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Maxham & Wing

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LABOR IS HONOR.

Labor is honor! God's spirit hath spoken:
This is the song that His universe sings:
Through the vaults of the ether, the angels
Loudly and clearly the glad echo rings:
Up from the hills and the green valleys stealing,
Seeking the light of the bright sky above,
Rises the song to the blue heavens pouring,
Labor is honor, and labor is love!

All the great deeds that are grandest in story,
Living through centuries cherished and bright,
All the great lives that are dearest to glory,
Filling the world with the flashes of light,
Words from whose utterance ages are dated,
Thoughts that have held the whole world in control,
Names on whose echoes the proudest have waited,
Are but the offspring of labor and soul!

Not to the eye that up-glances the lofty light,
Doth the bright book of the heavens unfold;
But to the spirit that turns them right,
Are all its wonders and mysteries told:
And at each step to the soul's upward winging
Down the wide way of the radiant universe,
While in the heart is an angel voice singing,
Labor is honor, and labor is love!

Not for the brow that doth the earth bear all brightness;
Deep in her breast do the rich diamonds shine,
Down in the veins of the earth's molten fires,
Hid in the dust is the gold of the mine:
Beauty and power, and riches and pleasure,
Safe in her bosom lie hidden to-day;
Till the key that will open her treasures,
And at its touch she will give them away.

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded,
Strength to the spirit that weakness has toned;
Joy to the soul that in sorrow was shrouded,
Life to the heart whose life-springs are hushed,
Truth to the world who seeks it sincerely,
Skill to the hand when it toils to live,
Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly—
These are the honors that labor can give!

THE TWO MARRIAGES.

CHAPTER I.

"Vanity—all is vanity," said the preacher—"Ecclesiastes." "You'll do for me, then?" asked, or rather said, Clara Heywood to her cousin Frank; for it was spoken in a tone that showed that she was accustomed to have her slightest wish attended to.

"I'll do *mon possible*," replied the young man, gayly.

"Your *possible*!" she exclaimed, with a slight accent of scorn, turning her full bright eyes upon him. "Any man can do that."

"And who can do more, he inquired, laughingly.

"George Herbert would be glad of the opportunity to do the *impossible*," she replied.

"So when your *possible* fails, let me know; and I'll only to call upon him." It was spoken both proudly and carelessly, as one who knew her power where, at the same time, she cared little to please.

"Take care, Clara," said Frank, earnestly.

"Take care of what?" she asked, somewhat haughtily.

"You know what I mean," he replied in the same tone. "You know your power over Herbert, and it's cruel to encourage him."

"I encourage him!" she replied, turning her flashing eyes upon her cousin. "I thought you knew me better, Frank."

"Surely, if to walk with a man, and talk to him, sing to him, play chess with him, accept his flowers, and praise his poetry—in short, receive devotions breathed in the very spirit of homage—is not encouragement, I do not know what is," replied Heywood. "Indeed, Clara, I've known you to keep men of greater pretensions at a greater distance. In fact, I've sometimes almost doubted what you did mean. And if, Clara, I, who, as you say, know you so well, have looked on in surprise, you should not wonder if Herbert himself should be misled; and, I repeat it, if you mean nothing, it's cruel in you to trifle with him thus."

"You surely do not mean it," she replied, "that Mr. Herbert presumes upon my kindness. I have treated him, as you say, with a degree of civility that I certainly should not have accorded to one of higher claims; but he has no pretensions to presume upon, consequently I concluded I could not be misunderstood."

"Possibly he does not rate his claim so low," replied Frank. "He is a man of talents, and knows it, for modesty and merit are not always hand in hand; and, besides, dazzled and entranced as he is by your grace and beauty, it is asking almost too much of any man to see the line—where, after all, broad and strong as you think it is, yet an imaginary one—that separates you. You talk to him with interest and animation."

"Certainly," she interrupted, "for he has decided talents, and he interests and amuses me; but, because I talk to him with pleasure, it does not follow that I can forget, for a moment, what is a pity," said her cousin, "that you could not, at the same time, remember what is due to him."

"Due to him! Why, how strangely you talk, Frank!" she replied. "Pray, what is due to him? A young man without family, or fortune, or position, what can he expect? A man who, I suppose, scarcely knew what a lady born and bred was before he knew me. Really, if it were not that we are situated just as we are in the country for a few weeks, I should not even take the notice of him that I do. But, after we leave here, I shall probably never see him again; and, if I have derived some pleasure from his society, and he has rendered my stay here more endurable than it would otherwise have been, I consider the obligation as more than repaid. I have given him some glimpses of another world of which he had no knowledge before, some tastes and views."

"Which he had much better been without," Clara interrupted. "You have, in short, fired his heart and turned his head—no small mischief to any man; but when it comes to a man of genius, of susceptible temperament, the evil is incalculable. With an ordinary man, hope being destroyed, love dies away and leaves no vestige. But when the impression is as vivid in the brain as in the heart, when the idol has been identified, the traces left are indelible, stamped in burning bitterness, or graven in deep melancholy, according to the temper of the man. And thus to embitter, perhaps exhaust, the best feelings of a man's nature is surely to do him a great wrong. That you are the first high-bred, finished woman Herbert has ever met on an intimate footing makes the impression all the fresher, keener. His tastes are all instinctively refined and elegant. The torch was ready, and you have applied the light. You may pass away and forget him, or only remember with a smile the enthusiastic homage rendered to your powers by a son of genius; but not so will it be with him. He will not readily comprehend that you have thus drawn upon his better nature and sported with his affections, merely *pour passer le temps*, till Mrs. Rutledge could join you. And, if I mistake not, this knowledge, when it does come, will make a most unhappy impression on him."

"Oh, nonsense!" she answered, laughing. "Men don't break their hearts and die of love. He'll survive it."

"He will," Frank replied. "But you have given him a *beau idéal* he will probably never be able to attain; while, at the same time, you will have destroyed his faith in woman. With a quickened imagination and a chilled heart, I very much doubt whether Herbert will ever be as happy a man as he was before he knew you. You have crossed his path like a vision, to leave him cold and fastidious."

"Well," she replied, quietly, "that will only prevent his marrying some common woman, as most men of talents do. I like to see a man critical. If I have given Herbert elevated and refined views of woman, I think he is greatly indebted to me."

"Refined are very different from elevated views," replied Frank.

"One of your distinctions without a difference," she replied, a little impatiently.

"This difference of the moral from the intellectual," he rejoined, "and none can be greater."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him. "Is that the sound of wheels? I hope it's Mary. It is!" she continued, joyfully, as she threw up the window.

