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Maxham & Wing

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ANOTHER YEAR OF WAR.

BY LUCY LARSON.

No faltering yet! O strong hearts climb
Up to the summit of your time!
See what this strife is for!
He glad the lot has fallen on you,
To welcome, and charge bravely through
Another year of war!

For peace were now the bribe of guilt,
In vain has loyal blood been spilt
Except our cause we gain!
The rights of Man—not men alone;
A Nation's life—not lone States, thrown
Together, in loose chain.

A Nation! Oh, for eyes to see
This holy thing that may be—
This mystery born of light—
A Nation set apart to bless
All souls in peril or distress
And glorious in God's sight!

No selfish moan! for all the world
Is this our battle flag unfurled!
Tis the great human cause;
And we are but one little band
Appointed of the Lord to stand
Within destruction's jaws.

And by the lifting of our cross,
And by our possible loss,
And by our death-tremor past,
To make his righteous will so plain
That our race may like us again,
Or feel a wee so vast.

We loved our manly deed no less,
Because we bade them onward press,
The foremost in the fray;
We laid our dearest in the breach,
That Truth, far dearer, so might reach
A surer victory.

And what are we that should mean?
And whose were those we called our own
With confidence and pride?
One gave them who will keep them still;
Should we shrink back, when at His will
His Well-Beloved died?

Ah, wait for them! They died as He,
In this our bondage might go free;
That sin no more might reign.
Well for the servants and their Lord!
Nought like His death can life afford:
No comfort like His pain!

And well for us, if we as they
His law of sacrifice obey
Nor from His death-crown shrink;
Most thankful if He find us meet
The bread of grace He bade us eat;
His cup of blood to drink.

Well for the nations, when they learn
O'er all His suffering ones to yearn,
And selfish hate abhor;
Then blessed peace will free indeed!
And after, earth will never need
Another year of war.

—Congregationalist.

FIVE YEARS.

(Continued.)

It was the day of my marriage. A brilliant day, filled with the bloom of flowers and the chirping of birds. I awoke with the notes of a robin in my ear. As the soft strain pierced the thin veil of morning slumber I felt a pang. What was it? I awoke thoroughly, and realized what it was.

About the room were scattered various articles which were to form a part of my new wardrobe. A gray silk shimmered in the sunshine. A large trunk stood open, revealing glimpses of linen and lace. I sprang out of bed with a confused sense of gathering excitement. It was now six o'clock. At six in the afternoon I was to be married. Our arrangements were completed, and at sunset we should be on our way to my new home for the next five years—the strange Oriental country which all my life had been the subject of fascinated speculation with me. Mr. Ayre would have returned long before, but for his engagement to me; and our wedding-day had been hastened to meet the exigencies of the time, which were urgent, news having been received some time previous that Mr. Carle, the partner at Canton, was in the most precarious health.

I was standing by the door consulting with Liz about some matter of dress on that momentous day, and long after I had risen, when Mr. Ayre suddenly appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. His countenance was grave and pre-occupied as he said:

"Carle is dead! It is providential that I had arranged to sail in this steamer. I must have gone in spite of everything, somehow."

The pang at my heart came again. More and more I was waking up to reality. A fearful fate seemed closing about me, from which there was no escape. Why had I invited it? Why left to myself to make this choice of isolation? Had I been mad? At least I felt so now. My pulses were beating with heavy throbs, my brain whirled. Mechanically I went through my preparations. Morning ran to noon, and noon to night. I suppose in all these hours I talked, and answered questions much as usual, but I felt in a horrible feverish dream. Thus I found myself standing beside Thorburn Ayre, and heard the piping of the birds, while the sun streamed through the blind-bars, and soft odors of summer wafted in, while farther than all these seemed the voice that was sealing my fate.

"What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

I listened to these words, and knew what they meant. I listened to the words that followed; congratulations and greetings. I felt kisses upon my brow, my cheeks, my lips; but the fearful spell did not break till I entered my room to change my bridal garments. Liz was there, pale and watchful of me. I was crimson with fever. As I met her eyes, as I breathed the quietness of that chamber, never more to be mine, the fire burst forth. In a passion of tears and sobs, I cried:

"Oh, why did I do this! Why did I marry him! I do not love him. I hate him; and I cannot, oh, I cannot go from you all with him! I do not know him, I am too young. I am frightened to death! O, Liz! My grandmother has done it! not I; I have been in a dream!"

As I said this wildly and bitterly, a flood-tide seemed to mount up from my heart to my brain: my pulses throbbed, a lava stream poured through every vein. Then all sensation stopped. Where was I? Darkness and confusion had settled upon me.

I opened my eyes.

"Is that you, Liz?"

"O Kate! And Liz, I saw, was crying."

I looked about me. I was lying upon the bed in our little room, and there was an odor of camphor.

"What is it, Liz? What has happened?"

"She told me that I had fallen down insensible, the day of my wedding."

"My wedding-day? When was it, Liz?"

"It is July now, Kate." And she bent and kissed me.

July! My wedding-day was in May. I wondered where was Mr. Ayre—my husband, I said, faintly:

"Tell me all about it, Liz."

And she told me. I had fallen insensible as I stood speaking to her. The long, unnatural strain had at last given way, and I had drifted out into unknown restful regions of spiritual calm. Weeks had passed, and I had been dead to outward life. Where were the actors in that life? I asked the question that was thrilling my heart.

"Where is he—Mr. Ayre, Liz?"

"He had to go, you know; there was no alternative. The physician told him there was no danger of your dying, but that you would probably be ill for a long time. A nervous fever of some kind. Grandmother says that mamma was subject to them after strong exertions."

She paused; then, hesitatingly, "There is a

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letter for you. When you are able to read it I will—"

But I turned my head away indifferently. I felt no interest in the letter. I cared to look no further than the present; rest was in the present, and freedom. I went to sleep, tranquil and unthinking. I awoke stronger, and with a dawning interest in the affairs of life. I began to question myself. Where was that life to be spent in these present days? Then I asked for my letter. It was a deep July day; a gold sky, an ardent atmosphere, and balmy breaths of summer all about me as I read:

"DEAR KATE,—You know how imperative is the necessity of my leaving you at this moment, or you will know when you awake to consciousness. I leave you free to act, to live as you think fit. Mr. Calvin will be your business man until my return. Choose your own place of residence, your own companions. Mr. Calvin will assist you faithfully, and acquiesce with the extent of your income. Good-bye, and God bless you."

