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Maxham & Wing

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LOST AND FOUND.

SUGGESTED BY MISS LANDER'S STATURE, "VIRGINIA DARE."

The clouds came down and hid the land and water,
By Albemarle's lone shore—
Came down and wrap the new land's first-born daughter,
In these fair days of yore.

And in the darkness, still and unforgetting,
The long and dreary night,
She passed from sight and sound, from sense and living,
From liberty and light.

Thenceforth the eye discovered not the glory
Of her fair Saxon face;
And only lived the sad and tender story
Of her lost maiden grace.

But well for us that beauty is immortal,
And well that art is strong,
For broken is the black and frowning portal,
Impregnable so long.

And bright as victory, fresh crowned and chanted,
And pure as love and truth,
Virginia Dare stands forth, serene, undaunted,
In her fearless youth.

The morning winds light the way before her,
The clouds are backward hurled,
And loving kindly welcome and restore her
Forever to the world.

O Commonwealth, like her first born, first-visited,
Like her conceived and named,
When shall we greet thee too from shadows banished,
Delivered and reclaimed!

—Boston Daily Advertiser.

(From Peterson's Magazine.)
FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER.
BY ARANDA M. HALE.

A little opening upon a wooded hillside, a
wretched cabin squatting forlornly in the cleared
space, looking like an intruder as it was, and the
constant drip of falling rain. The wooded
hillside was in the Shenandoah Valley, and the
cabin, if it could have forgotten its own miser-
able condition, might have looked down upon
one of the loveliest landscapes in all the world.

Upon a blue winding river, upon broad
reaches of emerald meadows, upon vast fields
of tassels of corn climbing the long slopes, upon
masses of green woodlands, dim and dark, and
upon a platoon of kindly hills smiling in ver-
durous splendor, retiring one above another,
shining from afar through purple mist, till the
serene heaven folded its beautiful mystery
about them.

But the cabin was too abjectly wretched to
look down upon anything, or yet upward, even
into the pitying sky; and so it sat there in
doleful plight; the early autumn rain came
plashing upon the ragged roof, and the howl-
ing wind shook the unsteady timbers, be-
sieged the rickety door, and pulled at the
tattered wads of old clothes that were thrust
into the crevices in the walls. It had rained
for a week as Virginia skies do rain, spilling
avalanches of water, at intervals clearing up
in a slipshod, inefficient way, and as soon as
ever it was clear setting to and raining again.

The wind never goes into the west in the
straightforward manner of New England winds—
sweeping the sky so clear of vapor that its
blue dome shines like a solid turquoise wall—
but it veers around in a shiftless, fickle fashion,
and finally slips into the fair quarter, as if by
accident.

As night drew on, the friendly darkness shut
around the cabin and kindly hid its squalor.
If, in the blackness of that stormy night, the
poor dwelling could have been thrust out of
existence, it would have been missed only as a
blot upon the landscape and a detested nuisance;
for the family that had squatted here, a year
since, were known all over the neighborhood,
and contemptuously sneered at by everybody
as poor white trash. Yet there were two women
there to do a work of mercy—one came for
Christ's sake, the other to gratify a weak curi-
osity—women from the farm-houses, farther up
the valley, of bony features, and sallow com-
plexions, and rude manner. But they walked
about softly, and hushed their rough speech in
the presence of the solemn, tender mystery
there wrought out in the waning hours of the
night.

Just as the red dawn cleft the cloudy east, a
low, wailing, uncertain cry crept out into the
room.

The pale creature on the bed opened her
eyes, something of wistful pleasure came into
them, the holy mother-love in the poor heart
looked out with longing; and then in a mo-
ment the light went out forever from the wis-
tful eyes, and the weary, sorrow-worn life was
over. "She's gone, poor thing! and will never
know her own baby," said Esther Flint, her
grim face softening at the pitiful thought.

"Taint no matter, that aint," said Mrs. Bris-
tow, harshly. "This sort o' trash don't set
much by their young uns, and taint no wonder,
either, soch heups on 'em as they has—hev
enough to do to get along theifselfs 'thout feed-
in' a parcel o' young uns."

Esther made no reply, but moved quietly
around the bed, pressing down the transparent
lids over eyes once beautiful and full of smiles,
smoothing back the soft, thin hair from the
dead face that had once been praised for its
loveliness, and folding the helpless hands—so
thankful to be at rest at last.

"She aint always been used to such a life,"
said Esther. "Her hands are little, and her
talk was different from that of most of these
poor folks. Perhaps she was well brought up,
and never expected to come down like this."

"Like enough," assented the other, careles-
sly. "Gels out o' good families, sometimes take
up with mis'able scamps. Come from Car-
ling, I've heard. Heaps on 'em come from
that. I've Carling was furdler off."

Esther Flint still pretended to employ her-
self about the bed, stooping over it, and seek-
ing to hide her face. There was a humidity in
her eyes suggestive of tears.

The scene had carried Esther's thoughts
back a long way over the desert places in her
life to its spring days—to the little hillock in
the graveyard of the old New England town,
in whose long grass the forget-me-nots glist-
ened, and which the crimson blackberry vines
trailed in October—to the face of the fair girl
who was laid there so long ago.

Conscience was at work. The speechless
lips before her brought her with a pathos that
life she never would have appreciated. Liv-
ing, she would have hardened her heart against
the appeal—her conflict with life had taught
her how to be hard—but now it was irresisti-
ble.

Her companion broke in upon her thoughts
abruptly. "Wal—what's ter be done now?"
"I'll see that she is decently buried," said
Esther. "I had a sister once who died just so."

Shaking a little.
Mrs. Bristow thought to herself what con-
nection there be between the owner of a
farm and a dozen negroes, and this poor white
trash; but she only said, with a short, sly
laugh, "It's easy enough gettin' shot o' dead
folks; but what's to be done with the young uns?
Nobody wants it as I know o'."

As if suddenly aware of this painful fact, the
puny baby set up a weak cry and wrinkled its
small face most dismally.

"I never did like children," said Esther.
"But somebody's got to take care of it, and I

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don't know but the cross is laid upon me. At
any rate I'll see to it a spell," and with charac-
teristic directness, she rose up and began to
wrap the child in the coarse, but warm shawl
she had herself worn thither.

It is a sorrowful thing to die, but often a
more sorrowful one to be born. If, instead
of slipping quietly and happily into your niche,
you come into the world unwelcome, no tenderness,
no caresses awaiting you, no mother's
hullabies crooning for you, then—God help
you!

The child so sadly stranded on these shores
cried and wailed incessantly, sobbed while Es-
ther held it in her strong arms, and sank away
into sleep still sobbing. Esther grew nervous,
and in sheer despair handed it over to black
Dinah.

"It won't live, will it?" she asked, two days
afterward, as she stood looking at the wee red
face lying in the cradle, in close proximity to a
sturdy ebony one.

"Laws, Missis, dat child'll live, sartain. Dat
aint de sort dat dies. Dem ones dat folks set
by am de ones de Lord takes—makes de bress-
ed angels out o' 'em. He don't want dese yer
ones."

"But it cries so all the time."
"Cryin' don't hurt it none, Missis. Dat's a
good sign; Ise heerd my ole Missis say so heaps
o' times. Don't you worry—fore you knows it'll
be growed up."