"And, in fact, it was Mrs. Rutledge, the sister, whose delay upon the road, owing to the illness of a child, had detained Miss Heywood at the pretty village of C—, where, with some friends, she awaited her arrival, to continue their northern tour. Thus accident had thrown her in the way of George Herbert, who was residing there as a student at law. In the impatience and lassitude of this sudden pause in her journey, Clara Heywood would have hailed almost anything or anybody as a godsend on her hands; consequently, it is not surprising that, discerning with the quick discrimination of one used to society, the superior gifts of young Herbert, she graciously accorded him much of her time, careless and thoughtless of consequences to him. Highly cultivated herself, his conversation really interested her; and, accustomed as she had been to admiration, and cold as she was by nature, and worldly by education, she was yet woman enough to be pleased and flattered by the homage of the young student. For he was a man of genius, and his admiration had the freshness, the glow of poetry as well as passion, to which she had not been accustomed among the men of the world by whom she had been surrounded. That she, a beautiful and high-bred, should at once become his 'life's star,' the realization of his visions, followed as a matter of course. Impressible as all men of genius are to externals, he absolutely knelt in spirit before the shrine of her beauty; and, proud of his mental superiority, he would readily have bowed before one less brilliant, who drew forth and appreciated his intellectual gifts. Thus she excited his imagination, and stimulated his vanity, and, in the ardor of passion, he gave himself up to his feelings, unchecked by fear or thought. Modesty formed no part of his character, and he was too ignorant of the world to be diffident. No doubts therefore clouded his present, no thought dimmed his future; for, had he paused to think, he must have known that hope itself was hopeless, as, could he even have won his idol, he had no shrine wherein to place it, no niche, however small, for his statue. Poor student as he was, he had scarce enough to maintain himself during his studies; for the reputation he so clearly saw in the distance, and the fortune he so confidently made, were yet 'to be' won and 'to be made.' He little knew the ambitious, high-spirited nature of the beautiful being he idealized, if he supposed that, even with fairer prospects and a more smiling present, he would have stood any better chance than he did under existing circumstances. Clara Heywood was as haughty as she was high-bred. Pride of birth and place was more powerful with her than pride of talent or beauty. No glories of a setting sun could have made her forget the mists of a cloudy rising. She was a proud woman; but her pride was of the 'earth, earthy,' and touched, as the darker edges of her mind were, with the light of a bright imagination, it was only to illuminate, not elevate her character."

Herbert had now, however, an opportunity of seeing some of those shades of feeling which circumstances had hitherto thrown in the background; for, with Mrs. Rutledge, arrived a party from the South, among whom there were one or two men of the position and stamp Clara valued. The change in her manner was marked. She not only turned at once from Herbert to address herself to them, but the tone was different. There was a *retenu* of manner which she had never thought worth while to show to a poor student, but which she instinctively assumed in coming in contact with those whose station commanded her respect. But with her reserve there was more of excitement; little things marked the change. She dressed, not more, for her taste was perfect, but differently. The colored morning dress gave place to the finest white *nightgown*, edged with delicate lace, and the gossamer breakfast was replaced at dinner by a water-lily; in short, it was evident that now there was some one worthy dressing for, and Herbert saw that the easy friendliness with which she had treated him, and which had so captivated him, was anything but flattering to his pride. Mr. Ashfield, the principal person in the group, and the one to whom Clara chiefly addressed herself, was a distinguished looking man, one who had travelled much, and bore the stamp of being one of 'fortunes favorite.' A fair portion of understanding, with a good education, and much knowledge of the world, rendered him, upon the whole, agreeable. Not that his powers of conversation could be at all compared with Herbert's, for his mind was originally of a much inferior tone, and his acquisitions superficial in the extreme. But he was, as far as the fashionable gossip of the day, had heard Jenny Lind, and could talk of the last new opera, knew the styles of the different composers and artists; and so Clara turned carelessly from Herbert, or listened, half listlessly, half impatiently, to the poetical and literary disquisition that had before interested her, as from themes for which she had now no time. He was stung to the quick, not more, however, by her manner to himself than by her manner to Ashfield, for it let in a flood of light upon his mind that inflicted anguish almost intolerable to his irritable and excited temperament. He felt, for the first time, the power of position. Talents without the stamp of fame he saw were, with these worldlings, valueless, and the mortifications of a quick and sensitive vanity were not the least among his sufferings. He sometimes foolishly thought to lower Ashfield in Clara's eyes by attacking some of his assertions, and exposing the fallacy of his arguments; but, whenever he did so, she quickly turned the scales by throwing her brilliant powers of ridicule or wit on Ashfield's side, covering his deficiencies, and often even laughing him off victorious. Herbert became irrita-

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ble, and often lost his temper on these occasions, when Mr. Ashfield would look at him in calm surprise, as if he thought him a very ill-bred young man, and then, turning away, address him no more. In all discussions on fashionable topics, Herbert was, of course, left out, and this quickly passing him by as one out of the *clique*, not belonging to the same sphere, hurt him perhaps, more than all the rest. The gay world assumed an importance in his eyes it had never had before. What was fame in futurity with only poetry for the present, when coolly looked down upon and distanced by a man of fashion, and slighted by the bright, but scornful eyes of beauty?

His gods were dashed to the ground, and inferior idols raised in their place.

Mrs. Rutledge's child recovered, and the party resumed their journey; and Clara passed on, unconscious and careless of the misery she had inflicted, and the mischief she had done.

CHAPTER II.

"Don't forget, Fanny," said Miss Hastings to her sister, "to send a card for this Mr. Herbert with the Harpers' invitations."

"Oh, I am glad you put me in mind of it," replied her sister. "Mary intro'uced him to me the other night, and it would have been a slight, I suppose, to omit him."

"As the Harpers have announced the engagement, and are introducing him to all their friends, of course, they would be hurt by any want of attention to him; and it certainly would be rude not to include him when inviting them."

"Of course. I am glad you mentioned it, or I should have forgotten all about him. Who is he? Do you know?"

"No; only what Mrs. Bolton told me, that he is a young lawyer, and that the family like him very much."

"Where did they pick him up?" continued Miss Hastings. "I never heard of him before."

"I don't think he has been here long," replied her sister. "Tom Harper happened to meet him somewhere, and was pleased with him, and introduced him to his family."

"What sort of a match is it for her?" pursued Miss Hastings.

"I don't know. Mrs. Bolton did not seem to think much of it. He is poor, just starting in his profession."

"What made the Harpers take him up, so, I wonder?" returned the other.

"They say he is very clever, quite remarkable, indeed. Mr. Harper thinks he has more talent than any young man he knows, now at the bar."

"What in the world, then, made him fall in love with Mary Harper. I should like to know," exclaimed Miss Hastings, in a tone of surprise. "She is as plain and unattractive a girl as I know. How odd that she should have captivated a man of talents!"

"Oh, no, nothing is odd in the way of matrimony," particularly if a man of talent is 'one of the parties. Did you ever see one that did not make an extraordinary match? They all marry little, commonplace dowdies."

"So they do, but still I cannot understand it," pursued Miss Hastings.

"No," continued her sister, in the same tone of banter; "it's one of those mysteries not to be penetrated in this world."

"Are they to be married soon?" asked the elder sister.

"Not for a year, I understood. He's poor, and she has nothing, you know. Here, give me the card, and let me enclose it, and then there'll be no mistake about it."

