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[From Peterson's Magazine.]
BARBARA SHERBORNE,
 SPINSTER.

BARBARA SHERBORNE, spinster, aged forty-five.

The words are not unfamiliar to me, yet they strike my eye strangely as I see them traced in my own scribbled, unfeeling hand.

Here is a whole sheet of paper covered with the same dædæd scribbles. I have wasted hours in this silly, mechanical task, while my thoughts have been uselessly employed with the memories which those words called up.

This is the way it came to pass.

I was here in my sitting-room after breakfast reading the morning paper—the masculine privilege usurped by every solitary old maid—when Honour, my woman, entered and said that the census man was below.

"Share, what'll be want your senses?" she added, somewhat mistaking his errand; "it's little good mine are to myself, but I'm thinking I'll not spare em, too him, any way."

"Explained his mission, and told her to give him my name."

"Isn't he axin' the ages to—the omnidawn—bless the Virgin, I don't know mine, so I'll have no shame about it at all."

I smiled a little at Honour's energy, and left her should, between passion and stupidity, make some of the ridiculous mistakes habitual with her on every possible occasion. I wrote, upon a slip of paper my name and age. As I did so, I remembered that it was my birthday.

My interesting handmaiden stared at earnestly at the line as if she had been able to read it, then walked discontentedly down stairs, leaving the door wide open, as was her wont.

I heard the petulant speech with which she gave the paper to the man, heard too his derisive laugh as he read the words aloud.

Martha Sherborne, aged forty-five. Why a body would think my mistress was writing an inscription for her own tombstone, he added. "Wal, wal, old maids is queer. But I say, Irish, the old lady don't have any more birthdays, does she?"

Barbara flung a torrent of invectives at his head, and I think fairly pushed him out of doors, for I heard a scuffle. He went off laughing, and his last words were,

"You must be a nice pair, you and the spinster, aged forty-five."

I repeated the name over and over to myself; I still held the pen and began to write: the only words I framed were,

Martha Sherborne, spinster, aged forty-five.

So the forenoon has slipped away and here I sit still, idle, listless, and letting the first day of my new year drift from me with out even an effort to begin it in some useful manner.

This is dreary autumn weather; the leaves are dropping slowly from the trees; the last fall flowers in the garden are bending patiently to the wind. My chair is drawn near the window, so that I command a view of the street.

I cannot say that the prospect is a particularly pleasant one. Our yards are at the front of the houses instead of the back; this is Monday, and every yard is filled with clothes hung up on poles and lines to dry, while twenty-four slatternly Irish girls scream to each other across the fences as they pursue their labors.

The whole street looks like an immense laundry establishment, and I can see several of my neighbors at their windows, taking a careful inventory of such portions of my wearing apparel as Honour has chosen to spread out to the public gaze. I am going to make a remark which may sound foolish, but I am an old maid, and so have a right to be squeamish. I do not like to wear petticoats that have been stared at by everybody that chooses to look; I always feel as if there were two eyes in each pair of stockings I put on my feet.

It would please me better, too, if I could cultivate my flowers in some less exposed spot than I am obliged to do; but I would rather be stared at by passers by, and laughed at by my neighbors, than give up my chief pleasure. Mine are very old-fashioned flowers with homely names—I think I love them more for their associations than for themselves.

Years and years ago, I cultivated and loved each blossom in my pleasant country home. Since that time so many holy and pure feelings have been torn from my heart, that I wonder I am not changed to stone, yet the love for those flowers has survived it all. Often the sight of them has caused me the keenest pain; many a time their odor has driven me almost insane, yet I love them still; and I only ask that when kind hands prepare this poor body for the grave they will place upon my bosom a cluster of the old-time blossoms that have been with me all my life.

That country home, it was indeed a pleasant place. The house was old, and could boast no architectural pretensions—a long, irregular wooden building, with wings jutting out and verandahs covered with vines—a sweep of woodland to the right—at the left an immense garden and an orchard stretching down the hill at the back, with a wild brook rushing through its midst, the murmur of whose waters came up to the chamber I occupied and soothed me to rest—the happy, dreamful rest of girlhood.

There I lived with my step-mother; for of my own mother I had no remembrance; and while I was still a child we followed—the second wife and I—my father's corpse as it was carried, for the last time, out of the old homestead, and laid at rest in the village grave-yard miles beyond.

I had no relatives, except some distant connections of my father's family, of whom I knew very little, so that I gave my step-mother the fullness of affection which lies in every young heart, ready to offer itself in return for any evidence of kindness or sympathy.

My mother had almost as few to love as myself. She never spoke to me of any relatives, except a nephew, who was being educated in Europe, the son of a favorite sister, who had long been dead; and in this young man she seemed to have centred all the love which had once belonged to his dead parent.

I was seventeen years old when Wallace Landry returned to America, and came to visit my step-mother. She was greatly excited as the time for his arrival approached, she could talk and think of nothing else; and when we received news that he had actually landed and would be at Ashburn within two days, she was so overcome that I feared she would make herself ill.

She related to me numberless anecdotes of his childhood, and I remember—a week after his arrival I would not have believed it—they all impressed me unfavorably, and I thought if he had grown up with the same reckless, selfish disposition, there was everything to fear, and little to hope in regard to him.

Wallace Landry came to Ashburn. Let me recall him as he looked that first evening seated in the most comfortable chair in the room, the one that had always been especially my step-mother's, but which she ceded to him at once, and which he took, as he did every other attention and sacrifice, with the most graceful winning manner, and the most beautiful indifference.

He was twenty-one, at that time, appearing somewhat older than the perfectly easy, self-possessed manner which, I am certain, must have been peculiar to him from his cradle.

He was not tall, but extremely well made, his movements lithic and graceful. I never see anything similar now that I do not have a feeling as if a serpent were near me; and I like a man who is awkward and angular; but it was different then. His face was a fair oval—would have been perfect in its shape, except for the slightly retreating chin—his mouth was so changeable in its expression that it was impossible to tell which was its habitual one—a certain evidence of his fickle character. There was a singular mingling of weakness and strength in his face, and his phrenological developments would have puzzled Combe himself.

Do not suppose that I made these reflections while looking at him then—it is only in regarding him by the light of experience that I see him as he really was—to me then he was the incarnation of human beauty and perfection.

Even at that age he possessed wonderful conversational powers, and was, altogether, a man of great and peculiar talent. He was naturally indolent—an inveterate day-dreamer, and no crisis would have forced him into more than temporary action. In every art or accomplishment that he essayed he showed glimpses of great genius, but nothing was ever completed. I have seen pictures of his which were full of promise, but he never finished them; portions of novels, fragments of poems and plays, but after the first burst of enthusiasm he threw them aside, and they were powerless to interest him again.

