paper—which is already well and widely known, principally, however, through extracts from its columns—may be seen at Henrickson's bookstore, where subscriptions are received and single copies sold.

THE BANKRUPT BILL. failed of a passage in the U. S. Senate, on Thursday, 20 to 22, but a motion to reconsider was entered.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

Our usually quiet village was the scene of quite a "row" on Saturday afternoon last. It seems that a certain few individuals had congregated at one of the Confectionery shops and were raffling for beer, or something else, when an altercation ensued, and blows were exchanged, upon which the combatants were ejected from the shop. A crowd was collected, parties formed, and at one time it seemed as though a general melee was inevitable; but upon the appearance of a very athletic man upon the board, upon one side, the other side seemed to think that wisdom was the better part of valor, and that "he that fights and runs away may live to fight another day." So they subsided.

The variety store of O. G. & S. Flood was burglariously entered on Saturday night last, and some two hundred dollars worth of cloths taken therefrom. The goods were found on Monday morning, about one half mile from the store, covered up in a snow bank. The burglars have not been discovered.

We are glad to see that the seed of patriotism remains in the hearts of our Fairfield neighbors. We have not forgotten how some of their good works, in the dark days of trial, thrilled and cheered the heart of this community; and any token that the soldier is not forgotten, now that his work is ended, is likely to bring "healing upon its wings" where it is sown. Even Waterville may profit by their example. [We thank "Citizen" for believing that we shall aid this enterprise by publishing all notices that will do it good. Our citizenship is where our friends are.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We are going to have a "leave" at this place, in about two weeks, for the benefit of the Soldier's Monument Association. We expect it will be a "big thing." Last Saturday evening there was a meeting of the citizens to choose an executive committee. This committee has appointed the sub-committees, and the whole machinery is now in motion. We will not mention the names of the committee in our village, for they have already received notice of their appointment. But, this being a town affair, we fear there may be some of the committees who will receive no notice of their appointment unless you are kind enough to insert this article in your paper, which has quite an extensive circulation in our town.

At Fairfield Meeting House, the following named ladies are on the committee to solicit refreshments, viz—Mrs. Chas. Morrill, and Miss Orinda Tobey. At Nye's Corner, on the same committee, are Miss Mary Nye, Miss Rebecca Nye and Mrs. Daniel Chase. At Larone Mills, Mrs. A. N. Greenwood, and Conforth and Mrs. Sylvanus Covill. At Somerset Mills, Miss Mary A. Rideout and Mrs. A. P. Webb.

This leave will probably continue four or five evenings. There will be theatrical performances each evening. The Governor is expected to be present one evening. All are invited to attend and contribute liberally for this noble object.

Yours &c. CITIZEN.

Kendall's Mills Feb. 6th, 1867.

THE AUBURN MURDER.—The Lewiston Journal says that a negro and a white man have been arrested as the murderers of the two ladies in Auburn. The negro has made a full confession of his participation in the crime, but the white man denies knowing anything about it. The former is a shoemaker, about 20 years old, who has been at work at West Auburn for several months past. The Journal says that for some time past a shrewd detective from N. York has been engaged in unraveling the mysteries of the murder, and that these arrests have resulted from his efforts. From the Journal's brief details it looks as though the real authors of this terrible crime have been secured.

The President and prominent Southerners at Washington, it is said, have agreed upon a compromise scheme which denies the right of a State to secede; repudiates the rebel debt but holds the national debt sacred and inviolate; guarantees the rights of citizenship to all the inhabitants without distinction of race or color; excludes from representation all who are forbidden to vote by the laws of any State, on account of race or color; and provides that every male citizen, a year in the State and six months in the country, immediately preceding an election, and who can read the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution in the English language, and can write his name, and is the owner of \$250 worth of taxable property, shall be entitled to vote; provided that no person who heretofore voted shall be excluded from voting.

