



1-3-1861

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 26): January 3, 1861

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 26): January 3, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 701.
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THE WONDERFUL HOUSEMAID.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I'll bet I know somebody that's a great deal handsomer than she," exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone as she tossed her building blocks into a basket, pell-mell, and climbed into the lap of her uncle Herbert.

"Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be so beautiful as our Ellen,"

"And who is our Ellen?" asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; "and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us."

"And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles, not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?"

"If I didn't, I do now," said she, regis- trally pinched the small snowy ones that lay hidden behind the long ringlets. "But tell me little niece, where and who is that beautiful creature that rivals the bells of the season in charms, according to you?"

"Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs I suppose."

"But who's Ellen, and what does she do?"

"Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mamma never has to think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our lessons."

"A wonderful maid, indeed," said uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; "I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came she here?"

"Why, mamma hired her, as she does all her maids, and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad."

"A paragon truly—this Ellen; pray ex- plain, mamma," and Mr. Lincoln turned to his sister.

"I cannot," said she. "I can only corrob- orate what Nell has told you. Ellen is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person—but as you stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manner, she is a perfect lady; she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equalled."

"Tell him how sweetly she sings," inter- rupted the little daughter. "She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes as if I was going right up to heaven!"

"Bravo, Nell! A very angel of a house- maid she must be. I long to see her; and she laughed in that peculiar tone which seemed to say, 'you're telling me but a humbug story.' You'll laugh the other side of your mouth," said Nell, earnestly, "won't he, mamma, when he comes to see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered her mother, "indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I should not care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid. But list, I hear her gentle tread."

"The door of the sitting room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender, but ex- quisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face. The fair, oval forehead, the soft, dark eye with its long, drooping lashes, the delicately arched nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full, coral lips, each item of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist when he plucks a half-blown nosegay—Heaven, might have made it more beautiful still, but this suffices."

"There was a little embarrassment visible in her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily, she said to Mrs. Summers:

"Did you desire, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual?"

"It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there is so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her song of lullaby."

"We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth, at once. My brother will stop with us."

"Intuitively delicate, Herbert seemed all the while busy with his little niece, and did not once look towards the beautiful domestic during the moments that elapsed ere the tea was ready, yet he stole many a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she glided from the room, he felt as though the sunshine was driven from his path."

"Isn't she more beautiful than Miss Odell, say uncle?" whispered Nell, as the door closed on her. "Didn't I tell the truth when I said I knew somebody that was handsomer than she?"

"Indeed, you did, said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "She is nearly perfect."

"I wish you could see her with her hair curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long, silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—Oh, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again and said curls and housemaids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Ain't it too bad that such a handsome girl should have to be a maid?"

"Yes, by my soul it is," said the young man warmly. "Do tell me sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her life."

"What I know, I can tell in a few words, Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl, with a widowed mother, lived on the same floor with some of her friends, had applied to her for aid in ob- taining a situation as maid, and she thought, from what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was somewhat start- led, for I saw her, for though Bessie had told me how beautiful and ladylike she was, I was not prepared for the vision that met me, and to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and un- becoming way, she engaged her at once, without enquiring as to her abilities or her recommendations. She won my heart at sight, and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I have never seen excelled by any mien."

If the day is cloudy when you enter the parlor, you will find that she has so disposed the win- dows, hargains, that the most will be made of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow you. She is, indeed, a perfect artist in the arrangement of everything, studying and com- bining effect and comfort. I feel with you that her lot has not always been so lowly, but there is a certain respect that she inspires in one that forbids close questioning. I incline to the opinion that she and her mother have been sorely pinched for means and finding, need- work an inadequate compensation, she has chosen to work out, as by that means, while she earns more a week, she saves her board from their scanty income and has time to rest. But here is papa and herself with the tea."

As soon as they were fairly seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said in a low tone, "we shall need nothing more at present." Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew, and as the door closed on her, Herbert exclaimed:

"Thank you, sister, for sending her away. I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was stand- ing. In good sooth, if I had so fair a maid, I should be demoted enough to ask her to eat with me."

"And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good reason her menial lot, and I can see we would prefer to be so regarded. All I can do till I can further win her confidence is to make her duties as little galling as possible. But come, sip some of her delicious tea. It will give you inspira- tion to compliment Miss Odell to night."

"Miss Odell go to—France!" said the young man, hastily. "A painted doll—good for balls and parties, but no fitter for life in its realities than Nell's waxen baby!"

"He's beginning to laugh the other side of his mouth, isn't he, mamma?" exclaimed the little girl. "I knew he'd love Ellen best."

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers adroitly changed the conversation. The housemaid was not alluded to again till an hour after tea had passed, when George, the eldest of the family, a bright but somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting room, ex- claiming eagerly—

"Mayn't Ellen stay in to night, mamma, and go out to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly, if she chooses, my son."

"But she can't choose, and that's the trouble. I want her to stay, and she says she can't because her mother will be so anxious about her."

"But why do you wish her to stay, George? You certainly have no command of her or her time. Pray, what do you want she should do?"

"Why, I want her to show me how to do those horrid hard sums in the back part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irregular French verb, *aller*—I wish it would *aller* into France where it belongs—and I want her to hear my Latin, and—"

"Turn into a school ma'am, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no—I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be so sorely invaded," interrupted his mother, while her brother held up both hands in much amazement: for to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was re- peatedly to believe everything wonderful of her, and would not have been surprised to hear that she knew as many tongues as Balaam him- self."

