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Maxham & Wing

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THE OLD STORY.

My heart is chilled and my pulse is low,
But when I think of you, my memory goes
Like a bird that has lost its way in snow—
Back to the day when I loved you so,
The beautiful long ago.

I sit here dreaming through and through,
The blissful memory shared with you—
The sweet, sweet days when our love was new,
When I was true, and you were true—
The beautiful days, but few.

Best or wretched, fettered or free,
Why should I care how your life may be,
Or whether you wander by land or sea?
Only know you are dead to me,
Ever and hopelessly.

Oh, how often, at day's decline,
Pushed from my window the curtaining vine,
To see from our lattice the starlight shine,
Type of a message that, half divine,
Flashed from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silvering all—
The roses sleep by the garden wall—
The night-bird warbles his madrigal—
And I hear again through the sweet air fall
The evening bugle-call.

But summers will vanish, and years will wane,
And bring no light to your window-pane—
No graceful smile nor patient pain—
Can bring back love back to life again—
I call up the past in vain!

My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves how much I counted gold;
I watch no longer your curtain's fold,
The window is dark and the night is cold,
And the story forever told.

[From London Society.]

GREENMANTLE.

A TALE OF OLD MANCHESTER.

There were a good many of us at home; no lack of mouths to feed, and not too much to put in them; so when I had finished my school days—an event which occurred tolerably early—I was packed off to Manchester to serve an apprenticeship in a Manchester warehouse.

I had plenty of work and some little pay, and when my father had found me cheap lodgings in the house of an elderly couple, and had arranged the payment with them so as to leave me a small sum for pocket money, he bade me be a good boy and attentive to business, and left me to my fate.

My home was so far distant to admit of my visiting often than once a year, when I obtained a brief holiday for the purpose, and I was terribly lonely in the populous town. I knew nobody, and was shy of making acquaintances; my companions in the warehouse were off-hand, rattling fellows, little suited to my taste; so I subsided into my quiet lodgings, read, or rather devoured, all the books I could lay my hands on, and grew up a solitary in the midst of thousands.

One passion I had, and that was to hunt up every relic of antiquity I could possibly manage to travel to; and there was not an old hall nor an old church within a circuit of twelve or fourteen miles that I did not make a pilgrimage to.

The vestiges of old Manchester claimed particular attention, and I haunted the neighborhood of the "college" and the "old church," looking at the outside of the old houses (I was to shy to think of asking permission to enter any of them) until I knew every chink and cranny in their weather-beaten faces, and came to look upon them as my most intimate friends.

Some of them were public houses, and I ventured timidly, and at intervals, into these, calling modestly for a glass of ale, and peering into the old nooks and corners, ducking under the heavy beams, and trying often vainly to look through the old green glass which obscured the long low windows.

Long before my apprenticeship had concluded, I found myself permanently installed in the office, or counting-room, as it was grandiloquently called, and that, no doubt, was the fittest place for me. As years passed on, I became, by translation from stool to stool, packing clerk, invoice clerk and bookkeeper, obtaining an advance of wages with each change of position, until, as bookkeeper I was munificently paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and I had reached the summit of my ambition.

During my brief visits to the library of the old college, I picked up a sort of acquaintance with one of the mustiest bookworms in the lot, whom I found there when I went in and left there when I came out, and should have believed lived there but that I knew no candles were admitted, and that at night the books would be useless to him without them. He was a strange figure, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a neckerchief twisted around his throat in a sort of wisp, with a pair of great goggles speckled with his nose, and with two, three, or four folios ranged round him, one for reading, the others for comparison and reference. I had the good fortune once to hand him a ponderous tome which had slipped from his knees while he was intent upon another placed upon the stand before him; and after that time, if by chance he glanced up, which might happen once in a month, perhaps, whilst I was in the reading room, I was sure of a kindly nod at least before he glanced down again.

Once, in a difficulty, I ventured to refer to him, and I was no little astonished by the flood of erudition poured in consequence upon me. He knew everything that had been written upon the subject, and gave me the key to my puzzle immediately, together with half a hundred references where-to still further to elucidate it. Afterwards our relationship became almost that of master and pupil; and I may say that we became in some sort friends, though our only place of meeting was the library.