—THORBURN AYRE.

It was an odd note, I thought, for such a long good-bye; but then it was written in the brief interval that intervened between the excitement of my sudden illness and the sailing of the steamer. I glowed with gratitude at the wild sense of freedom it conveyed. He was very kind certainly; and so absorbed was I in the vista that opened before me I forgot the reserve and brevity that conveyed it, and ceased to wonder why he had not mentioned his probable time of return.

Consulting with Mr. Calvin, I found my means far exceeded my wildest expectations. The arrangements that ensued seemed like a fairy-tale to me. I was to live in the old Langdon mansion on the hill that lay between Exham and Rawley. Rawley was then famous for its beaches, and was the resort of the summer. In winter it was the link between town and city, lying between Exham and New York.

I formed my establishment with considerable forethought for a girl of eighteen. My grandmother's prudence had been effective with me. Her pride was too strong for her to give up the independence of her own home, however poor and scant. But I took Liz, as I had promised in just long ago.

It was September before we were fairly settled in our new home; but the season was not yet over in Rawley, and I very soon found myself making many new acquaintances through the Carews and the Deermans, who held high festival for three months at Rawley beach every summer. There I renewed my old friendship with Johnny Carew, and there Ashford Lang and his three brothers, such brilliant, elegant men as I had rarely met, sought our society.

"When does Mr. Ayre return, Mrs. Ayre?" asked Stuart Lang one day, as we stood resting from bowling in the alley.

"When?"

"How could I tell? Then it first occurred to me that in his few letters my husband did not mention the subject. I never had thought to ask. I put the question aside somehow, and the thought with it."

"You will not think of remaining here all winter?" Ashford took up, as he bent his supple figure. "You will come to New York, and know my sister and mother. They will be back from Europe in a month."

"I don't know; I am so young, and Mr. Ayre away—perhaps—"

Ashford smiled.

"Do you fancy there are any such special dangers abroad in New York that you cannot escape them—roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour?"

He lifted his eyebrows, and his smile deepened in amusement as he concluded. I felt foolish and afflicted with *gaucherie* at his words—his manner. In a moment my dress felt ill-made, my hat was unbecoming, my gloves out of place. How stupid I must seem! How little I knew of the world! In books I was well-educated; but in the million local topics that are the current coin of all general society, which keep it at brilliant high-pressure, I knew nothing. Always ambitious of knowledge, of all conversational power which places one person *en rapport* with another, I felt defeated and unshowered as it were. Before the next day I had decided to spend my winter in New York. I looked upon it as a necessary part of my education. I must find myself equal with the world.

In New York my life opened more fully. I found that I had many tastes, many qualities which I before was unaware of. Through the Langs I was introduced into society both fine and fashionable. I went out a great deal with Liz, who was by this time a handsome, brilliant young creature, much admired and much sought after.

The winter passed rapidly, then summer again at Langdon Hill, and Mr. Ayre still away, and his coming home indefinite. His letters had begun to lengthen about the time I first went to New York, possibly from the fact that I myself, vivified and amused by my new acquaintances and plans, spoke more fully of myself. Once I asked him when he would return. He answered vaguely, "When circumstances will allow me." The letters were kind: those of a friend, not a lover or a husband. I saw no particular want in them until one day, Ashford Lang and his sister called upon me, she said:

"I should think you would want to go out to your husband, Mrs. Ayre. When our Tom was there he was continually sending for Lou."

I suddenly flushed. I had not thought of it before. My husband had never sent for me. I had always been aware that there was something rather odd in the circumstances of my married life; but so absorbed had I been in my new freedom, in following out my tastes and inclinations with my ample means, that I forgot or put aside thoughts which in reality were more uninteresting than any others. Words now and then from strangers, like these of Camilla Lang, awakened me. When she made this last remark she lifted her languid eyes with rare interest, to my face. I colored, as I have said, and more vividly as I caught the searching glance from Ashford. With effort I said:

"Mr. Ayre may return at any time! The complications arising from the death of Mr. Carle have kept him beyond his expectations. It would be useless for me to attempt the voyage when everything is so unsettled. Mr.—my husband may return any day."

As I repeated this, I again caught the searching, incredulous look from Ashford Lang. He had noticed my hesitation. I saw him exchange glances with his sister. I felt humili-

ated. A sense of being neglected and forsaken came over me.

"My husband! How strange it all was. How different from others. By comparisons I now began to realize my singular lot. My husband! I said it over and over. Why did he not return! Was it business really, or had he repented his marriage? Why did he not send for me if it was the first? I was not sorry that he did not, but I felt, nevertheless, neglected."

My husband! That thin, dark, oldish man. I looked at myself that night in my mirror. I was young, fresh; not beautiful like Liz, but attractive. I had a good figure, and a fine air.

I was called charming. I was conscious of this as a fact. As I looked, I thought of my mate. The thin, dark, oldish man. Who should it have been? Instantly my mind shaped an answer. A man like Ashford Lang. My thoughts went no farther. I never fancied myself in love with Ashford. He and his three brothers merely served me as models of brilliant, gracious gentlemen. They were not men to carry on intricate flirtations with married women. They were too high-souled for that. With them and their sister I learned what fine society meant. I became conversant with the best thoughts, the best books; with art, and all splendid accomplishments. Standing before my mirror I thought over all this, and thought myself fit only for such a type of man as they revealed. I sighed.

The next moment I heard Liz's gay voice saying good-night to Stuart Lang. There was a new tone in it. I went out and leaned over the balustrade. She was standing under the gas, motionless and rapt in a dream; but her face was sad, some deep pain was breaking its girlish smoothness. Was she in love, and with Stuart Lang? Then I ran rapidly over my memory for favorable signs on his part. I felt sure that it was a mutual attachment. Why that look of pain then? A little love-dold, I reasoned. To-morrow or the next day I should have him claiming audience of me. But to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next—a month or more, and Stuart Lang claimed no audience of me. I was disappointed. There could never come such another gallant fellow for Liz. My type for all that was noble and manly.

Months passed, I asked no questions; she told me nothing, but her cheek thinned, and the look of pain broke through when her face was still. One day I found her crying in her chamber. Then I swept reserve away.

"Liz, dear, what is it between you and Stuart Lang? He loves you; you love him."

She turned and faced me. Never shall I forget her look. It was so deep and wise for so young a girl.