TWO GOOD PAPERS, at a very low price, can be obtained by subscribing for the *New York Evening Post* and the *American Agriculturist*. They are both so well known, and each so good of its kind, that we consider it hardly necessary to say a word in praise of either. The *Agriculturist* is a monthly journal of the highest character, improving every year; and the *Evening Post* is a high-toned political paper, with a large share of its contents carefully made up for family reading—stories, literary articles, etc. With the weekly edition of the *Post*, the two papers can be had for \$2.50 a year; with the semi-weekly, for \$4.00. Address Wm. C. Bryant & Co., 41 Nassau St., or Orange Judd & Co., 41 Park Row, New York.

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, late of Augusta has been installed over the First Church and Shepard Congregational Society of Cambridge, Mass.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for February is embellished with a charming rural picture entitled "Homeward Bound," and a fine portrait of Mary, wife of Dr. Adam Clark, the great commentator. We heartily endorse what is said of this magazine in a notice of the January number: "Those wishing a monthly ever maintaining a pure and elevating literature, eminently adapted to the wants of the Christian family, mingling the graceful and beautiful with the solid and substantial, will find all this combined in the Repository." Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

"THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE AND FLORICULTURE."—Since our notice of last week, through the kindness of the publishers, we have received the January number of this new monthly. The following is a list of the contents:—Introduction: Spring Flowers; Grapes in 1866; On Garden Architecture; The Plants of Our Woods and Fields; Flowers in Cities (Things New and Old); Pear Culture; The Horticultural Value of the Crow; Table Decorations; Culture of Roses in Pots, and Facing; Improved Culture of Hyacinths in Water; Hydrangea for Out-Door Decoration; Literary Notices.

This publication is elegantly printed and beautifully embellished, and cannot fail to satisfy persons of the highest culture and most critical taste. Our copy is at the service of any who would like to examine the work, with the intention of subscribing. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE GALAXY for Feb. 15th, contains, among other good things, the commencement of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's promised story, "Waiting for the Verdict." Published fortnightly by W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row, New York, at \$5 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The January number to our address must have been lost in the great snow storm, for it did not reach us; but the February issue has arrived safely, with a rich freight of good things for the little folks—Hawthorne's Blossoms, Rhymes for the children, Story of the Cattle the Tin-Worker, Ned's New Year's Resolution, Harry's Fortune, Cooking a Ghost, by Sophie May, Monthly Chat, etc., etc., with numerous illustrations. "Merry's Museum" always has been a favorite with the little folks and probably always will be. Published by E. H. Wales, 172 William St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE NURSERY.—The second number of this charming little Monthly, for the week folk is out with the nicest little stories in short, syllables, and rhymes that jingle musically. It furnishes capital reading for beginners, which is renewed every month, and thus never tires. It must be just the thing for teachers, and Miss Scovens, the editor, requests us to say that specimen copies will be sent free to teachers and school committees, to whom, if they subscribe, the price will be reduced. We cannot mention it to parents for their younger children, to whom a large share of the contents of the other juvenile magazines is incomprehensible and therefore uninteresting. Published by Alexander Williams, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for Feb. 9, contains an interesting sketch of Wainwright (James Weathercock), the poisoner, written by Charles Dickens; a translation from L'Espion's "An Obscure Passage in Garibaldi's Life," and other articles of interest. This work is rapidly gaining popularity, and deserves so, we think. Published weekly by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year. Sold by all periodical dealers.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for February has a steel engraving of touching interest, entitled "The Sailor Boy's Dream," and the usual colored fashion plate and music engravings. The number is full of good stories, &c., including a continuation of Mrs. Wood's "Orville's Child," from the German. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year, with premium engravings.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The January number has the following table of contents:—Our Naval Defences—where are we; Nina Balakata—the story of a Maiden of Prague—conclusion; Sir William Parker, the Admiral of the Fleet; Conington's Translation of the *Enzyklopaedia Oxiwordi*; The Campaign in Western Germany; Women and Children in America; Brownings—Part I; Who are the Reformers, and what do they want?

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the two Reviews, \$7; any three of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$12; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood's Monthly and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

THE MAINE NORMAL for February, a well filled number, is out. It improves, as was to be expected, with each succeeding number. Published by J. Weston Swift & Co., Farmington, at \$1.50 a year.