"Grown up! And what then?"
Esther had called her manifest duty "a
cross." And having once accepted it thus, she
got into the habit of magnifying and making
a merit of her trials among her neighbors.

She did not yearn toward the child—none
had ever lain in her bosom, clasped soft arms
around her neck, thrilled her with dew kisses.
She liked it somewhat less as it grew older,
and was still puny and pale. If it had been a
handsome lusty boy, her heart would have
gone out to it far more readily; with this girl
of the sharp pinched face and eager eyes, noth-
ing in her strong, healthy nature had any sym-
pathy. "One would have thought there were
girls enough in the world without this one,"
she said, grimly.

Esther Flint's home had been in New Eng-
land, in a cozy sea-side city. To this day she
yearned for the pavements, for the narrow,
crooked streets, the gay shops, the life and
movement of the town. In her dreams, these
tossed its waves before her, and sang its
slow song in her longing ear. If her pillow
was wet with tears in the morning, no one knew
it. No one knew why she had left her home
and friends, and after wandering over half the
country, had drifted into the valley and estab-
lished herself upon a farm of her own—and no
one ever dared ask. But here she had grown
old—grown hard, also, which was worse than
growing old. A rigid religionist, an exacting,
fugitive, undemonstrative woman, ruling her
negroes with a strong hand, managing her es-
tate with a man's ability and shrewdness, not
cruel or intentionally unkind.

Proud of her crops, complacently contrasting
her own debt ways with the shiftlessness of her
neighbors; congratulating herself that she did
her duty by her dependants; trying to infuse
her own vigor into her servants, and partly
succeeding in doing so; going to church on
Sunday, abhors with better fare than they ever
tasted elsewhere—this was the whole of Esther
Flint's outward life.

Along a thread of commonplace events over
years, slip one by one, as we tell the beads upon
a rosary, counted off by the hand that shapes
all lives, and the events are nothing, the life is
everything.

And so Nannie—the name was marked on a
gold ring taken from her mother's hand, and
they had given it to her—got over her child-
hood, forgot to cry and complain, and became
a brave, reticent little body. So much Esther
taught her. Not much else except the catech-
ism and primer.

Did any one ask in all these slow years, that
seemed an eternity to the child, whether she
had a soul that craved sustenance; a heart that
hungered for love; lips that longed for kisses;
eyes that wept in secret, though steadfast and
clear enough before the world? Certainly not
Esther. And so, of course, no one. Such a
sly, pale creature she was at twenty; no color
in cheek, nor lip, as there had been none in her
life; wistful, brown eyes, too large for the
small, thin face; sunburnt hands that could
never be still; a slight figure dressed in home-
spun gray; winsome wistful, only there was no
body to notice it, nor care for it. I do not
think she realized the blankness of her child-
hood, having never known any thing different;
only sometimes the young heart was weighed
down by a sense of isolation, beset by a hun-
gry longing for something new and better, sub-
dued as all her sensations were and hidden.

Esther's homestead sat in a pleasant field
which swept upward from the valley; a log
house with a veranda in front, and a lean-to
in the rear. Grouped around it were the neg-
ro cabins and the outhouses.

The river wound through the valley, and the
country road followed its sinuous course. Los-
ing itself in dark, wooded hollows, and
climbing again into the sunlight, strolling along
over long reaches of green meadow land, the
road ran right merrily, while the singing
river kept it company; but by and by they parted.

The river plunged into a rocky gorge and
hid itself among the hills, and the road went
straight forward, sobered and saddened, its
fringe of leafy shrubbery and embroidery of
flowers fallen away—a very common road, no
longer a path for poets to loiter along, or lovers
to saunter upon in dreamy delirium of bliss,
but a highway leading out to the busy
places of the world, where crazy teams creaked
and wagon-loads of corn plodded stupidly to
market.

Over this road the girls' wistful eyes trav-
elled day after day; the common brown path
grew golden with promise, and opened up into
imagined worlds of beauty and love. Then the
little restless fingers would stop moving,
and the work would fall and lie, unheeded, till
Esther's sharp question cut her vision in
twain.

"What are you thinking about, child?"
"I was thinking about the world yonder—I
should like to see it. It must be different from
this."

"It's a wicked world. You're best off away
from it," quoth Esther, sharply.

This dreamy habit was very trying to Es-
ther, very ungrateful, too, as she often told
Nannie. Esther had not learned the new philo-
sophy which teaches that work is prayer, but
she devoutly believed that idleness is sin. One
other reprehensible habit had Nannie; she
knew all the secret haunts of the wild-flowers,
the damp, mossy glades where the delicate
ferns unrolled their feathery spray, what time
the spring winds uncoiled the lips of anemone
and violet. And still worse, she was forever
bringing home her coarse pinafore full of the
sweet, useless things, "trash," as Esther de-
clared, and straight threw them away. By
this simple process the child's heart was broken
over and over. But one day a bright thought
came.

She began to teach herself to draw—such
absurd straggling lines at first, but soon amend-
ing. She manufactured crude copies of
forest berries and made rough copies of her
darlings, becoming very proud and pleased in
her success. She was not a genius; there was
no striking freedom in her drawing, no intima-
tion of future greatness; but she had a good
eye, and her patient fidelity to nature, and
natural fine taste did the rest.

Esther tolerated it with a certain grim con-
tempt. Thus her May-time went.

One autumn afternoon there was company
at the house, neighbors to take tea and gossip.
Nannie baked the sweet potatoes, fried-seed
the chickens, and poured out the soughing, and
then went to the veranda just within call. She
hated to hear their rude talk. Nevertheless,
fragments of it reached her.

"Miss Flint, your Nannie's growing up a
likely gal. You'll get her married off easy,"
said Mrs. Bristow, with a sly leer at her
awkward Sam and a dig at his foot un-
der the table. Sam dithered foolishly, and
reddened up to the roots of his too-colored
hair.

Esther saw the pantomime, and her face
grew dark. "I don't want to get her married
off," she said, curtly. "She earns her living,
and if any low fellow comes around after her,
he'll get sent about his business, I reckon."

"Law, now, Miss Flint! you needn't be so
set up, nor she neither. I reckon I aint for-
got, that mis'able tub where her folks lived.
She aint no better nor any the rest o' the poor
white trash, if you hev tuk her in and brug
her up."

Nannie's face was flaming hot in an instant,
there was a ponderous throbbing in her tem-
ples, a spasm of pain in her throat. It was the
impulse of the moment to spring from her
seat and run down into the peach-orchard,
where she flung herself upon the grass, and
shook with short, quick, strong sobs, that al-
most choked her. But they were soon con-
trolled, and died away into chilly shiverings.

She sat there half an hour, still and pale,
a sense of dull, hopeless misery, crushing her
to the earth. Presently she was startled by a
step cracking the dry grass near her. She
started up and faced Sam Bristow.

"Oh, you are here!" he exclaimed, bluntly.
"I thought 'twas like enough you'd be down
here. What do ye run away so for? Aint our
folks good enough for ye?"

"What do you want with me?" asked the
girl, proudly.