It was the same in his intercourse with those who fell in his way. He formed sudden and violent friendships—gave himself up to passion and love; but once certain of the heart he had burned to secure, his love faded to ashes, and no power could again have rekindled the flame.

The most miserable feature in his character was, that, for the time he was wholly in earnest, every thought and feeling was centred in that passing dream—heaven, how I loathe a nature like that! I could have more respect for a cold-blooded, systematic deceiver—I can forgive premeditated sin easier than the contemptible weakness of a fickle mind.

But I say, that of all these things I was, at that time, ignorant. I was not old enough, nor, thank God, wise enough to comprehend his nature—the consequence was that he wrecked my life.

I cannot tell how it came about, I do not know how or when I began to love him, but I did, and loved him with an intensity, an entire devotion, which no human being looking at me to-day, cold, silent, almost apathetic, would for an instant believe.

My affection was neither unthought nor unreturned. Wallace Landry loved me with all the passion of his reckless, ill-formed nature, but it was as he had loved a score of women before, and as he adored numberless others since, neither more nor less. I know that there are women who would be foolish enough to console their vanity with the idea that the affection he had given them, was different from the passion that he felt for others; for the time purer, nobler, and however far he might have strayed beyond the dream, that somewhere in his heart it was cherished as a holy remembrance; but I am not so egotistical an idiot.

I am not a coward. I never saw the time I had not the courage to look truth boldly in the face. It is less shame for me to acknowledge that I have been a puppet, a doll, than to sting my pride with the consciousness of having lied to my own soul.

Well, I loved him. I speak the words neither in bitterness nor scorn—each has alike passed out of my soul. There is not a memory linked with his name that has the power to move my soul.

We were very, very happy during those long summer months. For the time, Wallace had not a thought beyond the pleasant routine of our lives, and I—oh! no matter—as I look back, I can only pray—God help the young!

I need not tell how the days passed. I have been alone neither in my love nor my desolation—I cannot even enjoy the martyr thought that I have borne griefs deeper than others—I know that every heart has known a summer season of delight like mine, too many the after agony and woe.

My eighteenth birthday came. Wallace was still with us, but was soon to leave for the South; there was business connected with property which rendered his presence necessary. An unforeseen and terrible event detained him still longer.

While we were yet gay with the little festivities of my birthday, my step-mother was seized with a sudden illness. Only a week passed, a week of anxiety and suffering, then I stood by her death-bed. The last friend who could have aided or comforted me was gone; there was only my mad heart and my wild love to direct me then.

I was nearly frantic with grief, and Wallace appeared to suffer as much as myself. Very soon after the funeral he was obliged to leave me. I thought the agony of that parting was the most terrible suffering I should ever have to endure. The evening that he was to leave Ashburn we were together in the parlor, where we had never known sadness, until a little time before.

We wept like children. "Nay, he was weaker far than I," his grief was like that of an insane person.

We heard the carriage which was to take him away drive to the door. The feverish energy that always came upon me in moments of great excitement, served me then. Again and again he folded me to his heart, uttering every vow and tender word that passion could suggest.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "I cannot part from you so; be my wife."

"You are mad!" said, "Oh! Wallace, remember my poor mother!"

"I know—I understand! Listen, Barbara; let us swear an oath which shall bind us for life—here before the portrait of your father, he will hear—it will be registered in heaven!"

He seized my hand and drew me in front of the picture. We knelt and repeated the vows which we should have spoken had he been standing before the altar. I grew faint as I felt Wallace's kiss on my forehead and heard him say,

"You are my wife now—you would not dare do anything which would separate us. Stop, it shall be made legal."

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1861.

NO. 29.

INFLUENCE.

Far in the distant years some deed of beauty,
 Hath struck the key-note of a bold refrain,
 And many a noble and high-souled duty
 Led on the lofty strain.

Far in the distant years some thought came gleaming
 Along the history of this world's great life,
 And quivering down from heart to heart its meaning,
 With glory still its rite.

O, bless the power such deeds of heavenly neatness
 To pour down the track of coming days,
 And bless the thoughts that fall in living sweetness
 Upon life's common ways.

And glad the gathering when our time is ended,
 Of all the influence that one life hath cast;
 The souls that through such earnest words have tended
 Upward to heaven at last.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—This was the subject of Henry Ward Beecher's recent lecture in Boston, of which we have the following brief report in the *Traveller*:

He said the term extravagance was merely one of proportion, if applied to society or the economy of life. It was a question merely of equitable administration, and was finally resolved into a question of wise, or unwise administration. Nothing is extravagant in and of itself, but only when there is a disproportion.

A nose one sixteenth of an inch long, would be considered too small on a person's face, but on a miniature it is long enough, because the proportion with the other features is good. A nose three feet long would be considered as perfidious and even extravagant; but on the celebrated statue of Carlo Borromeo, in Italy, it is of just the proper length, because the rest of the man is of proportionate size. A suit of clothes which would fit a man six feet high, would be extravagantly large for a man five feet tall.

The question of propriety and extravagance is determined by the relation of a person's dress, equipage, furniture, and even estate, to his station in life, his mission, &c.

The grounds of the Duke of Devonshire are not an evidence of the extravagance of the owner, whose wealth is proportionately large; but if they were divided into one hundred lots, each part would be an extravagant possession for a common rich man.

He would limit the consideration of the subject in this lecture to economy in social life.

First, every man should live within his means. To do otherwise is to steal philosophically under the garb of honesty. Pride is often the cause of this sort of extravagance. There are many who would rather die at the stake gloriously, than to say, "I have no money."

Many a young man, who has a small salary, and whose means all know to be small, feels called upon to spend twice that amount, as though he had Ophir for his father and California for his mother. Of course he fails. When a man spends more than he has, where does the rest come from? Is it easier for a rich man than a poor man to say, "I cannot afford it?"

It is harder to spend money right than to earn it. Money like gunpowder is good for nothing till it is fired off.

There are two kinds of extravagant men, those who spend in ignorant prodigality and those who do not spend at all. The squanderer is own cousin to the hoarder. Men newly rich are like new bags of gold placed on asses, which fall off, and strew their precious contents from their seams by the way.

Of the first class, there are two divisions, the unrepentable and the respectable squanderers. The first goes through more vicious than Dante saw; the other likes to have vice embellished, and know how to do indecent things in a decent way. He expiates his sins on Sunday at the church of Eider down. His life is a regulated orgy. One is rampant and riotous; the other organized and decent.