"He loves me, and I love him," was the reply, "but he will never ask me to marry him."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Kate, did you never find out that the ruling power through the Lang family is a pulse kind of self-indulgence. They have no will to conquer, to make new conditions; they accordingly accept circumstances for fate, and it overcomes them. I am poor. Stuart Lang has nothing by himself; living with his family he lives elegantly. Do you think he knows how to give it up? Do you think for a moment he would consider it possible for him to make his own future? He hates business, he has no interest in professions, he is not a worker any way. He can never do any thing; and he is but twenty-three."

Ceasing, a shadow of bitterness passed over her face, and a faint sigh fluttered forth from her lips.

I was overwhelmed with the truth of what she said. At once I saw that this analysis was as true for one as for another. Where then was my type of manhood that I was sure I had found in these brothers. Alas, I had cherished the idea of a masculine character, firm and enduring and strong to conquer circumstances. This was my special point, my most vivid expectation of a man's character. The one quality I considered absolutely indispensable to form a rounded nature. Without it, I could not believe in its strength. Incompleteness mastered and overcame everything else.

After this confession of Liz's I made up my mind to go away from New York. Her pale face haunted me. My own disappointment, and that feeling of desolation, of being adrift in our minds, cut off from all the old landmarks of belief, as it were, influenced me in this choice. We went back to Exham for a while; but there, in a few weeks, the Langs appeared upon the scene, and again resumed something of their wonted charm. Liz grew restless under it. Fever burned in her cheeks and in her eyes.

Again we became birds of passage. Hither and thither we went, north, south, east, and west; pilgrims in search, one of change, the other of faith. By another year Liz had found her color, her spirits. Devoting herself to her music, for which she had developed wonderful talent, perhaps genius, she became contented, even gay. For myself, I had learned much, but I had not learned or found my faith. I put my own experience to bear upon all others. Rapid in my conclusions, I believed that I had sifted the world. I became inwardly unbelieving, cynical to a degree far beyond that of my vague girlhood's misanthropy. Outwardly I was brighter than before; easier, because I had less interest, and so thought less of my impressions.

After much wandering we came back to Langdon Hill, and made it a permanent residence.

In all this time how the years had flown! I was twenty-three. Five years of my girl marriage. Five years!

I opened a daguerrotype one day that was taken when I was eighteen, the period of my engagement. As I looked I realized how I had changed. How the soft, crude look of inexperience had changed to a self-controlled womanhood. I sighed and turned away from the blue believing eyes, so full of hopes and dreams. What did life hold for me now?

A long, low ring of the bell recalled me to the present. I started, and a thrill of pain darted through me. Then I smiled at my nervousness, and went down at the summons from a servant: "A gentleman to see you." There was no card sent up to me, and I thought it somebody on business.

A dark figure stood bending over a book of photographs. I crossed the room; he did not move. I approached the table, and a pair of eyes lifted themselves to mine. Dark eyes, full of youth and fire, but the hair was iron gray, the full beard almost white. Where had

I met that expression? I looked puzzled, then.

"Kate," he said, "have I changed so very much?"

"Mr. Ayre!"

Involuntarily I put out my hand, though I was faint with feeling. He took it, and the strong, firm hand upheld me. The room swam for a moment, and I gasped for breath. His voice broke through this confused state.

"Is it so bad that Kate? Do you still hate me, that you shrink from me thus?"

"Hate you?" I murmured, "who said I hated you?"

Still holding my hand, he replied, in an intense, though controlled voice,—

"Five years ago, Kate, I stood in the room adjoining another, and heard a girl who had but just vowed herself to me, say in vehement accents, 'Why did I marry him? I do not love him; I hate him; and I cannot go from you all with him.' So I went, Kate; do you think I would have gone without that knowledge?"

Suddenly the past appeared all plain to me.

"You have been very generous," I faltered.

He flung up his head with a half impatient deprecation.

"Generous: ah, how little all the rest! Kate, how could you marry me?"

I think my few plain words, attempting to explain my state at that time, gave him some clear understanding, for he muttered lowly once or twice, "What a grievous error, what a grievous error!"

At last I asked his own question: "Why did you wish to marry me, Mr. Ayre?"

He dropped my hand, and looked at me in amazement.

"Why was I so unfortunately inexpressive, then, that you never guessed that I loved you?"

I do not know what I replied, but he seemed to get farther insight by my words, for bending his dark, full gaze upon me, he said quietly, but earnestly: "You were very young, Kate."

These words, too kind to sound rebuking, yet filled me with nameless regret. What was it? Had I lost anything?

"Either I missed, or myself missed me," came into my mind; and in conjunction with this came a realization of his delicacy. Meeting his gaze I asked,

"And did you hate me, too, after hearing what I said there?"

"Hate you? No, I did not hate you," he answered, in a curious tone, which puzzled and chilled me.

It was singular how soon after this strange talk everything seemed to resolve into an outward harmony. We occupied the same house, but I only met him at the table, and sometimes in the garden; never in the drawing room, except in the presence of guests. There seemed no purpose avoidance. He was always so active; busy with a hundred interests I knew nothing of. With no specified arrangement of our life, he quietly took up his course, and left me mope unembarrassed. He was so much away, riding hither and thither, by horse, by rail, or boat, and always preoccupied with his own thoughts when I chanced to meet him alone; wrinkling his brows, and unconsciously incoating the bent of his mind by tapping out upon the table some intricate computations. Of mornings I used to hear his voice, commenting, suggesting, or giving orders about the grounds, and once in a while at these times he would send to ask my opinion of some garden iteration.

"He is a man of wonderful executive ability," pronounced my grandmother one day, as she came up the avenue with me and overheard him as he went his rounds.

"Yes, that is evident," I acknowledged, and as I thought, I became conscious of how this executive element was changing the character, the very atmosphere of the place. Somehow everything seemed to be righted. The garden bloomed, the lawns grew greener, the fruit trees gave no trouble, and all my household annoyances had fled somewhere out of sight. Like one vast machine, house, garden, and servant were in regulated harmony. My outward life swung as easily as a perfectly adjusted pendulum. But inwardly I was more restless than ever. I felt humbled as I had never felt in my life in the presence of this active spirit of usefulness. What was it I wanted? what missed? The old city excitement of society? Would that give me contentment?

As if to answer this question there came one day in the last of the summer, the Langs, brother and sister.

Remembering their questioning concerning my husband's absence, I was glad that they should see him at home. Then immediately followed a faint uneasiness. Ashford Lang was so cultured, so fine, and elegant—Camilla was so critical. I had a feeling of apprehensive pride.

