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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 30): January 29, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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BY HUGH MOORE.

Old Winter has come again—alack!  
How joy and cold is left!  
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,  
He is a sneaky old chap to white and black,  
As whistles his chills with a wonderful knock,  
For he comes from a cold country!

A witty old fellow this Winter is;  
A mighty old fellow for glee;  
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,  
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,  
And freezes the dew of their lips for this  
Is the way with such fellows as he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—  
He is wild in his humor, and free!  
He'll whistle along for the want of thought,  
And set all the warmth of our fur at naught,  
And rattle the bones of pretty girls bought,  
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,  
And merrily shaking the tree!  
From morning till night he'll sing his song,  
Now moaning and short—now howling and long—  
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—  
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a wicked old chap I wot—  
As wicked as ever you'll see!  
He whistles the dew of our fur at naught,  
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,  
As she trippingly walks in maidenly shame!  
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,  
A tough old fellow for blows!  
He'll trip up the heels of our friends and foes,  
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—  
He minds not the cries of his friends or foes;  
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter they say,  
A cunning old fellow is he!  
He peeps into crevices day by day,  
To see how we're doing from time to time,  
And marks all our plans and our ways to say—  
For a crafty old fellow is he!

## PLAIN MARY ALLEN.

BY T. S. ARBORN.

She was not handsome. She was not brilliant. She had none of those salient points of character from which light flashes. You would not single her out in a room. And yet, no intelligent person could sit beside plain Mary Allen, for ten minutes, without being interested. When she talked, there was a certain firmness of tone, and earnestness of manner, that gave weight to her well-considered utterance. You felt that what she said had a meaning in her thought, and was not simply the light impression of a passing sentiment.

"Do you know Miss Allen?" said a young officer, named Wilmot. He asked the question of a lady friend, whom he had found quite agreeable—a Miss Helen Wilde.

"I have met her in company a few times—nothing more."

"She seems to be an intelligent girl," remarked the officer.

"She is said to be very peculiar," answered Miss Wilde.

"Ah! In what respect?"

"Odd."

"Odd?"

"What do you mean by odd, Miss Helen? To me, she appeared anything else—but an oddity—calm, quiet, self-possessed, and agreeable in conversation."

"I know nothing of her, myself, captain," returned Miss Wilde, "and only spoke from hearsay. People mention her as peculiar. A person who will do out-of-the-way things."

"Independent!" said Capt. Wilmot.

"Yes; that word expresses it, no doubt. Independent. Don't care. If she wants to do a thing, she will do it, and not stop to ask what you or I may think."

"But only, is it right?" remarked the captain.

"I can't say as to that. I don't know her intimately. And, in fact, have no desire for a very close acquaintance. These independent, peculiar, one-sided people never had any attractions for me. There is so little that is sympathetic about them. They don't flow in with you. Stand on principle, as they call it, no matter how trifling the question may be."

"Miss Allen is one of this kind?" said Capt. Wilmot.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then I will know her better."

This was spoken inwardly. While thought was still playing around this conclusion, Miss Wilde said—

"Are you going to Mrs. Barton's, next week?"

"That is my present intention. Will you be there?"

"If nothing happens to prevent."

A brief pause in the conversation followed. When resumed, the subject was changed.

The entertainment at Mrs. Barton's, to which reference had been made by Capt. Wilmot, was to come off within a few days. Plain Mary had received a card.

"You must go," said her mother. The voice was weak. Large, tender eyes, bright from hectic fever, looked fondly across the room to where Mary sat near a window, holding in her hand a card of invitation.

Mary did not answer. She dropped her eyes to the floor, and sat musing.

"There is time enough to have a dress made," said Mrs. Allen.

"I shall not get a new dress, replied Mary. My blue and white plaid, with a little change of trimming, will answer."

"But you have worn it so many times," objected Mrs. Allen.

"No matter. I am scarcely of sufficient consequence for people to keep an inventory of my wardrobe. Not one in ten, if asked, would be able to say whether I had appeared in the dress, before or not."

"Don't you believe it, my child. Some people are hawk-eyed in these matters."

"I wish them better employment," returned Mary. "As for a new dress, I can't think it would be right for me to spend the money at this time, more particularly," she added, in a lower voice, touched with feeling, "as it is not at all certain that I shall see best to go when the evening comes round."

"Why not, Mary?" Mrs. Allen spoke with some surprise.

"If you are no better than you are to-day, mother, I shall not leave you."

"Oh! I shall be better. It was the excitement of company, yesterday, that gave me such a bad night, and leaves me so weak and nervous to-day."

A coughing spell followed this sentence. Mary arose quickly, tossing aside the card of invitation, and going to where her mother sat, in a large, cushioned chair, held her hand while the paroxysm lasted, and when it was over, drew it lovingly against her bosom.

"I think you ought to have a new dress, Mary," said Mrs. Allen, as soon as she felt strong enough to speak again. The mother's pride, love, and forecast were with the daughter—her only child, who, when she passed away must be left alone in the world. She desired the new dress for Mary, in order that she might not be eclipsed, or overshadowed, by other young ladies at Barton's. Your cousin Jane will stay with me. I will send for her."

"She may have an engagement on the same evening," suggested Mary.

"It isn't likely. Anyhow, I'll send for her. You go out and buy the dress. Go to-day."

But Mary demurred to this, saying that, considering their circumstances, she did not think it right to spend twenty-five or thirty dollars for a new dress just for a party. While the

fond contention was going on, a servant handed in a card. It bore the name of Capt. Wilmot. "Say that I will be down." The servant withdrew.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Allen. Her watchful eyes had noted a change on her daughter's face, and a deepening of her color.

"Capt. Wilmot," replied Mary.

"Capt. Wilmot!" the surprise in Mrs. Allen's voice was marked. "Have you met him?"

"Yes, once. He was at Mrs. Cline's. We happened to be thrown together, and, without introduction, entered into conversation. He is a man of intelligence. I was much pleased with him."

Mary arose, and, going to the bureau, examined her hair in the glass. Its smoothness satisfied her. Then, removing her collar, she took from one of the drawers another, of snowy white linen, and was drawing it about her neck, when her mother said—

"Change your dress, dear, by all means."

"And keep him waiting for ten or fifteen minutes? No, mother. My dress is clean, neat, and well-fitting. If he has come to inspect my garments only, this attire will do as well as anything else."

"You are a strange girl, Mary," said Mrs. Allen, fondly, yet just a little sadly. "Too independent, I fear sometimes, for your own good."

Mary went down and saw the captain, who sat talking with her a whole hour. Just before retiring, he asked if she were going to Mrs. Barton's.

"It is my present intention to go," she replied.

"If entirely agreeable, Miss Allen, I will call for you."

She answered, frankly, that it would be agreeable. So he went away with this understanding. In that short hour, the heart of Mary had been touched. The tones of Capt. Wilmot had a melody never perceived, by her ears, in any other voice. His eyes had looked into hers with a meaning never read in eyes before. There was a sphere about him that penetrated to her inner life and consciousness, and awakened a delicious sense of pleasure.

When Mrs. Allen learned that Capt. Wilmot was to call for Mary on the night of Mrs. Barton's entertainment, and saw by Mary's manner how much she was pleased by the compliment, she was still more in earnest about the new dress. But, on this point, Mary did not change her views. "We cannot afford the expense, mother," was her argument, backed by the assertion, that, with a little change in the trimming, which would not cost over three dollars, her blue and white silk could be made to "look very nice indeed."