The next class consists of those who purchase what they have no need of. Of what use is music in a house occupied by a deaf man, or books to a blind hermit, or costly apparel to a bed-ridden parson.

One rich man may have a stud of horses, and be extravagant in the possession, while a less wealthy neighbor, who believes the horse was made next to man, may possess it without extravagance.

A wise man can so arrange his grounds as to make them a public benefaction. They belong really to the one who gets the most enjoyment from them, though nominally to the one who pays the taxes. The rich man cannot lock up the odors of his gardens; the poor need no tickets to the concerts of the birds which nestle among his trees.

If one could understand the language of houses, how much he might know. One seems to feel above you, and to say, "Don't you think I am the handsomest house you ever saw?" Another one, nestling among the trees, invites you in, by seeming to say, "Dear friend come in, you shall be welcome." Some cold, aristocratic looking edifices repulse by saying, "Get you gone—what are you looking at? Leave, or I'll throw a brick at you from my chimney."

Such look like castles, and one almost expects to see cannons run out of the windows. Another has a grinning way of saying, "Don't you wish you were as handsome as I?" Or ever you go house hunting—poor, sorrowful creature—you will find this truth illustrated.

EXTRAVAGANCE is merely a term of disavowal; what is properly in one is extravagance in another, but in the niggard and spendthrift it is alike. Put one in one scale, and the other in the other, and a feather will tip either side. A squirrel will live on what you throw away. In the West it is said a German will live on what a Hoosier throws away.

EXTRAVAGANCE is of various forms; some travel extravagantly; some show the fruit in their furniture, some in wine, and some in food—they are the butlers of the library; and their flasks are never corked.

The lowest appetites of man are for his health; the next for his worldly interests, and the highest for his tastes and affections.

The poor woman, earnestly able to pay her rent, who rises every morning early to cultivate her flower garden, has a yearning for the divine and beautiful, and the plain man who despises her garden is extravagant beside her. First we should feed our natural sentiments which point up to God, and then our appetites, as it was intended we should.

WOMAN'S WIT.—At Fitch, recently, Mdle. Cicco, the piquant actress of the Palais Royal, was to be a witness in favor of some complexions being painted by Indians, as French Courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the youngest actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when

Mdile. Cicco came to disclose her years. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession. When the Judge said, "How old are you?" she quitted the stand, went up to the bench, stood on tip toes, whispered in the Judge's ear the malicious secret! The bench smiled and kept her secret.

[From the New England Farmer.]
A Good Soil.

So much is said and thought of the superior fertility of the Western prairies, that probably but few of the farmers of New England, in counting up the merits and blessings for which they ought to offer up special "thanksgiving and praise," on the occasion of the late observance of the Puritan festival, enumerated that of a good soil. It is, however, classed, by the editors of the *Homestead*, with the following six special reasons why New England farmers should be thankful, viz:—A Home in the Country—A Good Soil—A Country well Wooded and Watered—Fine Scenery—A Healthful Climate—Good Markets—The Blessings of Education, of Society, and of Religion—and upon each of which they discourse in the number of that paper, dated November 24, 1850—The Thanksgiving Day of twenty-two States and one Territory. We copy their remarks on this topic, in the conviction that a mere habit of speaking of the fertility of New England—of its rock-bound coast and granite hills—not by farmers only but by our orators and writers, has done and is still doing our soil great injustice; and that multitudes leave our hills and valleys, to learn, by dear-bought experience elsewhere, how little they gained by emigration, so far as respects soil alone.

A good soil.—It may seem invidious to the dweller in the Western valleys, that we should speak of a good soil as one of the advantages of the sea-board States. Yet if we go back two centuries ago, when these States were mainly a wilderness, we shall find the settlers very much in raptures with the vegetable productions of these worn out lands. Whether or not New England ever had so rich a soil as Ohio or Kentucky, is not now very easily determined, for we have no reliable statistics of the productions of our farms in colonial days.

It is a good soil, even now, after two centuries of persistent abuse, and abundantly rewards capital, labor and skill, wherever they are applied. We have very little, originally poor, arid land, and very little land now worn out that will not pay well for reclaiming. The average product of corn to the acre in Connecticut is said to be larger than that of any State in the Union—a fact quite as complimentary to our soil as to our cultivation.

Eighty to one hundred bushels are quite common among cultivators who use manure liberally, and with the skill and capital that are attainable in this occupation, we may make seventy bushels of corn to the acre, the average for the State.

We have within our own borders, if rightly distributed, the means of making our lands as rich as they need be. We have clay beds enough to make tile to underdrain every acre in the State that needs drainage, and much enough to make our uplands as rich as a garden. The most of our farms have much deposits within their own enclosures. The soil itself in most parts of the State, as the growth of forest trees bear witness, abounds in elements of fertility, and only needs skillful working to give ample reward to the labors of the husbandman. It is also

A country well wooded and watered.—Looking out upon the landscape from almost any of our hill tops, a large part seems still to be covered with forest. We are inclined to think that there is more woodland in the State now than fifty years ago. Since the introduction of coal, wood for fuel is cheaper in many of our cities and villages by twenty-five per cent. Almost every farm has a liberal supply of fuel and timber, and with good husbandry they may be perpetuated. These woodlands afford, an important shelter to the cultivated fields; and it is doubtful if their extent can ever be much curtailed without injury to our agricultural interests.

We have, too, in all parts of New England, clear running streams and springs of water; water that it is a joy to look at, as it leaps and foams and sparkles in the rills and brooks, or as it whirls and roars in the broader, deeper current of the river. One needs to see the turbid brooks of the Western valleys, and to taste the waters of their stagnant cisterns and wells, to appreciate that stereotyped item in the advertisement of a New England farm—"a well watered." On the prairies you may go miles without beholding a water course of any kind, and hundred of miles with no other sight than muddy water. Here springs gush up on all our granite hill sides, and almost every enclosure of a few acres has its spring or separating rill to slay the thirst of man and beast. The time is not distant when these idle brooks will be turned over the adjacent fields to irrigate them in drought, and to add largely to their productivity.

Fine Scenery.—This of course is a matter of small importance to those who only value the soil for the crops that will bring silver and gold. But the number is increasing every year who have a higher standard of value, and appreciate a region as it administers to the æsthetic wants of man. New England cannot boast of the sublime scenery of the Alps or Andes, but no country can surpass her charming hills and valleys, her beautiful lakes and rivers. One hardly needs to go abroad in pursuit of the picturesque, the wild, or the grand in nature. The mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire, and the hills of Berkshire and Litchfield draw their annual crowds of summer tourists, in pursuit of health and happiness. The valleys of the Connecticut, Thames and Housatonic, abound in charming landscapes, that, however unappreciated in youth, are certain to be cherished by the emigrant to the prairies and valleys of the West, as pictures of loveliness forever.