NORTHERN LIGHTS for Feb. 9 contains a continuation of "Neighbors' Wives," and the beginning of another story by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, entitled "Flinging to Tarshish," with "Among New York Restaurants," etc.

Published weekly by The American News Company, New York, and Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$3 for six months.

WOOL.—On our first page, we give a strong article from the pen of John D. Lang, in relation to the tariff. However much we may differ with the writer in regard to this or that point in the proposed tariff, his experience as a manufacturer and his broad and comprehensive views of commercial matters entitle him to a careful and candid hearing. The manufacturer has no separate interest from the wool grower and the laborer, and Congress must see to it that these three classes are compelled to divide equally the profits expected to be derived from the tariff on wool and woolsens.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply at the stock market, this week, is reported fair, and the Boston Advertiser says that "while there is little change in the prices of the best qualities of either mutton or beef, the common grades of the latter are higher, and of the former lower than last week." The liberal supply of frozen beef and mutton operates to keep prices down. Extra beef is quoted at 13 1/2 to 13 3/4; first quality, 13 to 13 1/4; second, 12 to 12 3/4; third, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2. Gideon Wells sold Maine oxen at 12 1/2 to 35 sk, average live weight 1581; 5 cattle at 9 1/2 to 40 sk. Sheep 4 to 6c; extra 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; in lots, \$1.50 to 5.50 per head.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, a first class paper, and in our opinion the best one published in that city, can be had at the lowest club rates on application at Mr. B. Platt's store in our village.

The editor[s] of the Waterville Mail will please refer to his [their] paper of Jan. 25th, and see a report of three lectures at or about Kendall's Mills, and then draw an inference, if he [they] can.—[Both Times.]

With no premises to stand on we cannot draw an inference. Our paper of that date contained no such report. Try again, brother.

THE HALLOWELL GAZETTE this notices the lecture of Mr. Whitehouse, a recent graduate of Waterville College:—

The third lecture of the course was delivered by W. P. Whitehouse, Esq., of Augusta. His subject was "The Duties of American Scholars at this Period." His lecture was well written, and delivered with much force and eloquence. Mr. W. is a gentleman just commencing the practice of the law in Augusta, and bids fair to make his mark, both as a lawyer and a speaker.

THE NEW NOVELIST.—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* thus refers to an important and interesting literary event:—

In this century of magazines, new authors are more and more likely to make their first bow to the public in a periodical than in a book. If the new writer's "serial" has attracted attention it is re-issued as a book, and if the writer should then prefer, he or she can afterwards easily find a publisher without the "serial" preliminary. Sometimes this first appearance is by several short productions instead of one long one. Henry Ward Beecher, for instance, is at present vigorously at work upon his first book. It is true that several volumes have been issued with his name upon their title pages; but all these have been compilations of paragraphs, newspaper articles, sermons or lectures. Hawthorne, again, wrote many short magazine stories and sketches before venturing upon a story of book size.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, whose novel "Waiting for the Verdict," begins in *The Galaxy*, for February, 15th, has already made these introductory experiments. Her powerful and vividly realistic stories of "Life in the Iron Mills," and "Margaret Howth," in *The Atlantic*, attracted a great deal of attention. Indeed, those two papers alone placed her at once high among our writers of real life romance.

A real new novel is a literary epoch. We earnestly hope "Waiting for the Verdict," which we have seen in advance of publication—show plainly that the writer is devoting to this book the best of her thought, her knowledge of life, and her beliefs about humanity. It is more over the first novel by an author of real power, in which the war or its principles become constituent forces. Unless the succeeding portions of the work fall below its beginning, it will apparently typify the new relations and conditions of the times of men in the United States during and since the Rebellion, with as much force, breadth, intensity and truth, as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," gave to the picture of things as they were before the war. Indeed, if the story fulfills its promise, *The Galaxy* will deserve forthrightly thanks for some time to come from the reading people of the country.

Mrs. Davis is at present residing in Philadelphia, but is, we believe, a native of Wheeling. Her career in print has not been very long, but she holds high rank among the remarkable array of powerful female writers of English romance of the present age.

