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5-9-1861

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 44): May 9, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 44): May 9, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 719.

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In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surpassing and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts.

One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the "Golden River." It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountain, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Hans, Schwartz, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows, and small, dull eyes, which were always half-shut, so that you could not see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you.

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. As last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were flooded bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out.

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

It must be the wind, said Gluck; 'no body else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.'

No! it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences.

The Eastern Mail.

brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir? 'Want?' said the old gentleman, petulantly. 'I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.'

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire, rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

'That's a good boy, said the little gentleman. Never mind your brothers; I'll talk to them.' 'Pray, sir, don't do any such thing,' said Gluck. 'I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me.'

'Dear me, said the old gentleman, 'I'm very sorry to hear that! How long may I stay?' 'Only till the mutton's done, sir,' replied Gluck, 'and it's very brown.'

'Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.'

'You'll soon dry, there, sir,' said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, the fire fizzed, and spluttered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a creak; every fold of it ran like a gutter.

'I beg pardon, sir,' said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quiver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; 'mayn't I take your cloak?' 'No, thank you,' said the old gentleman. 'Your cap, sir?'

'I am all right, thank you,' said the old gentleman, rather gruffly. 'But—sir—I'm very sorry,' said Gluck, hesitatingly; 'but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out!'

'I'll take longer to do the mutton, then,' replied his visitor, dryly. Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away from the string, meditatively, for another five minutes.

'That mutton looks very nice,' said the old gentleman at length. 'Can't you give me a little bit?' 'Impossible, sir,' said Gluck. 'I'm very hungry,' continued the old gentleman; 'I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!'

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling) gave an additional twist to his cork-sock moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: 'Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night, I'll call again after such a frugal hospitalities as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.'

'If ever I catch you here again—' muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened, out of the corner; but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

'A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!' said Schwartz. 'Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut?'

'You promised me one slice, brother, you know,' said Gluck. 'Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long enough before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you.'

Gluck left the room, melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner. 'Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their doors burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

'What's that?' cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed. 'Only I,' said the little gentleman, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

'Sorry to inconvenience you, said his visitor, ironically. 'I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there.'

'They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror. 'You'll find my card on the kitchen table,' the old gentleman called after them. 'Remember the last visit!'

'Pray heaven it may be!' said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared. Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand, and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long legged letters, were engraved the words:—'South-west Wind, Esquire.'

CHAPTER II. Of the Proceedings of the Three Brothers after the Visit of South-west Wind, Esquire; and how Little Gluck had an Interview with the King of the Golden River.

South-west Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale house; leaving him as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a fare well look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. 'And no wonder,' thought Gluck, after being treated in that way. He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now, the window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

'Ah! said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, 'if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!'

'No! it wouldn't, Gluck!' said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear. 'Bless me, what's that?' exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked around the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

'Not at all, my boy!' said the same voice, louder than before. 'Bless me!' said Gluck again, 'what is that?'

'He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same singing voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily—'Lara-lira-la; no words, only a soft, running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up stairs and down stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. 'Lara-lira-la! All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He unceremonied it, and ran back in a great fright; for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

'Hello!' said the voice. Gluck made no answer. 'Hello! Gluck, my boy!' said the pot again. Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

'Come, Gluck, my boy!' said the voice out of the pot again, 'I'm all right; pour me out!'

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind. 'Pour me out, I say!' said the voice, rather gruffly. 'Still Gluck couldn't move. 'Will you pour me out?' said the voice, passionately, 'I'm too hot.'

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a kimb, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

'That's right,' said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; and, as he was doing this, he was uttering a low, guttural sound, which seemed to be a mixture of a growl and a purr. 'No! it wouldn't, Gluck my boy!' said the little man. This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might, indeed, be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

ment produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events; so he said: 'I hope your majesty is very well.'

'Listen!' said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. 'I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue and shall cast into the stream, at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold! But no one failing in his first can succeed in his second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone!'

So saying, the king of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled and disappeared. The king of the Golden River had evaporated!

'Oh!' cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; 'oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug!—my mug!—my mug!'

THEN AND NOW.—At the time of the last war in Great Britain party spirit ran very high in the country, and the war was very popular with a large portion of the people. This opposition was especially manifested in New England, where it led to the Federalist Convention at Hartford. This Convention was suspected of disunion tendencies and a Hartford Convention Federalist was an object of the greatest detestation and reproach from the war party.

The following extract from the Richmond Enquirer, then as now a paper of leading influence at the South, will show what sentiments were then entertained there with reference to a separation of the States and the men who would favor it. From the standpoint of this extract, what shall be said of the seceded States? The date of the paper from which the extract was taken was November, 1814.