The rule of our office was, that every one employed should be there at work at nine o'clock in the morning, and accordingly at twenty minutes before nine, precisely, I passed the clock in the old church tower, on my way to it. I believe that every clock in the back street of Strangeways, in which I lived was timed by my movements, much in the same way in which my watch was timed by the church clock as I passed. From long habit this comparison had become a necessity, and the only temptation I ever had to omit it was occasioned by the passing at the same spot at my precise moment, of a lady dressed in a green mantle, whom I met morning after morning, and whose fresh, pleasant face I got to look for, until I fancied that missing it would almost cost a gloom upon the day. It was long before I did miss it; month after month, through the long winter, wet or dry, hail, rain or snow, at twenty minutes to nine I met Greenmantle, as I called her in my thoughts, opposite the old church tower. Very soon I knew her as well as my old house in the city, or out of it, and could have described every fold in her dress and every feature in her sweet face, but I had no one to describe them to at the time, and I am not going to begin now.

I was a young man of five and twenty then, but as I have said, I fancied that I had been looking at my direction, I colored to the top of my head, I believe, and hastened onward, as she passed without appearing to notice me. I was miserable for the day.

With her, so I knew she must be a governess somewhere, and that was all I could make out with certainty. I wanted to know all about her, who she was, where she lived, what relatives she had, and above all I wanted to know her. I had got to love her before I had exchanged a word or even a nod with her. Her face was an index to all goodness, and I felt that I must win her or die. If I was as shy as a girl I was every bit as romantic, and I actually upset all the neighbors' equanimity by starting from my lodgings ten minutes before my accustomed time. But I missed seeing Greenmantle. I ran back, indeed, just in time to see her skirt disappear in the distant crowd; but that did not content me, and for weeks I became the timekeeper again. Then I tried being late; I left my lodgings at the accustomed hour indeed; but I loitered upon the road, and Greenmantle passed me almost at my own street end. I lingered and watched, but she went on until I could distinguish her no longer. Then I turned and ran—ran at the top of my speed to the office, which I reached five minutes after nine, in time to find every one from the master downward, speculating upon my being seriously unwell, or possibly defunct. Thus things went on till midsummer; I met Greenmantle without appearing to notice her every morning, and I spent hours every evening in visiting places in which I thought it possible to meet with her; but, except at the precise spot, at twenty minutes before nine, I never had the luck to meet her.

I had even begun to speculate upon the possibility of obtaining a day's holiday, in order to discover where she went to, and, possibly even, where she lived. I dwelt upon the idea delighted, but the obstacles appeared insuperable. Could I say that I had urgent private business? Of course. But of what nature? I could not summon courage to tell a lie, and perhaps still less could I have told the truth.

One morning Greenmantle did not appear. It was at midsummer, and we were busy with our annual balance-sheet; it was all but complete, and I had to sign it; instead of Richard Naylor, I signed "Greenmantle." I tore off the corner surreptitiously, spilled some ink upon the mutilated remnant, and toiled far into the night to produce a clean copy, which I had very nearly signed "Greenmantle" again.

For the next week or two I was miserable. That Greenmantle must be enjoying her holiday I knew well enough; but it was no slight deprivation to find myself alone, morning after morning, at the accustomed hour.

I determined I knew not what I would speak to her; I composed numberless pretty speeches, one or two fresh ones for every day; I committed them resolutely to memory; I conned them over as I walked in the office even; and I made mistakes in the books; my ledger, which no penknife had ever touched, was disgraced forever, and still Greenmantle came not.

It was the middle of August, and I ought to have started on my annual journey home. I stirred not, and made no sign.

At length I was ordered off. I was getting thin and ill, and my master saw it, and told me to go into the country for ten days. I obeyed in part; but instead of going into the country I commenced a systematic search for Greenmantle. I questioned everybody: cabmen, policemen, porters; many had seen her but not lately, and none knew where she lived. I was pursuing my search still, and a week of my leave had nearly expired, when coming suddenly into the market place, I saw Greenmantle; I was sure it was she, but some carts intervened, and before I could reach the spot she was gone.

Here was new life and new hope for me! I spent long hours in the market next day, with Bowen's spectacles always looking at me and seeming to ask what I did there; but I was rewarded at last. I saw Greenmantle coming, and pushed towards her through the crowd. I reached her, and should have spoken; it was her mantle, but the bonnet was different, so was the face!

