



9-30-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 13): September 30, 1864

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 13): September 30, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 57.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/57](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/57)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



## NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,  
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,  
Where smiles have only a fatal play,  
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul!  
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole!  
Off with thy garments of moth and sin!  
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay  
On the altar of income, day by day;  
There are foes to meet, within and without,  
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" there are minds to teach  
The simplest forms of Christian speech;  
The hearts to lure with loving words,  
From the grimest haunts of sin's delirium.

"Nothing to do!" there are lambs to feed,  
The present hope of the church's need,  
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,  
Vigil to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" there are heights to attain,  
Where Christ is transfused again;  
Where earth will fade in the vision sweet,  
And the soul press on with winged feet.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Savior said,  
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."  
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,  
Lest, faint, we cry, "so much to do!"

## MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY MISS MARY E. THORP.

[Continued.]

## CHAPTER IV.

"Trifles make the sum of life."

"What a beautiful rose-colored tissue!" said Miss Featherstonough, stopping to look in at Turner's window, on our return from a shopping expedition an hour later the same morning. On examination, we found it to be of such delicate texture and exquisite coloring, that Miss Featherstonough concluded to purchase a dress for the Sherwood party. I urged Annie to get one also, but Miss Featherstonough thought it would not be becoming to her. "Let me try, Annie," said I, and I gathered it into folds and threw it over her shoulder. I thought the effect beautiful over her white dress, and appealed to my cousin.

"What do you think, my cousin?"

"That anything would be becoming to Miss Logan."

A bright blush suffused Annie's face and neck with fine effect, and she looked lovelier than ever in her embarrassment, as she hastily removed the tissue. I turned triumphantly to Miss Featherstonough. "What a look! Could it be possible she was still angry? I rubbed my specs and looked again, but the hateful expression was gone; she was looking at some fine blonde lace. It might have been merely a contraction of the brow caused by a sudden pain, or I might have been mistaken, possibly; dim eyes with spectacles before them are by no means infallible. After buying another dress, and some blonde lace to trim both, we returned home. Never was Miss Featherstonough more fascinating than during the remainder of that day; she read to us, played, sang for us, obliged us in everything; in a word, was all we could desire, and the hours flew by on all golden wings. The next day, in like manner, passed delightfully away until seven o'clock in the evening, the time fixed upon for the dresses to be sent home, and they were not forthcoming. Half past seven struck, and still no dresses. Then the girls went up stairs, at my suggestion, to get themselves in perfect readiness, so that they might not be detained when they did come. Eight struck, and I sat down to dispatch a note to the mantuamaker, when a loud ring was heard, and the next minute a young woman entered the parlor in great haste with the dresses.

"Sit down, my good girl and rest," said I. "Jane, go up to the young ladies and ask them to step down here and put on their dresses, so that they can have the advantage of the large mirrors. Tell them my cousin is in his room writing, and they need not fear interruption. In a few minutes the girls came down. To draw off their wrappers and put on the dresses was another matter, as I found to my cost when I tried, and pulled, and tried again to hook Miss Featherstonough's, but without success. In the midst of my exertions, I was surprised by a merry, uncontrollable burst of laughter from Annie, and, looking round, I saw her in front of a mirror regarding her image with a half-veiled, half-amused expression; then, catching my eye, she burst out laughing again. No wonder! there she stood with sleeves so tight she could not move, her arms hanging out from her side as if they did not belong to her, and her round slender waist magnified by the loose, awkward-looking body almost to the size of mine, fitting, as Jane said, like a shirt on a beanpole."

"Why, Annie!" exclaimed I, forgetting my task in my astonishment, and going towards her, "what in the world's the matter? There must be some mistake here; surely Miss Flinn could never have made such a blunder as this; this body must have been made for some one else. Did Miss Flinn make any other dress of this material?" said I to the young woman, who had taken my place, and was endeavoring to fasten Miss Featherstonough's dress.

"Yes, ma'am: she had one to make for Miss Hall; but Miss Flinn has been too sick to see to the work herself these two days, and I'm afraid the parts of the dresses must have got mixed."

Probable enough, thought I, for Miss Hall was anything but a slyph. All this while the young woman was tugging away at Miss Featherstonough's dress. After incredible exertions, and by dint of superior strength, she succeeded in hooking it at last. Miss Featherstonough went to the opposite mirror to see how it fitted.