Sam quailed a little. The quiet, grave girl
put him at fault. Her manner and pose were
more than a match for him. He was a great,
loose-jointed fellow, but he stood before Nan-
nie with a hang-dog air, that contrasted ridicu-
lously with his burly physique. Presently the
absurd self-consciousness, characteristic of his
class, reassured him. He burst into a coarse
laugh.

"I reckon you heerd mother talkin' about
yer gittin' married, and cut, didn't yer? Yer
aint afraid o' bein' married, be yer? Gells
aint, mosely. I say, Nan, and the fellow
aint, mosely. I reckon I can't do bet-
ter to let yer. I don't mind yer folks' long
s' they're dead, an' I've got a smart farm
and sixteen likely niggers, yer know. Wal—
now?"

Struck with indescribable surprise, as his
meaning slowly dawned upon her, Nannie with-
drew a little and looked at him. The look must
have revealed the disgust and loathing she felt,
for an expression of brutal anger came into
Sam's face.

"What yer lookin' so for?" he demanded.
"Taint every man would hev yer; but I aint
pettikier's long's yer smart."

Before this sentence was ended, Nannie turn-
ed and fled swiftly to the house, stopping on
the threshold to catch her breath, and then seek-
ing refuge in the uncongenial company, any-
where to avoid Sam.

Mrs. Bristow was talking as she entered,
and the others were listening with curious in-
terest.

"I seed him myself," she said, relighting her
pipe, and looking around with importance,
that received a new accession from the interest
with which her auditors regarded her. "He comed
slong o' a gang o' men tofin' some quar-lookin'
truck, and stopped right afore my house, an'
began to set up suttin' that looked loike a big
gun; an' p'posed strer ter the house. I went
out, an' says I, 'Stranger, doant yer go ter fir-
in' off guns round' har, cause I doant loike the
smell o' powder; an' thar's a skittish two-year-
old in thar ar lot what aint used to such noises.'
He shown his teeth, an' says he, 'Madam, this
aint a gun—this is a theodolite, and wont hurt
nobody, nor make no noise.' 'What's a theodo-
lite,' says I; 'an' who be yer?' 'I'm a civil
engineer,' says he, 'an' I'm a-going to destruct
a railroad through this valley. Then I up and
sald, 'Durned civil yer be ter come enter other
folks' land and set yer durned theodolites. We
don't want no railroad har, an' we wont hev
one, nuther.' Reckon I was mad cause he
bragged so. But he laffed agin, an' says he,
'Madam, you kin send yer produce to market
a great deal easier by the railroad.' Says I,
'I kin send my niggers to market with their
truck. Thar time aint o' no account—might
as well be toin' curn as bangin' round' har
tine doin' nothin'—lazy creturs!' And then
Sam, he comed along, and the stranger
told us that he had got permission from the
gun'ner, an' he was ordered to destruct the
railroad, an' he hoped we'd no objection; but,
anyhow, he couldn't help it, an' thar state
would pay us the damage," and Mrs. Bristow
closed her recital with an air of triumph.

"What's his name, anyhow?" asked one
of the listeners, presently.

"Guy Harlburt," pronounced the old woman
with distinctness. "I axed him twice over to
make sure."

Esther Flint rose suddenly, and went to a
set of shelves in the corner of the room. She
stood there absently handling the things so
long that Nannie went to her, saying, "Can I
help you?"

Esther started, muttered a short, "No, child,"
and went back to the party. "You are sure
it was Guy Harlburt?" she said, speaking
slowly, and in a tone of singular eagerness,
strongly repressed.

"Yes!"
"An odd name!" remarked Esther, quietly.
"Will you try some of this tobacco, Mrs. Bris-
tow?"

"What ails you, child?" demanded Esther,
suddenly, the next morning. There was a red
spot on each of Nannie's thin cheeks, and a
diamond glitter in her eyes.

"I didn't sleep very well."
"Why didn't you sleep? Are you sick?"
"No, ma'am."

Esther looked at her sharply. It might be
that an illness was coming on—it was the season
for intermittent—but it was more likely
some freak—nobody ever knew what to think
of girls. Yet, to be upon the safe side and
avoid the possible fever, which would be very
inconvenient at this busy time, she sent Nan-
nie to her room, with orders to go to bed.

The girl ran up into the tidy little chamber.
It was a tiny place, scantily furnished—a bare,
white, wooden floor, low windows, unplastered
wall. A pitcher full of flaming honeysuckle
flushed a color all through it—otherwise it was
gray and somber enough.

Nannie dropped wearily upon the floor by
the window. The wistful eyes roved about
carelessly, lighting up soon as they fell on the
brown line of road that wound its long way in-
to the bosom of the purple hills.

She thought over her life, step by step, per-
haps the first time she had done so since she
was a child. It was so bare, and bleak, and
devoid of all brightness or the hope of any.
But its aspect did not frighten her—she was
so used to it. She felt it most as a shadow
overcasting her future—the future that came
so fast. Would the next year be like the last,
and the next, and the next? The great, busy
world—the marvellous world! A multitude of
men and women lived out their lives there, and
found joy in them. Perhaps there was some-
thing for her, too. Who could tell? The child
remembered the great love where with he loved
the slow tears fell—and soon faster and
faster; and, after awhile, Nannie dropped her
head upon the window-sill and fell asleep. She
was so young yet.

(To be concluded.)

A Letter from Gen. Sherman.

The following letter from Gen. Sherman
has just been published:

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
In the field, near Marietta, Ga., June 30, 1864.

Mrs. Anna Gilman Breen, Baltimore, Md.:
Dear Madam:—Your welcome letter of
June 18th, came to me here amid the sound of
battle, and, as you say, little did I dream, when
I know you playing as a school-girl on Sullivan's
Island beach, that I should control a vast army,
pointing, like the swarm of Aharie, toward the
plains of the South. Why, oh, why is this?

If I know my own heart, it beats as warmly as
ever toward those kind and generous families
that greeted us with such warm hospitality in
days long past but still present in memory, and
to-day, were Frank and Mrs. Porcher, and
Eliza Gilman, and Mary Lamb, and Margaret
Blake, the Barksdales, the Quashis, the Pryors,
indeed any and all of our cherished circle,
their children or even their children's children,
to come to me as of old, the stern feelings of
duty and conviction would melt as snow before
the genial sun, and I believe I would strip my
own children that they might be sheltered; and
yet they call me barbarian, Vandal, and mon-
ster, and all the epithets that language can in-
vent that are significant of malignity and hate.

All I pretend to say, on earth as in heaven,
man must submit to some arbiter. He must
not throw off his allegiance to his government,
or his God without just reason and cause. The
South had no cause—not even a pretext. In-
deed, by her unjustifiable course, she has thrown
upon the proud history of the past, and laid
open her fair country to the tread of devastating
war.

