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Maxham & Wing

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THE BATTLE FIELD OF TRUTH.

Be true, be strong, the battle rings around;
The forms of fallen warriors strew the ground;
Martyrs and victors slain, but not to die;
They give to us the noble rallying cry,
Be true to death and more.

No fiery charger shakes the quivering sod;
The marshalled forces are the soul and God;
Nature and Right, against Error fierce at bay;
The powers immortal yield not, but delay—
Eternal Truth can wait.

No bannered host does mighty Truth display,
No armies drawn in serried, strong array;
But solitary war, with her shield
And shining sword, made ready for the field;
These and no more.

Thus to the field against the phalanx strong,
Error's great army, drawn in columns long,
Countless, unnumbered, bristling to the front
With motley armor, and with clanging tramp,
Victory is theirs to-day.

But when tomorrow, when with swords in rest,
The silent soldiers pass the solemn quest;
The inquest of the future, when the hours,
Clear and impartial, call the warring powers
To judgment and to sentence?

And who is worthy of the tested shield,
The proven sword, the arms that cannot yield?
They, and they only, who forswearing all,
Present and future, at the battle call,
Seek God alone for right.

For none but such could dare to draw a strife,
Where victory waits not upon hope or life;
But dimly gleams remotely and afar;
When with the dead its field champions are,
But so to life is life.

'Twas here the sons of science strove and fell,
How nobly let ourselves and children tell,
Facing the stern stern ignorance they fought,
Contending wisdom, inch by inch and bought,
Our light with worse than death.

'Twas here the patriots, earnest of their time,
Invoked the children of their race and clime
So oft in vain to freedom, here they led
Where new would follow, for no victor's tread
Wakens the silent field.

'Twas here the sages, prophets of our race,
Fleeting the shadowy future, sought to trace
The heights and depths of knowledge, and thus kept
Watch on the outskirts while the nations slept
Untroubled sleep, but dark.

Noble and worthy then to perish here,
Though seeming vanquished in the combat sure,
The holocaust to duty bravely done,
The conflict waged till death, though still unwon,
And ages keep the rest.

FIVE YEARS.

There were four of us, all girls: Kate, Liz, Marian and Lucy. I was Kate, and the eldest and at this time eighteen. Then came the others, as I have placed them, with two years between each.

Our parents dying when we were very young, Grandmother Peyton, my father's mother, had given us a home. Her own means were slender, and my father left but a trifle for us. But she was an energetic woman, wise and shrewd in her calculations, and under her management we were well educated, and comfortably if not luxuriously cared for in other directions.

It was a large, old house that we lived in, the oldest in Exham, known as "the old Gaylord House"—Gaylord being the family name of my grandmother. It was a quaint, rambling structure built of brick, which in all these many years—and the house had been standing above a century—had never received a coat of paint, and certainly for the last half of the century it had sustained few repairs. The windows were high and narrow, the rooms wainscoted with oak or walnut, and part of the floors were laid in Flemish tiles, while the mantelpieces were so tall that I could scarcely reach the shelves even after I was fully grown. These, too, were done in tiles—a dull gray and white pottery, whose designs were, impossible, or ungraceful. Holland figures, with fat, stolid faces and ample skirts. The furniture harmonized with this ancient workmanship. Straight, high-backed chairs, covered with dark worn leather, and studded with clumsy brass nails. Tables black with age, and faded red damask hangings at the parlor windows, and depending from the four high posts of the great bed in the guest chamber.

It was quite as much a matter of taste as of economy that caused my grandmother to keep on in this ancient way without change. She had such respect for the past, and disdained the fashions of the present day so strongly, that I have often marveled that she allowed us to become instructed in many of the branches which were unknown in her time. However, she was a shrewd woman, and possibly had recognized the truth that it is not wise to put yourself at odds with the age in which you live. At all events she did not permit us to be ignorant of whatever was suited to us that the time had to teach. She even allowed me to have a piano in place of the old harpsichord, because I early evinced a fondness and aptitude for music. But it was placed in a far-away room which we girls used for a sort of study and library, and she never asked me to play for her, though she knew that I was said to be remarkably proficient. Sometimes of nights, though, I would hear a faint, quivering cluster of chords, which to my ear had a cracked, stringy sound, and with it a quivering voice would ascend and wander through the house like a wail from the past. It was my grandmother at her harpsichord. Thus she made a protest, as it were, to herself against all innovation by stanchest fidelity to her time.

When I look back upon this old house, with its great space, its sweet, neglected garden, where I strayed and staid—the life so free from care, so peaceful if monotonous—the vision seems Arcadian and full of serene beauty. Yet those were not happy days to me, and I recognize to the full the causes of my discontent as well at this moment as I did when they were fresh and poignant.

With all the care, the strict and watchful scrutiny which was given to our needs and comfort, I soon felt that it was more the result of conscientious motives of duty than of love and interest. My grandmother was a just woman not an affectionate one. Proud also, with a pride that never made boasts, she must educate those who bore the name of Peyton in a manner befitting their race. She was not hard, but cold and ambitious, with the keen scheming brain of a woman. If one of us had been a boy her ambition might have had room to expand itself, and doubtless her nature would have been more genial in its reaction. But, pent up, with no outlet, she fed upon herself, as it were, in a lonely, severe, and silent way, which sensibly affected the atmosphere of the house, and rendered us then from recognizing how really self-sacrificing she was to us. For by taking the charge of four children she had been obliged to forego all the luxuries of her former life. Yet we were never reminded of this in that querulous, half-taunting manner in which many people indulge.

But very early we were taught the value of money, not in a sordid, vulgar way, but in an exact, practical method of "account-keeping." Almost the first thing I remember after coming to my grandmother's house was the possession of a little book in the form of a diary, wherein I was taught to put down every item of clothing which was purchased for me, from a gown to a shoe string. In this manner it was that I learned the various prices of different qualities of fabrics, and very soon found that it was a matter of necessity that I should have only the simplest and cheapest. Then, too, I often was required to assist my grandmother in making up her weekly household accounts, so that I realized how much my little bread and butter cost. And often, in contemplating a purchase, I have heard her compare and calculate some slight difference of pennies, in her calm, grave

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1864.

NO. 28.

way, which impressed me forcibly even then. For when this began I was only ten years old, and with the morbid perception of an imaginative nature I saw too that it was not meanness that caused my grandmother to take this course with us. But I did not quite understand it until one day Judith, our one servant—a woman who had grown middle aged in my grandmother's service, and so was more familiar with her than any one—said, in a low tone, in my presence, as she glanced from the china she was dusting to the little book I was poring over, "What's the good, Miss Peyton, o'er doin' that? such a young one."

Her mistress answered in a louder key, cool and tranquil, "Because we are poor, Judith; and unless she marries prosperously her means will be very narrow, and it is my duty to teach her how to meet her lot."

Judith went on dusting her china, and I went on with my little line of figures—wiser than I was ten minutes before. But though I understood this explanation, and pondered upon it in my precocious way, I did not understand until long after what Judith meant that night. When I asked her for a bun with my glass of milk, she gave me two large ones, mumbled off as she did so, "Yes, for the Lord's sake, eat without counting 'em up. It'll choke if you do, 'fore long."

