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

BY FRANK LEE BENDIS.

Once Wallace wrote to me to borrow a sum of several thousand dollars. I supposed he needed it for some business purpose; but I had the last cent I possessed he would have had it. I sold stocks to obtain the amount; it was a sufficiently large one to diminish my income by a thousand dollars.

At length any letters failed to reach me. Another man would have written at intervals, broken off gradually; it was not his way. The moment his passion died, and I can understand that the flame went out as quickly as it had been kindled, he ceased to write at once.

I was far from suspecting the truth. I wrote once, twice, after that no more. I would have cut my right hand off sooner than have made an appeal or demanded an explanation.

The spring had come, the trees were budding; the plants in the garden putting forth their green leaves; in my heart there was the tempest of mid-winter.

Days and weeks of suspense, of hope and fear, of every species of suffering that suspense brings, more terrible to bear than the desolation of a defined grief.

One evening at the tea-table, Mrs. Bates handed me a magazine which had that day arrived.

I have not read it, of course, my dear, I abhor stories; but I saw Mr. Landry's name among the contributors—your mother's nephew you know—I thought you might wish to see the book.

I took the pamphlet up to my room, and there I read the tale written by Wallace Landry; a beautiful story, full of brilliant imagery, but to me it had a meaning beyond its romance. It proved the necessity of fickleness in love, the downright sin of the one left to suffer in venturing to blame the deserter; it was the fault of the woman if she had no longer the power to charm the wayward spirit of the deceiver.

I read the tale, closed the magazine and laid it down. That story had been written for me; it was a reason for his silence, a bold, ineffectual justification of his own conduct.

What did I do? I could tear my heart out when I think of it; but I went mad! For three months life was a blank to me, wasted in the ravings of a sick room.

Pass that over. I never yet recalled the memory of that time without longing to dash my brains out against the wall; but so be it. I went mad, at times sinking almost into driving idiocy.

Those from that bed with the gray hairs which are folded back from my forehead to day, with no trust in God or man. I wonder heaven did not punish me for the sins I committed.

The season passed of course. I found at length the only consolation that could aid me in my trial.

As soon as I was able I left Ashburn, took a house in New York and there we lived. The years went on. I heard of Wallace Landry's marriage; after a time learned that Ashburn was sold, it was only one pang more, I could bear it.

Landry lived South; much of the time he passed in Europe. He made a certain reputation, wrote a novel or two, a volume of poems, made speeches, accomplished—nothing after all.

At length Mrs. Bates went to heaven. I do not mean it irreverently, but I really think it was the best place for her. One of the last requests she made was to be buried in a flannel shroud; I made a compromise with my conscience, and ordered it to be of white woolen at least. Her pug dog did not long survive her; I cannot say that in regard to his place I am quite certain, for a more vicious, ill-conditioned animal I never saw.

I missed the old lady—I was all alone then. I lived alone after that; I had ceased to care what people said or thought. I saw my youth passing from me, and heartily I thanked God for it.

Five years after his marriage Wallace Landry wrote to me. He possessed his old eloquence; it was a friendly, general epistle, with of course, no allusion to the past. At the close he asked me for the loan of a few hundred dollars. That was my husband—that was the man for whom I had gone mad!

On through the years that were so unchanging, they seemed like one continued day. I was thirty years old.

I cannot sit and howl, and groan over my sufferings—waker women would have died. It had pleased heaven to make me of a different mould; and, since it was necessary for me to live, I made what I could of the broken fragments of life left to me.

I had passed through every stage of suffering, anguish, bitterness, hate. Had seen the time when I felt inclined to throw that man into prison. It was all over, there was nothing left but scorn, the ice of indifference fast gathering over that.

I mourned for my blighted youth, the feelings and sympathies crushed forever; but that man's memory had no longer power to move me. I did not connect him with my grief—I put him out of my heart—there was not even a grave-stone above that desecrated love—its ashes had been blown to the winds.

This is what happened during my thirtieth winter. I was sitting alone one evening in this very room, when I heard a ring at the bell, and my servant's voice in parley with some visitor. A voice replied—I had not heard those tones for twelve long years, but I knew them.

I neither felt faint nor angry. For one instant I was back in the old home, my youth and I—the feeling passed—I stood in simple wonder.

"Step into the parlor, Marian," he said; "I will run up stairs to see Barbara; I can find the way, my good girl, don't trouble yourself." Up the stairs he came with the quick, bounding step of old. The door opened, and Wallace Landry hurried in, greeting me with the most perfect assurance, and as he might have done a dear relative.

My dear cousin Barbara, I am so glad, so happy to see you again after all these years! My wife is below—so anxious to know you—in short, cousin, we have come to make you a visit.

I have cut his speech short. All the time he was shaking my hand, while I stood dumb. At length I recovered my self-possession, received him kindly enough and went down stairs.

