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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 28): January 13, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page  
Of eternity and truth;  
He reads with a warning voice to age  
And whispers a lesson to youth.  
A year has fled o'er heart and head  
Since last the yule log burnt;  
And we have a task as closely set  
As what the boom and brain have lent?  
Oh! let us hope that our sands have run  
With wisdom's precious grains;  
Oh! may we find that one hand have done  
Some work of glorious pains.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass  
To the land of hallowed rest;  
We may miss the glow of an honest brow  
And the warmth of an honest breast;  
But if we turned from this earth,  
With hearts all true and kind,  
Will their spirits leave the sinless mirth  
Of those true hearts left behind?  
No! their voices are not well or wise  
To mourn with endless pain;  
There's a better world beyond the skies,  
Where the good still must again.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free  
From sorrow's dim alloy?  
Do we still possess the gifts that bless  
And fill our souls with joy?  
Do the creatures dear still cling near?  
Do we hear loved voices come?  
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed  
A halo round our home?  
Oh, if we do let thanks be poured  
To him who hath spared and given,  
And forget the festive board  
The movies held from Heaven.  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,  
While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

CONTINUED.

Perhaps it was very rude, extremely uncourteous, and highly improper in him—we don't pretend to excuse his conduct any more than to express our belief that any other man would have done the same thing. Mr. Sidney Gilchrist peeped through those very vines that poor Madeline had twisted and twined so carefully; he knelt upon the ground for the sake of more convenient observation, and with cunning fingers parted the thick leaves until he was able to obtain a full view of the fair, unconscious face before him. A mere accident had revealed her to him. A ribbon, dropped from her dress, lay in the wood-path as he rode slowly along, and by one of those sudden intuitions which come to all of us he divined that it was hers, and that she was somewhere near him.

I suppose he ought to have turned, his horse's head in an opposite direction immediately; but I know that he did not do any such thing. He dismounted at once, tied the "red-robin" to a pine tree, and left him to champ the bit at his leisure, while he departed on an exploring expedition. What malicious fairy led his feet to the very spot I cannot tell; but let them be without doubt, and Madeline's fate was sealed from that hour.

"Veni, vidi," murmured Sidney Gilchrist, as he walked noiselessly away from the bower, after a last, lingering look at the sweet sleeping face which it inclosed. "Come what will, I will complete that sentence before the year is dead!"

It was almost sunset when Madeline awoke. Deep shadows lay all around her, with only here and there a strange red streaks glowing upon the tree-trunks, or lying long and level in the open spaces beyond. She sprang up, bewildered and half-frightened, to find herself in this dusky gloom, and hurried homeward as fast as possible. The most romantic young ladies I have observed have as little fancy for solitary places, in the dark, as the least; and Madeline was no exception to the rule. She was very glad to escape from the deepening shadows, where every one of those sombre pines seemed stretching out ghastly giant arms to impede her progress, and came out upon an inhabited ground once more. The sun was quite down when she reached the corn-field; a soft, rosy twilight was stretching its sweet veil over the sky, and the evening was so still that she could hear every sound from the neighborhood of the house as she made her way through the tall, tasseled grain.

But she heard only the lowing of the cattle, and the clear, loud whistle of the negro boy as he drove them home from the pasture; only far-away strains of a camp-meeting hymn sung by old Aunt Cressy, milking the cows; and distant, shouts from Cindy and Sam, penning the geese and turkeys. There was nothing in anything she saw or heard to excite suspicion or reveal to her what had happened in the woods; no bird whispered the secret in her ear, and the breeze told no tales of Mr. Gilchrist's audacious resolution concerning her. So, happily unconscious, she kept on through the corn-field, reached the hedge which divided it from the lawn, and having satisfied herself that neither her aunt nor her visitor were in sight, hurried swiftly to the house. The door of the huge fire-lighted kitchen stood wide open, as usual, and offered a safe entrance. She darted through it unseen, glided up a back stairway, and was soon secure from observation in her own chamber.

She was rather a forlorn-looking figure, however, by the time she got there; dress and hair were in unbecoming disorder, and she herself chilled, weary, and utterly miserable in body and mind. She could hardly have summoned physical strength to make a toilet and go down into the drawing room, even if she had been inclined to obey her aunt's will; so, not being at all inclined that way, she enveloped herself in a loose wrapper, and lay down upon a sofa to entertain herself with the old bitter meditations—made more bitter still by physical exhaustion and discomfort. A knock at the door interrupted them, and in answer to Madeline's impatient "Come in!" Madame Ravelin made her appearance. Madeline could not keep her reclining position before her aunt; but she raised herself with a jerk almost as disrespectful, and waited irritably for her to speak.

"You refuse to come down this evening?" said Madame Ravelin, in a tone of interrogation.

"You can judge for yourself," was the flippant, almost impertinent answer.

"Do, Madame Ravelin returned, quietly, though her delicate cheek reddened even in the twilight. "But have you considered the alternative? You know I do not pass my word lightly."

"Neither do I," exclaimed Madeline, angrily. "I shall keep mine—every letter of it, and you may do the same as soon as you please."

"You little know what you are trifling with," said Madame Ravelin, still quietly, almost sadly. "I can bear with this perverseness, though I might claim a right to something different from you; I can wait patiently in hope that time will open your eyes—but will others? Is it wise to choose pity and contempt when you might have exerted affection—to throw away happiness, and accept discontent and

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1865.

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regret (as you surely will hereafter, whatever you may think now)—all for the sake of a pride so silly that a child should be ashamed of it? I warn you, Madeline, I even entreat you not for my sake, but for your own, my child."

Her last words were earnest even to tenderness, but Madeline was in no mood to profit by them. At another time, when she was less irritated and unhappy, they might have taken effect, but now her pride was stung by them, and she was all the more willfully perverse because she could not help feeling that her words and behavior were both utterly unbecoming and undutiful. She answered haughtily, and passionately.

"If by others you mean Mr. Sidney Gilchrist, let me tell you that I care as little for his contempt as for his esteem;—I despise them both; and as for happiness, I would rather be miserable forever than accept it at his hands. That is all I have to say to him now or ever, or to you about him; and you may send me to school as soon as you like, Aunt Ravelin. I shall be glad when I am away from everybody here, for the place is hateful to me!"

She flung herself down on the sofa again, and hid her face in her hands, but not before she had caught the look of mingled pain and pity and reproach which her aunt gave her as she silently left the room. She remembered it many a time afterward; even now it stirred up the better impulses of her nature into passionate shame and remorse, and she would already have gladly recalled the wicked and ungrateful words. But it was too late; and she could only vent her regrets and self-reproaches in vehement and impotent rage against Mr. Gilchrist—that grand disturber of her peace, and source of all her troubles!

It was a dull and dreary journey that Madeline took to New York the next week. There was but one alleviation to her misery—the fact that she was going to a new school, where no one would know anything about her, and she would not have to bear the curiosity and impertinence of old schoolmates. She found it almost as hard, though, to endure the stares and comments to which her position as a "new scholar" entitled her; to fall into the routine, different from and more irksome than at the old establishment; and to submit readily always to the rigid discipline exacted at the "Inchly Institute."