A healthful climate.—We have a great advantage in this respect over the newer States of the South and West. There, diseases of miasmatic origin, chills and fever, are the lot of all, until they become acclimated, and with many this time of trial never expires until they drop into the grave. Here, multitudes have almost uniform health, and many pass through life with no serious illness. In a parish in this State, one-third of the people born attain the age of seventy years; and this perhaps is not an over-estimate of the whole commonwealth. Certainly our climate

is salubrious, and the man of good constitution, and correct habits may cherish the reasonable expectation of good health and a green old age.

Good Markets are another of our home blessings not to be overlooked in our view of the year. This would compensate for a much poorer soil than we have. The New England farmer has, within an hour's ride of his home, a hungry market for every product of his farm. There is little danger that anything will spoil upon his hands if he have enterprise enough to harness a horse or yoke up his cattle. He is in the midst of a trading people, and can often sell everything that he has to spare at his own door. His hay and grain of course he will not think of selling, as they yield the largest profit when consumed upon the farm. But beef and pork, poultry and eggs, lambs, calves and sheep, cows, oxen and horses are always in demand, and there is no prospect of an over production while our commerce and manufactures continue to flourish.

In many parts of the great West there is indeed good soil and bountiful harvests, but it costs so much to send the products to market that the farmer has little profit of his labor. It is available little to have a fertile soil where wheat is worth but fifty cents a bushel, and corn but half that price; where the only sale of potatoes is at the starch factory at a shilling a bushel; where beef is three cents a pound and pork but four. These are physical advantages readily appreciated by all.

The blessings of education, of society and religion, are not less important, if less prized by the cultivators of the soil. The school-house and church are familiar landmarks in New England, conveniently situated to all. The academy, the seminary, and the college are within reach of every youth who hungered and thirsted after knowledge. These institutions have moulded our society, and made the mass of the people more generally intelligent and cultivated than can be found in any other part of the land.

One needs to travel in the sunny South, or over the prairies of the West, and mingle with a population that have grown up without free schools to appreciate present blessings. We who abide in New England, have always the privileges and enjoyments of good society within our reach. Neighborhoods exclusively bad, the resort of the vicious and idle, are almost unknown among us. Enterprise, intelligence, thrift, happiness and piety, are the prevailing characteristics of every community. For these things, farms a little richer or a little broader are no compensation. For these blessings let us give thanks to the Author of all good, as we come once more to the festival day of New England.

LAND AGENT'S REPORT.—We are indebted to B. W. Norris, Esq., Land Agent, of our State, for a copy of his recent Report, which is filled with interesting details of the operations in his department during the past year. During this time there has been paid into the State Treasury, from this department, \$31,452.81; and he feels assured that in 1861 the amount will reach, at least, fifty thousand dollars. For roads and bridges there has been expended, during the past year, the sum of \$3,436.43. "The demand for timber lands, for several years," says the Agent, has been so slight, that the Governor and Council have directed no sales of townships or parts of townships, as they are authorized by law to do, and receipts for lands sold have consequently been very light."

The Agent states that in accordance with the act of the last Legislature he has sold permits on several townships and parts of townships, which will insure some operations, and add a few thousand dollars to the receipts from this department, the ensuing year.

In reference to the Aroostook region the report says:

"The steady settlement of the public lands in Aroostook, and the consequent rapid development of the wealth of that extensive region, must prove extremely gratifying to every intelligent observer of the progress of our State. In the decade just closed, the increase of population in the county has been in the unprecedented ratio of eighty per cent., the aggregate in 1850 being 12,539, and in 1860, 22,489. Large as this appears, it yet falls to give a proper idea of the present rate of growth, for during the last three years, the additions to the population have been quite as large as they were the first seven years of the decade, and there is a steady annual increase, not only in the aggregate but in the ratio, reckoning from the fixed number in 1850.

In population, Aroostook is now larger than Piscataquis, Franklin or Sagadahoc, and falls only about five thousand behind Lincoln. While the increase in population is thus gratifying in quantity, a still larger field for congratulation is found in the quality of the people who are settling there."

INSANE HOSPITAL REPORTS.—We are indebted to Dr. Harlow for a copy of the Reports of the Superintendent and Trustees of the Maine Insane Hospital for 1860. Matter for congratulation is found in the operations of the Institution during the past year, and its financial department has been relieved from former embarrassments. An addition of twenty-five acres of land has been made to the Hospital lot, and a committee have under consideration a plan for better ventilation. The Hospital, being filled to nearly its utmost capacity, various suggestions are made for securing further accommodation. The following statistics are gathered from the Report of the Superintendent:—

Commenced the year with two hundred and thirty-seven patients; one hundred and twenty-nine males, and one hundred and thirty-eight females. Received during the year, one hundred and thirty-six; eighty-four males and fifty-two females; making the whole number under treatment, three hundred and seventy-three; two hundred and thirteen males, and one hundred and sixty females.

Discharged during the year, one hundred and thirty-three; eighty-two males and fifty-one females; leaving in the Hospital, at the end of the year, (November 30, 1860), two hundred and forty patients; one hundred and thirty-one males, and one hundred and nine females.

The condition of those discharged appeared as follows: recovered, sixty-three; thirty-eight males and twenty-five females; improved, twenty-two; fifteen males and seven females; died, eighteen males and thirteen females.

In drawing anew the line that divides the living from the dead, we find that the per cent. of deaths does not differ materially from the average of other years. The diseases of all but five of those who have died since our last Report, had passed into a chronic incurable state, beyond all reasonable hope of recovery; and could life have been prolonged, it would have been only so much additional suffering to the already storm-tossed spirits. Many

them had been insane from five to thirty years; some had considerably passed the allotted period of man's earthly existence. Seventeen had been in the Hospital from one to seven years each.

The disorders which seemed to be most prominent in causing their disease, were: phthisis pulmonalis, seven; epilepsy, four; general paralysis, three; chronic diarrhoea, four; pneumonia, two; typhoid or exanthematic mania, three; dropsy, one; inflammation of the bowels, one; scrofula, one; dysentery, one; congestion of brain, one; old age, one; erysipelas, one; and one by suicidal drowning, which is the first and only case of suicide that has happened in the Institution since the spring of 1845.

The civil condition of those admitted during the year, was as follows: forty-three men and twenty-eight women were married; thirty six men and seventeen women were single; five were widowers and seven were widows.