He came in late, finding us upon the lawn, waiting tea. I went through introductions mechanically, and turned to Camilla, with voluble talk about the tuberoses I held—a splendid specimen, worth the most eloquent talk; but mine was mere words, to which she did not listen, so intently was she absorbed in regarding my husband. He caught the look, came forward, thinking we had appealed to him in our rose talk, took the flower from me, and in two or three sentences astonished me by his rare knowledge as well as by his grace of expression. In a second, however, he had found that the young lady was only politely interested, and another sentence turned the subject into a generous pleasantry, half gallant and wholly gentlemanly—a careless, unconscious ease, which gave me much satisfaction.

After, in the drawing room, at tea or dinner, driving or walking, he was the courteous host, meeting his guests more than equally, because of a force he possessed that went beneath their surface. Sometimes from some profounder talk of art or science he suddenly struck out into a playful badinage with Camilla. Then I saw her eyes light, and her languor dissolve, and my pride was gratified and appeased. But I was still restless and filled with vague discontent. I had come to the worst of beliefs, a faithlessness of myself. All the rest were so serene, so happy. Even Liz sang with gay freedom, and Ashford Lang grew merry as he stepped out of his staidness.

"Shall you return to China with your husband?" he asked me one night, with just that air he had asked before.

"To China?" I started, looking up to meet his look, which had strayed away from me across the room. My eyes followed it, and rested upon Camilla and Mr. Ayre. He was talking, brilliantly I knew, in his remarkable epigrammatic manner. She was listening, in-

tent and vivid. "He is very handsome," remarked Ashford in a dreaming voice.

I thrilled with surprise. Handsome? A mist went over my eyes. Then I looked again with clearer vision. I saw a straight, little figure, full of expressive lines. A face dark and thin, but firm and fixed with purpose and power. Youthful eyes that lighted and darkened. Bright warmth of color on the lips, and a real flush streaking either cheek. All these indications of freshest life, while the grayed hair and beard stood like grim sentinels of decay.

"He is not old: why should his beard be so white?" Ashford mused on. "The climate? That climate—no," he interrupted; "it is not climate." But, coming back,

"Will you go to China?"

"I? Mr. Ayre will not return to China."

"He has told me that such was his intention."

I grew red with angry embarrassment. My disbelief in myself increased. I shivered. Was I considering my duty?

A half hour later Camilla and Ashford were listening to Liz's wonderful playing. Mr. Ayre had excused himself to answer India letters. I waited till the player and her audience were absorbed in a sonata, and then stole out. The light streamed from the library, but it was not there I meant to go. My head ached; the odors of dead flowers in the parlor were stifling. Let me breathe the odor of living ones; let the cool breeze of the garden and the friendly dark give me healing and calm, I thought. I got no further than the veranda. The night was warm, and rainy winds blew round the vines and drenched my hair with balmy moisture. I leaned back for rest, and a glass door slipped its bolt and sprang inward. I was falling, when he caught me, drew me in, and secured the fastening again at a breath.

"Where have you been Kate, into the rain? You are quite wet."

My husband peered into my face as he spoke with an intent expression. What I answered I know not. I only know his expression grew kindly and troubled.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, child?" he questioned.

"Are you going to China?" I asked in a blank, dazed way, instead of replying.

"To China? Who has told you that I was going?"

"Mr. Lang."

He turned away, and began sealing a letter, his face preoccupied as he said:

"Yes, we were talking about China this morning. I am to take his brother Stuart with me when I return."

The late lilies sent up all at once a load of heavy incense from their damp, dark beds without. I seemed to scent the odors of the Orient, and my heart beat hurriedly. I sighed and shivered.

He glanced up, left his letters, and stood before me.

"What is it, Kate—what is it you want, poor child?"

I met his look. The lips curved with pain, but there was something in the darkening eyes that held me, that gave me power to speak.

"I want to go to China."

He started back. "You! Why do you want to go to China?"

There was fever in my veins. I must speak. It was like an expiation; so wildly, vehemently I burst out, though low enough of tone;

"Why? Because I love you, I love you! You may have ceased to love me; you may have learned to repent of your hasty marriage long ago; but I have learned out of all the world to love you; and I lay my love at your feet for atonement."

"Lay it here, Kate, but never for atonement. There is nothing for you to atone. Kate, my Kate, this pays for all the pain."

As he spoke he took me to his breast, and there I had my love, and every wild regret and nameless bitterness. There I found my faith again, and with it more than my old ideal.

"And shall I go to China?"

"If I go, but if I do not go, Kate?"

"Is there, then, no necessity?"

"None now."

Yes, I understood; all the delicacy, the generous reserve, the tender pain. For my love he could stay. Without it he would banish himself, uncomplaining, unrepentant from home, from native land, from social civilization. Tears came to my eyes. Ah, God was very good to bring me out of the dark into such light as this.

Ashford Lang was talking fine talk, and critical about a beautiful woman as we went into the parlor. Liz had shut the piano, but drummed her fingers on the rosewood as she listened absently to Ashford. Camilla, yawning, brightened as we entered.

I went over to Ashford.

"Mr. Ayre is not going to China, Mr. Lang."

He looked at me searchingly. Liz wheeled round and exclaimed, softly,

"How bright your eyes are, Kate!"

"Not going to China. He has changed his mind since this morning, Mrs. Ayre?" Mr. Lang kept on.

"Yes, since this morning, Mr. Lang."

All the time Liz

and the Golden sands of the Pacific. The banner of the Stars and Bars will number among the things of the past, and the rebellion, with all its associations, will be remembered as things that have existed, but have no longer any being.

What we need is men. I want you here, all of you, every man of you, however small may be his influence, to use that influence to send recruits to the army. The more we get the better it will be for the army and the quicker will the war be ended. The war must be ended by hard fighting, and it becomes every man, woman, and child to work for the increase of our armies in the field. When that is done I trust that next summer will come to us with peace restored to the land, and happiness, contentment, and prosperity pervading the entire country.

Waterville Mail.

SPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JAN. 22, 1864.