Here was disappointment doubly deep! I was reckless; my timidity had flown, and I spoke to the girl who wore the mantle I had been seeking so long. She was Greenmantle's sister. Greenmantle was ill; had been very ill; but she was better. Oh! yes, she was getting stronger again; they did not live far from there. I was mad, I believe, and fancy the girl thought so. I bought grapes, oranges, apples, flowers, and I wanted to buy wine for her. I poured my purchases into the skirt of the green mantle and insisted upon seeing it home. I sent messages of love, sorrow, happiness; I was grieved for this, happy at that, miserable for the other; I was eloquent and beside myself. I talked more in ten minutes which it took us to go through the market and to the top of the Smithy door, than I had done for months before, and when I was dismissed at the clock, I stood gazing absently at the old picture building which held nearly all I cared for, until I turned faint and sick from excess of joy.

I went there in the evening, and knocked timidly, after many efforts, at the door. The woman at the house told me Greenmantle's name. "Yes, Miss Walton and her sister lived there; Miss Walton had been very ill; but she was mending nicely; she would give my card, and would say that I had called; would I wait then?" I felt very nervous, but I would wait, and in a few minutes the sister came to me. Greenmantle had recognized me; Greenmantle would see me; would I walk up stairs?

It was an old-fashioned house, and I had never before seen one so charming; the stairs were of old oak, wide and spacious. I sprang up them with alacrity; three flights were passed, and then, in a large wainscoted, poorly furnished room, I found Greenmantle, pale and propped with pillows, but with a pleasant smile of welcome on her worn dear face. I could do no more than I had done, she said; they were well off, they were rich; at least they had sufficient to last them for some time; but she was glad to see me; it was like seeing an old friend.

Greenmantle spoke of books, flowers, pictures; led me to my own subjects, and appeared to listen with interest. I was eloquent, I was inspired; I astonished myself in particular, but I had no time to think of it then. Her sister told me to go; Greenmantle was tired; but I might come again; the next day, if I chose. I did choose, and I chose to go for many a day after. I haunted the neighborhood of their lodgings; and I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top of the most picturesque old house in Manchester, that at the higher end of old Smithy door. From that window Greenmantle has often looked kindly down at me.

She recovered rapidly; her sister said that I was her best doctor; and after I had spoken my love, which I did soon, and without any extraordinary bungling in doing so, she told me her plain, simple story. Their father was a tradesman in a distant town; they had been carefully educated, partly with the idea that they might have to fight their own way; father and mother had both died suddenly, and almost at the same hour, and there was nothing left them but their piano and some trifling articles of furniture which their father's creditors had presented to them. They had an uncle in Manchester, (he was in the next room, and I must get his consent) so they had come here, and Greenmantle maintained, both her sister and herself by her exertions as a governess. She had continued her sister's education and she hoped now that she could supply her place.

And so Greenmantle went, with a radiant face, to call her uncle; and I awaited in fear and trembling, his much dreaded approach. First I heard a great clatter of falling books, then a merry laugh, and a shuffling of slipped feet, and then the door opened, and Greenmantle entered, leading by the hand—my old friend of the college library.

I sprang to him; I think I should have liked to kiss him, for he shook me warmly by both hands, muttered something about being happy—good boy, good girl, very good girl; and then he joined our hands together, and shuffled away to his books again.

And then Greenmantle made her confession. She had known me quite as long as I had known her; indeed, she thought longer, for several times she had passed me whilst I was looking at my watch; she saw that I was punctual; she saw that I was fond of books; she guessed that I liked pictures, she knew that I liked flowers; she had known my name long since she knew that her uncle had met me; and crowning confession of all—but that was not made till after we were married—she produced my portrait, which she had painted for herself in secret, after, as she said, she knew that I loved her, and hoped that I would some day tell her so.

So Greenmantle's sister began to pass the old church at twenty minutes to nine every morning, and for a little while I used to meet and bid her "good-morning"; there, but as soon as I had got my cage ready I took home my bird; and now we have turned Greenmantle into a ring-dove, leaving the owl and linnet to keep house together, (till the linnet settles in her own nest, which, judging from appearances will not be long first) and then the owl is to come to us, and I am to rummage both his books and his brains at my pleasure.