She bantered and bullied us to the con-
flict. Had we declined battle, America would
have sunk back, coward, and craven, meriting
the contempt of all mankind. As a nation, we
were forced to accept battle, and that once be-
gun, it has gone on, till the war has assumed
proportions at which even we, in the hurly-
burly, sometimes stand against. I would not
subjugate the South in the sense so offensively
assumed, but I would make every citizen of
the land obey the common law, submit to the
same that we do—no worse—no better—our
equals and not our superiors. I know, and you
know, that there were young men in our day,
now no longer young, but who control their fel-
lows, who assumed to be the gentlemen of the
South a superiority of courage and manhood,
and boastingly defied us of Northern birth to
arms. God knows how reluctantly we ac-
cepted the issue, but once the issue joined, like
in other ages, the Northern race, though slow
to anger, once aroused, are more terrible than
the more inflammable of the South. Even yet
my heart bleeds when I see the carnage of bat-
tle, the desolation of homes, the bitter anguish
of families, but the very moment the men of
the South say that instead of appealing to war
they should have appealed to reason, to the
experience of history, then will I say Peace—
Peace; go back to your point of error, and re-
sume your places as American citizens, with all
their proud heritages. Whether I shall
live to see the period is problematical, but you
may, and may tell your mother and sisters that
I never forgot one kind look or greeting, or
ever wish to efface its remembrance; but in
putting on the armor of war, I did it that our
common country should not perish in infamy
and dishonor. I am married, have a wife and
six children living in Lancaster, Ohio. My
course has been an eventful one, but I hope
when the clouds of anger and passion are dis-
persed and truth emerges bright and clear, you
and all who know me in early years will not
blush that we were once dear friends. Tell

Eliza for me that I hope she may live to realize
that the doctrine of "secession" is as monstrous
in our civil code as disobedience was in the Di-
vine law. And should the fortunes of war ever
bring you or your sisters or any of our old
clique under the shelter of my authority, I do
not believe they will have cause to regret it.
Give my love to your children, and the assur-
ance of my respects to your honored husband.

Truly,
W. T. SHERMAN.

JOHN ROCK AND TONY KNAPP.—They
tell a good story here among Western people,
wherein a negro lawyer and a copperhead Con-
gressman figure. The lawyer is John S. Rock,
of Boston, and the Congressman is Anthony
L. Knapp of Illinois. It appears that some
weeks ago Mr. Knapp nested another Illinois
Congressman—Mr. B. C. Cook of Ottawa—
with "I believe, Cook, you are the only man
here who knows, of his own knowledge, that
I'm a member of the bar of the Supreme Court
of our State; and I want you to present me,
some morning, for admission to the bar of the
Supreme Court of the United States." "Certi-
nally, certainly," Knapp replied Cook, who
by the way, is a good Republican. Happening
to meet on the morning of the first of this
month, Knapp says, "Well, Cook, can you 'tend
to that little matter of mine this morn'g?"
"Oh, yes, come on." So they two went into
the chamber of the Supreme Court, and sat in
the bar waiting the assembling of the Court.

Directly, also, followed them Charles Sum-
ner and John S. Rock—taking seats quietly,
that needless attention be not drawn to the
presence of this negro. So on came in the
honorable the Supreme Court of the United
States, who bowing in stately fashion to the
few spectators, took their usual seats. Mr.
Cook and Mr. Knapp rose, and the former was
on the point of presenting the latter, when
Charles Sumner's voice was heard—"May it
please the honorable Court. I present John
S. Rock of Boston, for admission to the bar of
this Court."

"Let him be sworn," simply said
Mr. Chase; and all negro as he was, he ad-
vanced to be sworn. But Cook loves a joke—
here was his chance. While this was going on
the Democratic Congressman of copperhead
tendencies stood staring in amazement. Just
as the negro was stepping to be sworn, Cook
caught Knapp by the arm with, "Now Knapp,
let's be your turn immediately after this gen-
tleman," with special emphasis on the last
word. "No," exclaimed Knapp as he rushed
for the door. Tony Knapp, Congressman from
Illinois, hasn't yet been admitted to the bar of
the Supreme Court of the United States.—
[Washington Cor. Rochester Dem.]

THE HUMILIATION OF CHARLESTON.—A
correspondent of the South Carolina Advocate,

writing from Charleston a few months ago,
thus describes the desolation of the city, over
which the old flag is now floating:—

Passing through the lower wards of the city
you would be particularly struck with the sad
desolation. The elegant mansions and familiar
thoroughfares once rejoicing in wealth and re-
finement and the theatre of busy life—the well-
known and fondly cherished churches—some of
their ancient landmarks—where large assem-
blages were wont to bow at holy altars, and
spacious halls that once blazed with light and
rang with festal songs, are all deserted, sombre
and cheerless; and this is enhanced by the for-
bidding aspect of that vast district of the city
which was laid in ashes three years ago, and
which remains in unmoisted ruins as the monu-
ment of Charleston's long and dreary pause in
the grand march of improvement. Here we
perceive her humiliation.

Mr. McCulloch. The name of Mr. Mc-
Culloch, the present Comptroller of the Cur-
rency, as is well known, has been of late more
often mentioned in connection with the position
of Secretary of the Treasury by Washington
correspondents than any other. On this ac-
count, the following sketch of his early life,
which we find in a communication to the Spring-
field Republican, may be of some interest, es-
pecially to our readers in Maine:—

"Mr. McCulloch was born in Wells (now
Kennebunk), Maine, and was educated, so far
as I know, in her institutions. His father, pre-
vious to the war of 1812, was extensively en-
gaged in foreign commerce, in which he was
quite successful. But at the end of the war, he
found his property largely reduced by the
decay of his vessels, which constituted a con-
siderable part of it. After the war, he resumed
his business, but only with partial success.
His son, the present Comptroller of the Cur-
rency, was one of a colony who immigrated,
principally from Kennebunkport, to Fort
Wayne, Indiana, between 1825 and 1830, sev-
eral of whom are still living there, and are
among its most enterprising and prosperous
citizens. Indiana early made him one of her
judges; but the development of his financial
skill soon led to the placing of him at the head
of the State Bank, which he long managed
with great ability and success. His recent
history is well known to the public.

THE FORTIFICATION BILL. A special
dispatch to The Boston Advertiser of Saturday,

says:—
The finance committee were beaten in the
Senate to-day by four majority on the fortifi-
cations bill. The House passed it with ap-
propriations for thirty-six different works,
amounting in the aggregate to about four and
a

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 10, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

E. B. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beal's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

Town Meeting—Monday next.

The unusual interest which attaches to town meeting this year is not peculiar to Waterville. The large debts which towns have been compelled to contract to meet the emergencies of the country, render it proper for every man to investigate carefully, judge candidly, and act promptly, in all matters pertaining to the business of the town in which he lives; as upon the efficiency of the town depends the energy of the nation.

In Waterville, by a judicious custom, the warrant is published and circulated among the voters in season to give them time to consider well its propositions. A few of its articles, this year, need to be carefully thought upon. One of these is the 9th, relative to the outstanding debt of the town. Whether the tax-payers of to-day are bound to wipe out the entire burden of the war debt, or may justly leave a portion of it for their successors, for whose benefit, as well as ours, it has been incurred, is a question to be settled by vote. And the issue of "bonds with coupons," in accordance with a new law, will no doubt be well approved by many.

It will enable those who object to paying interest, to invest in bonds and thus receive interest; while it will also have the advantage of confining our indebtedness, in a great measure, to our own townsmen. It will save all trouble of indemnifying bonds, such as our citizens have been called upon to sign; and afford a convenient and tangible means of managing and paying our town debt.