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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

LAUGHABLE!—It makes one laugh to hear about "the McClellan policy" in connection with the next presidency. Who entertains a shadow of hope that any other policy than that of the great Union party of the country is to make any considerable show in the next presidential election? Abraham Lincoln and his friends are to settle this question. If he consents to receive their votes he is going to be elected by a larger majority than has marked an election for scores of years. The great "acclamation" of the united country has already put him in nomination. It will require no political machinery, no electioneering, and no effort to elect him. Vallandigham in Ohio has prophesied of McClellan, if he should prove as ambitious as his friends threaten; and even that political force could not be re-enacted at a hundred per cent. discount. Let the Union men of the country take no thought for the morrow, as regards McClellan's nomination; it can carry no dignity beyond what it borrows from the efforts of its opponents. In spite of the unscrupulous and unmeasured abuse heaped upon Mr. Lincoln by the combined confederate and copperhead efforts, we verily believe that he stands before the country to-day with more positive strength of popularity—with a deeper hold upon the intelligent faith and affection of the true and earnest friends of the country—than any man since Washington. No man has ever been more severely tried in all the elements of statesmanship and patriotism, and no man ever stood the test with more sublime dignity.

THOSE HORSES.—Another exchange of notes between the owners of "Hiram Drew" and "Gen. Knox" results in a failure—probably according to the challenger's programme. We are not sorry; for there would be no pleasure in again seeing Hiram pressed to a task which is evidently beyond his power. We think he made his best time in his trial with Knox last Fall, when the latter won in three straight heats, without a touch of the whip; while Hiram was pressed in a manner insulting to the dignity of so proud an animal. He has nobly reached and passed the meridian of his glory, while Knox is far behind that point; and this victory must content him for want of a better. Long and nobly he stood at the head of his class, the pride of the State; and when compelled to yield the palm, his owner should see to it that he does it with dignity worthy of his fame.

It ought to be known, that those young men who interrupted some portions of the concert on Wednesday evening by talking, do not reside in Waterville, except one. The annoyance was intolerable in the rear of the house, and came from none but blockheads, ignorant of good manners, if not of common decency. They were strangers to the hall keeper—who should otherwise have checked them. Those who are ignorant of the courtesies of the concert room should not venture upon them on occasions like this.

LEVEE AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—The ladies of the Universalist society at Kendall's Mills are making arrangements for a levee, to be held in Hogan's Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 2d & 3d. Dramatic and other amusements, with refreshments in good variety, are set in the programme.

POSTPONED.—The great levee and "gift enterprise" at N. Vassalboro', set for the 20th and 21st inst., stands adjourned to Monday and Tuesday evenings next. An attractive list of gifts, valued at more than a thousand dollars, is to be drawn and distributed at that time.

O, such a time for sleigh-rides!—with the choicest kind of moon-light, the smoothest of beaten tracks, and the mildest kind of blow-hot-and-blow-cold weather!—O, out with the horses, boys!

WINSLOW BRIDGE.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow me to call the attention of the public to a petition for the renewal of the charter of the Winslow Bridge Corporation, referred by the last to the Legislature now in session, at Augusta? Is it not wise to allow this matter to be accomplished without examination, discussion or opposition on the part of the people interested in the extinction of this burdensome monopoly? Where now is the zeal and activity formerly exhibited by residents of Winslow, to have a free bridge and be relieved from a toll enormous in reference to the cost of the bridge and the amount of travel across it? Have a few influential persons been silenced by favors recently granted them and perhaps promised for the future till the renewal of the charter may be obtained by the managing genius of that Corporation?

Are the mass of the people of Winslow, whose interests are not at all cared for in the proposed measure, alive to the consequences of it? Have they forgotten the tax—a poll tax—heretofore assessed on them by this Corporation? And are they virtually, about to ask for a continuance of the burden by their silence at this, the critical moment? Does not a proper regard for the interests of their constituents demand of the municipal authorities of the town of Winslow, their immediate attention to this subject? And have not the interests and growth of that town, heretofore, been sacrificed to the narrow, selfish policy of a few, who have had too much influence, without personal responsibility for the result, over the municipal authorities and in suppressing the enterprise of the masses as to important public improvements? Will not some intelligent citizen of Winslow take the trouble to give the public, and particularly to his townsmen, a concise and truthful history of the Winslow Bridge Corporation and of the Corporation superseded by it, with a statement of tolls received, dividends made, cost of construction, repairs, etc., and of an artful omission in the existing charter of an important provision in the first charter in favor of the public, as to the disposition of the bridge standing at the expiration of the charter? It is believed that the chairman of the Selectmen of that town, can do this if he is disposed to. Another gentleman, in that town, would do it better, if he would, and he would if his pecuniary interests would not suffer by the exposure.

If such a history and statement could be obtained would it not demonstrate to almost every tax-payer in Winslow, that, since the Winslow Bridge was built—about thirty years—has been compelled to pay in tolls for passing it—from three to twenty times as much as this tax as an inhabitant of that town would have been, to pay the original cost of construction of that bridge, repairs and insurance on the same, paid by the proprietors, and interest on the same? It would be easy for the principal owner and manager of that corporation to furnish a true statement of the original cost of that bridge, the amount annually paid for repairs, insurance and other expenses—under distinct heads—and the amount of toll actually taken each year, and the dividends declared and paid out on the stock. Would not such a statement show that the original cost of the bridge was not over \$3000 or \$3500? That the repairs have not amounted to \$100 per annum? That the tolls taken have not been less than \$1200 per annum? And that the inhabitants of Winslow have paid to the corporation one half of that sum, while themselves charged with the expense of supporting all the avenues to said bridge, and heretofore resisted with the utmost pertinacity by that corporation—believed to be almost a corporation sole—in every attempt to relieve themselves from the burden, by the construction of a free bridge or the purchase of the corporation bridge to be made free?

So much for the interests of Winslow involved in this matter. But if Winslow chooses to act on the exceedingly narrow policy of compelling the people of other towns to pay to this corporation an enormous tribute under the illusion of a possibility of saving a few dollars to the town of Winslow, what course should be taken by other towns interested, in reference to the proposed continuance of this tax upon them? Ought they not to remonstrate against it? Ought they not to look to it that their representatives in the Legislature be made to know and feel what are the interests of their constituents and that they will be held responsible for any sacrifices of them in not using every honorable means to prevent the renewal of this charter or its extension.

