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Maxham & Wing

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MISCELLANY.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY EDWARD F. SOWELL.

Praise the Lord, oh, ransom'd nation!
Praise Him all, from sea to sea;
He hath built a firm foundation,
On the rock of Liberty.

Fuller was our best endeavor,
Than we turned from wrong to right;
Gloom has shrouded us forever,
But for Heaven's redeeming might!

Then with praise sing God's praises,
Now, and through all coming time;
Love which manhood's standard raises,
Merits gratitude sublime!

Hope and Trust at length victorious
(O'er trembling Doubt and Fear,
Call for rapture, holy, glorious,
Living faith and constant cheer.

Infinite Jehovah! aid us,
While we in Thy favor stand;
To remember Thou hast made us
A regenerated land!

And while time shall with us linger,
May we love the Just and Right,
Seeing Freedom's guiding finger
Pointing to eternal light!

FIRST AND LAST.

I FELT very tired of my lot in life, that long June afternoon, which I remember so well. I remember it because, on looking back, it always seems as if that afternoon were the beginning of all actual experience for me. Before that I had been contented enough with every day as it came. I hardly know why such a mood of restless dissatisfaction took possession of me then. Perhaps it was because I had heard that Squire Esterley's family had just come to town. They had been a good while in Europe. I had not seen them since I was fourteen. When we parted May Esterley and I had kissed each other good-by like sisters. But I thought it would all be different now. An unexpected fortune had descended to them from some English relative, just before they went away, making them very rich. Naturally they had gone abroad to see about their new possessions, and being there had lingered on for three years, until pretty May Esterley and her sisters were young ladies. We had heard of them back again last fall—established in a handsome house in New York—and all the spring past workmen had been busy making of the old Esterley place a summer residence befitting the present grandeur of the family fortunes.

From my western window, where I sat screened by green vines from the hot afternoon sun, I could look over to the great house on the hill. It had been a good, roomy, old-fashioned house before; but now a wing had been thrown out here, and a piazza there, and it looked very stately and imposing. Up to it led a broad, circular carriage drive, strewn with some sort of glittering white gravel, and flashing in the sunshine. The field east of the house had been turned into a green lawn, dotted here and there with round beds of gayly-colored flowers. Under the trees hammocks were swung; rustic seats, here and there, invited you to rest; the whole place was so evidently fitted up for ease and elegance and luxurious pleasure, that, I suppose, the contrast it offered to the plain and homely details of farm-life, with which I had always been surrounded, was too much for me.

I could have borne it better, perhaps, if while I watched a handsome open carriage had not bowed by containing the three Miss Esterleys and their brother Tom. The girls were dressed in delicate muslins, with bright ribbons and soft laces, daintily gloved hands, and such bonnets as Sayville had never looked upon before. They drove home, and after the carriage had been sent away I could see them walking about, their light dresses fluttering here and there in the grounds.

Middle-aged woman as I am now—knowing well how short this travel of life is—feeling that our great concern is with the thorns or the flowers that grow along the highway—I look back with a strange pity at my eighteen-year-old self, and the hot disgust that swept over my soul that summer afternoon at my lot. I got up, I remember, and looked in the little glass which hung over my toilet-table. The face I saw there was certainly beautiful. There is no vanity, I am sure, in remembering—now that the bright tints have all faded, now that my eyes are dim, and my hair is flecked with silver instead of gold—all that young wealth of bloom and brilliance. I hold that beauty is one of God's good gifts, which we are as much bound to recognize and be thankful for as for our daily bread. But I was not thankful that day. With a sullen repining at my heart I watched the face I saw in the mirror. I was prettier, I knew, than either of the Esterleys, but what good would it do me?

"Fine feathers make fine birds," I said, bitterly, "and my feathers are not fine."

Then I looked around my homely, comfortable little room. How delighted I had been six years ago with that chest of drawers which marked the time when mother began to think me old enough to take care of my own clothes!—how jubilant over that rocking chair which father had brought home to me from an auction sale! Every article there signified some tender memory on the part of one or the other of my parents of their only child, and over every one I had been girlishly glad or gay. Now, how common and hateful they all were in my sight!—the rag carpet on the floor, the wooden chairs, the looking-glass framed in a narrow moulding of painted wood. Down stairs, I knew, work was steadily going on. Father was busy in the garden. Mother was making ready for supper. I ought to be helping her, but I did not move. I just sat still, and contrasted over and over again the homely surroundings of my work-a-day lot with the Esterley splendors, and wished that I had been born to better fortunes.

Once a thought of John Colman crossed my mind, and I believe I shrank from it with yet more of repugnance than from the rag carpet and wooden chairs. John was a farmer, and would never be anything else—would never care to be. His father and mother were both dead, and the farm he tilled was his own. I joined with the east, and I knew my parents had noticed John's liking for me with satisfaction, and had fancied what a pleasant thing it would be to have me settled down there, just beside them. Between John and me, however, nothing had ever been said about love or marriage. He was slow and persistent by nature—always ready to wait till the right time came. I believe that waiting and hoping had a certain sweetness for him which he would not have cared to forego. Only a week since he had brought me a bunch of June roses, and I had taken them with my pleasure. If he had spoken then I should have promised to marry him, probably. Now, with my new views of life, my perceptions quickened and illuminated by the Esterley grandeur, I drew a long breath of relief, and self-congratulation at the thought that I was perfectly free from John Colman. I don't know what I hoped—how I expected to change my prospects; but something must turn up, I felt. At any rate, not of my own accord would I bind myself down to the homely details of a life like the present.

Frances called my mother's kind voice at the foot of the stairs, "come, child, supper's all ready."

I went down stairs slowly. Oh, what would I give now to see again that room, and that dear mother, just as they were then! But at the time I felt no charm. Everything looked so dull and homely. Yet all was spotlessly neat. The rag carpet was cleanly swept, and through the open doors and windows came in the fragrance of the June roses all in bloom. Father and mother were at the table. Mother looked tired and a little flushed, but she smiled when I opened the door, as you have seen mothers smile, perhaps, on only children.

"Come, Frank," she said, "I've got something you'll like. Father brought in a pair of strawberries, and I've made a strawberry shortcake. I thought I wouldn't call you to help me because it would taste better if you didn't see it beforehand."

I glanced at the table. The cloth was not fine damask, but it was clean and white. Everything was neat and orderly. But to my jaundiced vision it all looked common and plain and uninviting. I could weep now, when tears would be vain, to think how cheerful and ungrateful I was. I ate a little of the cake, but I did not praise it, and I felt that mother's disappointment was to be seen on her face, though I would not look at her.

After supper I began to clear off the table, but I moved round with a slow, reluctant step, and an intense hatred of dish-water and drudgery.

"Are you tired, Frances?" My mother's voice had a tender anxious tone in it which would have touched me if my discontent had not lain too deep to be easily exercised.

"No, I'm not tired."

"Or sick?" she pursued, puzzled probably by my unusual manner.

"No," I cried, impatiently, "I'm not sick, or tired of anything but my life. I hate this dull, endless round of cooking and eating, dish-cloths and dusters."

"I'll do up the work to-night, Frank," she said, gently.

"No, I'd rather. It's not to-night's work that I mind, but the whole thing. There's no grace or charm to a farmer's life, any way. It isn't what I was made for, I know."