This conversation took place some eight months or a year after we last saw George Herbert in C—. The Hastings were one of the gayest families in the great metropolis of New York, where Herbert had established himself soon after he passed his examination. Accident had made him acquainted with young Harper, who had introduced him to his family. The position of the Harpers was such as to make their acquaintance very gratifying to Herbert. Their fashion was unquestioned, and their name among the best, and, though there was no particular interest attached to any one individual of the family, yet Herbert sought the society with eagerness."

Plain and unattractive as Mary Harper had been pronounced to be, she was yet not devoid of sensibility, and she soon became captivated by the brilliant powers of the young lawyer. Herbert, still chafing under the keen mortification of Clara Heywood, was not insensible to the charm of being in a world so much attention by such a family as the Harpers'. A connection with them would do him much good, and he had lately learned to prize so highly. He offered himself, and was accepted. Hence the 'mystery' that puzzled Mr. Hastings so much. She knew not that men of genius have the same weaknesses that fall to the lot of more obtuse mortals. And when they do, the very fierceness of their organization makes them the more susceptible to external influences.

Herbert's was not a vigorous, manly mind. It took too much the impress of his character, which was weak. He knew himself superior to those whose admiration he coveted, and yet he coveted it none the less. He was not in love with Mary Harper; but he was proud of his engagement. He was happy in his gratified vanity; though, had she been a Mary Brown, he would hardly have helped her across the gutter. Mr. Harper liked the young man, and, though he would have been glad if he had had some money, yet he knew enough of the world to know that, with such talents, he could not fail to make his way in his profession, and would probably, in the end, prove an excellent match for his daughter. His consent was therefore given, with only the stipulation of a year's delay before the marriage.

Mary was as happy as the purest and most perfect love could make her. Need we add more?

The engagement being announced, Herbert was introduced and invited wherever the Harpers visited; and, in the course of a few weeks, he found himself as freely launched in 'good society' as if he had been a born and bred member of the 'charmed circle.' The diffidence with which he entered, arising from a remembrance of Clara Heywood and Mr. Ashfield, soon yielded to the animating influence of flattery. He was not only received, but well received. His reputation for talents,

and his powers of conversation, procured him respect and attention. He was going to marry Mary Harper, and no one cared whether he was rich or poor. He was brilliant, and that was enough for those who gave parties, and wanted agreeable men. He looked round him, and soon felt his value, and thought, like Mr. Bumble, that he had 'got no cheap.'

Clara Heywood had, as her cousin had prophesied, crossed him like a vision, to leave him cold and fastidious. And worse than that, she had destroyed his faith in those about him. He believed them all as cold and worldly as she whom he looked upon as a type of her class, and his was not that earnest nature that keeps itself above the ordinary level. Here, indeed, he fell far short of it; for, in looking upon others as heartless, he had become so himself.

There is a sort of poetical justice that Nature exacts from those who undervalue her claims. What the individual is not willing to render to the mass, he is before long generally found wanting himself. Of the worldly crowd whom he gazed on with contempt, there were few as worldly as himself. But this very fastidious coldness gave him self-possession and success. His fine sense of the beautiful made him at once critical and enthusiastic. He paid little attention but to those pre-eminent for something—wit, beauty, music; some claim, and that decided, they must have, to win his notice. But when the gift was marked, no homage could be more enthusiastic and delightful than that that rendered. People quoted, and beauties courted him.

Mary Harper was proud of her young lover. She was too generous to harbor a thought of jealousy, and she gloried in his rising reputation. But ere many months had passed by, even her co-fiding nature could not but feel uneasy pangs. In fact, Herbert was growing careless. He had never loved her; and now, as he saw how easy it was to win that which he had coveted, a position in society, he regretted the sacrifice he had made. Not that he valued the thing less; only the price he paid for it. He felt his engagement irksome. He regretted it; and, regretting, relaxed in his attentions to Mary, which, in the blindness of a devoted, but not sensitive, affection, she did not see. From inattention, he became positively careless. Still, she could not credit the truth. There was such anguish in the thought that she could not bring herself to look it steadily in the face.

The year elapsed, and Herbert let the anniversary of their engagement pass in cold silence, trusting that Mary would be roused to break the tie that bound him. But she did not. She explained it to herself on the ground of prudence. Herbert could not afford to marry yet, and was too proud to own it. She clung to the engagement.

From not loving her, he grew almost to hate her. He dared not openly break himself. Her family and position were such that he was unwilling to incur the odium he must draw upon himself in the *etiquette* by taking such a step. Besides, though a cold, he prided himself upon being an honorable man. If she insisted on it, he would marry her, though love he would not pretend to. And valuing himself upon such a code of honor, he rather looked down upon himself as a victim to his high-toned, gentlemanly feelings, to which poor Mary's happiness—of which he never thought—was to be the sacrifice. Little as was the attention with which he treated Mary, still he was obliged to give her some, and with that little she was resolved to be content. Had she been a spirited girl, she would have borne it, nor ought she. But she shut her eyes, and sealed her own doom. Herbert could no longer postpone the evil day. Mary would not break the engagement, and he could not.

His last effort was when he appealed to her to name the day. He spoke of his poverty, of the hard lot that awaited one, bred as she had been, as his wife. But, coldly as it was said, she trusted that it was only proudly felt. Her generosity was touched when her spirit should have been roused. In short, she was wanting in that dignity of character for which nothing feminine could atone. She could not acknowledge his indifference, and would not see his coldness. She said the fate that awaited her was her own choice.

In a better spirit, Herbert prepared for his marriage. A very small house, suited to his means, and large enough, had been taken, and was taken, and Mr. Harper furnished it. The wedding took place amidst festivity and fashion. The bridegroom was remarked as being careless and looking cold; the bride as seeming anxious, but still happy. There were clouds upon his brow, but she would chase them away. She trusted to love and time to make him all she would have him. And then what she did not or could not understand in the waywardness of his temper, she put down, womanlike, to the 'peculiarities of genius.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS OF JOSEPH BILLINGS. I suppose the reason why women are so fast talkers, is because they don't have time to stop to spit on their hands.

After Joseph's brother had beat him out of his cut or many cutters, what did that do next? That put him!

There is nothing in this life that will open the pores of a man so much, as few fall in love; it makes him as fluent as a tin whistles, as limber as a boy's wotch chain, and as perlit as a darning-master; his heart is as full of sunshine as a hay field, and there ain't any more guile in him than there is in a stick of marl—less candy.

There is a grate number of ways for folks to make phools of themselves, but there is one way so simple, I wonder nobody has ever tried it, and that is to run after real estate advertisements.

There don't seem to be any end to the ambitious men, but there is one thing that some of them will find out if they ever get low heaven and that is that they can't get any further.

He who can hold a wife, can most generally get more.

Conscience is only another name for truth. It is the voice of heaven that giveth the intrinsic value of literature among men, a common sized angel could fly off with the whole of it under one wing and not lug him much.

Ye kant always tell a gentleman by his clothes, but ye kan tell his finger nails.