Except the bridges across the Kennebec river, and the Winslow bridge, there are no toll bridges in the county of Kennebec. The town of Benton supports a free bridge across the Sebasticook river, at probably as great expense as would be required to support the Winslow bridge. Benton, Clinton, China, Albion and Vassalboro' support their own roads and bridges for the accommodation of the people of Winslow, when they have occasion to pass through those towns, and should there not be fair reciprocity on the part of Winslow? And when a Winslow man has occasion to travel through any part of this State, in what town will he find himself required to pay tribute for passing a bridge over a stream no broader or more powerful and difficult of passage than the Sebasticook at Winslow? Not one, it is believed, unless some town may, in the days of exclusive privileges to turnpike and toll bridges, in the day of its weakness, in the desire for a temporary aid and relief from present inconvenience, have allowed some rich monopolist to saddle them and the public at large with a perpetual burden in the shape of a toll bridge corporation. What other public burdens has Winslow to bear, not common to all towns in the State? Does she support a fire department for the protection of her village from loss by fire? And has she not the

benefit of such a department, supported by a neighboring village at a vastly greater expense than would be required to build and keep in repair a substantial and suitable bridge across the Sebasticook?

Is it not time then that other towns and people out of Winslow should bestir themselves to have this matter set right? While the people have been engrossed in the great calamity of our country, the civil war, and have been made painfully to feel it in the various forms of taxation, the chartered monopolist has been quietly whispering a hope of relief from a part of one burden by allowing him to escape his share of it and impose, for his own benefit, a quadruple tax on the rest of the community. The immediate and particular interests of those who may have occasion to use and those who may be required in the future to support the Winslow bridge, as a free bridge, have been glanced at from what is believed to be the true and just standpoint.

Connected with this subject is the question of public or state policy in regard to monopolies. Sound policy is much opposed to anything of that kind. They are direct violations of equal rights and can only be allowed at any time as required by necessity and as a remedy for greater evils. But they should not be permitted with a view to produce inequality in public burdens of the same kind as sustained by different sections of the State. Against all private acts, having such purpose or effect, the legislature should maintain the sternest opposition.

It has long ceased to be considered reasonable that towns should be relieved from the expense of constructing and repairing county roads of little or no benefit, by their location, to the inhabitants, by the substitution of a turnpike corporation with its toll gates, although that expense oftentimes in single cases has greatly exceeded the outlay required for the construction and support of bridges like the one under consideration.

The bridge is a part of the road as much as an embankment of earth for the purpose of passing a ravine or a bog, and it is not consistent with justice or sound policy, that the one should be supported by the public at large, without reference to their individual need of it, and the other by tolls paid by such only as may be under a necessity of passing it. Let prompt and vigorous action in this case prevent any backward movement in the policy of our State as to monopolies. X. Y. Z.

TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

As we leave Mr. Cyrus Howard's and proceed towards the site of Fort Halifax, we come first to the situation of the late Mr. Shurtleff. All travellers know this place on account of the fanciful finish of the house. I have not been able to find for a certainty who settled this lot, or the two farms north of it. A Mr. Thomas Parker was the earliest resident that I can hear of. Rev. Joshua Cushman afterwards purchased it, and ornamented it with trees. His house was an unpretending structure of one story—made for convenience and not for show—and his outbuildings were in keeping with the house. When the trees and shrubbery were in full leaf the buildings were nearly hidden from view as we passed in the road, though situated within four rods of it. This little farm with its cottage,—its Lombardy poplars,—of which there were long rows; its "lover's retreat," its "solitary walk," and its other winding paths, overhung with ivy and native wild grape vines; besides many other things which give happy hours to the wanderer, as he thinks of his old home and childhood's days,—was sold. A rude vandalism sacrificed those ancient poplars. The beautiful shrubbery was uprooted; the hard, beaten paths turned by the plowshare; the beautiful syringas and snowballs that had delighted the eye so many years became also the prey of the destroyer; potatoes became the occupants where peonies, marigolds, and daisies once flourished. How strange it is that some individuals have so large a bump of destructiveness that even ornamental trees must fall! This was the place where the Rev. afterwards, Hon. Joshua Cushman, the first minister of Winslow, lived.

Many who read this will recollect Mr. Cushman as a minister, liberal in his views, reverent in prayer, profound in his reasoning, as he on the sabbath endeavored to elucidate certain texts of Scripture. In those early days a minister's labors were limited to sabbath preaching, mainly; marriages and funerals excepted. Mr. Cushman was settled and ordained as a gospel minister in Winslow the second Wednesday in June, 1795. From the great number of invitations to churches to send pastors and delegates, and as so large a committee was chosen to wait on the delegates (consisting of twenty) at the ordination, we may conclude that it was something not common; no every-day affair.

The meeting house was built so far as to erect a frame and cover it with boards, clapboards, shingles, in 1797. It was also gilded and the pews made, on the floor. A pulpit was also made. There was neither plastering nor paint, nor even lathing. Many who read this will remember gazing on those naked beams and rafters as they entered the house of worship; and also that the attention of young persons and children in summer was frequently diverted from the solemn truths uttered by the preacher, to the swallows that flew and chirped in the open space above, unadmired.

Rev. Mr. Cushman was ordained in that part of the town which is now Waterville, on the plain. A large booth or awning was made, principally of boughs, for the reception of the audience and the numerous pastors and delegates present. Here, as I am told, with much ceremony, Mr. Cushman was ordained a gospel minister of Winslow. I have the names of the committee to wait on the pastors and delegates which I will give, and very much regret that I am unable to give you the names of the pastors.

The names of the committee chosen to give Mr. Cushman a call to settle as a minister, and also to draft an agreement with him, and a platform for a Christian Association, with articles of faith, etc.; also to make provisions for his ordination, were, Josiah Hayden, James Stackpole, Arthur Lithgow, Joseph Craggin, Jonah Crosby, Zimri Heywood, and Benjamin Chase. These performed the first part of their duty and received Mr. Cushman's answer, and then proceeded to do the rest, which was accomplished and a report of their doings accepted, which (although lengthy) will be published in my next.

Another committee of five, as follows: Josiah Hayden, Jonah Crosby, George Warren, Joseph Craggin, and David Pattee, were chosen to extend invitations to pastors and delegates of the following Churches, viz.: the "Churches of Christ" in Canaan, Pownalborough, Woolwich, Brunswick, Topsham, second Church in Wells, first Church in Kittery, first Church in Pembroke, and two other Churches at the option of Mr. Cushman.

The committee of twenty chosen to wait on pastors and delegates were, James Stackpole, Ezekiel Pattee, Arthur Lithgow, Abraham Lander, Jonah Crosby, Benjamin Chase, Zimri Heywood, Asa Redington, George Warren, Timothy Heald, Ephraim Town, Solomon Parker, Nathaniel Low, Josiah Hayden, James McKim, David Pattee, John Pierce, Joseph Craggin, Elnathan Sherwin, and Benjamin Rannels. I believe I stated in a former letter that the town voted to pay Mr. Cushman \$110 annually, so long as he remained their minister.