The proposition of article 14, "to assign the use of the old Burying Ground to the Soldiers' Monument Association, for the purpose of erecting a monument thereon," is one that can hardly fail to strike everybody favorably. The old Burying Ground has been a nuisance to our village, owing chiefly to the neglect into which it has fallen; and this neglect has been increased, and is daily increasing, on account of the removal of the bodies of those whose friends took any interest in the ornamentation of the grounds;—so that it is now a mere cow pasture, grown to weeds and bushes, with its fences rotting down, its trees deformed and untrimmed, and its memorials broken and neglected. If our townsmen in their liberality will come to the rescue, and put it into the care of a responsible association, who feel interested, in common with their townsmen generally, in rendering it an ornament to our village instead of an offence to decency, we cannot doubt that a good thing will be done. We believe it will be done, and without dissent.

The 10th article brings again before the people the question of making Ticonic Bridge a free bridge. Having already voted and paid four thousand dollars for this purpose, and procured subscriptions sufficient to pay the rest of the expense, it can hardly be doubted that the town is in earnest, and that they mean to complete the work. Good faith to other towns, who have aided in freeing Winslow Bridge, demands that Ticonic Bridge speedily become a free bridge also.

A sensitive topic will be found in article 18th, which proposes to instruct the assessors of taxes in regard to obtaining the inventory of taxable property. A custom has long prevailed here, in some measure peculiar to Waterville, of permitting the concealment from taxation, by those whose large and complicated property enables them to do so, of a large proportion of their taxable property;—so that it has been found that men worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars have been taxed for less than half that sum;—while those of larger or smaller means have availed themselves of the same mode of escape, according to the facilities offered by the peculiar character of their property. To hold a tax payer to the legal oath is a thing nearly unknown; and so far has this wrong become a system, that men have not regarded it dishonest or disgraceful to evade taxation in this way. One does it because another does;—till it has become in some measure a system of self-defence. The great mass of our farmers, and other men of large, small, or moderate property, none of which can be concealed from taxation, are thus made to bear a most unjust burden, while those better able to bear it go free. So far, indeed, has this injustice prevailed, that we now find—when it is proposed to set the matter right—many of our "honorable men" are ready to urge that it is "either wrong or impolitic to attempt a change. They say it will give offence to such as have thus evaded

their taxes, and induce them to remove to other towns. But the article in the warrant suggests that the assessors be instructed to avail themselves of the usual course, provided by law, to render taxation equal upon all classes of citizens. A just and judicious change in this matter, that should bring to light for honest and fair taxation, all the property in town, would be a material benefit to such as have unjustly paid the taxes of other men. But whether profitable or unprofitable, "judicious" or "injurious," both law and justice demand that a system so unfitted to the good name of the town, and so repugnant to every man's sense of right, should at once be terminated.

A WORD TO TEMPERANCE MEN.—We think it is apparent to every one that the enforcement of the liquor law during the past year has brought about an improved condition of things in our town. The outward signs of drinking have certainly decreased, and we have no doubt there has been much less liquor sold and drunk than before. And it is pleasing to reflect that this change, a happy one for our whole community and a priceless benefit to some, has also put money into the town treasury, to the amount of over two hundred and fifty dollars. In this view of the case can any one fail to see that it is greatly to our advantage to have our Selectmen enforce the liquor law? To have it enforced, however, it is necessary to have in office not temperate men, merely, or timid or lukewarm temperance men, even; but those whose whole hearts are in the work and who have the courage and boldness, independence, and perseverance necessary for its successful prosecution. Let temperance men, and all who desire the best good of this community, see that they vote for no others in caucus, at the polls on Monday next.

MAINE IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION is the title of a forthcoming work by W. E. S. Whitman, Esq., well known to the people of Maine as "Toby Candor," and Charles H. True, Esq., the Governor's Private Secretary, and which is to be issued from the press of N. Dingley, Jr. and Co., Lewiston, on the 25th inst. The work will be published in good style with fine engravings of several prominent Maine officers, containing five hundred and fifty pages, substantially bound in muslin.

Price \$2.75, or sent by mail post paid for \$3.00. Every citizen of the State will want a copy. Send your order to N. Dingley, Jr. and Co., Publishers, Lewiston, Maine.

MR. WM. G. PENNEY, of our village, has just received the painful intelligence of the death of his son, Corporal Ira H. Penney, of Co. I, 31st Maine regiment. He was taken prisoner in the contest for the Weldon railroad on the 28th of last September, and died at Salisbury, N. C. on the 10th of January. His age was 17 years and 6 months.

This is the third sacrifice of the kind Mr. Penney has made for the cause of the Union, and he has still another son in the army—Charley, the little drummer boy, who it will be remembered, accompanied one of the nine months' regiments in its Louisiana campaign. He re-enlisted in the 31st Maine, and the same drum that was heard by the doomed rebels at Port Hudson is now beaten defiantly in front of Petersburg.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES—OLD AND YOUNG!—The "Soldiers' Aid Society" will have, next week, a large quantity of material, and earnestly request that all interested in our sick and wounded soldiers, will come in on Wednesday, and assist in making it up into garments, so that they may be forwarded as soon as possible.

OUT OF SEASON.—Mr. Hiram Cynforth informs us that he saw the common "Cherry Bird" on the last day of February and on the first day of March. A considerable flock of them were making merry in a large black cherry tree, on the old Dexter Pullen place, near the village of West Waterville. A pair of them were also seen in this village on Sunday last.

G. K. ESTES, a member of Co. I, 1st District Cavalry, was killed in battle in Virginia, on the 27th of October last. He was a good soldier, and a man beloved and respected by all who knew him. His age was 30 years and 10 months, and he leaves a wife and child in Vassalboro'. His father, Mr. J. D. Estes, had previously lost several sons in this war.

DR. N. T. TRUE, of Bethel, a gentleman of superior scientific and literary attainments, and familiar with the theory and practice of agriculture, has been installed as senior editor of the Maine Farmer. True and Boardman will make a strong editorial force.

ALONZO GOFF, 1st Lieut. of Co. I, 31st Maine regiment, and Arba P. Davis, Orderly Sergeant, of the same company, both of Waterville, are at home on a short furlough.

REV. W. A. P. DILLINGHAM, on Sunday last, preached a farewell discourse to the Universalist Society of this village, with whom he has been laboring for several years. He has gone to Natchez, having received an appointment from the Secretary of the Treasury as agent to take charge of confiscated rebel property in Mississippi.

In a list of released prisoners, lately reported at Annapolis we find the following names:—Bradlee B. Withee, Co. H, 19th, of Winslow; Sumner Merrill, same company, St. Albans; Jere Thorndike, Co. H, 82d Maine, Clinton.

G. M. DELANEY, a well known substitute broker of Augusta, who has made heaps of money in the business, was arrested on Friday last by a member of the military detective police, and taken to New York.

OUR TABLE.

NURSE AND SPY IN THE UNION ARMY: comprising the Adventures and Experiences of a woman in hospitals, camps and battlefields. By Emma Edwards. With Illustrations. Published by subscription only by W. S. Williams & Co., Hartford, Ct., 1864.

