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Maxham & Wing

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HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It's only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
"Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek."
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In the herd on the clover-green;
They were startled and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From waters round a bed
Rat rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!

[From the Atlantic Monthly for February.]

OUR FOUR SERVANTS.

The freedpeople have always been rather a mythical class to me. Born and reared in Massachusetts, I have known little of the colored race except through the newspapers and the antislavery societies. And though I've industriously read the discussions about the negro and his capabilities in the former, and have exposed the antislavery cause from childhood with all my heart, the real southern negro, born and reared a slave, has always been a subject of curiosity and speculation.

But a recent visit to a Border State, in a family where the servants are colored, and generally of the class set free by the Proclamation, has given me an opportunity for observing them closely. I have not been out of my way to obtain material for these sketches, but have jotted down, without exaggeration, what has come directly under my observation. And the only merit in the jottings is that they are the plain, unvarnished truth. They interested me in spite of their simplicity, and may be interesting to others.

Amy is a colored woman who does the washing for the family where I spent the summer. She is a demure, pleasant-faced woman, with a very slight trace of white blood in her regular features. Her skin, however, is as black as the devoted adherent to the Shem, Ham, and Japhet doctrine could desire.

When Amy first brought my clothes home, I could not help looking at her with some curiosity, and a longing to know if there was a history behind those pathetic, luminous eyes of hers. So I broached a question or two.

"Have you any children, Amy?"

"Yes'm,—one boy. I've been the mother of fifteen children, but this boy is all I've got left."

I am astonished. Fifteen children, and Amy still looks fresh, young, and unshrivelled.

"Does your boy go to school, Amy?"

"Yes'm, I'm trying hard to keep him to school regular. But there are no schools here for the colored people except pay-schools, and sometimes it's pretty hard to send him. I mean to give him an education though. He's right smart,—Dave is. He can read splendid."

I multiply questions about Dave and the "pay-schools," and learn that, though the colored people are taxed with the whites to support the free schools, some learned judge has discovered that it is "unconscionable" for the blacks to attend them, and they are forced to make up little private schools to educate their children. After a little more talk with Amy, I make my plans to give a spare hour or two each day to Dave, and thus save her the pittance she pays for his schooling. This little piece of friendliness unlocks her heart to me, and before many days she has told me all her story. I shall not attempt to give half the pathos of it, but, as nearly as I can, I will tell it in her own language, which is very good, and has little of the plantation-negro accent. She has always been a house-servant, she says, and used to good society, and her manners are consequently much better than those of the field-hands.

"When the war broke out," Amy begins, "me and my husband had hired our time and was living in a little home of our own in Louisville. I was cooking, and my husband was driving a dray, and my three children—all I had left—were out at my mistress's place, five miles from town."

"But when the war began, missis sent for me, 'cause I spect she was afraid I'd be for running away. My husband didn't belong to her, he belonged to a man the other side of town, and he ran away as soon as he could, and followed the army; and just as soon as they would take him for a soldier he 'listed' and was in the army for more'n three years."

"Missis had me up on the plantation, and she kept pretty strict watch on all of us. By and by she began to get great pieces of cloth in the house, and she cut out trousers, and set us to making them, and making shirts and knitting stockings, and when we said, 'What's these for, missis?' what you make all these things for?' she'd say, 'O, those dreadful Yankees take up North they're coming down here to take the poor colored folks and sell 'em away South, where they treat them awful. And I've got a great parcel of 'em out in the woods yonder, hiding from Abe Lincoln's men, and I'm making these clothes to keep them warm.'"

"Then I'd say, 'O Lord bless us, how good you are to them poor colored folk, missis!' and I'd look as innocent; and all the time I knew she was making them clothes for the Butternut soldiers."

"One day, missis's son that was in the Butternut army, he came there with a heap of his men, and missis put 'em all up in the great parrot that was over all the house. They came in the night, so she thought we didn't know it. But we did; we mistrusted, and was always keeping watch round, and one of our people set me to baking heaps of corn-bread, and cooking chickens, and everything good to eat, and kept telling me she was going to send them to the poor colored people hid out in the woods. And I pretended I believed it every word."

"The Yankee soldiers were getting thick about these days, and pretty soon I saw a heap of 'em coming up to our well for a drink. Some of our people generally happened to be about the well when any of the Yankees was round; so this time I was hanging round there, pretending I was getting some water. One of the soldiers—I spect he was an officer—said to me, 'Kindler low, while he was drinking. I seen you Butternut soldiers about here?'"

"Shouldn't dars to tell you if I had," I said, "they'd kill me certain sure if I told anything."

"You needn't be afraid to tell me," said he, "you never shall be hurt for it. We are your people's friends you know; we're all Abe Lincoln's men."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1869.

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Waterville Mail.

"So I made him promise solemn not to get me in any scrape, and to go away after I told him, and come again that night, and then I told him all about the Butternut soldiers in our garret."

"After dark he came riding horseback, with all the other Yankees, and roused up missis. She was an awful strong Union woman then, and she offered to git supper for 'em or anything. But he would 'sist on searching the garret, and there he found the Butternut soldiers and took them away, every one. I pretended to be awful scared, and the Yankee captain, he never even so much as looked at me as if he knew me."

"About this time the colored folks was running away all the time, and nobody seemed to mind nothing about it. We was only five miles from the river, and one of the Yankees told me if I crossed over it was free there, and plenty of soldiers there would give me all the washing I could do. My husband was in the army, then, I knew. One afternoon I took my three children,—Dave was the oldest, and was just about nine,—and I walked them five miles down to the river. Nobody interfered with me, and I got a boat and got took over."

"Well after a while I got up here to this place, and got a room of some colored folks, and took in washing. There was a camp of soldiers here then, and they paid pretty good, and the white folks was all very good to me, and I got along well. When my husband found out where I was, he sent me money quite regular, and in about a year I'd saved up one hundred and fifty dollars. Then I bought an acre of land with a little shanty on it, and paid that money down, and 'greed to pay so much every year till I got it clear paid for."

"I kept working on and putting by all the money I could, when I heard about Mr. Lincoln's setting all the slaves free. And then my heart was set on going down after my two girls in Kentucky. One was eighteen and the other was sixteen years old. They was both sold away from me five years before, and I hadn't seen 'em since; but I knew just where they were, and I had no rest till I started off to fetch 'em up here."