Adam invented 'luv at first sight,' one of the greatest labor-saving machines the world ever saw.

The only way to get your rights is to demand them.

It is a grave question, whether, in curtailing superfluities in these hard times, we have a moral right to cut off a dog's tale to save the expense of boarding it.

Are greenbacks a lawful tender? If you don't believe it, try one on me, espeshia one of the heavy ones.

Don't never parade yure good luck, nor yure bad luck, before men; the first sight will make them think less of you, and the second will make them think more of themselves.

There are a great multitude of individual who are like blind mules, anxious enough to kick but kant tell where.

I have heard a great deal about 'broken barts,' and there kant be few of them but my experience is that next to the gizzard, the harte is the toughest piece of meat in the whole critter.—[Troy News.]

[From the Continental Monthly.]

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the election of 1860 there were but two parties—the two wings of the people's army, under the patriots Lincoln and Douglas; the two wings of the slave host, under the traitors Breckinridge and Bell. Of course the people triumphed. Had Douglas been elected instead of Lincoln, the Slave Power would not have stayed in the Union one hour longer. It was not Lincoln, but the political supremacy of the people, they resisted. The Free States had at last consolidated, never to recede, and that was enough. Henceforth no party could live in the North that espoused the cause of this rebel aristocracy. Whoever was Governor or President, Democrat, Republican, Union, what not, the people's party was henceforth supreme, and the aristocracy, with all its works of darkness was second best.

The political victory of 1860 was virtually complete. For the first time in eighty years had the people concentrated against the Slave Power. The executive was gained, placing the army, navy, appointments, and patronage in the hands of the President, the people's representative by birth and choice. The North had a majority of eight in the Senate and sixty-five in the House of Representatives, insuring a control of the foreign policy and the financial affairs of the republic; while the Supreme Court, the last bulwark of despotism, could be reconstructed in the interest of the Constitution. It is true the people did not appreciate the magnitude of the victory, or realize what it implied. They would probably have made no special use of it at once, and the aristocracy might have outwitted them again, as they had for three quarters of a century past. But the slaveholders knew that now was just the time to strike. If they waited till the people understood themselves better, and learned how to administer the Government for liberty, it would be too late. They still had possession of the executive, with all the departments, the Supreme Court, army, and navy, for four precious months. This was improved in inflicting as much damage on the Government as possible, and organizing a confederacy of revolted States. The people did not believe they would fight, and offered them various compromises, everything except the thing they desired—unlimited power to control the republic. The aristocracy knew that no compromises would do them good which proposed anything less than a reconstruction of the Union which would insure their perpetual supremacy. They even doubted if this could be effectually accomplished in a peaceful way. The people must first be subdued by arms, their Union destroyed, and brought to the verge of anarchy by this mighty power, backed by the whole despotism of Europe; then might they be compelled to accept such terms as it chose to dictate. It waited no longer than was necessary to complete its preparations, and opened its guns in Charleston harbor. When the smoke of that cannonade drifted away, the people beheld with consternation the Slave Powers arrayed in arms, from Baltimore and St. Louis to New Orleans and the Rio Grande, advancing to seize their capital and overthrow the republic.

Having conquered the aristocracy by its industry, education, religion, and politics—driven it from every position on the great field of American society in an era of peace—the people slowly awoke to the conviction that they must now conquer it on the field of arms. They were slow to come to that conviction. Their ablest leaders were not war-statesmen, and did not comprehend at once the full meaning of the war. They called it a 'conspiracy,' a 'rebellion,' an 'insurrection,' a 'summer madness,' anything but what it was—the American slave aristocracy in arms to subdue the people of the United States, with every other aristocracy on earth wishing it success. But the people did not refuse the challenge. In April, 1861, they rushed to the capital, saved their Government from immediate capture or dispersion, and then began to prepare, after their way, for— they hardly knew what—to suppress a riot or wage a civil war.

In every such conflict as this the aristocracy has a great advantage, especially if it can choose its own time to begin the war. Never was an oligarchy more favored in its preparations than ours. Since 1820 it had contemplated and prepared for this very hour. It had almost unlimited control over fifteen states of the Union. Society was constructed in all these States on a military basis, the laboring class being held in place by the power of the sword. An aristocracy is always preceded by military ambition; for all subordinate orders of its people have acquired the habit of respect for rank and implicit obedience to superiors, so essential to success in war. When the war broke out, the Slave Power was ready. Its arms and ammunition and forts were stolen; its military organizations had been perfected in secret societies; its generals were selected—its president perhaps the best general of all; its military surveys were made, every Southern State mapped, and every strategic point marked; its subordinate officers, in which the real efficiency of an army consists, had been educated in military schools kept by such teachers as Hill and Stonewall Jackson. It power of the Union can be marshalled in over a full crop of cotton as a basis for finance. Its government was practically such a despotism as does not exist in the world. At the sound of the first gun in Charleston, the aristocracy sprang to arms; in a fortnight every strategic point in fifteen States was practically in its possession, and Washington tottered to its fall.

The people, as the people always are, were unprepared for war. Their entire energies had been concentrated for forty years in organizing the gigantic victory of peace which they had just achieved. When they woke up to the idea that there was yet another battle to be fought before the aristocracy would subside, they began to learn the art of war. And never did the people begin a great war so unprepared. The people of Europe have always had military traditions and cultivation to fall back upon in their civil wars. The North had no military traditions later than the Revolution, for no war since that day had really called forth their hearty efforts. Three generations of peace had destroyed even respect for war as an employment fit for civilized men. There were not ten thousand trained soldiers in all the nineteen States in April, 1861. There were not good arms to furnish fifty thousand troops in the possession of the National or loyal State Governments. Most of the ablest military men of the North had left the army, and were engaged in peaceful occupations. Halleck was in the law; McClellan, Burnside, Banks, on the railroad; Mitchell and Sigel teaching schoolboys; Hooker, Kearney, McCall, Dix, retired gentlemen; Fremont digging gold; Rosecrans manufacturing oil, and Grant in a tanyard; and so on to the end of the chapter; while Scott, the patriot hero, who was but once defeated in fifty years' service, was passing over into the helplessness of old age. Of course such a people did not realize the value of military education, and fell into the natural delusion that a multitude of men carrying guns and wearing blue coats is an army; and any 'smart man' can make a colonel in three months. There was not even a corporal in the Cabinet, and Mr. Lincoln's military exploits were confined to one campaign, in the war of 1812, and one challenge to fight a duel

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 2, 1864.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

RELATING TO THE BUSINESS OR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO "THE MAIL," OR "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

ADVERTISERS ARE REFERRED TO THE AGENTS NAMED ABOVE.

WE REPUBLISH THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE TO CORRECT SEVERAL ERRORS THAT CAME IN IN LAST WEEK.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

The following table may possibly be of interest to some readers of the Mail. It has been carefully compiled, and is believed to be correct. It will be remembered that in the first four elections, (1789-1800) there were no candidates for the Vice Presidency; but each elector voted for two persons, and the candidate who received the highest number of votes became President, while the one who received the next highest number became Vice President. The names of all who were voted for at those elections are, therefore, given below, with the number of votes for each; but the statement of the subsequent elections includes only the votes cast for President.