"Verily," said he, gaily, "this passes all—a household maid and hear your Latin lessons? What else does she know?"

"Everything," said George, earnestly. "She can talk French better than monseur, and *la belle Italian* tongue—oh, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbert, she knows the most of any woman I ever saw, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd do battle for her beauty, and re- cue her from the slavery of that old despot, poverty!" and the boy's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up, as though he would have grown a man that moment and shown his prowess.

"Bravo, George!" exclaimed his uncle. "She needs no more valiant knight than her youthful page promises to be. Should your right arm ever be wounded in the defence of your queen of beauty, advise me of it and I'll rush to the rescue." The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine involved in them than the speak- er would have cared to own, even to himself.

The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door was closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had snu- gled her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball-room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascination for Uncle Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl, who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid.

Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured the reason why one so gifted had become a menial, though not for many weeks did she learn the whole story. It was briefly this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, had been a prosper- ous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his beatitudes, life for some years glided by like an airy dream. All the riches of his own and his young wife's heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as she grew up, low- ly than even her infancy had promised, she be- came beautiful in mind and soul, the idol of the family altar.

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them—the long and fearful illness of the husband and father. A mere wreck of himself, physically and mentally, he was at length pronounced convalescent, though perfect health, the physicians said, could only be bartered for in a sunnier clime.

They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a delicious and exhilarating one to them all, for the step of the invalid had grown steeper each moment, his eye wore its wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, and the pride of mind sat again enthroned upon the noble brow, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell the second blow. The mercantile house in which he was head partner, had failed—say, failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered with infamy. It was too much for the spirit not yet strong. Poverty, it could have borne, but disgrace delivered it entirely. He lay for some months in hopeless lunacy, never raving, but only sighing and moaning, growing each day paler and weaker. But he passed not so away.

When the last hour of his life drew near, his darkened soul was light again, and he tenderly counselled the two dear ones who had hung over him so faithfully, and bade them to be of good cheer, for though wealth was gone, the unpolluted honor of the husband and father should be yet shown to the world. Then commending them to the All Father, with a hand clasped by each, their sweet voices blend- ed in holy hymns, he passed away. A grave was hollowed out for him on classic ground, and the snowy marble wreathed with affection's chaplets a few times, and then sadly the mourn- ers turned away, a proud ship bearing them to their native land.

Where were the crowds that had flocked about them as they left its shores? A's! the widow and her child found none of them—Alone, and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. There was a trite story. One and another thing they tried to do, but the obliquity that rested on the dead man's grave, followed his living darlings; till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.

"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one even- ing, as, after futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings, and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They'll kill me with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so fiendishly upon our sacred griefs."

And they gathered up the remnants of their treasures, and silently, secretly, lest the shame should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where we find them. There they readily procured needlework, and all they could do, for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was soon the only one they could sing. Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty instead of the 'twelve hours' of the Bible were spent in toil, they were fam- ished and frozen.

"Mother," said Ellen, one evening, as the hour of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."

"But what will you do, darling? and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin face; "shall we starve?"

"Mother, there was resolution in the tone now, "mother, I shall hire out as housemaid; I don't attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much, if not more than now; I shall save my money; I shall have my nights for rest." She pleaded till she won at last a tearful consent, and entered the service of Mrs. Seymour.

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His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now it seemed dearer than an ever. Their tea table, in particu- lar, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fortnight, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tea, that Mrs. Seymour declared she should certainly pre- sent him a bill of board. And though, in all that time he had not exchanged a dozen sen- tences with the beautiful maid, it was but too evident she was the magnet which attracted him.

Business now took him out of town, and three weeks elapsed ere he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden haired Nell.

"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and em- braced him passionately. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much. Then freeing herself from his arms, she said, gracefully, "and here is dear Ellen, too, aunt you said to see her again?"

Ellen blushed, but the young man so courte- ously extended his hand to her that she could not refuse it.

"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he in low gentle tones, as respectfully as if addressing a queen, and would have cared to own, even to himself.

"The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door was closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had snu- gled her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball-room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascination for Uncle Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl, who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid."

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This is Tuesday, said Herbert; "can I have one by Friday?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and sooner, if you desire it."

"Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."

"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady calmly and sadly.

The young man could not trust his voice to reply, and hastened away. In his office he gave way to his feelings: "She, the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial service, and her angel like mother sewing for her liv- ing! It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches, and he seized his pen and inscribed these words on a slip of paper, 'an honest debt due your husband,' he enclosed bank notes to the amount of five hundred dollars, and addressing the envelope to Mrs. Seymour, of — street, dropped it into the post of- fice."

Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the force of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Oh, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she; "thank Heaven, I may now have her all to myself, again. With this sum in hand, we can be comfortable without tacking ourselves so severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a menial."

Instantly she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that eve came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe illness had at- tacked Mrs. Seymour, and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow. The physicians only shook their heads sadly, when asked if there was any hope, and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one, and marked the intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. Now the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. In- stinctively they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of faith seemed in their midst. To the sick woman she was in truth a minis- tering angel. No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly banded the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drinks to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flow- er-crowned.

Day after day, and night after night found the fair nurse beside her patient. Pale and gaunt, gathered round her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her cheeks and lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trem- bled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate, held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the heal- er."

And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Sum- mers lay there so deathly that only by press- ing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband, brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl, armed with patience, almost breathless, silent prayer, went up and said:

"Oh, how dear she was to them all when again she appeared in their midst, and said, in her own low, sweet music tones, 'You may hope.'"