"It was a mighty lonesome place about where the man lived who owned them,—a miserable sort of a place; and when I got there I found my oldest girl down sick, and her master—he was a dreadful drinking man and very ugly, he was—had gone away. When I got there and see my two girls, I kept up courage, and told 'em I was going to take them away, and I wasn't a bit afraid. But all the time I felt as if there was danger in the air, and I never once took off my things. It was near dark when I got there, and I set up all night with my bonnet on, ready to start in the morning. In the morning I got a carriage from town. There was heaps of Lincoln's men in town, and I wasn't so scared then, and I got my girls to the cars, and got 'em home all safe."

"But when I had got 'em home, I found that my oldest had n't long to live. Then she told me how she came to be so miserable. You see her master was a drinking man, and he was awful mad at all the colored people on account of the war. One day he told Anna—that was her name—to bring in some wood to put on the fire, and she came with a big log on her shoulder. 'Twas so heavy she could n't bring it over the head so she fell down, and the log it fell on her; and then he kicked her heavy, to make her get up, and some way or 'nother he broke three of her ribs, and them ribs never was set, so she was pretty near dead when I got her home. When she died, I had three doctors in to look at her—white doctors they were,—and there was a lump on her side where the bones was broken big as my fists."

"Here Amy stops to wipe away a tear or two, and I find I am crying in sympathy.

"Horrible brute!" I cried. "Can you ever forgive that dreadful man?"

"Well, missis," Amy goes on, in that soft, pleading voice of hers, "when I first heard what she had to tell, I felt just as if I could go down there and go through him as the wheat-cutters goes through the wheat; but when I come to see my girl die, she died so peaceful, and was so thankful to go, and was able to pray for that man, and say she forgive him, I got so I could forgive him too, for you know what the Lord says about forgiving our enemies." It was pretty hard to remember it at first, but now if I was to meet him in heaven next minute, I do believe I shouldn't find nothing against him in my heart."

It would take too long to tell Amy's whole story,—how her second daughter sickened and died, and how the two younger children had followed,—how sickness and trouble had prevented her from meeting the first payments she had promised on her little place, and she lost it altogether,—how her husband came home after the war, and was industrious and steady, and they had worked and saved until they now had a little place almost all paid for. "And it is a very comfortable home to me," she said, "though I suppose it would look like a shanty to you."

Of the fate of all her fifteen children but one she was certain. This one, her oldest child by another husband, was sold away from her when only five years old; and though he is now, if living, a young man of twenty-three, she knows nothing of him.

"I can't help having a longing all the time to know where he is, though the Lord has been very good to me in letting all my children come home to die," she said with unconscious pathos. "Once my baby, eleven months old, was sold away from me. It was a nursing baby then, and I prayed the Lord strong to give it back to me, 'cause it appeared like he could n't bear to have it go now. And so I prayed, day and night, in the kitchen, and about my work, and everywhere; and sure enough, in three weeks they brought it back to me from ten miles away, 'cause they said it pined so there was no such thing as keeping it away from me. It lived just a week, and I held it when it died. I always be lved in the force of prayer after that."

Of such simple tragedy is her life made up, saddened all through till the colors of it are as somber as her face, but lighted up here and there by her hope of a blessed heaven to come. She reads the Bible, and has great comfort in it. For this woman, at middle age before she saw the light of freedom, toiling hard with both her hands for daily bread, has yet found time to learn to read within the last five years, and reads intelligently and well.

Dave comes daily to say his lessons. He is a rollicking, bright-looking boy, with close-cropped wool and mouth of cavernous depth and breadth. He is quick to learn, and can "read and write and cipher." His ideas of history and geography are still crude, and it is impossible to divine in what spirit he receives instruction. When I attempt to tell him the story of Columbus and his discovery of this continent, his mouth begins to unfold into a broad grin. Before I get the Santa Maria and Nina and Pinta half across the Atlantic, he is chuckling at an infectious rate, and by the time the first ship has touched land he is fairly doubled up in convulsions of laughter in which it is impossible not to join. I haven't the least idea why he regards the discovery of America as so good a joke, and conclude it is merely his way. Next day, when I test his memory of the subject, he can tell me the whole story straight through, always on the broad grin.

My sketch would be incomplete unless I added an account of Jacob and Rosa, the man and maid servants of our household.

Jacob is a slow-moving, lumbering fellow, about thirty, so decidedly African that he would make a black spot in the deepest darkness. He came to his heritage through the Emancipation Proclamation. He had a kind master, and never knew the worst horrors of slavery, but he is very proud of and thankful for his freedom. He shows his appreciation of it by trying to fit himself to be a free man. He has an idea that a free man ought to be educated, and for the last five years, which mark his exodus from slavery, he has set apart three months in each year for schooling. The other nine months he works for wages, and he has already got some little earnings in the bank, and the hope of a home some day.

Just now it is his "schooling-time," and he works for his board, and I go to school twice a day, studying hard every spare minute. It is quite touching to go into the kitchen at night, and see him poring over an atlas or a slate, with that heavy, dumb expression in his black eyes which the negroes wear.

Sometimes I help him a bit in his lessons, and point out a cape on the map. He tells me he has just begun to study geography.

"And I find it so hard," he says, deprecatingly. "Sometimes when little boys only half as high as me answer a question right off, that a big fellow like me don't know a word of it, I feel so ashamed of myself I don't just know what to do."

Another night he asked me, rather confidentially, if there was any use in studying geography.

I encourage him with words of good cheer, and remind him that, since he has learned reading and writing, nothing can be very hard. Then I give him anecdotes of poor white boys who have taught themselves under disadvantages as great as his, and have risen to fame and eminence. Above all, I show him that the only way for the colored people to reach perfect freedom is out of ignorance into the light of intelligence; and I promise him the boon—dear to every free man I have ever met—of the ballot, when education has fitted him for it. And before I go away, the dumb eyes speak and glisten.

"Lord bless you missis," he says; "if my head was so full of learning as yours is, I'd give a most anything."

Rosa, our kitchen maid, is eighteen, graceful and trim, and hardly less black than Jacob. She wears dangling earrings set with blue glass stones, and a bright pink frock which fits her as neatly as a French grisette's. She had only been with us a week or two when Sylvia came into the parlor where we were all sitting.

"What do you think Rosa wants to do!" she said laughingly. "Actually s' desires to come into the parlor and play for us. She says she can sing, and that she plays the organ in the colored Methodist Church."