Twenty-eight of the above were under twenty years of age, when their insanity first appeared; thirty-four were between twenty and thirty; thirty-five were between thirty and forty; thirteen were between fifty and sixty; and four were between sixty and seventy.

The apparent causes which seemed to operate in producing insanity in those admitted the past year, we have put down as follows: ill health, twenty-six; intemperance, sixteen; domestic affliction, thirteen; religious excitement, one; over-exertion, eight; epilepsy, five; puerperal, five; embarrassment in business, five; masturbation, five; disappointed affection, three; exposure to cold, two; spiritualism, two; sun stroke, two; prolonged lactation, one; decay of old age, one; injury of head, one; fright, one; novel reading, one; suppressed ulcer, one; unknown, twenty-nine.

Since the Hospital was first opened for the reception of patients, a period of a little more than twenty years, two thousand two hundred and sixty-three insane persons have enjoyed its benefits. Of those, two thousand and twenty-three have been discharged in the following condition: recovered, nine hundred and thirty-four; improved, three hundred and ninety-one; unimproved, four hundred; and two hundred and ninety-eight have died.

We take the following from the Charleston letter to the New York Evening Post, written on the 10th inst:

"A paragraph or so as to the normal aspect of revolution here, and I conclude. All business has ceased in Charleston, and there must be, unquestionably, great suffering among the poorer classes, though we read nothing and say little about it. That either the city or the revolution is in the hands of a ruffian mob, who overawe the more decent portion of the citizens and compel them to contribute whatever they may choose to demand, is simply not true as yet. We may very possibly grow to it. We are none the less living under a complete reign of terror as of the first French revolution. It is all the more perfect from its extreme quietness, from there being but few outward indications of it, though these are suggestive enough. Suspicion, as Thackeray wrote of snobbery in England, is 'in the air'; we breathe it and are part of it. As in Fauquier Tiville's time, we are all conspiring the verb 'I am suspected, thou art suspected, he is suspected,' and with reason. To be a South Carolinian seems the only recognized guaranty of a man's political opinions; every Northerner is distrusted and in danger of being contumacious with the execrated Black Republicans.

There is a system of espionage as complete as that organized by the first Napoleon. The gentlemanly stranger who, learning you are from the North, claims it as his own birthplace and sounds you with some mild Union sentiments, intimating his private convictions that 'we have gone too far here,' the barman who mixes your 'cocktail,' the colored waiter who attends assiduously upon your party at the hotel dinner and is much interested in the inevitable political conversation, the loungers in all of them, under its piazza—beware of each and all of them. Charleston is one vigilance committee. No such individual as the apocryphal correspondent of the New York Tribune could exist here undiscovered, of that I am confident.

I credit the assertion of the New York Day Book, that 'the citizens of Charleston believe in order,' and think that the place has been seldom disgraced by exhibitions of mob-law; but with a revolution in progress, how long will that spirit be in check? It is life in the interior; atrocities are committed there which are never commemorated in the newspapers.

Here's an instance. I was leaving Mill-ledgeville, Ga., in the cars, within the last fortnight, when passing through a little wood, we heard the baying of bloodhounds in pursuit of something. The conversation of two of my neighbors (they sat in the seat fronting me) informed me that the object of the chase was 'a damned Yankee pedlar'; what his offense might have been, or of what crime he was suspected, I could not gather. 'I reckon,' said one of the speakers—a coarse, imperfectly shaven, long-haired Georgian—with tobacco stained teeth, and cunning, deep-set eyes, 'that fellow begins to sweat behind his ears now'; and then, turning to his companion with a sort of dolorous whine, perfectly indescribable, and which ever I have seen before, he asked, 'Was there ever people oppressed as we be?'

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.—Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, in his speech on Wednesday, clearly pointed out the difficulties of making any amendment of the Constitution under present circumstances, as follows:

"I think there is a fatal defect in any attempt to settle the Territorial question by a constitutional amendment. I do not believe that any amendment that would be at all satisfactory to both sections could secure the assent of three-fourths of the States. Four States are already out of the Union, so far as their own acts can place them without it. Three others are waiting impatiently for the forms of secession which shall sever them from the flag of their country. Seven States would refuse even to consider a proposition for an amendment to the Constitution. To adopt an amendment to the Constitution requires the assent of twenty-five States, and only twenty-six States would vote upon it. It cannot be presumed, in the present agitated condition of the country, the passions of men could calm down, and the minds of men could be brought together with such unanimity that all the States but one would renounce their assent to any proposition for settling the question that has so long and so utterly divided them.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—E. B. Ward, the well known 'steamboat man' of Detroit, says in a letter to the *Advertiser*: 'I have now on hand a sufficient quantity of iron to make seven hundred heavy cannon, and twenty thousand stand of rifles. I will sell the whole of it to the United States on twenty years' time, if they will use it in making guns for the maintenance of, and in obedience to the present Constitution and laws of this country; and

rather than have the Constitution altered to favor slavery and corruption, I would make it an unconditional contribution to the cause of freedom.'

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL H. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 24, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 139 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. S. H. NILES, (successor to T. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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.'

How stands Secession?

This is still the question; and as it seems to us, no nearer an answer than it was a week ago. Latest reports, we know, say that a compromise "will surely come in an early day," but in the absence of all evidence of such a result, except the necessity that exists for it, who can credit the prediction? Nobody sees anything but Mr. Crittenden's plan, and that, as it now stands, can never be adopted. The North will never abandon its entire position—certainly not while the South demand it at the point of the bayonet. There is no equality in this plan. Freedom needs no security north of 36 30. Slavery can never touch an inch of its territory, and nobody fears it. South of that line is all Central and South America—and Cuba, besides; and Mr. Crittenden's so-called compromise demands protection for slaves as property to all this boundless extent. The whole might and energy of both North and South may be lent to the acquisition of territory on that side of the line, and afterwards the North is pledged to the protection of slaves as property throughout all this immense acquisition. It embraces the entire principle of the Missouri compromise, which the South has repudiated, with an unlimited extension, to which the North never dreamed of giving its assent. Certainly no legislation could ever bring the North to this recognition and sustenance of the extension of slavery.

Where, then, are we to expect compromise? The South has no conditions. Secession is her ultimatum, so far as anybody knows. How many offers of reconciliation shall the North make before the South condescends to make peace and submit herself to the Union? She demands her "constitutional rights." She has them, and always has had them. If they are denied her, let her appeal to the constitutional tribunal. If the decision of that tribunal is for her, she has the government and the constitution on her side. She prefers the position of traitor, and boasts that the weakness of the government is her security. Is the North at her mercy, for the privileges of the boasted Union? The North is the Union, under the rule of secession; let the South try her hand without it. This she threatens to do—and is doing.