SPEAK TO THE BOYS. Every one who walks the streets of our city must have often been pained and shocked to observe the great number of idle boys that lounge at street corners, and hang about wharves and railway stations, and are too often seen lurking in dangerous proximity to the doors of grog-shops and gambling rooms. Many of these boys are not vicious, but any observer can perceive that they have got, or are fast getting a vicious slant. Only a little more impulse, in that direction is needed to send them headlong on the road to destruction. Look at any one of them. Observe his lazy swagger, his devil-may-care manner, his face in which a look of precocious sensuality and impudence is fast supplanting the natural innocence of boyhood, the long, rank cigar in his last coarsening mouth, and judge if the character he is forming is likely to be an advantage to himself or society. He despises school; he is much wiser, bless you, than any teacher. He scoffs at parental authority; he knows the ropes a vast deal better than the "governor." He swells with the pride of ignorance; he glories in his growing familiarity with what he thinks manly vice. He has no conception of the rocks on which he is drifting. Cannot something be done for him and the large class which he represents? Is there not some one to speak to him of his danger? Ere long it will be too late. When tobacco, bad ale, and late hours have weakened his nerves and ruined his health, when vicious indulgences have deprived his taste, and profligate associations have stained his character, when all noble ambition, all capacity for a true manly career, have yielded to low pursuits and sensual aims, when the leader in him has mastered the pest and disgrace of the city, a subject for police courts and the jails, then it will be too late to undo for this world the mischief which perhaps a slight effort now in the right direction might suffice to avert.

Think of this, you who have influence with boys; and do not through your indifference or absorption in other things suffer them to lack the friendly counsel, the warning word enforced by tokens of real interest, which might save them to be blessings rather than the pest of society.

ARISTOCRACY.—Ten or twenty years ago, this old butchered, that one made candles, a third sold butter and cheese, and a fourth carried on a distillery. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it would not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that these tolling worms hatch butterflies, and that they live about a year. In many instances the father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money; their children inherit their pride and go to shiftless poverty; and their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeians and by the smell of the cold, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to re-appear in new trees and fresh garbure. Such is aristocracy!

The Secretary of the Interior, in reply to inquiry from Gen. Howard, decides that the Freedmen's Bureau cannot hold, nor the Government set aside unoccupied government lands in Florida, or any other State, for the use or benefit of freedmen. He further says, however, that all homestead and pre-emption laws are as applicable to freedmen as any other class of persons.

CONVENIENCES FOR THE WOMEN.

On looking over your reply with much interest to Mr. Dunning's inquiry "How to make land rich without manure," I was struck with the direction you gave him in case he had a cash capital on hand, after paying for his farm, and stocking it, of supplying it with all conveniences for the women. I find this direction in your issue of May 15th. The question at once arose in my mind, "How many will stop in reading this paragraph to ask themselves the question whether they have in all respects supplied the house with all conveniences for the women?"

It is lamentably true as far as my observation extends that farmers do not give sufficient attention to this matter. Most of them, no doubt, come far short, not for the want of sympathy and affection, but from not properly weighing the real necessity of having everything convenient for doing the work in the house. There is a class of farmers (small, I trust) who do not appear to think that the house-wife's duties are laborious or worthy of a thought. She may toil on her weary round, day after day, and if premature death does not relieve her, insanity often confines her to the mad house, where more farmers' wives are found than those of any other calling. This is a startling fact verified by the reports of our insane asylums in the New England and Middle States. I do not see how we are to account for it, unless we are to seek for the cause in the unceasing drudgery, and want of proper sympathy from those who at the marriage altar vowed before God to give it. It is a difficult thing to reach the feelings of a man who can day after day see, if he would, the sure wearing out of all cheerfulness, all elasticity of mind and body, and finally all hope dying before his very eyes.

In the Spring of 1863, (I think it was) some selections from Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health* on farmers' wives being overtaxed, were published in the Farmer. I read those extracts with interest, and felt that they were called for, and hoped good would result from them; and I also hoped that more facts bearing upon the subject would appear in our agricultural papers. As yet I have been disappointed but trust the subject will be agitated until our whole farming community is fully alive to the importance of furnishing conveniences for the women. It is needless to specify them in full, for they readily suggest themselves to every observing person.