'The Union is in Danger.—Turn to the Convention of Hartford, and learn to tremble at the madness of its authors. How far will such madness advance? Though they may conceal from you the project of disunion, though a few of them may have concealed it from themselves, yet who will pretend to set bounds to the rage of disaffection. One false step after another may lead them to resistances to the laws, to a treasonable neutrality, to a war against the government of the United States. In truth the first act of resistance to the laws is treason to the United States.

No men, no association of men, no State or set of States has a right to withdraw itself from this Union of its own accord. We will therefore upon the Government of the Union to exert its energies, when the season shall demand it, and seize the first traitor who shall spring out of the hot bed at Hartford. This illustrious Union, which has been cemented by the blood of our fore-fathers, the pride of America, and the wonder of the world, must not be tamely sacrificed to the heated brains, or the aspiring hearts of a few malcontents. The Union must be saved when any shall dare to assail it.

Countrymen of the East; we call upon you to keep a vigilant eye upon those wretched men who would plunge us into civil war and inevitable disgrace. Whatever may be the temporary calamities that may assail us, let us swear upon the altar of our country to save the Union.

THE CITIZEN'S DUTY.—We cannot all go to the war; in fact, but a very small proportion of the community can go, or will be needed. But every thing now goes on a war footing; and those who stay at home have just as urgent, indispensable and patriotic duties to perform as those who take the tented field. Let us see in what position the sudden emergency places us, and how are we to meet its requirements most effectually.

Nearly every letter from Washington refers to the Sixth and Eighth Regiments of the Old Bay State. A letter published in the Worcester Transcript contains the following: 'The 8th Massachusetts regiment came here much worn out. Night before last we gave them our supper, and yesterday the New York 7th immortalized itself by sending them about twenty cases of lager, several barrels of boiled eggs, bread, oranges and lemonade in abundance. I never witnessed such another noble act of kindness, and the 8th were completely overwhelmed. They were absolutely starving, as no facilities had then been provided for cooking their rations, and this kind provision of the New York 7th towards our own brethren of Massachusetts, ought to call forth the eternal gratitude of every son of Massachusetts. One of the officers of the 8th, in a few brief remarks to the 7th, said, 'the New York 7th are our preservers, for how could we have lived, were it not for your bounty.' An officer of the 7th jumped to his feet and replied, 'God God! comrades in arms! don't talk that! we never could have reached Washington were it not for the aid of the Massachusetts 8th. You found mechanics to repair the locomotives, to lay the track, and to run the locomotives from Annapolis to the Junction. Without that aid we could never have come through. The boys of both regiments actively cried, so deep was the feeling. That 7th Regiment has a big heart—God bless them!'

ANOTHER ROMAN MOTHER.—A day or since a young man offered himself as a recruit at one of the offices in this city who evidently being a minor, was asked if he had his father's permission to volunteer. He replied that he had no father, but admitted that his mother was living. 'Then you must get your mother's consent,' said the officer. The young man retired but soon returned with the following brief, but noble letter: 'He is my all; but I freely give him to my Country!'—[Bangor Times.]

The Lynn 'Bay State' says it is common to speak of the 'sturdy yeomanry' and 'hardy fi-ber-men,' among our Massachusetts troops, but it claims that a large proportion of the Sixth and Eighth Regiments are mechanics, and mostly shoemakers at that. It thinks that fully seven-eighths of the Eighth Regiment, officers and privates, are shoemakers, the gallant Col. Munroe himself being a son of St. Crispin.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER MEETING.—In New York on Monday, the Mothers of the Seventh Regiment met at Hope Chapel. The lady who presided had four sons in the regiment. Others had three and two sons in it. These mothers expressed a gratification in having sons who were able and willing to take up arms against traitorous rebels, and others regretted that they did not have sons to fight the battles of their country. The meeting was of a deeply impressive character. It lasted two hours, when many remained to prepare lint and bandages to send to the regiment. It was agreed that each mother present, having a son in the Seventh, or any other regiment that has left the city, should retire to their closets at nine o'clock each evening and offer up prayer for such sons and in behalf of their country.

A few years ago the city of Norfolk was desolated by pestilence. While the South left her to her fate, the North gave her prompt and generous succor. Tens of thousands of dollars were subscribed for her behalf; ship loads of supplies were sent to her afflicted citizens; heroic men and women braved danger and death by visiting her as physicians and nurses. She now repays the heavy debt by slapping her benefactor in the face! She that should have personified Gratitude becomes the most insolent, as she is the most ungrateful, of our enemies.