The first few weeks were dismal in the extreme. She walked apart in stately melancholy through the day, and at night persistently wept herself to sleep, until her room-mate, a sensible, kindly, warm-hearted girl, who had vainly offered consolation in every shape she could devise, from sugar-plums upward, began to be quite disgusted with her. She had taken a fancy to the pretty face, however—perhaps because her own was not pretty at all—and notwithstanding many rebuffs, persevered in her friendly overtures till at last Madeline, in spite of herself, could not help being interested, and pleased, and finally sympathetic. Emily Nesbit had such a cheerful, sunny disposition that no one could resist its influence long; and though Madeline's highly-toned sensibilities were frequently shocked by some of her commonplace, matter-of-fact tendencies, there was still a charm about her which made itself felt even in the midst of the other's morbid discontent.

The end was that the two girls became "friends," and in course of time Emily was made the recipient of all her companion's secret sorrows. Of course, with her prosaic views of life, she could not be as deeply appreciative of them as she should have been; but nevertheless, although she was sorely tempted sometimes, more than that, she exerted herself to obtain alleviation of the weary school confinement, and succeeded so well that Madeline found herself one Friday evening the centre of attraction in a gay little party out of school-hours, almost without knowing how she came there. It was a privilege accorded to some of the older pupils who had friends in the city, to spend with them the time between Friday afternoon and Monday morning, once in every month. Emily had a married cousin, who considerably extended her invitations to Madeline; and after this the two girls regularly passed the monthly holiday together at Mrs. Maxwell's pretty home. She was a young wife, herself not very long emancipated from the Inchly dominion; and she perfectly understood how to entertain her young visitors at such times. There was always something pleasant planned for them—a little excursion of some kind, a drive, a concert, or a party at home; and there were always gentlemen enough in attendance, too. Some of them were stupid, and some were clever—the usual sprinkles; but at any rate they were all polite, attentive, admiring, and "none of them Sidney Gilchrist's," as Madeline bitterly observed.

"No, and it's a great pity," Emily retorted, maliciously, on one occasion. "If I only knew how quietly somebody else was appropriating his peculiar property, he would be one of them soon enough, I'm thinking!"

At which Madeline said, "Nonsense!" very emphatically, but with a very red cheek at the same time; and, by way of diversion, launched forth into some scornful speeches concerning "her valiant suitor," as she contemptuously styled Mr. Gilchrist.

But the truth was that Mr. Gilchrist filled a very small space in her thoughts in these days. She was piqued, indeed, at his total neglect of her; for in spite of her rudeness to him, she had scarcely expected to be so completely resigned by him. Some further demonstration she had certainly looked for; yet she had been utterly un molested by word or visit from him since she had left Hazlehurst, and that was four months ago. But she merely indulged herself in various biting speeches and sarcastic allusions when the subject was brought up, and at other times forgot him almost entirely in a new and far more agreeable excitement.

There was one of Mrs. Maxwell's gentlemen friends who was always on hand when the young ladies were with her. He had been one of the first to whom Madeline was introduced, and the most assiduous ever since in attentions to her. Not at all flattering or love-like attentions; however, for though he continually sought her conversation, he was continually

disputed, contradicted, and even laughed at her most cherished opinions and sentiments. He talked to her with a quiet boldness, a manly self-assertion, which attracted her strangely notwithstanding she was so often provoked by his fearless disapproval, his straight-forward and wholesale condemnation of much that she believed in and clung to. He was so candid, so right-minded, so clear and discriminating in everything, that, in spite of her frequent vexation, she was obliged always to feel that he was right and she wrong wherever they differed; and feeling it her natural ingenuitiness compelled her to confess as much. He never paid her compliments, and seldom praised her; but when he did, his few words made her cheek burn and her heart thrill, not with pride, but with a deep humility, a yearning desire to be more worthy of such approval, a passionate pleasure in having won the simplest token of it. Under his influence she was changing very much, growing gentler where she had been self-assured and obstinate. There even came into her mind certain vague convictions that she had acted foolishly and wrongly toward Mr. Gilchrist, and a very positive consciousness that she had been most ungrateful and unkind to her aunt.

This change in the young girl's temper was very evident to the Maxwells, and to Emily Nesbit, and the cause of it, equally so; but they took very little notice of what was going on. Only Emily could not help occasionally making some sly allusion to Mr. Hayne, and with all her fastidious delicacy Madeline was secretly pleased whenever she did so. It seemed an assurance of what she longed yet scarcely dared to believe—a confirmation of her trembling upward hope—to have others notice that she cared for him. And yet she would not acknowledge to herself that she loved him; when the question came up in her own mind, as it did continually, she denied it, with vehement scorn at the idea of giving away her love unsought, and made many a laughy resolve to care no longer what he thought of her, and no longer to defer to him, like a child, in everything. There were others who courted her smiles, while he did not at all dread her frowns; and why should he be so solicitous to please him, so humble before him, so full of tremulous gladness at a kind word or look from him? It was a waste of resolution, however, for as soon as she came under the spell of those dark, bright eyes, so full of kindness, but so full of conscious power, all her pride melted, and she was gentle and docile as ever.

Christmas came, and the girls had a fortnight holiday, the whole of which they were invited to spend with Mrs. Maxwell; and they were both very willing to accept. Emily from private reasons of her own, Madeline because she knew that Mr. Hayne would be there as usual, and that she should live in the sunshine of his presence for a longer time than ever before.

There was a Christmas tree and a children's party—given for Mrs. Maxwell's little brothers and sisters—the night before Christmas. A sufficient sprinkling of older people made it attractive for others, as well, and Mr. Hayne being there of course, Madeline truly was

not that he had much to say to her, for he paid far more attention to the little people than to their seniors to-night. He was the good genius who distributed the gifts (many of which had been his own contribution) from the tree—the exhibitor of the wonderful Magic Lantern—the director of the dances—the most efficient aid at the supper-table—and the chief actor in all the mysterious exhibitions of Chinese dolls, slim-witches, Egyptian hieroglyphics, etc., which kept the children in a sort of intoxication of enjoyment till nearly midnight. Madeline admired him more than ever as she saw this new direction of his talents, and if the truth must be told, loved him in the same proportion.

"No one else is like him!" she thought proudly. "The very children love him and cling to him, and how generous and kind he is to them all! Who but he would take so much trouble to make them all happy?" And her heart swelled till the tears filled her eyes, and for the twentieth time she drew back into the shade of a friendly curtain to hide her too vivid emotions, and to press once again to her lips a pretty gift which the Christmas tree had borne for her. It was a little vinaigrette, exquisitely ornamented, but only precious to her because she knew from a single glancing look as he handed it to her that it was his gift. A queen's coronet could not have bought it from her after that look.

She was still in the shadow of the curtain, half-hidden from the merry, moving throng around her, when she felt herself touched suddenly, and he was there beside her. "I have a request to make, Miss Hayward," he said, as he bent down to her; "and for fear of lacking another opportunity, I must improve this. I want you to go to church with me to-morrow; will you go? Speak quickly, for some one is calling me."