No, I did not understand good old Judith until long after—years after; then it came to me. Judith was wise in her way; but it was a heart knowledge, so went deeper than that of her mistress. She gazed at her finer instinct of tenderness how this constant weighing and measuring, and counting of costs at every turn, would be likely to appal a child's immature mind with the weary cost of outward life; how, in "counting 'em up," it would come to "choke 'fore long."

I came soon enough. I went through my childhood with a vague sense of anxiety; a boding fear that some mistake, or miscalculation, would condemn us to penury. Somewhere continually lurked the shadow of possible want. As I grew into girlhood I became influenced by other emotions, but I did not lose my shadow. It affected me differently, however, than in earlier days. As my physique matured, and my mind expanded, my warm and vehement temper made me impatient of this constant care.

I well remember the prophetic words which I uttered out of this impatience on my eighteenth birthday. I had been invited to my first grand party, and my grandmother had accepted the invitation for me. Glad at first, I was sorry in the three days of preparation, so grievously disappointed was I in the matter of dress, and so worried by the close calculation, and cutting off of home articles, by the necessary gloves and slippers. I had counted on a new gown of white muslin with pink sprigs, like that of my most intimate friend, Ann Carew. But no my fate was decided by the higher power at home.

"I can not afford a new gown for you, Kate; but we will have Miss Brown to make over my green brocade."

"Oh, grandmother, I shall look so odd."

"You will look well-dressed, if that be odd," returned Madame Peyton, in her coolest manner.

It was an odd dress for a girl of eighteen, especially at that time when these youthful materials were in vogue. But when I stood before the glass, and saw the brilliant contrast of the shining sea-green folds, finished and softened by some wonderful old lace, to my fair complexion and light hair, I was half converted to my grandmother's opinion. I know now that she was right, and that I must have looked very quaintly pretty with all those shimmering satiny folds, and rich lace, and old-fashioned pearls. But my heart was sore with these three days; and I burst out to Liz as I went down the stairs after Madame Peyton had given her final admonitions of care and caution about my figure:

"Liz, I am going to marry myself away from this everlasting wear and tear of economy as soon as ever I can."

"Do do, and let me be carried away with you, Kate," and Liz laughed with gay fun.

That night I was standing behind a great calla with one of the Exham youths, who was talking boyish admiration to me, when I heard some one say:

"Mrs. Deerham, I want you to present me to that little water-nymph I saw a few moments since."

"Who?"

"A little thing in sea-green, with white foam for lace, and real ocean pearls."

"Oh, and a laugh; 'tis Kate Peyton."

Johnny Carew, who overheard as well as I, gave a contemptuous "Bah!" and then said:

"It is that old Chinaman, Ayre, as yellow as a guinea, Kate."

I made him explain, and found his meant a gentleman who had been doing business in Canton "for the last hundred years, Kate," that accounting for the "yellow as a guinea."

Johnny's story was not flattering, and we hid ourselves away behind the tall calla, and laughed in great glee at the idea of eluding the old yellow Chinaman; when I was suddenly seized upon with the words:

"Well, Kate, I have found you at last. Ah, Johnny Carew, you are a very selfish boy," shaking a splendid fan at him. Then—

"Mr. Ayre, Kate; Miss Peyton, Mr. Ayre; and I straightway found myself standing with the Chinaman."

A little disturbed and confused, I didn't raise my eyes at first, but stood listening to the gentleman's voice, as he talked in a smooth, quiet way, easy commonplace that put me at ease, so that presently I looked up. I saw a thin, dark face, darkly bearded, which seemed old to me, accustomed to beardless boys like young Carew and the Deerhams.

At first I was impatient, and wanted to get away to the gay chattering set across the room; but by-and-by I grew interested and at last amused by my companion's conversation, and I plied him with questions about China and the Chinese, which he answered greatly to my satisfaction, giving picturesque descriptions of the strange, Oriental life, which pleased my vivid imagination with warm tropic tints.

I had been listening in a rapt, eager way, when once, as he paused, I said:

"Ah, how I should like to go there!"

"Should you?" And he looked at me, his eyes meeting mine with a curious intensity, which I thought odd then, and did not at all understand.

When he bade me good-night he said too,

"Will you give my compliments to your

grandmother, and say to her that I shall do myself the honor of paying them in person tomorrow?"

"So he knows grandmother," was my thought.

Liz sat up in bed, with wide, bright eyes, as I entered our chamber a while after, and asked laughing,

"Well, did you find him, Kate?"

"I had forgotten."

"Found who, Liz?"

"Why the prince who is to carry you away."

I laughed merrier than she as I answered, "He's turned out a yellow, old Chinaman, Liz." Whereat I told her all about Johnny Carew and the shield of the calla, which ended in being overcome by the Chinaman.

"He's the Prince in disguise; see if he's not," she commented as I ended.

And she persisted in it, in a half mocking, half serious manner, as he followed up his call by others of greater length—calls that I never flattered myself by appropriating, for they seemed more a renewal of some past acquaintance with my grandmother than anything else. But I enjoyed them, for he had fine conversational powers, and treated us to bits of travel, racy incident, or humorous and caustic comment, which often made me feel a wild sparkle of gaiety and wit, that sometimes flowed over even in Madame Peyton's dignified presence.

But it was the easy enjoyment which a child feels in the presence of an indulgent senior. What, he my prince? I laughed merrier than ever at Liz after I had seen him by daylight. Dark and thin in the gay blaze of Mrs. Deerham's parlors, by daylight he was hollow-eyed and sallow. Johnny Carew's veritable Chinaman.

"But you'll marry him, you'll marry him!" pronounced whimsical Liz in her droll way; and I laughed at the joke, and was utterly amazed one day when I was summoned into Madame Peyton's chamber to receive the following communication:

"Kate, Mr. Ayre has been speaking to me about you; he wishes to make you his wife."

"Me!" I ejaculated in astonishment; "how absurd!"

Madame Peyton looked up tranquilly from her darning; said she didn't see the absurdity; Mr. Ayre was only thirty-six, a gentleman, and a man of fortune. She considered it a fine thing for me; much finer than, in all probability would fall to my lot again.

I can never tell what words she employed to so influence my mind; but I know that, before I left her all of my old childish terrors and boding anxieties had returned in full force. I somehow felt myself an ungrateful burden upon her slender means. The world looked very wide and dreary, with not an inch of room for any little lonely wanderer. I pitied myself with an aching sense of sympathy. I pitied my sisters. And Liz, Liz, who pined for freedom, who hated her dependence, I might do so much for her.

All these wild emotions while Madame Peyton closed over the gap in her stocking with her skillful stitches, perfectly unaware of the train of thought she had aroused in her plain statements of circumstances. And let me do her the justice to say that she did not seek to bias my mind by warping it into the condition it was then in. In her cold, calm way she had merely shown me my chances in life as a matter of duty. It was a truth, and I should be made acquainted with it. If I had told her she could never have comprehended the agitation and misery I felt. I did not tell her; but at the expiration of half an hour I abruptly sealed my fate by accepting the proposals she had laid before me.

I certainly had great faith in my grandmother's judgments. Thus, though I tried to repel and disbelieve those judgments, I still, in spite of everything, supposed them inevitable. It was to this way that she colored my thoughts to something the hue of her own in her social opinions.