Two or three evenings afterward, Capt. Wilmot met Miss Wilde again. She was one of those free, forward, chatty girls, always trying to be agreeable and make a good impression, with whom young men get easily on terms of intimacy.

"I called to see your oddity, the other day," said the captain.

"What oddity? Whom do you mean?"

"Miss Allen."

"Indeed!" an amused expression flashed over the bright face of Miss Wilde. "Well, what did you make of her? She met you in a calico wrapper, and curl papers—ha?"

"Upon my word, Miss Wilde," answered the captain, "if I were to be put on oath, I couldn't say what kind of a dress she wore. There were no curl papers, however, for I remember that her brown hair was as smooth, and as glossy as a bird's wing."

"How long did she keep you waiting?"

"Not three minutes."

"You were charmed, of course."

There was just a little irony in the tones of Miss Wilde.

"So well pleased," answered the captain, "that I could not resist the inclination to ask if I should call for her on next Wednesday evening."

"Well—what did she say?"

"I am to call."

"And you expect to find her all ready, of course?"

"Certainly."

There was a shrug and a grimace. Sprightly girls do these things, sometimes.

"What did you mean?" asked the captain.

"I expect to see you, all forlorn, at Mrs. Barton's."

"You don't mean that Miss Allen will recede from her engagements?"

"She's peculiar, captain. I told you that before—an oddity. Ten to one, she will change her mind before next Wednesday evening. There'll be a headache, a sick mother—her mother is an invalid, I've heard—or some other excuse. It won't be the first time."

"Why do you say, 'Not the first time'?" asked Capt. Wilmot.

"Because, to my knowledge, she has failed to keep two engagements of a like character. She's queer, captain. You never know just how to take her."

The captain smiled, incredulously, and said he had no fears. But as the time drew on, he could not help recalling the conversation with Miss Wilde, and feeling just a little uncertain and uncomfortable.

Now, in the eyes of Miss Wilde, the captain had found favor. This being so, she, very naturally, desired to find favor in his eyes. It did not affect her pleasantly, this evident drawing of Capt. Wilmot toward Mrs. Allen, a girl whose attractions she had so lightly esteemed that rivalry had not been thought of as possible. Here was, therefore, personal feeling in her depreciation of Mary Allen, which led to invention as well as exaggeration.

It was Monday, and the party was to come off on Wednesday evening. Miss Wilde could not push the thought of Mary Allen out of her mind. She knew a cousin of hers, named Jane Ridgely, intimately. This cousin was a girl something after her own style. Thinking about Mary, brought up the image of Jane, and the thought of Jane prompted a visit. So she put on her things, and went to see her. It soon came out, in conversation, that Jane was going to spend the evening with Mrs. Allen, who was too sick to be left alone, in order that her cousin might go to the party at Mrs. Barton's.

"You are wonderfully self-sacrificing!" was responded to this.

"Why do you say so?" asked Jane.

"You had an invitation to the party."

"No. I am not in Mrs. Barton's circle."

"There has been a mistake, or some unaccountable delay," said Miss Wilde, though she thought had flashed a scheme for disappointing Mary Allen, and at the same time hurrying her in the estimation of Capt. Wilmot.

"I know Mrs. Barton intended inviting you. In fact, I saw a card with your name."

"Are you sure?" Jane's eyes grew bright, and a warmer color melted over her face.

"Certain. The invitations were very extensive, and it is just possible that a careless servant may have delayed some of them even to this late period. I am almost certain yours will come to-day."

"It will be too late. I should have no time for preparation left," said Jane, in a tone of disappointment and annoyance.

"Extemporize something, my dear," answered Miss Wilde. "It is going to be a splendid affair. I'll help you all I can. The fact is, you look well in almost any dress. You're just the style."

"But I have promised to stay with aunt Allen."

"In order to let Mary go? I'd like to see you do that. You are not quite such a fool as you?"

"You talk as though I had an invitation," said Jane.

"Because I saw one made out, and am dead sure, as our Harry says, that it will be here within an hour or two. Send me word the moment it is received, and if our united wit and taste don't put you into splendid party trim, by tomorrow evening, we are duller than I fancy."

"Miss Wilde's visit was brief. On leaving her friend, she hurried off to the residence of Mrs. Barton. She was quite intimate with this lady."

"I have a favor to ask," she said.

"Name it."

"Send an invitation to Jane Ridgely."

"If you desire it, certainly; but it is so late she will scarcely accept."

"I'll manage all that. She'll come."

"Very well." Mrs. Barton took up a printed card of invitation, and, slipping it into an envelope, wrote thereon the address of Jane Ridgely. In less than half an hour, the card was in the young lady's hands.

It was Tuesday morning, the day before the party. Mary Allen sat in her mother's room, at work on the dress to be worn next evening. She was making some alterations, and putting on new trimming. Mrs. Allen had not been as well even as usual, during the last few days, and was lying in bed. Every few minutes Mary would put down her work, in order to give attention to the invalid. She had readjusted the pillows, that her mother might lie more easily, and resumed her seat by the window, when a note was handed to her by the servant. As she read it, Mrs. Allen's eyes were on her face, and saw her countenance change; a shadow fell over it suddenly. Mary sat very still, and seemed lost, after finishing the note.

"Whom is it from?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"From Jane." Mary's voice did not betray any feeling, but it was lower than usual.

"What does she say?"

"That she is sorry to disappoint me, but cannot come to-morrow evening."

"Why?" Mrs. Allen rose up in bed.

"She does not give the reason, but says that it will be impossible to come. So, that settles the party question." She sighed faintly; then rallying herself, and affecting a cheerfulness she did not feel, added, "It's all for the best, no doubt. I'm only sorry to disappoint Capt. Wilmot, since he was so polite; but it cannot be helped."

"It must be helped!" answered Mrs. Allen.

"You must go to this party, if I have to stay alone."

"The right way, mother, for every one, is the best way. You have not been so well, for the last two or three days, and there has been a question in my mind about leaving you even with Jane. This note decides the question."

"I'll send for Mrs. Kennard," said the mother.

"Now, don't object; for I've set my heart on your going, Mary."

"Mrs. Kennard! Why, mother dear, how can you think of her? I wouldn't trust you alone with her, for a whole evening, if I were to gain a kingdom. Don't think any more about it. The question, as I said just now, is settled. If, as you have declared so often, there is a Providence in each event of our lives, no matter how small, or seemingly unimportant, there is a Providence in this; and my surest way to receive the highest good designed, is to meet it in a right spirit, that is, to do just what duty, conscience, and love dictate, and these all say, 'Remain at home with your mother.'"

Mary had risen from her seat by the window, and crossed the room. She now stood by the bedside, and was gently pressing her mother back upon the pillows. Mrs. Allen shut her eyes and looked sad and disappointed. She did not know how keenly the disappointment had touched Mary also; for the true-hearted girl was concealing what she felt, for her mother's sake.

The dress upon which Mary had been working was put away, and a book that she had been reading aloud, the previous night, taken in its place.