The Richmond Times thinks Texas is getting to be about the only place fit for Southern gentlemen to live in. It eulogizes the Lone Star thus:—

"There the negroes have not been demoralized by the Freedmen's Bureau and the school-masters. The climate, too, of this magnificent State, although salubrious in the extreme, has been found unhealthy to the few straggling Yankee letter-writers and meddling niggerphobists who have ventured there in quest of mischief. They have, in many instances when they have stirred up ill-feeling between the races, been mysteriously devoured by wolves and bears, or scalped by the Camanches. The settlers in Texas have bitterly deplored those accidents, but they have not been able to prevent them!"

A correspondent of the Newport (R. I.) News gives the following account of the origin of the name "Idle Wild," which he had from the lips of the former proprietor:—

"It was a portion of the farm of Nathaniel Sands, a lovely, kindly, gentle old man whose sweet, persuasive words from the High Seat of the Quaker meeting have won many hearts to the peaceful faith he had espoused. He decided to sell the tract to Willis, naming some very moderate sum of money as its price, because, Nathaniel, it is only an idle wild! 'I will take it,' said Willis, 'and it shall be called Idle Wild!'"

A Washington dispatch states that the New Orleans investigating committee are ready to report. Their bill will embody the appointment of a provisional governor, and a provisional legislature, who shall arrange for the election of provisional legislative and executive officers, by the votes of loyal men, without regard to color; excludes rebels from the exercise of the franchise, or holding office; renders invalid all acts of the legislature, until submitted and approved by Congress; gives the provisional government one delegate in Congress; and provides that those entitled to vote as above stated, shall be authorized to adopt a constitution, republican in form and not discriminating on account of race or color, and to apply for admission, or restoration, to congressional privileges.

SMARTER YET.—We did not know there were so many smart old ladies—God bless them!—in the State, as appears from the record we have recently given in our columns, to which we have now to add another. A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Mary Wyman of North Vassalboro', a widow lady 87 years of age, has spun the past summer two hundred and fifty-four skeins of yarn, (spinning skeins a day part of the time,) wove one hundred and thirty-five yards of cloth, all of it being over one yard wide, knit fifteen pairs of stockings, doubled and twisted fifty skeins of stocking yarn, besides doing considerable sewing, &c. Verily, more work than a hundred fashionable young ladies could do in a whole year!—[Maine Farmer.]

Richard T. Cox, a Georgetown rebel who was pardoned last summer and whose property was restored to him by executive order, in December last, began suit against Mrs. Wade, the Home for Colored Orphans and Aged Women, for the use and abuse of his house without his consent. He sues for \$10,000.

Maine Legislature.

On Thursday, Jan. 31, in the Senate an order was passed relating to the law regarding auctions and auctioneers. A large number of petitions were presented. The interest bill was again discussed and passed to be engrossed without a division.

In the House orders were adopted relating to the following subjects: the law of divorce; the powers of constable in certain cases; taxing foreign insurance companies; industrial school for girls; the liquor law; and the binding of the Adjutant General's Report. Several bills of some interest were reported. The bill to incorporate the city of Saco was passed in concurrence; also the bills relating to the Androscoggin Railroad Company. The bill to allow persons of different races to marry was laid on the table.

On Friday, in the Senate, the 500 copies of the Adjutant General's Report, bound in cloth, were ordered to be bound in a more substantial manner. A large number of reports from committees were made, but no business of special importance was transacted.

In the House, orders were passed relating to a bill to raise a select committee on capital punishment; and relating to refuse lumber on the Kennebec river. The order relating to the management of the Insane Hospital came back from the Senate and was tabled. A large number of reports on various subjects were made. The bill to remove the disability to marry between persons of different races was indefinitely postponed by one majority, but a motion to reconsider was entered and assigned for Wednesday. The Fairfield representative is recorded in favor of the indefinite postponement of this bill, but our own representative voted, as we think, more in consonance with the spirit of the age and consistent republican principles.