"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaim- ed Mr. Seymour, as he wound his arms around her. "Henceforth you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nell, and George, and thank her. Under heaven you owe to her your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers, and passionate kisses brought fresh roses to her cheeks. Then a manly hand, oh, how its pressure thrilled her nerves, grasped her, and a full, rich voice murmured, "our an- gel, sent by God."

On a bright and glorious morning in the month of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Seymour. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter and spring nursing; Mr. Sum- mers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a life- time of happiness was crowded into a single moment.

It was the first long drive the physicians had permitted the invalids, and they knew not where they were going, at least, none but Her- bert.

Ellen had declined going at first. "I have seen my mother so little of late," she said gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."

But they said no, and promised if she would go with them, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked as consenting at last, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and he longed, with a treacherous heart, never felt before, to fold her to his heart; the shrine which had been sacred to her since the first moment of their meeting.

"What a lovely home!" exclaimed Ellen, as, leaving the main road, they branched off into a splendid avenue, lined with graceful elms, and came in sight of a small but elegant man- sion, draped with rose vines and embowered in rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."

"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop." Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beam of light in fairy land, that beautiful place to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sick- ness.

They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the Graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they

waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were mak- ing so ceremonious a call.

She entered, and in a second Nellie Sum- mers was clasping her round the neck. "Grand- mamma Seymour, the fairies did come to you as you told me last week, perhaps they would some- time. Oh, I am so glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and George, where were they? A scream from Nellie an- nounced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift, and sold by her when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills, though. When awakening from her swoon, she met the fearful eyes of her mother, she felt assured there was some blessed mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become fast friends in the past winter—he had cheered the lonely hours of Ellen's absence—he learned her story and assured himself that foul wrong had been done her husband. Employing the best counsel in her native city, he bent all his energies and talents to the cause, and sifted the matter to its very root, and triumphed, too. The fair name came back fairer than ever, and the wealth with it, too; the wretches who had blackened it, one and stolen the other, cowardly fleeing, instead of making manly confession.

"I have to thank Mr. Lincoln for it all," ex- claimed Mrs. Seymour, at the close of her recit- al, "and I have to pay him yet," and she glanced archly at him. "Bills should be settled, even amongst friends."

Herbert hesitated a moment. Then knelt beside her. "I have no mother," he said sadly. "Be as one to me, and I am repaid a thousand times."

She threw back the raven locks that cluster- ed on her noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss. "My son," said she solemnly, "I adopt you into my love; Ellen, receive a brother. But Ellen was gone. They caught, however, a glimpse of white muslin in the green shrubbery; and she was followed, not by both, though; Mrs. Seymour had, indeed, risen, but a sudden thrilling pulse in her warm heart checked her, and she resumed her seat."

Herbert hastened out and found her under the shadow of an old elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seizing himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with a radiant look of joy, led her back to the house and to her mother's knee.

"As a brother, Ellen will not own me," said he, "but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me by a dearer name, she was more willing. Our hearts have long been one—bless, mother dear, oh, bless the union of our lives!"

"THE CHIVALRY FOR MONARCHY."—Occa- sional, of the Philadelphia Press, says: "Should the Cotton States go out in a body, we shall then witness the beginning of an ex- periment to establish on this continent, a great slaveholding monarchy. With a few excep- tions, the leaders of the disunion cabal are men of the most aristocratic pretensions—men who, notwithstanding what their past po- litical course has been, and their assumed party relations, easily adopt the habits and titles of the European nobility. South Carolina, which is at the head of secession, is almost a monarchy herself. Her representatives in both branches of Congress, for years past, have acted upon the idea that the people of the free States are servile; and Mr. Hammond, the most candid and straightforward of the set, denounced the laboring white masses of the free States as the mudsills of society. The venerable Andrew P. Butler, who represented South Carolina in the United States Senate until his

slaves in 1870; in 1880 there will be seven million five hundred thousand slaves; and in 1900 there will be fourteen million three hundred thousand. This calculation does not include accessions by the African slave trade.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 3, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTENGER & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

Now is the time / and our books are prepared for a general settlement with subscribers for the Mail. Don't wait for an agent to call, as it only increases the bill. Produce and wood will be received if promptly tendered (This notice is earnestly addressed to all who are owing for one year. Those who pay in advance are always entitled to our special thanks.)

BILLS.—We this week commence sending bills to our subscribers owing one year or more, and shall continue to do till all are served. Those owing for two years and upwards will find their bills made at two dollars a year; but if prompt payment is made and we are put to no expense for collecting, they will be figured at the usual price—\$1.50 per year.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.—We hope our firemen will not be allowed to make a monopoly of social life among our citizens; but so long as success perches on their banner over all others, who can tell where resistance will end? Under their favor, Thanksgiving and New Year were holidays indeed; but good merry old Christmas, left to the world at large, thrown down his neck-nacks and went to bed unappreciated. It is easier to play the guest than host, especially in the line of economy; but this only explains things without changing them. One of these days we shall see this savory slice buttered on the other side, and then, may be, there will be more room for the dancers.

Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1, feasted the world at large New Year's evening—the only limit being the size of Temperance and Town halls. Cards were issued, to be sure, but the generosity of firemen is so well known that those who did not get one kindly concluded it was an oversight; so that five hundred bowls of oysters gave little encouragement to boys who waited for the second edition. We can't go into details, and we need not, for everybody was there. Morse's Band, from Portland, gave most charming music, and old and young danced till daylight. The hall was neatly decorated, and the Three as special guests were there in round numbers. Nothing, as we said, was lacking under the whole heavens but room. Of this, three times as much could have been used. Even time, that seemed so short, was plenty compared with this. Both were well improved; and when the happy gathering dispersed, there was no lack of good wishes and pleasant compliments to the Ticonics for their generous welcome to the New Year.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. At the annual meeting on Tuesday, the following officers were elected:—Daniel Jones, president; D. R. Wing and Bradford Sawtelle, vice presidents; Joseph Percival, Secretary; H. Percival, collector and treasurer; C. R. McFadden, agent; G. E. Shores, Elbridge Sawtelle, Josiah Morrill, and W. A. P. Dillingham, trustees; delegate to the Board, J. Percival. The debt of the Society is reduced to about nine hundred dollars. Two years ago it was about twenty-five hundred.

BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL.—At the monthly concert of the Baptist Sabbath School, on Sunday evening last, in addition to the regular returns for the quarter just closed, the Superintendent presented the following statistics of the operations of the school during the past year.

1st quarter.—Whole number, 205; largest attendance on any one day, 152; average attendance 121.

2d quarter.—Whole no. 221; largest attendance 150; average do. 132.

3d quarter.—Whole no. 215; largest attendance 147; average do. 126.

4th quarter.—Whole no. 205; largest attendance 134; average do. 114.

The present number of names enrolled during the year, was 275, and the average attendance for that time, 123. Four mission schools were established in the Spring—one in Winslow, with 57 members; one in the Webb district, with 28; one in the Penney district, with 28; and one in the District on the Neck, with 57 members. These added to the home school make a total of 432 scholars; and thus, while the attendance at that school has been smaller than last year, the whole number of persons brought under Sabbath School influence has been considerably larger.

Our losses by death have been unusually large, six scholars having been taken from us during the past year.—Martha Hamlin, Freeman Tilton, and Flora Goodwin, of the Home School, and three from the Mission School in Winslow.

The monthly concerts are very interesting occasions to the friends of Bible religion and to all who love children. Our wonder is that more of the parents are not present to sustain and encourage both teachers and scholars.

Who wants a Shanty?—We have a new shanty which we should be glad to exchange for cash or wood.

Book Dealers and others, are referred to advertisement of Boston Almanac in another column.

The U. S. Government loan has all been taken.

OUR TABLE.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—When we first became acquainted with this work it was good, most eloquently; it has constantly been growing better, and the last number is always the best. We thought the December could not be surpassed, but a slight of the January issue undeceived us. For embellishments it has the Ten Commandments, illustrated, a fine portrait of Harriet Beecher, and a beautiful vignette—The Evening Tint. The slight of these would satisfy any one, we think, that the pictorial attractions of this Magazine are equal to those of any monthly, however high its reputation and price. The portraits of Rosa Bonheur, Charlotte Brontë, Poushonias, and others, in the same beautiful style, will follow. The literary merits of the work are also great, while the purity of its sentiments and its lofty aim will commend it to the friends of virtue and religion, wherever found. Rev. E. W. Clark, D. D. has for the third time been called to the editorial chair, and its corps of contributors embraces some of the best talent in the land. It is published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but is not sectarian in character; all lovers of the good, the true and the beautiful will be pleased with it. It is published by Peck & Hitebeck, Cincinnati. At \$2 a year J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The contents of the December number are as follows:—Part 2 of Iron Clad Ships of War. Conclusion of The Romance of Agostini. A Visit to the Tribes of the Rhyolite Turkmans. Theories of Food. Our only Danger in India. Social Science. Part III of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography. Alexander Carlyle of Inverack. Index.

There is good reading in this number. Now is the time to subscribe for this magazine and the Reviews, for new volumes commence in January. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 41 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—\$1.00 any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. S. will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—The January number will make the little folks gladden, for it is a beauty and as good as a book. The work has been enlarged, so that every number hereafter will contain forty pages, but there is no increase of price. Stories are commenced in the present number by 'Oliver Optic' and 'Gail Hamilton,' and 'Paul Greyton' contributes an interesting sketch entitled 'A Day at Pompeii.' Much other good reading will be found, and the number is profusely illustrated. A speech, a Dialogue, and a piece of Music, will be found in every number. Send a dollar to Galen, James & Co., No. 15 Cornhill, Boston, and you will receive the work for a whole year.

Mississippi River Correspondence.

Minnesota held her State Fair during our sojourn at St. Paul. In consequence of the infancy of the State, and the sparseness of population, together with attending influences, but little was expected from this exhibition; but all were agreeably surprised. Certainly if numbers are indicative of interest, the interest here was unprecedented. The Fair was held at Fort Snelling, three or four miles from St. Paul, at the junction of the Minnesota river with the Mississippi. The Fort occupies an eminence some hundred feet or more above the bed of the river—the enclosure of about two acres, contains all the requisites of a Military Station—the position is commanding, and the grounds tastefully arranged, rendering the place pleasant and attractive. At the present time the Fort is not occupied for military purposes.