It was impossible for Mary Allen to look forward to the hour when Capt. Wilmot was to call for her, without uncomfortable sensations. She wished to appear well in his eyes—to stand fair with him. There was a feeling that his offer to accompany her to Mrs. Barton's was grounded in something deeper than a mere compliment. How would he regard her conduct? The hour came at last. She heard the carriage that brought him stop at the door, heard the bell ring, and waited for his name, or card, to be sent up. Then she went down to meet him, feeling strangely ill at ease and embarrassed. The look of disappointment, almost displeasure, that came into his face when she entered, dressed in a plain wrapper, hurt and confused her. But she pushed aside her disturbed feelings with a strong hand, and, in a few quiet words, offered the excuse of her mother's sickness as a reason why she could not keep her engagement. She saw that Capt. Wilmot was not satisfied, and hurt pride made her draw back, silent, cold, changed. Each felt uncomfortable and embarrassed. After a few minutes the captain arose, and, with polite formality, retired. The instant Mary was alone, she covered her face with her hands, not able to restrain a gush of tears.

"Where is your belle companion?" asked Miss Wilde, on meeting Capt. Wilmot at the party.

She smiled into his face with an arch malignancy that threw a suspicion into his mind. The captain had sharp eyes, understood human nature, and was skilled in character-reading.

"Miss Allen, you mean?"

"Yes. I don't see her."

"She is not here."

"Ah! Didn't I prophesy as much?"

"Yes."

"Did you call for her?"

"I called."

"And she wasn't ready—had changed her mind! It isn't my fault if you were disappointed, captain. Forewarned, forearmed, you know. You'll believe me touching her oddity, now, won't you?"

And she laughed archly. Some one drew her away, and the captain mingled with the company, feeling annoyed and uncomfortable. Had this girl really been trifling with him? Was the sick mother story a mere subterfuge? He had been forewarned of this very thing as possible. And yet, there was something in the affair altogether out of harmony with his own estimate of Mary Allen's character, formed on brief observation.

"I am sorry my young friend, in whom you expressed so much interest, is not here to-night," said Mrs. Barton, speaking, not long afterward, with the captain.

"Miss Allen, you mean?"

"Yes. I received a note of regret from her this morning. Her mother is in a rapid decline, and Mary is her devoted nurse. They are very tenderly attached to each other. She says that her cousin had promised to take her place with her mother, while she came out this evening; but, something had occurred to prevent the cousin from keeping her promise, and so it was impossible for her to leave her home."

"This is the true reason, you think?" said the captain.

"The true reason?" Mrs. Barton seemed surprised at the question. "Of course it's the true reason! She could give none other."

"Isn't there something peculiar, something odd, about her?" asked the captain.

"She may be peculiar in some things; but her peculiarities are worthy of imitation. A truer, purer, sweeter, and more self-denying girl is not within the circle of my acquaintance."

"But I was warned of this very thing, Mrs. Barton—told that she would disappoint, or, rather, trifle with me, as she had trifled with others."

"From whom came the warning?"

Mrs. Barton grew serious.

"From Miss Wilde. I will be frank with you."

"Can this be possible?"

"It is just as I say."

"From Miss Wilde!" Mrs. Barton looked disturbed. Then angry spots burned on her cheeks. "I see it all now, captain," she added. "There has been a plot to hurt Mary Allen in your good opinion. The cousin, who was to take her place in the mother's sick chamber, is here. She is not one of my friends; but a young acquaintance asked me, two days ago, as a particular favor, to send her a card of invitation. I hardly thought she would come; but her acceptance is answered by her presence here to-night."

"Two conflicting emotions recorded their existence in Capt. Wilmot's face—pleasure and indignation."

"Your young acquaintance is Miss Wilde?" he said.

"Yes."

"Thank you for having unveiled the truth. It is but just. I have wronged Miss Allen in my thoughts, and hurt her by coldness. You are not aware that I engaged to call for her this evening. Forewarned that she was odd and capricious, and might, from some whim, disappoint me, my feelings were a little disturbed on arrival. The very thing predicted came to pass. I was annoyed, and showed my annoyance. We parted coldly and formally."

"You understand it now?" said Mrs. Barton.

"I do, and shall act according to my new understanding of the case."

"How?"

"You will excuse my absence for an hour—perhaps altogether?"

"Certainly."

"Good-evening. You shall hear from me, if not to-night, in the morning."

Mrs. Allen saw, by the sober face and moist eyes of her daughter, that the interview with Capt. Wilmot had not been a pleasant one. She asked few questions, but Mary answered only in monosyllables, and then spoke of other things. A look that she had been reading aloud was taken up. An hour passed when the feet of a man were heard ascending the steps, and, immediately afterwards, the front door bell was rung. Both mother and daughter listened, without speaking. When the door opened, there followed the sound of a man's tread, and a man's voice in the hall.

"Who can it be?" asked the mother. Mary did not answer, but her heart beat with a muffled sound. She felt oppressed, and was in a strange, half-tremulous suspense. The servant came in a few moments afterward. The card she handed to Mary bore the name of Capt. Wilmot. She was not surprised; but she felt weak all over.

The gentleman says, Miss Mary, that he will take it as a particular favor, if you will see him for just a minute or two."

Mary did not hesitate. She handed the card to her mother, and then directed the servant to remain in the room until her return. She did not glance into the mirror—made no readjustment of her dress—but went down to the parlors, walking with a slow, firm step, and schooling herself to calmness all the way. The captain stood in the middle of the room, but advanced a few steps toward her, as she entered, holding out his hand.

"I am afraid, Miss Allen," he said, with a frank manner, "that you thought me rude and cold, a little while ago, and I could not rest until I saw you again, in order to do away, if possible, with that impression. I was disappointed, for, to confess the truth, I had promised myself an ordinary pleasure in your society at Mrs. Barton's this evening; and it some times happens that we are not in a mood to bear disappointment gracefully. That was my misfortune to-night, and I offer an apology."

He had taken her hand, and he felt it tremble. At first she looked at him firmly; but her eyes soon dropped away from his, and her face grew warm with blushes. He led her, unresisting, to a sofa, and took a place beside her, still keeping hold of her hand, and still perceiving its tremor. Why this agitation? Hearts are quick interpreters. It was the propitious moment—not looked for, but welcomed and accepted.

When Mary returned to her mother's room, an hour afterward—to the happy girl the minutes had fled like seconds—her face was paler than when she went out, but over it lay a veil

of tender joy, subdued, but full of heart revealing that no true mother's eyes could fail to read. She bent over the expectant invalid, gazing with love-into eyes into her white, patient countenance, and then, hiding her own face on her bosom, whispered—

"I am very happy to-night, dearest, dearest mother!"

Not very long afterward, the fact of an engagement between the captain and plain Mary Allen transpired. This, to Miss Wilde, after all she had done in the case, was a mystery that perplexed and annoyed her. She had another feeling, one of shame, when Mrs. Barton, a woman of courage as well as honorable feeling, held to her eyes a mirror in which she saw herself reflected.

"You meant evil to a true-hearted and noble girl," she said; "but the shaft, designed for her, glanced aside, and hurt your own good name. It was not well done, my young friend, and, if you suffer in consequence, may the memory of pain, if no higher impulse rules in your spirit, hold you guarded in the future. There lies, in all wrong-doing, a germ of retribution, that will punish the wrong-deed, sooner or later."