Q U E R Y.

Messrs. Editors:—We hope you, nor the fair portion of your readers, will deem us (we say us for we are many) impertinent or inquisitive in the matter we are to speak of, for we certainly are not, only asking this all important question, that we may, if possible, arrive at some conclusion, and, if practicable, better our condition.

We are well aware (if we know ourselves intimately, and we think we do), that such and such things are so, but the all-absorbing idea is, how are we to meet such obstacles and conquer them. To speak plainly, we want to get married. Do you blame us? no matter if you do, we are not ashamed to say we are in this particular and critical condition. It took us some time to come to the point, but here we are, and now for the true state of affairs.

In the first place, as the ministers say, we are a young man old enough to be married; secondly, we ought to be married; thirdly, we want to be married; lastly, we are bound to be married.

We will say we work for a living, no dishonor in that to be sure, but the problem to be solved is, "Can we support a wife in modern style?" We will, for a few days, just long enough to get a peep into the mystery of house-keeping, please yourself with the vain delusion that we are indeed "tied for life," and visit with our wife the various places where house-keeping articles, etc., are exchanged for cash, and where men are made to groan, sigh and sometimes swear as the cost of each article is named.

"Well, my dear, suppose we have a White Mountain cook stove about No. 6, our family is small, you know."

"Get out with your little cook stove, I want one of those 'Model Cooks' at Elden & Arnold's, and I won't have any other."

"How will those cane seat chairs suit you at Caffrey's?"

"What a fool you are Mr.—. Do you imagine I'd have anything but stuffed furniture?"

"That woolen carpet we saw into Meader & Phillips the other day, was very pretty."

"Woolen carpets! why every one has Brussels now-a-days."

So it goes, and we dare not say anything, for we are just married and it won't do to kick up a row during the honeymoon.

Imagine now, we are well under way in house-keeping—our "holder" looks as though Merrifield's Elephant had stepped on it—but we like a good husband, grin and bear it.

Now comes the tug of war. To keep the concern in running order demands a constant outlay. A silk dress for my wife, fifty dollars, when I there goes a month's work. A love of a bonnet, fifteen dollars, etc., why it's enough to scare a man to think of it.

Remember I've not spoken of the thousand and one little things that have to be provided to keep a well regulated household in order; neither of the vexations, trials and troubles that wear a man's life out. All of these are to be taken into consideration as costing a great deal of "peace of mind" which is dearer to a man than his money.

"What a fool!" I hear some young lady exclaim. "Guess he don't want to be married, if he does, don't talk much like it." I tell you I do, notwithstanding all his fuss and complaint I've made, but this great bugbear of woman's extravagance holds me back. Now I expect some young lady will pitch in to me for this talk and I care not if she does, if she will only prove to me that the ladies are not so dear as men are apt to rate them.

SKIPPET.

"CONTINENTAL HOUSE."—This is the new name given to the Waterville House, since it has been repaired and opened by the present proprietors, Wm R. Knight & Co. Mr. Knight is too well known to the travelling public as a prominent feature of the late excellent Elmwood Hotel, to leave any doubt that the Continental will be a good house.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Santiago, in Chili, on the 8th of December. At a grand church festival, in the Cathedral, one of the paraffin lamps exploded, setting fire to the decorations and light combustibles within reach, throwing the people into such consterna-

tion that not ten of those within the building escaped alive. Two thousand persons, mostly females, perished within an hour.

Maine Legislature.

But little has yet been done, though both houses are getting into good working order, and initiative steps have been taken in several matters of considerable importance. We avail ourselves of the convenient summary furnished by the *Daily Journal*:

Thursday, 14th.—Hon. Nathan Dane was re-elected State Treasurer by Joint Convention receiving all but one of the votes cast. A large number of petitions were presented and referred, and several orders of inquiry passed. The Senate voted to meet until otherwise ordered at eleven o'clock of each day.

Friday, 15th.—A joint Convention elected Elbridge G. Knights, of Camden, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the decease of Hon. Geo. A. Starr, senator elect, from Knox County. (Mr. Knights is a Democrat. The constitutional candidates being both of that political persuasion, the Union members were compelled to choose one of them). The bill to change the name of the Maine State Seminary to that of "Bates College," received some important amendments in the Senate and was then passed to be engrossed.

Saturday, 16th.—Mr. Flint, the lately elected Secretary of State, signified his acceptance of the office. Mr. Stewart presented in the Senate a series of resolves urging that Congress take measures to increase the facilities of transportation between New York and Washington. Mr. Williams of Augusta presented a bill in the House providing for the payment by the State of a bounty of \$100 to all volunteers and drafted men hereafter entering the service from this State. An important modification of the law relating to the taxation of Railroad corporations was proposed in the House by Mr. Butler of North Berwick. The bill authorizing the suspension of specie payments until the 15th of Jan. 1865, was passed to be enacted.

Monday, 18th.—The Senate passed an order of inquiry as to the expediency of authorizing the State Librarian to compile and publish the contested election cases in this State. Mr. Stewart's resolves in favor of increased means of transportation between New York and Washington, were passed to be engrossed by the Senate.

Tuesday, 19th.—Little of importance was transacted in either branch. Several petitions were presented and referred and among the orders passed in the House was one introduced by Mr. Allen of Fairfield: That the Judiciary Committee be directed to inquire into the expediency of so amending Chap. 6, Sec. 28 of the Revised Statutes as to allow an assessment of a poll tax not exceeding two dollars.

Wednesday, 20th.—Hon. Hiram Chapman signified his acceptance of the office of Land Agent, to which he had been elected, and the governor and council was notified of the fact. The Judiciary Committee reported in the Senate a bill making valid the action of towns in raising bounties to pay volunteers, drafted men and substitutes, in all cases except where money was so raised to be applied for the purpose of clearing the conscript by the payment of the commutation. In the House a large number of petitions, remonstrances, bills, etc., were presented on the subject of railroad mortgages. The bill calling on our members of Congress to urge the increase of the facilities for travel and transportation between New York and Washington was passed to be engrossed in concurrence. The bill paying bounties to Maine soldiers was reported in a new draft, and passed to a third reading.

War of Redemption.

As reliable news is scarce, a great deal of sensation gossip has been afloat by newspaper correspondents to be immediately corrected.

Longstreet is said to be largely reinforced and meditates another attack upon Knoxville.