She had a cold hard system of talk about people in the world which utterly precluded the idea of disinterested or romantic love. Marriage she held as a matter of state and estate. The persons with whom we associated did not tend to remove these ideas. They were old families, tinged with old aristocratic notions; so that everywhere, in the actual life that I touched, I saw the opinions of my grandmother confirmed.

In the midst of this I lived two lives—the ideal and the real; and I candidly believed them to be as the words express—the ideal and the real; and thus early came the habit of cynical thought, born of the bitterness of this melancholy frame of mind. Reading Shelley and Keats and Tennyson, I wrapt myself in dreams which I supposed utterly fallacious in other moments. Lowly suggestions of a state of life as impossible as it was charming. What saved me from entire disregard of everything save the present pleasure with such cynicism, I can never understand; but faithless of romance in the real as I was, I yet shrink at first, as we shrink from something that seems unnatural, from the proposed union with Mr. Ayre. If the suitor had been Tom Deerham or Johnny Carew—though I was not the least in love with either of these two young fellows—I should have considered it a very proper thing. There would have come to my mind no shock of strange surprise; for they were young like myself. But this Mr. Ayre seemed to belong to my grandmother's day, with his wise talk of politics, of the federations of the world, and things, to me, abstruse and ancient.

I remember with what a chill feeling of fright I went down into the parlor to receive him the night after my grandmother's communication. He was standing facing a window looking out into the garden as I pushed open the door, but at the sound of my footsteps he turned quickly, and coming forward, put out his hand with the words:

"Kate, I should have spoken to you first, but I knew your grandmother's old prejudices; you will forgive me?" with soft accents of questioning, and meeting my eyes with a glance of kindness.

He was so exactly like himself upon other occasions that my fright broke away, and I smiled. Presently I was talking with him in the same easy, unthinking manner that I had been my way during all these past visits that I had appropriated to Madame Peyton.

"He was not so very dreadful as a suitor," I thought. Indeed he scarcely spoke of our relation, and when he parted from me he just kissed my hand in a courteous, grave way, as a matter of course.

As time went on he gradually evinced more tenderness, or, as I should say more ardor, though he was never very demonstrative. It was evinced by a little closer attention, a word, or smile, or a lingering hand-clasp. One night there were a few guests in the parlor, and he had been mingling in with the conversation as usual, while I sat apart; for they were all older people than I, and I was interested in watching the proceedings of my bird Dick, that I had let out of his cage, as I was often in the habit of doing, to air his wings in the honey-suckle of the piazza. Leaning my head out of the window, for it was a warm May-day, I began to speculate upon the voices inside. Suddenly I became aware that Mr. Ayre had ceased speaking, that he had not been speaking for some time. I turned my head quickly to look at him, and caught a glance that I felt at once had been a gaze, absorbed and intense. I started at his expression, and immediately thought of a line I had met with somewhere:

"He looked at her as a lover can."

Was that what he meant? I vaguely thought. Did he love me like that? He, that thin, dark, oldish man? My dreams, born of Shelley and Keats, came thronging up. Could it be possible that this ideal love was to be found? but then—"He looked at her as a lover can." I could not look at him as a lover! I shuddered. The May wind had suddenly grown chilly. By the time I had come to this point, only a moment or so in the whole time, he crossed over and began talking about Dick. His quiet, simple air reassured me, for I was strangely disturbed or confused. In the constant occupation that followed, I forgot my self-questioning and became tranquil, and even gay, over the new and exciting interest of my bridal wardrobe, for I was to be married in about a month.

My betrothed husband's gifts to me may give some indication of him. He was a man vitally interested in the abstruse subjects I have before mentioned; but my gifts were things chosen with a womanly tact almost. A beautiful little watch, with a spray of diamonds in the enamel back. A set of opals, my favorite gem, with a pair of earrings, when I had heard him declare that he considered earrings a barbarous and unlovely ornament. He knew I liked them specially. A diamond ring, too, and a bracelet of coins, heavy and fashionable, and various pretty trinkets that suited my gay, youthful tastes. These from a man who were not so much as a seal ring or gold chain to his watch! With all these, with the excitement of preparation, I was so active that it had the effect of delight. I was even deceived myself, thought myself happy until one day. Ah, that day!

TO BE CONTINUED.
GENERAL BUTLER
AS A LAWYER AND A MILITIA MAN.

He returned to Lowell in his twentieth year, and took hold of life with a vigorous grasp. The law office which he entered as a student was that of a gentleman who spent most of his time in Boston, and from whom he received not one word of guidance or instruction; nor felt the need of one. He read law with all his might, and began almost immediately to practice a little in the police courts of Lowell, conducting suits brought by the factory girls against the mill corporations, and defending petty criminal cases; glad enough to earn an occasional two dollar fee. The presiding justice chanced to be a really learned lawyer and able man, and thus this small practice was a valuable aid to the student. Small indeed were his gains, and sore his need. One six months of his two years' probation, he taught a public school in Lowell, in order to procure decent garments; and he taught it well, say his old pupils. What with his school, his law, and his occasional practice, he worked eighteen hours in the twenty-four.

At this time he joined the City Guard, a company of that Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts militia, so famous in these years for its bloody march through Baltimore. Always fond of military pursuits and exercises, he has served in every grade—private, corporal, sergeant, 3d lieutenant, 2d lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, and Brigadier General; making it a point to hold every one of these positions in due succession. For many years, the drills, parades, and annual encampments of his regiment were the only recreations for which he would find leisure—much to the wonder of his professional friends, who were wont in the old peaceful times, to banter him severely upon what seemed to them a rather ridiculous foible. "What a fool you are," they would say, "to spend your time in marching around town in soldier clothes." This young gentleman, however, was one of those who take hold of life as they find it; not disdaining the duties of a citizen of a free country, but rejoicing in them, and making them serve his purposes, as they should.

There is a set in Massachusetts who hold aloof from the homely, vigorous life around them, ever contemplating the world from library windows, and reserving all their sympathies for other and distant civilizations—to their own infinite and irreparable damage. Our young student-at-law was not, and could not be one of these. He took much of his knowledge undiluted and uncorrupted by literary decoration, but at the original sources—in the street, the school room, the political meeting, the parade ground, and grew at least robust upon that fresh substantial fare.

His audacity and quickness stood him in good stead at this period. One of his first cases being called in court, he said in the usual way,

"Let notice be given."

"In what paper?" asked the aged clerk of the court, a strenuous Whig.

"In the Lowell Advertiser," was the reply; the Lowell Advertiser being a Jackson paper, never mentioned in a Lowell court, of whose mere existence few there would confess a knowledge.

"The Lowell Advertiser?" said the clerk, with disdainful nonchalance, "I don't know such a paper."

"Pray, Mr. Clerk," said the lawyer, "do not interrupt the proceedings of the court; for if you begin to tell us what you don't know, there will be no time for anything else."

He was always prompt with a retort of this kind. So, at a later day, when he was cross-questioning a witness in not the most respectful manner and the court interposing, reminded him that the witness was a professor in Harvard college, he instantly replied, "I am aware of it, your honor; we hang one on the other every day."