The following notice of this work, which will soon be delivered to subscribers, is made by the editor of the Eastern Argus, who has examined it:—

"It is an interesting work, abounding in incident and adventure, touching scenes and stirring descriptions—Parts of it exhibit great beauty of style and felicity of thought and language. Whether true or not, it is as interesting as a romance. The moral tone of the work is good and it seems to be from that extreme partisan bias which is a deformity in many works of the kind. Very many of the scenes and adventures described purport to have occurred during the campaigns of Gen. McClellan but that noble man and eminent soldier is not maligned nor depreciated. The work is sold only by subscription and a considerable part of the proceeds are given in aid of the soldiers. Already, \$100 from its sale have been the Soldiers Aid Association in Hartford; \$60 in Springfield; \$100, at Harper's Ferry; \$25 to the 10th Conn. Vols. before Richmond, Va.; a second donation of \$65 to the Hartford Association, with \$75 to Gov. Cony for similar purposes.

N. P. and N. B. Perkins, of Portland, are the general agents of this work in Maine. Mr. H. M. Waters is canvassing for subscribers in this vicinity.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The March number has a profusion of elegant fashion plates, colored and plain, with full directions for making the latest articles of dress and ornament. In this department Frank Leslie has no rival. The reading matter is varied and interesting, and includes a continuation of Wilkie Collins's new story, "Armadale," and many others equally as good.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The March number is embellished with a fine portrait of that eminent Russian statesman, Prince Gortchakoff, and is filled with choice gleanings from the best foreign publications in literature, science and art. It is an excellent number of one of our best monthlies.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 5, Beekman st., New York, at \$5 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—All the readers of "Oliver Optic's" delightful stories—and their game is legion—will be glad to get a peep at the man who has done so much for them; and this they can do by examining the March number of the Student and Schoolmate, in which they will find an elegant portrait of their old favorite, which we know will please them. The number abounds in good reading for the little folks, as usual, including a continuation of "Out in the world," or Paul Clifford on a Cruise, "Oliver Optic's" new story. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The February number has the following table of contents:—

Miss Majoribanks—Part I.; A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States, 1863-64—Conclusion; Knight-Errantry in the Nineteenth Century; Modern Donquixotes; Etymology, Ancient and Modern—Part I.; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women and other Things in General—Part XIII.; The Right Honorable William Gladstone, M. P.

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

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 all four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$2; any three Reviews \$3; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—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.

West Waterville Items.

RELIGIOUS.—The Waterville Free Will Baptist Quarterly Meeting met with the Free Will Baptist church in this place on Friday, Feb. 24th, and continued its session over the sabbath. A large number of ministers were present, including two former pastors of the church here. Rev. Mr. Baker was chosen Moderator, and Rev. S. Bowden, Clerk. The meetings were well attended. Sermons were preached by Rev. Messrs. Bean of Buxton, Purinton of Woolwich, Pritchard of Unity, Erskine of Montville, and Deering of Richmond. The claims of the U. S. Christian Commission were presented by the Moderator, who has lately returned from service in the army under the direction of the Commission, and a collection of about \$35.00 was taken up for the benefit of that noble instrumentality.

LECTURE.—On Sabbath evening, Rev. Mr. Deering, late Major of the 32d regiment, delivered a lecture on the war, for the benefit of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, of this place. The lecture, which was forcible and animated, was listened to by a large and attentive audience, and a collection of \$50.00 was taken up at its close for the Aid Society.

ADJ'T A. R. SMALL.—The many friends of this officer will be pleased to know that letters have been received from since his return from re-education. In common with all our prisoners in rebel hands he has suffered considerably for want of food and other comforts but he returns in better condition than many of the poor fellows who have tested the kindness (?) of rebel captors. His health is pretty good and will probably improve on Union fare and home enjoyments.

COL. H. M. PLAISTED, of the 11th Me., has been made a Brigadier General by brevet; and the newly acquired honor is made doubly valuable by the gratifying announcement that he has won his star by distinguished service in the field. Gen. Plaisted is with his family in Waterville at present, but will return to the field in a few days.

C. W. WINGATE, a Waterville boy, and formerly in business here, has sold out his large and flourishing establishment at Burlington, Vt., and is now junior member of the firm of Armour and Wingate, dealers in fine jewelry, diamonds, &c., at No. 9 Maiden Lane, New York.

IMPORTANT IS TRUE!—The last foreign arrival brings the startling announcement from Paris that the Emperor has shaved off his imperial, and now wears no beard except his heavy moustache. Now see how many hairy-faced fellows will follow suit.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS found a knot in Liverpool which they could not untie, and their ropes broke up in a row.

CATTLE MARKETS.

About the same number of cattle were reported last week as the week previous, and about sixteen hundred more sheep. The market was hard for the seller, both in cattle and sheep, and prices declined seriously. The following quotations from the Boston Advertiser will show very clearly how matters went:—

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few single pairs of extra and premium, something over 16 cents per lb.; but commonly called extra, 16 1/2 to 16 3/4 cts.; country lots 9 to 12 cts.; tallow, 10 to 12 1/2 to 15 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 13 to 14 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 11 to 12 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 10 to 11 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices 8 to 11c. for ordinary and fair lots; 12 to 13c. for better lots; by the head, all the way from \$4 to \$16 each.

STORE CATTLE.—Working oxen \$130 to \$200; handy steers, \$90 to \$125, or much according to value as beef; Milch cows, \$45 to \$75; extra, \$80 to \$100; farrow, &c., \$25 to \$40.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes—to peddle, 12 1/2 to 13c.; retail, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 cts. per lb.; Hides, Brighton, 10 to 12 1/2 cts. per lb.; country lots 9 to 12 cts.; tallow, 9 to 10 cts. per lb.; calf skins, 18 to 20c.; pelts, \$3 to \$5.50; country lots of July, Aug. and Sept. 2d; those of Oct. Nov. and Dec. \$3 each. The market for hides and tallow is unsettled, prices fluctuating, and sales dull, with a downward look.

The supply of cattle this week is large, but the quality is poor and trade dull. The stock of sheep is small, but there is no improvement in price.

War of Redemption.

The thousand and one rumors of the week leave us with very little of value to sum up at its close. Sherman has been reported here, there and yonder—flanking Hardee, outgeneralling Hood, defeating Johnston, and forming a junction with Schofield at Fayetteville—but these reports, however gratifying, unfortunately all lack confirmation. We have the utmost confidence, however, that he is doing well, wherever he is, and will come out triumphant in good time. He has certainly met with no disaster, or the pliant rebels would have told us of it; indeed they have published some slightly damaging reports, fortunately as unreliable as our own, which they speedily contradicted.

The capture of another strong fort and Southern city is announced. Fort White, which commanded the approach to Georgetown, S. C., has been taken by a United States naval force, and the city soon fell into Union hands, the gallant blue jackets fighting in the streets for the possession of it. The Harvest Moon, used as Admiral Dahlgren's flag-ship, which was sunk by a torpedo, was formerly the property of Captain Spear of Boston, and was run between Portland and Bangor.

From Sheridan we have the gratifying report through rebel deserters, since confirmed by way of Winchester, that he has defeated Early again at Waynesboro', capturing 1300 prisoners, 8 cannon and 100 waggon, and that at last accounts, he was still in pursuit of the flying enemy. Lee has sent a rebel force in that direction to prevent the capture of Lynchburg.