When plain Mary Allen became Mrs. Wilmot, brilliant, showy girls, like Miss Wilde, did not hesitate to pronounce themselves as puzzled. What could have been seen in her? They asked. "Ordinary," "plain," "homely," "dull," "commonplace," such were the terms applied. "Good, and true, and honorable—full of all soul-sweetnesses—a woman, rightly planned," said Mrs. Barton, in answer to such poor cavillings. "True men seek for such to be their life-companions, and leave the proud, the vain, the showy, and frivolous, to make with meaner natures. Accept the lesson, my young friends, and be wiser in future."

EDMUND KIRKE ON SOUTHERN WHITES. The author of "Among the Pines" delivered his lecture on "The Social and Political Characteristics of the Southern Whites," before the Jersey City Literary Association, at the new Tabernacle.

Passing over the trading, gambling, and clerical classes of Southern whites (who, all told, number less than a million), the speaker confined his attention to the three leading classes, "The Mean Whites," the small farmers or Yeomen, and the large planters or Chivalry.

It was difficult, he said, to estimate the number of the first class—the "mean whites"—but it was supposed to be about a million. In the mountain districts of Virginia, Upper Georgia, Alabama, and the Mississippi, and on the sand hills of North Carolina and the barrens of Tennessee, these people herd together in sparse communities, and glean a sorry subsistence from hunting, fishing, and poaching; but elsewhere throughout the South they hover around the borders of large plantations, and quarter themselves upon the "chivalry," stealing the deer from their forests and the hams from their smoke houses; but they are tolerated by planters for the 200,000 votes they give to Slavery. They are far below the slaves in morals and civilization. They are indolent, shiftless, thieving, lying; given to whiskey drinking, snuff-dipping, clay eating, incest, and all manner of social vices. Not one in a thousand of them can read, and not one in 10,000 can write, and the speaker had met many who had never seen a book, or a newspaper, and some who had never seen a Bible, or a spelling book. Some of his anecdotes, illustrating the peculiarities of the class were most amusing, and showed in vivid colors, the effects of slavery in crushing out all traces of manly character. These people were an essential outgrowth of the slave system; for slavery, which makes the slave the planter's blacksmith and wheelwright and carpenter, and artisan of all work, shuts every avenue of honest toil upon the poor white man, and drives him to the barren sand hills, to starve and die.

Mrs. Kirke spoke in high terms of the great middle class of small farmers, and gave some statistics, and made some statements in regard to them, which were new and striking; and if true, (and they no doubt are, for no one who has read his books can question the gentleman's knowledge of the South), must have a mighty influence in determining the future of the rebellious States.

This class the speaker believed to be the true hope of the South and the Union. One great result of the war would be to elevate them, and to emancipate them from the control of the "chivalry," and thus make them the real political South of the future. They numbered fully five millions, constituting, contrary to the popular notion, two thirds of the white population of the Slave States.

These yeomen work in the fields, own five or six slaves, and have only to be better informed to see that their real interests demand not only their loyalty, but their opposition to the slaveholding power. They are the small landed proprietors of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia and the other Slave States; the bone and the sinew of the South, independent in thought, and though misled by ignorance, forming a leaven which even now is working the ruin of the rebellion, and hastening the time when their freedom-loving spirit will set the Union on a firm and lasting foundation.

Of the third class of Southern whites the speaker spoke with great severity, and completely disproved the absurd claim of the chivalry or large slaveholders to honorable lineage and descent. These were the men who constituted the leaders of this rebellion, comprising only 180,000 of the population, and in no way to be compared, in many qualities, with the hardy yeomen.

In sketching the characteristics of the chivalry, the lecturer said that by birth, by education, and by every social surrounding, they were despots. He proved this by graphic illustrations, and then said it could be easily conceived how a country governed by such men, each one having unlimited control of his immediate retainers, would become—if its rulers were banded together by some great common interest—a despotism. That was what the South had been for fifty years, and the great common interest which had bound the Southern aristocrats together was slavery. Ever since the invention of the cotton gin made slavery profitable, and the Boston Abolitionists first attacked the divine institution, the Southern aristocracy had acted together as one man, and the result had been that this country, which boasts that here nothing is trodden on but the negro and the paving stones, has grown up a despotism which has reduced 6,000,000 of free white men—of our own blood and race—to a condition no better than serfdom. And to perpetuate this despotism—to disfranchise the yeoman

when they had gotten him into the clutches of military rule, and to prevent his ever overthrowing negro slavery, was the main reason the chivalry began this war.

THE POWER OF IDEAS. The Newburyport Herald of a recent date, contained an article entitled, "Calhoun and Garrison," which, appearing in a journal of the Herald's well known "conservative" status, is worthy of a careful reading. We copy it, not so much for the truth it contains, or for its lack of truth, as for the illustration it affords of the fact that "the world moves," and that in this movement some of the most inert bodies participate. The Herald says:—

The evidence of physical power is in the ability to compel others; and the evidence of intellectual power is in the ability to compel assent, or secure belief. Judged by this rule, we have had two great men, mentally great, in this country—John C. Calhoun and William Lloyd Garrison. They were men of an idea to which they devoted all their energies—their absolute lives, their entire souls; and those ideas were as directly opposed to each other as was possible. Utter darkness and noon-day brilliancy under a blazing sun could not be more diverse. Calhoun attempted the establishment of the subservience of the black race to the white, and the perpetuation of patriarchal slavery as a national institution. It was not enough that it should be tolerated—permitted to live in certain States; he argued that it was the decree of natives, and the basis of our government, and the source of our prosperity. The happiness of the black man and the elevation of the white man depended upon it, and its recognition was paramount to all other political questions. On the other hand, Garrison argued that slavery was a sin against God, and man, the cause of all our evils, and its overthrow in every State was above all other questions. Calhoun established his theory at the South, so that it became the universal opinion, overruling the theories of Washington, Jefferson, and other statesmen who had preceded him; and the people were willing to live or die by that idea. Garrison established his theory at the North, making it to-day the universal belief, overruling the theories of Webster, Choate, Van Buren, Douglas, and all the politicians of the North who have passed away, and compelling the assent of the older politicians, like Everett, Dickinson and others, whigs and democrats of the past, who remain now, but who have been intensely Southern in all their thoughts and action. There is no prominent man in all the rebel states to-day, that lifts his voice against the creed of John C. Calhoun, and adopts the theory of Jefferson; and in the North there is no prominent man who denies the creed of William Lloyd Garrison, and dares to maintain openly and boldly, that plan of political action upon which Webster, Clay and Benton governed the country. The South is one big Calhoun; and the North is one bigger Garrison.

GEN. MEAGHER ON COPPERHEADS. At a reception of the officers of the Irish Brigade in New York last week, Gen. Meagher in rising to propose a toast in favor of President Lincoln, expressed himself in the following pointed and eloquent terms:

"You are now returned to your homes for a short spell, to renew in domestic happiness that strength which, upon so many battle-fields has been expended in the cause of the United States so cheerfully, so bounteously, so heroically. (Cheers.) Let me say, however, without disparagement to the patriotism and loyalty of this great city, that you have come to a city in which the enemies of the Republic have attacked a camp—a camp which is all the more dangerous because it is so obscure and intangible. You will have the enemies of the Government humbled, and the stars and stripes trailed in the dust, in order that they might gratify their vicious capacities, and rear upon the appalling ruins, the supremacy of a nation. (Applause.) Beware of what has grown to be the most significant designation of northern enemies of this country; beware of the reptiles who are known as Copperheads. (Applause and some hisses.) Have no parley with them; show no mercy to them; squelch them. (Applause and hisses.)