The first election was held in February, 1789, and President Washington was inaugurated in April. Afterwards the elections occurred in the fall preceding the 4th of March.

1ST ELECTION, 1789. Electoral votes cast 69. GEORGE WASHINGTON received 69, (unanimous); John Adams, 34; John Jay, 9; Robert H. Harrison, 6; John Rutledge, 6; John Hancock, 4; George Clinton, 3; Samuel Huntington, 2; John Wilton, 2; James Armstrong, 1; Edward Telfair, 1; Benjamin Lincoln, 1.

John Adams received next to the highest number of votes, became Vice President.

2D ELECTION 1792. Electoral votes, 132. GEORGE WASHINGTON received 132 (unanimous); John Adams, 77; George Clinton, 50; Thomas Jefferson, 4; Aaron Burr, 1.

3D ELECTION, 1796. Electoral votes, 136. JOHN ADAMS received 71; (about 52 1-5 per cent. of the whole number); Thomas Jefferson, 68; Thomas Pinckney, 59; Aaron Burr, 30; Samuel Adams, 15; Oliver Ellsworth, 11; John Jay, 5; George Clinton, 4; James Iredell, 2; George Washington, 2; John Henry, 2; Samuel Johnson, 2; Charles C. Pinckney, 1.

4TH ELECTION, 1800. Electoral votes, 138. THOMAS JEFFERSON received 73 (about 53 per cent. of the whole number); Aaron Burr, 73; John Adams, 65; Charles C. Pinckney, 64; John Jay, 1.

In consequence of the tie between Jefferson and Burr, the election devolved on the House of Representatives, which, after an exciting contest, elected Jefferson on the 36th ballot. Burr of course became his Vice President.

5TH ELECTION, 1804. Electoral votes, 176. THOMAS JEFFERSON received 162 (about 92 per cent.); Charles C. Pinckney, 14.

6TH ELECTION, 1808. Electoral votes, 175. JAMES MADISON received 122 (69 5-7 per cent.); Charles C. Pinckney, 47; George Clinton, 6; John Jay, 1.

7TH ELECTION, 1812. Electoral votes, 217. JAMES MADISON received 128 (about 59 per cent.); De Witt Clinton, 89.

8TH ELECTION, 1816. Electoral votes, 217. JAMES MONROE received 183 (84 1-3 per cent.); Rufus King, 31.

9TH ELECTION, 1820. Electoral votes, 232. JAMES MONROE received 231; John Quincy Adams, 1.

10TH ELECTION, 1824. Electoral votes, 217. ANDREW JACKSON received 99 (about 38 per cent.); JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, 84 (about 32 1-5 per cent.); William H. Crawford, 41; Henry Clay, 37.

There being no choice by the people, the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, where, through the influence of Mr. Clay, Mr. Adams was chosen on the first ballot, thirteen states out of twenty-four voting for him.

11TH ELECTION, 1828. Electoral votes, 261. ANDREW JACKSON received 178 (68 1-5 per cent.); John Quincy Adams, 83.

12TH ELECTION, 1832. Electoral votes, 286. ANDREW JACKSON received 219 (about 76 4-7 per cent.); Henry Clay, 49; John Floyd, 11; William Wirt, 7.

13TH ELECTION, 1836. Electoral votes, 294. MARTIN VAN BUREN received 170, (about 57 3-5 per cent.); William H. Harrison, 73; Hugh L. White, 26; Daniel Webster, 14; Willie P. Mangum, 11.

14TH ELECTION, 1840. Electoral votes, 294. WILLIAM H. HARRISON received 234, (about 79 3-5 per cent.); Martin Van Buren, 60.

President Harrison died in 1841, and the Vice President, John Tyler, became President.

15TH ELECTION, 1844. Electoral votes, 275. JAMES K. POLK received 170 (61 9-11 per cent.); Henry Clay, 105.

16TH ELECTION, 1848. Electoral votes 290. ZACHARY TAYLOR received 163 (about 56 1-5 per cent.); Lewis Cass, 127.

President Taylor died in 1850, and the Vice President, Millard Fillmore, became President.

17TH ELECTION, 1852. Electoral votes, 296. FRANKLIN PIERCE received 254, (about 89 1-5 per cent.); Winfield Scott, 42.

18TH ELECTION, 1856. Electoral votes 296. JAMES BUCHANAN received 174, (about 58 1-3 per cent.); John C. Fremont, 114; Millard Fillmore, 8.

19TH ELECTION, 1860. Electoral votes 303. ABRAHAM LINCOLN received 180 (about 59 1-3 per cent.); John C. Breckenridge, 72; John Bell, 39; Stephen A. Douglass, 12.

20TH ELECTION, 1864. Electoral votes, 234. ABRAHAM LINCOLN received 213 (about 91 per cent.); George B. McClellan, 21.

Mr. Lincoln's majority (over 91 per cent. of all the votes cast) has been equalled only four times before in the history of the country, viz. in 1789, 1792, 1804 and 1820. It is true only the votes of the 25 loyal States are included above. The 63 votes of the 9 States in rebellion would doubtless be given to McClellan, but the 17 votes of Tennessee and Louisiana, if received by Congress will undoubtedly be cast for Lincoln. Allowing all the votes (314) of the 36 States to be thus cast, the result would be as follows:

For Lincoln, 24 States, and 230 Electoral votes; for McClellan 12 States (including the 9 in rebellion) and 84 Electoral votes. By this estimate Mr. Lincoln receives over 76 per cent. of the total electoral vote—a percentage given to a Presidential candidate only eight times before in the history of the country viz. to Washington twice, to Jefferson once, to Monroe twice, to Jackson once, to Harrison and to Pierce; but in three of these cases, viz. in 1789, 1792 and 1820, there was virtually no opposition to the successful candidate.

THE WAR ON PORK.—We are not particularly friendly to hogs; of any kind, be their organs of locomotion two or four. We eat but little pork, especially of the choice pieces; printers seldom do, at 25 cents the pound. We are not a bit of a Jew, and hardly Christian enough "to brag of." A fair slice of bacon, if dressed with an egg—a pig's foot, cooked as it may be cooked,—a moderately fat rib, roasted "bone side to the fire,"—none of these are an abomination to our simple creed. We tasted them a little in childhood, without rebuke, and have continued the habit to mature age, and yet live. We have known strong men to dine on pork and die at sunset,—and weak ones to eat it for the full Jewish period of three score and ten, and die fat. We have seen a pork eater twist the back of a vegetarian as though it were a reed, and live many years to boast of it. We have seen a Jew bearing marks of scrofula, and heard of another with strong symptoms of tapeworm; and a Maine lumberman hale and hearty, who was weaned on pork and beans. We have heard "everybody and his relations" boast of the sturdy vigor of his grandfather, without allusion to the fact that the hearty old gentleman fed on pork from the cradle to the grave. Perhaps his grandson lived on porridge and died at twenty-one,—and perhaps he didn't. Pork is not "tried" by such testimony. We summon no witnesses, but only say there are some.