There is but one powder mill in Virginia, and eight in Maryland, and none in the rest of the South, while Delaware has nine and Pennsylvania sixty seven. From this it will be seen that if we could keep possession of Maryland and Delaware with their powder mills, the solitary powder mill in Virginia would be the only one to supply the South. In Pennsylvania the vast extent of the mining interests necessitates the large number of powder mills, and those in Maryland are doubtless owing to the same sort of interest in the Cumberland coal region, which is still true to the Union.

Applications by the conspirators were made to Dupont's powder mills for a large quantity of powder, and when it was refused, a threat was made to take it by force. But the place is well guarded.

CORRECT TALK.—We ask leave to second the following position of the Bath Times: 'We respectfully request correspondents to withhold all matters of a partisan character at present. We know neither Democrat nor Republican, abolitionist or anti abolitionist, but only our country and its defence. Our national house is on fire, and we shall neither quarrel with those who are working at the brakes, nor even ask who they are, so long as they work well for the extinguishment of the flames.'

THE GALLANT COL. MAY.—A letter from New York, in the New Haven Palladium, says:—'A tall man called to see Gov. Morgan, at Albany, the other day, and desired to volunteer. He thought he should like to meet Jeff. Davis. The Gov. asked: 'Do you know anything of tactics?' 'Well, a little,—think I could lead a company,—just as lie go in the ranks.' 'And what is your name?' 'May—Col. May. You may remember me!'

I fancy if Col. May, late of the U. S. Dragoons—the man of long hair, who resigned because he was maltrated by Jeff. Davis, when the latter was Secretary of War—gets at the head of a regiment, we shall see the tremendous lemons of Palo Alto and Resaca reenacted.

Capt. Basil, of the Norway Light Infantry, was in the employ of the British and American Express Company. After the corps which he commanded had voted to offer their services for the war, he wrote to Mr. How, of Montreal the principal in the Express Co., resigning his situation and stating the reasons. The reply of Mr. H. was a noble one: 'Do your duty—serve your country. Your place is open for you when you return.'

THE NORTHERN URGING.—A correspondent of the Charleston Courier says: 'The electric wires bring us hourly, and almost every minute today, accounts of the war movements North and South. I remarked in a previous letter that the temper of the slow blooded North was kindling—soils on the back of a terrapin may cause him to move. But I confess I was not prepared for the warlike demonstration which we hear of today.'

POSTAL REGULATIONS, EXPLAINED.—Washington, April 17. The P. O. Department has prepared circular instructions in relation to the recent passage of postal laws, &c. It is therein explained that cards, either blank or printed, and blanks in packages weighing not less than eight ounces, and packages of seeds or cuttings, not exceeding eight ounces in weight, shall be charged in the postage at the rate of one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce, to any place in the United States under

1500 miles, and at the rate of two cents an ounce, or fraction of an ounce, over a thousand miles, to be prepaid by stamps.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... MAY 9, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL. S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and are authorized to receive advertisements...

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS. Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXIM & WING, or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE'.

OF COURSE! - A letter from our friend Dr. Dyer refers again to the matter of Kansas donations. He denies any political bias in the case, and as we never knew a man to admit it, we grant the claim.

"Resolved, that the Selectmen be requested to call a Town-meeting, for the purpose of raising money to equip volunteers, and providing for their families during their absence."

HOW TO COLLECT BAD DEBTS. - On Monday last two Frenchmen, just returned from the Lakes, found themselves in want of money, and thinking of another Frenchman over in Winslow who owed them seven dollars...

A PRETTY PRESENT. - We have seen an elegantly mounted bowie knife, a present to Capt. Hesselbine, of the Waterville Light Infantry, by two ladies of our village.

CONNECTICUT COMES UP TO THE WORK GLORIOUSLY. - The Legislature unanimously appropriated \$2,000,000 and authorized the Governor to call out 10,000 men for the defense of the Union.

OUR TABLE.

PAINTS REPOSITORY. - Quiet Lake, and a life-like portrait of Hannah Moore, are the two engravings that grace the May number, which is full of excellent reading.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. - Contents of the April number: Mr. Kingsley on the Study of History, The Sicilian Revolution, Voltaire's Romances and their Moral, The Universities and Scientific Education, Early Intercourse of England and Germany, The Cotton Manufacture, Maine on Ancient Law, Eton, Austria and her Reforms, Contemporary Literature.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL. - This is a new candidate for public favor, which needs but to be known to stand high in the estimation of the community. It is issued in weekly numbers of 16 large pages, filled with information and amusement - stories, lectures, essays, history and travel, science and art, valuable recipes, new music, literary miscellany, lessons in German and French, gardening and horticulture, fashions, &c. &c.

West Waterville - Natural and Artificial.