"Yes," answered Madeline, promptly, caring little for the peremptory manner of his invitation; "I will go." And the next minute a troop of children had found him out, and he was away in the midst of them, without another word for her. She did not speak with him again through the evening, except to say good-night, but she needed nothing more to give her happy dreams.

She was awake early next morning, and stole softly to the window to see if the weather was propitious. To her dismay she found every thing covered deeply with snow, every twig and branch of the leafless trees bore a soft white burden, the street was carpeted in white, and the sky overhead looked ominously gray as if the feathery shower might fall downward again at any moment. Madeline felt sorely disappointed, but Emily waked up just in time to comfort her.

"It doesn't make the slightest difference," she asserted, cheerfully; "nobody minds snow, and I shouldn't wonder if it was very fortunate after all, because you may get a sleigh-ride, you see. In fact I am quite sure you will, and that will be ever so much nicer than a long walk to church."

"But I want to go to church," said Madeline.

"Well, and can't you go in a sleigh, I wonder?"

"No, I don't want to prolong the happiness of my sleigh-ride."

"Hold your tongue, Emily," Madeline re-

turned, unceremoniously; but the light came back to her eyes, and, in spite of gray sky and white pavements, she went gayly down to breakfast. And Emily proved a true prophet for Mr. Hayne made his appearance in uncommonly good season, with the gayest little establishment of bells, buffalo robes, etc., laughed at the threatening storm, and had Madeline snugly tucked in among the furs before she had time to feign an objection.

The drive to church was delightful enough, certainly; but she was happier still when she sat quietly beside him, in his own power—they two the only occupants—listening to the beautiful service which he loved so, and joining heart and soul in the joyous Christmas chants and hymns. There was a strong religious element in her nature, developed more in sympathetic feeling than in practical earnestness hitherto, but to-day something deeper and truer seemed to reach her heart and touch it with a sense of penitent humility such as she had never felt before. The sermon was simple enough, for few new or striking things can be said in a Christmas sermon, beautiful and dear as the theme ever is; but the lack of originality mattered little to Madeline. Tears filled her eyes and overflowed them more than once, and her cheeks glowed with a mingling of strange but heart-felt emotions. She felt tearfully happy; humble, and thankful; and strong, too, as if she could bear life's duty and burden with a faith unknown before.

They were both silent when they were in the sleigh again; Mr. Hayne gave his attention to the horse, and Madeline, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not see in what direction they were going. She looked out by-and-by, and found herself in an unfamiliar street, with strange looking houses scattered more widely apart than usual, while a reach of open country stretched away in the distance.

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Hayne asked with a smile, as he read the question in her eyes. "Don't be afraid, I am only going to give you a longer ride than I promised. That's all."

"I am not afraid," said Madeline, a little proudly, for she did not quite understand the caution; "but is it not late? Will not Emily and Mrs. Maxwell think me rude to leave them so long?"

"No, I told them of my intentions before we started. You need not mind them. The only question is whether you would like the ride, or prefer to go back at once. Which is it?"

"I would like the ride, then," said Madeline, frankly, and she was rewarded with a look and smile which sent a quick gladness to her heart.

"What did you think of the sermon?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, I liked it," she answered, eagerly, her eyes filling; for she was in that softened mood when tears come as fast as words. It is a womanly mood, and very incomprehensible to most masculine minds; but I think Mr. Hayne understood it for once.

"So did I," he returned, gently. "It touched me more nearly than many a more brilliant one could have done. I remembered more of my own sins, and felt more charitable to my neighbor's than for a long time since."

"I did not know you were ever uncharitable," said Madeline, simply. "I have never found you so."

"No?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "It is very kind of you to say that, when I have found fault with you so often—even to censoriousness and rudeness. Indeed, my hardness to you sometimes was one of the very things with which my conscience reproached me this morning."

"It need not, then, for you never said a word that I did not deserve; and you might have said a great deal more," was the earnest answer. "Your candor with my follies, my faults, was one of the things for which I had to be thankful this morning."

Mr. Hayne looked surprised and greatly pleased.

"Do you really mean all this?" he asked. "Thankful for my fault-finding, never angry with it?"

"I mean it all, and more," she answered, steadily. "I don't say that I was never provoked. I was at first very often, but it was only because I could not bear to have the truth told me about myself. I was very foolish and wrong in a great many of my thoughts and ways. You first convinced me of it, and you have helped me to overcome those faults. I know I have enough left still," she added, with real humility; "but I could not help feeling to-day that I had gained something, since my last Christmas service, and being thankful for the friend who had done so much toward the gain."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and simplicity of this acknowledgement. It had been perfectly involuntary and heart-felt, and Mr. Hayne, at least, was not likely to find fault with its lack of conventional reserve, its too frank though unconscious exposure of her true feeling for herself. A momentary flush of joy and triumph flashed from his eyes as he turned away her blushing face; then he answered, gravely,

"I thank you for saying so much more than I had any right to expect; so much more than I deserve, truly; for my candor was not half so disinterested as you think. It is my turn to make a confession, Madeline. Look at me while you listen to it."

His voice trembled a little as he spoke her name—he had never called her so before—and she trembled too, with a strange thrill of wonder and hope, and fear as she looked up to him. His eyes searched hers with a look she had never seen in them before, as he continued deliberately:

"I can not foresee what you will think of my confession, neither will I try to justify myself, whatever you may see. I will acknowledge, in the first place, that it was not fair to come to you as I did, having a previous acquaintance with your character, and with certain important incidents in your life, that you did not know I possessed. It was not fair to seek your confidence, even though I did it by speaking unwelcome truths, without telling you what I already knew of you. But I had a motive. There was a risk which I did not dare to run. If you had known all, you would have looked upon me with suspicion and dislike, and my friendship would have been rejected entirely. Will you blame me, then, so much for my want of candor toward you?"

He stopped, looking for an answer, but Madeline was confused and bewildered, perfectly

uncomprehending. "I do not understand," she began, falteringly, but she had hardly spoken when a sudden light broke upon her. The blood rushed to her cheeks and brow, and tingled to her very finger-tips with a fiery sense of shame. "Do you mean—can you mean—that you know about—?" Sidney Gilchrist, she would have added; but she broke down utterly at the name, and hid her burning face in her hands as the conviction forced itself upon her that this was indeed what he meant, and that he knew the whole story. There had been times when she had longed to tell it to him—she meant to tell him if he ever gave her a right to bestow all her confidence upon him; but to think he had known it all along! Oh, what must he have thought of her, and what must he be thinking now!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON EDWARD EVERETT.—In his recent speech at Philadelphia Saturday evening, Mr. Phillips spoke of Mr. Everett as one of the new converts in the Republican party, adding:—

"And when I name Edward Everett I desire to say that I name the cap sheaf of American magnanimity for the last three years. I know of few men in any age or language who at near seventy years of age, with such a career behind them, had the loftiness of spirit to stand before twenty millions of their countrymen and say 'I am mistaken.' Such men are rare in any age, and certainly deserve fair credit for such a confession. They are the new converts."