We all cried out to let her come in, and in a few minutes, quite radiant and self-conscious, Rosa tripped in to the piano. She struck a few fine rolling chords, and then began to sing. We all started in amazement. Pure and clear, and full of melody her voice soared like a lark's, and overflowed the room with its volume. We had expected to be amused, but we were dumb with astonishment.

Kate, whose delicate soul finds expression at the piano, but whose voice is hardly strong enough for vocal expression, flushed and trembled with delight as Rosa sang, and when she ended, murmured with a sigh, almost of envy, "O if I had a voice like that!"

Next day I questioned our black swan about her advantages for cultivation. Her father and mother, with their three daughters, had been slaves till 1863. They had had a kind master, and were never sold apart. After becoming free, the parents had put the three girls in school, and now they could read and write, and her father had hired a piano, and all had learned to play a little. Rosa and her second sister "lived out," but the youngest, only eleven, was still in school.

"We shall make teacher of my little sister," said Rosa complacently, as she told me all this.

"But how did you learn to play and sing so well?" I asked.

"O, I took a few lessons, but I get it mostly by ear. But you ought to hear my next sister play and sing. She can sing splendid; I'm nothing alongside of her."

"But where did you get your style, Rosa? you taught you to sing in the way you do?"

"Well, I've listened to white folks singing, and two or three times I've been to an opera, and heard ladies sing there. I bet you I listened close. And after that I could just imitate them, every motion."

It must have been true, for no uncultured voice could have executed a song as Rosa does. There is much artistic grace in her method, and every day the kitchen resounds with her warblings. We hear that she and her sisters give concerts for the aid of their church, contributing, from their inheritance of the negro's

"Gifts
Of music and of song,
The gold that kindly nature sifts
Among his saucy of wrough."

These are a few of the freedpeople I've met. They are the servants in our household. I do not know that they are more or less interesting than those in other families. But I reflect that many a fair girl who trills feeble imitations of Parepa or Kellogg in a Fifth Avenue parlor would burst with envy if she could hear the pearl-like voice which comes from the sable throat of Rosa, washing the dishes in our kitchen.

en. And when I read in the newspapers the orations of Elijah Pogram, and the essays of Jefferson Brick on the inferiority of the negroes, their lack of thrift, industry, earnestness of purpose, and capacity to take care of themselves, and on the grave danger involved in giving them the ballot, I wonder whether, if I were a solitary woman with three children,—a stranger in a strange land,—I could with my bare hands build up a home, and secure a prospect of comfort for my old age as Amy has done; and whether I should have had the patience like her to master the alphabet and the spelling-book when past middle life. And I wonder how many white men thirty years old—not only ignorant immigrants from over the sea, but men born upon our own soil and in the free North too—are ready, like Jacob, to lay aside their little earnings, and spend three months of every year for five years in the school-house, fitting themselves for the ballot and the other privileges and duties of American citizenship. Perhaps Messrs. Pogram and Brick will condescend to tell us.

MOULD POISONOUS.—Mould, however induced,—whether eaten in cheese or mouldy bread, or other food, or breathed in the infinitesimal spora that are diffused from it in the atmosphere,—seems to be the source of a great variety of very serious diseases. One variety, which is found in the hold of damp and badly ventilated ships, is proved to be the cause of ship fever, which is often very fatal.

Another variety, which is found in some localities, formed on newly-stirred earth, is the cause of fever and ague; and in one place at one time, in Western Pennsylvania, every man who worked in digging a canal was affected with it, and most of the inhabitants who lived in the vicinity, on low grounds, were also affected; but above a certain elevation all escaped; and on examination with a microscope, spora from mould on the recently made banks, too fine to be seen by the naked eye, were found floating in the damp evening air in every house where those slept who were taken with the fever, but none in the houses on a higher level, where there were no cases of fever.

Other varieties of mould in cellars and damp places, are believed to be the cause of typhoid fever, epidemic dysentery, and many other diseases whose origin cannot otherwise be accounted for. These facts should make us afraid of all moulds, and indeed of all decomposed and decomposing materials, whether in the food we eat or in our dwellings, or even in our vicinity, where they can impart to the air a deleterious influence.

As corroborating this view of the case, it is a significant fact that in New Orleans, with more people in it than usual, for five summers, while the houses and streets were kept clean and clear from all decomposing substances, not a case of yellow fever occurred—an exemption never before known; and this, indeed, is almost proof positive that yellow fever is caused by decomposition, with which mould is always associated.—[How not to be sick.]

"WHY NOT GROW OUR OWN HAIR?"—Hair may be likened to vegetable growth, and "each particular hair" to a plant, the skin being the soil from which it derives its substance. A hair is a hollow tube containing in its cavity an oil which gives it color. The only conditions necessary for its perfect and luxuriant growth, is that the soil be good and the growth of the crop be kept unobscured by untoward circumstances.

If the soil is bad or has been deteriorated by disease, it must be renovated before good crops can reasonably be expected; but you might as well expect to improve the quality of hair by carrying stones upon it, as to renovate the scalp by the use of oils and pomatums. These compounds contain nothing to nourish the hair while they obstruct the action of the skin, upon the healthy condition of which, more than anything else, a full luxuriant growth of hair depends. The least harmful of oils, if any must be resorted to, is castor oil diluted with two parts alcohol and scented to suit the taste; but even this should be very sparingly used. A good healthy head of hair should supply its own oil. A preparation of alcohol one part, pure glycerin two ounces, and water one half pint, scented with rose geranium, lemon grass, or any other essential oil suitable for the purpose, is an admirable dressing for the hair, and one that exerts a healthful influence upon the skin. A solution of borax is better for cleansing the hair than the bicarbonate of potash in common use by hair dressers for the purpose. The latter may be used to advantage, however, in warm weather, when acidity is apt to be generated by perspiration. Either of these will be rarely required if the hair and scalp are washed every morning in pure water, which is not only of great benefit to the hair, but the very best preventive of colds in the head. After such ablution the hair should be wiped nearly dry and then dressed, but exposure to cold winds before the hair is well dried is not advisable.

Another excellent detergent for the scalp is the white of egg. Two eggs will be sufficient for a cleansing of the hair, as ordinarily worn by men, but women who wear their hair as long as it will grow, will need four or more. The yolks should be carefully removed, and the albuminous portion rubbed into the roots of the hair very thoroughly for some time, when a thorough rinsing with water and drying with towels will leave the hair a beautiful luster and silky softness. Fine toothed combs are only to be tolerated under conditions which are happily rare in this country, and therefore unnecessary to mention. Brushing is good, if not carried so far as to irritate the skin.