You of course, Friend Mail, in both component parts of your dual existence, have seen West Waterville. I wish it a more appropriate and euphonious name, for to one who has not seen the place, its name suggests memories of "Smithville four corners," "East Buncombe Post Office" and "Jonestown Mills" - memories indissolubly connected with the old yellow store, with the lazy summer flies buzzing around the empty molasses hog-head at the door, and the dirty tow headed urchins making a habitation of the one ancient and dilapidated crockery crate under the window - with the general air of intense loneliness that pervades all places where we might reasonably expect to find somebody, and seek living men of the present only to find fossils of a past age.

If you approach the village on the Fairfield road, you will see at the foot of a hill sloping down on the left hand from the road to the stream, a long, low, black, rakish looking building almost half-buried in the bank - so low, indeed, that you see almost over it the sparkle of the water pouring into the dam - and if the stream be high the water from an artificial pond pours in at a broken window.

You see the furnace yonder, an oblong box of iron and fire brick, standing on iron legs a little longer than those of an ordinary dining table, with its flaming coal slides sloping into it at either end, thus keeping the fire continually fed with coal.

Now he raises the end in his hands and the heated portion is carried up until its end points back towards the workman. He now slips it off the face of the die and the beam of the hammer striking near the point, bends it still more, till it will pass between the dies when it is hammered flat, being doubled exactly in the middle. He now lays the bar upon the anvil, and the welder takes it, turns it upon its edge and places the end of the chisel or cutter upon the still hot iron just in the bend.

into the furnace. At a subsequent heat he draws out the enlarged end of the rod, and sends it to the plater a long, smooth bar of steel very much in shape like a cavalry sabre except that the edges are equal in thickness.

The plater sits at his hammer, and his helper gives him the rods from his furnace, which is somewhat longer than that of the welder. The block or anvil of the plater's hammer has by its side a vertical elastic rod of steel, the upper end of which projects an inch above the face of its die, the lower end being firmly fastened to the floor.

The scythe now leaves this room and is carried to the one we first entered where the 'heel turner' takes it and turns the heel with a hand hammer, very much as an ordinary blacksmith would do the same piece of work. The scythe now goes to be 'hardened.' This is done by the little man yonder in the dark corner. You see by the gleam of the charcoal fire in his long furnace, like a box with one end open, that he stands by a long trough or box of water into one end of which a pipe brings pure water from a spring, while another pipe conducts away the surplus at the other end, thus keeping it always full of clear cold water.

Missouri will not secede. The disposition of some of her citizens inclines that way, but the cooler heads see that it would lead to ruin. About 5000 men have volunteered for the Union, and they are armed and occupy the heights near St. Louis. 1000 U. S. troops are in the arsenal and a large force just across the river. She is bound to keep the peace. Even Gen. Harney counsels it, in a recent letter, in which he declares his firm determination to stand by the old flag.

more and thirty from Washington. Ben. telegraphed back, "I will hold religious services there to-morrow!" - and he did.

THE BORDER STATES. - Tennessee, it is asserted, has seceded, and the report is very likely to prove true.

In Virginia, it is ascertained that the vote on the ordinance of secession stood 80 yeas to 55 nays, and the people of many of the counties are very indignant at having been hurried out of the Union without a popular vote. There is much Union sentiment, particularly in the western part of the State. An immense Union meeting was held at Wheeling on the 4th inst. at which strong resolutions were passed, condemning the action of the convention, and expressing devotion to the stars and stripes. Meetings of a similar character have been held in other places, and delegates appointed to meet in convention on the 13th inst.

In Maryland, thanks to the presence of the federal force and the patriotism and courage of Gov. Hicks, matters brighten every day. The movement in the Legislature to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, which meant secession, has been defeated. A committee from that body, who waited upon the President recently, admitted both the right and the power of the government to bring troops through the State. The bridges on the different railroads are being repaired and the route through the State will soon be re-opened.

Kentucky, it is hoped, will still remain in the Union. The Governor is a rank secessionist, but public sentiment has compelled him to modify his tone. John Bell, the candidate of the Union party par excellence, has mortified many of his friends by the expression of disloyal sentiments. Two regiments have been raised and offered to the government, notwithstanding the refusal of the Governor. The offer has been accepted and they will encamp on the Ohio side of the river. It is also reported by telegraph that the Governor has ordered an election of Representatives to Congress on the 30th of June.

MISSOURI WILL NOT SECEDE. The disposition of some of her citizens inclines that way, but the cooler heads see that it would lead to ruin. About 5000 men have volunteered for the Union, and they are armed and occupy the heights near St. Louis. 1000 U. S. troops are in the arsenal and a large force just across the river. She is bound to keep the peace. Even Gen. Harney counsels it, in a recent letter, in which he declares his firm determination to stand by the old flag.