In all phases of this great question the entire heart of the North is united in a consciousness of right. Their ardent love of the Union, and nothing else, prompts the thought of compromise. With the South it is a game of "dare," and nothing more. When they know beyond question that the North "dare" as far as they, then the best compromise within their reach will be secured at once. Here was their fault at the beginning, that the government failed to meet the first measures of the secessionists with the nerve demanded by the emergency. Out of this error secession has grown to a length and breadth entirely beyond its own lengths. It looked for a short parley and a brisk fight, but has reached a labyrinth of perplexity beyond its own vision.

The present policy of the government is no doubt in a great measure its own secret, tho' the idea of coercion is plainly abandoned. It is too late for this; and the Union, if thus secured, would be worth less than the blood and treasure it would cost. The rule of "no terms with traitors" is void, and a patriotic people are driven to negotiate with traitors on equal terms. The entire plan has become treason of the simplest and rankest stamp, so that even in the name of treason it demands to be honored. So long, then, as it holds this position, they who offer it compromise are acting treason at least to their own principles. The acceptance of Mr. Crittenden's plan concedes all of principle that was contended for in the late controversy, and re-enacts more than was rejected in the Missouri compromise. Reconciliation is desirable, but not at the cost of more benefits than the Union offers. Such a sacrifice would be followed by others, till a "Southern Confederacy" shall virtually rule both North and South. No matter if Congress should see fit to send this question to the people; it would consume time, and time brings reflection; but the men who elected Lincoln to the presidency will never enact the moral and political suicide of surrendering the territories to slavery. We want reconciliation, even with traitors and rebels, and might make concessions, even in their present position; but not this concession. It is one that surrenders everything in the present, and for reciprocity only binds us indissolubly to the future.

THANKS.—In these times of storms and drifts, of various kinds, a "way to get out" has been most faithfully kept open by our good friend Abram Morrell, especially along the side-walks of our village. He has done his duty, and in behalf of all honest pedestrians we hail him. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

SLIGHT FOR SALE.—We have a new sleigh—good and handsome—which we would be pleased to exchange for cash or wood. Here is a chance for a good bargain.

OUR TABLE.

MARGOT GRAMAM, or, 'Higher than Happiness.' By Maria Landor, author of 'Life on the Dark River,' &c. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

This story is written for an object, and a worthy one. The author, illustrating the words of Carlyle—"There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness"—shows that when the light of life seems entirely quenched, and all hope of happiness has died, we may attain to an exalted state of blessedness, infinitely above the highest degree of mere earthly enjoyment, by a thorough consecration to active service for God and humanity. The story is one of great interest, and, with many vivid descriptive passages of rare beauty, there are woven into it many acute literary criticisms and able theological discussions. The Boston Courier certainly has high authority—ventures the opinion that the work will not be found inferior to 'Adam Bede,' and says of the heroine—

"Marion Graham is the well-drawn portrait of a true woman, one of those glorious beings whom once to meet is forever after to have faith in that humanity which they embodied, and that truth which their lives illustrate. We thank Miss Landor for the portrait, we are grateful to God that there are indeed such women, and that woman's pen has drawn them."

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following is a list of the articles in the February number just issued:—"Our Artists in Italy; Knitted Sale Socks; Senpang; Cobler Kears's Vision; The First Atlantic Telegraph; Lady Byron; Getting Home Again; A Dry Goods Jobber in 1861; The Old Homestead; The Professor's Story; The Great Lake; E. B. Pluribus Unum; Reviews and Literary Notices." We have not had time to read a single article, but a glance through the number assures us that it is a good one and in no respect inferior to the best of its predecessors. The 'Atlantic' is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., the Boston publishers, we have the following pieces of music:—*Cape Codding Polka.* By F. W. Muller.

Driving Polka. For Voice and Piano. By Ernest Burger.

Andante Revere. Tremolo Etude, for Piano. By Daniel N. Hood.

Jenny's Minnie. Song and Chorus. By W. O. Fiske.

Jenny's Bride of the Glen. Words and music by Lon Morris. With handsome vignette. Arranged for Piano by Carl Trautman.

I'm Home and my Ramblings are over. Song and chorus, as performed by Orway's & others and other popular bands. Poetry and melody by James H. Ring, Esq. Arranged by John P. Orway.

Bella's Good Night to the Flowers. Song and Chorus, as performed by Orway's & others, and other popular bands. Poetry and music by John P. Orway.

All of the above for sale at C. K. Mathews's, Waterville, or they may be had of the publishers, through the mail.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—No. 89 contains the following pieces of music:—

Some One to Love. Song. By Geo. Linley.

La Graciosa Mazurka. By James W. Pierson.

We are Wandering over the Mountains. Duet. By W. V. Wallace.

This cheap musical periodical is published monthly by C. B. Seymour & Co., 455 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year or 15 cents a single number.

"GET THE BEST."—Attention is invited to the advertisement of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine, in another column. With some improvements they are now sold at reduced prices, so that the best article is now brought within the reach of persons of moderate means. Messrs. Meader & Phillips, the Waterville agents, are confident this machine has no superior.

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—This body met at Augusta on Wednesday of last week, and organized by choice of the following officers:—Samuel Parley, of Cumberland, President; Samuel Wasson, of Hancock, Vice President; S. L. Goodale, of Saco, Secretary; E. A. Stackpole, of Kenduskeag, Messenger.

SALTATORY.—Our people, old and young, are determined to dance this winter, secession or no secession. In addition to two Schools for Instruction—Kendall's at Appleton Hall, and Teague's, at the Waterville House—a series of Citizens' Assemblies is to commence to night at Town Hall, in which many of our substantial 'silver grays' are to prominently figure.

CHANGE.—After this week, Mr. Carpenter's Singing School will meet on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, instead of Monday and Wednesday, as at first arranged. We are pleased to learn that this school is well attended.

NEAT AND CONVENIENT.—We recently mentioned that Mr. George Gage, of Kendall's Mills, had obtained a patent upon a Secretary Bedstead of his invention. We have recently seen a working model of the article, which we commend to the attention of those who, with limited room, are yet desirous to present a neat and tidy appearance. What is a bed by night, is not, as Goldsmith has it, "a chest of drawers by day," but, better still, a handsome Secretary, as stylish as you please to make it, with the bed and bed clothes all nicely stowed away. The inventor is now engaged in selling rights for towns, counties, &c., and the public will have an opportunity to inspect and test its merits.