[Scientific American.]

A physician writes to the Dublin Journal of Medicine in support of the old notion that people sleep much better with their heads to the north. He has tried the experiment in the case of sick persons with marked effect, and insists that there are known to exist great electrical currents, always crossing in one direction around the earth, and that our nervous systems are in some mysterious way connected with this electrical agent. Let the beds all head towards the north pole.

Some of the citizens of Gardiner and Pittston are making an effort for a free bridge across the Kennebec between the two places. The present bridge is a toll bridge, and it is proposed either to purchase that or build a new one.

OUR TABLE.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for February contains the following choice collection of new music:—"Do Right, and Fear Not," a beautiful sacred song, by J. R. Thomas, and three charming songs by the Prince of Song-Writers, Will S. Hays, namely: "Mistress Jinks, of Madison Square," with chorus; "Down by the Deep, Sad Sea," song and chorus; and "Good-bye, my Boy, God bless you," song and chorus. Also, the following instrumental pieces: "Maiden's Elush," March, by Ch. Kinkel, the most popular writer in the country; "Pink Rose Mazurka," by E. Mack; and "Loving Thoughts Schottisch," by August Packer; the price of which, in sheet form, amounts to \$3.40. In addition to the music, there are fifteen large pages of reading.

Published by J. L. Peters, 138 Broadway, New York, at the low price of \$3 a year. Sample copies, 30 cents. All those desiring to get their money's worth will do well to send for a copy.

PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION FOR THE FLUTE, VIOLIN AND PIANO.—The February number contains the following pieces:—"Driven from Home," by Will S. Hays; "Loves of the Angels March," Gonservato de Brabant Polka Bolero; Grant's Galop; Damask Rose Schottisch, by C. Kinkel.

Published monthly by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for February is at hand with its pages filled with articles which will be found of interest to mechanics and builders. It contains two handsome views of the New York City Post Office; two handsome Cottage Plans, with building details; and several other articles are illustrated. We commend this periodical to the attention of all desiring a work of this character.

Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 per annum, which is very cheap.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January contains the ninth of the "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II., which treats of Bishop Berkeley as the "Philosopher" of that period; an extended review of Kiplake's History of the War in the Crimea; an interesting and sensible paper on "Christian Missions to India," some valuable horse philosophy in "Seats and Saddles, Bits and Biting," part third of "Doubles and Quitts, a Comedy of Errors;" "The Fifteen Louis d'Or of Beaumarchais," an interesting episode of history; and the usual tour view of British political affairs.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$2; any three of the Reviews, \$3; all four Reviews, \$4; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and all three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

STORIES ABOUT GEN. GRANT.

General Hilyer lived in St. Louis when Grant left his little farm near by to enter the firm of Boggs & Grant, real estate agents, houses to rent. In those days he had a desk, I believe, in Hilyer's law office.

"Was the General as silent then as now?"

"No. We considered him more than commonly talkative. So he is now; but he won't talk for effect, nor before strangers freely. This reticence of Grant, so much made of, is partly discrimination, and partly the form of an old bashfulness he had when a boy. Anybody whom he knows can hear him speak at any time."

"In St. Louis I liked Grant. He was entertaining, and I was attracted toward him by what I hardly knew at that time. Afterward I knew it to be manhood, the same that I developed in battle so well. I was in New York when I heard of his appointment, and soon after came a telegraph message to join his staff. I was at the Platters' House in St. Louis, on business afterward, and wishing to see Grant, he rode up during the day with some of his staff officers, and they had one empty horse."

"Here, Hilyer," said Grant, "Here is your horse. The boat has been waiting for me three-quarters of an hour. Stir yourself!"

"I am not going, Grant, I never entertained the notion for a minute in earnest."

"Come along! I can't listen to that. Time presses."

"But I have not written to my wife."

"Well! that you had better do. After this next action I am going into you can come home—if you don't get your head knocked off first—and fix up your business."

In brief, Hilyer found himself going down the river, in ten minutes, to his own bewilderment, wondering greatly whether he could stand up in action. Perhaps in this way Grant will impress into his Cabinet some unwilling talent, if there be any talent unwilling to go into the Cabinet. I have not seen any of this latter sort.

"Did you notice any strong traits of character in Grant soon afterward?"

"His courage and soldierly bearing in action first struck me, and his entire willingness to fight. He never talked before action, as if he had any personal forebodings, but grew more cheerful and concentrated as the time of the battle approached. His indisposition to leave any position he had taken was often uncomfortable. I remember at Pittsburg Landing that he, Rawlings, myself, and some other staff officers, were in a place where the artillery of the enemy was concentrated. Their fire was terrible, and every instant I expected to have my head shot off. Grant sat on horseback, straight and cheerful, as you have sometimes seen a man of a hot day go out to be rained on, rather enjoying it. He kept us all in half-agony."

"One officer said to me:—"

"Go tell the Old Man to leave here, for God's sake!"

"No! Tell him yourself. He'll think me afraid, and so I am, but he shant think so."

There we sat, the fire crossing upon us. At last one of the green members of the staff rode up to Grant, saying:—

"General we must leave this place. It is not necessary to stay right here. If we do we shall all be dead in five minutes."

"I guess that's so!" said Grant, and he rode away, to our relief.

"As to fear," continued Hilyer, "Grant used to say that he had seen men who said they never knew what it was, but he had never seen anybody who said it of them. Another thing that struck me with Grant was his own attempt frequently to supersede his own good luck. At Donelson he went to Commodore Foote and begged him to run past the rebel guns with a gunboat or two. Foote replied, saying that he would be shot to pieces. Grant maintained that he would suffer no more than in an ordinary bombardment. This took place before Fairmont made a practical demonstration of Grant's theory. Now, if Foote had done this, the rebels would have evacuated Fort Donelson, and the battle and capture there which made Grant historic would never have happened."

"Grant developed wonderfully in the war, and though I as a democrat opposed his election, I had no doubt that he was the safe, strong man, worthiest to head the army. There is needed no better instance or proof to this effect than the following:—"

I was at City Point in 1863, and sitting close by Grant I saw him break the seal of a letter. Then he smiled good-naturedly.

"What's that, General Grant?"

"A letter from Sherman. Read it!"