On the days of the Fair, small steamers were chartered to run hourly from St. Paul to the fair grounds, and for miles before reaching the Fort every avenue was crowded with vehicles, so that a detention of some hours was unavoidable before a carriage could cross the Ferry, the only means of crossing the river at this point. But by leaving our carriages on the east side of the river and crossing the Ferry as pedestrians, we soon found ourselves at Ft. Snelling, where a spectacle of special interest greeted the eye. The accommodations here are admirable for such an occasion, the various buildings offering every convenience for exhibition of specimens in the numerous departments represented. The eminence, upon which the Fort is located, was literally covered with people and conveyances. As we traversed the ground, getting the general effect of the whole scene, our attention was attracted by a dense mass, congregated in a prominent position, each individual in an attentive, eager attitude, and to that point we bent our steps. There, on an elevated platform, stood the distinguished orator Cassius M. Clay, eloquently holding forth to a listening multitude. Mr. Clay's manner is ardent and decided, his expression benign but resolute. He does not look at all as if he would think it necessary to ask permission to be. He speaks and gestures with ease, seeming perfectly at home on the rostrum. His subject, for such an occasion, was unfortunately chosen, it being of a literary character, while a large proportion of his hearers were cultivators of the soil, however, I doubt not, it was justly appreciated by many within the sound of his voice.

At the close of his speech, the crowd dispersed somewhat, but every nook where any thing was on exhibition was densely filled, so that it was literally impossible to retain a foot hold in one place any length of time, however interesting and attractive the object of examination might be. An interest in the Fine Arts is already developing in this new remote State—some of the Paintings and Engravings were very good; the Photographs, the specimens of which were numerous, would do honor to any State in the Union. The fine collection of birds, all found within the State quite surprised us—some of them were very beautiful—here were also specimens of valuable minerals, which are abundant in the Mississippi waters. Common vegetables, here displayed, were all that could be desired, both in size and yield—sweet potatoes as fair as any southern market produces. The delicious clusters of grapes proved irresistibly tempting to the appetites of some present. An object of special attraction to the agriculturist was a quantity of fine plump looking wheat, one stalk of which produced from three to five heads, the yield per acre being some seventy-five bushels. There was a great demand for this wheat, but much difficulty in obtaining

specimens to take away. The exhibition of stock was limited, yet there were a few very fine specimens.

On the whole the Fair of this infant State far exceeded our expectations, and it certainly promises well for her future development and prosperity. The display of dress and equipage would quite eclipse that of most older States upon similar occasions.

The drive from St. Paul to St. Anthony is delightful, affording some beautiful farms, but such exorbitant prices have been fixed upon the land on that road of about ten miles, as completely exclude purchasers generally, so that a large proportion of it is yet unenclosed. When en route for St. Anthony, a few miles from St. Paul, we passed some 40 or 50 government teams, yet at their night quarters, forming a large circle—each wagon was covered with dark canvas, with U. S. inscribed upon it in prominent letters, and drawn by four or six hardy mules. These teams were taking supplies to various military stations in the great North-West.

The towns of St. Anthony and Minneapolis, separated by the Miss., are pleasant, quiet towns, in many features reminding one of New-England villages. The banks of the river here are moderately bold and varied, and to some extent covered with forest, thus diversifying the scenery. These towns are neat and unpretending in general appearance, both have fine residences, but as business places will not compare with St. Paul. The soil furnishes in abundance beautiful stone for building purposes. A spacious, massive stone edifice has recently been erected at St. Anthony for an Institution of Learning, but it is yet unoccupied. The Winslow House, a large imposing structure is one of the finest Hotels the country affords. The Hotels are filled to overflowing during the summer in this region generally, so much is it resorted to by the tourist. Southerners especially are attracted hither to enjoy the bracing atmosphere and diversified beautiful scenery of the Upper Mississippi. Strangers, visiting the falls of St. Anthony on the Miss., expecting to find an imposing or interesting specimen of Nature's handiwork, will be disappointed. Much has been said and written of the beauty of this scene, but at present the water is largely used for manufacturing purposes, besides the fall is quite inconsiderable; not equalling in grandeur or general effect Lewiston Falls, Me.

The Father of Waters is here spanned by a suspension bridge, leading from St. Anthony to Minneapolis, and affording a delightful prospect both up and down the river. The citizens of Minneapolis display a good deal of taste in the architecture of their private mansions now in process of erection—some of them are beautiful and expensive. The Nicoll House is an elegant orderly hotel, where the traveller will find his wants anticipated in the most quiet and gentlemanly manner. We saw school houses and church edifices scattered here and there in both of these towns. The two towns number some five or six thousand inhabitants, and offer more than ordinary attractions to those in pursuit of pleasant homes.

We now leave Minneapolis to visit the Falls of Minnehaha, passing over some four miles of charming country on the west side of the river. And now what shall I say of Minnehaha, one of nature's most lovely embellishments. Would that I could convey to another the impression that I received from it. The red man, who gave it its most significant name, indeed, have caught inspiration from the scene, for surely laughing water alone could express what is conveyed to the imagination by this leaping, joy-loving streamlet. Sublime, grand or magnificent is not all expressive of the emotions excited by such a view, but the epithets beautiful, enchanting, laughing, signify more nearly the impression made upon the mind.