"Would God have put you in the midst of it then, my dear? If it is the station in life to which it has pleased him to call you, it must be the right place, I think."

I did not answer. I could not reason about it, but I felt it would take something more than the Catechism to make me contented. I finished the work and then I went out of doors. I broke off a bunch of the red June roses and fastened them in my black braids. Then I went out into the road, and began pacing back and forth under the trees, going on with my rebellious musings, indulging my longings for a gay, bright, festive life. I was too much absorbed to hear an approaching footstep, and I did not look up till I heard my name called.

"Frank—I mean Miss Palmer—is it possible?"

I raised my eyes, and met those of Tom Esterley. The meeting did not embarrass me. I saw, with that first glance, that he admired me, and my natural feminine coquetry put me at ease.

"Is what possible?" I asked, coolly.

"Is it possible that four years have changed little Frank Palmer to what I see? May was speaking of you to-day, and wanting to see you. You must come over to-morrow. Or won't you go over to-night? She would be so glad."

"Not till to-morrow, if you please."

He accepted my decision readily enough, but he lingered a long time beside me, walking back and forth under the trees, and when he went away made me promise faithfully to call on his sister the next day. Then he begged the bunch of roses from my hair, and pressing them gallantly to his lips bade me good-night.

My heart was in a strange flutter of ambition and gratified vanity. I wondered if young Mr. Esterley held the key which was to open for me the door into that new life—the life of pleasure and ease and elegance—on which I longed to enter. Viewed apart from any such considerations, I doubt whether I should have found him very fascinating. Looking back to-day, I can see him standing there in the June twilight just as clearly as I saw him then, and probably judge him a great deal more justly.

A neat trim figure, with dainty, well-shod feet, nice little hands in primrose-colored gloves, fresh, well-fitting summer clothes, a Panama hat with a wide ribbon swinging from his fingers—these, with a face which had no great strength in it for good or evil, light eyes, soft light hair, silken moustache, and an expression of serene self-complacency, made up Tom Esterley. A good-natured, well-meaning young man, as I know now, with no harm in him beyond those small dissatisfactions which such natures wear lightly as their badges of manly accomplishment; but quite without the strength of mind or body to be guide, comfort, rest, to a passionate, impulsive, eager girl, such as I was then. Yet I saw no defects—I only noticed the grace and gallantry to which I was unaccustomed, and which I admired. I made up my mind that first night to marry him if I could. That my appearance had both surprised and pleased him I felt sure; and I was not without hope that the summer, during which we should be so near together, would complete my conquest.

The next afternoon, before getting ready for my call, I consulted my mother as a matter of form, predetermined, however, to overrule her objections if she should make any. She acquiesced in my plan at once.

"Certainly," she said. "You and May were always great friends. Go and see her, and if your welcome is not what it used to be, you'll know how to stay away afterward."

So I put on my pink muslin, my most becoming dress, and started off well pleased. Before I had reached the entrance of the Esterley grounds May saw me, and ran to meet me—the same dear, impulsive girl as ever.

"I was on the look-out for you," she said, "you dear, darling old Frank. Tom said you would come to-day. You can't think how he raves about you. He says you would make such a sensation in society."

I had enough New England self-respect and self-possession to keep me from any undue expressions of enthusiasm when I went with May through the house, filled with such adornments as were utterly unfamiliar to my eyes. I admired with discretion, and suffered neither ignorance nor envy to make me ridiculous. The

family were all kind, but I fancied that I detected about Mrs. Esterley and her two elder daughters a slight atmosphere of patronage. I did not mind it, however. The squire was good-natured and fatherly, May was quite unchanged, and Tom waited on my steps and listened to my words with a devotion as new to my experience of life as it was flattering. They made me stay to tea, and afterwards I drove with them, and it was almost nine o'clock when they set me down at my own gate.

"I need not ask if you've enjoyed yourself," mother said, cheerfully, as I went in. "Your face tells the story. The blues are all gone. And here's John."

Sure enough John Colman rose, and came out of the shadow where he was sitting—tall, strong, sturdy, every inch a man, but not a bit of a fine gentleman, and I liked fine gentlemen best in those days. I talked to him a few moments, but I fancy my manner was cold, for he soon went away, and I knew when he was gone my mother sighed a little sadly, and said, half-reproachfully, that John was not elegant, perhaps, but he was good as gold.

I did not dispute her remark. I was in a hurry to get up stairs and dream my new dreams, ponder my new ambitions, and recall all the events of the afternoon.

After that the Esterleys claimed a large share of my time. Sometimes they wanted me to drive or ride; then again it was some amusement which would not be complete without me. On some pretext or other we met daily. I doubt if Mrs. Esterley and her elder daughters were quite pleased at the course events were taking, but they could hardly complain of it for until four years ago we had been very near neighbors and close friends all our lives. The squire was unchanged by his prosperity, and really liked me; so May's friendship and Tom's admiration carried the day, and I was almost one of the family before June was over. My father and mother took the matter quietly, though I do not think it pleased them. They had no ambition of the kind which seeing me married to Tom Esterley would gratify; but perhaps they thought there was no danger of that. At any rate they were wise enough not to strengthen any fancy I might have by opposition, or to manifest any tyrannical desire to abridge my enjoyment. It makes my heart ache to-day to think of the quiet patience with which my mother did alone the tasks which I ought to have helped her while I took my pleasure.

The first of August—just six weeks from that June afternoon which I have called the beginning of my experience of life—Tom Esterley asked me to marry him. He made his declaration of love very gracefully—said all the usual pretty sentences about my being the one thing needful to perfect his life, the only woman he had ever cared for, and so on. It sounded very sweetly, and I can remember it all to this day. I experienced no very tumultuous emotions, but my heart was fluttering with gratified ambition, and I felt a certain pride in his attentions and delight at his preference, which I really thought was love. So I said yes to his pleading, as indeed I had meant to, from that first June day when I made up my mind that he should like me.

That night I told father and mother, as quietly and briefly as I could, that I had promised to marry Tom Esterley, and he would come the next day to ask their consent.

"Poor John!" my mother said softly, I think almost unconsciously.

I took her up all the more sharply, perhaps, because her words touched a secret chord of sympathy in my own heart.

"As if I ever, under any circumstances, would have married John Colman! I am not enough in love with a farmer's lot for that. Let those skim-milk and churn butter, and scrub floors who are fond of it. For me, I like such a life as the Esterleys live very decidedly better."

"May your life be happy, dear child, whatever one you choose!" my mother said, gently, but with a quiver of pain in her voice which touched me more than any rebuke would have done.

The next morning Tom came and said whatever was right and proper to my parents, I suppose, for they called me down afterward, and I saw him alone in the little parlor, and he told me it was all settled. I was to be his wife by the next spring—they had not been willing the engagement should be shorter than that—but in the mean time he should persuade them to let me make a long visit in New York, and we must bear the waiting as well as we could. Then he kissed me. I wondered at myself for taking it all so coolly. I had thought it was in my temperament to love with fervor and passion; but I had mistaken myself, probably, and my capacity for emotion was not what I had imagined it.

That evening, when I returned from a drive with Mr. Esterley, and went in alone, having parted with him at the gate, I found John Colman there again. Something told me, the moment I saw his face, that my mother had been informing him how matters stood. He got up and came forward to shake hands. I knew it was hard work for him to be so calm by the tense lines round his mouth, and the unwonted flush on his bronzed cheek. But he spoke very quietly.