"I read the letter, and it said that Sherman could no longer hold Atlanta, his line being too long. He asked permission to destroy the town and move to the sea, subsisting upon the country, and turning by to fight Hood whenever the latter pursued him too closely. All this seemed brilliant and soldierly to me, and I asked Grant what in it made him laugh."

"Why," he said, "I was wondering what Hood could do to subvert upon it he followed in the rear of Sherman."

"Thus was the General supplying an error of genius. Sherman supposed that Hood would follow him. Grant knew that Hood could not cut off the barren and devastated country. So he sent this word to Sherman: 'You have my permission to destroy Atlanta and march to the sea after you detach Schofield and ——— to go to Tennessee. Hood, will not follow you; he will march upon Nashville.' Now see! Had Sherman carried off his whole force seaward, mistaking the effect of his movement upon Hood, Nashville would have fallen, Ohio and Indiana been invaded, and the Southern Confederacy been an accomplished fact."

"Grant," said Hilyer, is stern as Jupiter. There is no finer story of two stern men than Grant and George H. Thomas before the battle of Nashville. Thomas has a distaste of being whipped, and he is cautious and sedate to the last degree till the time for decision has come. Grant sent word to Thomas to move out of his works and attack Hood. Thomas was not ready, and he went on deliberately with his preparations. Grant telegraphed again: "The country is excited. Attack!" Thomas was not yet quite ready. Then Grant sent John A. Logan to Louisville to be ready to take command and telegraphed again: "If you do not attack Hood before ——— date, I shall be under the painful necessity of relieving you. Just at the time Thomas was ready, not by necessity, but the completion of his affairs, and the happy collision of events made the battle of Nashville an honor to both.—[From the Chicago Tribune.]

WHAT DIFFERENCE?—If an apothecary sells strychnine by mistake and a human life is lost, he is liable to punishment for manslaughter. A man is found dead and the physicians declare the cause of death to be apoplexy induced by inordinate use of intoxicating drink.

Query. What is the difference between the apothecary who sells poison by mistake and the rum seller who sells it knowing it to be poison? Death occurs in both cases, only one poison does its work more slowly than the other. If one is manslaughter, what is the other? It is a well known fact that nine-tenths of the liquor sold and drunk now-a-days, contains more or less of one or more of the most deadly poisons known, besides that quintessence of corruption—alcohol. Sellers know it, and knowing it, what is their guilt when death ensues from its use?—[Port. Sunday Adv.]

NEW MILITIA LAW.—It will be remembered that the Governor has repeatedly called the attention of the Legislature to the importance of taking some action toward the organization of a small militia force. The Adjutant General in his report also calls attention to the same subject and recommends the immediate equipment of at least one regiment of infantry. The bill which has been drawn is very simple and to the point. It provides for ten companies, to be organized at such points in the State as the Adjutant General or Commander-in-Chief may deem most expedient and necessary for our safety. The men are to be armed, equipped, and uniformed at the expense of the State. The articles furnished to be of the same pattern as those issued to United States troops. If any company shall, however, desire to furnish its own uniform the price of the regulation uniform shall be commuted to the soldiers and in money and the uniform furnished by individuals shall thereupon become the property of the State. Provision is made for drills, parades and reviews, and a small compensation allowed for such duties.

GARGET AND BLOODY MILK.—The use of Tincture of Arnica in cases of garget, caked bag, and bloody milk, has repeatedly been stated in the Agriculturalist. These ailments were very prevalent at cal

Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 12, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; B. E. Viles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beulah's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Ryan, Advertising Agent, 10 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

BLOOD STOCK.—A few gentlemen of this

village—we among them—spent the day on

Wednesday in a visit to the farm home of Hon.

Warren Percival, in Vassalboro'. Here is

doubtless the largest herd of thoroughbred

Durhams in the State. Some fifty head—bulls,

cows, heifers, calves—make a sight worth see-

ing. At the head of the list is the premium

bull, "Gen. Smith," probably the only animal

of his class in New England that could have

taken the State Society's first prize over Mr.

Dow's "Matadore 3d." Indeed, there was a

very close comparison of the two animals by

the committee, and but one of the owners sat-

isfied with the result. Nobody will wonder at

this after seeing both; there is hardly a fault

in either. Mr. Percival's system of moderate

feeding, so that the buyer may not find he has

bought the task of keeping up the condition of

a pampered animal, has not been severely ap-

plied to "the General," who shows tokens of

good living at least. A younger bull, lately

bought in Massachusetts, shows strong marks

of having had some trial of Mr. P.'s theory be-

fore he changed owners; and yet he promises

great excellence with a fair chance.

So large a herd, with the varied points nec-

essarily offered to the skillful breeder, affords

great opportunity for judicious crosses. The

important item of milk being always prominent

no doubt Mr. Percival has, as he claims, made

good progress towards it. At least four of our

party claimed membership in the Waterville

Jersey Stock Club, and could measure signs of

butter and cheese to a hair's breadth; but not

one of them failed to give tangible testimony

at the dinner table of their nice relish of "Dur-

ham dairy products. Here was a suit in which

"butter on the brain" got no definite verdict;

but when a plate was passed for "another slice

of that Jersey beef," our host thrust his carving

knife into the rich sirloin as though the ap-

plaudant was as welcome to the joke as to the

slice. Even the Jersey men laughed—with a twist

in their lips that looked more like uttering the

word "cream" than "beef."

Mr. Percival is one of those chargeable with

carrying their favorite enterprise "on the brain."

Belief in Durham stock is part of his

creed; he finds it not merely in the herd-book,

but in the book of nature—in the constitution—

in the bible, perhaps, and certainly "in all hu-

man reason." He pursues it without starting

at intervening objects. He wastes no time in

throwing stones at Jerseys or Herefords, but

waves his Durham banner in answer to all cav-

illers. What it lacks in perfection he supplies

in hope. Once when the inventor of a mowing

machine was charged with having "mowing

machine on the brain," he quietly replied, "Very

likely, brains carry a good deal of machinery."

"Durham on the brain" is written in every

stall of these spacious barns—and to the honor

as well as the profit of the owner.

Here we find a new and tangible objection

to in-and-in breeding—and we believe it the

best one yet given.—"It is not safe in the man-

agement of the inexperienced," says Mr. Per-

cival. Bakewell and other famous breeders of

both sheep and cattle did not stand for this

objection; and the result has been some of the

most famous animals of the English herd-books,

and the best flocks known in the world. We

predict that Mr. P., (if he lives as long as the

world needs him,) will so far explode the base-

less objection in the popular mind to in-and-

in breeding, that he will save much of the money

he now sends abroad for choice animals. He

will yet find that the best bulls he sells are

good enough too keep.