He presented his wife to me with the same cool assurance. She was well enough looking still, had evidently been pretty, and that night she looked so weary that my heart quite warmed toward her.

My simple dinner had been over for hours, but I ordered them supper, and we sat until late talking gaily; that is, Wallace talked and I listened.

Sometimes I wondered if it could be real that we three, that man and the two women he had so wronged, were sitting there together. But I had little time for reflection, he talked so incessantly, and between whiles I was called out to anxious consultations with my woman,

who was quite upset by this unexpected arrival. When their baggage was brought in, I saw that they must intend remaining somewhere for a long time. I gave up my own bed chamber and sitting-room to them, and my hospitable arrangements, being completed, went back to my guests.

Before we retired, I learned that they had no intention of returning South—they were rained—had been living for two years, first on one relative, then another.

"The fact is," said Landry, "we haven't a penny left—birds without a nest," and he looked quite happy about it; his wife sat passive and indifferent.

Then he went on to tell me what his plans were. It was time for him now to act. He would write a book that would make him a fortune at once. In an hour he had woven a thousand wonderful projects. I saw that he would do nothing—with all his fine talk he would live on anybody who would take care of him.

He did not appear very much changed—a little stouter perhaps—his face somewhat worn—but he had all the grace and elegance, the childish playfulness of old times. His wife was a weak woman, her health delicate, her jealousy of her husband stronger than her love.

I staid awake till daylight, thinking, wondering, and as incapable of forming a plan as when I lay down.

Three days after they were as fully established, as much at home, as if we had made one family all our lives. Wallace had the best sofa moved from the parlor into his sitting room, and lay on it the whole morning in a magnificent dressing-gown, smoking his meerschaum, and talking beautiful poetry or philosophy to any listener that he could secure.

I could see him then as he really was—feeling no longer blinded by judgment—there was not the slightest shadow of prejudice in my mind which could lead me to consider his character harshly.

He had all the qualities which we are wont to consider belong to men of genius; exquisite sensibility, a vivid imagination, so extreme a love for the beautiful, that an unsightly object in a room utterly destroyed his comfort. He glowed, reveled in beauty in every form. Against these qualities set indolence, base sensuality, selfishness, fickleness, and you have a faint idea of the man.

I wish I could repeat entire some one of his brilliant discourses. There is no other name for them, for he never waited for, or listened to, a reply.

He was capable of generous actions—had he money he would have given it to the first who asked—had he been dreaming after dinner he would not have stirred to save a human being's life.

They staid in my house five years. Each year Landry sank lower in the scale of humanity. At length he added drinking to his other vices. I wondered, for a long time, what made him so variable in his moods. At length I discovered that, for years, he had been an habitual opium eater.

Marian never did anything, kept but one servant, and I was obliged, after they came, to assist her a great deal; while my guest read novels up stairs. Sometimes Landry would write a little, but the money he earned was always wasted. I had an income of two thousand—of course it was all required to support us.

I had but a single outbreak with him. One night, Landry was out very late. I sat up for him as Marian had gone to bed with a headache. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I heard him fumbling with his night key at the outer door; I went into the hall just as he entered, reeling and drowning out a bacchanalian song.

I gave him one look and returned to the parlor; he followed me and began talking a vast deal of nonsense, to which I made no reply.

"How cross you are, Barbara," he said. "Don't be vexed with a man for being a little elated after a jolly supper."

I kept my eyes on the book I had taken up; he laughed a drunken, idiotic laugh.

"Where's Marian?" he asked, in a husky, stammering voice.

"In bed long ago."

"And you sat up for me!" You're a dear woman, Barbara, and he laughed again in the same vacant way. "It is like the old time sitting here, he said."

It was the first allusion he had ever made to the past. There was a feeling at my heart as if some one had pressed a hot iron against it.

"Have you forgotten our little romance, Barbara?"

I did not speak. It was all I could do to keep from rushing upon him, and tearing the life out of his wretched body.

"You look quite handsome to-night," he continued. "Pon my word, I could almost fall in love with you again. I could really."

He rose from his chair and staggered toward me. I never saw upon any man's face the expression there was on his; but I did not move.

"Barbara, you're my wife, you know," Eh Barbara?

He put out his hand; I pushed him away, and he went reeling into the sofa. He appeared somewhat sobered for an instant.

"Listen!" I said, in a voice at which I fairly shuddered myself. "If ever, by word or look, you offend me again, I will send you to prison. I swear it."

He understood. For a moment he cowered before me, then began to whimper like a child; finally he stretched himself upon the couch, and fell into a heavy, drunken slumber. I covered him up with some shawls and went to my room.

For his own sake, I dreaded to meet him the next morning. I thought that even he would be overcome with repentance and shame—I believe a woman never ceases to be a fool!

As I entered the breakfast room, he looked up with a careless nod.