The fall is on one of the tiniest tributaries of the Miss.; the water being compressed into a narrow space falls over a projecting ledge some 30 feet. The banks of the ravine into which it falls are precipitous—by taking a position as near the foot of the fall as possible, holding the head down and looking upward, one gets a perfectly enchanting prospect. I could think only of a multitude of the most ethereal snow flakes, forming themselves into sheets, with graceful curves and indentations, and falling one after the other with that indescribable, waving, half rotary motion, so beautiful and so life-like wherever it is found. The stream was unusually low at this time, making the pressure of water proportionately less and leaving the falls an unbroken sheet of spray or foam, performing most unique and striking evolutions in its jubilant course. The whole surroundings seemed pervaded by the general joyousness of the scene. Many visitors pass under the falls. And now dear Laughing Water, we leave you, but may we long, long bear with us the joy and gladness inspired by your spontaneous gambols and genial smiles.

Minnesota is a State with large territory, and soil abounding in resources productive of wealth, thus offering strong inducements to the home seeking immigrant.

Few members of Congress look after the economical interests of the country more carefully than the Representative from our own District.—Perley, of the Boston Journal, gives the following instance, in a recent letter from Washington:

Preliminary reports from Captain Engle, chief Lieut. Wm. N. Jeffers, hydrographer, and Dr. John Evans, geologist, of the Chiriqui Surveying Expedition show that Mr. Morris of Maine, was correct in the estimates, which he entertained of the vast importance of the acquisition of this new interoceanic route. His statements, which induced the House to order the survey, have been more than realized. The harbors are large, deep, and well protected, with secure anchorage; an interoceanic railroad is practicable; the agricultural resources of the country are abundant; ship timber is found in great variety; there is

gold and minerals of value; and the coal is suitable for domestic, mechanical and commercial purposes. Specimens of the coal have been forwarded to Dr. Jackson of Boston for analysis.

"KEEP UP THE FARMERS' CLUB."—Taking this for a text, the 'American Agriculturist,' gives the farmers a timely word of exhortation, which we copy below, commending its wholesome suggestions to all our rural friends, and especially to those around home:—

You have such a club, of course, in your neighborhood. You can't afford to sleep away the Winter in mental indolence, regardless of the progress others are making, and which you might make in your calling. You have too much benevolence, also, to be willing to board up whatever useful things you have learned from reading and observation: you desire others to share these advantages with you. And then, you are socially inclined, perhaps, and wish to freshen up your acquaintance with gentlemen in all the region around. It is a very little matter, to be sure, to meet occasionally with friends, shake hands, smile, and say a few common-places words: yes, a little thing in itself, but it is a very good thing, and it makes both parties happier and better. By reason of such a little thing, the next day's work will be done easier, next day's burdens will be borne more cheerfully, next day's skies will be brighter. God evidently designs that our happiness shall be fed from numerous small streams, not from a few large ones. Let us keep all the gates open, and open new ones beside.

Well, we are glad you have a Club established. If you have a Constitution and a few By-Laws to keep things in order, the next most important thing is regular and punctual attendance at the meetings. The interest of the Club will flag at once, if the members grow remiss here. It will not answer to leave the interest to depend on the fidelity of a few members: each man should stand in his lot, and never be absent, except from absolute necessity.

A subject should be chosen at one meeting for discussion at the next, and one or two persons appointed to open the discussion. All the members should read and think upon the subject previous to the debate, so as to have something to say, and so to enjoy the meeting all the more. If the one appointed to open the discussion feels unable to speak extemporaneously, let him write out his thoughts, in his own way, and read them. But it is better, we think, to throw off all restraint and embarrassment, to make no attempt at fine speaking, but to express one's thoughts in a dignified conversational way. And let this be the character of the whole meeting: freedom of speech, governed by the laws of propriety and courtesy.

The most interesting part of the Club we attend, is the time (half an hour,) given at the opening of the meeting for questions and answers on all sorts of subjects. The President, sitting in his chair, is catechised about poultry, pigs, potatoes, wheat, and what not. When he gets tired of responding, or wishes to call out others well qualified, he requests A. B. and C. to answer the questions. Thus, everybody has a chance to state his case, and almost every voice is heard in question or reply.

STRONG TALK.—Yes, very strong, when we consider that it is made by the New York Atlas, a paper that sympathized heartily with the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party, and only came to the support of Douglas at the last pinch, very reluctantly, from motives of policy. But the Atlas, great as has been its admiration of President Buchanan, is thoroughly provoked with the rampant course of the Carolinians and the do nothing policy of the government. We extract a few paragraphs from an article in the last number:—

Two forts, a custom-house and a post office, the property of the United States, bought and built with United States money, and never transferred from United States custody to that of any other authority—State or personal—are now in the possession of men with arms in their hands, claiming to be acting under the authority of a government which no other has recognised, themselves being citizens of the country against which they are in rebellion and nothing having been done to discharge them from their obligations to that country. The flag of the United States has been taken down from those government buildings, and a flag which has no recognition either at home or abroad, waves over them. There are men at the seat of government, calling themselves 'Commissioners' from the rebellious territory, who claim to treat with our government, and base the authority for treating on the threats that if such and such things are not done, they will return to the power which sent them, and the rabble of that rebellious territory will seize upon any other government property which may be there remaining, and kill and destroy all persons who may attempt to resist such action!

We submit that never before, since government has been recognised as a modern science—has rebellion been allowed to reach the same dangerous head without something being done to curb it. And we submit that never, in any history to which we have had access, has there been recorded an instance of the same unblinking arrogance with which the so-called 'Commissioners' of South Carolina stand in the presence of the Executive, and demand that troops of the United States, occupying one of the forts belonging to the United States, shall be removed to another under a threat! If there is no power conferred on the President, or on the two houses of Congress, in the Constitution—by which not only the amount of insult may be determined, but the rebellion punished—then are we indeed a feeble apology for a nation, and the sooner we tumble to pieces so that nobody can be imposed upon by the pretence—the better. If such a power exists, we call upon the President of the United States, in whose patriotism we have, as we have had, full confidence—not to let the desire of conciliation weigh longer against his own dignity and the will of the republic, but to act—in such a way that this rebellion may not be longer remembered than the consequences which followed it!