Soldiers, we know what it is to meet southern soldiers; we respect them for their bravery; we cannot but admire them almost with enthusiasm for the persistency and the desperate fortitude with which they have clung to their cause under so many adversities and in such terrible privations. (Applause.) Nor can we as soldiers, withhold our admiration for the women of the South, who have bade the loved ones of their household go forth and do battle for what they conceive to be the best cause of their altars and firesides. We can extend our admiration, and in many circumstances almost our sympathy, to our enemies, displaying as they do such fidelity to their cause, and having, perhaps, some apparent excuse, founded upon local associations and political views; but for the enemies of their country in the North, who have no excuse, who bid their friends go forth to do battle, and then cut down the bridges behind them so they may fall sacrifices to the enemy, as they did when Lee invaded Pennsylvania last summer, raising a revolt when you were battling for the Stars and Stripes upon the Susquehanna; as for these men, we have nothing but detestation; and for the Irish portion of it, I deprecate, I loathe, I repudiate, I execrate them. (Applause.)

SMALL POX.—The Eclectic Journal, in an article on small pox, admonishes physicians not to be hasty in passing their opinion that any eruptive disorder is that loathsome disease until they prove the following diagnostic symptom:

"Now we offer this secret to the profession—so soon as the eruptions appear, and by pressure with the point of the finger may distinctly be felt small, hard substances, precisely as if a small, fine shot, had been placed under the cuticle of the skin. This peculiar appearance belongs to no other eruptive disease. We have applied the term secret, here; for whilst it is and has been known to a few physicians, it is not mentioned in any of the standing authorities; nor does the writer claim the credit of the discovery."

GEN. GRANT.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune does not believe that Gen. Grant has written a word about any attempted agitation in his favor for the presidency. He adds:

"I saw to-day a letter from the general written in the style of Roman simplicity, and exhibiting sound Saxon sense. His desire, he says, is to break the army of the rebels, and for this end to more fully secure the confidence of the men whom he commands. He says he has had as many honors and as much promotion as he could expect, or that his services deserve. There is not a line about the presidency, or even the clamor with which some journals use his name, in connection therewith."

A friend of Gen. Grant informs us that when rallied recently about the persistent use of his name by the New York Herald for the pres-



idney, he said: "I aspire only to one political office. When this war is over I mean to run for Mayor of Galena (his place of residence). And if elected, I intend to have the side-walk fixed up between my house and the depot."

A SPECULATOR SNUBBED BY GENERAL BANKS.—Recently an ex-colonel of a Massachusetts Regiment waited upon General Banks with the request that he might be furnished a pass to go to New Iberia, when the following colloquy ensued:—

Gen. B.—You were colonel of the Massachusetts Regiment?

Ex-Col.—Yes, sir, I did command that regiment.

Gen. B.—And you resigned your commission to engage in speculation?

Ex-Col.—Why, general, you would not suppose I should continue in the service when I saw a chance to make twenty thousand dollars in a few months.

Gen. B.—Sir, I did not come here to make money by speculation, and it is because men like yourself are willing to see my command broken up if they can accomplish their own purposes, that this Department is in no better condition to-day. I give no passes to New Iberia, sir, and especially I shall not grant one to you. Good morning, sir.

Exit Ex-Colonel—evidently considering how he shall get to New Iberia without General Banks's pass.

## Waterville Mail.

WPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JAN. 29, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

We place upon our banner to-day the name of Abraham Lincoln for next president. We do it with proper modesty and with little parade, but in boundless faith. We only utter what is in the heart of all the people; and we utter it early because we desire to be on record. If he lives he will be elected.

"TO HANG, OR NOT TO HANG."—The capital punishment question promises to be one of leading importance in the legislature this winter. It is now in the hands of a joint committee, whose report will be looked for with considerable interest. On this committee are men who take deep interest in the subject, on both sides. There can be no harm in bringing the public mind to a closer investigation of this question—a question in which the public interest has much at stake, and in which the principles of Christianity are deeply concerned. The discussion should not be left entirely to the legislature, but like that of all important questions, it should engross the public mind. If capital crimes are increasing, what is the cause? If this cause is found in the leniency of the law towards this class of crimes, let the remedy be applied in that direction. If the increase of capital crimes is only in proportion to the increase of other crimes, for which the present legal penalties are supposed to be sufficient, then the remedy is more with the pulp than the legislature. If the present peculiar condition of the country tends to bring out the darker features of humanity, and men learn to murder each other because nations teach the lesson, then nations are to be reformed rather than men hung. Which way does the public mind tend, in time of war, to the taking of life or the forgiving of enemies? It may be that God teaches nations through individuals, and that therefore it becomes needful that the ropes should be tightened. The attorney general asserts that capital crimes are increasing, and the governor thinks hanging would be a remedy. Nobody doubts the former, but the latter lacks proof, and is open for investigation. Some will modestly accept the governor's opinion without an examination, while others will conceitedly prefer their own. If there are not men of both kinds in the joint committee we trust there will be in the legislature.

GRAND DIVISION OF S. OF T.—This body held its quarterly session in Bath, this week. A large number of delegates were present, and the proceedings showed no abatement of interest in the good cause. The report of the G. S. shows the Order to be in an encouraging condition. The whole number of Divisions now in the State is 106; charters granted during the quarter 4; members admitted 431; visitors admitted, 323; whole number of members 4,429; whole number of visitors, 8,422.

A petition to the legislature for the passage of the explanatory amendment of the liquor law was agreed upon. Three hundred and fifty dollars having been raised or pledged for the lecture and tract fund, it was decided to put a lecturer into the field for three months. The representatives to the National Division were instructed to use their influence in favor of amendments to the Constitution by which ladies may be admitted to full membership.

### A New Public Hall.

Shall we have a new public hall in our village—larger, better ventilated, and more commodious—either by adding to the present structure, or building anew? We are confident that our citizens are prepared to answer promptly and heartily in the affirmative, and to follow up their amen by energetic and persistent action. We will not attempt the superfluous task of setting forth our great need of such an accommodation for the public. We have all had it feelingly impressed upon us, many a time and oft, as we tried to force our way through the jam, or panted for fresh air—and the universal exclamation arose—"We must have a larger Hall." The general impression among our citizens, we believe, is, that the present condition of things has been submitted to long enough; that patience in relation to this grievance long ago ceased to be a virtue; and that now is the time to move in the matter of raising a fund for a new Hall. Many generous offers of assistance have already been made; and as it is a movement in which all are interested, no doubt all will harmoniously unite and do their full share. Confident that this is so we invite attention to the notice below.

A meeting of the citizens of this village will be held at Temperance Hall, on Monday afternoon next, at 2 1-2 o'clock, to devise measures for procuring a larger and more commodious Hall for public gatherings. The Ladies being especially included in this call, it is hoped that a large number will be present, and that all ladies and gentlemen will come ready for immediate action.

### West Waterville Items.

(Continued.)  
Waterville village must look to her laurels or she will be left far behind in the march of improvement, by the little hamlet in the west part of the town. Enlargement and progress have certainly been the order of the day at West Waterville during the past year. There are not many indications of stagnation in business there. Among the evidences of prosperity especially deserving of mention are the following:—

Messrs. Blaisdell & Folsom, hardware and stove dealers, have been obliged by the increasing demands of trade, to erect a large and handsome addition to their store building. They are an honorable and enterprising firm, enjoying to a high degree the confidence and esteem of the community, and it is pleasant to note the indications of their success in business.