"Oh, very nicely indeed! It was a little too tight, certainly; but then it would stretch; true it was rather wanting in length, but she did not mind that," and she glanced down at her small feet, in satin boots, which were visible, even to the pearl anklets, with considerable complacency. Just then she lifted up her arms to re-adjust a braid which had fallen from its place, when rip, rip, rip, away went the bodice, and after another all the way up the back, Miss Featherstonough stood still a moment, as if stupefied; then, tearing off the dress with such violence as to make great rents in the gossamer-like fabric, she crumpled it together between her hands, and dashed it at the poor girl, exclaiming passionately—

"Take that thing back to your mistress, and tell her to make the best of it, for it is all the payment she will ever get from me."

The poor girl looked shocked, confused, and gathered up the dress, irresolute whether to take it or not.

"Do you hear me? Take it back, I say, and tell her what I have told you!" and, with flashing eyes and head erect, she swept out of the room.

"Never mind," said Annie, coming to the young woman's relief, leave it; it can be easily altered; mine will do very well, too, with a little tucking in under the arms (a little!)—do not say anything about it to Miss Flinn; and as to the payment, that will be all right."

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 30, 1864.

NO. 13.

## Waterville Mail.

"Annie, my dear," said I, "do go up stairs and get ready; put on something as soon as you can, for we shall be late. I will attend to everything here."

After effectually comforting the young woman, I sent her away, and seated myself to wait for the girls, when my cousin joined me, exclaiming—

"What a pity, cousin Debbie! Oh! what a pity!"

"Why, where were you?"

"Just outside, on the piazza; so near that I could not but hear all perfectly. I did not know what was going on until it was too late to make my escape without being seen from the window near which Annie stood, so I remained quietly where I was."

"But I thought I left you up stairs, writing?"

"So you did; but, thinking it must be time to go, I lighted my cigar and went down to the lawn, so as to be near when the young ladies were ready. After walking to and fro some time, I came and seated myself on the piazza, and soon became so lost in thought that I heard nothing until Annie's laughing arrested my attention. But such passion in one so beautiful, so exceedingly attractive, isn't it deplorable?"

"Very." After a few minutes' pause, he continued—

"Do you know that I had good intentions of trying to induce her to become your cousin?"

"Heaven forbid!" said I, with more emphasis than I intended; "whatever you do, study well the character of my future cousin before you make her your wife."

"I will, I must; but oh! Cousin Debbie, would you have believed—could you have dreamed of such temper in Miss Featherstonough? Did she not seem nearer perfection to you than any other human being?"

"Whatever she may have seemed hitherto, we now know what she is; let us profit by this lesson, and look beyond mere beauty henceforth, so that we may not be disappointed. But I must go and see after the girls; it is nine now; we shall be even more than fashionably late if we do not hasten."

"There will be no going to Sherwood's to-night, I imagine."

"Oh yes, we must go—some of us, at least—or we should offend irretrievably. I will go instantly and see what can be effected."

To my surprise and pleasure, I found Miss Featherstonough completely dressed in a superb light-blue silk, embroidered with white flowers and trimmed with pearls; while Annie, in her wrapper, was arranging some jewels in her hair.

"I'll get ready myself, Annie."

"Yes, in an instant; as soon as I fasten this braid."

"What will you wear?"

"Oh, I have a spotted muslin that will do very well; I shall soon be ready."

And in a few minutes she did make her appearance in the spotted muslin, without a single ornament of any kind, except a few natural flowers wreathed through her hair, adorning the crown of beautiful curls God had given her.

"The dahlia and the lily of the valley," whispered my cousin to me as they joined us in the parlor a few minutes after. We were soon at Sherwood's and Miss Featherstonough, in her rich dress and peerless beauty, shone pre-eminently the belle of the evening. The beaux of the village vied with each other in rendering homage to the elegant stranger. She was in her element; all smiles, all sweetness; and no one, in looking at her, would have dreamed for a moment of the storm that had so lately ruffled the harmony of that angelic countenance. The magnificent creature! she sparkled like a diamond among pearls. My cousin, too, I am proud to say, came in for her share of admiration; he was quite a lion among the ladies. I observed with pleasure that he went about talking with neglected young ladies, and sending partners to the wall-floors decorating the room. I did not see him go near Miss Featherstonough but once during the evening; it was unnecessary; she was surrounded by admirers. Annie, in her usual self-sacrificing spirit, played most of the evening for the dancers, and would in all probability have remained at the piano all the evening, had not my careful cousin called my attention to the matter by asking me if I knew of no one who would take her place. I soon found a substitute, and it was well that I did so, for I saw, when I came up with my reinforcement, that poor Annie was almost ready to faint with weariness in the close air of the excessively warm room. I led her to a window; my cousin brought some refreshment, and we lingered near it talking together some time. While there, Miss Featherstonough approached us, leaning on Fred Foster's arm. She chatted gayly with Annie and me, but I observed that she did not once address my cousin. My cousin smiled as he noticed Fred's evident delight at her graciousness, and, as they passed on, whispered, half sorrowfully I thought, "Would that she were as lovely as she seems!"