But one of the bloodiest hands raised for the slaughter of pork is that of the "Scientific American." We say we ate pork,—and we did it that scientific butcher "stuck" it. Now whether we starve on surloin steak, or are poisoned to a skeleton on roast pork—this is the question. But read, pork eater, and then "flat justify."

"Dr. Hallett informed us that it was a tape worm, recently taken from the bowels of a man who contracted it by eating raw pork in California. Fortunately the tape worm is very rare, and when it does occur it is caused by eating pork."

Now, we are not going to say that pork does not cause all the scrofula in the world; that Jews do not live forever—except they happen to mistake pork for chicken, when of course they die of tape worm; and that our pork eating grandfathers all died of tape worm in disguise, or "in a horn." We allow that our friend Gen. S., who has eaten raw pork by the barrel, and who now weighs over three hundred pounds, is lugging around half that weight of pure tape worm; and that John R., thin as a bean pole, who lunched on raw pork and rum, and fell from a raft in deep water, was actually "sucked in" by a tape worm. We will admit anything for the sake of argument, and especially with that oracle the Scientific American;—but we beg him to give us the why and wherefore; to tell us how he comes to the decision that his gold digger caught his tape worm of raw pork? Was not this a common diet among the miners?—and what a crop of tape worms must have been the result! Dr. Hallett might have filled a barrel instead of a bottle!

Now, as this entire nation have lived largely on pork and Indian meal ever since July 4, 1776, it becomes a matter of some importance that the Scientific American give its reasons why hogs, rather than corn, are guilty of the occasional sin of tapeworm. Will it do so?

The guard house of the State Prison at Thomaston, was attacked by the convicts at closing time on Saturday evening. They succeeded in tearing away a flight of steps and ascended the wall over which four of them escaped. One was drowned in swimming the river, and two others were soon retaken, so that only one man finally got away,—Collins, the Calais bank robber.

OUR TABLE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROB ROY. By James Grant, Esq., author of "Jack Manley," "Dick Rodney," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth.

Rob Roy McGregor, one of Scotland's brave heroes, has long been a great favorite with youth, almost as much so as that other noted outlaw, bold Robin Hood of merry England, and he is nearly as widely known. This biography of one of the favorite heroes of romance is admirably done, and cannot fail to interest all, young and old. One of the chapters commences thus: "History," says a noble author, "is a romance which is believed; romance, a history which is not believed." Hence so much that is fabulous surrounds the name of Rob Roy, that, like Macbeth, his real history and character become almost lost; but I shall endeavor to tell the reader who and what he actually was." Notwithstanding this matter-of-fact commencement, the reader will not fail to get his fill of wild and wonderful adventure.

For sale at Mathews's.

LIFE IN THE WOODS. A Boy's Narrative of the Adventures of a Settler's Family in Canada, Edited by John C. Gettle. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth.

A story of life in the woods must prove an attractive book for youth, especially when told by a boy. This one is very naturally and simply told, without exaggeration or extravagance; and one can hardly get away from the impression, as he reads, that the story is true, every word of it, and that somebody at some time, has "roughed it in the bush," just as here described. The volume has several spirited illustrations, and any boy would be delighted to find it among his Christmas presents.

For sale at Mathews's.

ROMANTIC BELINDA.—A Book for Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tullith. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth.

This is the story of a romantic young miss who fills her head full of foolish vagaries by excessive novel reading, and while very unhappy herself she is a grief and torment to her friends. Real trials, however, turn her attention from her fancied troubles, and eventually effect a cure. Her "castles in the air" all vanish, it is true, but something vastly more substantial and comfortable takes their place, and she finds true and lasting happiness; in the discharge of home, every-day duties. It is a good book for girls, and will teach them a valuable lesson.

For sale at Mathews's.

TIT-BITS; OR HOW TO PREPARE A NICE DISH at a Moderate Expense. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. Boston: Crosby and Ainsworth.

This is a collection of choice recipes to meet the wants of those who complain that the popular cook books are too extravagant. Full directions will be found for cooking Meats, Fish, Soups, Pickles, Ketchups, Bread, Puddings, Pastry, Cake, Preserves, Jellies, Sauces, etc. It is apparently a nice companion for the young housewife.

For sale at Mathews's.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This pearl of periodicals closes the year worthily with a number the contents of which are as follows:—

The Highland Light, by Henry D. Thoreau; English Authors in Florence, by Miss Kate Field; A Tobacco-nation Old; Halcyn Days, by Miss Kate Chesboro; On Translating the Divine Comedy, by H. W. Longfellow; House and Home Papers, XI, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; On the Columbia River, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Our Last Day in Dixie, by Edmund Kirk; The Vanishers, by J. G. Whittier; Ice and Esquimaux, by D. A. Wasson; The Process of Sculpture, by Harriet Hosmer; Bryant's Seventieth Birthday, by O. W. Holmes; Leaves from an Officer's Journal, II, by T. W. Higginson; England and America, by Goldwin Smith; We Are a Nation, by J. T. Trowbridge; Reviews and Literary Notices.

The publishers of the Atlantic have made such arrangements for the coming year, sparing neither pains nor expense, as will not fail to keep it in the front rank of American periodicals. They announce that for the January number articles are already in hand written by W. C. Bryant, Bayard Taylor, J. G. Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, F. H. Ludlow, Mrs. Stowe, The Author of "Ten Acres Enough," G. A. Sala, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and other distinguished authors.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year; two copies for \$9; five for \$10; ten for \$19.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The October number of this sedate old motherly Review has the following table of contents:—

Cochin China and Cambodia; Workmen's Benefit Societies; Rawdon Brown's Venetian State Papers; Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; Sanitary State of the Army in India; Life of Lockhart; Photography; Law Reform; Dr. Newman's Apologia.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$9; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews, commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Oliver Optic's interesting story, "Work and Play, or Paul Clifford's Vacation," is happily concluded in the December number of this nice little juvenile; but the same hero will appear in the next volume in another story by the editor, entitled "Paul Clifford on a Cruise." The number is filled with a variety of good things, including a piece for declamation and a lively school dialogue. The January number will contain a portrait of "Oliver Optic," engraved on steel. See advertisement in another column for terms, etc.

We can't wait forever.

The following named persons are struck from our list to be passed over to an attorney for collection. Paper that we paid ten cents a pound for now costs us thirty cents, "cash down," and it will be seen that we must have our pay at least once a year.

Charles Mayo, Readfield—four years behind.

G. N. Smith, Alton, Cal.—two " "

Henry R. Rollins, Belfast, three " "

John Maynes, Windsor, two " "

Two old friends, at West Waterville, of long standing are "laid over" till we hear from them. Very small excuses are better than nothing. "More anon" in other towns near by.