A pair of heifers have just been sold for two

hundred dollars each; and there stands a pair

that are held at a much higher figure. Near

there is a red one for which \$300 has been de-

clined, \$500 being asked. We made no fur-

ther inquiries in regard to prices.

Horses are not bred here. A good pair for

farm work, and a carriage horse, were all we

saw. Swine are a specialty, after Durhams;

and pure Chester Whites and Suffolks are ex-

hibited in very choice samples. We have al-

ways wondered that farmers don't raise the

latter for their own use; and certainly the for-

mer is one of the very best breeds, at least, to

raise for market. A pair of very fine ones

have lately been received from Pennsylvania.

After dinner—and another circuit of the

barns,—while eating some apples and warm-

our feet for a drive home,—we learn that here is a farm home, as well as farm stock. "Yet all this availeth me nothing," has been repeated after Haman by many a farmer whose crowded barns suggested happiness. Forty years ago, and before and since, this was the home of "Old Squire Percival," whose youngest son is our host to-day, the seniors being Joseph and Sumner and Homer, of our village. The hundred acres have become three hundred, and the barns and sheds have spread to meet the demand. And as we gathered, just now, around the well laden table, where twenty years ago we saw the venerable father and mother, we wondered, with him of old, whether the children of the righteous man ever beg bread.

P. & K. RAILROAD.—The annual report puts the entire year's income of the road at \$599,821 35; being an increase of \$23,352 19 over last year. The net earnings are \$172,492 17, or a gain of \$42,805 82 over last year. Some 650 tons of new iron have been laid, 200 tons of rail repaired, and 25,000 new sleepers put down. These items show the increasing prosperity of the road from year to year.

THE VELOCIPED is riding triumphantly over Maine just now, and every village of any pretension can boast of one or more of these hobby horses and a "school" of instruction. By advertisement it will be seen that a school is open in this place, at Appleton Hall, where the attraction is said to promise very favorably to both parties.

WESTERN STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Spring term of this institution, located in Farmington, will commence February 24th, and we invite attention to the advertisement in another column. It will be seen that an able corps of teachers and lecturers is provided, and that in its advantages and favorable terms the institution presents great inducements to pupils, especially to those desiring to teach in Maine.

REBELS DISCHARGED.—Under instructions from the Attorney General, and in accordance with President Johnson's amnesty proclamation, a *not. pros.* has been entered, at Richmond, in both indictments against Jeff Davis, and those against Lee, Wade, Hampton, and others. The securities on Davis's bail bond were discharged from further consideration.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle was smaller this week than last, but the demand fell off more than the supply. In explanation of some new phases of the market the Boston Advertiser remarks as follows:—

"To obviate the objection to frozen beef, we understand that at least one company is now buying cattle in Chicago, forwarding them by railroad to Detroit, where they are slaughtered and the meat, nicely wrapped in clean cloth, is sent to Boston, where it arrives unfrozen and in good order. The meat is sold at prices which seriously affect the trade in live stock. Butchers were boasting to-day of the fine quality of sides that they could buy at 12 1/2 cents per lb. It is sold as low as 9 to 10 cents per lb. and a superior quality at 13 to 13 1/2 cents, and this without the loss that butchers sustain on the hide and tallow of the animals they slaughter themselves. The effects of an increase of this business, especially in the Gangee or some other process of counteracting the natural decomposition of meat shall prove practically successful, should be taken into account by New England farmers and feeders. Here, in the 'dead of winter,' and with but a small number of home cattle in the market, prices, instead of tending towards the 15c. per lb. which our feeders hoped for, are gradually receding, and this week 13 1/2 is the highest figure, and averaging—most of the drovers say—12 ct. per lb. lower than last Tuesday. Now if the buyers cannot suit themselves as to bargains with the owners of live stock they can slip into the city and buy any amount of dressed beef from a single quarter to a whole carload. Drovers must sell the live stock they bring to market, while the butchers can fill their carts without buying a single live animal."

Of store cattle the Advertiser reports:—

"On asking Mr. Gideon Wells how he found the market, he said we have grumbled so much about the market for a few weeks past, and it has done so little good, that we won't say anything about it today. We were shown the returns from some cattle that were marketed for the drovers on commission last week, that showed that the drovers made nothing by that system of tactics. We learned of no sales here over 13 1/2 c. per lb. There is little call for working oxen at present, and on the whole business is very dull. Wells & Richardson sold 4 oxen at 13 1/4 c. per lb.; one pair fat oxen, 3700 lbs., for \$816; one pair workers, 6 ft. 8 in. for \$220; five oxen, average live wt. 1500 lbs. for \$225.

For sheep there was a slightly improved market without much change in prices. "Thos. Gage, an old drover of Benton, Me., was up this week with some 300 dressed muttons, which he finds more profitable than trade in the live stock."

THE RAILROAD WAR, in the legislature, is putting on magnified proportions, and by no means indicates a prospect of yielding to Gen. Grant's plea for peace. A change of charter is asked by the S. & K. road, to extend direct to Anson, instead of by way of Norridgewock, as now required. Responsible parties guarantee the construction of such a road in two years. The Somerset road, now working onward from West Waterville towards Anson, objects to the petition, as aiming to weaken their enterprise. Abner Coburn and James W. Bradbury appear for the S. & K. road, and John A. Poor and Albert W. Paine for the Somerset. The end is not yet.

RUM.—Several low grog depositories, that have been known to be doing infinite mischief for a long time, were taken in hand a few days ago by the selectmen. Small quantities were found in various places. If the matter is well followed up—not by more rum, but by the selectmen,—the measure will prove a good one for all concerned.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for February has two fine steel engravings, as usual—"Winter's Charm," and a portrait of Newman Hall. Many fine wood cuts are now found in each number of this excellent monthly, and the following articles in the February number are illustrated in this way:—The Homes of Jesus, George Fox, The Lucknow Residency, Panorama of the Jordan, At Anchor, and The Old Mission. As usual, the number abounds in good reading.

THE MAINE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION is edited this month by Mr. C. B. Stetson, and has contributions from Dr. N. T. True, Superintendent Johnson, and others. The resident editor, Mr. A. P. Stone, furnishes a resume of the educational news of the month, ranging from Maine to Minnesota, and a sensible and practical article on "Primary Schools."