Recruiting is very brisk at the West; and the army will soon have all the men needed. Where recruiting is slack, either east or west, the draft will be promptly enforced.

The rumors of the burning of Columbia, S. C., were not without foundation, but the conflagration was accidental. The entire business part of the city was destroyed. Sherman's troops conducted themselves well while there.

An official dispatch from General Gilmore states that the military property taken at Charleston was much greater in amount than he first reported. Four hundred and fifty guns fell into our hands with the city.

Late Richmond papers frantically denounce the crowd of cowardly submissionists at the rebel congress; appeal to the country for food for Lee's army; make a noisy and defiant shout to keep up the courage of the people; and gnash their teeth impotently in view of their coming doom.

A FRIGHTFUL railroad collision occurred on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, on Tuesday. Several soldiers, just out of rebel prisons, were killed, and many more injured.

The French government, we are told, has given our government assurances that the reported cession of a portion of Mexico to France has no foundation in truth.

FRANK BODFISH, Acting Assistant U. S. Surgeon at Savannah, has our thanks for a copy of the *Republican* of that city, issued on the 24th of February. The paper, it is perhaps needless to say, is strongly Union, and the advertising department displays considerable business activity. The Yaukees are evidently there.

GOOD.—The U. S. Senate has expelled all establishments for the sale of spirituous liquors from its portion of the Capitol—and not a minute too soon, if we are to believe the disgraceful reports in regard to its new presiding officer.

THE BANKRUPT BILL, before Congress, failed to pass.

MAYOR McLELLAN was triumphantly re-elected in Portland, on Monday last.

RICHARD L. ROBINSON, the man missing from Portland, turns up in the Pennsylvania oil regions, in a bewildered state of mind wholly unable to explain how he arrived there.

THOSE in want of a good harness at a low price, are referred to the advertisement of Mr. G. B. Broad in another column.

WE shall be called upon to choose two members of the Superintendent School Committee next Monday—Mr. Dillingham having resigned and Mr. Kelton's term having expired.

BRING your old papers to the Mail Office.

CHARLESTON. "Carleton" the correspondent of the Boston Journal, has some excellent letters in that paper Journal of Friday or Saturday, giving a description of Charleston. They are admirably written, free from harshness, and yet replete with suggestion. We make a few extracts. He speaks of the negro troops who are on guard in the city, and says:

"The first troops which landed were of the 21st United States colored troops! Many of them were formerly slaves in the city of Charleston. They were enlisted at a time when public sentiment was against them, in the winter of 1862-3. They were sneered at, ridiculed, kicked and cuffed by officers and men belonging to white regiments, but Col. Bennett continued steadfast in his determination, obtained arms after a long struggle, and they were numbered as the 21st U. S. C. T. They went to Morris Island a year ago, have taken part in two or three engagements, and proved themselves good soldiers of the Union. It was their high privilege to be first in the city. The stone which the builders rejected once in the history of the world became the head of the corner, and in like manner the poor, despised, rejected African race, who had no rights,—against whom the city of Charleston plotted iniquity and inaugurated treason, marched into the city to save it from destruction! Following the 21st were detachments of the 54th and 55th Massachusetts.

"Let him lie buried beneath his riggers," was the insulting answer sent out from proud, haughty arrogant Charleston, when the friends of Col. Shaw asked for the remains of that heroic commander. Now is the hour of their revenge. The soldiers of the 54th have proved their powers on the field of battle; they have met the chivalry of South Carolina face to face, and shown their equality in courage and heroism, and on this ever memorable day they make manifest to the world their superiority in honor and humanity.

The hardest to the Charlestonians is the presence of the negro soldiers. They are the provost guard of the city, with their headquarters in the citadel. Whoever desires protection papers or passes, whoever has business with the Marshal or the General commanding the city, rich or poor, high born or low born, white or black, man or woman, must meet a colored sentinel face to face and obtain from a colored sergeant permission to enter the gate. They were first in the city, and it is their privilege to guard it, their duty to maintain law and order.

It gave me great satisfaction to see a major in rebel uniform marched off to the guard house by these colored soldiers. It was galling to his pride; he marched with downcast eyes and sorry countenance. "It gave me pleasure also to see the citizens and the women of the city who came to obtain protection from the General wait at the gate obedient to the will of the courteous sergeant, who treated them fairly, giving each their turn and showing no distinction on account of color.

Many of the colored troops were formerly residents of Charleston, and now they are at home. They are the lions of the hour.

A COURT MARTIAL for the trial of deserters, is now in session at Augusta.

GEO. W. DUDLEY, Esq., one of the Augusta Aldermen, has enlisted as one of the quota of that city. Bully for him.

CAUCUS for the nomination of Town officers, at Town Hall, Saturday p.m., at four o'clock.

GOLD is down to \$1.92, which indicates that everything looks well.

YOU can get a nice fitting boot at the New Parlor Shoe Store, one door north of M. Blumenthal and Co.'s, on Main Street.

SYBIL JONES.—This distinguished and good woman, from Maine, has visited our hospital, and labored with our men the last week. She has travelled extensively in our own country, in Europe and Africa, as a minister in the Society of Friends. She is the mother of Major Jones, of the 7th Maine regiment, who died last summer, when we were threatened by the rebels under Early. Maj. Jones was a good man, and gave himself to the country a willing sacrifice, although a member of a society who are conscientiously opposed to war. We welcome this good woman, the mother of so devoted an officer. She will hold meeting in our Chapel, on Sunday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock. [Armory Square Hospital Gazette.]

PERSONAL LIBERTY AT THE SOUTH.—A foreigner landing on our shores, and threading for the first time our crowded thoroughfares on a pleasant day, could have very little idea of the extent of the war which is now going on. In any of the cities now held by the rebels, if he did not guess the truth at once, he would not be suffered to remain long in ignorance, as may be seen by the following extract from the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail:—

"Under the rigid military surveillance of Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor, commanding this department, no branch of government officials have been more assiduous in their duties than those gentlemen attached to the secret service. They are, or seem to be, ubiquitous, and if a strange face appears upon our public thoroughfare, the best of papers must be produced, or the candidate finds himself transferred to the front in double quick time. Few strange faces can be found in Montgomery at this time, and those few have the best possible guarantees for being permitted to roam the streets at will. We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the thorough efficiency of this branch of the department; for in these perilous times every man counts in filling up the ranks of those whose province it is to defend the South from the merciless attacks of her invaders."

The exchange of prisoners continues at a gratifying rate. The United States furnishes the enemy with rebel prisoners, fat and hearty from good living, and they return us walking skeletons. We are glad to get them in any shape if they are but alive, and the Secretary of War announced in a recent order that all Union prisoners exchanged could have a furlough for thirty days.

Whatever else may be said of the 28th Congress, it has—be it spoken to its praise—been free from knock-downs and drunken fights; it has had no low knife displays, no budgeons, no revolvers, no plantation manners of any kind. A few nights since Senator Saulsbury of Delaware got tipsy, so that he was not allowed to participate in debate, but that was only to let the country know that the slave-loving gentlemen of his State are fairly represented in the Senate. [Port. Press.]