The War Department have issued an order for raising and organizing a new volunteer army corps, to be composed of officers and men who have served honorably for at least two years, and who are not subject to draft. Major-General Halleck is assigned to the command of this corps, with headquarters at Washington.

The threat of Southerners to burn the cities of the North was not an idle one. Their emissaries in New York, a few days ago, attempted to fire all the principal hotels, but a timely discovery defeated their wicked plot, the damage being but slight many instances. Prompt measures for the discovery and punishment of the miscreants have been taken, and other cities have been placed on their guard against similar attempts.

The Provost Marshal has issued orders to have the enrolment list revised.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MISSIONS TO THE FREEDMEN.

This old Missionary Society which for eighteen years has been especially devoted to the colored race, having its missions in Africa and the West Indies and in this country wherever the colored people could be reached, has now a great work on hand for the freedmen released by the march of our armies.

In the several departments two hundred teachers were employed the last year and an earnest effort is now in progress to send out an additional hundred whose services are offered to this society at rates varying from \$10 to \$15 per month. Rev. C. Pearl is now bringing the claims of this work before the people of Maine and collecting money and clothing for the mission to the Freedmen. Arrangements for a general meeting of our citizens will probably soon be matured. In the meantime bedding and clothing can be left at the stores of Mr. DAVID WEBB and Mr. JOSEPH PERCIVAL. Letters, money and invoices of all clothing should be sent to REV. C. PEARL, South Freeport, Me.

AN ATTRACTION.—Looking in at Appleton Hall on Wednesday evening, we were surprised to see how nicely the young folks have arranged the entertainments of the "Soldier's Aid Association."

This is their headquarters, and here they propose a regular series of entertainments for an evening audience. A dime gains admission, or a half dollar gives a membership. Tableaux, dialogues, songs, and such pleasant conceits as may be added, make a programme that a comfortably seated audience may intersperse with conversation to their liking,—provided always, that they remember not to disturb the music. Good manners were sadly mutilated on Wednesday evening, in this respect.

The next entertainment was announced for two weeks from the last—and we commend this pleasant enterprise of the young folks to liberal patronage. It goes to a good cause, and through good hands.

SAMPLES.—The "Patent Felt," made by grinding and solidifying the chips of leather thrown from the shoemaker's shop, is extensively manufactured at Lawrence, Mass., by W. B. Hayden & Co. A friend hands us samples of different kinds of this article, which promises to come into so extensive use. It is a very firm and good looking article, and suggests a very tangible idea of economy. We thank our friend for his present, samples of which may be seen by the curious in such things.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA was recently run into by a war steamer and so much damaged that in spite of the exertions of all parties, she sunk in nine fathoms of water. That, we suppose, settles the question of her rendition.

The reception of the peace address from people of Great Britain has been refused by Secretary Seward and an interview with the President on the subject denied to their agent. He intends to present it to Congress at the next session.

Business upon the Portland and Kennebec Railroad is rapidly increasing. Forty-two cars loaded of cattle passed over the road on Monday last, and no less than three freight trains were run into Portland on that day. On Tuesday sixty-four loaded freight cars went into Portland over the same road.

LIGHT.—A crisis—well, no, not exactly a crisis, but an era—has arrived in our affairs, and the historian of Waterville may place on record the fact that the streets of our village were first lighted in the year 1864. It is true that only one light has yet been set up, and this is the result of private enterprise; but now that the example has been set there is no telling how soon our streets will be all ablaze. We trust that the laundry girls as they round the junction of Maine and Appleton streets, these black nights, will all others who pass that "light in a dark place," and not fail to remember with gratitude those who set it up.—Samuel Appleton, Esq. and Dr. G. F. Waters.

THE OLD FALMER'S ALMANAC, for 1865, by Robert B. Thomas (edited through some weather-wise medium, we suppose, astronomically impressed) is promptly on hand for those who wish to begin the new year aright. It can be found at all bookstores.

STRANGE!—Up to Dec. 2d with a fair prospect onward, we have a close imitation of Indian summer weather,—our farmers plowing their fields and our young cattle and sheep getting a good portion of their living in the pastures. Pledgeous rains have filled the swamps and streams, and all seems ready for the white coat that everybody is looking for. Those who have to buy hay or wood may thank God for favors that look as "special" as anything we read of.

OLD BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS are still bought at the Mail office. Bring in what you have, and thus relieve yourselves of a troublesome encumbrance.

The Street Commissioners are doing a good work in constructing crossings on our streets, at convenient distances.

The hearing before the County Commissioners, upon the question of laying out a road over the Ticonic and Winslow bridges, which was commenced here a few days ago, has been postponed to the second Tuesday of February.

Dr. G. F. Waters has obtained letters patent on his Pruning Shears, and not upon "Printing" Shears, as some of the papers have it.

The President tendered the Attorney-Generalship to Judge Holt, but he peremptorily declined it.

War of Redemption.

The papers are full of rumors and speculations in regard to Sherman's progress, founded upon meagre hints from rebel papers, but in reality there is very little known. Macon and Milledgeville were reported burned, but a contradiction has since come to hand. The latest rebel reports say that Sherman has not approached any large city and will not be able to, but will make his way to the coast, if permitted to, as speedily as possible. In the mean time there is hurrying to and fro, and mustering of men at various points in Georgia, troops having been sent from the Carolinas and Virginia, in the hope to crush the invading force. Well-informed Union military authorities are confident and hopeful that the expedition will be successful. A large force, it is said, has been sent around on transports to co-operate with Sherman, but this, we see, is contradicted.

Everybody has been confidently expecting that Grant would begin to thunder about this time, but not a sound has yet been heard, except an increase of rebel firing on Dutch Gap Canal.

After considerable manoeuvring for position, a battle was finally fought between the forces of Hood and Thomas, at Franklin, on the 30th ult. The rebels made eleven distinct assaults upon our forces, each time meeting with a severe repulse, losing 5000 in killed and wounded and about a thousand prisoners, including one Brigadier General. Our side, being advantageously posted, lost but 1000. For some reason our forces fell back to within three miles of Nashville, on the night of the 30th, probably to take up a new and stronger position, and it is said that another battle will probably soon be fought. No fears are felt for the safety of Nashville. One account has it that Hood is threatening Murfreesboro'.

The latest report in regard to Sherman is from Grant, who telegraphs to the war department that Richmond papers of Monday admit that he will reach the Atlantic coast. One paper reports him forty-five miles south of Augusta, or about half way from Atlanta to Savannah.

There has been another cavalry engagement in the Valley of the Shenandoah, in which our forces were victorious.

The rebel pirate Tallahassee is reported wrecked while going into Wilmington.

General Butler's despatch boat, the Greyhound, was burned on Sunday while returning from a trip to City Point, Va. Generals Butler and Schenck and Admiral Porter were on board, but were taken off by the steamer Pioneer. The officers and crew were rescued by the steamer Webster. The fire originated in the furnace room.