MR. SHERMAN'S SPEECH.—In his speech last Friday, Hon. John Sherman expressed himself as follows on the subject of compromises under present circumstances:

"I know that all the gentlemen around me must deeply deplore a civil war, especially if that war should involve the fate of this capital and the disruption of the Government. No man with a head to reason, or a heart to feel, can contemplate the inevitable result of such a war, without the most serious desire to avert it. It is our duty, as members of this House, to say it is the acknowledged duty of the President, as it is of the incoming Administration, to use forbearance to the extreme point. Let not physical force be arrayed in civil war until the last hope of peace and conciliation has been exhausted. Then let each branch of the Government, acting in concert with each other, perform their respective duties, each the heavens fall. What can we do for peace and conciliation? I anticipate your reply. You say, 'Let us compromise—yield what we demand of you. Let us compromise, and we will preserve the Union, and civil war will be averted.' This I know is the earnest appeal of patriots men in the Southern States who would gladly give their lives to stop the march of treason to their shores."

How useless is it to talk about compromise, concession, conciliation, adjustment, when, if everything was conceded, the integrity of the Government may be broken up by a majority of a single State. If we hold this Union and all the rights it secures to us, and all the hopes we base upon, upon the wisdom will of

a single State, then, indeed, it is the weakest government ever devised by man. If a single State may destroy our nationality, then, indeed, is the wisdom of our fathers the wisdom of babes. We can no longer talk about the weakness of the Old Confederacy, or the anarchy in Mexico. Sir, we owe it as the most sacred of duties to put down this heresy. If it now fortifies itself by sectional animosities—if it rises from still it rebellion to civil war—sectional war—still it must and will be met with determined resistance. Again, I say, what is the use of concession and compromise, when if we yield everything you demand you cannot say to us, 'it will save us from disunion and war.' Are we not in danger of quarreling about terms of conciliation when traitors are overthrowing the government we wish to preserve? Are we not dividing ourselves for their benefit? What will satisfy South Carolina, and Florida, and Mississippi and Alabama? They want disunion and not compromise or conciliation.

The Democratic party would not agree to their terms, and they seceded from the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions. Is it likely that we will yield what our Northern Democratic friends could not yield? We on this side of the House might properly say that we had done nothing to impair any constitutional right, and we propose to do nothing to infringe yours. We have succeeded in a constitutional way in electing a President of the United States. All that we ask is that he may be inaugurated in peace, and may develop his policy in the usual manner. We can add that this is the demand of all our people, not only of those who voted for Mr. Lincoln, but of every loyal citizen."

WATERVILLE LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.—The following is a list of officers for the present term:

W. B. C. McFadden, M.
Br. J. C. Bartlett, S. W.
W. B. Arnold, J. W.

Geo. L. Robinson, Treas.
E. H. Piper, Sec.

F. W. Knight, S. D.
John Lasselle, J. D.

N. Meader, Tyler.
H. C. Leonard, Chaplain.

N. McCrillis, S. S.
W. A. Stevens, J. S.

Geo. P. Lasselle, M.
Trustees.—J. M. Crooker; S. Frye; C. P. Mason; C. M. Morse; J. L. Robinson.

Guardians.—Geo. L. Robinson; C. P. Mason; J. Meader; B. C. Paine; J. U. Hubbard.

MAINE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—The meeting at Augusta, last week, was a very full one. Gov. Washburn presided, and admirable speeches were made by Hon. Neal Dow, Hon. A. P. Morrill and others. In the course of Mr. Morrill's speech he paid Mr. Dow a warm tribute for his zeal and fidelity in the cause of temperance. The discussion was mainly directed to the necessity of a change in the present Liquor Law, and measures were taken to bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature.

FORT HALIFAX IN DANGER!—By posters on the street, we learn that the "Swamp Fox Guards"—that sounds like secession—are notified to meet at their armory to-morrow evening. With the mercury well down in the thirties, it is best for everybody to keep cool and not make themselves ridiculous by imitating bad examples.

A SHOT AT LOUISIANA.—The Fifth Ward Republican Association of New York, in view of the treason in Louisiana, and the duty of 80 per cent. *ad valorem*, upon all imported sugars, have passed the following resolution, declining to be taxed for the benefit of traitors.

That we do hereby call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress to pass forthwith a law suspending all duties upon foreign sugars, so long as the inhabitants of Louisiana remain in open insurrection, and continue forcibly and unlawfully to hold in their possession the property of the United States.

APPOINTMENTS.—Gov. Washburn has made the following appointments:—

Gilman Turner, of Augusta, Superintendent of Public Buildings.

Richard Tinker, of Ellsworth, Warden of State Prison.

Alpheus Lyon, of Bangor, Recorder of the Police Court of Bangor.

Augustus G. Lebrock, Esq., of Foxcroft, County Attorney of Piscataquis, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. J. H. Rice.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Committee of Thirty-three has made a report, and Mr. Chas. Francis Adams sends in a minority report, of which the following is the conclusion:

The general conclusion to which the subscriber has arrived from a close observation of the action of the committee, is this: That no form of adjustment will be satisfactory to the recurrent States which does not incorporate into the Constitution of the United States a recognition of the obligation to protect and extend slavery. On this condition, and on this alone, will they consent to withdraw their opposition to the recognition of a constitutional election of the Chief Magistrate. Viewing the matter in this light, it seems undesirable to attempt to proceed a step further in the way of offering unacceptable propositions. He can never give his consent to the terms demanded.

For this reason it is that, after having become convinced of this truth, he changed his course and declined to recommend the very measures which he in good faith had offered. It certainly can be of no use to propose an adjustment that which has no prospect of being received as such by the other party. Hence he feels it his duty now to record his dissent from the action of a majority of his colleagues in introducing any measures whatever for the consideration of the House.

A GOOD STORY.—AND A BETTER ONE.—In early life, Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan was a milliner, and Mrs. Nathaniel P. Banks a factory girl. Yet a prince of the royal house of England, and her apparent to the throne, was danced with the latter ladies, who afford such proof of the elevating character of republican institutions; and no doubt considered he was honored quite as much as they could be by the fact.—[The Papers.]

A pretty good story. But here is a better one. There are hundreds—no, hope thousands—of women among us whose names, except perhaps on the lists of marriages and deaths, will never get into the newspapers, who, in early life, orduring life, were milliners, factory

girls, milk maids, housekeepers, &c., who will have done as much good in the world as either of the personages above mentioned, and who will finally attain to higher and more permanent honors than to have danced with the heir apparent to an earthly throne.—[Principia.]

Legislature of Maine.

In the House, on Wednesday, the order to furnish five dollars' worth of postage stamps to each member, was indefinitely postponed.