"You were a good soul, Barbara," he said. "To cover me up so comfortably last night. I wish, though, you had thrown another shawl over my feet. I am afraid I've taken cold."

Not long after that a child was born to them. It lived but a few months. I was glad when the poor thing died. I never could look at it and think of its living without a pang. Its wan, old face had all the worst features of the two faces: the father's retreating chin, the mother's ill-formed head. It was always a sufferer. Marian moaned and wept a great deal over it, and told me often that she would

gladly die for it, but I have known her to read a novel for hours while her babe lay moaning upon my knees.

Once, when the poor infant was free from pain, actually trying to crawl as it rested on its mother's breast, Landry wept with delight, assured us that he was the happiest of men, made a basty but effective sketch of the two, and half an hour after proposed its being carried into a cold room above stairs, because it had the ill-luck to annoy him by a wall of suffering.

The child died a few weeks after that. Poor weak Marian was quite overcome, and Landry went into a spasm of grief, for which I should have had more sympathy had I not seen him swallow a great pill of opium an hour before.

The day it was buried he wrote a beautiful poem, so touching and natural that one would have sworn it could only have been the production of a good man, made wholly desolate by his loss. That very evening he went out with a party of friends, and somewhere toward daylight, I heard him mounting the stairs with slow, uncertain steps.

Marian's health declined rapidly. Her constitution never was worth anything, and her mode of life had been of itself enough to kill her. She lingered along, for several months, bearing her sufferings with a patience I could not have expected. During her sickness there appeared more of the true woman in her than had ever before been manifest. Sometimes she tried to talk with Landry, urging him to change his mode of life; but he found a way of going off into such spasms of grief, that she had not the heart or strength to contend against them.

She died in my arms at last, begging me with her last breath to take care of Wallace. During her whole sickness she had spoken of him as if he had been a child that must be petted and gratified without restraint.

Of course he was heart-stricken at her loss. I suppose he did feel it for a time. I advised him to take a journey to improve his spirits; he complied willingly enough, and returned at the end of six weeks, wearing his mourning with so junct an air, that one might have believed them fatal garments.

I advised him to go to Italy, saying I would send him quietly sufficient to make him comfortable. He accepted the gift with the best grace imaginable, and made ready at once.

The night before his departure he came to me, talked eloquently of his talents, his aspirations, his delicate organization, and ended by asking me to become his wife before he sailed. "I might go with him—should be his guiding star—his hope—his angel."

It was too painful for anger, too mean for contempt, and I only said:

"Don't be afraid, Landry, you will not fail to receive your money regularly," bade him good by and went away.

Two years have passed since his departure, and here I am to day, a lonely, desolate woman.

I am willing to live, I believe that my life is not wholly a useless one; but if it please God, I could wish that upon my tomb-stone might be inscribed—

"BARBARA SHERBORNE, AGED 45."

ROUT. This is the technical name of a preparation of great value in the French cuisine. It may be translated *thickening*, and with it is formed the celebrated *velouté* and *allemante*, the basis of most other sauces.

To prepare Roux according to Francatelli, take one pound of sweet fresh butter—perfectly free from milk or water—put it into a large iron sauce pan—melt it over a gentle fire—remove, and add three pounds sifted flour—mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon or paddle. When mixed and perfectly smooth, place the sauce pan in an oven sufficiently heated to bake bread, for one hour precisely, taking it out, beating and stirring it well, every ten minutes. Then turn it out on a plate, smooth it over with a case knife, and put away for use. It will become a substance somewhat resembling cheese.

To use, cut off a portion and mix it carefully with warm (not hot) broth, milk or water, and season for whatever sauce you desire. Some practice will be necessary to hit the exact quantity required. Mix a little in the bowl perfectly free from lumps, before adding to the sauce, which, when done, should be as smooth as oil, without the sign of a lump. Hence the name *velouté*, smooth as velvet.

Roux, when properly prepared and mixed, may be used for giving body to soups, gravies, stews, and made dishes of every description—sauces for vegetables, fish, stewed oysters, terrapins, meat pies, fricasees, &c., &c.

Also for various kinds of sweet sauces for puddings, and with eggs and vinegar, a good dressing for salad, celery, &c.

For Espagnol or Brown Sauce—Take some of the Roux and a lump of leaf sugar, and brown carefully over a brisk fire in an iron vessel. This may be done in any shade, but be very careful not to burn it, or it becomes bitter and spoiled for delicate sauces.

In this way, in Queen Victoria's kitchen, one pound of butter is made into four for cooking, and a great deal of trouble saved. Francatelli was her chief cook.—[Cott. Country Gentleman.]