PANDOLLE. - What is Pandolle? says one. Take up Varnum Chas.'s Unabridged, turn to the word, and you will find that pandolle is the stuff that fools are fed on. Accepting this definition as correct, we present the following as good specimens of that sort of fodder; but as the Frenchman said, 'Va a country! and vat a peoples!' where such stuff is swallowed:-

The North will fight this war with hired troops, the seum of her cities and rural districts, made starving by its war upon the South. For every line of our yard she sells, the loss of ten Northern ruffians would be no equivalent. [Mobile Register.]

A gentleman arrived here this morning, who with several others, was arrested while passing through Washington, for being Southerners, and taken into the presence of the august Baboon. He declares that Lincoln was so drunk that he could scarcely maintain his seat in the chair, and it was notorious in Washington that he had been in a state of beastly intoxication for more than thirty-six hours. The man is scared nearly to death, and few people in that city are in any better condition. [Corr. of Petersburg (Va.) Express.]

THE PRAY IN BALTIMORE. - THE FIRST BLOOD! - It appears from the detailed account of the fight in Baltimore, that it was a much more serious affair than the telegram from Washington, after passing through Seward's aeternic, gave us to understand. It reflects eternal honor on the courage and patriotism of the people of Maryland, and proves beyond a doubt that they will sooner suffer extermination than submit to the infamous rule of the despots at Washington. Laboring under all the disadvantages of a Tory Governor - sold body and soul to Lincoln - and without arms, they fought a picked regiment of Yankees for hours with brick bats and paving stones, and killed and wounded more than they lost themselves, and put their adversaries to the rout. The only regret we feel on the subject is that they did not succeed in exterminating the last one of these wretches - as a just vengeance for a lawless invasion of a free people, and as a warning to their brethren for all time.

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION. - The annual meeting occurred on Monday last. E. Coffin was chosen Moderator and the following officers for the current year elected: -

H. B. White, Clerk. E. L. Getchell, Supervisor. S. Hoath, Auditor of Accounts. E. L. Getchell, Chief Engineer. C. M. Morse, 1st Assistant do. J. B. Bradbury, 2d do.

The thanks of the Corporation were tendered to Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1, by vote, for relinquishing all claim for services during the ensuing year. It was also voted to pay Waterville \$3 in the same coin - or the usual sum of \$150 - whichever they might choose. The sum of \$50 was appropriated to pay for ringing one of the village bells and keeping the town clock in running order.

After having made a very good beginning the past year, the Corporation were unwise enough to take the back track, and again attempt to borrow themselves out of debt by authorizing the Supervisor to obtain a loan of \$5000 at 6 per cent.

The purchase of the lot of land on which the new Engine House stands was sanctioned, and \$160 appropriated to pay for the same. It was also voted that the Auditor present a printed report, at the next meeting, of the standing of the Corporation, with an estimate of the amount of money needed next year, &c.

WHAT IS THE QUESTION. - No matter what in times past divided the different parties in our country, the line which separates them today is the one that must have present attention. What then is the dividing line today? If the geographical line is strictly between freedom and slavery, where are we to look for the line that divides us in principle? If the South demands protection and extension and favor and blessing upon her favorite institution, and secedes because they are not granted, where do we divide but between freedom and slavery? Then let those who would go for slavery go with the South. It is her side, let them take it with her, and stand by her in its defence. - But there are few who can take that side, among the intelligent freemen of the northern States. They have inhaled the social and political atmosphere of freedom, till it has become bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh; and though party bias may warp them for the moment, their love of freedom will rule them in the end. The North will in time, if not at once, be united for freedom; and the few who stand brazenly for a while, will ultimately wilt under the withering eye of public contempt.

WATERVILLE ENGINE CO. No. 3. - At the annual meeting, on Monday evening, W. A. Coffey was chosen foreman; Geo. Jewell, 1st Assistant do.; J. P. Caffrey, 2d Assistant do.; Geo. A. L. Merrifield, Clerk, and J. P. Hill, Foreman of Hoss. The company voted to accept the sum of \$150, raised and tendered by Ticonic Village Corporation, for their services during the ensuing year.

A large force is stationed at Cairo, Illinois, to command the river and keep Missouri straight. Col. Prentiss, the officer in command, recently received a dispatch from several prominent citizens of Memphis, that Gen. Pillow, of the secession army, had several steamers there and meditated an attack on Cairo. The reply of Prentiss was - 'Let him come. He will learn to dig his ditch on the right side. I am ready.'