Mr. S. H. Cornforth has put up a neat and commodious two-story building near the depot, the upper part of which is occupied by himself as an ambrotype and photograph saloon, and the lower part by Mr. A. Sinclair as a clothing store.

Last spring, Mr. A. P. Benjamin, of Winthrop, purchased a part of the water power formerly owned by D. B. Lord, with land adjoining on the west side of the stream, and erected three large buildings, and has now a successful operation a foundry and machine shop, for the manufacture of threshing machines, and other agricultural labor-saving machines.

Capt. John U. Hubbard and Mr. Wm. Blake have recently purchased the remainder of the same water-power, with land on the east side of the stream, together with the buildings formerly occupied by Mr. Lord as a hoe factory. They propose to enlarge the buildings and engage in the manufacture of axes and scythes; they also intend to put in a forge and manufacture their own iron. Surely the war has not yet clogged all the wheels of industry in the North.

The Octagon dwelling house on Summer St., which, while occupying one of the most delightful sites in the village, has not been considered a very desirable residence, has been purchased by Mr. Joshua Bowman who has so improved and beautified it, that it is now quite pretty and attractive and no longer offends the eye of the lover of tasteful architecture.

FROM AUGUSTA.—Our correspondent's letter was a little too late last week, and is now partly out of date. He pays marked compliments to the newly elected State officers, and thinks that

"With such officers of the different State departments and a board of sound executive councillors, Gov. Cony will have every necessary assistance in the successful management of the different and most important public interests."

It is the present purpose to have a short session. The members wish to do up their work wisely, honestly and speedily, and go home.

We hope the failure of his first letter will not prevent our getting more.

REMOVAL OF THE STATE CAPITAL.—The question of a removal of the State Capital to Portland, which comes up regularly every winter, is again before the Legislature; and the friends of the measure, we understand, are confident they shall this time succeed. We doubt if it will amount to anything beyond a big scare for the landlords, boarding house keepers, and others, who are rapidly filling their pockets by reason of the crowded state of the city.

Gen. Gantt, of Arkansas, has been invited by the citizens of Augusta, Me., to address them on war topics, and he has accepted the invitation.

GIVE IT UP!—The net avails of the levee at North Vassalboro' on Monday and Tuesday evenings amounted to about one thousand dollars—which goes to the Sanitary Commission. This is one of the most successful enterprises, considering the population of the place, that we have yet heard of—though we verily think that in one sense North Vassalboro' is the biggest village in the county.

THE RESULT.—The late effort made in this place in favor of the destitute freedmen of the south-west resulted in forwarding ten large boxes and two barrels of clothing, and \$150 in money.

### WINSLOW BRIDGE.

The public mind at last is turned to the question "shall a toll bridge across the Sebasticook River, in Winslow, be longer tolerated?" The proprietors of the Winslow Bridge have been actively but quietly engaged in obtaining the names of influential inhabitants of the town of Winslow to petitions for the renewal of the charter of that corporation. The inducement held out to them is understood to be that the sum annually paid by them to the corporation for passing the bridge shall be trifling compared with the tax that must be assessed on them as property holders for maintaining the bridge by the town, free from toll. The same argument has also been used with individuals, who pay but little, if any more than a poll tax in that town. Both classes have been successfully appealed to. The property holders have decided the question for themselves, as they believe wisely. Is it more agreeable to their instincts to beg from the Legislature a grant of power to compel people out of the town to furnish them with a free bridge for their special convenience, than to pay their just proportion as inhabitants of the town to maintain a bridge, like the rest of the public highways, free for all? If so, let the petition, and the motive for it, of those persons be understood by the Legislature, and there would be no necessity for a remonstrance against it. It would only excite astonishment at the modest assurance of the petitioners.

The other class of petitioners have been deceived. They have the insensitive dread of taxes, no matter what the object to be attained by them, which formerly in that town, was justly entertained, when a heavy poll tax was assessed upon boys, sixteen years old, as well as upon men of property and means. A tax with them, means burden and nothing else. They do not stop to learn whether the expenditure of it is to be a waste of so much money, or to furnish them with a full equivalent. Probably most of them are not aware of the provision of the law limiting the poll tax to one dollar, to be assessed only on persons over twenty-one years of age. They forget that they have, for thirty years past been paying to Winslow Bridge, an annual poll tax, of from one to five dollars, when had it been a town bridge, the support of it as such, would not have been one cent addition to their annual town tax. The prayer of this class of petitioners, then, is simply that the legislature will impose on them a poll tax, of from one to five dollars, annually, for the benefit of their rich neighbors, who have combined and laid their plans to shift the burden from their own broad shoulders. It is to be hoped that the people of Winslow will review this matter and not longer shape their policy on the example of some wealthy individuals among them, the study of whose lives has been to shift their just and due proportion of the public taxes, upon their less wealthy neighbors.

In reference to the recharter of the Winslow Bridge, a question arises as to how the public travel is to be accommodated in crossing the Sebasticook River at this point, when this charter expires, and with it, the obligation of the corporation to keep up their bridge.

This will, doubtless, be used as an argument in favor of a recharter. It will be recollected that in the year 1832, the Sebasticook Bridge, at the same place, was swept away, by the freshet, and it was two years before it was replaced by the Winslow Bridge. Such a possible interruption of the public travel must be provided for. If the charter is not renewed, and the proprietors shall be unwilling to surrender what remains of their bridge to the public, as an act of justice, or if they cannot comprehend that idea, for a fair compensation for the materials of the structure, some measures should be taken at once to meet that emergency. It may be necessary to obtain some legislation, authorizing the laying out of a county or town road across the Sebasticook, at this point. This hardly seems necessary, as a new bridge, properly constructed, need not add to the existing obstruction of the navigation of this river, at this point. If no legislation is necessary, why not petition the County Commissioners, for a county road, from the county road on the south side of the river, to the county road on the north side of the same—either over the existing bridge or crossing the river a short distance below the R. R. Bridge?

May not the commissioners lay the road over the existing bridge, allowing to the proprietors or owners, in damages, the value of the property taken, as in other cases of public highways?

If the matter was so disposed of, the damage would fall on the county, and only the costs of repairs, etc., upon the town.

It is understood that the Hon. Chairman of the committee of the legislature to which is referred the petition for the renewal of the charter of the Winslow Bridge has been advised by a distinguished member of that corporation in regard to his duty, and that he should in his action upon the subject recollect that he was Senator of the county of Kennebec, and should regard the interest of his constituents. He might have added a broader view to his admonition, embracing his duties as Senator of the State. The delicacy of the admission needs no comment. Its appositeness is admitted in the belief that the Hon. Senator fully appreciates and understands his responsibilities and duties, and will satisfy his disinterested and courteous Mentor, of his ability and determination to discharge them fully and righteously in reference to the petition for the renewal of the charter of the Winslow Bridge.

X. Y. Z.

Congress has passed a vote of thanks to Cornelius Vanderbilt, for his liberality in his gift of the steamer Vanderbilt, worth at least \$800,000.

Sleighting is excellent and all kinds of business lively.

### TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

It is uncertain why so many were united in marriage the first six months of Mr. Cushman's labors, but probably they had been anxiously waiting for a minister to solemnize their marriages. Annexed are the names of those joined in marriage by Rev. Mr. Cushman, from June 16th, 1795 to Jan. 24th, 1796. Thomas Sewall to Content Leonard, John Runnels to Mary Brown, Josiah Kennistown to Jane McGrath, John Drummond to Damaris Hayden, Trial Hall to Lucy Phillips, Jonathan Kennistown to Susanna Beaman, Jonathan Stewart to Lucy Patee, Samuel Fowler to Sarah Swan, Thomas McGrath to Olive Richardson, Edmund Freeman to Betsey Patee (still living). John Drew to Sybel Heald, John Wyman to Abiah Spaulding, Moses Sawtelle Jr. to Polly Clark, Joseph Drew to Abigail Spring, Isaac Pishon to Ruth Hallet, Joseph Proctor to Ruth Runnels, James Wyman to Nancy Harden, John Mesil to Catherine Peepole. The last couple married were Indians, who probably desired a christian marriage. From 1774 to 1795 I find a record of 124 marriages, and in this period of about six months, eighteen, being more than three times as many as in the former six months.

We will leave this subject, for the present, and pursue our way, and look at Mr. Franklin Dunbar's house and out-buildings, and well-filled acres. Opposite his house we see a post with two boards nailed on near the top. Travelers no doubt look at it and think it a "Guide Post," but are unable to tell where it directs them. On this tract of land, including Mr. Charles Drummond's, whose brick house we see a little further on, were once two houses built near the river, one a two-story house, built by Mr. Swazey, who owned two hundred acres of land. Mr. Swazey and some other families occupied it till it was torn down. The other was built and first occupied by Mr. Geo. Warren. The late Esq. Rice occupied it when he first moved into Winslow. I know but little of the history of either Mr. Swazey or Mr. Warren.

Several years previous to the events recorded in my last, much discussion had been had in relation to building a meeting-house or meeting-houses. At first they talked of one only, and voted to build it on "Fort Hill"; then they changed their minds, and agreed to build it on a lot of land afterwards given to the town by Col. Lithgow; then they thought best to build two, and finally agreed to build the house on the east side of the river where it now stands, and that on the west side where the town hall now stands, which is the same building. After this decision the meeting-house interest seemed to subside, and the people turned their thoughts to preaching. These meeting houses were not built till 1797 and then finished as stated in my last—great square buildings, without steeples. In Nov. 1794 a committee which had been previously raised, made the following report. This report is so lengthy that I will only make extracts, and refer the reader to the earliest town records of Winslow.

"A church covenant, or an association for the purpose of promoting christian knowledge, piety and virtue."

"CONDITIONS OF THE ASSOCIATION"  
"First it is understood and agreed that all the inhabitants of the town, who support and attend upon christian instruction are, in the general acceptance of the term, christians, and have an equal right to act in all ministerial or religious affairs in which their property or consciences are concerned."

But all were not allowed to partake of the Lord's supper without they felt it their duty. This Association seems to have been for general good and not to interfere with those who did not subscribe to it.

"GENERAL RULES OF ADMISSION."

"Persons wishing to become members of this association shall subscribe their names to the following articles of faith, and to the following engagement. All persons whether male or female, thus subscribing, shall be considered members of the association, and shall therefore be entitled to commune without any further ceremony or formality whatever."

"ARTICLES OF FAITH AND RESOLVES FOUND UPON IT."

"Believing those writings, called the holy scriptures, to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness, and to contain all the religious truths that are necessary to be believed, and all the religious precepts that are necessary to be practiced in order to eternal salvation, we adopt them as the rule of our faith and practice."

"ENGAGEMENT."

"Sensible that the happiness of man in this life, as well as in that which is to come, essentially depends upon the practice of piety and virtue, we engage to discountenance impiety, to encourage the moral, the social, and the christian virtues; to promote friendship and brotherly love among ourselves; the peace and unity of the christian society at large, and endeavor by the grace of God to let our conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ."

Then follows a long agreement between the town and Mr. Cushman, in which the town agreed to pay him his salary in full so long as he remained their minister, and also making provisions for depreciation in the value of money. Mr. Cushman making, on his part a similar agreement. There were nine articles in the agreement, which were, so far as I know, complied with so long as he remained the minister of Winslow. He afterwards left the ministry and was elected a member of Congress. While there he made a speech on the "Missouri question" that met with much applause. In a future number I will give the names of the subscribers to the "Association" if I can obtain them. Mr. Cushman's preaching did much to correct the bad habits of the people and promote virtue and morality. K\*\*\*.

A correspondent of the New York World, writing from Chattanooga, under date of Jan. 12th, says:—

Let no one deceive himself! The army of

General Grant has done much; has gone far toward demoralizing the rebels and weakening their military resources; but the contest for East Tennessee is not over! Conscious that all is lost unless it is regained, a desperate blow will be struck at the first favorable opportunity; and it will fall, not upon our right or our left, but upon the centre of our long line of advance—will fall upon Knoxville.

Do not believe the stories circulated among the frightened hangers-on about the capital of the nation that Lee is being reinforced from Longstreet, and that an advance into Northern Virginia is contemplated. Such a policy would be suicidal. On the other hand Lee's army will be depleted to strengthen Longstreet, and a heavy onslaught will be made on Foster with the hope of overpowering him, and, if successful, a rush will be made into Central Kentucky, where they hope to get a large quantity of provisions and clothing, and, above all, they expect such a movement will compel the evacuation of Chattanooga, and perhaps Nashville.

Of the fact that Longstreet received 12,000 reinforcements some time since, I have the most positive assurances from official circles; but as yet it has been joined by no other troops. But this is only a matter of expediency. The scarcity of provisions and forage in East Tennessee would dictate that those who can be fed elsewhere should not be forwarded till about the time they are needed, and a glance at the map will convince any one that the necessity for immediate reinforcements does not exist in the present instance, as troops can be forwarded at the rate of two thousand five hundred per day, from Lynchburg to East Tennessee; and thus at that rate, a few days would enable the enemy to send Lee's whole army hither. That they will do this, if they deem it necessary in order to insure success, I have no doubt; and we must be prepared for a desperate struggle, for one will come near the point indicated.

THOSE HORSES AGAIN.—How strangely honors sometimes drop down upon humble heads that dream of no such thing! The poor little paragraph we made last week has been made a text for the following brief but pungent discourse, in the Bangor Whig, from O. M. Shaw, Esq., whom the horse "Hiram Drew" has distinguished as his owner:—

The above article purports to be from the editor of the Waterville Mail of Jan. 22d. The writer refuses to give my horse any credit for being entirely out of condition—but thinks he made a last time he could make in the trot at Waterville with Knox last fall. I would say in reply to the above, that I will bet the writer five hundred or a thousand dollars that Hiram Drew can show better times in the month of June next, (three heats to show it in) than he made in the trot at Waterville with Knox, or any time ever made by Knox. Now if the writer of the above article knows what he is talking about, let us hear from him. He may squirm out on the ground that he is no sporting man; we do not any of us claim to be sporting men—but I know of no other way to reach the writer of so mean and contemptible an article. O. M. SHAW.