TO CURE HAMS WITHOUT SMOKE.—After trimming hams, pork-house style, and rubbing them well with salt, I sprinkle salt over a floor or platform, and lay them flesh side up, so as to economize space. To each ham I give a teaspoonful of pulverized saltpetre, then pack on salt as long as it will lay. In this condition I leave them until they have taken salt, and before the fly makes its appearance. Then I take them up, knock and rub off with a wet cloth, all adhering salt, expose them to the air to dry, and when dried hang them up in a high, dry, dark and airy loft, to cure without smoke. Thus cured they will pass in any market or meet the palate of the most fastidious epicure.

[Cott. Country Gentleman.]

A HARD CASE BROUGHT TO.—Mr. Gough at Cooper Institute related some reminiscences of his labors abroad. Among other incidents he mentioned having invited to speak before the outcasts of Dundee—a motley, miserable crowd they were—clad in rags, covered with filth, and steeped in the most horrible degradation. Among them was one woman from whose countenance the last trace of beauty had been dashed by the iron hoof of debauchery.

For years she had been known in the town by no other name than "Hell Fire." A magistrate in pointing her out, informed him he never sent a single policeman after her, but to effect

her capture, two were always necessary and sometimes more. Fifty three times she had been convicted of vagrancy and sentenced to imprisonment, varying from six days to four months—Her power of tongue was wonderful, full of swearing she was an *ex officio* professor. Men in the town by no means fastidious in regard to profane language, were accustomed to run the moment that this interesting lady turned on the side of her blasphemy. It was prophesied that she would interrupt the lecture, but in the stead of this, when he was depicting the horrors of intemperance, she turned her face, all wet with tears, to his and cried: "All true, now, the man kens all about it." And she signed the pledge and kept it, and was known as "Hell Fire" no longer, but simply as Mrs. ARCHER.

"Inebriety Considered as a Disease." Dr. Harlow, the able Superintendent of the Maine Insane Asylum, thus wisely discourses upon this theme, in his Report—

One who is careful to remark all the varied phases of insanity, cannot fail to observe a form of disease, marked by an uncontrollable desire or propensity to indulge in intoxicating liquors, or other stimulants which produce a similar effect. The malady to which we allude has been termed *Dipsomania*, and has been recognized by Esquirol, Marc, and other eminent writers on insanity. To this term there are some objections, as it does not strictly speaking, convey a correct idea of the disease. It is not *thirst mania* alone, but a mania for stimulants of all kinds, liquid or otherwise. More recently, the term *Oinomania* has been employed, as a denomination better adapted to designate this form of malady, and we adopt the same, as less objectionable than the former. We may then define *Oinomania* to be an irresistible impulse to indulge in the use of intoxicating substances. It differs quite materially from ordinary drunkenness, modernly styled *Alcoholism*, which arises from a voluntary use of alcoholic beverages, and should be carefully discriminated. While we recognize on the one hand a diseased cerebral condition, which usurps the will and impels one to a most extravagant use of intoxicating drink, we must not on the other hand ignore the existence of ordinary intemperance in persons who possess a perfectly normal brain, but who choose to indulge their appetite to excess, because they think they have a right so to do. To conclude that there is no inebriety without disease would be as erroneous as to deny that there is no disease which gives rise to inebriety. Both are true, and both alike result in intoxication. The question then arises how shall we know the one from the other? We may be materially aided in a diagnosis by learning the psychological history of the family to which the individual belongs. When we see the offspring of an insane parent given to frequent, habitual intoxication, we may strongly suspect the existence of an abnormal cerebral condition. A similar suspicion would arise, if we should find the son of an intemperate father manifesting an appetite for stimulants in early life—indeed, an early developed appetite of this kind in any person, would point in the same direction; but, the most prominent pathognomonic symptom attending the disease, is the utter inability to control the thirst for drink. Regardless of all the higher emotions, against his conscience, his reason, and his better judgment, the Oinomaniac is blindly driven on by the ruthless monster. So complete is the loss of self control in this disease, that in order to appease his morbid appetite the unfortunate victim will resort to measures the most extreme. A case in illustration is related by Prof. Mussey of Cincinnati. "A few years ago a tippler was put into an almshouse in this State; within a few days he had devised various expedients to procure rum, but failed. At length, however, he hit upon one which was successful. He went out into the wood yard of the establishment, placed one hand upon the block, and with the axe in the other, struck it off at a single blow. With the stump raised and streaming, he ran into the house and cried, 'get some rum! get some rum! my hand is off.' In the confusion and bustle of the occasion, a bowl of rum was brought, into which he plunged the bleeding member of his body; then, raising the bowl to his mouth drank freely, and exultingly exclaimed, 'now I am satisfied.' It is related of another, who after being entreated and expostulated with on account of the many evils he was reading as fruits of his conduct, replied, 'My good friend, your remarks are just, they are indeed too true; if a bottle of brandy stood at one hand and the pit of hell yawned at the other, and I were convinced that I should be pushed in as sure as I took one glass, I could not refrain.' You are very kind, I ought to be grateful for so many kind, good friends, but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me; the thing is out of the question."