Before leaving, I persuaded the young folks to fix upon a time for our own party. After some consultation, the evening of Friday week was agreed upon. On starting for home, Miss Featherstonough came and took my arm instead of my cousin's. This was something new. Was she resentful? Next morning Miss Featherstonough was quite cool to my cousin, who left, immediately after breakfast, to go to the city on business. He did not get home in the evening, as he expected, but remained till the close of the next day. How lonely we were without him, and how much we missed his cheerful face and pleasant voice. Miss Featherstonough did nothing but yawn and exclaim against the stupidity of a female coterie. On the evening of the second day, Miss Featherstonough espied my cousin returning, from the piazza, and she even condescended to go half way down the steps to meet him. Annie, who had been her own sweet obliging self during his absence, remained where she was, just inside the parlor window, reading, until, after having greeted us both, he inquired eagerly after Miss Logan. Then she stepped out, smiling, but her frank eyes glowing with pleasure. My cousin had not forgotten us in his absence, as some books which he brought for Miss Featherstonough, some music for Annie, and some fine exotic for myself, amply testified. That was a delightful evening

we spent together on my cousin's return, and it would have passed without a shade of unpleasant feeling to mar its harmony but for the visit of a couple of ladies from the village, who when Annie and Miss Featherstonough played for them, lauded the performance of the former greatly, without evincing the slightest admiration for that of the latter. The truth was, they preferred Annie's playing because they were more accustomed to her style, and comprised hended it better than Miss Featherstonough's, which was the result of so much science and skill. Miss Featherstonough was displeased, and then, while under the influence of the "green-eyed monster," spoke disparagingly to my cousin, not only of Annie's music, but of Annie herself. This was the finishing stroke. My cousin recoiled from this manifestation of moral meanness even with its extenuating circumstances staring him in the face, and Miss Featherstonough lost irretrievably the last hold of the ascendancy she had once possessed over him. Ah! if we could only impress the truth on our minds that good policy alone, if not principle, requires us to speak well of our fellows, how much evil we might prevent in the world! Blessings on the one who has written—

"Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind!  
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind!"

Let us promulgate it, one and all, for it is worthy.

Pardon this little digression, reader, and forgive my moralizing, in consideration of my age and experience.

The next morning my cousin, who is an uncommonly excellent reader, read to us from "Hyperion," and I noticed then for the first time, and often afterwards, that whenever he read anything touching or beautiful, it was to Annie's expressive face that his eloquent eyes glanced for sympathy. I saw him more than once, when Miss Featherstonough called him to accompany her in our daily excursions, direct a lingering look to the modest girl at my side. He even manoeuvred, and occasionally with success, to secure her for a companion. Miss Featherstonough was quick to notice the change, and I saw with pain that she visited her chagrin and mortification on the unoffending Annie. She chose to consider her inferior, and assumed a superciliousness of manner towards her that was as inexcusable as it was unmerited. Without being positively rude, she managed to annoy and grieve her in various ways. Annie endured patiently and quietly, but she seemed to feel deeply. I tried to restore peace for awhile, but finding it impossible, and remembering that Miss Featherstonough's visit was nearly over, I contented myself with screening Annie as much as I could, while my kind-hearted cousin redoubled his attentions.