On Saturday, in the Senate, an order was passed relating to the law for imprisonment on account of non-payment of taxes. The other business was unimportant except locally.

In the House, orders were passed relating to the establishment of the office of chaplain of the State Prison and the pauper law. A bill was reported fixing the salary of the Adjutant General; also some public bills. A large number of bills were ordered to be engrossed.

On Monday, in the Senate an order was passed directing inquiry into the expediency of an enlargement and improvement of the State House. The Governor sent in a copy of the notes on the survey of the Penobscot river by U. S. Engineers. The other business in both branches was of little interest.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the order relating to imprisonment for debt was passed with the House amendment, striking out from the title the words, "that relief of barbarism." Resolves relating to reconstruction, were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. The bill additional to incorporate the Ticonic Water Power Company was discussed and passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the order relating to enlargement of the State House was laid on the table. Orders were passed relating to the sale of oats, and the fees of certain officers. The interest bill was debated. The House amended it by leaving the legal rate at 6 per cent, but allowing parties to agree upon any rate higher or lower, refused by ten majority to postpone the bill indefinitely, and then refused it a passing vote.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the Committee on Printing reported a contract with Messrs. Stevens & Hayward. Other proceedings were unimportant.

In the House, an order relating to a removal of the seat of government to Bangor, was referred to the next Legislature. A large number of committee reports were made, and other routine business was transacted. The motion to reconsider the vote indefinitely postponing bill to repeal the act prohibiting inter-marriage of races was debated at length, and lost, yeas 44, nays 77.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The Emperor of the French, a Paris despatch says, will soon issue a decree granting perpetual right to hold social and Religious meetings. Garibaldi discomfited any rising at Rome, and has written a note discouraging the scheme for the present.

The Paris newspaper, *La Presse*, in Saturday's issue, expressed the opinion that the presence of the American squadron in the Mediterranean serves only to complicate the Eastern question. A despatch from Athens of the 1st instant says that it is impossible for the government of Greece to prevent volunteers from leaving for Crete. Fifteen hundred soldiers have just departed to aid their struggling brethren in that island. Advice received in London on the 2d instant from the continent state that it is officially announced that Maximilian will remain in Mexico if the Congress soon to assemble in that country will sustain him. On the subject of reform a despatch says:—"It is now certain that the Queen in her speech at the opening of Parliament will propose reform measures." A despatch of the 2d says:—"It is now said that the plans of the government do not embrace the introduction of a reform bill. The subject of reform will be merely recommended."

Latest despatches from Europe speak of further complications in the East. It is said that much bitterness is manifested in London by the people, growing out of the treatment of the reform question in the speech from the throne.

ATTACK UPON A NEW ORLEANS UNIONIST.—A Washington despatch states that a crew named Moliere, a staunch Unionist in New Orleans, who acted as a deputy for the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives while the Congressional Committee was in that city investigating the riot affair, was recently attacked by a party of scoundrelly thugs, who cut him with knives and nearly killed him. He will probably survive. No successful effort has been made to apprehend his assailants, and it is supposed that they are concealed by political friends. The attack was made on account of the assistance rendered to the Committee by him in ferreting out the truth.

Gon. Grant has recently enclosed to the Secretary of War a communication from Gen. Sherman upon the subject of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department. He says the latter shows an urgent necessity for the immediate transfer of the Indian Bureau, to the War Department and abolition of civil Indian agents and licensed traders. He says, if the present practice is to be continued, I don't see that any course is left open to us but to withdraw our troops to the settlements and call upon Congress to provide means and troops to carry on formidable hostilities against the Indians.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.—General Sherman's racy letters to General Grant's chief of staff have been published by the government, giving Sherman's views on affairs in the far West. Among other things the Lieutenant-General delivers as follows; on the Indian troubles on the plains:—

"Ever since the California emigration this road has been travelled as common as the old national road, and the Indians kept clear of it; since then all the Sioux have been driven west from Minnesota and the Missouri river, and the mountain region of Montana, Colorado and Utah is being settled up with gold miners and rancheros, so that the poor Indian finds himself hemmed in. The Indian agents over the Missouri tell him to come over here for hunting, and from here he is turned to some other quarter; and so the poor devil naturally wiggles against his doom. The settlements of Montana and Colorado seem now to be too strong for the Indians, who turn on our roads, when the trains string out and often scatter and straggle from the trains. Everybody, by travelling days or weeks without seeing an Indian, thinks it all humbug, and rides off always and finds himself surrounded and gone....