"Your mother has just told me, Frank, and I think the lot will just suit you. You were born to love bright and beautiful things, and to live among them. God bless you!"

Then he went away.

Mother asked me if I had had a nice ride, but her voice trembled. I knew she loved John almost as if he were her son, and that she had been sorrowing over the pain she had been forced to give him. I went up stairs, and curiously enough my own heart was not as light as the heart of a newly-betrothed bride should have been. But I looked over to the Esterley mansion, rising stately in the moonlight, and thought of the life of ease and elegance which awaited me, and found therein balm for all woes less than its loss.

The next day all the Esterleys called at our house. The squire and May were hearty and tender in their congratulations. In the manner of the others there was nothing to complain of; but I received the impression that they were acting under a heroic resolve to make the best of a bad bargain.

The family lingered long at Sayville that fall; but they went away, one sunny day in the last of October, with the promise that I should

go in a few weeks to make them a visit. When they were gone I missed something terribly—the recreation, the gay, careless life I had led with them, and its daily excitements, or, perhaps, Tom's devotion. I certainly thought it was the latter, and began to believe that my heart was as deeply interested in him as my ambition. I am afraid I was sadly petulant and uncomfortable to live with—I was such an undisciplined girl in those days, before my great sorrow overtook me.

At length it was time for my visit, and Tom came for me. I could weep now at the memory of my father's grave tenderness as he took me one side and gave me a pocket-book containing five crisp, new, one-hundred-dollar bank-notes.

"I can't do as much for you, Frank, as I wish I could," he said; "but I want you should have enough not to be ashamed where you are going, or mortify your friends. You must use what you need of this to be comfortable this winter, and spend the rest for wedding trinkets." And then, I suppose, a sudden thought of what that wedding meant, and how it would take his only child away from him into quite another sphere of life, overcame him, and his eyes filled with a quick film of tears, and he kissed me with lips that trembled a little, and hurried away. He did not come in sight again; but my mother stood in the door as I went down the path, and I turned and looked at her, with the November sunshine just touching her hair, where the silver threads were growing thick, with the patient, always tender smile on her gentle lips, and her eyes seeming to follow me with a hope and a blessing. If I had known that I should never see her just so again, I wonder if I would have gone? That memory of her will never fade. So her face will smile on me when heart and pulse are failing; so, I think, will its smiling welcome me when the new life is "come in the old life's stead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUTTON THE MEAT FOR FARMERS.—The cheapest meat for farmers is mutton. It may safely be said it costs nothing. The wool that is annually sheared from the body of every sheep richly pays for its keeping. In this climate it costs less to keep sheep than at the North, on account of the shortness of our winters. Then there is the increase—an item of great importance. The increase is so much clear profit. From this increase the farmer can get all his meat for the year if he likes. Or he may save the lambs and take some of the older sheep in their places.

The pet of the sheep, if killed for mutton, is also saved and sold, which is worth almost as much as the sheep would sell for.

It is also the most convenient meat to have on hand. In the warmest weather a farmer can take care of one sheep after another, without letting it spoil. With beef this is not so easy.

One hand can kill and dress a sheep in an hour. It takes but little time and trouble to kill a sheep, not nearly so much as to kill and dress a beef or a hog. On account of convenience and economy, we say keep sheep and live upon mutton.

Let every farmer keep sheep. They are the most profitable stock on a farm. The hog's back only yields bristles, while the sheep's yields downy wool. All that you feed to the hog is gone, unless you kill it, while the sheep will pay you for its keeping with its fleece yearly. The hog is a filthy, voracious animal—the sheep gentle as a dove and neat and cleanly.

[Rural World.]

VERY LIKELY.—The Richmond Bulletin, speaking of Stonewall Jackson says:—

"Possibly a prejudice may exist in their minds (those of a loyal people) against General Jackson—a prejudice growing out of the fact that he drew the sword in the late war against the United States."

The New York Post notices this rebel talk as follows:

"Well, yes, we should think it not unlikely. We are not inclined to think as well of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, for instance as of our dead McPherson, or Mitchell, or Wadsworth, or Kearney, or Reno, or Reynolds, or Rice, or Sill, or Mansfield, or Lyon. Any one of them is his superior in true manliness of character. Indeed, we are so 'prejudiced' that we value more highly the memory of the lowest private who died under the flag of the Union than we do that of a man who, educated at his country's expense, used the training he thus received in a vain attempt to humiliate the flag to which he had sworn to bear faithful allegiance. If men are to be honored for the possession of energy alone, of course Jackson will be highly esteemed; but if the use they have made of their energy is to be inquired into, then Jackson will get admiration, but not esteem. Benedict Arnold was one of the ablest and bravest generals on our side in the revolutionary war; but all his genius and bravery have not sufficed to conquer the 'prejudice' which men have against traitors and traitors."

To every barrel of flour you can make thirty pounds more bread or biscuit (and much better) by using Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus, than by yeast fermentation or any other saleratus. It is perfectly healthy, will not turn your cookery yellow, will strengthen weak stomachs, and cure dyspeptic persons. It makes much better use with cream tartar than soda. Try one paper, and you will be convinced. Most of the grocers sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.

APPLE FLOAT.—Take one pint of green or dried apple sauce, made smooth by passing through a sieve or colander, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sugar and lemon to suit the taste; beat all well together, then send to the table, dish out, and eat with rich cold cream. It is an excellent dish for a farmer's tea-table.—Ger. Telegraph.

An eminent divine, remarkable for the devoted piety and spotless purity of his character, was heard to say that he never read or heard of a crime in his life no matter how heinous, without feeling an inward consciousness that under certain conditions of education, training or association, he might have committed the same crime himself. The same feeling must have been experienced more or less by all reflecting enlightened men; and yet—and yet, how little charity there is in the world!

GOVERNMENTAL FINANCE.

Within ten days after these lines are read the Secretary of the Treasury will have laid before the people his Annual Report, containing a specification of his policy and his recommendations to Congress on the subject of the public finances. It is no exaggeration to say that it will possess an importance second to no Treasury report ever issued. The holders of \$2,000,000,000 of Government securities; all the capitalists of the country, who are now keeping their money idle in dread of contraction; the South, which pleads earnestly for money in order to restore its shattered fortunes; the West, which is being swiftly developed by greenbacks, and which fears the withdrawal of its life-blood; merchants and manufacturers, to whom contraction means collapse, and further expansion the highway to ruin; the laboring class; the tenant class; every one, in short, high or low, rich or poor, looks for the forthcoming Treasury report with eagerness and anxiety.

The last authoritative expression of opinion from the Secretary of the Treasury was the celebrated Fort Wayne Speech, in which Mr. McCulloch stated that he knew of no method by which the premium on gold, and consequently the price of commodities, could be reduced except by the curtailment of the currency by funding legal tenders into long bonds. He proved his sincerity by funding \$50,000,000 of legal tenders (exclusively interest-bearing) into Five-Twenty bonds at 103. As might have been expected, the operation produced a temporary stringency in the money market, and compelled a number of individuals and banks to turn the Government securities they held into money. This involved a decline in Seven-Thirty notes, which were originally taken at par less a fractional discount, to 96 per cent; and in the new Five-Twenty bonds, which were subscribed for at 103, to 99 per cent. The fall would have been heavier but for repeated official assurances from Washington that no further "Proposals for Funding" would be issued prior to the meeting of Congress.