BOOKS IN FARMERS' FAMILIES.—Many farmers' families in comfortable circumstances are almost destitute of books, and the children are growing up in ignorance. No one should consider his house furnished until it contains a library of at least twenty to one hundred volumes. When this is once supplied, let there be yearly additions to it. After a man has secured his farm and stock, why should he not devote the produce of at least one acre each year to the purchase of books and other means of intellectual culture? Let it for the present be an acre of corn or wheat, and in the mean time set out an acre of choice fruit for this particular purpose. Will not the boys and girls be very ready to assist in the care of the educational acre, when they see it really brings to them promptly, books, pictures, philosophical apparatus, etc. The farmer's profession is really susceptible of being one of the noblest. Bring intelligence and culture to the aid of the plow, and the smart boys will not all desire to be doctors, lawyers and presidents. Let the God-made country vie with the man-made town, in the march of mental improvement, and its superior attractions will not only retain its own best population but draw from the cities many who prefer the town mainly for its intellectual and business advantages.

DOMINO!—The game of dominoes is not quite so popular in America as it is in Paris, where the click of the little ivory bits on the café-tables makes so characteristic a part of the evening's panorama of Parisian life. But some people do play dominoes in America, and these will be interested to know how it came to pass that a player declared "domino" before his partner and one of his adversaries had played a single piece. A held the double-five, six-and-five, two-and-five, blank-and-five, blank-and-five, three-and-blank, and four-and-blank. B, the fourth to play, held six-and-blank, two-and-blank, double-blank, five-and-four, five-and-three, five-and-five, three-and-two. C and D held the rest, of course. A plays the double-five; C and D pass; B plays; C and D continue to pass; and A finally declares "domino," B retaining still his three-and-two.

ANECDOTE OF H. W. BEECHER. The *Religious Monthly*, in an article upon Starr King, speaks of his never-failing fund of anecdote, and says the story he seemed most to enjoy relating, was the following one of Beecher:—

"There was a great public meeting in New York to protest against one of the many aggressions of the slave power; and it had been arranged that no speaker offensive to the 'conservative merchants' should be invited to speak; but as safe men are proverbially slow, and dignity is often slow to dulness, this unfortunate assembly soon found itself very weary. Somebody called for 'Beecher' who was in one of the galleries; and he went down to the platform where he was far from welcome. Of course, he had a pungent beginning; and then came a storm of hisses. In vain did he try to go on. Every time he opened his mouth he was greeted with the same overwhelming opposition. Watching his opportunity, he let the indignant throng get fairly out of breath, and contrived to say, in his driest fashion,— 'You remind me very much of my grandfather.'"

What his grandfather had to do with that meeting awakened general curiosity; and so he was allowed to go on.

"My grandfather was a blacksmith; and a very poor one, too, I am sorry to say. Once he got a fine piece of steel, and said to himself, 'I will make a broad-axe out of this.' He put it in the fire and heated it, (Mr. King showed us how Mr. Beecher acted this,) and failed. Then he put it back in the fire, and heated it again, saying, 'Perhaps it will do for a hatchet'; and again he took it out and hammered it, (here Mr. Beecher, rendered by Mr. King, became still more dramatic;) but again he failed. 'At last this audience listened, without seeing the faintest glimmer of a point; but one was coming. After going through the motions of making a hammer also, Mr. Beecher said, 'At last the old man took the hot steel in his tongs, and walking to the water-barrel, said, 'Well, there is one thing I can do; I can make a pluggy good bias.' I need not add, that after this, Mr. Beecher had the cheerful attention of his conciliated hearers."

Mr. Audubon says that the beautiful little humming bird that we see in our gardens darting from flower to flower, is not in pursuit of honey as is generally supposed, but in search of insects. Its long double-tubed tongue covered with a glutinous saliva, is thrust into a flower, to which every insect is fastened, drawn back and swallowed.

THE SOWER DOCTRINE.—If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

GOV. CONY'S ADDRESS.

The following synopsis of Gov. Cony's Address is furnished by the Augusta correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE STATE FINANCES.

After the introductory sentences, the Governor first presents to the Legislature the financial operations of the State during the year past, and the present condition of the Treasury:—

The expenditures of the last year have been for all ordinary civil purposes including payment of public debt and interest thereon, \$615,010 44  
For redeeming cities and towns money advanced in 1863 for relief of soldiers' families, 632,168 14  
For bounties, 2,988,188 78  
For other war purposes, 73,179 63

The receipts in the same period have been: From State taxes assessed prior to 1864, 445,197 62  
State tax of 1864, 384,221 16  
From loans permanent and temporary, 3,968,000 00  
From all other sources, 309,513 48

"It appears that a debt of \$2,955,000 has been created during the past year, which, added to that existing January, 1864, makes the whole debt of the State as represented by loans \$5,337,000. In addition to this is the amount to be refunded to cities, towns, &c., for aid furnished families of soldiers in 1864, not payable till 1865, but constituting actually a debt against the State. The amount of this last item in consequence of the returns not having been made, I am unable to state, but it is supposed that it will reach a higher figure than was required for the same object last year."

"The Legislature of 1864, in levying the State tax for that year, assessed the sum of six hundred thousand dollars beyond all requirements for the established ordinary civil expenses of the State, including the interest on the whole public debt."

"The revenue derived from this tax is that on which the treasury relies to defray these charges the present year, and whatever may remain after meeting them will be applied to reduce the debt to the cities and towns for advances to soldiers' families. A portion of this tax has already been paid into the treasury and disbursed, postponing for the time the necessity to that extent of making a loan, but which the exigencies of the treasury the coming year will require to be made. The loans effected by the Treasurer the past year have been made under the authority of resolves, approved March 19, 1864, providing for the borrowing of three millions of dollars by the issue of bonds on a term of twenty-five years, to refund advances to soldiers' families and for the payment of bounties. These resolves also authorized a temporary loan of any portion of this amount which the convenience of treasury might require to be refunded from the sales of the bonds. Under this authority bonds have been disposed of to amount of \$2,765,000, and there are outstanding notes on short time for \$200,000. The success of the Treasurer in negotiating so large an amount of the permanent loan of the State under the limitation of not selling below par at a time when there existed so much competition in the market of public securities seeking the money of capitalists, many of them at a rate of interest very much above the rate paid by this State, is a substantial compliment to the financial standing of Maine. The difficulties of negotiation for these under the necessity of borrowing are not likely to be diminished in the future."

The Governor commends the Constitutional restriction of the State debt for all except war purposes to \$300,000 as a wise one, and urges the utmost economy in expenditure. Provision for liquidating the debt incurred already is recommended:—  
"The State has thus far reaped the benefit of its high character for scrupulous punctuality in meeting its engagements. I respectfully suggest that the best interests of the State require at an early day the establishment of a sinking fund by setting apart a fixed sum annually to be applied to the purchase of the debt. True it is that the only source of revenue possessed by the State is direct taxation, but unless the State debt should be largely increased beyond its present amount, the time is not far distant when the State tax may be considerably reduced and still leave a large enough to provide such a fund as would in a few years sensibly reduce the debt. The inauguration of this policy would greatly strengthen the credit of the State, and facilitate the negotiation of its bonds if the condition of the treasury shall require."