Inaugural Address of President Lincoln.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—At this second appealing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued, seemed very fitting and proper. Now at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory, and encouraging to all. With high hopes for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it.

While the Inaugural Address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated the war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected the magnitude of the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both that we be not judged. That of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "We" unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he will now remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from these divine attributes, which the believers in a living God, always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God will, that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 5000 years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

MR. EVERETT. Rev. E. E. Hale, in an article in the Atlantic Monthly on the late Edward Everett, has the following:—

Mr. Everett was eager to educate the people, and all the people. He did not believe it possible to educate any of them too well. And if you had asked him, the day he died, what had been the central idea of his life, he would have said it was the education of the people. His life was full of it. His speeches were full of it. Nothing so provoked him as any snobism which wanted to hinder it. When he was President of the College—I think in 1848—there was a black boy in the High School at Cambridge, fitting for college. Some gentlemen in Alabama, who had sons there, or on their way there, wrote to Mr. Everett to remonstrate against the boy's entering. He replied, that the college was endowed to educate all comers; that if the black boy could pass his ex-amination, as he hoped he could, he would be admitted; and that, if, as they seemed to suppose, all the white students withdrew, the college would then be conducted on its endowments for the black boy alone. And that was no exceptional reply. It was his way of looking at such things.

THE CASTINE RAID.—The mystery concerning the attack on the Castine battery last fall has at length been solved. One of the guilty parties has confessed that it was done by a portion of the soldiers belonging to the battery, three of whom have been arrested and are now confined at Eastport. [Portland Advertiser, March 6.]

SENSIBLE TALE. An exchange makes the following remarks which we consider of interest to readers of newspapers generally. It is quite true the newspaper credit system was wholly discarded. The easiest way to get a newspaper is to pay for it in advance. It is easier done than at any other time. Nobody likes to pay for a dead horse—especially if damages are piled on. Yet how many men will able to pay their subscription yearly, will let it run on for years, and then are amazed to find that it has run up to quite a little sum. Provoked at having to pay a little more than they would if they had paid in advance and secretly irritated at their own folly in not doing so, they are attacked by a sudden and severe fit of economy and cannot possibly think of taking the paper any longer, it costs so much. They seem to think they will have to pay just such a bill every year. They forget the long years they have had the paper without paying for it, and seem to see nothing but that enormous bill of eight or ten dollars. They will certainly be ruined if they don't stop that paper—and it is accordingly stopped. The paper says, they cut off their noses to spite their faces. Wives and daughters miss the family paper and there is domestic discontent and unhappiness at the loss of it. And ten to one the nearly ruined man is forced by the feminine powers to subscribe again. Now if he had paid in advance every year the cost of the paper would not have been felt, and all this domestic infelicity would have been avoided.

MISCELLANY.

THE VICTORY.

There's shouting in the soldiers' camp,
And shouting on the sea,
And in the nation's capital,
They sound the jubilee!

Has courage done so noble deeds
As we've seen before?
Have disappointed tyrants slunk
Defeated from our shore?

Is war's dread demon vanquished?
Is Rebeldom's red hand,
Bathed in the country's noble blood,
Uplifted from the land?

Why ring the bells this merry peal?
Why boom the cannon forth?
Why do the festive banners float
Over East and West and North?

Oh! well may shouts triumphant
Re-echo round the land;
Though still upon the nation's heart
Is laid that bloody hand!

And well may bells and cannon
Boom out as never before;
Though not again the tyrant
Sold his freedom from our shore!

No more shall England sneering point
The nation to the world;
Our country bears no more the chains
That libel Freedom's name!

The land is free! The land is free!
For which the fathers died;
And washed away her ancient stain
In war's avenging tide!

—Port. D. City Press.

"FURTHERUPTOWN."

A NEW YORK HOUSE-HUNTING SCENE.

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway, one night, there passed
A youth who bore a pretty nice
Umbrella, with his strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

His anxious eyes and weary feet
Hunted the houses in each street;
And like a New Year's fish-bone ring
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Furtheruptown!"

In happy homes he sought the light
Of household fires gleaming warm and bright;
Beyond the spectacles of moonlight
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said;
A tenement house is just like a
A public school is by its side;
Then loud that chirping voice replied,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest;
This house is lovely, and will suit you best."
A tear stood in the bright blue eye,
Sadly he said, "The rent's too high."
"Furtheruptown!"

"Beware the lively stable's smell,
Beware the engine-house's smell—
This was the speaker's good-night
A voice replied, far out of sight,
"Furtheruptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park policemen stared,
Watching the gathering sunbeams there,
A voice rang through the startled air,
"Furtheruptown!"

By following up the unusual sound,
A driving traveler he met,
Still grasping his long gutter line
Umbrella, with the strange device
"Furtheruptown!"

There in the reservoir, they say,
"Drowned!" but beautiful he lay,
While some there over Bloomington,
A voice full like a rooster's crow,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"

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"Furtheruptown!"

"Furtheruptown!"



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of won-
derful efficacy in disease of the
Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General
Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Consti-
pation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and
Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex,
arising from Bodily Weakness whether
inherent in the system or produced
by special causes.

Persons who are not wholly sound, and are in the
nature of things liable to the complaint of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH
BITTERS. This preparation contains no mineral
of any kind, no deadly poisonous element, no fiery extract,
but is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs,
and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive
agents.

It is well to be forewarned against disease, and, so far as the
human system can be protected by human means against such
diseases, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best.

In districts infested with FEVER AND AGUE, it has been found
invaluable as a preventive and irresistible as a remedy, and
thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape
the scourge, and thousands who neglect to take themselves
of preventive medicine, are cured by a very brief
course of this marvellous medicine.

For and Ague patients
are applied with quinine for months, in vain, until fairly
saturated with that dangerous alkali, are not infrequently re-
stored to health within a few days by the use of HOS-
TETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite
restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders
in cases of Dyspepsia and in all confirmed forms of Indiges-
tion. Acting as a gentle and powerful aperient, as well as
upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTIPATION
superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory
organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to NERVOUS ATTACKS, LONELY
OR SPIRITS and FEAR, and all who are afflicted with
the BILIOUSNESS, and who have no medical education, and who
are in the habit of taking medicine, are generally
worse than when they first began to take it. The sure
remedy is to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which
is a pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of won-
derful efficacy in disease of the
Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

The agency of BILIOUSNESS is immediately assuaged by a
single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it,
the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produces
effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they
can be fully appreciated. In cases of CONSTITUTIONAL WEAK-
NESS, DEBILITY, and all other forms of general debility, arising
from any cause, it is the best and most reliable remedy.

No family medicine can be so universally useful, and it may be
truly added, never so popular with the intelligent portion
of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Storekeepers everywhere.

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DR. MATTHEW'S SURE REMEDIES
FOR
SPECIAL DISEASES
INDIAN EMENAGOGUE.

Prepared expressly for Ladies, and is
the most powerful and reliable medicine
in cases of obstruction from water-
retention, and is therefore of the greatest value
to them. It is a safe and reliable medicine,
which they are liable. If taken as directed, it
will cure any case, curable by medicine, and
where the disease is not curable by medicine,
it will cure the disease, and the patient will be
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