It matters little to the Oinomaniac as to the kind of liquor he takes. That containing the most poisonous ingredients, is not unfrequently swallowed as readily as the nicest variety. He drinks not for the gratification of taste, but to free himself from the overwhelming misery in which he is writhing.

Like many other ills to which the flesh is heir, the tendency to this form of disease is hereditary. It is often observed in persons predisposed to other kinds of insanity. For instance, in a family of children, whose grandfather was insane, while the boys exhibited a strong passion for stimulants, the girls manifested melancholia and religious excitement, with occasional symptoms of *eromania*. The hereditary character of this disease is distinctly marked in the greatly increased liability to insanity and idiocy, which exists in children born of inebriate parents; and we believe there is no method more sure, by which the human race could be exterminated from the face of the earth, than by making inebriates of its inhabitants.

Prof. L. A. Dugas, in a lecture on the treatment of inebriates, says, in speaking of the offspring—! I do not hesitate to proclaim it as a law of almost universal application, that three successive generations of inebriates will leave no issue. It is a noticeable fact, that in communities where alcoholic stimulants are used to excess, the rate of mortality runs to a much higher figure than elsewhere, especially among children under ten years of age. But this is a digression, and we now return to the subject under consideration.

Oinomania is recognized as appearing in three different forms or varieties—the acute, paroxysmal, and the chronic. The first is much more rare than either of the other two. It arises from various physical conditions, such as hemorrhage in the puerperal state, excessive venereal indulgence, masturbation, debility from fever, certain forms of dyspepsia, &c. It readily yields to treatment, requiring only such gentle restraint and watchfulness as may be had at home, with such care of the general health as the case may indicate.

The second, or paroxysmal variety appears much more frequently than the acute. It recurs at irregular intervals and usually lasts one or two weeks. During the paroxysm, the patient consumes, if he can get it, a most incredible amount of alcoholic liquor—a quantity, which under ordinary circumstances, would seem to be intolerable, and sufficient to destroy life. A case was related some years since in the 'British and Foreign Medical Review' of a man who in a space of this kind, drank in eight days, six quarts of brandy, six quarts of whiskey, six quarts of porter, six quarts of ale, and twelve quarts of cherry wine; he then emerged from his debauch, took a warm bath, made his toilet, and then took a drive into the country, appearing to all with whom he met, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

The intervals between the paroxysms, may continue weeks, and months, during which, patients thus afflicted have no desire for stimulants, they even loathe them; at length, a feeling of languor or lassitude comes over them, and they soon become restless and uneasy. They realize the 'impending crisis,' and struggle to ward it off, but all without avail; no power of theirs seems adequate to keep them from flying to the intoxicating cup—the matchless snuffbox for all their woes.

This form of Oinomania arises consequent upon injuries of the head and an overworked brain. To the latter, we do not hesitate to say may be traced a large proportion of the cases of general paralysis so rare at the present day, and so frequently attributed to intemperance. This form of Oinomania is observed in females under certain physical conditions. When it appears during gestation, it may be pretty certainly expected that the offspring, if it lives to grow up, will develop the disease, especially if the mother was allowed to indulge her appetite. Hence, the absolute importance of total abstinence from all alcoholic stimulants during that state, and the state of lactation.

We now come to the third variety of the disease—the chronic, which is by far the most frequent of the three, and the most intractable as regards treatment and cure. The patient is continually under the irresistible impulse to take some kind of stimulant. Overwhelmed with this desire, he sacrifices everything that makes life attractive, to his insane appetite. Wealth, reputation, family ties, are alike disregarded. He comes forth in the morning, after mayhap, a restless, sleepless night, morose and fretful, dissatisfied with himself and all about him. Weak and trembling, he feels unequal to any mental or physical exertion, and to allay the gnawing sensation in the stomach, flies at once to his potation. After each succeeding draught a degree of comfort and self-satisfaction returns, hope springs anew and he resolves on a better course of life.

The craving distress is for a time appeased, but it soon returns, and he continues drinking, until intoxication is produced. Thus the patient goes on till he sinks into fatuity, and death soon closes the scene. The causes of this, are the same as of the other varieties of the disease, which are very liable to run into the chronic form, if not properly treated and arrested. To these, we may add voluntary intemperance, which perhaps is more prolific than all the others.

Before concluding our imperfect sketch of this important subject, we would add a word in regard to the treatment of the malady. It has hitherto received comparatively little attention, or at least, we may say that only recently has the subject been considered in the light which its importance demands. Owing to the fact that all cases of inebriety without distinction have been looked upon as the result of moral obliquity rather than physical weakness or organic, they have been left to take their own course—to reap the fruit of their own sowing without let or hindrance. But thanks to an over-ruling Providence, the poor unfortunate inebriate is beginning to receive, through an enlightened community, a more benevolent consideration. It is, I believe, conceded by all medical men, that the first great step in the treatment of inebriety or Oinomania, is restraint, and this cannot well be accomplished without seclusion. Without these the disease cannot be successfully treated, indeed, the safety of the community and of the patient himself often demands them.