Should the Secretary reiterate in his report the opinions expressed in his Fort Wayne Speech, and call upon Congress to authorize further conversions of currency into long bonds, with a view to the permanent withdrawal of the former from circulation, the result will, of course, be a further decline in the market-price of Government securities. No man possessed of ordinary intellect, will continue to hold Five-Twenty bonds or Ten-Forty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes at present prices when he learns that further issues of United States bonds are forthcoming—and forthcoming in a way which will involve stringency in the money market, and consequently depreciation in the current value of all classes of securities. There will be a rush to sell, and possibly a panic. To what point Government securities would decline in this event it is difficult to foresee. The funding of \$50,000,000 of interest-bearing notes caused Five-Twenty bonds to fall from 103 to 99. The funding of a second lot of 50,000,000 might depress the bonds to 94 or 95, and a third batch to 90 or even lower. It must be borne in mind that the first "Proposal for Funding" took the financial community rather by surprise, and that very few persons realized what would be its effect. Had the takers of the first 50,000,000 Funding Loan foreseen its effect on the money market, and consequently on the price of Governments, they would not have subscribed at 103; had the holders of Government bonds and notes throughout the country foreseen the result, they would have hastened to be foreclosed with the Treasury Department, and would have placed their securities in market.

A decline—however sudden or severe—in the price of Government securities, seriously as it might embarrass the Government and the national banks, would perhaps be cheerfully endured were it accompanied by a corresponding decline in the premium on gold, and in the market-price of commodities. But it seems by no means certain that the funding process recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Fort Wayne Speech insures a fall in gold. When the "Proposals for Funding" were issued gold was 145; when the loan was closed gold was 147. Notwithstanding a substantial reduction of \$50,000,000 in the legal tender currency, and a momentary pinch which caused Government securities to fall 3 to 4 per cent, gold rose instead of falling, and commodities either rose or remained stationary. It is pretty difficult to explain this anomaly otherwise than upon the theory that the people at large do not believe in the ability of the Government to contract the currency in any material degree, and, guided by past experience, are led to expect that spasmodic and violent efforts made by the Treasury Department to restore the currency to a specie standard will, in effect, operate to debauch it still further. Are there any grounds for believing that new "Proposals for Funding" would prove more successful than the last proposals in reducing the premium on gold?

The country is now generally prosperous. Our foreign trade is large. Our internal traffic, as measured by the business of the jobbers, the traffic reports on the railways, and the internal revenue receipts, is beyond all precedent. In the four months ending Nov. 1st, Government is said to have received from internal revenue nearly \$125,000,000. Our custom duties will yield this fiscal year over \$100,000,000 in gold. At this rate, Mr. McCulloch would be enabled by July 1st, 1866, to pay off four to five per cent of the public debt besides meeting all his current obligations. Is it wise to disturb this condition of things? Is it prudent to make experiments which may or may not result in a decline in the premium on gold, but which are sure to embarrass trade, to ruin the holders of Government securities, to place the National Banks in a position of danger, to vastly diminish the demand for and wages of labor, and so largely to reduce the product of internal revenue as probably to necessitate new loans to meet current expenses and pay the interest on the debt? Is it safe to pursue a policy one of the first results of which would be to reduce importations, and consequently to diminish the custom revenue, on which holders of national securities rely for the interest due them? How would the public credit stand if the revenue from duties fell back again to \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000—as would be the case if the banks

were generally compelled to curtail their discounts?

Suppose we let things be. It is very bad, certainly, to have gold worth 147, better worth 65 cents, and boots \$17 a pair. It would be far better to have gold at par, butter at 20 cents, and boots at the old price of \$6. But, meanwhile, the men who eat the butter and wear the boots are getting wages which enable them to pay the present high prices as easily as in former times they paid low prices. There is no want anywhere. On the contrary, labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled, was never so much in demand. No cry of distress reaches the ear. No soup kitchens are projected; no calico balls proposed. Society from basement to attic had adjusted itself to a depreciated paper currency, and is getting along very well, better by far than it did in 1843-4, or in 1858-9, when the currency was not depreciated at all. *Cui bono*, then, disturb matters?

If the Government should quietly resolve to make no more spiteful attempts to reduce the premium on gold, but to leave that article to find its own level, and meanwhile, devoting its whole energy to the collection of the largest possible revenue from taxes and customs, should use the excess of its revenue over its current expenditure in the payment of its debts, extinguishing first those obligations, legal tender or not legal tender, which first mature, and gradually reducing the volume of annual interest; would it not be pursuing a policy which would commend itself to the approval of clear-headed mercantile men? The result would be the avoidance of any shock or financial crisis, such as would inevitably follow a pursuance of the funding policy; the liberation and employment of the large amount of capital now locked up in dread of contraction; a continuance of the prevailing activity of business and consequent fair demand for labor of all kinds; large revenue from taxes, and a general willingness to pay them; a reduction in rents, and in the cost of all articles which now rule at high prices through the want of competition; and a steady appreciation of Government securities. The effect on gold, though not as immediate as some might desire, would be none the less certain. The premium on gold is but the measure of public distrust in the Government promises-to-pay. Let it once be clearly seen that the public revenue is in excess of its expenditure, that the people are paying taxes willingly, and that there are to be no further attempts to "doctor the currency," and it will not be long before those "promises-to-pay" command as high a price in gold as the promises of other solvent and prosperous Governments.

[Harper's Weekly.]

The interior of Ford's Theatre at Washington has been transformed into a three-story fire-proof building, and the contractor has given the keys to the War Department. The exterior of the building remains unchanged.

Some late instances of Southern impudence are refreshingly cool. Gen. Pillow has complained to the authorities that he was not allowed to search a government corral for mules taken from the rebels, and which he now claims. One rebel, who left the navy to go into the rebellion, has applied to have his dismissal revoked.

THE WAR NOT ENDED.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says, "Congress will act upon the theory that the war is not ended. It is precisely the ground occupied by the President and every one of the departments of the government. Volunteers not yet discharged have repeatedly demanded their discharge in compliance with their terms of enlistment, and the invariable reply is, 'The war is not yet closed.' The Treasury Department also holds, in reference to the payment of bounties, that the war still exists. The President, while he protects the freedmen with the bayonet, does it under the theory that the war has not come to an end. That is, time enough has not yet elapsed to satisfy the President and Congress that the people of the South are steadfastly loyal."

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes from Galveston: "I have to-day seen a confederate cavalryman, with his full uniform on, stars and all, driving a dray, with a mule whose harness was made of ropes. A late lieutenant-general of the rebel army is a clerk in an express office at New Orleans, and the officer who drove off Franklin and his fifteen thousand men, at Sabine, is a barkeeper at Houston."

The white population of the District of Columbia is to the black as four to one. During the war the whites furnished 1750 soldiers by drafting, and the blacks 3500, nearly all by volunteering. But then of course the blacks ought not to vote.

A London bookseller, who announces Saxé's Poems in a cheap reprint for the English people, takes the liberty to print the name "J. Godfrey Saxé," seeing which the author said, "I pardon the cockney for stealing the poems, but for bedeviling my name in that affected style, I would like to pull his piratical nose for him!"