Published by Brown Thurston, Portland, at \$1.50 a year.

We find the following compliment for one of our Waterville girls in a notice of the opera of *Pepe*, published in this week's *Gardiner Journal*:—

"Miss Addie Smith, of Waterville, as Dolores, was too handsome and sprightly to be a very old lady, and though she acted her part to perfection, we could not and would not believe that that sweet voice of hers appeared to the mother of Margarita. The uproar of applause that followed her first solo was not to be misinterpreted, and she again appeared in a charming ballad. She will well sustain Waterville's reputation for producing the finest singers in the State."

A very interesting musical entertainment was enjoyed at Kendall's Mills on Wednesday evening last, by a select audience. The Cantata of *Easter*, with songs and other varieties, by a class of vocalists at that place, assisted by others from Waterville, under the direction of Mr. G. H. Carpenter, was received with marked approbation. Musical instruction is popular in that place, even among the young folks—probably because it has not been patented to their seniors.

HOW IS THIS?—The *Lewiston Journal* says a fair article of flour is sold in that place for seven dollars! The *Journal* says a great many good things about *Lewiston*, and we sometimes think them true. Why not tell who in *Lewiston* sells fair flour so cheap? If our friend of the *Journal* will pass our order for a barrel, to be sent by express (c. o. d.) we will save him harmless and send him a biscuit for a test; and if it proves really "fair," as he says, we will give to the world the name of his noble fellow citizen who actually sells "cheap bread for the poor." Our Waterville retailers say "taint so!"

The *Augusta Journal* complains that negro minstrelsy draws better at the capital than a sensible and instructive lecture, and this notwithstanding the congregated wisdom of the State.

The remains of Mrs. Surratt have been disinterred and delivered to her friends.

THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT ASSOCIATION will hold a meeting at the Baptist Church Wednesday evening. Come and see what is to be done.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The spring term will commence next Wednesday, Feb. 17th, when a slight increase will be made to the flow of life in our quiet village.

An ambassador from the Cretan provisional government is on his way to this country, which shows that the Cretans still live.

Ex-Senator McConnell, of Jacksonville, Ill., was found dead in his office, a few days ago, mysteriously murdered by some person as yet unknown.

"LITTLE ROUND TOP."—Gov. Chamberlain is to give his popular lecture on this subject, on Thursday evening next, at the Baptist Church in this place. Arrangements have been made to make the lecture free to the public. In other places this lecture has secured large audiences and given great satisfaction.

Dr. Mudd has been pardoned.

Oliver Optic's bear is dead of hatchet on the brain.

A crazy woman, who said she was sent by the Almighty to kill the President, was arrested at the White House a day or two ago.

Over one hundred days of good sleighing previous to the middle of February—and yet with the name of being a mild winter!

HAY yet brings from 13 to 15 dollars in our streets, according to quality. Butter 40 cts.

Snow fell 28 inches deep at Parlin Pond in the late storm—so says an honest man who measured it.

The entire stock and tools of "Brookside Farm" are to be sold at auction.

There is to be considerable building done in Waterville this year—they say.

A Providence paper states that Mr. Henry C. Dorsey, who so generously fed the prisoners of Maine and other New England States on the 31st ult., has been himself an inmate of a State prison. He was committed to the Rhode Island State Prison—some years ago on a charge of forgery; and was pardoned out by the Governor, on proof of his innocence.

England talks of giving up Gibraltar to Spain—if Spain will cede to England in return the more valuable fortress of Ceuta on the African coast.

The Prussian Government boasts that its military organization is now so complete that a simple telegram from Berlin would suffice to put a million men under arms.

A CARD.—Mr. Carpenter and the Singers at Kendall's Mills hereby express their thanks to those Singers of Waterville who so efficiently and acceptably assisted them at the Concert on Wednesday evening last.

W. Waterville, Feb. 10th, 1869.

AID TO RAILROADS.

To the Editors of the Waterville Mail:—Since my article on "aid to railroads" the matter has had a pretty thorough overhauling in Congress; and I am, for one, pleased at the "Minority report" presented by Mr. Wilson. It seems that the minority do not object to Government aid so much as to the chance of swindle and combination. Have those roads under one management, and the regulation of prices cannot be other than exorbitant; it is human nature. Give all a fair chance.

While I have no pretence to being a financial manager, I believe I could arrange it so that the nation could not be swindled very badly. For instance: There are parties in France ready to furnish one of the proposed lines. I would have these Capitalists pay this money to a government Agent, (at Washington or New York,) and then pay it out as progress is made on the work. This would work as a safeguard to Gov't. who indorses the Bonds. And two roads, in addition to the ones started, will be enough new ones; that will make four roads to the Pacific. Let Congress select routes that will be likely to be densely populated along the route; and in the selection see that a variety of interests can be enhanced. It looks to me (so long as the Northern routes are already in progress and one nearly done) as though that the route near the 32nd degree was the one above all others for Gov't. aid; as for more than three quarters of the way it (the line) traverses the best soil on the continent. It goes, too, near the Mexican line, into which spurs can be run, and in a short time bring that unhappy country under the best Government known.

I hold that in all our governmental enterprises we should have an eye to more land; and by building this road we are sure to get it, and good, too. "In time of peace prepare for war." If it can peacefully be done should be our motto. Government has a line of forts all the way along this proposed route. Build the road; the forts won't be needed very long, as Indians will take new paths and we shall not have to watch the "Greasers," (Mexicans,) for they will soon be of us and with us.—I should say by all means build the Southern route.

Yours, PROGRESS.

AN EXCITING AFFAIR IN VIRGINIA.—The following extract from a letter written from King William County, Virginia, shows how a Maine man has recently attempted to avenge his domestic wrongs:

We have had a very exciting affair here. A Mr. C. D. Ulmer, of Rockland Me., came direct from his home in that State last week, for the purpose of shooting a Mr. John Hilt, of Thomaston, Me., who was engaged in cutting ship timber on the Pamunkey river. It appears that while Ulmer was in the army as quartermaster of cavalry, John Hilt became criminally intimate with his wife, and continued to have improper intercourse with her up to the 15th, of September last, when Ulmer discovered the fact, and his wife confessed the full extent of her crime. He then commenced an action against Hilt for adultery, and sued him for \$50,000 damages, attaching his property in the county where he lived. The assault of Ulmer upon Hilt was unsuccessful, the latter having received timely notice of his presence and intentions, and surrounded himself by his friends. Ulmer's fire was without effect, because he was afraid of injuring some innocent party—but his intentions were evidently good enough, and he told his wronger that although unsuccessful this time, he might consider this only a preliminary action. Ulmer is in King William county jail. Hilt is Ulmer's wife's uncle, and the case is represented to be most atrocious in the details. The sympathies of the parties who were present when the encounter took place are all represented to be with Ulmer, and he has the earnest wishes of the community for his prompt release from imprisonment.