Still, I will venture to name the proper location and arrangements of the kitchen as being first and foremost among the real necessities of every farmer's wife. It is here most of her work is to be done, and its relative position in reference to the rest of the house should be carefully arranged so as to save as many steps as possible. This is often overlooked in the construction of our farm houses. I know of several houses where stairs of one or two steps are to be gone up or down as you pass to or from other rooms in the house. This is a very serious defect, and should never be tolerated. The kitchen should be well lighted, plenty of sunshine admitted, and the best of ventilation secured. Much is said about ventilation, now-a-days, and if there is one place requiring it more than another, it is the kitchen. The fumes of cooking and all disagreeable odors that at times are liable to be there, should find a ready exit, while the sunshine will not only tend to purify the atmosphere but impart a cheerful aspect to the apartment. Then again the kitchen should have wells and cisterns of water at hand. No running to some distant well or spring for the indispensable article, as I have known some women to do, in storm as well as sunshine. How many have left a heated room in a flowing perspiration for a pail of water, and taken a cold that eventuated in sickness, and quite often death, none can tell! We cannot deny the fact that the number is very great. Pantries, stores or ranges, dressers, and milk-room (if a dairy farm) should all be so located that not one unnecessary step shall be required in the daily household work.

This much in regard to the house arrangements. But this is not all. When you have done all this, the farmer is not to consider his whole duty accomplished by any means. Of what avail is it for the wife to have all the conveniences for doing her work we have enumerated, if the husband is habitually irregular at his meals. I have known men to be so habitually irregular in their coming to their meals that no one could tell when to look for them. The consequence is very serious to the wife, and in some measure serious to the cooking. The work is delayed, and the food, if prepared in season, is necessarily injured. Every well regulated family must be governed by uniform rules, so far as the various duties of the household are concerned. Uniform hours for the meals is the most important rule for the comfort of the housekeeper. The farmer can conform to these rules ninety-nine times in a hundred without any detriment to his own work out of doors. Every farm house, should be provided with a scraper, foot-mat and an old broom at the door for cleaning the boots before entering the house. A pair of slippers for master and man should also be at hand, and each learn the luxury of the change—if not already learned—even for a few minutes, of an easy slipper in the place of a heavy boot, that will leave more or less dust behind on either the carpet or the paint. The man who has an eye to these, what some would term insignificant little things, will not stop here, but will ever be on the alert to manifest a helpfulness about household work. I will not prolong this already too long communication, trusting that the subject may be treated by able pens.

GEN. GRANT'S and Gen. Carl Schurz's reports on the condition of affairs in the South, have been ordered to be printed. It is understood in Washington that the latter report does not present matters in a rosy hue among the "wayward sisters." Gen. Schurz spent two or three months in all the Southern States, and Gen. Grant five days in four cities. Yet Grant spent time enough to ascertain that it is not safe or desirable to remove the soldiers from the South, and that the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau ought to be increased.

The Richmond Examiner asks the New York Tribune to define what constitutes a loyal press. And the Tribune replies as follows:—A thoroughly loyal American journal, then in

the view of the Tribune, is one which holds that, in the pending reconstruction or restoration of the Southern States, that portion of their people who were for the Union in our late struggle shall be accorded at least equal rights and privileges with the portion who were against it, and fought for its overthrow and destruction.

"KEEPING SCHOOL." "The widow of Ex-Gov. Allston, of South Carolina, and sister of J. L. Petigru, is keeping school in Charleston."

We have seen this or a similar paragraph going the rounds of the papers. The implication is that there is hardship, suffering, perhaps degradation in the widow of a governor being a school teacher, and it is quoted to show how sad the reverse of fortune is to many in the South.

But what is more honorable, becoming, useful and pleasant than for an accomplished lady to teach the youth of her own sex? Did it degrade Everett or Fredinghousen to keep school? The sister of a governor and the widow of one of our most eminent lawyers are both "keeping school" here in New York. Are they to be pitied? Not at all. They do not ask any one's pity or patronage. They command the homage and esteem of all right minded persons.

If idleness of labor have been so perverted that any honorable occupation is considered degrading, it is high time that such ideas were abolished, and the sentiment made prevalent and popular that usefulness is the great object of living, and she only is to be despised who has the opportunity of being useful and neglects it.