"The great difficulty is that the Indians, though classed as Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, &c., are not acting in bands, but the older Indians generally profess friendship and an inability to restrain their young braves, who go off on their own hook and commit these acts of murder and horse-stealing. They will sign any treaty for the sake of the annuities, but care no more for their part of the contract than if it were waste paper. There is a universal feeling of mistrust on both sides, and this will sooner or later result in a general outbreak. The whites who are looking for gold kill Indians just as they would kill beasts, and they also pay no regard for treaties; so that I see no good resulting from these treaties so long as the Indians themselves do not profess to be bound by them further than they are to their individual interest.

"We must go on as now, until by law all the Indians are put in our control—a thing that must be done sooner or later."

BRUTAL OUTRAGE IN TEXAS.—A New Orleans special says Captain Tremble, formerly an officer of an Illinois regiment, engaged in planting in Bowie County, Texas, was recently shot and wounded by citizens of that county. He went to New Orleans for assistance, and returned with twenty cavalry to find his wife and child driven from home and the negroes who had been working for him manacled and driven through the streets. The rioters were so numerous that the small force of cavalry were forced to fall back. Mrs. Tremble died of the effects of her exposure, and the captain was in a precarious condition.

It is known to persons resident here, though perhaps not in the country generally, that John H. Surratt had a brother Isaac who was in the rebel army during the war. It has just come to light that this brother went to Mexico immediately after the downfall of the rebellion. Nothing was known of him until October, 1865, when General Sheridan, then and now at New Orleans, learned that he had appeared in Monterey and crossed into Texas, with the avowed intention of coming to Washington to assassinate the President. General Steele, in command of the frontier very soon confined the intelligence, and the Secretary of War thereupon felt justified in placing a guard about the White House, which was kept for some time. No intimation of the matter was given to the President, as it was feared he would refuse such protection. He finally got the idea into his head that the guard were detectives, and called the Secretary to account in violent language. This led to an explanation, and subsequent withdrawal of the guard.—[Washington Corr. Bos. Adv.]

General Alcorn, United States senator elect from Mississippi, addressed the legislature of that State on the 29th inst., advising them to accept the amendment to the Constitution as the least of congressional evils. A unanimous vote rejecting it was the response.

General Thomas, in his evidence in relation to the murder of the Maine soldiers, gives his opinion that a supervisory military power over the civil courts in the South is necessary to the protection of the freedmen.

A COOL FARMER.—We have seen and heard of cool proceedings ere this, but the conduct of the Vermont agriculturist was positively "iced." He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who contrary to his own expectations after seeing it weighed, stayed to see it unloaded. But a few forks were off, when a bouncing rock rolled from off the load; then another, and then a third came bang upon the floor.

"What's this?" inquired the buyer in a loud voice.

"Most all herd-grass this year," replied the deaf man.

"But, see here," continued the other, pointing to the boulders arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman; "What does all this mean?"

"Shan't out nigh so much hay this year as I did last," replied the dealer in herd-grass.

Just as he had finished the last sentence down thundered a rousing chunk of granite making a deep indentation in the barn-floor with one of its sharp angles.

"I say neighbor N.," screamed the purchaser of granite, "I want to know what in thunder—these are?" pointing to the boulders and the big lump of granite.

Old N. took up a mighty forkful of the herd-grass, gave it a toss into the hayloft, then, leaning upon his fork, ejecting his huge quid of tobacco, and replacing it with a fresh one, he took a view of the fragments of stone wall that lay before him, and with one of the blandest smiles, he replied—

"Them is rocks."

The French government, acting for the great European powers, is engaged in framing reforms favoring the interests of Christianity in Turkey.