A good story is told of a recent smashup on a Western railroad. A soldier who, in coming from Baltimore to Rock Island, had met with four accidents, was on this occasion in the car that completely turned over. Making his way through a window, and gaining an upright position, he looked around him and said coolly, "What station is this?"

Hall's Journal of Health expresses the opinion that buckwheat cakes contain more nourishment for less money than any other popular article of food.

Bill Triplett, a son of "Old Kentucky," many years ago emigrated to Arkansas, and lived in a kind of hand-to-mouth sort of way till finally he was reduced to the extremity of borrowing all the ready cash he could get hold of. One day he went to Fred Trappan—of whom he boasted as an old friend, and who was a wholesome fellow—and asked the loan of ten dollars Fred was a candidate for the Legislature on the Whig ticket; but Bill was an inveterate Democrat. When he asked the loan on this occasion, Fred said: "Bill, how does it happen that when you want money you always come to me, but when I am a candidate you are always opposed to me?" This ought to have been a poser, but Bill was smart. Said he: "Fred, look at me right good! I'll tell you; I'm politically 'I'm opposed to you, but financially I'm your friend!"

The Bangor Whig says that 13 individuals and firms in that city have subscribed \$112,000, to the stock of the European and North American Railway. The Whig thinks that the \$500,000 will be taken up soon.

What is the difference between a couple of mermaids and summer and autumn? The former are two sea-daughters, and the latter two sea-sons.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

Waterville Mail.

BPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 8, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTELL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We give an abstract, embracing all that the common reader need know of this very able and important document.

To express gratitude to God, in the name of the People, for the preservation of the United States, is my first duty in addressing you. Our next thoughts revert to the death of the late President by an act of paralytic treason. The grief of the nation is still fresh; it finds some solace in the consideration that he lived to enjoy the highest proof of its confidence by entering the renewed term of the Chief Magistracy, to which he had been elected; that he brought the civil war substantially to a close; that his loss was deplored in all parts of the Union; and that foreign nations have rendered justice to his memory. His removal cast upon me a heavier weight of cares than ever devolved upon any one of his predecessors. To fulfill my trust I need the support of all who are associated with me in the various departments of Government, and the support and confidence of the people. There is but one way in which I can hope to gain their necessary aid; it is, to state with frankness the principles which guide my conduct, and their application to the present state of affairs, well aware that the efficiency of my labors will in a great measure, depend on your and their undivided approbation.

He proceeds to argue that the founders of the Union intended it should be indissoluble; that the leading object of the constitution was to secure its perfection and permanency, and that it contains within itself ample resources for its own preservation. These powers have always been asserted by "every patriotic" chief magistrate. "It has power," he says, "to enforce the laws, punish treason, and insure domestic tranquility."

His argument for an everlasting Union is one of great power, and must lay forever any ghost of a plot for future dissolution. On this point he concludes that "the best security for the perpetual existence of the States is the 'supreme authority' of the Constitution of the United States. The perpetuity of the Constitution brings with it the perpetuity of the States; their mutual relation makes us what we are, and in our political system their connection is indissoluble. The whole cannot exist without the parts, nor the parts without the whole. So long as the Constitution of the United States endures, the States will endure; the destruction of the one is the destruction of the other; the preservation of the one is the preservation of the other."

He says he is "by almost imperceptible steps, sought to restore the rightful energy of the general government and of the States,"—by appointing provisional governors, establishing legislative bodies, &c. The blockade has been removed, courts, custom houses, post offices, &c., established, all which measures have brought blessings to those upon whom they have been urged.

He says that in exercising the pardoning power he has "taken every precaution to connect with it the clearest recognition of the binding force of the laws of the U. States, and an unqualified acknowledgment of the great social change of condition in regard to slavery which has grown out of the war." He urges upon the States the adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, and demands of those wishing to return to the Union a pledge to this end.

The full assertion of the powers of the General Government requires the holding of Circuit Courts of the United States within the districts where their authority had been interrupted. In the present posture of our public affairs, strong objections have been urged to holding those courts in any of the States where rebellion has existed; and it was ascertained, by inquiry, that the Circuit Court of the United States would not be held within the District of Virginia during the autumn or early winter, nor until Congress should have "an opportunity to consider and act on the whole subject." To your deliberations the restoration of this branch of the civil authority of the United States is therefore necessarily referred, with the hope that early provision will be made for the resumption of all its functions. It is manifest that treason, most flagrant in character, has been committed. Persons who are charged with its commission should have fair and impartial trials in the highest civil tribunals of the country, in order that the Constitution and the laws may be fully vindicated; the truth clearly established and affirmed that treason is a crime, that traitors should be punished and the offence made infamous; and, at the same time, that the question may be judicially settled, finally and forever, that no State of its own will has the right to renounce its place in the Union.

He argues that the power of enfranchising

the freedmen is not in the executive, but in the States. They must have time to complete the great work of philanthropy commenced in the abolition of slavery.

The formal accordance of belligerent rights to the insurgent States was unprecedented, and has not been justified by the issue. But in the systems of neutrality pursued by the Powers which made that concession, there was a marked difference. The materials of war for the insurgent States were furnished, in a great measure, from the workshops of Great Britain; and British ships, manned by British subjects, and prepared for receiving British armaments, sailed from the ports of Great Britain to make war on American commerce, under the shelter of a commission from the insurgent States. These ships, having once escaped from British ports, ever afterwards entered them in every part of the world, to refit, and so to renew their depredations. The consequences of this conduct were most disastrous to the States then in rebellion, increasing their desolation and misery by the prolongation of our civil contest. It had, moreover, the effect, to a great extent, to drive the American flag from the sea, and to transfer much of our shipping and our commerce to the very power whose subjects had created the necessity for such a change. These events took place before I was called to the administration of the Government. The sincere desire for peace by which I am animated led me to approve the proposal, already made, to submit the questions which had thus arisen between the countries to arbitration. These questions are of such moment that they must have commanded the attention of the great Powers, and are so interwoven with the peace and interests of every one of them, as to have ensured an impartial decision. I regret to inform you that Great Britain declined the arbitration, but, on the other hand, invited us to the formation of a joint commission to settle mutual claims between the two countries, from which those for the depredations before mentioned should be excluded. The proposition, in that very unsatisfactory form, has been declined.

Upon the numerous topics belonging to the message, the president is full and frank; and gives his views in a style of simplicity nicely adapted to the comprehension of all classes. The revenue system, the currency, the public debt and expenditures, and other subjects of interest to all, are presented with great skill and ability. Its tone is hopeful, confident and independent. Here is its closing paragraph:—

Where, in past history, does a parallel exist to the public happiness which is within the reach of the people of the United States?—Where, in any part of the globe, can institutions be found so suited to their habits or so entitled to their love as their own free Constitution? Every one of them, then, in whatever part of the land he has his home, must acknowledge its perpetuity. Who of them will not acknowledge, in the words of Washington, that "every step by which the people of the United States have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency?" Who will not join with me in the prayer, that the invisible hand which has led us through the clouds that gloomed around our path, will so guide us onward to a perfect restoration of fraternal affection that we of this day may be able to transmit our great inheritance, of State Governments in all their rights, of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, to our posterity, and they to theirs through countless generations?