Mr. Shaw evidently thinks he sees Mr. Lang in our few lines, and the result of his blunder is, that here are "we," with our gaunt printers' pocket, buffetting the ponderous horse waves between two men who handle their thousands as we handle postage stamps; and with only the poor privilege left us to "squirm out" by denying the honor of a place among sportsmen, when everybody knows we love sport better than we ought to. Now, to prove that we belong to the order of sportsmen, and are the last of the craft who can be made to "squirm," before brags or bullies, we shall take this noisy "Drew man" by the foretop, and give our pledge to our friends of the sporting world that we will either bring him to the stand or back him down. Mr. Shaw professes to desire an opportunity to prove that his horse can beat the performance of "Knox" last Fall; and that he can make the trial in June, at Waterville, and on time, he has conceded in his offer. That money is not his object he has before declared; and for mistaking Mr. Lang's purse for ours, he only is to blame. We can't bet for want of the money;—and now if Mr. Shaw dares make the trial he professes to desire, we offer him one hundred dollars to come to Waterville and beat the performance of Knox. We ask no bet and no entrance, and having trotted Drew for this sum on a former occasion, at this place, he will doubtless do so again. Now if our wealthy challenger "knows what he is talking about, let us hear from him." Having driven us to confess our poverty, he cannot descend to save himself at our expense—especially when we add our pledge that, in case of his triumph, we will cause it to be proclaimed in every paper in Maine that the distinguished horse "Hiram Drew" (not his owner) has redeemed his reputation.

[It is due to Mr. Lang to say that he knew nothing of the paragraph to which Mr. Shaw objects, nor has he ever solicited a line or word in favor of his horse or other animals. It is also true that the above proposition was made without his suggestion or knowledge, or the knowledge of any person but the editors of the Mail.]

(For the Mail.)

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Some months since you published the names of the democratic town committee of Waterville, in which was an important error. Mr. Nathan Horn, we think, constitutes one of the committee,—at any rate, he was nominated, and as it was a nomination entirely "fit to be made," we presume he was elected. Mr. Horn has been through life; an unwavering democrat. When others have faltered, he has stood firm and untrifled, and at last, having received some of the honors of the party, his friends do not wish to see him deprived of the same. MUTTON HILL.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following are the officers of Waterville Section No. 6, for the ensuing quarter:—

F. H. Caffrey, W. A.  
C. H. Percival, V. A.  
Geo. K. Wentworth, S. A.  
A. J. Boulter, A. S.  
J. A. McDuffie, T.  
Wm. H. Wentworth, A. T.  
E. S. Sheldon, P. W. A.  
W. F. Dyer, A. P.  
M. C. Percival, Chaplain.  
Triphena Davis, 1st Visitor.  
Maria A. Davis, 2d  
L. A. Wheeler, G.  
Clarendon Wescott, U.  
Henry S. Ware, W.  
Stephen Brad, A. W.

The London Times don't know what to make of it. It says of the Union;

"On the whole, we must perforce suspend our judgment on these speculations, for there is nothing in known history to give us the slightest

guidance. The war is like no other war; the people are like no other people. The Americans themselves say that nobody can understand them, and our northern correspondents seem prepared for any imaginable result, except, as he says, the surrender of the Union."

### Maine Legislature.

Friday, 22d.—Hon. Nathan Dane signed his acceptance of the office of Treasurer of State and filed his bond, which was examined and approved. The resolve making a grant of land to Bates College was passed in the Senate by a unanimous vote. Judge Tenney o Somerset made an argument in its favor. An important order passed the House on motion of Mr. Williams of Augusta, probably looking to the assumption by the State of the bounties paid by cities and towns.

Saturday 23d.—The Secretary being absent, Thomas P. Cleaves was elected Secretary of the Senate pro tempore. Mr. Morrow proposed an important amendment to the bill to pay a State bounty to volunteers. An order requesting important information from the Adjutant General, was passed by the same branch; also an order requesting information of the Governor as to the steps taken towards an Agricultural College. The House passed an order directing inquiry into the expediency of setting apart a portion of the public lands for a permanent school fund, to make good the deficiency caused by the remittance of a portion of the Bank tax.

Monday, 25th.—The bill to authorize the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company to change the location of the road at the Portland terminus was passed by the Senate in concurrence with the House. The use of the Representatives Hall was granted for the State Temperance Convention for the afternoon and evening of Feb. 10th.

Tuesday, 26th.—The Governor sent a message to Legislature transmitting the correspondence between Governor Coburn and the U. S. General Land Office, in relation to a proposed Agricultural College. The Senate concurred with the House in passing the bill to pay a bounty of one hundred dollars to conscripts, substitutes and volunteers. The House committee on elections declared Eliakim Wescott, Esq., elected to a seat in the House, in place of Frederic Lowell, as representative from the Standish and Baldwin district. The House confirmed this action by passing a resolve declaring Mr. Wescott elected. Several largely signed petitions for amendment of the liquor law were presented.

Wednesday, 28th.—An important bill was reported in the House and passed to be engrossed under a suspension of the rules, designed to prevent agents of other States recruiting in Maine. It imposes a fine of \$500 and imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months. The Committee on Finance reported a resolve authorizing the State Treasurer to raise by loan a sum of \$500,000, or such portion thereof as may be necessary for the payment of bounties to volunteers. It was passed to be engrossed. The House reconsidered its former vote and passed the order authorizing the Committee on the State prison to visit that institution. An interesting debate took place in Committee of the Whole on the resolve granting two townships of land to Bates College. Mr. Dingley of Lewiston offered an important amendment, which was adopted. Mr. Dillingham made a strong argument in favor of the grant. Further action was postponed to Wednesday next. Mr. Lynch, of Portland, introduced a resolve to remove the seat of government to Portland.

### War of Redemption.

Measures are in progress in Arkansas and Louisiana for the inauguration of loyal State governments.

It is now said that Lee has not reinforced Longstreet, and no alarm is felt for the safety of Knoxville. The rebel Gen. Vance, who had captured one of our forage trains, was pursued and taken prisoner, with his whole brigade, by Gen. Sturgis.

A rebel force is said to be organizing in Mississippi.

The rebels are pushing forces up to our pickets at Port Hudson and Baton Rouge, but probably do not contemplate a serious attack.

A detachment of the 13th Maine regiment, under Lt. Col. Heselstine, had an affair with a large rebel force near Pass Caballo, Texas, on the 28th of December. Though surrounded and almost overwhelmed, our men made a brave fight, and with the aid of one of our gunboats repulsed the attacking force and escaped harm. A rebel gunboat, which was also engaged, got aground and was burned to prevent her falling into the hands of our forces.

The rebel Vice President, Stephens, is said to be seriously ill.

Much discontent is reported among the rebel troops everywhere, and desertions are frequent and numerous.

We find the following names in a list of Maine men who have died in Richmond prisons during three months ending Dec. 31st 1863:—

Corp. A. P. Herriek, Co. G, 3d, Oct. 28; Corp. D. Rowe, Co. H. 3d, Nov. 27; George Cain, Co. K. 3d, Nov. 20; S. M. Major, Co. H. 3d, Dec. 9; H. Cochran, Co. K. 3d, Dec. 29.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, finally took the oath prescribed by Congress, and then resigned.

A race is proposed between some of our best national steamers, and selected ones built on private account.

Mr. Alfred Spear, of New Jersey, has been in town, introducing an article of Sambucus from his vineyards, where he has 80,000 bottles, which has attained the age of four years. The samples which he left with us are certainly very palatable, and from the certificates of eminent chemists, which he holds, it is doubtless a valuable medicinal remedy, as well as a superior article for family use.

[New Haven Courier.]