His politics were not, in reality, an obstacle

to his success at the bar, though his friends feared they would be. There are two sides to every suit, and as people go to law to win, they are not likely to overlook an advocate who, besides the ordinary motives to exertion, has the stimulus of political and social antagonism. He won his way rapidly to a lucrative practice, and with sufficient rapidity, to an important, leading, conspicuous position. He was a bold, diligent, vehement, inexhaustible opponent. He accepted the theory of his profession without limitation or reserve, conceiving it to be his duty to save or serve his client with not the slightest regard to the moral aspects of the matter in dispute. That is the concern of the law-maker and the court; the advocate's business, in his opinion, is simply and solely to serve his client's interests. And if there should be lawyer at all, that is, beyond question, the correct theory of the vocation.—[Parson's life of Butler.

MAINE INSANE HOSPITAL.—The Superintendent reports a year of prosperity in this institution, free from serious accidents and epidemic diseases. The year commenced with 258 patients, and there have been 118 added, making a total under treatment of 376. Of these, 111 have been discharged, as follows: recovered, 52; improved, 21; unimproved, 14; and 24 have died; leaving 255 patients at the close of the year.

The civil condition of those admitted during the year was as follows: twenty-three males and twenty-eight females were married; forty males and twenty females were single; three were widowers and four were widows.

The causes assigned for insanity in those admitted during the year, are: ill-health, thirty-five; masturbation, ten; intemperance, seven; over-exertion, six; pecuniary trouble, four; domestic affliction, five; turn of life, four; decay of age, three; spiritualism, three; puerperal, three; military excitement, two; epilepsy, two; religious excitement, two; disappointed ambition, one; disappointed affection, one; injury of spine, one; excessive use of opium, one; unknown, twenty-seven.

The superintendent confirms a statement which has been frequently made, that insanity has decreased since the breaking out of the rebellion, and ascribes it to the "awakening of that wholesome principle in man—love of country, which was slumbering in the heart."

The following observations—the results of careful investigation—which we find embodied in this report, we commend to an attentive reading:—

A glance at the assigned causes of insanity in those who have been admitted during the year, shows that the most prominent one is ill health; and I am persuaded that whoever will take the trouble to examine the annual reports of any hospital for the insane, in this or other countries, will find by far the larger number of cases treated are set down as having been induced by the same cause. Our own observation has long since convinced us that if some means could be devised by which the tone of physical health could be elevated, the wards of our lunatic asylums would soon become comparatively vacant, and our labor in this specialty lightened in no small degree. It must be apparent to all, that any one of the many moral causes of insanity falling upon a constitution deprived by physical degeneration or otherwise, of one-half or three-fourths of its vital power, must act with proportionate force, and eventually result in the overthrow of the individual attacked.

The higher the tone of physical health, the greater the power of resistance to all kinds of disease, especially that of insanity. It is not surprising that there should be so much insanity when we consider the great amount of physical impairment that exists, and as a proof of the latter, we have only to look at the astounding results recently developed by the examining surgeons in their work connected with the late draft, ordered by the United States Government, and here we find only the physical condition of the male portion of the community between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, a period in the life of man when we should expect to find the most vigorous health—the highest tone of physical vitality. If the result of those examinations is a fair sample of physical soundness in the remaining portion of the population—and I fear, if tried by a similar test, the health of the other sex would fall somewhat below in the scale, we are, certainly, as a race, in an alarming condition.

To the errors of life may be traced its ills. In ministering to his wants and desires, man passes through three successive stages. First that in which his physical and mental necessities are provided for—the nourishing and sustaining of the body, by the use of such articles of food as furnish the requisite amount of gluten, starch and fat. Then, in the second stage, he begins to cast about for something that will assuage or alleviate his cares, his anxieties and mental sufferings, and he calls to his aid the great intoxicating principle, found so abundantly in all fermented liquors. Finally, to enhance both mental and physical enjoyment, he flies to the family of narcotics, foremost in which stand tobacco and opium. No error in life is so fruitful of evil to the mind and body, as the free indulgence in those two great classes of nature's productions, alcoholic stimulants and narcotics.

Few are aware of the extent in which these are indulged by a large class of our people, especially narcotics, and of all narcotics, tobacco is most extensively used, and by far the largest number of people on the globe. Opium follows next. The effect of these substances, when taken into the system, is too well understood to require a description. That they are deleterious, all are ready to admit, but all are not willing to refrain from their use. The right is known, but the wrong pursued.

Insanity is produced by a combination of causes, and we believe that the popular narcotics so liberally indulged in at the present day, play no unimportant part in the great work of mental destruction going on about us. They weaken the vital forces of the body, and render it less impregnable and less resistant to the attacks of disease, thereby paving the way to insanity.

It is not undignified to find users of tobacco uniting with the use of alcoholic liquors, and

to both, opium is sometimes added, making a battery of no ordinary power which will rapidly reduce the most formidable breast-work of nerve formation, and hurl from the very citadel of man all that makes him noble and God-like.

Rarely do we see one who is temperate in the use of ardent spirits, who does not indulge in the use of one or the other of these narcotics, generally tobacco in some of its forms. When once the habit is fixed, it requires more moral power to break from the use of a narcotic than from an alcoholic stimulant, and a man who would abstain from drinking can do so with greater ease when he first gets rid of his narcotic. Tobacco most assuredly whets the appetite for liquor.

REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.—Attorney General Drummond, in his last able report, joins Governor Cony in recommending the enforcement of the death penalty upon persons convicted of capital offenses, in accordance with the provisions of the statute, instead of keeping them in solitary confinement for a year and then turning them out to work with the other prisoners in the different shops, as if they were of the same grade of criminals. The neglect to do this, and the facility with which parsons are obtained for all classes of criminals, he contends, have operated to increase crime in the community.

He records his opinion of the baleful effects of intemperance and urges a rigid enforcement of the Maine Law. His concluding remarks on this topic are so true and forcible that we copy them below:—

It is the testimony of all our judges, that the use of intoxicating liquors causes, at least, nine tenths of the crime in our State. Yet, sometimes, when a man is convicted for their illegal sale, his fine is remitted, or he is allowed to be discharged from imprisonment, on account of his family, etc. Before doing this, it might be well for prosecuting officers to inquire whether it is more just, more humane, and more for the interests of the State, to extend to his family the results of clemency, rather than to the families of his victims. Would it not be better to extend to him the same mercy(?) that he extends to his customers?

In consequence of the attention of our people being so anxiously directed to our national troubles, the laws for the suppression of intemperance have not been enforced save in a limited degree, for the past two years or more. The alarming increase of intemperance within that time, is the most convincing proof of the efficacy of our laws, when rigidly enforced.

In several counties the liquor sellers are prosecuted sufficiently to pay a large part of the costs of criminal prosecutions.

My experience satisfies me that, by a judicious enforcement of the law, this traffic might be stopped, and thus the criminal costs be very materially diminished, or if not stopped, enough be realized from fines to pay those costs. As the liquor sellers are the chief cause of these costs, they can not in justice complain, and the mass of the people certainly will not.

One feature in the proceedings in some counties is very injurious. After a man is convicted, the case is continued for judgment, on his promise to quit the traffic. I have found that these promises are very much like the oaths which the rebels take when captured by our forces. They are given under duress, and to be broken as soon as it can be done without its being discovered. It encourages others to violate the law, and does not restrain the one who gives the promise.