"The imposition of a tax of a single mill upon the valuation of 1860 would be entirely adequate to the purpose. The policy of the last Legislature in levying a State tax sufficient to pay all the ordinary charges upon the treasury, including interest on the State debt, and a large surplus to be applied to the liquidation of the claims of cities and towns for money advanced in aid of the soldiers' families will commend itself to your favorable consideration in making provisions to supply the treasury for 1866."

ASSUMPTION OF STATE DEBTS. The plan presented in the National House by Hon. J. C. Blaine for the assumption of the war debts of the States, by the general government, meets with Gov. Cony's entire approval. The withdrawal of capital from liability to contribute is in the exemption of U. S. securities from State and municipal taxation; the establishment of the National Banking system has led to a loss to the State of revenue amounting to \$80,000, by the Governor's estimate, State bank stock having been formerly taxed for the support of common schools, and they having been impoverished by taxation, and to a large extent driven out of existence by the new system. The argument is stated thus:—

"These debts have been incurred for the national defence, upon which ground alone justice demands their assumption by the United States, and still more loudly it is called for by the fact that the sources of revenue in the States have been dried up by Congressional action."

Attention is directed to the condition of banks in the State.

ENLISTMENTS.

The military operations of the year 1864 are thus exhibited:—

"During the year 1864 there have been sent from this State 13,623 men, of whom 3380 were enlisted under the call of October 1863. Besides these 3525 veteran soldiers whose term of enlistment in the organizations which entered the service in the beginning of the war was about expiring, have re-enlisted. Enlistments in the navy for the same period number 1846. The aggregate of these is 18,994 men Maine has in the year 1864, contributed to the service of the country—equal to twenty regiments. All these have received the bounty of the State. The loyal States would constitute a force of nearly three-fourths of a million. Allowances of credits for naval enlistments anterior to the past year have been made to the number 8436."

"During the same period the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 12th, and 13th Regiments have been mustered out of service, the term of their enlistments having expired, and the organizations disbanded. The number of men actually retiring from service by these musters-out, is



about 2000. The residue of these organizations who had re-enlisted, or whose original terms of enlistment had not expired, have been transferred to other regiments.

"Until the last call, Maine has met every demand upon her troops, not by constructive efforts, but by the bone and sinew of the people. She will continue to do so to the end. I am confident that her citizens will have no cause to blush at a comparison of her efforts with those of her sisters to sustain the government of our fathers. Authentic returns establish the fact that more than 61,000 of her sons have been in the military and naval service of the nation since the commencement of the war—a number very nearly equal to one tenth part of the whole population of the State, embracing both sexes and all ages."

#### BOUNTIES AND SOLDIERS' AID.

The subject of bounties to soldiers is thoroughly discussed and the principle is commended.

The Governor gives some satisfactory statistics relative to the Cony U. S. General Hospital, established in Augusta, by his exertions, and warmly commends the patriotic action of the citizens of Portland and Bangor in providing accommodation and refreshment for soldiers temporarily in these cities, the Maine Agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and the Christian and Sanitary Commissions are each commended.

#### DEFENCES OF THE COAST.

The subject of Coast and Harbor Defences is discussed, the facts in connection with the Calais raid are recounted, and mention is made of the Calais affair. The following, in opposition to the views which have been advanced by correspondence in the Advertiser regarding the nature of the attack, is not wholly satisfactory as an argument, and leaves the affair unexplained and nearly inexplicable:—

"It has been suggested that this was simply a feint, designed to alarm the garrison and create a momentary sensation. That it was such can hardly be credited. The love of mischief, simply, would be an insufficient motive to lead men into actual danger, and it must have been known that the garrison would employ deadly weapons against anybody attempting a surprise; at least, the probability of its doing so was so great that it is not rational to believe it could have been approached as it was except for a serious purpose."

But even if the Calais raid were acknowledged to be merely the mischief-making of a parcel of young men, the danger of a real attack is not less, and the Governor truly says:— "These incidents, apparently insignificant, read by the light of what has occurred elsewhere on the border, afford color to the presumption that they were a portion of a series of attempts plotted and organized upon the soil of our neutral neighbors. I did not feel at liberty to neglect these motions, and took such steps as appeared necessary to guard against the occurrence of actual mischief, receiving the cooperation of the War Department. Over-caution is better than neglect. The extensive demands upon the Navy Department for blockading purposes has hitherto perhaps prevented due attention to this matter, but it is certainly to be desired that in future something more than an occasional visit by a gunboat may be ordered along the coast."

#### THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

Of the amendments to the Constitution allowing soldiers to vote, he remarks that they "were sanctioned by a large vote and more emphatic majority than ever attended any other proposition changing the organic laws of the State."

The whole number of votes thrown by the soldiers was four thousand nine hundred and seven, of which due return was made, accompanied by certified poll lists showing the name of each person voting.

To meet the allegation that fraud might be practised by the same persons voting at home in September and at camp in November, as well as to detect any false return, I caused a circular to be addressed to the various cities, towns and plantations requesting them to forward to the Secretary of State a certified copy of the check-list used in the two elections, and in the degree that our patrons shall think so, and act accordingly, they are assured of our sincere thanks.

"It will doubtless gratify the friends of temperance everywhere to learn that our town authorities are acting with energy and efficiency in endeavoring to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks within our limits; and their action in the matter is in pleasing contrast to the apathy and indifference manifested in some quarters, and especially at the capital of the State, where we are assured, liquor is sold as freely and openly as any article of trade. Seven cases were recently carried to Augusta on appeal, and in every case the decision of Justice Drummond, adverse to the defendants of course, was sustained, except where the convicted parties, fearful of the result, paid up before their cases came to trial. We trust that our authorities will persevere in the good work till every drinking house is effectually closed. A large majority of the better portion of the community bid them God speed and will give them all the aid they need."

"PEACE! PEACE!"—No peace worth a button can be obtained in any other way than by breaking the military power of the leaders of the rebellion and emancipating the people of the South from the tyrannical rule of the Confederacy. You may send the Blairs, or "any other men," to Richmond, with peace propositions as often as you please, but the Southern leaders must be soundly thrashed before any lasting and desirable peace can be obtained.

"GALVANIZED YANKEES"—is the term by which the rebels designate those Union prisoners who for various reasons enlist in the rebel army. We get a hint of their value to the Confederacy from a recent statement in a South Carolina paper that a plot having been discovered among them to escape to Sherman's lines, seven were shot and the remainder sent to prison.

COAST GUARDS.—Three full companies of Coast Guards have been organized in this State, and leave Augusta for duty on the seaboard immediately. Dumont Bunker, we notice, is Captain of Co. E.

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

The following paragraphs are directed towards the removal of the restrictions upon railroad travel and transportation which, urged in the columns of the Advertiser, may have had some effect in preventing the aid from Massachusetts which might otherwise have been given to the proposed line of railroad. Alluding to the mission of the Ex-Governors to the last Legislature of Massachusetts, he says:—

"The application was not successful, and one very strong ground of objection was the alleged unfriendly action of the Legislature of this State some years since and still unrepented in regard to connection with railroads west of Portland having their destination at Boston. I would respectfully call your attention to this subject for the purpose of ascertaining whether the supposed exigency which called for this legislation exists at this time. In the early history of railroads in this State, certain policies were regarded as indispensable, the wisdom of which has hardly been justified by

experience. That the legislation referred to belongs to that class is more than probable.