WEST WATERVILLE ITEMS.

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MECHANIC'S HALL.—The new hall in Messrs. Hallett and Blaisdell's building was dedicated on Friday evening last. The exercises consisted of a social gathering of the people generally, addresses, and an oyster supper. The Hall is centrally located, is large and commodious, and will be a public convenience.

SOLDIER'S MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—This organization is now fairly under way, with an efficient board of officers. Funds are already coming in, and there is every reason to believe that a monument worthy of the place and of the cause will be secured. The following gentlemen constitute the Executive Board of the Association:—

Wm. H. Hatch, President; Benj. Herson, Vice President; Geo. W. Hubbard, Secretary; Alfred Winslow, Treasurer.

Trustees: S. Kimball, B. C. Benson, A. B. Bates, A. P. Benjamin, John U. Hubbard.

SUITABLE.—One of the ornaments of Main street, in a business way, is the establishment of E. N. Fletcher and Co., advertised in another column—the fine new building that took the place occupied in the same line by the late Mr. West. Mr. Fletcher's example has led to very marked improvement in his vicinity, and we hope will be followed in the measure of prosperity it seems to have secured to him. In all respects Messrs. Fletcher and Co. are well posted in their business, and no one expects to become a better dressed man than they can make him. Their only lack is help enough to meet orders, and good coat makers can find abundant employment there. Very few villages can show a more elegant establishment in its line; and when our business men go to Boston and New York, arrayed to the best advantage, and have compliments upon their elegant apparel, they always think of Fletcher and Co. in a kind way.

WATERVILLE LODGE OF FREEMASONS installed the following officers on Monday evening:—

Nath'l Meador, W. M.
John Meador, S. W.
J. S. Bangs, J. W.
Geo. L. Robinson, Tr.
Jos. R. Pitman, Sec'y.
E. F. Webb, S. D.
L. E. Crommett, J. D.
C. E. Williams, S. S.
Geo. Rainer, J. S.
Morris Soule, Ty.
Frank Magwire, Chaplin.
W. A. Caffrey, Marshall.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.—A despatch from St. John, N. B., states that some excitement had been caused there by the rumor of a contemplated raid upon New Brunswick by Fenians from the United States.

OUR TABLE.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a handsomely-printed monthly, filled with reading for the Sabbath. The purpose of the work, as announced, is "to call off the mind from the secular objects which necessity forces upon it during the week, and to awaken from their torpor those feelings of gratitude and adoration which the divine greatness and goodness should excite; and help to make the regular return of Sunday as healthful to society as the showers which soften, fertilize, and beautify the earth, bringing with them the influence of heaven."

A new volume commenced with the October number in which are the following serial works:—"Our Father's Business, or Incentives to do Good," by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; "Journal of a Tour through Palestine," by William Hauser, D.D.; "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," by the Vicar. Numerous illustrations appear in each number.

This magazine is edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and published by Alexander Strahan & Co., 178 Grand Street, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—In the December number of this "General Literary and Religious Magazine for the Family," are two elegant engravings—"Mr. Pisgah, Putnam Co., N.Y.," a beautiful landscape view, and a fine portrait of Rev. Thomas Carlton, D.D. The reading matter is of the usual excellence. The Repository is a Christian family magazine, the design of which, in the language of the prospectus, is "to present to our Christian families every month a magazine that the most careful and judicious parents may feel entirely safe in placing in the hands of every member of the family—a magazine elegant, chaste, and pure, such as will cultivate the taste, refine the manners, and ennoble all the aims of life."

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October has the following table of contents:—
Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry; Life in the Criminal Class; The Rock-cut Temples of India; Life of Carl Maria Von Weber; Campbell's Frost and Fire; Posthumous Writings of Alexis de Tocqueville; Palgrave's Arabia; The Cromwell Settlement of Ireland; Sir Thomas Wyse's Poloponnus; American Psychomancy.

The last article is a rather sharp review of the literature of "Modern Spiritualism."

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 \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; 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 55 cents a year.

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.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for December, comes nicely freighted, as usual, with abundance of good reading, stories, etc., profusely illustrated, while the fashion department is radiant with beauty. All the latest novelties are given, with full explanations and directions, including a sheet of full sized patterns for cutting.

In its peculiar province, as we have often said, this superb magazine is without a rival. It is something better, in its literary department, than a mere repository of sensational stories, as all will testify who have read it.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—Peterson is first in the field for 1866, and presents a January number rich in embellishments and other attractions. He gives a double-sized fashion plate; two fine steel engravings, "Golden Summer," and "The Soldier's Orphan," both very good, but the first one a gem; the Oriental Slipper pattern, in colors; "Mrs. Peterson's New Year's Party," and a host of patterns and designs, in usual. The number is crowded full of attractive stories, and other good reading. Four copyright novels will be given during the year—"The Soldier's Orphan," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; "The Soldier's Bond," by the author of the Second Life; "The Old Mill of Amoskeag," by the author of Susy Lee's Diary; "Mrs. Shoddy's Skeleton," by Frank Lee Benedict. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for December is full of nice stories and pretty pictures for the little folks—several pages of "Chat" being given at the end, and a well filled "Puzzle Drawer." Sophie May, that charming writer for youth, will furnish a story for the next volume, entitled "Wild Oats;" and other contributors of marked ability are engaged. A fine steel engraving of Gen. Grant will be given in the January number. Published by J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton street, New York, at \$1.50 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

PROF. GUNNING'S first Lecture on Geology, on Wednesday evening, drew out a good audience; and the marked attention showed that the subject has an interest for our people and afforded gratifying evidence of the ability and tact of the speaker. The expressed wish for Prof. Gunning to complete the course was unanimous, and a committee was chosen to see that tickets and enough are sold to afford the lecturer at least a moderate remuneration for his labors.

No person with the least taste for natural science can fail to be interested in these lectures; and we hope to see a full house each night. The price is only too low; for we really fear that some persons may stay away under the impression that because they are so cheap the lectures must therefore be of little worth; but those who were present at the first lecture have fallen into no such error. The Professor appears to be thoroughly master of his subject; his manner is easy and natural, while an occasional streak of humor keeps the duller hearers wide awake. His charts and diagrams, too, are great aids to speaker and hearer, and the same is true of his chemical experiments and "specimens."

The syllabus of the second lecture, on Wednesday evening next, is thus given on the bill:—"First dry land. Where was it? Germ of the American continent. The end foreshadowed in the beginning. Laws of growth. Origin and history of Petroleum, Primeval forests. Formation of coal. First air breathing life. What it was, and what it meant."

Dr. Sheldon will, by request, repeat his Thanksgiving sermon on "The Law of Solidarity," next Sunday morning, at Town Hall.

DOOR PLATES.—W. H. Gould, & Co., of Skowhegan, furnish a handsome door plate, with the name plainly lettered so as to be easily read, at a very reasonable price. An agent is in this section, taking orders, to whom we refer all who wish for an article of this kind, confident that they will be satisfied with the work and the price.

ACCIDENT.—An accident that may rather be called fortunate than unfortunate, happened a few days ago to our venerable townsman, Jediah Morrill, Esq. Stepping from his door in the evening, without knowing that a little snow had fallen, he slipped upon the door-step and fell, striking his side upon the corner of the step. He is a large man, and in his eighty-ninth year, and his escape without serious injury is singular. He promptly recovered his footing and went in; but the blow upon his side has given him considerable pain since.