Meantime, the evening for the long-deferred, long-expected party arrived. Everybody came, and everybody seemed happy. Miss Featherstonough was splendidly attired in lace, satin, and jewels; while Annie, in her simple becoming dress, looked lovely—the very embodiment of youth, grace, and purity. I had procured a musician for the evening, so that my little modest floweret might not bloom unseen in the crowd; and I was rewarded, for I saw many an admiring eye follow the light graceful young figure, and rest on the sweet truthful face of my favorite with evident pleasure. After supper, the young people who had fatigued themselves with dancing returned to the front parlor and stood talking in groups about the room. Miss Featherstonough reclined languidly in a fauteuil near the piano, which stood invitingly open, talking with her brother-in-law, who had called, on his return from Niagara, to conduct her back to the city, as the summer vacation was over. Annie stood opposite, talking with little Nell Thompson, while my cousin, leaning against a pillar behind them, seemed to be quietly observing all. As I approached them, I heard Miss Featherstonough's companion entreating her to play.

"No," said she, loudly and haughtily, "I am fatigued. Ask that person (indicating Annie); she will oblige you; she is a musician-teacher."

I glanced at my cousin. He remained perfectly motionless, but I saw the indignant blood mount to his forehead. "Annie, my dear," said I, determined that she should not play and wishing to relieve her from her embarrassing position, "will you walk with me in the piazza?"

She accepted my offer, arm gratefully, and we went into the piazza, where my cousin soon joined us, begging, as he separated us, and drew an arm of each within his own, to be allowed to insert himself between those he admired most and loved best. I took a turn or two with them, and then excused myself, as I had to return to my guests, who soon after separated for the night. The next week Annie returned home, Miss Featherstonough went back to the city, my cousin left, and I was alone again.

## CHAPTER V.

So beautiful thou wert in life!  
Thou art lovely even now,  
With thy pale sweet face, and shining hair  
Smooth parted on thy brow.—M. E. T.

A year has gone by since "the party," my reader, a whole year, with its moral and atmospheric changes. Summer is again abroad upon the earth, with its cloudless skies, its sparkling streams, green waving fields, and magnificent forests; beautiful, glorious summer! My home is here unchanged; but where are the young footsteps that echoed a twelve-month ago, through its silent apartments? Some will never bound there again! The gay, the admired, the queenly Florence Featherstonough has gone down to the grave. In the springtime, when her friends were preparing a joyous reception, she was borne back to her stately home in her coffin. The proud, stately old mother bowed down over the still white features of her dead child, subdued—crushed. Ah! the great, great leveler, Death! I have just received the sad intelligence; I hold the letter, with its black seal, in my hand. It is from Florence's teacher. It speaks of a gay winter, of balls and parties, of admirers, of their dresses, of colds, sickness, and death. The old story, and the old result. With her, "life's fitful fever" was soon over. She sleeps well! but the mother—the poor old broken-hearted mother! Ah Fanny, my oldest, earliest friend! and was it for this thou

hadst waited and hoped, watched and yearned with a mother's impatience and a mother's tenderness? How shall I write to thee? What shall I say to thee in thy bereavement? How can I point upward while the sky lowers above, from which the sun of thy existence has gone down forever? God help thee!

I must wipe my specs; they are not damp, reader, only dusty. I have yet another letter by this morning's mail. It is sealed with red wax, and stamped with my cousin's initials. Yes, it is from my cousin. Let us read—

"Ever since the suns and showers of April, my cousin, I have been endeavoring to escape from my numerous and absorbing duties, to the quiet and repose of your peaceful home. I hope to succeed, in the course of another week; and now that the time is so near, I can scarcely wait; my impatient feet are almost willing to wend their way back of themselves."

"I have been very busy and very fortunate since I last saw you; fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations; and I now feel for the first time, after years of toil and struggle, that I am secure in my elevation."

"I have thought of the events of last summer's visit often, oftener than I can tell you. I sometimes take pleasure, when alone in my room at night, in imagining myself sitting opposite a kind, benevolent old lady with smooth gray hair and spectacles, who knits industriously, ever and anon lifting her mild eyes to my face with such a serene, benignant expression, that I am proud to call her my cousin."

"I am a social, companionable mortal, Cousin Debbie, and I confess to you that the peace and comfort pervading your home penetrated my heart, and made it long for a similar atmosphere. You will not wonder, then, when I tell you that I have built for myself a house in—; one after your own plan, my cousin; and I am surrounding it with a garden after your own heart, which I hope to see you enjoy often. Altogether, it will be a beautiful cage for a stray bird, Cousin Debbie, especially for such an one as I have in view. 'Where?' you ask. It may be singing now, for aught I know, away up among your own pleasant bowers, where I first heard its tuneful voice. I know this much, my cousin, that the little enchantress will come with me to the home I have prepared early in autumn. I have hastened to secure my beautiful captive, and she will soon fold her white wings and nestle close to my heart. Yes, dear cousin, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting to you, before leaving your village, as my bride, and your cousin, the gentle, excellent, and beloved Annie Logan."