HOW THEY EXPECT TO DO IT. "Dixon," writing to the Boston Advertiser, gives the following as illustrative of the kind of plans openly discussed by that class in the South who are now laboring to grasp once more the power they lost by the secession blunder. Their prospect of seeing these plans realized each reader can estimate for himself. He will find it in an exact inverse proportion to his confidence in the honor and genuine patriotism of President Johnson:

In the stage between Augusta and Milledgeville I rode with two gentlemen of considerable local weight and prominence, who were both anti-secessionists in 1860-61. They talked of the approaching convention, and of its probable action in restricting the State for representatives. "Well, colonel, what will be our proper course when we are once more fully restored to the Union?" The answer came after a moment's consideration—"We must strike hands with the democratic party of the North, and manage them as we always have." There was a pause while we rattled down the hill, and then the questioner responded, "That's just it; they were ready enough to give us control if we gave them the offices, and I reckon they're not changed very much yet." There was then conversation on other matters; but half an hour later, after a tale or so of silence, the colonel suddenly resumed, "Yes, sir, our duty is plain; we shall be without weight now that slavery's gone unless we do join hands with them; Andy Johnson will want a reelection, and the united democratic party must take him up; it shall be a fair division—we want power and they want the spoils."

A BACHELOR'S OPINION.—An old bachelor uses the following argument against matrimony: He says:

Calico is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish anything of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a pink waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will do as much to tiring a man as three fevers, the measles, a large sized hooping cough, a pair of lockjaws several hydrophobias and the doctor's bill.

NEW ENGLANDERS.—At the dinner of the New England Society in New York, on Friday last, Recorder Hoffman made a speech in which he said:

"I have been for five years Recorder of the city of New York, during which time I have, had occasion to say a good many things, but in my frequent remarks from the bench of the Court of General Sessions I have had but little occasion to address the sons of New England, unless they were serving as members of the grand and petty jury. It is very seldom that I have seen any of them at the bar of the court. Whether it is because they are more virtuous than the rest of mankind, or whether they have more shrewdness to evade detection, I must leave to the New England Society to determine."

Inspector-General Strong of General Howard's staff reports after a three months' tour in the Southwest that affairs in Texas are in a most deplorable condition. Ignorance and destitution among all classes, and cruelty, violation of contracts and bitter hostility to the government among the whites exist to a fearful degree. General Strong states that the death of President Johnson's brother there was solely owing to the want of prompt surgical aid, the local physicians refusing to attend upon him because he was a relative of the President.

Cain has found an apologist in Dr. Cumming, of London, who in his "Lives of the Patriarchs," says that as Cain could never have seen a dead human being, or learned anything about death, or known that a heavy blow would destroy the vitality of which, again, he can have perceived nothing, his guilt was at the outside only manslaughter. It has generally been supposed that the case of Cain was settled some time ago.

The nineteen forts around Washington, which are retained for purposes of defense, are now garrisoned by two regiments of colored troops. One of these regiments was raised in Kentucky sixteen months ago, where ninety per cent were slaves, and unable to read or write. Now nearly all of them can read and write well, and when paid off this week four companies of them deposited upwards of \$6000 in the Freedmen's Savings Bank.

Because that noble American war horse, Gen. Grant, has seen fit to speak disparagingly of Gen. Butler, every jackass feels at liberty to kick at the only man in the United States who has ever had the nerve to treat treason

as the highest crime and punish it with death.—Butler may have failed as a military commander, but the country owes him a debt of gratitude for his early appreciation of the nature of our great struggle, and for his successful government of rebel districts.

[Portland Press.]

A survey of the proposed railroad from W. Waterville to Solon (Carratunk Falls on the Kennebec) has recently been made by Col. A. W. Wildes, who is one of the ablest railroad engineers in the United States, and it is understood that a charter for the road will be asked of the present Legislature. Col. Wildes pronounces the route of the road from West Waterville to Norridgewock, a distance of twelve miles, the easiest to construct of any road of the same extent that he is acquainted with in the country. The termination of the road being at Solon, will place the rich slate quarries of Pleasant Ridge, (which belong to the same vein as the Brownville quarries in Piscataquis county, and which are now being worked) in direct water and rail communication with the outside world, and the immense wealth of the fields and forests of the large section of land upon the head waters of the Kennebec will be opened up and developed, adding greatly to the resources of the State. We are assured by gentlemen acquainted with the matter, that if a charter is obtained the stock will be readily taken up. Wealthy men along the line of the proposed road are ready to aid the building thereof, and capitalists in Boston, owning land and interested in business in that section of the State will back them up.—(Maine Farmer.)