Interrupted rebel letters report an awful condition of things in Charleston—the inhabitants being in so much distress that by many the advent of the hated yankees even would be hailed with joy.

Gen. Banks has issued a proclamation for a State election in Louisiana, on the 23d of February.

There have been numerous captures of blockade runners, recently.

Alarming reports have been afloat of another threatened raid from Canada by the rebels, and preparations were made for their reception at Johnson's Island and other points; but the affair must have been much exaggerated, if indeed there was any foundation for the report.

Butler lately received a dispatch that the rebels had evacuated Richmond, and ordered a reconnaissance in force. When within 27 miles of the city, the advancing force found rebels enough to justify their speedy return.

The rebel conscription is meeting with great opposition in North Carolina, and the papers openly denounce the Confederate government.

PORTLAND DAILY PRESS.—By the courtesy of the publishers we are in the receipt of this able, wide-awake sheet. An examination of it will convince any one that, to obtain a good daily paper, there is no need of going out of the State for it. It is published by N. Foster & Co., at \$7 a year, from which price a dollar is deducted if payment is made strictly in advance. The *Press* we hardly need add, is thoroughly loyal, and we trust it may be liberally supported.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The annual session of this board, commenced on Wednesday, at Augusta. The following officers were elected: John F. Anderson, of Windham, President; Calvin Chamberlain, of Foxcroft, Vice President; S. L. Goodale, of Saco, Secretary; J. S. Martin, of Danville, Messenger.

The French have again defeated the Mexicans, and the conquest of their country by Louis Napoleon may be regarded as a fixed fact.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.—This has long been known as one of the ablest and best of the Boston Dailies; and though it has never obtained a general circulation here, yet a few of our leading men who have been in the receipt of it for years, are well aware of its merits. An effort is now being made to introduce it into this community, and subscriptions are received by Dr. G. F. Waters. For further particulars, see prospectus in another column.

SABBATH SCHOOL REUNION.—The West Waterville Baptist sabbath school enjoyed a pleasant reunion at the house of the pastor, on Friday evening, January 8th. Such meetings of teachers and pupils, of parents and children, to spend a social evening together, are not only pleasant for the little folks, but profitable for all.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Kelton designed to make him a donation visit last Tuesday evening, but the severe storm interfered with their plans somewhat. They now propose to visit him next Tuesday evening, Jan. 26th, with the understanding that if the weather should be unfavorable, the visit will be made on the first succeeding pleasant evening.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February—with a promising table of contents—comes to hand too late for an extended notice this week. Articles by many of our best writers will be found in its pages. Buy it—you who are not subscribers—and after reading it you will feel like thanking us for counselling you so much to your advantage.

Hons. Hannibal Hamlin, L. M. Morrill, and J. G. Blaine will please accept our thanks for recent favors.

The clerk of the weather is playing some queer pranks this winter, and has got things badly mixed. At the west they are having it extremely cold with mountains of snow; while here it is unusually mild, with barely snow enough to give us the very best of sleighing—the recent thaw having only hardened and improved it. The other day when the rain was coming down merrily, the wires informed us that a severe snow storm was raging at Cincinnati. Even in the lumber regions of Northern Maine, there is very little snow—about three inches being reported on the Dead River and less than twice that amount on Moose River.

In a list of paroled prisoners now in hospital at Annapolis, we find the following names:—

A. B. Thayer, B. 16th, Waterville; Charles Spencer, D. 17th regulars, Benton; G. W. Robinson, H. 3d, Sidney; John Palmer, B. 16th, Winslow; Corp. C. H. Martin, C. 3d, Canaan.

We are requested to say that Mr. Nye's Section of Cadets will meet at 2 o'clock p.m. tomorrow, (Saturday, Jan. 23d) for choice of officers.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. In a recent issue of the London *Times*, we find an interesting article on wine and its consumption in past years in England. We make the following extract:

"During all this time, too, the price was most extravagant as bearing on its general use. It was at once too strong and too dear. Nobody could use it in the ordinary way of drink, and few people could afford it. It was preserved, and only brought out on holidays, and measured into glasses, carefully sized, like the salt-cellar of an old Indian dinner-service. You see at once by the smallness of the article, how precious the contents were thought. Even now the public can hardly be persuaded that wine can ever be cheap."

In this, as in everything else, America is ahead of England. America now produces a wine excellent in quality and exquisite in flavor as all testify who have tasted the Sambuci wine of Mr. A. Speer of New Jersey, U. S. A. In our perambulations through Spain, France and Portugal we acquired some experience in wine; and have tasted none to excel the Sambuci vintage of America. Wines depend for their excellence not merely on their material, but on their preparation; not merely on the cultivation of the vine, but on the management of the fermentations. All this Mr. Speer thoroughly understands, if we may judge from the sample of the Sambuci wine we tasted. It is already attracting considerable attention in London and Paris, and with the ladies will become a general favorite on account of its non-intoxicating properties.—*London Times*.

Hon. R. H. Vose, a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Augusta, died in that city, on Tuesday morning, after a brief illness.

The Quarterly Session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will be held in Bath on Tuesday the 20th inst. instead of Friday, 29th inst., as has been stated.

AN ARKANSAS PLANTER ON THE NIGGER QUESTION.—A planter who came to Little Rock, Arkansas, to get arms for Union home guards on White River, gave his ideas of the great question of the day as follows:—

The nigger business is done up, and there's no use talking about it. It don't make no odds how good a Union man one may be, he'll lose his niggers. Ever since the war commenced, Old Abe has been turning the screws down on us—first a little turn, and then another; we don't hardly feel it, but he keeps a turning of his screws, and now it's got to be dogon tight. Over there in Missouri, the Union men thought they was going to come out all right, but the screws have come down on 'em so snug that they had to do something, and they done it, but 'twant no use; down come the screw again, and you see where they are. That keeping in Shiloh was for nothing but to take another turn on the screw. Now, there's Old Kanetuck; she feels as if she was on the top of the heap, and she's been a bragging what she's done; but you wait a spell, and you will see the biggest kind of screw turn down on her, and if she does not walk the chalk, she will have her insides squeezed out. There is no use of talking; the thing is all fixed; and I wouldn't give you a dime for the best nigger you can find.

The Military Committee of the Legislature will probably report a well-digested militia law providing for the organization of the State militia, and for the formation of an active volunteer force of about three regiments, as a nucleus for the militia when called out to be equipped and paid by the State.