Annie Logan! Only think of it! Well done Annie; well done, darling! thou hast won a high heart, and a noble name; one that is ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and a heart whose sublime emanations will go sounding down the "tide of time," till time is lost in eternity.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT. The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and began to live at their ease, waste away and die in a short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what you wish! Persons who are always busy and go cheerfully to their daily tasks are the least disturbed by fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom ever contented. They are petulant, fearful, irascible. Bid them good morning and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their views. While in this state the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced, undermining their constitutions.—[Anon.]

WAR DEMOCRATS. Read this! We trust, that if any of our readers who are for the prosecution of the war till the Union is restored are yet thinking of voting for Gen. McClellan, they will read the following from Fernando Wood's speech in New York last Saturday evening:

"It (the Chicago) nominee and its platform were apparently inconsistent with each other; and yet, for paramount reasons connected with success, it deemed such a contradictory position reconcilable with good policy. Therefore, having no other to vote for but the man thus selected, and having been a party to the effort to select some other person, I am precluded from opposition to him. Besides, if elected, I am satisfied he will entertain the views and execute the principles of the great party he will represent, without regard to those he may himself possess. He will then be our agent, the creature of our voice, and as such cannot, if he would, and would not if he could, do otherwise than execute the public voice of the country, which, with the Constitution and laws, will be the commanding general over him, clothed with supreme power. My friends, I have said thus much on the assumption that McClellan is opposed to peace. There are those who deny that he is opposed to peace. Many intelligent and honest peace men do not concur in the opinion that McClellan will continue the war if elected."

THE SONS OF LIBERTY SUBMITTED.—The Sons of Liberty had a special and extraordinary meeting at Columbus when Vallandigham, the supreme commander of the order was present. The question was on adhering to McClellan, and after a long debate it was decided in the affirmative by two majorities. Vallandigham professed to be disappointed, but all this may be a feint on his part to reconcile the unsophisticated of his followers, to the bargain signed and sealed and delivered at Chicago by which it was intended to secure the union of the peace and so-called war candidate. These same leaders were cheated by the people two years ago

by pretending to be for a vigorous prosecution of the war and they are trying to cheat them now by running a war and peace combination.

It is very clear that the more who talked so vigorously a few days ago about peace; who more recently denounced the so-called letter of McClellan, and who now adhere to the nomination without being able to tell whether they are for peace or war, are not to be trusted. The leaders are willing to cheat each other for the sake of office, and such men if elected, would betray the country. With McClellan in the White House and Vallandigham in the War Office, the country would very soon be at the feet of Jeff. Davis, and it is in the bond that Vallandigham shall be Secretary of War, if McClellan is elected. We warn the Union men to be on their guard against the tricks of the Sons of Liberty. [Cincinnati Gazette.]

## The Fall of Atlanta from a Southern Stand Point.

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier of the 7th inst., has the following comments on the fall of Atlanta and its effect on the Peace party of the North:

Another city has fallen into his hands, and a large, powerful, resolute army, under a general of some measure of skill, and endowed with uncommon energy and determination, holds a strong position in the heart of a wealthy and prosperous State, and menaces several vital points in our Confederacy. Such an event is a calamity. Had our loss in men, stores and munitions been far lighter, the time of its occurrence makes that reverse no less a calamity.

All of us perceive the intimate connection existing between the armies of the Confederacy and the peace men in the United States. These constitute two immense forces that are working together for the procurement of peace. The party whose nomination and platform we are considering are altogether dependent for success on the courage and resolution of our fighting men. If their generalship, sagacity, valor and vigilance are unable to obtain victories, and to arrest the progress of the invading hordes, the existing Administration will laugh to scorn all the efforts of the Opposition, and, in spite of the most powerful combinations, will continue to hold the place they occupy.

Our success in battle insures the success of McClellan. Our failure will inevitably lead to his defeat. It is the victories that have crowned our arms since this year began, that have given existence, strength and harmony to that organization, which has arrayed itself with firm, defiant front against the despot and his minions. It is our long, unbroken series of splendid successes that has emboldened the few men of sense and honesty in Yankeeedom to raise their voices in denunciation of the unconstitutional, base, foolish measures adopted and enforced by their Government, and they have gathered around the banner of their exceptional men so large a number, as that they have good hope of being able to make head against the oppressor and tyrant.