It is well known that we endorsed the positions taken in the last Message of President Buchanan. They were, under the circumstances, calm, grave, well considered, and, as he must have believed—and as we then believed—politic and necessary. South Carolina still called herself, then, a member of the Federal Union, and concession was necessary towards her—in fact her right. All this is changed, now, short as has been the time elapsed from the date of that Message to the present. Of her own will she is in a state to let her look to it that of our will she is not let to herself!

At the last advices from Washington, no decisive answer had as yet been given to the 'Commissioners' from the seceding State.—They demanded the removal of Anderson from Fort Sumter, and refused to continue negotiations unless such an order should be given! And what object—in the name of all that is impudent and astounding!—what object to the government is it that they should longer 'negotiate?' What have we to gain from them? what have they to gain from us? A Commission from the State of South Carolina, peacefully abiding in the Union—asking that wrongs done her might be redressed,—would have deserved and demanded a respectful hearing not only from the President, but from Congress and the whole country: these month pieces of rebellion deserve nothing but to be sent home loaded with the curses deserved by the whole nest of traitors who have thus presumed to trample upon federal authority. If Anderson is not fully sustained in his movement, as against the threats of these arrogant—if action is not at once taken to assert the authority of the government against those who wilfully defy and defame it with arms in their hands,—then let us at once fall into national oblivion, and enable the world to forget that we have ever been!

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature organized yesterday by the choice of the following officers:—

Senate.—President—J. H. Goodenow, of York; Secretary—James M. Lincoln, of Bath; Asst. Sec.—E. C. Brett, of Oldtown; Messenger—Increase Blake, of Farmington; Assistant Messenger—J. U. Hill, of Sullivan.

House.—Speaker—James G. Blaine, of Augusta; Clerk—C. A. Miller, of Rockland; Asst. Clerk—F. A. Drew, of Fort Fairfield; Messenger—E. P. Parcher, of Biddeford; Asst. Messenger—Otis W. Means, of Machiasport; second Assistant—S. J. Chadbourne, of Dixmont.

FARM CLUB.—The last meeting, at G. W. Pressey's was emphatically a good one, and well attended. The discussion was animated and interesting—but we omit, for once, the details, for want of time and room. Next meeting, this evening, at Josiah Morrill's. Subject, "Farm Buildings."

SETTLED.—Moses says we (the Senior) are a bigger bug than he is. This settles the hog question forever.

BOOKBINDING.—Now is the time, before any of the numbers are lost or destroyed, to have your magazines bound. Send them to us and we will forward them to Bailey & Noyes, of Portland, who do good work at fair prices.

Secession, &c.

Since our last, important events have transpired in rapid succession, which have somewhat changed the complexion of public affairs.

Maj. Anderson, the officer in command of the U. S. forces at Charleston, finding that reinforcements were not to be granted him, and having good reason to apprehend that Fort Moultrie would be attacked, suddenly abandoned that post on the night of the 26th ult., notwithstanding the vigilant watch over his movements by the Charlestonians, and transferred his command to Fort Sumter, a much stronger position, in which it is said he can maintain himself, even with his small force, for three months. This movement of Maj. Anderson's, not having been set down in the programme arranged by the government at Washington and the people of South Carolina, created intense excitement throughout the whole country. The President and his Cabinet were completely dumfounded; the Charlestonians were highly indignant; while the Union men every where rejoiced to find somebody had a little backbone, and was determined to do his duty.

On the 27th, the South Carolina forces quietly took possession of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney, and the Palmetto flag was raised over these ports, the Custom House, and the Post office. The captain of the Revenue Cutter in the harbor, a South Carolinian, resigned, and the vessel was seized by the secessionists. The telegraph line was also placed under their control. An ordinance was passed by the Convention assuming sovereign power for the State and empowering the Governor to receive ambassadors and treat with foreign powers.

When the news reached Washington, the South Carolina commissioners enquired of the President if the movement had been made by his orders, and when he disclaimed all responsibility for it, they peremptorily demanded that Anderson should be remanded to Fort Moultrie. At a cabinet meeting which immediately followed, it was finally decided, after a lengthy discussion, that this could not be done. In consequence, Gov. Floyd, Secretary of War, immediately resigned. The President wished to appoint Gen. Scott in his place, but Floyd and Thomas protested against it, and Mr. Holt, Post-master General, was finally appointed *pro tem*. This gentleman, we are happy to say, is in favor of sustaining the Union.

For the rest, we copy below items from various sources, which will give our readers some idea of the condition of things generally. Major Anderson's conduct is commended, not only by northern men, but by the conservatives of the border slave states. Even the Boston Courier says:—

We must own that the news of the transaction in Charleston harbor was learned by us yesterday with a prouder beating of the heart. We could not but feel once more that we had a country—a fact which has been to a certain degree in suspense for some weeks past.