Let the law take its course in every case when a conviction is obtained, and we should hear very much less of the cry that "The Maine Law is a failure." I commend this subject to the attention of County Attorneys. I speak confidently, from an experience of more than ten years, that the failure of the law to suppress the sale of liquors is not a fault of the law itself, but on account of a failure to give it a thorough, impartial and complete enforcement in the manner other laws are enforced.

It is a general rule, that a relaxation in the enforcement of law against criminals, is cruelly instead of kindness. It may be hard, in particular cases, but the community should not suffer to

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 15, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

West Waterville Temperance Association.

A few months ago a primary school of drunkenness, in the shape of a beer shop, was opened in the village of West Waterville, and promised to prove a successful institution. The friends of temperance were aroused to a sense of the danger to be apprehended from this insidious movement of the demon of intemperance, and proceeded to adopt measures to prevent further developments. During the Fall a few public temperance meetings were held, and lectures on the subject delivered, the result of which has been an improved public sentiment on the subject, and the decline, if not indeed the entire suppression, of the beer business above alluded to.

The first lecture was delivered about the first of Nov., by Rev. A. H. Morrill, at the Freewill Baptist church; the second at the Baptist church, a week or two later, by Rev. D. B. Randall of Lewiston, upon the nature and effects of the weaker liquors, such as Ale, Beer, Porter and Cider. Mr. R. has procured from a distinguished chemist of Mass., a carefully prepared analysis of each of the above mentioned liquors, exhibiting in one bottle the alcohol actually obtained by the analysis, and in another the other ingredients. Those little bottles made some startling revelations as to the quantity of alcohol contained in those, so-called, harmless drinks. This lecture was soon followed by another from Mr. Morrill, on the legality of a prohibitory law. At the close of this lecture a committee, previously appointed, submitted a form of "Constitution and Pledge" for an organization to be called "The West Waterville Temperance Association." The constitution was adopted, and the organization at once effected, over one hundred persons present enrolling their names as members. The first Wednesday in January was fixed upon for the first regular meeting, and Rev. W. H. Kelton was invited to prepare an address for the occasion.

The meeting was accordingly held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th, in the Baptist meeting house, A. Winslow Esq. Chairman. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. Reddon. The records of the preliminary meetings were read by Rev. A. H. Morrill, after which an address was delivered by Rev. W. H. Kelton—Subject, The importance of an out-spoken profession of principles by every true friend of Temperance. At the close of the address the officers of the Association, for the ensuing year, were chosen as follows:

Joseph E. Stevens, President.
Asa B. Bates, Vice President.
Hiram G. Winslow, Secretary.
Sherman H. Cornforth, Treasurer.

The exercises were interspersed with singing, and with short and effective speeches by different individuals. The general impression seemed to be that a good beginning had been made in a right direction, and that it must be carried out. Rev. Mr. Reddon, the new pastor of the Freewill Baptist church, was invited to address the Association at the next meeting, the time and place of which were not definitely determined.

COL. J. S. BANGS, of the Corps d'Afrique, as we learn from *The Era*, produced quite a commotion among the secessionists of New Orleans recently, by establishing his headquarters at the house of one N. R. Jennings, formerly Clerk of the United States Circuit Court, and who afterwards held the same office under the Confederacy. The owner being a fugitive in Dixie, the house, which was in a warm secession neighborhood, was occupied by a lady rebel, and used as a sort of rendezvous for secession societies, and was a resort for rebels of high and low degree. Naturally enough, therefore, when Col. B. took possession and flung out the stars and stripes, there was considerable cursing, but at last accounts the old flag still waved from the rebel stronghold.

The present condition of things is thus graphically depicted by the Times:

The days of rebel jubilation within the walls of this lady's dwelling are over. She retired gracefully at least; but, oh! how humbled. Confederates who want a friend and counselor—a clothier and a money changer—will find her no more at No. 133; but instead, the genial face of Col. Bangs, busy in a thousand ways for the benefit of the recruiting service, but never too busy to receive kindly and give frank and judicious advice to any one who calls on business, even a secession planter. There, too, is the presidentialist McCallister, to whom young men go in soldiers and come out over-land. A well dressed negro soldier marches back and forth before the door—a specimen of what Col. Bangs is constantly sending into the

field. Over the portal floats the starry banner, kissed by a Southern breeze that always loved it; and its merry stars seem to twinkle with delight, as the glad stripes playfully chase each other in the air.

TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

No. 1.

The farms of the original settlers have been so much divided since they passed into other hands that it is nearly impossible to fix the location of the pioneer, without a great deal of trouble; therefore it will not be expected that in all cases I am entirely correct. The next farm north of Mr. Hutchinson's (as mentioned in my last) is that of Mr. Joseph Wheelright. A portion of this with a part of one of the adjoining farms was settled by Joseph Richardson. A few of his descendants live in the town now. Mr. Bennett Wood probably settled where Mr. Reuel W. Smiley now lives, and formerly owned by the late Rev. David Hutchinson. Mr. Wood's descendants are quite numerous, though but three families now live in Winslow.

Adjoining and north of the last, Mr. Sidney Howard now lives. This was originally settled by Mr. Manuel Smith. Tradition tells us that Mr. Smith was a very good and useful man, but his descendants like many others are now almost unknown in the town—only one family claiming him as an ancestor. Mr. Solomon Parker owned the farm now owned by Mr. Clark Drummond, and I presume was the first settler; his descendants mostly live in Winslow, being the children and grand children of the late Ambrose Howard, Esq.

A man by the name of Phipps settled the lot now owned by Mr. Daniel Hayden. I do not know where he went or anything about his family; probably he sold to a Mr. Reed, who afterwards sold to Col. Josiah Hayden, in 1789. Col. Hayden immediately moved on to it from Massachusetts with a large family, which, with two exceptions settled in the town, and from them descended a very numerous posterity, who have settled not only in Winslow, but in many other towns in this state, and in several other states. Col. H. was a self-made man, never having attended school, but by his indefatigable exertion obtained a fair degree of knowledge. He was a prominent citizen, doing much town business, besides representing the town several times in the "General Court" at Boston. Col. H. was engaged in lumbering some and built a saw mill (the first) near where his grandson, Mr. T. J. Hayden now lives. I have heard one of his sons say that when they built the mill it was heavy wood nearly all the way from his father's to the mill. At that time bears were plenty, and so it was no uncommon sight to see a bear roaming in his native forest. The settlers feared them on account, mainly, of the depredations made on their small flocks of sheep and defenceless calves. He said as they came home one night, rather late, they heard a piteous complaint from a calf or small yearling. As it was too dark to hunt they went home and got lights and succeeded in finding a calf, or small yearling, that, in trying to escape from bruin had got between and under two big logs that were fallen in such a manner as to make a very sharp angle; it had crowded itself so far between and under these logs that the bear could do no more than occasionally get a mouthful from his hind quarters or tear it with his paw. The calf was living when they found it, with its hind quarters badly torn, but the bear had decamped.