The mail steamer from Rio Janeiro brings the news that the Emperor of Brazil has resolved to increase his armies and carry on the war against Paraguay with renewed vigor.

According to Spaniards in Paris all Spain desires a revolution, but the country is not unanimous as to what government should be substituted for the present one. A large part of the population, and, perhaps, the most energetic, continues to be desirous of placing the King of Portugal on the Spanish throne, being united to Spain.

The Bangor Whig says that the trustees of the Agricultural College met in that city on Wednesday, Jan. 30, and chose Hon. Phineas Barnes of Portland president, and established his salary at \$3,000.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Fry's Building, Main St., Waterville.
E. H. MAXHAM. DANIEL WING.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

CUSTOMER NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

Western Mail delivered daily at 9:55 A.M. Closes at 9:40 A.M.
August 11, 1866. 9:55 A.M. 9:40 A.M.
Eastern 11, 1866. 9:55 A.M. 9:40 A.M.
Northwestern 11, 1866. 9:55 A.M. 9:40 A.M.
Southwestern 11, 1866. 9:55 A.M. 9:40 A.M.
Monday and Friday 8:00 A.M. 8:00 A.M.
and leaves at 2:00 P.M. on Sunday and closes at 12 M.
Office Hours—From 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

There is a slight difference between dinner for nothing, and nothing for dinner.
Bill went into a hardware store. "You keep all sorts of nails here?" said he to the gentleman behind the counter.
"Yes, my little man, all sorts of nails," said the man.
"I'll take a pound of too-nails if you please," said Bill.
"I'll take a pound of too-nails down in a heavy box," said Bill.

"What was Eve made for?" Adam's Express Company.
Fashionable parties are now called "daughtercultural shows."

An object of "interest"—A girl whose interest is three thousand dollars a year.

Quare. Does a Canadian go barefoot when he has snow shoes?

A dangerous female? Minnie Riffe.
The Voice of Winter—Snow balling.

John Reed of Portland is at work on a poem of considerable length, which will shortly be published.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

Many a person has presented Crosby with five dollars who would not give his neighbor a dollar to prevent his freezing.—EX.

St. Regis, an Indian village on the St. Lawrence, was submerged one night last week by an "ice-shower."

Prince Alfred and Prince James are to contend for the championship of the seas. The wealthy will of course be the victor (yacht again).

Joel Lindsey, the clergyman who whipped his little boy to death in Shelby, N. Y., has been sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison at Auburn for four years and three months.

Mr. Solomon Cunningham, of Swanville, dropped dead in the road, near his residence, on Tuesday last. His age was about eighty.

The Chicago papers now say the opera house lottery was nothing more nor less than gambling. Of course it was not; but they did not say so beforehand.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a conserb wit.

Edwin C. Record of Lewiston has been bound over for trial for cruelty and torturing a horse. We learn from the Journal.

Parties at Pittsfield are to build a first class stone dam on the river at that place this season. It is contemplated to build a factory at that place.—Argus.

It is estimated that there will be stored from 75,000 to 100,000 tons of ice on the Kennebec river this winter.

The course of the political majority in Maryland is so obnoxious to the loyalists of the country that many members of Congress are strongly of opinion that the Naval Academy should be moved from Annapolis to some loyal State, and a resolution instructing the naval committee to inquire into the expediency of making the removal was put through the House recently by 108 to 35.

OVER-EXERCITION, either of body or mind, produces debility and disease. The usual remedy is to take some stimulant, the effect of which is the same as giving a tired horse the whip instead of the oats. The true way is to fortify the system with a permanent tonic like the Peruvian Syrup, (a protoxide of iron), which gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

Our fair readers who may be annoyed by the men folk savoring of the shop on return from daily service, are recommended to lay in a stock of the STEAM REFINED CASTLE SOAP of Messrs. Leatle & Gore. It is a perfect toilet deodorizer.

CARD.

WATERVILLE ENGINE CO., No. 2, Tender their sincere thanks to the members of Treadwell Engine Co., No. 1, for their generous cooperation with us in the management of our engine. They may rest assured, that when opportunity offers, they will find "Three's Boys" ready to reciprocate the favor.