THE MATERIAL OF OUR ARMY.—At the recent New England dinner in New York, Rev. Dr. Bellows made some statements which are worth being chronicled. He said:—

"No less than thirteen millions of money passed through his hands for the relief of the widows and orphans of the brave men who fell in those battles in the late struggle. He would state a circumstance that would scarcely be believed unless it came from authority, that no less than eighty per cent. of the army who fought throughout the war were purely American. He did not think his friend, the president of the St. Patrick Society, would be obliged to him for this statement, but it was, nevertheless, the truth, and if his worthy friend was chagrined with the statement, he would say to him, it is so; but let the London Times put that fact in its pipe and smoke it. More than that, more than ninety per cent. of the claims of wounded soldiers, and soldiers' widows, orphans came from those of foreign birth. He did not say this to reflect upon the gallantry and loyalty and bravery of the Irish and German and other people who had so nobly fought for the Union and the country they had adopted. He merely did it at this time—at the close of the great events through which they had passed—to vindicate the character and patriotism of the native element, and to disabuse those abroad who imagined or wished to please themselves or their subjects with the idea that the great American struggle and the great victory which closed it was achieved by the foreign element in the country. This was not so. With all thanks and gratitude to the Irish, German and other elements that entered into the struggle, he was bound to make this declaration at the present time."

MIDNIGHT SERVICE.—The Herald announces that Puseyism has at length decidedly manifested itself in New York. St. Alban's Episcopal church, 47th street and Lexington avenue was profusely decorated with flowers on Christmas eve, wax tapers were burning and several large crosses made a part of the decoration.

Soon as the chimes told midnight a soft strain of melody, from unseen singers, stole into the church, as if angels were rejoicing over the birth of a Savior. This continued for a short time when the doors of the vestry opened and a number of young ladies, attired as acolytes, entered before the altar. They were preceded by an individual dressed in a long robe of black serge, after the manner of the old monks. He wore no collar, and the robe was gathered round the waist by a black cord. The hands of the acolyte choristers were clasped in prayer. There were six of them. After these came four gentlemen, who assisted them in the rendering of the hymn they chanted. Then came a small acolyte supporting a large wooden cross, entwined with holly. After him came the three officiating clergymen, which completed the novel procession.

This line proceeded round the church, chanting the hymns in English; the congregation, all the time standing, and after making a circuit of the building returned to the altar, when the choristers filed into seats at either side, while the three officiating clergymen walked up to the altar and made each a low obeisance. Remaining with his back to the congregation, the others doing the same, the priest, as he is termed in the Puseyite Church, commenced the ordinary Episcopal service for the communion. On coming to the commands he turned his face towards the congregation, but his companions still remained as before. The service was full choral. All the members of the congregation, instead of as in most churches sitting during prayer, knelt down facing the altar, the clergyman or priest in the same position. After the regular service the Lord's Supper or Eucharist, was administered to a large number of communicants. All through the service it seemed as if the fervency of the clergymen, as well as the congregation, were made subservient to form, by which it lost much of its sincerity. The peculiarly performed service was concluded at one o'clock this morning, when the members of the congregation congratulated each other on the occurrence of another Christmas, and wished one another that it might prove to all a happy one.

A Cincinnati paper, speaking of the movement to reduce the number of working hours a day to eight, says:

"Laborers can easily agree to work but eight hours a day and adhere to their agreement; but the question is, can they compel employers to pay as much for eight as they are now paying for ten hours' service, and so harden the rule into a custom as to be sure of its permanency?"

A New Currency.—"My dear," said I to my wife, "have you seen the new currency, three to the dollar?" "No," said she, "nor even heard there were to be any such thing, though I don't wonder at it, for they are always changing it; and don't improve it either." "Here they are," said I, showing her a half and two quarters. "Oh how smart," said she; "but I'm glad you've reminded me of it, for that's just what I want to get a yard or so of calico."

A newspaper correspondent, dating at Mobile, gives the following as the Southern programme:—The personal demeanor of these gentlemen was unexceptionable. Formerly a Southerner was moody, and resentful of approaches from Yankee-speaking strangers, unless they came properly introduced. Now he is as warm and unrestrained without the introduction as the

to tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man to find out where it is going to strike next time—this is one of the differences between learning and wisdom. I have got a fust-rate reckolekshun, but no memory—kan rekolekt distinctly ov losing a Dollar bill onsey, but I kant remember are, to save my life. 111 9420
There iz men ov so much learning and indence, they wouldn't hesitate tew criticize some ov a bird.

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