The next farm as we go north, was originally settled by Mr. Francis Dudley, and afterwards owned by Hon. Charles Hayden, and now divided between R. R. Drummond, R. C. Drummond and C. H. Keith. Mr. Dudley has one daughter still living in town (Mrs. Ann Heywood). Next north of this are the lots formerly given to Gen. Pattee; one of them was owned a while by a Mr. Sloper, who went away, leaving it to Gen. Pattee. Those lots are now owned by the Messrs. R. R. Drummond, Sidney Howard and James Chaffee. Gen. Pattee, as seen in a former letter, was one of the first town officers and continued to hold town offices nearly as long as he was capable of performing the duties of them; he also went to Boston several times as Representative. He was a justice of peace under the old law, and a justice of his living in town, at an advanced age, Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, and several other descendants.

A present was made of a small piece of land, for a burying-yard, to the neighborhood, by Gen. Pattee, in which are buried nearly all who have died in the neighborhood for the last eighty years. This yard is now nearly full (not judging from the gravestones), for there are nearly one hundred buried there who have no monument to mark their place of burial. It is to be hoped that the present and future generations will feel a sufficient interest, and have esteem enough for their friends to erect at least a simple monument to their memory. In this yard, as in many others, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, lie, liable to have their ashes returned for the reception of other bodies.

In continuing north, we next come to the farm lately owned by Mr. John Drummond. A Mr. Phillips formerly occupied it, and I presume settled it. I know nothing of his former history except that he moved away. Mr. Drummond who succeeded him, married a daughter of Col. Hayden, and reared a large family, all of whom at first settled in Winslow, and all but two now live here—one having died. The sons of whom there are six living, have all been engaged in lumbering in a greater or less degree, and two of them are now, pretty extensively.

But one more lot remains in School District No. 1, and that is the farm owned by Cyrus Howard. I have been unable to ascertain who settled this farm. It was purchased more than sixty years ago by Mr. Ambrose Howard, who lived on it till within a few years of his death, when he gave it up to his son, the present owner.

supant. Mr. Howard was a valuable citizen, was Deputy Sheriff a number of years, and also collected the taxes a long time. What ever he did was done faithfully. He left a large family, all but one in Winslow. A much larger subscription for the support of the gospel is made by this family than any other.

The first school house in town was built in 1806 or 1807 and the late Sidney Keith, Esq. taught the first school. Since that period, or rather since 1870, a great change has taken place. Then a foot path near the river was their road, if they did not take a canoe. Carriages were unknown. Their houses were built of logs, generally, and near the river. Since then a road has been made, and all farms, or nearly all, are furnished with good buildings. There is but little poor land in this district and no unthrifty farmers.

CATTLE MARKERS.—The number of cattle and sheep at market last week was about the same as the week previous. The State of Maine contributing only 88 and 798 sheep. The demand was brisk and prices advanced a trifle.

First quality beefs, \$8.50 to \$9; second do, \$7.25 to \$8.00; third quality, \$6.00 to \$7.00; extra \$9.25 to \$9.50.

Working oxen—\$70 to \$150, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep—6 to 7 1/2 cts. per lb. on live weight; in lots \$5 to \$8.

Lambs—\$5 to \$8.

The New England Farmer remarks:—As to prices we report an advance; but as is usually the case in such stampedes, stock has been sold very unevenly. On comparing last week's prices with this week's sales, we alter our figures about one-half a cent per pound. Some claim more and some less, and both are probably correct, as their luck in buying or selling happened to be. As to the probability of the advance being permanent, we can only say that that depends entirely on the Western trade. Three hundred more cattle from Albany might have turned the advance this week the other way, and what a full supply next week may do, others can judge as well as we. From all accurate accounts, however, of the prospect of transportation from the West, a large supply can hardly be expected at once.

The city mutton market, under the influence of short numbers for a few weeks past, shows evident signs of improvement, and consequently the butchers are more liberal in purchasing the live stock. There were no droves yarded this week, but all were sold readily as they stood in the cars, and at an advance of one-half a cent per pound from our last week's report of prices, when 7 cents per pound was the extent of their liberality on well fed, ordinary lots. This week the best flocks brought 7 1/2 cents. There were few poor sheep at market this week; most were well fattened, large sheep, with many crosses and wethers.

One carload of 21 milch cows from Maine were all the store cattle that we noticed except now and then a forward heifer or cow and calf put in with droves of heaves, and a few yoke of oxen outside of the yards in Brighton. Cows are high—say \$35 to \$50 for good fair cows with young calves, and \$50 to \$80 for extra, warranted fancy milkers.

DEAD.—Charles H. Thayer, Esq., of this place, died at his residence on Main street, on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Thayer was prominent among the business men of Waterville, and for several years held the office of chairman of the board of selectmen. His sickness was protracted, but was borne with that christian patience and fortitude which rendered his death peaceful and happy. Mr. Thayer was a son of the late Dr. Stephen Thayer. His age was 53 years.

WOOD.—The Journal says wood has fallen to a rational price in Lewiston, and gives the opinion that there is more wood ready for market in that vicinity than at any time for many years. Wood is now coming quite freely to this market, but prices are not yet at a very low mark.

THE MAINE STATE PRESS.—This paper comes to us enlarged and improved with the advent of the new year. It is now issued in quarto form, and although the largest paper in the State, and larger than any other political journal in New England, the price remains the same. The Press is an able paper and has done good service on the right side. We trust the loyal people of Maine will see that the publishers are liberally rewarded for their enterprise.

ALAS! POOR YORICK.—William H. Graham—quite a brilliant man in his way, and formerly well known as the proprietor of *Graham's Magazine*, a popular monthly—died recently in New York, at the age of forty years. His death which was occasioned by intemperance and exposure, adds another name to the long catalogue of talented men brought to an untimely end by strong drink.

Sylvanus B. Macomber, a graduate of Waterville College, at the last Commencement, was ordained to the gospel ministry at a quarterly meeting held at Cambridge, on the 14th ult. He has a prospect of a chaplaincy in the army.

The Phenix Fire Insurance Co. was as prompt and liberal as the Hartford Co. in adjusting its loss by the burning of the Elmwood. Mr. Seavey was insured in three companies—instead of two, as we supposed at the time we penned the paragraph in relation to the matter in our last—and this accounts for our omission.

All warm temperance men in the loyal states are true patriots, and they have done their full share for the suppression of the rebellion. Every Division of the order of the "Sons" has sent its full quota into the field, but we know of no one that has done better than our brethren at Detroit. The Division there numbers but fifty-four members, and forty of them are in the army.

A raid was recently made upon the rum-sellers of Skowhegan, considerable liquor was seized, and many of the dealers fined and put on probation, and the traffic has again been driven into holes and corners where it is comparatively harmless.

OUR TABLE.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND—since the Accession of George Third: 1760-1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C. B. In two volumes. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

The design of this history as stated by the author, is, to trace the progress and development of the British Constitution, during a period of one hundred years; and to illustrate every material change, whether of legislation, custom, or policy, by which institutions have been improved, and abuses in the government corrected. The plan of the author has been to adopt a natural division of leading subjects, and treat each institution separately; therefore a strictly chronological narrative has not been followed; but any one who has occasion to consult the work will pronounce this arrangement the most satisfactory and convenient.