It may not be out of place to say, in this connection, that Mr. Morrill had just completed the task of cutting and preparing for hauling his winter supply of wood, in a wood lot he owns near the village—carrying his dinner to his daily labor, felling the trees, splitting with beetle and wedges, and piling. This is no new thing to him—no special effort of an old man to accomplish something to be told. It is in accordance with the custom of his life. Wealthy, liberal, and not apparently desirous of gain, it has yet been his regular habit for many years, since his retirement from trade, to spend most of his time in active labor; going daily and early to his field, to his wood-lot, to his garden or to his work-shop, and accomplishing a fair day's work for a common laborer—not drudging, hurrying and fretting, but cheerfully pursuing active labor as a duty and a pleasure. He says it does him good—gives him a relish for his food—keeps him cheerful and healthy; of all which he is living proof. Though his hair and beard are white as snow, he has a form as erect, a walk as active, a face as fresh and fair, and a mind as clear, as the average of men at fifty. Social, genial, kind, charitable, generous—he is in the fresh enjoyment of life at an age when most men are tasting its dregs. But all these advantages he has secured by living for them. He has abstained from the use of liquors, and of tobacco; eaten always moderately, and with great care to meet the healthy demands of nature; and toiled day after day, and year after year, as we said, to secure a healthy body and a cheerful mind. In this respect, as well as in the integrity and uprightness of his life, he is an example worthy of imitation; and it is for this reason that we have alluded to him more freely than we intended—and, we fear, than he would approve.

PRANG'S PICTURES.—By reference to advertisement it will be seen that a full assortment of the beautiful album pictures sent out by Prang & Co., of Boston, may be found at the new Bookstore. No more beautiful ornaments for the center table can be found than these charming landscapes, autumn leaves, flowers, birds, butterflies, mosses, etc., and their low price puts them within the reach of every body. "The Christmas Stocking Library," from the same house, embraces a variety of charming extension picture books for youth, that cannot fail to delight all the little folks; while the elegant chromo pictures will have an irresistible charm for their elders. Prang & Co. also produce other beautiful things, marriage certificates, cheap, albums, etc., etc., which must be seen to be properly appreciated.

The Temperance Meeting on Monday evening, though light on account of the storm, was tolerably lively in its discussions; and it adjourned with good arrangements for an interesting meeting next Monday evening, if the weather permits. At that time it is presumed that the ladies of our village will be able to show, by their presence, that their well known zeal in the cause of temperance has not abated. Nothing prospers without their encouragement, and this is emphatically their cause.

WATERVILLE THREES are making progress with the improvement of their engine house. It will be an ornament to its neighborhood. Wonder if the gallant Threes will give it a social dedication? They are daily looking for a report from their "tab," which has taken a trip to Watertown, N. Y., for improvements.

Waterville Bank has finally completed the task of hiding the vast pile of granite that so long lay piled at the front of its new quarters, and is about transferring its treasures to the stronghold there constructed. If ever thieves molest them it must be accomplished by following closely in the track of an earthquake.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.—Considering it was Thanksgiving week, the supply of cattle and sheep was unusually large, though smaller than last week, of course. The market favored the buyers, and prices declined about a cent on a pound, all round.

STEPHENS, the Fenian Head Center in Ireland, has escaped from custody rather mysteriously, and there is consequently great rejoicing among the friends of Ireland in this country.

FROM CHILI.—Advices from Valparaiso Chili, to the 1st of November, give a vivid picture of the excitement in Chili in regard to the Spanish aggression in declaring the blockade of six Chilean ports. The Chilean Government has ordered all the Spanish residents to Valparaiso, where they can be under the vigilance of the authorities. The transfer of Spanish property or assets is forbidden. Foreigners in Chili are decided in their support of this government. The diplomatic corps resident in Santiago have expressed their approval of the protest of Chileans to Spain. Preparations for war are vigorously carried on. The Germans in the province of Atacama have voluntarily renounced all exemption from taxes, to which, as foreigners, they have a right.

DEATH OF JOSEPH McKEEN.—Joseph McKeen, Esq., of Brunswick, died suddenly in that town last Saturday evening, after an illness of only a few hours—supposed to be disease of the heart. The deceased had been for a long series of years Treasurer of Bowdoin College, and was one of the most prominent citizens of that town. His age was about 78 years.

CONGRESS.—The first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress opened Tuesday. The Senate was called to order by Vice-President Foster, when the credentials of Hon. Luke P. Poland of Vermont and Hon. John P. Stockton of New Jersey were presented, and they took the oath. A protest from members of the New Jersey Legislature against Mr. Stockton's admission was also presented and laid on the table for the present. Mr. Sumner introduced several bills, providing for the maintenance of a republican form of government in States lately in rebellion, for the enforcement of the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, and to insure trial by jury by securing impartial persons in the courts of the United States; also resolutions declaratory of the amendment abolishing slavery, of the duty of Congress in respect to loyal citizens of rebel States, and to guaranties of national security. Bills were likewise introduced to regulate the franchise of the District of Columbia, to regulate the judiciary of the United States, and to maintain the freedom of the people of the late rebel States. In the House of Representatives the Clerk, at noon, proceeded to call the roll, when one hundred and twenty-five members answered to their names. No names of members from States that had been in rebellion were called. Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, endeavored to gain a hearing, but was ruled out of order. Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, was then re-elected Speaker of the House, and, on taking the oath of office, administered the oath to the members. The remaining officers of the House continued to act in their respective capacities until their successors shall have been qualified. Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania offered the resolution agreed upon in the republican caucus, appointing a committee to consider the claims of the so-called confederate States to be represented in Congress, which was adopted under a suspension of the rules.

On Tuesday, in the House, a resolution that the interest and principal of the debt created during the war ought to be promptly paid, was adopted.

THE TREASURY REPORT, of which the message gives the leading statements and estimates, is strongly conservative in its views of finance, urging a reduction of the currency and dwelling at great length upon the dangers of the present state of things. The Secretary advises that the compound-interest notes should, cease to be a legal tender when they mature and that he should be authorized to sell 5 x per cent bonds for the purpose of withdrawing the greenbacks. He is anxious that the policy of contraction should be established, believing that the country will accommodate itself without serious trouble to the change. He advises that the collection of taxes in arrears in the insurgent States should be postponed, and that transactions invalid for want of stamps in those States should be legalized. He advises that the national banks should be required to redeem in one of the three financial cities, and hopes that the time is near when their redemption will be something more than nominal.

The Portland Advertiser has obtained the particulars of the homicide at West Newfield recently. It seems that Daniel Folsom, a drinking man, went to the house of Abram Durgin, who, with his family is also addicted to strong drink, to obtain some cider. It is supposed some trouble arose about paying for it, when Durgin's son-in-law, named Dudley, struck Folsom with a club, dragged him out of doors and left him. He laid there all night until about four o'clock, when Dudley became alarmed because he did not get up and go home. Dudley went out, carried him back into the house and tried to revive him. He was dead. Upon examination it was found that the skull was fractured and the blood was congealed upon the brain. Dudley is in jail at Alfred. Intemperance was the cause of this and thousands of similar cases.