"A neighboring State can hardly be expected to contribute in aid of an enterprise, in the benefits of which it is not to be allowed a participation. It is only upon the ground of a common interest to be promoted by the freest inter-communication that any such claim for co-operation can be asked with prospect of success. In addition to a common interest believed to exist there are some considerations connected with the past history of the public lands of Maine, formerly the joint property of Massachusetts and our own State which may be fairly urged as a reason for seeking assistance from that commonwealth in aid of the European and North American Railway Company."

"Many years since arrangements were entered into between the two States for the management of their common domain, and among other stipulations was one for the expenditure of the proceeds of the sale of the land and timber, to the extent of not more than ten per cent, in making improvements through these lands by the construction of roads and rendering the watercourses navigable. But a very small part of this sum was expended, as is well known to every person at all conversant with the history of our public lands."

"Again, the State of Maine extinguished the title of Massachusetts in these lands by purchase in 1853. A bargain fairly made is binding upon both parties and not to be complained of, but if the State of Maine ever receives from the land thus purchased a sum equal to the interest of the principal paid for them it is as much as those well informed upon the subject ever expected. These considerations may be fairly addressed to Massachusetts in seeking her aid for this enterprise, and it is for her authorities to determine their weight."

Governor Cony closes his address with some general thoughts on the condition of the country and its prospects and the moral effect of the recent Presidential election. His opinions on these topics are of course sound and are clearly and forcibly expressed.

## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 13, 1865.



#### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 10 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements should be referred to the agents named above.

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

THANKS.—We are more than gratified to find that our little advance in the price of our paper has been so favorably responded to, that instead of diminishing, as we feared, our list has increased a very little with the commencement of the new year. An unusual number have availed themselves of our advance price, as others will probably do during the present month. This is better for both parties; and in the degree that our patrons shall think so, and act accordingly, they are assured of our sincere thanks.

"It will doubtless gratify the friends of temperance everywhere to learn that our town authorities are acting with energy and efficiency in endeavoring to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks within our limits; and their action in the matter is in pleasing contrast to the apathy and indifference manifested in some quarters, and especially at the capital of the State, where we are assured, liquor is sold as freely and openly as any article of trade. Seven cases were recently carried to Augusta on appeal, and in every case the decision of Justice Drummond, adverse to the defendants of course, was sustained, except where the convicted parties, fearful of the result, paid up before their cases came to trial. We trust that our authorities will persevere in the good work till every drinking house is effectually closed. A large majority of the better portion of the community bid them God speed and will give them all the aid they need."

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COAST GUARDS.—Three full companies of Coast Guards have been organized in this State, and leave Augusta for duty on the seaboard immediately. Dumont Bunker, we notice, is Captain of Co. E.

A BUSINESS CHANGE.—We have often taken occasion to speak of the Sash and Blind Manufacturing in our village, and to commend the enterprise, and perseverance of the proprietors, Messrs. Furbish & Drummond, whose integrity and business tact have built up an enviable reputation for themselves and their business, and enabled them to run full handed with ready sales while the work of others went begging for a market in vain. Dropping in there, recently, we found our esteemed young friend, Mr. John P. Richardson, in charge of a portion of the work, and learned that he became a partner in the business on the first of January, having purchased the interest of the senior member of the firm. We feel sure that the new firm will show by their mode of dealing that they are deserving of all the confidence reposed in the old; and that the remunerative business built up by Furbish & Drummond will continue to prosper and increase in the hands of Drummond & Richardson. We hope too, that the business energy of Mr. Furbish, the retiring member, will not be lost to Waterville, but that in some other branch of business he may find full scope for his active enterprise.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—The officers of Waterville Section, No. 5, for this quarter are as follows:—

Thos. M. Dillingham, W. A. H. J. Philbrick, V. A. Tinnie Merrifield, S. Belle Merrifield, A. S. Geo. K. Wentworth, T. S. T. Humphrey, A. T. E. S. Sheldon, Chaplain. James Lowe, P. W. A. Nettie L. Wheeler, 1st Visitor. Hattie Low, 2nd A. S. Maxwell, G. C. H. Percival, U. A. J. Boulter, W. D. McCallis Scribner, A. W.

So CONVENIENT!—We refer the reader to W. Chipman's advertisement of "Carbonated Fluid," in another column. In every house is seen the need of something more convenient and handy than the common kerosene lamp, with its high and delicate chimney, for going from place to place. Chimneys are smoked and broken, and the trouble of lighting is perplexing. The common fluid lamp has gone out of use because fluid has risen to some four dollars the gallon. The Carbonated Fluid, which is sold at a moderate price takes its place, and brings the little fluid hand lamps again into use. The burner is a cheap fixture that may be attached to any of the common fluid or kerosene lamps. We have given it a thorough trial and it proves a great convenience. It lights quickly, and the blaze holds with good tenacity in moving rapidly. We think those who try it will adopt it at once as a portable lamp, for the purpose of "choring" about the house. Call and see it, at Chipman's, corner of Main and Temple streets.

LEGISLATURE.—The committees have been appointed in both branches, and everything is getting into good working order. Mr. Fessenden was elected Senator, on Wednesday, receiving the entire republican vote, as of course he would after the withdrawal of Mr. Hamlin.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.—The election of Mr. Dillingham to the speakership was a surprise on which we may congratulate his constituents; not that he wanted any of the qualities proper for the place, but that we had seen none of the management and heard none of the tumult that usually attend accession to this honor. It seemed to come to him in the natural course of things, as an appointment eminently "fit to be made." We cannot doubt it will prove so, and that the action of the house, under his care, will be eminently prompt and harmonious.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This old favorite, one of the best agricultural journals in the country, which suspended about a year ago in consequence of the pressure of the times, has been revived, and comes to us again, looking and reading very much as of yore. We gladly welcome it back to life, for it has ever been a missionary of good to the country homes of New England and a visitor to be desired in any family. Published by R. P. Eaton & Co., and edited by Simon Brown and R. P. Eaton.

BANDAGES are again called for at Augusta, for the use of the soldiers in hospital. Send to the Ladies' Aid Society, in care of Edward Fenno, Esq., Water Street, Augusta.

We invite attention to the card of J. P. Deering & Co. This firm are well endorsed in their business, and their references are of the first class. They seem to have the full confidence of the government officials, and to stand well with all parties who have transacted business with them. We know of no better agency through which town authorities and others interested in filling quotas can secure their object.

A correspondent who signs "A Catholic" is informed that we will cheerfully publish his communication if he will give us his name—not for publication, but that we may know who is writing.

A GOOD BARGAIN, we are assured may be had by any one in want of a sewing machine, by purchasing the one advertised in another column by Mr. W. Chipman. Call and look at it.