The first volume embraces a history of the prerogative, influence, and revenues of the Crown; and of the constitution, powers, functions, and political relations of both Houses of Parliament; the second volume comprises—Among other constitutional subjects—a history of party; of the press, and political agitation; of the Church, and of civil and religious liberty; and concludes with a general review of British legislation, its policy, and results, during the same period.

To us, the constitutional history of England is only second in importance to that of our own country; for American institutions are the natural outgrowth of those of the mother land; and certainly no history of our own could be properly written that did not embrace a review of the prominent events of English history. To the politician—and every member of this great republic is, or ought to be, a politician, in the better sense of the word—this work is invaluable; and if it should be generally studied public speakers would be more careful in their statements, and would not so often impose upon the people.

For sale at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

THE SISTERS ABROAD; or an Italian Journey. By Barbara H. Channing. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is a most delightful volume for old and young—instructive as well as entertaining, for it gives us charming pictures of that renowned country of which Goethe has said:—

"Know'st thou the land, where flowers of citron bloom, The gold-orange glows through leafy gloom, From the blue heaven the breezes float so bland, The myrtle still, and tall the laurels stand? Know'st thou the land?"

Italy, cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, is here depicted—the Italy of to-day, its scenery, its life and manners; and appropriate mention is made of many of its noted places, "dignified by wisdom, courage, and virtue." Several fine engravings of scenery are scattered through the volume, which is a nice one for a present to youth of either sex.

For sale at Mathews's bookstore.

WILD MEN OF THE WEST. A Tale of the Rocky Mountains. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Red Rover," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

The author of this book is a great favorite with the young, and makes a charming story for boys. The present volume is full of wild and strange adventures in the far west—among trappers, hunters, Indians, and grizzly bears—in search of a wonderful wild man of whom most extravagant stories are told, the reality falling but little short of some of the shadowy pictures. With the exception of some extravagances in the surroundings and exploits of this character, the story is very naturally told, and gives, no doubt, a faithful picture of a hunter's life in the west. Several of the characters will be great favorites with the boy readers; and having once taken the book in hand, few will willingly lay it down until the end is reached. The volume contains several spirited engravings.

For sale at Mathews's.

DICK RODNEY; or the Adventures of an Eton Boy. By James Grant, author of "The Romance of War," "Jack Manley," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

No student from choice is Dick Rodney, but made one for a short time in spite of himself; and yet, when once fairly launched upon the ocean, he addresses himself manfully to his duty, determined to make the best of everything. Of the dangers of the seas, and the ups and downs of a mariner's life he has his full share, including some narrow escapes from death by shipwreck, and bloody encounters with desperate men. It is a story full of thrilling interest for boys especially; and, looking through the young sailor's eyes we get vivid pictures not only of life on shipboard, but of the strange sights to be seen on foreign shores. The artist too, has come to the aid of the writer, and gives us lively pictures of some of the more exciting scenes.

The book will be found at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

SOLDIERS OF THE BIBLE. For the Young. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Boy's Own Book," "The Pioneer Boy," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Wonderful fighting men were those warriors of the olden time; and the stories of their courage and endurance, their strategic movements and fierce onsets, their masterly raids and glorious victories, simply and graphically told, will have great interest for the youth of our land, at the present time, when all ears are filled with the sounds of war. Some very striking analogies are drawn between the events of former days and those of our own time, which show that although great improvements have been made in the weapons of war, and the manner of conducting it, yet human nature is still the same; and the course of events, then as now, make manifest the duty of patriotism and the wickedness of treason. The volume contains several beautiful engravings.

For sale by C. K. Mathews.

HOME-MADE ENTERTAINMENT.—One of the most pleasant entertainments of the season, in this place—and we may as well say decidedly the most pleasant—was Miss Barney's concert, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

We need not describe it, for everybody was there—not commend in detail, when the whole was so perfect and so pleasant. Her pupils gave evidence of the excellent training for which she is so well known to most of our citizens; and the young ladies who volunteered to assist her—Miss A. M. Bates, Miss Lucy Carroll, and Miss Clara Maxwell, (pianist), all musical favorites with the audience, must have more than met the expectations of their friends.

The next violin performance of George Carter, was by no means lacking in its stirring effect upon the assembly, the juniors especially. It is a matter of just pride that our place has so much and so choice musical talent, as well as of congratulation that it promises to improve under so good instruction. We hope Miss B. will be induced, by the very marked success of this effort, to try her skill again in this class of home entertainments, not doubting that the perfect Gipsy can succeed in anything.

Hon. J. G. Blaine, our Congressional Representative, recently offered a resolution in the House, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to ascertain and report the amount of debt incurred by the States in their efforts to suppress the rebellion, and declaring as the judgment of the House that all such debts should ultimately be assumed and liquidated by the general government.

Among the last commissions issued by Gov. Coburn we find the following:—Charles W. White, of Skowhegan, Capt. 4th Battery; Wm. B. Leavitt, Athens, Adj. Surgeon in the 12th Regt.; Charles R. Shorey, Waterville, 2d Lt. Co. A. 20th Regt.

The small pox is prevailing quite extensively in several places in this State, and three persons have died of this disease in Camden.

Maine Legislature.

From the Legislative Summary, furnished by the *Kennebec Journal* we extract the following:—

Friday, 8th.—A Joint Convention of the two branches elected the following officers: Ephraim Flint, Jr., Secretary of State; John A. Peters, Attorney General; John L. Hodsdon, Adjutant General; Hiram Chapman, Land Agent; Charles Holden, John J. Perry, Sewall Watson, Alanson Starks, Joseph Farwell, Hiram Ruggles, John M. Noyes, Councilors. The House Standing Committees on Elections and Finance were announced.

Saturday, 9th.—The Senate Standing Committees were announced. A motion was made in the House to reconsider the vote admitting to a seat in the House Mr. Usher, as Representative from Hollis, but was negatived. Little business was transacted in either branch.

Monday, 11th.—An order was passed by the Senate providing for a Select Committee to consider the expediency of the State's assuming the liabilities incurred by the municipal corporations of the State in paying bounties to volunteers. The House referred the Liquor Commissioner's report to a select committee. The Report of the State Treasurer was laid before both branches and referred to a joint committee.

Tuesday, 12th.—A Convention of the two branches qualified Hon. Alanson Starks and Sewall Watson as Executive Councilors. The Joint Standing Committees were announced, the Standing Committees of the House and several Special Committees. The member from Waterville is placed on the committees on Education and Agriculture. In Senate the bill to further continue in force the provisions of chapter 71 of the laws of 1861 concerning the suspension of specie payment, was read a second time and passed to be engrossed.

Wednesday, 13th.—The Address of Gov. Cony, the Reports of State Officers and the papers referred by the last Legislature to the present, were referred to appropriate committees. Mr. Walker of Knox, announced to the Senate the death of his colleague, the Hon. George A. Starr, Senator elect, and delivered a fine eulogium on his character. A series of resolutions expressing the sympathy of the Senate with his family in their affliction, offered by Mr. Stewart, was unanimously passed. The announcement was made to the House by message from the Senate, and Mr. Farwell of Rockland spoke briefly in memory of the departed. Both branches, as a token of respect, then adjourned.

War of Redemption.