A DEMOCRAT'S OPINION OF BUCHANAN.—In noticing the O. P. F.'s defence of his administration, the New York Sunday Times says:—

Ex-President Buchanan has just published a book in vindication of his administration of the government, and especially in vindication of his own impeached integrity and patriotism at the close of his executive career. The book reflects with some severity upon Gen. Scott, who, we believe, at one time reflected pretty severely on Buchanan. In other respects the volume is a tame and common-place one. It is calm, mild, and argumentative, somewhat plausible, and very dull; but, after all it amounts to very little, has no elegance of diction, no grace of style to recommend it, and is just like its author, pompously insignificant. Mr. Buchanan did not lack integrity; he lacked force and decision. He is and was a selfish, heartless, cool, calculating politician. He never would be anything else if he lived for a century. He loved nobody and nothing but himself—not even his country.

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO HAUL DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG.—There died yesterday at the United States Hospital at the Brooklyn naval station (a palace among hospitals, by the way), an old sailor, who, though in humble station, made himself a lasting fame. William Conway was, in 1861, an old sailor in our navy, having served over forty years as an enlisted sailor. In April, 1861, he was stationed at the Warrenton (Pensacola) naval station, Florida, and was the man whom the traitor, F. B. Renshaw, of the old navy, ordered to lower the United States flag on the secession of the State. Mr. Conway, in reply to this order, answered that he "couldn't do it." The order was repeated more positively. "Lieutenant," answered the old sailor, "I have served under that flag for forty years, and I won't do it." The rebel Lieutenant did not insist. Shortly after Mr. Conway was sent North and here remained during the war. He received from the citizens of San Francisco a gold medal commending his gallant action on the occasion referred to, and this he had on his person at the time of his death, together with letters from Secretary Welles and General Halleck praising him for his devotion to the flag. He was a native of Camden, Maine, and about sixty-three years of age.

The funeral is to take place at 3 o'clock, P. M., from the hospital. Admiral Bell, Captain Pennock, and all the officers of the naval station and yard will be present at the funeral to do honor to the gallant dead.

[New York Herald.]
Grenada, Miss., despatch of the 30th ult. states that a collision took place there on the night of the 26th, between a party of State militia searching for arms among the freedmen, and a squad of colored soldiers. Several of the militia were wounded, some severely. A large number of muskets, and some ammunition are said to have been found and taken from the negroes.

We clip the following good-humored paragraph from the Weekly Review of the Boston Traveller:—

A Washington letter says that the Secretary of the Treasury will probably recommend that counterfeiters of the national currency and bonds be punished with death. We do not believe it. It would be monstrous to send men to the gallows for making false currency of the denomination of fifty cents, the value of which is not much above thirty cents, when thousands of men who are guilty of treason are pardoned, and not one man has been executed for treason, though counterfeiters owe their opportunity to sin to the action of traitors. Experience shows that the death penalty is powerless in such cases. Juries never would convict counterfeiters, if death were to be their punishment. It is small currency that should be sentenced to death, and immediately executed.

A MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM.—On Monday morning Gonzalez, one of the parties in custody in New York charged with the murder of Otero, the Cuban, was taken to the dead house where the body of his victim was lying. He had not been told the purpose of his visit, and was brought into the room unconscious of the presence of the dead. When he stood beside the shrouded corpse the covering was removed, and his dark evil eye fell on the ghastly face of the murdered man. Instantly a tremor shot through his throat, his face grew absolutely livid, his lips parted and a choking sensation came over him. With an indescribable expression of horror and fright he turned his face away from the mute witness of his crime, and could not be induced to look on it again.

BLACK LEAD.—A writer in the Lewiston Journal says that in that city near Sabattus Pond is a valuable mine of plumbage, or black lead. It is simple carbon, with a small proportion of iron. The ore is worth a dollar a pound. The mine is owned by a Mr. Skinner of Boston.

A company has been working a mine of this material on Puzzle Mountain, in Oxford Co., but have abandoned it for a rich deposit of copper discovered by them on the same property.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—

"Gen. Howard is still busily engaged on his report, in which he will make several suggestions relative to the action Congress should adopt for the benefit of the destitute freedmen during the winter. The General is not apprehensive of any great amount of suffering among the blacks of the South this winter, for the reason that this year's crops have been much heavier than those of last, and that he has already despatched a number of his officers to distribute the large amount of supplies contributed by the Sanitary Commission and Quartermaster's Department among the most destitute of the Southern freedmen."

Dyspepsia can be surely and permanently cured by Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. Thousands of dyspeptics are sending in their testimonials to the proprietors, saying it has cured them. We say to those who are suffering from dyspepsia, constipation, sour stomach, or any disorder of the stomach or bowels, give it a trial.

Dr. Kineaid, of the American Baptist Missionary Society, after a residence of thirty-five years in India, is compelled to leave his field of labor, and is on his way to this country.

Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus is as healthy as the purest food; will prove a great saving in that article; is peculiarly adapted to benefit weak stomachs and dyspeptic persons; is making more healthy and economical than baking powders, and greatly preferred to soda to use with cream tartar. Grocers may say they have as good. They are mistaken. It is the best in the world. Try it. Most of the Grocers have it. Have the Gold Medal or none.

A Boston merchant, writing from Kingston, Jamaica, says that of the blacks executed, one-half, at least, knew nothing whatever of the outbreak.—Thousands of innocent blacks had been severely whipped to inspire them with a wholesome fear of such proceedings.

Mr. Josiah Pierce, jr., of Portland, went to Russia some time ago to put some American ideas into operation on the railroads there. He has been quite prosperous, and has recently been knighted by the Emperor of Russia, so that he now bears the title of Sir Josiah Pierce.

Bogus foreign perfumes infest the market. The real cannot be imported on account of the enormous duty. Meanwhile, Phalon's "Night Blooming Cereus," which would beat them out of the field even under a free-trade system, is everywhere in urgent demand. Sold by all druggists.

Why, Missus, just look at those nice white clothes. I never had such soap to wash with before, and as long as you are my mistress, I hope you will never buy any other than the Gold Medal Soap, it is so nice and pure, and washes so easy—just think of it—I am three hours ahead of the usual time, my clothes never begin to look half so well before, and thanks to the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap. Tell your friends to try it and they will never use any other. Most all the Grocers have it to sell.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.—A clergyman of Newark, N. J., received the following note on a Thanksgiving morning:—

"Dear Sir, Not having a turkey for my minister's Thanksgiving dinner, I send him two eagles instead. Yours truly,

The funny editor of the Nashua Telegraph, who had a printing press which cast from its fly wheel by gas light a revolving shadow, which people would be surprised to learn was probably wearing out the door, once lost an office by his inveterate propensity to jokes. In 1840 he was appointed Postmaster of Nashua, worth \$2,000 a year. During the height of John Tyler's treacherous administration, some Southern editor asked, "Why is John Tyler like an ass?" Board copied it, and gave an answer, "Because he is an ass." In less than a week his office was taken from him.

Robert Dale Owen suggests an amendment to the United States constitution to the effect that all citizens who can read the constitution shall vote for President and for members of Congress, and that the other qualifications for voters for national offices shall be determined by Congress.

Josh Billings says that opera music don't have any more effect upon him than castor oil would on a graven image.

In the assurance of strength there is strength and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