Wilmington papers of the 15th say the blockade is more strict than ever, and convey intimations that several blockade runners are awaiting chances to run out. They add that the loss of their vessels during the last four months has been so great that one leading house is about to give up the business.

SHERMAN'S FAITH.—Rev. Dr. Thompson of New York, at the close of a sermon, which he recently preached to his congregation on the duties of the hour, read the following extract of a letter from Major-General Sherman, which had been transmitted to him:—

"Who can know the daily toils, the dangers, the hopes and fears of this vast army? I know them, and all here know them, and the time will come when they will return to their homes, and be the living witnesses of the acts of their fellows and leaders. For my regard I trust in them, and still more in my confidence that God will not permit this fair land and this brave people to subside into the anarchy and despair that Jeff. Davis has cut out for them. I have this faith as clear and distinct as you see the sacrifices of God's own Son in your mental vision, to secure for us an immortal reward. You may assure your congregation that this army fights that they may sleep in peace and enjoy the protection of a civilized government."

THE ST. ALBANS RAIDERS. A Toronto despatch says that the application of the St. Albans raiders to the Canadian government to despatch a messenger to Richmond to obtain evidence, alleged to be material to the defence, has been rejected. It is understood that the government has considered the raiders to be undergoing examination on charges making them amenable to the extradition treaty, and that evidence produced at Richmond, while it might be very material if the rebels were before U. S. Courts, is of little consequence at this stage of the proceedings.

The Emperor of Brazil has appointed a "Board of Health" to investigate and decide what proprietary remedies should be admitted into the country and what excluded. After some month's session they have reported recommending them all except Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s preparations. Three of those they recommended the Emperor to admit for the benefit of the public health, while they hold the fourth, Cherry Pectoral, under advisement for further information respecting one of its ingredients—morphine, which, while so extensively employed and so highly esteemed as a remedy in this country, is scarcely known in that. Of all the other medicines before them, the Imperial commission say, "no one of them merits any favor whatever, or protection from this Government, as they contain nothing new nor any specific virtues not fully known and used by our own physicians." The Imperial Government has accordingly prohibited them all from admission through the custom house, except the remedies of our distinguished countrymen above mentioned—a discrimination by their learned men, very like that to which experience has led the American people.—[Boston Herald.]

The Rebel Ex-General Roger A. Pryor, now a private in the Confederate army, was captured Friday last by the 5th Corps pickets of the army of the Potomac, while attempting to exchange papers with our pickets. This was done in retaliation for the recent capture of Capt. Burrage, of the Massachusetts 27th, by a rebel picket under similar circumstances.

Nothing has been heard from the small boat which undertook to cross the Atlantic five months ago. It has probably gone to the bottom.

confront that desperate and veteran host, on which the fate of aristocratic government upon this continent depends. But we shall then have a great army of veterans, marshalled under commanders fit to lead them in the name of liberty and the people.

It is not strange it has taken us three years to find who can fight among us. The Germans fought fifty years against religious despotism before they found Gustavus Adolphus to lead them to victory. The English fought ten years before Cromwell took command of his Ironsides. The French blundered ten years before the 'little corporal' led the army of the republic over the Alps to dethrone half the monarchs of Europe. The people had but one great general in the Revolutionary War. Until 1860 the aristocracy had furnished the only great American commander. But great generals have now appeared among the people; and if we fight stoutly and treat men fairly, our commander will appear when his army of veterans is ready.

The aristocracy at first moved armies faster than the people, for the same reason that the Tartars, the Cossacks, the Arabs, the Indians, and all semi-barbarians move more rapidly in war than a civilized people. A semi-barbarous oligarchy fights because it loves war; a civilized people fights to establish civilization and peace. The Southern army carries little along, lives on the food and wears the dress of the semi-savage, and overruns vast spaces, leaving a smoking desolation and a ruined society. The Northern army moves slowly, because it carries American civilization in its knapsacks and baggage wagons, organizes republican society as it goes, and prepares to hold for liberty all it has gained. The people's army has paved the way for liberty and a democratic order of society over two hundred thousand square miles, among four millions of people, in three years. New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, Beaufort, Alexandria, every slave city in our possession, is being made over into a free city.

The army goes slow because it is only the people's pioneer to level the mountains and fill up the valleys, and construct the highway of liberty from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The Secretary of State has well said: "The war means the dissolution of slave society. It was entered into with the distinct understanding that it was the last expedient to save the negro oligarchy from ruin, and every day it goes on its thundering course it more emphatically pronounces its doom. The war for the Union is the people's final contest for liberty, a contest in which they will be victorious, as in the strife of industry, morals, and politics. The people, like John Brown's soul, are 'marching on' to dissolve the slave oligarchy and establish democracy. The people now possess three-fourths the territory, population, and wealth of the republic. There are yet some six million black and white people in the South to rescue from their masters, who now use them against us. They are being prepared for Union with us by this war. The poor white man will be made better, more intelligent, more ambitious even, by service in the rebel army, and on the return of peace will become the small farmer of a free soil. The black men will be raised, in due time made freemen, and start as a free peasantry on a new career. A hundred thousand slaveholders, with their families, not more than one million of people in all, will hate the Union permanently. They will be defeated, we hope and believe, and disorganized as a social and political power, and the people rule in every State they have cursed by their ambition for the last fifty years.

We do not prophesy just when or how the people will triumph. The victory, we believe, will come; but whether all at once, or through temporary reversions of purpose and alternate truce and war, whether finished by arms or yet cast again into the arena of politics, whether by occupying all this three millions of square miles of territory or gaining on despotism year by year, nobody knows. The Slave Power has not yet played its trump card. It has a hundred devilish resources yet to foil us. It may yet try to use the negroes it still holds against us by emancipation. It may yet drag us into a war with Europe, and Saratoga and Lake Erie and Plattsburg, and Long Island and Trenton and Bunker Hill, and Detroit and New Orleans may yet be fought over again. But we have seen how, for the last forty years, the people of the United States have strode on toward supremacy, led by a Power they did not always recognize, and sometimes scorned, but led to victory spite of themselves.

There has indeed been a Divine Intelligence guiding the destiny of our republic by the "higher law" of the progress of free society toward a Christian democracy. We do not think the Peace Party will be able to abolish that "higher law," as certain of our politicians expect. We believe God Almighty is shaping a free and exalted civilized nation out of this republic, by a law of progress which we did not make and cannot repeal. We may postpone that nation by our folly and sins, but it must be made. Through labor and education, and religion and arts, and politics and war, it "marches" on, to supremacy—the people's nation. And when it is established it will be the controlling powers on the earth, the terror of every aristocracy, and the joy and hope of every people on the round globe.

THE LESSON OF THE ELECTION.—The great lesson of the wonderful result cannot be ignored, nor mistaken. It is one and simple. It does not affirm all and sundry of the planks of the Baltimore platform. It does not express approval to the extent of perfect satisfaction—with all the peculiarities of President Lincoln, or all the acts of his administration. It does not endorse all of the Cabinet. It does just this—no less, no more; it says to the President—fight this war out to the utter extermination