We hear of but little beyond the usual guerilla operations, the troops on both sides being snugly stowed in winter quarters. A rebel force made threatening demonstrations towards Harper's Ferry, but retired without doing much mischief.

Longstreet, it is said, has been strengthened and meditates another attack on Knoxville, but no alarm is manifested, our force in that quarter being regarded strong enough to hold him in check.

The effect of the amnesty proclamation upon the rebels is said to be good.

It is reported that the rebel capital is to be removed to Columbia, S. C.

A heavy cavalry fight on Sunday, at Strawberry Plains, East Tennessee, is reported in which the rebels were repulsed with serious loss.

We have a rebel report of the capture of 123 cattle, 125 mules, and 200 prisoners from us in Hardy Co., Va., recently. Also that one of our steamers was blown up at Wilmington, N. C., and 74 prisoners taken, but no particulars are given.

KENNEBEC AGAINST PENOBSCOT.—Mr. O. M. Shaw, of Bangor, feeling aggrieved at the result of the trial between his horse, Hiram Drew, and T. S. Lang's Gen. Knox, at the Fair of the Waterville Horse Association, which he claims was occasioned by the lameness of his horse, has published a challenge, offering to trot Hiram Drew against Gen. Knox, or any other stallion owned in Maine, a three in five race, in harness, the first week in June next, at the Bangor Trotting Park, for five hundred dollars a side. To this Mr. Lang replies, that, for obvious reasons he will not consent to trot Gen. Knox in June; but that in October he will match his horse against Hiram Drew, for \$2000, the gate-money to be given to the Sanitary Commission. Now here is an opportunity for a fair contest between Penobscot and Kennebec, and we hope there will be no flinching.

No Go!—Mr. Shaw is out with another card, refusing to join Mr. Lang in his liberal project for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, or to postpone the affair till October, but offers to trot in May. As no spot near Bangor can be found in suitable condition for a trot so early in the season, it is not likely that any match will be made between these two famous horses.

The Chesapeake will no doubt be restored to her owners. The government officials, at Halifax, when the case was brought into the admiralty court, at once pronounced her seizure to be an act of piracy.

Rev. Mr. Hawes, of our village, at the earnest solicitation of the officers of the Christian Commission, has gone to labor with the army of the Potomac. His pulpit will be filled during his absence, by Prof. Whittlesey, of Bath.

Rev. B. B. Bowen, a blind preacher, who has travelled and preached extensively in New England, will preach in the Town Hall the forenoon of Sunday next and in the Baptist church in the afternoon.

Several members of the Baptist Church and Society in Hallowell have united in a subscription for a six hundred dollar scholarship, in aid of the endowment of Waterville College.

How to HASTEN THE END. Gen. Grant of Arkansas does not appreciate the efforts of the so-called "conservatives." In a recent speech he said:

"I believe this war is nearly ended. I believe that if certain men in the North will stop talking about peace and conservatism, and use every effort in support of the war, that the rebellion will be so pushed as to collapse by spring time."

A GOOD CROP.—Mr. Wilder Cole, of Benton, raised nine bushels of pea beans, last season, from five pints planting. They were grown with corn.

PRESENT INQUIRY.—The *Progressive Age* inquires if it was not unwise and cruel in Mr. Shaw to drive his horse as he was driven in his contest with Gen. Knox, last fall, if the animal was so very lame.

A general Bankrupt Law will probably soon be passed by Congress.

"Smith" says he is "busy in the shop," and wants time to prepare his argument against that "lawyer sort of a fellow." Take your time, honest John, but don't let him escape with a whole skin.

The payment of bounties to soldiers will be continued until the first of March.

FAIR AND LEVEE.—The people of North Vassalboro' are arranging a fair and levee, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. The plan is on a large scale and promises to be executed after the well known style of the place. In addition to the usual attractions, a "Gift Enterprise," embracing an attractive variety of property valued at \$800, is set in the programme. Sets of furs, sleigh and robes, sewing machines, silk dress patterns, carpets, jewelry, etc. Thomas S. Lang heads the committee of arrangements.

GET READY!—Mr. E. T. Elden has consented to receive contributions of vegetables for the Sanitary Commission, for a few days, commencing at a time of which more particular notice will be given. Get ready your apples, potatoes, turnips and cabbages, to bring in when notice is given. Pass at least a small contribution to the soldiers, and see how it will increase your patriotism.

ORDERS FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS.—Orders have been received by the military authorities in this city for the departure of the 29th Regiment of Infantry now in camp in this city, during the next week, and they will probably leave here on Wednesday. The 7th Battery, encamped on the State Fair grounds, have received orders to march immediately. They are in fine order for entering regular drill after reaching their cannon. The 30th Regiment will take their departure week after next. The cavalry will depart as soon as the requisite number of horses are supplied and the necessary equipments furnished.

The State Senate of Pennsylvania still remains at a dead-lock, and there seems little prospect of anything different. Major White (a Union member) being a prisoner in Richmond leaves the two parties tied.

United States Sanitary Commission.

SPECIAL AGENT, City Hall, Portland, Jan. 13, 1864.

The publications of the Commission have recently been spread, broadcast, before the people, and no comment is necessary. The special attention of those in whose hands they have been placed, is respectfully requested in their examination.

The Institution has outlived the most violent assaults that its enemies could hurl against it, and stands unscathed, acknowledged as the nation's great benefactor, and a monument of praise and glory to its founders and supporters. Its work is its most eloquent advocate.

It is, moreover, gratifying to its early and constant friends, to find among its present patrons and defenders (and those most zealous in its praise) many who were at first its most bitter enemies and assailants.

Contributions in money will be received and accepted for by the undersigned, as heretofore; or they may be sent to the Treasurer, Geo. T. Strong, 63 Wall street, New York.

Supplies in kind may be sent, as usual, through the established channels, or to the care of the Special Agent at Portland.

All persons wishing to keep themselves constantly informed of the doings of the Commission in its multifarious operations throughout the whole country, should send two dollars to the agent, and receive, for one year, the semi-monthly Bulletin, a treasury of most interesting and useful information.

W. H. HADLEY, Special Agent, &c.

SAD ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Rockland Gazette that John J. Godfrey a youth of 16 years, of that city, who had been out gunning, while returning home on Wednesday evening, was shot by his own musket. He died Friday morning, adding another to the long list of unheeded warnings against the careless use of fire-arms.

SOUTHERN TENNESSEE. A Pulaski (Tenn.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says the President's proclamation, although but partially known among the citizens, and very imperfectly understood, already has many warm supporters even in the rebel county of Giles. If throughout the state a like proportion of men are found who are willing to accept the terms of the proclamation, Tennessee may be restored to the Union in a very short time. Prominent slaveholders are clearly convinced that slavery is dead, and are becoming black abolitionists! Like wise men, many of the owners of slaves are turning them over to the Government, relying on its good faith to reimburse them, as it is now done in Missouri.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk; one cup of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten; the grated rind of a lemon; a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar in which the juice of the lemon has been stirred. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.

A PREVENTIVE.—The glass chimneys used for kerosene and gas burners are often broken by being suddenly placed, when cold, over the flame. The danger of fracture may be prevented, it is said, by making a minute notch on the bottom of the chimney with a diamond. This precaution has been used in large establishments, and not a single glass has been broken, by heat, in three years.