RISING STAR LODGE No. 7, I. O. of G. T. - The following are its officers for the ensuing quarter, commencing May 7, 1861. - Edward C. Stevens, W. C. T.; Miss Lizzie B. Brit, W. V. T.; J. L. Fown, W. S.; Miss Clara L. Maxwell, W. A. S.; J. B. Brit, W. T.; William Enary, W. P. S.; Mrs. Ann M. Maxwell, W. I. G.; Mrs. Mary F. Lowe, W. O. G.; William Watson, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Watson, W. D. M.; Miss Almata Lowell, W. R. H. S.; Mrs. Charlotte Brit, W. T. H. S.; Joseph Hill, W. C. U.; W. B. Marston, W. E.; William L. Maxwell, P. W. C. T.; William A. Stevens, D. G. W. O. T.

EXPRESSIVE. - Two young men, brothers, at school in this place, resolved to enlist for the war, and wrote to their friends in a neighboring city for counsel. No letter came in response, - but in due time a box was received by express, which was found to be filled with bandages and sticking plasters. They enlisted the same day.

PRESENT. - The Boston Traveller says the first regiment of Maine volunteers are to be presented with a fine flag as they pass through that city, by Dresser, Stevens & Co., Franklin street. A silver plate upon the staff bears the inscription, "Presented to first regiment Maine Volunteers, by Dresser, Stevens & Co., May, 1861." It is of silk, heavily tasseled, and surrounded by an eagle.

ACCIDENT. - Mr. Abial Pratt, of Clinton, died on the 7th ult., from injuries received in January last, by collision with a runaway horse. A horse and sleigh travelling behind him were carelessly left by the driver, and becoming frightened, ran into and smashed the sleigh of Mr. Pratt, inflicting injuries upon him from which he died. He was 59 years of age.

BARNEY'S COOQA-CASTORS. - The best article for the hair in the market, can be found at O. T. Gray's, opposite the Post Office. Hon. Mark H. Dunning enrolled 85 men for his company in one day, at Portland. It has since been organized, and he was chosen captain. Our two volunteer companies are drilling industriously every day. It is uncertain when they will leave. A Mrs. Knif was shot and instantly killed by Mr. Jesse Higgins, at Stillworth on Monday night. FAIRFIELD SEMINARY. - See advertisement in another column. The Summer Term will commence on the 27th inst. J. G. Blaine, of Augusta, is appointed as one of the visitors to West Point Academy.

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TERMS: If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50. If not paid within six months, 1.75. Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE. DEPARTURE OF MAILS. Western Mail leaves daily at 10:00 A.M. Close at 9:45 A.M.

PACT, FUN, AND FANCY. Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud voice: "Why this car isn't going."

Why this car isn't going? Of course those words caused a general stampede and Waggs took the seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned: "You said this car wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then; but it is now." "The said" laughed a little—but the Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

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BALTIMORE.—BAY STATE RAILROAD.—One of the conductors of the New Jersey Railroad this morning, carrying his military passengers to "lurry up" the opening of the way through Baltimore, said, "make haste or the Massachusetts will be taken to the route of the Bay State Avenue."—New York Post.

THE heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

BOURBON STATE NEUTRALITY.—The neutrality which some of the men in the British States propose to their neighbors on the free side of the line is just that, and neither party shall strike till we are thoroughly demoralized, and doubtless many others, as taken to the "old" laughed a little—but the Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

Mr. Sumner S. Brick, of Augusta, has one son in the Confederate army, another in one of the Massachusetts companies now in Maryland, and another in the U. S. Navy; and what is still better, he proposes to join the Maine company hereafter in complete operation. Great 400 operatives are already at work, and 1000 will be required when the machinery shall be in motion.

Lieut. Maury, who has deserted the National Observatory at Washington, is succeeded by Lieut. Gillis, an officer entirely competent for the place.

Pratt says there is a terrible war feeling throughout the whole country. Even the new-born infants are in a rampant, corporal, and five other members of the Woodstock, N. B., Rifle Corps, have tendered their services, though the recruiting sergeant at Houlton, to the support of the Federal Government.

A Washington letter says the conduct of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment is deserving of the greatest praise. When Gen. Butler asked if any of them could read the Constitution, fifty-four men stepped from the ranks—none of whom was the son of the man who built her.

It is a mistake to suppose that time is money. We know of one or two railroad companies that make fast rats time—but no money.

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great pleasure to read, especially when your sweetheart is wid' ye.

LET.—The Journal states that "many of the ladies are anxious to be prepared bandages and lint." The bandages may be needed, but lint, we think, is not now in demand. At any rate, it should not be. Its removal from the ranks is attended with great pain. Simple eras or salve is much better, and is now used by all good surgeons.—[Providence Post.]

The bids for the Maine State loan of \$250,000 were opened on Friday. The bids were very numerous, and covered a much larger amount than was asked. Fifty thousand dollars was taken at par, the balances at rates of premium ranging from 1 to 4 per cent.