HOW FORT MOULTRIE WAS EVACUATED.—Major Anderson commenced the evacuation of Fort Moultrie at sundown on Wednesday. The men were ordered to be in readiness with knapsacks packed, and after parade and review were ordered to embark in two schooners, taking all necessary stores, &c. Under the cover of night a great portion of the provisions and camp furniture were transported to Fort Sumter. Maj. Anderson had strengthened the citadel of Fort Moultrie in every way that logic and other effectual modes, so that if attacked he could retire to it and blow up the other portions of the fort. The mices having already been sprung, and trains laid ready for the match, the barracks and other indispensable

ble parts of the fort would have gone on a touch. Nine-inch columbards on the ramparts facing Fort Sumter were spiked, and their carriages burnt as soon as the fort was abandoned; all the other guns were also spiked. The ammunition wagons had been broken up to form ramps, and the entire place was littered up with fragments.

The Charleston Courier says that Maj. Anderson had opened a civil war by his act, which was a gross breach of faith and violating a solemn pledge given by his chief and accepted by South Carolina that his honor, position and duty would be respected until an open declaration of war.

The Courier says the spiked guns will soon be in a condition to respond to any hostile demonstration against Charleston. Accounts from the interior of Pennsylvania are to the effect that enrollments of volunteers are quietly going on among all classes, under the name of 'Union Men.' In the enrollment the question of Republican or Democrat is sunk. If a Republican makes his appearance in places where lists are opened and avows his politics, he is told to hold his peace, for they are all Union men now, and ready to fight for the Union.

The war spirit is rife elsewhere. From what is received of movements in Maryland, the conclusion is that Mr. Lincoln's transit through that State to the seat of government for inauguration will be attended with danger and violence, is not only reasonable but scarcely beyond the confines of doubt. Although this opinion was entertained heretofore by few, it is, since the issue has arisen in South Carolina, the conviction of many. In Washington the Union men are largely in the majority, and it attempts to be made here to obstruct Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, some of the strongest friends of the South will rally with the population for the preservation of peace.

THE ARMY AND SECESSION.—It is reported that some one asked the veteran Gen. Wool, the other day, if the army would be likely to divide in case of secession, and fail to obey orders from the new President. The gallant old man drew himself up proudly and replied, 'Do you think, sir, the army is going to fail the country at the moment when it is most needed? No, sir. Furthermore, I allow no officer or man under my command to admit the possibility of disunion, and if I hear that any man has spoken in favor of it I will court martial him with all possible expedition; and Gen. Scott feels as I do, sir.'

The Natchez Courier, a conservative journal, after announcing that the co-operationists have triumphed in that county by a vote of nearly three to one, adds:

'But the North need take no word of exultation. These are household quarrels. As against Northern combination and aggression we are united. We are all for resistance. We differ as to the mode; but the full spirit of abolitionism has no deadlier and we believe no more practical foe than the co-operationists of the South. We are willing to give the North a chance to say whether it will accept or reject the terms that a united South, agree upon. If accepted, well and good; if rejected, a united South can win all its rights in or out of the Union.'

An immense and enthusiastic Union meeting was held at Memphis, Tenn., Friday. It was addressed by Hon. Neil S. Brown, and others. Resolutions were adopted opposing secession; and a convention of the Southern States to demand their rights, and if refused, to take immediate action.

FORTS MOULTRIE AND SUMTER.—These forts are about four miles below Charleston. Moultrie is on an island, where the wealthy Charlestonians have many beautiful summer residences, and is of easy approach by a mob. Fort Sumter is on an island opposite, about a mile distant, on a commanding position, and surrounded by deep water, and it is believed 150 men would be fully adequate to its defence against all attacks, except one by a powerful fleet of heavy armed vessels.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—At the regular meeting of Waterville Section, No. 5, C. of T., the following officers were elected for the next quarter:—

R. Wesley Dunn, W. A.; Frank E. Nye, V. A.; Charles W. Stevens, S.; Roscoe Soule, A. S.; Charles W. Soule, T.; Peter Micea, A. T.; George H. Soule, G.; Franklin B. Lowe, U.; Edgar Seates, W.; Fred E. Boothby, S.; George M. Carter, P. W. A.; Albert G. Blunt, W. C.

A Mr. Sargent, one of the most exemplary citizens of Troy, N. Y., was mysteriously murdered in the streets on Christmas morning. Robbery was evidently the object, as what found his pockets had been rifled.

South Carolina bonds are at a discount on change. When offered to Mr. Belmont, of New York, a great friend of the South, he declined to invest, quietly remarking that they were not worth the paper on which they were written. Cursing the Yankees, and shaking the dust of Wall street from his shoes, the agent left for other parts.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at Pittsburg, Penn., recently, by the receipt of an order from the War Department, for the removal of cannon from the arsenal to certain forts at the South. A public meeting was held, at which resolutions were passed deprecating interference with the shipment of government orders, however inopportune. However madly the Southerners behave, the Northerners certainly show a wonderful forbearance.

Ralph Farnham, the last warrior of the battle of Bunker Hill, whose recent visit to Boston, was so widely heralded, died at the residence of his son in Acton, on the 26th inst., aged one hundred and four years, five months, and nineteen days. His disease was dropsy on the chest.

A corn broom manufactory is about being established at Bloomfield.

Dyke & Co.'s stock of dry goods, in Bridge's Block, Augusta, was badly damaged by fire, on Saturday morning last.

BURGLAR.—The store of H. B. Lovjoy, at Fayette, was plundered of clothes to the value of \$100 on Thursday night last. The rogues—two men from Boston—were followed, arrested and lodged in Augusta jail. A member of the Hallowell police is said to be implicated.