The portion of the Governor's Message relating to Arrostook Railroad was referred to a committee of seven on the part of the House, with such others as the Senate might join.

In Convention, Hon. Nathan Dane was re-elected State Treasurer, and Hon. B. W. Norris, Land Agent.

On Thursday, in the House, petitions were presented for improving the navigation of the Kennebec River near the Kennebec Dam; and of David and Arletta Brown for relief [The South Kennebec Agricultural Society case.]

Petitions have been presented and referred, for amendments to the liquor law, and that the several Agricultural Societies be represented in the Board of Agriculture.

On Monday, acts were passed increasing capital stock of Casco Bank, and to authorize Somerset County to re-assess certain taxes.

State Finances.—Treasurer's Report.

The Report of Hon. Nathan Dane, Treasurer of State, is a practical and business-like document, exhibiting the fiscal operations of government for the past year with clearness and succinctness.

It appears that the total amount of receipts for the year, was \$452,276.30; to which is added the balance on hand on the 1st of Jan., 1860, making a deficiency of B. D. Peck, \$189,060; making an aggregate of \$566,336.43. The expenditures for the same time, including charge to the deficiency amount of B. D. Peck, is \$529,596.44; leaving a balance on the 31st of December, of \$67,739.66.

The estimated receipts for the current year, including the cash on hand, is \$351,949.10; with an estimated expenditure of \$64,927.04, including an installment of 30,500 on the public debt, and 40,000 interest on the same. The resources of the State are represented to be \$738,858.62, and the total liabilities, including the public debt and the trust fund, is 1,162,727.17.

The sum of \$8,246.62, exclusive of 2,061.66, paid to the commissioner, has been received from the U. S. Treasurer, for expense incurred in organizing a regiment of infantry for service during the Mexican war.

The Treasurer suggests an assessment of a State tax for the year 1861, of \$250,000, that we may be in a condition to pay so much of the debt (\$30,000) as matures in the year 1862 and provide for the necessary expenditures of the government.

The public debt, at the close of the year 1855, was \$55,000, and at the close of the year 1856 it was 1,725,362.57.

This debt of \$1,625,372.67 was reduced from time to time, by money received from the United States government, and the Land Office until in 1853 it was \$461,500. Then it was increased in the sum of 250,000 by the purchase of the interest which Massachusetts had in the lands owned by her jointly with Maine; so that the debt then amounted to 711,500, and has since been reduced, so that the public debt at this time is 699,500.

It seems to me that it should be the settled policy of the State not to have a large surplus of funds in the Treasury, and yet to have sufficient to respond to the current expenditures, and also to pay our public debt as it becomes due, without resort to loans, after the present year.

The estimated expenditures for the coming year, to the sum of \$64,927, are based upon existing laws.

The estimated expenses for the current year, made by those having charge of these institutions do not vary materially from those of last year.

There has been received into the Treasury at various times during years preceding, from sales of timber and unincorporated lands reserved for public uses in unincorporated townships, \$14,800.56, which sum the Treasury is liable to be called upon to refund, as the several townships become incorporated or organized. The receipt from the Land Office during the past year amounted to the sum of \$30,380.37; viz: On general account, \$26,089.03; on permanent school fund, \$3,990.34; and on lands reserved for public uses, \$305.00.

We give in the Treasurer's own words his statement of

The Deficiency Account of the late Treasurer, B. D. Peck. The balance of cash in the Treasury, December 31, 1859, appeared to be \$114,060.13, by the books in the Treasurer's office.

On reference to the report of the Joint Select Committee on the Treasurer's accounts, and the report of William Caldwell accompanying the same, it will be seen that Mr. Peck should have been further charged with 9,371.77, and also further credited with \$3,576.52; so that the said balance in the Treasury Dec. 31, 1859, should have been \$119,855.38, less the amount of 49.05 for the error subsequently discovered by the Investigating Committee, as per their report.

The amount of funds actually in the Treasury was \$57,732.34, which consisted of cash in the office and bank deposits. This sum has been credited in the foregoing account.

Thus the amount with which Mr. Peck was chargeable, in a deficiency account opened on the books in this office, was \$2,323.42. This deficiency has been reduced, the past year, as follows:

\$1,400 further allowed him by the committee for advance,
\$8,500 paid by the Hon. Neal Dow,
\$1,100 paid by the Mechanic's Bank,
\$4,000 paid by the surties on his bond for year 1859.

There has also been deposited in this office, by the commissioners appointed to settle with the surties on Mr. Peck's official bonds, six notes of Walter Brown and Samuel F. Hensley, of 2,000 each, all dated April 23, 1860, and payable to myself as Treasurer, or successors in office. Two of these notes fall due Sept. 1, 1861, and two on Sept. 1, 1862, and the remaining two Sept. 1, 1863.

The commissioners also deposited with these notes, mortgages of real estate to secure them.

These notes, and the said 7,000 in cash, were taken by said commissioners, in settlement with the surties on Mr. Peck's bond for the year 1859.

The deficiency account with Mr. Peck, consequently exhibits a balance against him, after

deducting \$581.41 not exacted from surties of 1859, as appears by report of commissioners, of 46,724.01, irrespective of the matter of interest.

It will be remembered that no settlement has been concluded upon the claims mentioned in the report of the Investigating Committee of 1,675 against J. Wyman, \$3000 against Neal Dow, and 2,832.39 against Walter Brown, and also, with the surties upon Mr. Peck's official bond for the year 1858—consequently the final result cannot now be determined.

THANKS.—Those friends who have so promptly responded to our pecuniary appeal, are entitled to our hearty thanks. Let us hope that many others, from whom we have not heard, are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to do likewise.

Cyrus W. Field, of New York, has made so bad a failure that his estate will not pay twenty-five cents on the dollar—all through his connection with the Atlantic Telegraph Co.

At the December Term of the Supreme Judicial Court, held at Norridgewock, Chief Justice Tenney presiding, A. Horace Stilson, Esq., was admitted to practice as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law in all the Courts of this State.

COERCION.—We are persuaded that a good deal of the opposition at the South to what is called 'coercion,' grows out of a misapprehension of what is intended to be done by the party which is about to come into power. Evidently a military invasion is anticipated, as nothing else can explain the measures of resistance which are being devised.

In reality, no such thing as war is menaced, or invasion of States or coercion of States. The Federal authority does not operate upon States, but upon individuals; and it only needs a gentle pressure by naval forces, to collect the revenue, and with very little disturbance.

In a recent paper addressed to the public by Chief Justice Pearson of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, we find the following passage:

"What is to be done with the seceding States? We are not obliged to follow nor to fight them. In the mountains,