The heroic story about the wife of Lieut. Smead, having rebelled and deserted him on account of his rank, turns out to be all groundless. Mrs. Smead is a rank and file soldier, and her husband is a private in the 10th Maine.

The New Bedford Standard publishes a letter from a lady in Washington, in which she speaks at length of the respect and esteem felt for each other by the New York Seventh and the Massachusetts Eighth Regiments.—She relates the following interesting incident: "There is a story told by one of the Seventh, that no one can listen to without tears and a glow of pride in our New England soldiers. He says: 'While in Maryland, I wandered off one day and came to a farm house, where I saw a party of those Massachusetts fellows—I saw, as you were Rhode Island boys, but I saw all the same—Talking with a woman who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food and she cried, 'O, take all I have, take everything, but spare my sick husband!' 'O, darn it, said one of the men, 'We ain't going to hurt you, we want something to eat.' But the woman persisted in being frightened in spite of all efforts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. But, said the lieutenant, when she saw this company stand about the table with bowed heads, and a tall, gaunt man raise his hand and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but hid them wait, and in a few moments had made them hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment increased when they insisted upon paying her. The lieutenant tells this with great expression. 'Said he, 'Their asking a blessing took me by surprise, and when I saw this I felt that our country was safe with such men to fight for!'

GRAND DIVISION, S. OF T.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in Maine held its quarterly session at Portland on Thursday and Friday of last week. The attendance was smaller than is usual, owing to the war excitement. The reports of the Grand Officers showed that the past quarter has been one of much prosperity to the order, which is in a very flourishing condition, having an aggregate of upwards of 80,000 members, and visitors in Maine. The Grand Division expressed its disapprobation of the action of the State Senate, in refusing to enact the brief explanatory public which was asked by the friends of temperance last winter, and declared it to be the duty of the members of the Order to withhold all political support from those who refuse the reasonable demands of the thousands of temperance men of Maine. A committee on the state of the country, of which Hon. Neal Dow was chairman, reported resolutions declaring the loyalty of the Order in Maine to

the cause of our country, and pledging it to bear its full share of the burden and labors of the struggle to defend our flag against traitors. The next quarterly session of this body will be held in this city, in July.

SOUTHERN-TYRANNY.—We saw this morning Mr. O. F. Goodwin, of Belgrade, who is now in his way home from Mississippi and Tennessee, where he has spent the last six months in superintending a saw mill. He reports great excitement and preparations for war in those States. They think that the North is attempting to subjugate the South, and that they will die before they will be overcome. The most tyrannical surveillance is practised towards all who dare to say or are supposed to entertain Union sentiments. Last week he saw a man married and fettered, and another he heard of who was lung for being for the Union of the States. A man is not allowed to say 'Union,' for his life will be taken as 'quick as wink.' They consider one of their men as good for about four Northern men. A man who worked with him from Illinois was suspected of being against Secession. He was closely watched; he could not get his pay of his employers so that he could leave. So Mr. Goodwin brought a letter clandestinely for him to Illinois, and posted it for the man's friends. They took a man from a boat on the Mississippi and shaved his head, for merely saying that he was a North-ener. It is a perfect reign of terror there.

We learn that Mr. Henry W. Merrill, of this city, recently returned from the South, and before he left had the privilege of serving in the Secession army, or leaving the State instanter. He chose the latter alternative. [Portland Courier.]

THE BLOCKADE FLEET.—The fleet which will blockade the Southern ports will consist of no less than fifty war vessels, with steam transports sufficient to accommodate a land army of 20,000 men. This looks like business. It is expected that the main portion of the fleet will be at sea within a week, and if troops are sent with them, as is proposed, the rebels will have as much as they can do to defend their coast without assuming the offensive either in Virginia or Maryland, as they have proposed.

SOLDIERS' CLOTHING.—As some inquiry has been made regarding the clothing which the Government furnishes to soldiers, we submit a paragraph from the Portland Argus stating the articles of outfit to the first regiment:

Each soldier drew a cap, with pompon, eagle and ring, 2 pair trousers, 1 coat, 2 gray flannel shirts, 2 pair drawers, 1 pair shoes, 2 pair hose, 1 great coat, and 1 blanket. Each of the Sergeants a sash, and each company 74 knapsacks, 74 canteens, and 74 haversacks.

MARKETS. Waterville Retail Prices. CORRECTED WEEKLY. Flour 6 00 a 5 00 Beef, fresh 4 4 07

Brighton Market. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1861. At market 850 beef cattle, 60 stores, 1230 sheep and lambs, and 1500 swine.

NOTICES. The Board of Directors of the Waterville Savings Bank, have the honor to inform you that the annual meeting of the stockholders will be held on Friday, the 11th inst.