An Hospital with architectural arrangements expressly adapted to this class of cases where they can receive appropriate medical and moral aid, seems to be the only legitimate or proper place for them. Since Hospitals for the insane have become general, many of this class have been successfully treated in these establishments, but for various reasons they are ill adapted to the wants of the Oinomaniac. In our opinion he requires different arrangements. He should be provided for in an entirely separate and distinct Institution. He should not be obliged to mingle in the society of the insane patients, as the former could rarely do the latter any good, and the insane in return, would derive no benefit from associating with the inebriate, and we trust it will not long be necessary, as Asylums for this class are beginning to be established. The first of the kind in the country or in the world is now in process of erection in the town of Binghamton, New York, to which the eyes of many are turned with hope and expectation. May the great work thus begun, go successfully on, until the fulfillment of our wishes shall be seen and felt by thousands of this unfortunate class.

For his energy and indefatigable exertions in this branch of benevolence, all honor is due Dr. J. Edward Turner, the first man, a son of our own State, who proposed and advocated, carried into effect the project of an inebriate Asylum.

SOME ITEMS FOR FARMERS.—The best food with which to mix poison for killing rats, says the American Farmer, is pompholy seeds. Wet them and sprinkle on a little arsenic, which will adhere to the seeds. They will be eaten by the rats and mice, while cats, fowls, etc., not being fond of such food, will not meddle with them. Wherever poison is put for these troublesome pests of the farm,

water should be near by, so they may eat, drink and die, outside of their holes and hiding places. Musk rats, which are often troublesome pests upon some farms, bordering upon creeks or ponds, may be poisoned with arsenic upon pieces of parsnip or sweet apple.

CHARLESTON.—A Charleston correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing on the 19th, gives the following information:

I have been with some members of the Calhoun Guard to witness the large floating battery now in course of construction on the river, in the upper part of the city. This work has been carried on quietly, but with considerable energy. Its height will be sixty feet, considerably higher than Fort Sumter, which it is intended to attack. It is formed of cotton bales, and will be bound with iron. When complete it will be very formidable, and will enable the Palmettos to make the attack with comparatively little danger to themselves. Several large guns are lying ready to be placed in it, and the enthusiasm which is displayed in preparing a position for them shows pretty conclusively that equal ardor will be manifested in using them against the enemy.

I can assure you, most positively; not from what I have gained by listening to bar-room gossip, (for this I have studiously avoided) but from information derived almost directly from the very high priests of Treason, that in the course of a week or two, a well organized attack will be made upon Fort Sumter, on all sides simultaneously. The people are fully aware that should Major Anderson resist, considerable loss of life must ensue; but so persuaded are they of the importance of obtaining the entire control of the harbor before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln that I do not think that they will hesitate a single day, after their *comp d'etat* is thoroughly arranged, to make the attempt. There are a large number of citizens here who believe that when the attack is made, Major Anderson will immediately evacuate, and spare the shedding of blood; and though I place a far higher estimate on the gallant Major's devotion to his country, and the honor of her flag, he could not be very severely censured if he terminated the difficulty in that way. He has been left in a garrison which, well manned, would be almost impregnable, with scarcely a corporal's guard to support him. The 'chivalry' know that he has only sufficient men to work eight of his guns, and that while a considerable loss must ensue to them on the one side, on the other they would have a reasonable chance of success.

I have just returned from a minute examination of the possible points of attack and defense, and am fully justified in the conclusion that an experienced tactician could successfully take Fort Sumter, with its present means of resistance.

I cannot close without acquainting you with the general dissatisfaction which is expressed with Governor Pickens, and unless he becomes more energetic in his treason next week, you may expect to hear some formidable proposals to remove him, and place some arch traitor in his place.

BEATEN COFFEE BETTER THAN GROUNDS.—It is said by Savarin, a French author, that coffee which has been broken by pounding is better than that which is ground. He remarks that a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers, that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used the pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill—the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted this coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill.

Solon Burland made a speech in Nashville, Thursday night. He said, in the course of his remarks, that the 'Constitutional Union party,' and its acknowledged champion, John Bell, had held the doctrine that the election of Lincoln would be a just cause for the dissolution of the Union. John Bell, who was in the audience, rose and denied the charge. Upon this, says the Nashville Democrat, the cheers rang again and again through the vast hall, satisfying us of the predominant Union feeling in that assemblage—notwithstanding the disunion element mustered its strength. Mr. Bell, before he sat down, expressed the hope and conviction that all would yet be well with the Union; and this declaration was received with a great shout of applause. The country will be glad to hear this from Mr. Bell and the city of Nashville.