That heavy reverse occurs at the infancy of that organization. It has but just started in its career. It has not had time to mature its plans and to develop and augment its strength. We are aware that that party, no matter how numerous, harmonious and powerful, engages in the contest with the party in power under many and grave disadvantages. Even if the campaign under Grant and Sherman come to grief before the end of the present month, it is extremely doubtful whether Lincoln, with the treasury at his command, backed by the army, supported by the thousands who are growing rich by the war, and who are deriving their maintenance from employments of various sorts in his service; will defeat his rival, and replace himself in the Presidential Chair. It is highly probable he will be able to retain the power he now holds; even in case we are also, either victorious, there is no ground for the hope that the opposition will succeed if our armies are visited with defeat.

Contemplating the fall of Atlanta from this point of view, we are obliged to consider it a disaster of great magnitude.

A DEMOCRATIC SOLDIER ON THE CRISIS. Gen. Alvan P. Hovey of Indiana, always a Democrat hitherto, in a recent speech advocating the re-election of Mr. Lincoln says:

"Some men call me ultra, but I have stood where I know what the enemy mean. The idea of reconstruction, reconciliation, or winning back by peaceful means these men fighting for Jeff. Davis, is a mere child's whim—subjugation is the word. Any other policy is mere child's play. A few men in the South love the Union and a few in the rebel ranks love it too; but the vim, force and energy of the South is in the army of Jeff. Davis and under his command. His will is law there. Let a Union man whisper his loyalty there as copperheads do disloyalty here on our streets, and in a moment he would be hung higher than Haman. Here, however, they say we must not touch the liberty of speech or of the press, but maintain them inviolate. I love these rights, but I love my country more than all else. If I had the power here, I wouldn't let one single man, woman or child speak, or print, or publish one single word of treason. That is my creed. I have good reason to be ultra. I have marched with your brave boys; have seen their blood crimson many a battle-field, and marked the green graves of the fathers. The memory of their sufferings and their heroism is indelibly engraven on my heart and the heart of every loyal American. These poor soldiers, toil-worn, bleeding, wrapped in their blankets as a winding sheet, have fallen heroically, while these cowardly hypocrites have cried peace."

SCRIPTURAL AMENDMENT.—In his speech at Dayton, Ohio, on the 6th instant, Mr. Vallandigham promised his hearers that as soon as McClellan was elected there should be no more dragging their children to the battle-field "to be offered up as a sacrifice that negroes may be free." He also complimented his hearers that they were now ready to join in the angelic song "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." Hereupon one of his hearers supplemented an improved version of the Scriptural quotation by crying out, "White men. Good will towards white men." We commend this amendment in the angelic song to the Chicago Convention.

## WHY GOLD IS SO HIGH.

There is but one cause of the high price of gold, and that is, the excessive quantity of our paper currency. The thing that fluctuates so in value is not the incorruptible yellow metal, but the green notes that promise to pay their face in this metal at some future time.

When our currency was all specie-paying, and therefore of the same value as specie, the quantity in the country amounted to some two hundred or two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This was the quantity that fell to our share in the natural distribution of the money of the world by the inexorable laws of trade. It was just the quantity that we needed to effect the exchanges of property that we were in the practice of making in the course of trade. If we had wanted any more we should have sent abroad some portion of our sixteen thousand millions of property and exchanged it for the desired amount of money. If we produced more in our own borders, as we did not want it, we sent it abroad and brought in property that we did not want in exchange.

We now have in circulation some six hundred or seven hundred millions of paper money, and its aggregate value is just the same as the two hundred or two hundred and fifty millions of the old specie-paying currency. This aggregate value of our currency is fixed by the laws of trade and we cannot alter it. If we should increase the amount of our currency to one thousand millions, it would, provided its credit was unimpaired, be worth twenty cents on the dollar—in other words, the price of gold would be five hundred. But if we should diminish the paper in circulation to two hundred millions, it would be worth one hundred cents on the dollar, or gold would be at par.