NOTICE. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Court, executor of the last will and testament of the late John W. Merrill, deceased, do hereby give notice that he will receive and pay to the persons entitled thereto, all the debts and claims due to the said deceased, on or before the 1st day of June next.

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MISCELLANY.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

Stand by the flag—its stars like meteors gleaming, Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas, And show responsive to the stormy beaming Of Old Arcurus and the Pleiades.

TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

Baltimore, 1st.

Linnon who cut down the American flag has been held for trial. The city is quiet—Four Union meetings, in as many sections of the city, are being held tonight; enthusiastic speeches are made, Union resolutions adopted, and National airs sung.

St. Joseph, 1st.

At a Union meeting, yesterday, Ex-Gov. Stewart spoke, and resolutions were adopted in favor of neutrality, by an overwhelming majority.

Springfield, Ill., 1st.

The legislature has passed a bill to prevent the transmission of telegraph messages in cypher, also a bill to send ten regiments into a camp of instruction, to meet the future calls of the General Government.

Washington, 1st.

Col. Prentiss, commanding officer at Cairo telegraphs today, that 1700 stand of arms were landed at Columbus, Kentucky, twenty miles from Cairo, last night, and seven pieces of cannon at Paducah yesterday. All is quiet at Cairo. 3000 troops are stationed there.

New York, 2d.

A special dispatch to the Times from Baltimore, says the legislature is appalled at the strength of the Union sentiment in the State, and he does not believe they will perform any act of legislation tending towards secession.

Washington, 2d.

The Times Washington dispatch says that a person in the employ of the Government was imprisoned by the police of Baltimore, on Sunday, and his watch and other personal effects taken.

London, 2d.

The defects of the Commissary Department towards the Mass. troops are now remedied. Commissioners from Western Virginia assured the President today, that if furnished with arms their portion of the State will be cared for.

Washington, 2d.

Capt. Oakes from Texas, reported at head quarters today. He states the troops through out the South to be in a high state of efficiency, and that they are being concentrated at Norfolk and Lynchburg.

Washington, 2d.

Evidence of Lieut. Maury's treachery is daily becoming apparent, by the removal of lights, buoys, &c.

Washington, 2d.

Commodore Armstrong is to be suspended from service for three years without pay.

Washington, 2d.

Gen. Butler has been detached from Annapolis, and appointed to the command of an important Southern movement.

Washington, 2d.

A man named Brooks, was arrested at Annapolis on Tuesday, with dispatches from New York, for the President, Gen. Scott, and the War Department, which were found upon his person. He will be tried by court martial.

Washington, 2d.

The Government has received intelligence from Paris that Minister Faulkner had presented the Southern commissioners to the Emperor of France. Mr. Loudon refused doing so at London, until he received instructions from Washington.

Washington, 2d.

It is reported that the English and French Ministers have protested against the issuing of letters of marque by the Montgomery authorities.

Washington, 2d.

25 additional vessels have been purchased by Government. Every Southern port will be strictly blockaded within twenty days.

Washington, 2d.

Com. Stringham commands the blockading squadron. Capt. Pendergast the home squadron.

Baltimore, 2d.

A secession flag was hoisted over the Court House at Weston, Va., in the night of the 21st. The next morning the crowd hauled it down, and the presiding justice burnt it. An American flag was then hoisted.

Washington, 2d.

The national flag was hoisted at noon today, over the Department of the Interior, for the first time. The R. I. regiment and a dense mass of spectators were present. Great enthusiasm was manifested. The President and Secretary Seward and Smith were near the staff, when the flag was raised, and waving it, were in turn cheered by the crowd. The regiment say our flag still waves.

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Kendalls Mills Adverts.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

Continues to execute all orders for their best dental services. Office—First door south of Railroad Bridge, Main Street, Waterville, Me.

R. FOSTER, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, Waterville, Me.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Counsellor at Law, Portland, Me.

D. DRUMMOND & WEBB, Counsellors at Law, and Notaries Public, Waterville, Me.

ORINT. G. RAY, Counsellor at Law, Waterville, Me.

HILL & SAVAGE, Painters, Sign and Carriage Painting, Waterville, Me.

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Portland Advertisements.

BAILEY & NOYES, Publishers, Bookbinders and Stationers, Books constantly on hand.

H. WARREN LANCEY, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in HARD WARE.

MCGILVER, RYAN & DAVIS, SHIP CHANDLERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF CORDAGE, AND CHAINS.

Androsoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT - 1861.

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FURNITURE WARE-ROOM.

At the New Ware-Room, No. 3 Boutelle Block.

Dining-Room FURNITURE, Parlor, Chamber, and Office.

House, Sign and Carriage PAINTING, Also, Graining, Glazing and Papering.

G. H. ESTY continuing to take orders in the above line of business.

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