The morals of this city are apparently unexceptional!—[Lewiston Journal.] So the Pharisee thought of his morals—but he "thanked God" and you don't.

The friends of Mr. E. D. Randall may learn of his location and occupation by referring to his advertisement in this week's paper.

#### OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The December number of this work has been received, and the table of contents is as follows:—

A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States, 1864-65.—Part I. Tony Butler.—Part XV. The Public Schools Report.—Conclusion: Winchester and Shrewsbury. My Latest Vacation Excursion.—Part II. Aunt Ann's Ghost Story. Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General.—Part XI. Index.

For 1865 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

TICONIC DIVISION S. of T. No. 13.—The following is a list of officers for the ensuing quarter:—

Geo. A. Wilson, W. P. Morris Soule, W. A. S. Keith, R. S. C. J. Chalmers, A. R. S. E. R. Drummond, F. S. F. S. Chase, T. D. R. Wing, Chaplain. Jos. R. Pitman, P. W. P. T. W. Atherton, C. C. L. Clay, A. C. Henry S. Ware, L. S. J. Nye, O. S. Miss L. K. Hawes, I. O. Misses Maria Wheeler, Lizzie McCausland, and Emma Porter, L. O.

WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.—At the annual meeting held Jan. 2, 1865, the following persons were elected directors:—D. L. Milliken, C. R. McFadden, J. B. Bradbury, Wm. Dyer, Mark Rollins, Joshua Nye and E. F. Webb.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, D. L. Milliken was elected President, Wm. Dyer Treasurer, and E. F. Webb Secretary. The company has a strong foothold, and is safe and reliable. It has issued over eight hundred policies the past year, as will be seen by reference to advertisement in our columns.

EATON'S INTELLECTUAL ARITHMETIC.—Taggard and Thompson, of Boston, have sent us a copy of this arithmetic for beginners, constructed upon the Pestalozzian or inductive method, which the author, James S. Eaton, a veteran instructor, feels confident is a great improvement upon Colburn's First Lessons. If this opinion is correct he has done a good thing, for the little work named has always been regarded as one of the best ever published; and we always felt that for our share of benefit derived from it we owed Zerah Colburn a big debt of gratitude.

MINISTERIAL.—Rev. P. C. Headley preached at the Congregational Church on Sunday last. We understand there is some effort making for his settlement as pastor of the church. He is from N. Jersey, and a brother of J. T. Headley, the historian.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—See the card of the committee appointed for this district, in another column. The immense amount of good wrought by this benevolent organization gives it claims upon our people which should not be forgotten.

Our young folks report a very pleasant entertainment on Wednesday evening at Hogan's Hall, Kendall's Mills, in a levee for the benefit of the Methodist society. Dramatic performances, music and refreshments, made up the programme, and the receipts were thought to be liberal.

The St. Albans' raiders have procured a postponement of proceedings in their case for thirty days, in order to obtain testimony from Richmond.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will hold its next quarterly session at Ellsworth, on Tuesday, 24th inst. Arrangements have been made for half fare on railroads and by stage from Bangor.

DANCE.—Our neighbors at the West village find a deal of "time to dance." Another "grand good time" is arranged for Monday evening next, with music by Richardson & Teague's fine band, refreshments at the hall, and other fair promises. Joy be with them!

The Missouri Constitutional Convention passed an ordinance of emancipation by an almost unanimous vote.

THE BATH DAILY TIMES, which, through the generosity of the publisher, we receive regularly, is a paper which the people of that precinct should support literally, Brother Lincoln is an industrious editor, a good citizen and a true patriot, laboring zealously and untiringly for the interest of the community in which he lives and to maintain the integrity and supremacy of the government.

LIEUT. AMOS M. JACKSON, of the U. S. Signal Corps, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '61, has been commissioned Major of the 10th U. S. Colored Artillery stationed at New Orleans.

The report that Georgia has applied for readmission to the Union is contradicted.

A Montreal despatch says it was decided on Saturday in the case of the St. Albans raiders, that the court has jurisdiction, and the trial will therefore proceed.

SAVANNAH.—The Savannah correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes as follows of the destitution in the captured city:—

"The city was evidently upon the point of famine before Sherman entered it; and one of the last scenes under the rebel rule was an at-

tack upon the stores by a mob of starving women, who went in at the breach made by hands of ruffians from Wheeler's cavalry, and stole what they could lay their hands upon. Twenty-five rebel dollars were charged for board at the hotels, and pork was \$5 or \$6 per pound. Corn bread was almost the only food to be readily found. Living is still in a wretched, though improved condition, and the best table d'hôte affords little more than beef, bacon rice, Port-Royal bread, an imitation of tea, and chicory coffee. Little or no fuel is afforded, and most of the rooms of the Pulaski House are carpetless and chilly; and thus, and worse, it is throughout a large portion of Savannah, and even in the homes of the rich. Good hostesses are to be found only in camp. Without the presence of the army this garden city would appear as mournful as a cemetery."

#### War of Redemption.

We have but little war news to report this week. Beyond the capture of a few pickets, all reported quiet in front of Petersburg. Gen. Butler has been relieved of his command which is turned over to Gen. Ord, and he is directed to report at Lowell, Mass. Why he is thus shelved we have yet to learn.

There has been another cavalry raid on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, by a federal force sent from Memphis. The road was destroyed, from Corinth, Miss., to Okalona, a distance of sixty miles, with twenty-nine bridges, a large number of cars, army wagons and much other property. This will seriously retard the retreat of Hood, who, at last accounts, was passing through Jacinto, towards Okalona, completely cut off from railroad or telegraphic communication in any direction.

Governor Magrath of South Carolina has issued a proclamation, calling upon all free white men between the ages of 16 and 60 to come to the defence of Charleston, willingly if they will, forcibly, if necessary.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial estimates that Hood took across the Tennessee River from 25,000 to 28,000 men. Forrest abandoned about 150 wagons on the north side of the river. Lyon is moving to join Forrest.

The Times special Washington despatch says it is rumored that Gen. Sherman has communicated to the President that the Georgia State authorities have applied to come back into the Union, and that Secretary Stanton's visit to Savannah is doubtless in connection with this subject.

The New York Times correspondent says the investigation of the fiasco in the mine explosion in front of Petersburg is closed, and the verdict will show a divided responsibility falling upon Generals Burnside, Meade and the General who led the assault, nor does General Grant hold himself entirely blameless, especially in permitting the selection of the officer who led the assault to be made by lot.

The lobby interest begins to predict that the bill abrogating the reciprocity treaty will not pass Congress at this session.

GOLD is down to 2.19, and prices generally are receding slowly.

Mr. Simmons, the young Maine sculptor, who recently completed a statue of Major-Gen. Berry, is now in Wasington, and is engaged, it is said, in modelling the heads of several distinguished generals.

An important order, it is stated, has just been issued by Provost-Marshal Fry, announcing that under the recent call for 300,000 troops, issued on the 19th of last month, the numbers specified must actually be placed in the field. No credits are, therefore, to be allowed for any recruits under this call who were in the United States service at the date above mentioned, and a thorough revision of the quotas of the various districts must now take place.