[The above account is erroneous in some particulars according to the Rockland papers, especially as to the admitted guilt of the parties.]

A Madrid letter represents that the hatred of the people against the priests is terrific. A couple of weeks ago an indignation meeting was held in Madrid, and the populace, excited beyond measure by the conduct of the Pope and the priests, tore down and burnt the Papal arms, forced the Nuncio to fly, and went round shouting "Down with the Nuncio," and "Freedom of worship forever." They were only pacified by the appearance of an officer of the Government who declared that the powers of the Nuncio had been withdrawn.

CUBA.—A special dispatch from Cuba to the New York Tribune states that the whole island is undermined with revolt. Even so near the capital as Matanzas popular outbreaks take place, and on the railroad line above Villa Clara the insurgent commander has seven well armed regiments.

Stephen Boyle, the ruffian who attempted to shoot officers Maloney and Doran, of the New York police, while escaping on a butcher's cart Monday night, was brought before Recorder Hackett in the Court of General Sessions, yesterday morning, for trial. Boyle pleaded guilty to both charges, and was promptly sentenced by the Recorder to forty years in State Prison on Kalamazoo, Michigan, was in court with a requisition from Governor Hoffman to take Boyle to that State, to answer to the charge of having murdered Sheriff Orent, in case there was no conviction brought in. The court room was packed by a mob of the worst ruffians in the city, to whom Boyle seemed to be well known and who seemed to be in full sympathy with him.

EXECUTION OF WHALEN.—Whalen, the murderer of D'Arcy McGee, was hanged in Ottawa, on Thursday. The Fenian demonstration which was threatened was repressed through awe of the great force shown by the authorities. Before the execution Whalen said: "I beg pardon for any offence I may have committed. I forgive all parties who have injured me. I ask forgiveness from any one I may have injured. God save Ireland, and God save my soul." It is rumored that he left a written paper in his cell. The contents are unknown.

BUY YOUR TICKET.—Passengers traveling over the P. & K. R. will save themselves much inconvenience by purchasing tickets before taking seats in the car. By a new regulation on that road, all persons who procure tickets of the conductor are charged twenty-five cents extra, though they are furnished with a check which will entitle the holder to collect that amount at any ticket office on the line. The new arrangement makes additional labor for the conductor, and much inconvenience for the passengers. Travelers please bear this in mind.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

There is an avalanche of petitions, signed by men, women and children, for the establishment of a State Police.

Bills are passing through the different stages of legislation for the protection of the baggage of travelers; to incorporate the Waterville Mills; to incorporate the Winslow Mills Company; to incorporate the West Waterville Monument Association; to change the time of the session of the County Commissioners Court of the County of Kennebec; authorizing the Kennebec Land and Lumber Co. to construct and maintain a boom in Kennebec River.

On Thursday, Feb. 4, in the Senate the Committee on Military Affairs were directed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Mayor and aldermen of cities and selectmen of towns to select and appropriate such portions within their respective limits for the purpose of erecting thereon soldiers' monuments, subject to the same restrictions and liabilities as when appropriated for highways.

In the House, the amendment to the usury laws was refused a passage, 58 to 62; an act in relation to Waterville Institute was presented and referred to com. on Education.

On Saturday, Feb. 4, in the Senate the Committee on the Liquor Law and constable act, were instructed to inquire into the expediency of striking out the act, chap. 130 of the acts of 1862, provisions allowing the mayor and alderman, the selectmen or assessors of the several cities, towns or plantations, to purchase liquors of the State Commissioners of the State of Massachusetts; the Committee on the Judiciary are to inquire if legislation is expedient to protect persons letting horses for hire from abuse of the animal, and violation of the contract of hire; the Attorney General was requested to furnish this House with a brief statement of the reasons why the claim of the State of Maine, against B. D. Peck, and bondsman, shall be taken from the S. J. Court, and referred to the Governor and Council; a resolve was reported authorizing the Adjutant General to distribute copies of the Alphabetical Index of the Maine Soldiers in the late war, which was read and assigned; a resolve requesting the Governor to relieve Clifton Harris for thirty days was passed, 93 to 35.

On Tuesday, the Senate refused to concur with the House in refusing a passage to the usury bill.

In the House, the Joint Standing Committee on Railroads, Ways and Bridges were directed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Railroad Commissioners, or some other Board to be created for this purpose, to require all railroad companies, whose tracks cross the roads of other companies, to make such connections as shall best subserve the convenience of the travelling public; also authorizing said Commissioner or other Board to fix upon such rates of fares, both for freight and passengers, as shall be right and just toward railroad companies, and secure the public against unreasonable and exorbitant charges. It was ordered, the Senate concurring, that all petitions, orders, bills and resolves relating to public legislation, submitted after Feb. 13th, be referred without debate to the next Legislature. A petition signed by Frank Merrill and 400 others, was presented, praying that the word "white" as applied to citizens, may be stricken from the laws of this State.

On Wednesday, in Senate, a bill to incorporate the Pittsfield, Hartland and St. Albans railroad was reported. The interest bill was amended by adding—"Nothing in this act shall be construed to change the rate of interest or judgments as now established by law," and passed to be engrossed. Mr. Lang, from the Committee on Agriculture, reported that the committee advise two thousand copies of the report of the secretary of the State Agricultural Society, including Gov. Chamberlain's address at Portland, to be printed. Mr. Stevens laid on the table the following order:—That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a bill providing in all cases where now by law the punishment of crime is death the punishment hereafter shall be imprisonment for life, and that the Governor shall not issue his warrant for the execution of any prisoners now under sentence of death. A bill an act to define and punish murder and to execute the sentence in capital cases was reported from the Judiciary committee. The House refused to concur with the Senate in dismissing the bill for increasing the pay of County Commissioners in Kennebec County, and appointed a committee of conference.

On Thursday, in the Senate and House resolves extending sympathy to the family of the late ex-Gov. Hubbard, were passed, and tributes of respect offered