They desire, also, to acknowledge with gratitude the beautiful contributions and liberal patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Waterville and vicinity, who have so graciously patronized the engine.

G. B. BROAD, Clerk.
Waterville, Feb. 4th, 1867.

NOTICES.

A COUGH, A COLD, OR A SORE THROAT.
Requires immediate attention and should be checked. If allowed to continue, it is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.
Troches are used with always good success.

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS
will find TROCHES useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy in a test of many years, each year and then in the most successful manner better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the worthless imitations that may be offered. Sold EVERYWHERE.

Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer.
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL COMPLAINTS.

At this period there are few of the human race unacquainted with the merits of the Pain Killer; but those who do not know it, or who do not know its value, are in a sad state of ignorance. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is equally successful, whether used externally or internally, and it stands alone, unrivaled by all the great catalogues of Family Medicines, and its sale is universal and immense. The demand for it from India and other foreign countries is equal to the demand at home, and it has become known in these far off places by its merits.

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HALL'S VEGETABLE

SCICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Hall's Vegetable Hair Renower.

Restores Gray Hair to its Original Color!
Prevents its falling off!
Makes the Hair Smooth and Glossy!
It does not stain the skin!
It has proved itself the best preparation ever presented to the public.

Give it a trial. Price \$1.00.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. Proprietors.
For sale by all druggists.

No. 4.
Dr. Schenck's Lung Doctor.

Dr. Schenck's Lung Doctor is a certain cure for all the most dangerous and distressing diseases of the lungs, whether it be Tuberculosis, Consumption, or any other disease of the lungs, and whether it is in the early or advanced stage.

It requires constant and long practice to become familiar with every sound and rattling of a diseased lung, and to get a healthy action of the lungs, when, by a close examination with the stethoscope, it is found that it is an affection of the bronchial tubes, and by getting a healthy action of the lungs, it is found that it is an affection of the bronchial tubes, and by getting a healthy action of the lungs, it is found that it is an affection of the bronchial tubes.

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For Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

approved and used by our oldest and most celebrated physicians for fifty years past. Get the genuine.

REED, CUTLER & CO., Fruggis, Boston, Proprietors.
Address DR. S. S. FITCH'S, 25 Tremont Street, Boston.

"FAMILY PHYSICIAN,"
Seventy six pages; price 25 cents. Sent to any address. No money required until the book is received, read, and fully approved. It is a perfect guide to the sick or indisposed.

Address DR. S. S. FITCH'S, 25 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE COUGH AND LUNG REMEDY, for every family to keep on hand.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.
It will everywhere give satisfaction. Read the following extracts from letters:
L. B. Woods, Druggist, Uniontown, Penn., writes, April 4, 1866, "Allen's Lung Balsam has performed some remarkable cures about here. I recommend it with confidence in all diseases of the Throat and Lungs."

STERNING BROS., Druggists, write from Carrollton, January 27, 1866, "Send us six dozen ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. We are entirely out of it. It gives more general satisfaction, than any other medicine we sell."

Sold by Wm. Hyer and I. H. Low, and by all dealers in Family Medicines.

WEBSTER TRIUMPHANT.
The Victory over the Throat.

restores gray or faded hair in four weeks to its original color. It is the best hair restorer and growth promoter. It cures all diseases of the scalp. It keeps the head clean and cool. It makes the hair grow and stay in its falling. It promises only what it can perform. It is not a humbug, as thousands can testify. It is increasing in popularity. It is the best hair restorer and growth promoter. It cures all diseases of the scalp. It keeps the head clean and cool. It makes the hair grow and stay in its falling. It promises only what it can perform. It is not a humbug, as thousands can testify. It is increasing in popularity. It is the best hair restorer and growth promoter. It cures all diseases of the scalp. It keeps the head clean and cool. It makes the hair grow and stay in its falling. It promises only what it can perform. It is not a humbug, as thousands can testify. It is increasing in popularity. It is the best hair restorer and growth promoter. 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