The Second Comptroller decides that the government bounty of one hundred dollars shall be paid to the heirs of negro soldiers killed in battle, without regard to their condition as freedmen or slaves on the 19th of April, 1861.

Colonel Ewing, bearer of despatches from General Sherman, authorizes the contradiction of a report in Richmond papers to the effect that General Sherman has recently given assurance that the war will not change the status of slaves, and that he will not allow of interference on the part of the army, in the relation between master and slave. He would gladly incorporate 50,000 negroes into the army, though perhaps he would not place so much reliance upon them as some commanders. He has already taken measures to organize all able bodied slaves who came into Savannah with him, and the government will send, or has already sent an officer to him, whose business it shall be to specially look after the business.

Friday morning, at 4.30, the steamship Potomac, Capt. Sherwood, of the Portland and New York line, was burnt to the water's edge, about six miles from Cape Elizabeth Light, and half way between the above light and Woodland. Four lives were lost. The rest of the crew and passengers were taken off in boats.

The rebel pirate Olustee is reported to have escaped from the port at Wilmington, N. C., on Christmas night, while nearly all our naval vessels in that quarter had their attention engaged by the attack on Fort Fisher. On the next day she was discovered, and chased some distance by a U. S. steamer, but finally turned on her pursuer, which was obliged to make a hasty retreat owing to her having "only two guns, against five heavy ones carried by the pirate."

The St. Domingo papers are filled with accounts of victories over the Spaniards. The President of Hayti had offered his services to mediate between the hostile governments, and it was hoped that peace would be secured on the basis of Dominican independence. If not, the Dominicans say they will fight until not a man is left.

The Boston Advertiser's special Washington correspondent says the Congressional passion for talk is likely to kill the constitutional amendment in the House. The ill-timed, injudicious and not well tempered speeches of its friends are taking effect to consolidate the opposition, and some members who have believed that the requisite two-thirds vote might be secured, now about give up all hopes.

The New York police commissioners say in their annual report: "Probably in no city in the civilized world, not the theatre of actual war, is human life so lightly prized and subjected to as great hazards from violence as in New York and Brooklyn." This is a very significant admission. One reason assigned is the laxity of the judges.

CALVES WITH SHEEP.—Late calves when they come to the barn in the fall, will, if confined in yards with other cattle, frequently sicken and become debilitated. Being weaker and smaller they are usually shovled about, and deprived of their due share of food, and in consequence, "fall away," rapidly. Now I never allow animals of this description to associate or be confined with larger ones, but put them with my sheep, where there is no danger of their doing or receiving harm. Sick calves I have observed often pick up and devour with avidity the hay and straw from among the sheep dung. It is medicinal, and I know of no article that has a more immediate salutary effect in restoring diseased calves to health than sheep dung. I have practised this usage for many years, and have never lost an animal, though I have had many sick when they came to the barn. [Germantown Telegraph.]

A TOUCHING EPITAPH.—The following obituary notice appears in the Winsted Herald. The subject was once a mechanic in that village, and well to do in the world. But sickness and misfortune used up his little property, and he at last came to the poor-house. But through all his misfortune he maintained a spotless character and a cheerful spirit; and what cannot be said of many a more distinguished man, his obituary is just:—

"Exchanged his poverty for eternal riches, and his rags for a crown which fadeth not away.—at Winchester poor-house, Nov. 6th, 1864, James C. Smith, aged 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The pall-bearers were few on this side—not so many perhaps as they that waited on the 'shining shore' and went up with the old man to his 'Father's house.'"

A gentleman in New Jersey, named Speer, cultivates the Port grape, from which he makes an excellent wine, without the use of spirit or sugar, that is becoming celebrated among medical gentlemen in our large cities, and used in hospitals as a superior article for weakness and general debility. It is a very gentle stimulant, and at the same time a rich nutritive wine, possessing the virtues that make it valuable for weakly persons and for general family use at this season of the year. Some of our doctors say it is superior to port or other wines. [N. Y. Eye Post.]

Our druggists have been getting some that is four years old, direct from the vineyard in New Jersey. It is called Speer's Sambucus wine, and the price is low, which brings it within the reach of all classes. It is said to be excellent for females and has already been ordered by parties in Europe, who regard it superior to French wines.

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to the enlargement of his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well-ordered library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, down comes my lady in a towering rage at their selection. "Choicest works?" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "bother your choicest works; they were all different sizes and colors. I wanted them all in blue and gold, to match my furniture."

The Jews were the only nation—so it is said—affected by that terrible and loathsome disease called the leprosy; and the Jews were the only people who did not eat pork. The pork eating gentiles were free from this disease. We state this fact for the benefit of the hog—a valuable but much slandered animal. [Portland Press.]

A photograph of Old John Brown wreathed in laurel is now hanging in the parlor of the mansion formerly belonging to H. A. Wise, who hung the original in another part of the State. The estate, situated about eight miles south of Norfolk, has been confiscated by the government. A plan of secession drawn up by Wise in 1857, and approved by Jeff Davis, was found in the house.

There were more people killed and wounded in the United States by railroad accidents last year than in any preceding year, at least since 1864.

Recent accounts from London tell of six deaths from starvation in this country.

A person who died in company with Dr. Johnson is reported to have said to him by laughing immediately after he said, "The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the important part was becoming intolerable. 'Pray, said the doctor, 'what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend.'"

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioning court, he was sitting in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in court a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on awfully long my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

Fussell, the painter, had a great dislike to idle talk and unmeaning conversation. One day, during the war, he was sitting in his room during the "hard and disquieting" of some of his callers in, who were gabbling about the weather, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner today." "Des!" Mr. Fussell, what are you saying?" "Why, I was as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

A goose may have many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself, with only one quill.

A good threshing-machine for family use—the broomstick. Every wife should have one.

"Mr. Jenkins," said a tradesman at Sidney to a recent arrival there; "will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "No sir; you are mistaken in the man," said Jenkins, "I am not one of the old settlers."

A gentleman in Scotland has preserved an old number of the Greenock Advertiser, containing the following announcement: Notices to Correspondents.—T. C. The lines commencing "On Linden when the sun was low," are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not C's forte.

JANUARY.—The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him—"Youngster have sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence; but I haven't the guinea!"

A schoolboy having good goodly assisted another a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily asked by his teacher, "Why did you work his lesson?" "To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market may be said to live by his pen.

Next to the rhinoceros, said Douglas Jerrold, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman—and she knows it.

At Silver City, Nevada, on election day, the Union men called a rebel upon the sidewalk, and drew the pistol, and every voter might trample it under foot, while the star spangled banner was flying overhead.

The Machias Union reads the Post out of the party, and commends the Courier, saying it is the only Democratic paper in Boston. Substitute Coppelhead for Democrat, and the remark would not be far out of the way.

An Eastern editor gives the following conclusion which concludes a letter from a modern Juliet to her Romeo.

Enduring as time is my love to you, Sweet as molasses and as strong too, What a thrill it gives us when we feel the warm lip Through our veins like lightning it passes— We would linger forever each near to slip, And longingly sigh for "MORE LIPS!"