We hear of powerful combinations of the Wall street brokers to keep the price of gold from rising, or to keep it from falling. Those gentlemen might just as well get up powerful combinations to keep the tide from rising and falling. As the thing which fluctuates is the value of treasury notes, and as the value of these depends upon the quantity in circulation, no person can exert any material influence upon this value except the man who has control of the issue of the notes, and that man is the Secretary of the Treasury. If William Pitt Fessenden decides to increase the circulation of treasury notes, the value of the notes will fall, in other words, gold will rise; but if he decides to retrench a portion of these notes from circulation, their value will increase, or gold will fall. Military successes or disasters, or the combinations of brokers have but a temporary influence upon the price of gold.—[Scientific American.]

## GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN.

I had the pleasure, yesterday, of taking General Sheridan—little Phil—by the hand, whom I had not seen since the morning after he went up to Mission Ridge. He looks as brown as a nut and as tough as hickory, and not a degree of Fahrenheit cooler than he looked when he was hob-nobbing with Bragg's battery, and they let fly at him the whole six guns, showering him with earth. But no matter for that, he had only made his record, and the rascals were sending it. There is no waste timber about Sheridan—not much of him, physically, but snugly put together. A square face, a warm black eye, a pleasant smile, a reach of under jaw, showing that "when he will, he will, you may depend on it;" black hair trimmed round like a garden border; no Hyperion curl about him any more, than there was about Cromwell's troopers, and altogether impressing you with the truth that there is about as much energy packed away in about the smallest space that you ever saw in your life. Men ranging down from medium size to little, with exceptions enough to prove the rule, seem to carry the day among the heroes. Moses was something of a general, but no Falstaff; Alexander the Great and Peter the Great were little; Cromwell was no giant, and as for Napoleon—why, what was he but "the little corporal?" Sheridan is a capital executive officer; perhaps he would be hardly equal to planning a great campaign, but Jehu! wouldn't he drive it! With a good piece of his head behind his ears, and hardly reverence enough for a mandarin, he is not afraid of the face of clay. As chief of cavalry, he is indeed chief among ten thousand. Pleasant voiced, mild-mannered, not given to long yams, you would hardly suspect he is a thunderbolt in a charge, and an emphatic human syllable all over.—[Wash. Cor. Chicago Journal.]

## How the Relationship Runs.

The Marriage—Married, sometime about the year 1856, by his Satanic Majesty, King Beelzebub, Esq., Mr. Copperhead Democracy and Miss. Rattlesnake Slavery, both of the United States.

The First Born—Born in the summer of 1856, Leecompton Border Ruffian, s. n. of Mr. Copperhead Democracy. This unsightly child, born six months after the above marriage, after a few months of sickly existence, died from a peculiar disease called Free State.

Second Born—Born at Charleston, S. C., in the year of Grace, 1860, Secession Pro-Slavery Rebellion, true son of Mr. C. and Mrs. R. S. Democracy. Dr. Jim Buchanan acting accoucher. This child, which "looks so much like his daddy," is now going on four years old. Its infancy was marked by so much precocity that it was universally believed that it was "too smart to live." Its backbone was lately broken by a fall at Vicksburg; its face horribly burned in the fire at Gettysburg, and one of its feet was amputated at Atlanta. It has been a source of trouble all its days. Its death, however, is now looked for soon. The "old man," they say, is "raving mad," through fears that his dear son will die. The old lady, also, is in a great "pucker," and some of her friends have got the sympathetic fits.

Third Born—Born in New York city, in July, 1863, Patrick Riot, third son of Mr. C. and Mrs. R. S. Democracy. This monster baby came near being still-born, but by the aid of Dr. Seymour and his "friends" it lived three days.

The fatality which has attended these children shows that no child of these can ever live and yet they survive long enough to cause great trouble; and so long as the old folks live there is danger of an "increase in the family." It is proposed, therefore, to behead the old woman to prevent her degenerating any further trouble and to hang the old man to prevent him from marrying elsewhere. The people will rejoice, and cry Amen! at the extinction of the whole race.

A common coal-heaver we noticed opposite our office the other day, while shovelling up a load of the "black diamonds" that had been dumped upon the walk, carefully rolled up his dungaree trousers so as to keep them clear of coal dust; but a richly dressed lady passed along, allowing her ample skirts to sweep through the same dirt which the day laborer was so careful to avoid. She didn't lift her eyelids an inch. [Port. Press.]

GOOD RESULTS OF TAXATION. Our people are using forty per cent. less wine and only half as many cigars as they used before the taxes were put on.