The Washington correspondent of this Journal of Commerce evidently has but little hope for an adjustment of the existing

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 31, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. H. PETTENILL & 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.

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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."

Another Week of Secession.

The past week has done little or nothing to affect the aspect of secession, so far as the South is concerned. Not so at the North.—Here, in spite of all the threats and provocations that every breeze bears from the field of treason, there is a vigorous and effective work of union everywhere pervading the public mind; healing, binding up and strengthening in one healthy and harmonious bond, the various factions and parties that at first jostled each other and gave nerve to the development of treason. As the laws of nature repulse and knit together the fractured bone, so the inherent love of the national Union, always potent in moving the North, is doing more than policy or legislation to heal the madness of secession. Every straw that moves brings evidence of this. A careful but earnest conservatism is controlling every movement and guarding every outpost, and it grows daily in the minds and hearts of all classes of men.—Men who were the bitterest partisan opponents of Mr. Lincoln are among the most decided in their condemnation of southern rashness and folly. The great meeting at Portland was an example—in which such men as Phineas Barnes, Judge Shepley, Neal Dow, J. H. Drummond, John Neal and Judge Davis acted together with as much zeal and harmony as if party lines had never divided them. When did men so forget party before?

There is in all the measures of secession something so rash and headlong, and so outrageous to reason and decency, and so sympathetic of those Northern men who were at first with them, have been forced back with disgust. There is such an apparent blindness of haste on the part of some, and such farcical insecurity and pretence among others; and these absurdities meet in so many ludicrous combinations, and present such strange suggestions and such insane incongruities, that men who once had faith in the ability of the United States to effect disunion, now regard their measures rather as the whims and in tangibilities that result from a long fever of excitement, than as the labors of cool-headed statesmen. Confidence in their ability either to organize or control an independent government everywhere is weakening. Even among themselves, as there are evident indications, the singular measures daily enacting are gradually working doubt, in the better class of minds, whether the crazy grooms of this fiery steed of secession will be able to ride him if they succeed in mounting.

Looking at all the phases of this great modern case of political insanity, our hope brightens that reason will in time bear sway. It is such an anomaly in the history of the disease, that political science refuses to recognize it, and the simple limits of common sense only mark it down an enigma. Ever, its threatened approach was not credited; and how shall it ever be guided to tangible results by those who have never yet comprehended it?

MASONIC FESTIVAL.—Waterville Lodge held its annual social festival on Tuesday evening. The audience was measured to the room, and as the Lodge is large, few of its guests come from without the family circle. We learn that the time was well improved in an easy, social way—refreshments of the tangible classes taking a prominent position. The intellectual department made no ostentatious efforts, but was catered for in a very agreeable way by several Brothers of the Mystic Tie; so that when the social was raised, at a moderately late hour, the ancient brotherhood conducted the modern "sistren" from the Lodge to their lodgings.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—Our wise men at Augusta, are working busily, but have perfected few measures as yet, though many are on their passage. On Friday, James H. Butler was elected Major General of the First Division. Petitions are every day received for the repeal of the Personal Liberty Law, and for a scientific survey of the State.—While so much of our space is required for secession news, we can only give our readers the results of the doings at the Capital, and omit the details of the progress of each measure.

PATRIOTIC.—Col. F. T. Lacey, of Gardiner, an influential member of the Democratic party, and a gentleman of military experience and reputation, has written a patriotic letter to Gov. Washburn, suggesting the enrollment of one thousand volunteers in the State, for the defence of the Constitution and Laws. He says that nine tenths of the Democracy are with him in his devotion to the stars and stripes, and we have no doubt he is correct; but what a vile band of traitors is that other tenth.

"Love."—John G. Saxe delivers his humorous and descriptive poem, "Love," at Biddeford on the 18th of February. An effort is making to procure its recital in this place on the following evening, Feb. 14, and if successful, due notice will be given. This poem has been heard with the most marked delight in all the principal cities of the country, and in the great dearth of everything of the kind here this winter, we feel quite sure it would secure a large audience.

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—Verona, Brent, or the Wayward Course of Love, is now in course of publication in this elegant monthly, is one of the most interesting stories we ever read, and betrays a master hand. The February number, in addition to several chapters of this novel, contains a host of good stories, and much interesting matter, profusely illustrated. We know of no magazine that gives so much reading for the same money as this, and we again commend it to the attention of the public. It is not only unsurpassed as a literary periodical, but as a Gazette of Fashion it is probably without a rival. Its colored fashion plate is truly superb and its monthly reports fall and reliable.

Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The contents of the January number—the first of the new volume—are as follows:—The Political Year. The Purist Prayer Book. Uncivilized Man. English Embassies to China. What's a Grille? Part 12 of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography. Horrors—A True Tale. A Merry Christmas! The Indian Civil Service—its Rise and Fall.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription:—For 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 discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U States will be 24 cents a year for Blackwood's, and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

ARTURUS'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The embellishments in the February number are of unusual merit, especially "Friends in Adversity," "Children Reading the Bible," and "The Impatient Sinner." The reading matter will be found all that the most fastidious could desire for the sanctuary of home. It must exert an influence for good, wherever it goes. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

UNION MEETING IN PORTLAND.—There was a large and earnest meeting of the citizens of Portland, on Saturday last, embracing all parties, to get an expression of the city upon the question of disunion. Judge Shepley presided. The following resolutions were introduced by Hon. J. H. Drummond, as the report of a committee appointed for the purpose, and after long and candid discussion severally adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That under the Providence of God, we are indebted to the Union of the United States for the unexampled prosperity, which, as a people, we have been permitted to enjoy, and for the high consideration which we have been enabled to attain and maintain among the nations.

2. *Resolved*, That the destruction of that Union is the greatest calamity that can be anticipated—a calamity destructive of the greatest and noblest inheritance ever transmitted by ancestors to their posterity.

3. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of each State and of its citizens to avoid all just causes of complaint respecting the domestic affairs and institutions of other States not coming within the jurisdiction of the United States. That we desire to perform faithfully all the obligations imposed upon us by the Constitution and laws of the country and expect that others should do so.

4. *Resolved*, That no State has a right to secede from the Union. That forcible opposition to its constitutional laws is criminal and it must meet our disapprobation and resistance.

5. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the Government of the United States to cause the forts and other public property of the United States to be protected; and possession thereof to be preserved; and the revenue laws to be enforced; and this State should be ready to aid the Government so to do.

6. *Resolved*, That we recognize it to be our duty as citizens of the State of Maine, and we declare it to be our desire and purpose to cultivate a friendly spirit towards all our countrymen; that we will tender every measure of conciliation which we can devise of a suitable nature to meet the present difficulties and dangers; and will give the most favorable consideration to every friendly proposition which shall come to us from any part of the country.

7. *Resolved*, That to manifest the attachment of this State to the Union and its disposition to remove all occasion for complaint, it is expedient that the provisions of an act entitled "an act further to protect personal liberty," approved March 17 1855, which have been incorporated into the Revised Statutes, should be repealed.

We like the "concession" tone of the resolves, having particular exception even to the 7th, though we regard the repeal of the personal liberty laws of the States, if all combined, as too small a drop to count much in cooling the parched tongues of the fire-eaters. A tender of the sacrifice may help appearances, and embarrass secessionary argument, but nothing more. Let them all go, for what they are worth, whether constitutional or not, and as of little consequence; but let us everywhere avoid, as carefully as do these resolutions, the removal of a single one of the corner stones of freedom, as settled in the contest of 1860.—The Portland resolutions are an example worthy to be followed.

"BLOOD TELLS."—We are more than half convinced that the wise folks at the South really think Hannibal Hamlin, the vice president elect, is a mulatto, and as such ineligible to the office to which he is elected, on the ground of the Dred Scott decision, that he "has no rights that any white man is bound to respect." A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger has gone so low as to inform us that the "father of Hannibal Hamlin was named Cyrus, and was Sheriff of Oxford Co.; and all his generation was most respectable and of unadulterated blood!" This is ridiculous enough to satisfy all radical republicans; but we propose that as one of the "concessions" to be made to the seceders, it be admitted that both his grandfather and grandmother were Borneo monkeys, and that Gov. Pickens be allowed an appeal for another Dred Scott Decision. This would give the seceders time for reflection—for the stairway of slavery's amalgamation has many steps—and their eyes might be opened before they get through.

The Geneva Courier has an account of the shameful treatment which Mrs. Boutwell of Elbridge, N. Y., received at the hands of the Charlestonians. It appears almost incredible.

Mrs. Boutwell was visiting a friend, when the subject of disunion came up; and she was asked her opinion upon the subject, which

she gave, declaring that her sympathies were with the North. Early the next morning she was waited upon by an officer, who cited her before a magistrate of the city. She was tried for sedition and treason—convicted and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in a Charleston jail, where she was inhumanly treated, and lived upon bread and water. Seeing no chance of escape, she wrote to May, or Wood of New York city to use his influence in her behalf, that she might be pardoned out. In the place of receiving a kind letter, as any human being would have written to a woman under the circumstances, he wrote her an abusive one, glorying in her position. She was given to understand that if she would recant what she had said they would set her at liberty. This she refused to do, but she was finally reprieved by the Mayor, after about two months' imprisonment, through the influence of many requests. She was then put aboard a steamer, started on her way North, and soon arrived in New York city where she still remains.

A BIGGER HOG THAN MOSES.—that famous story teller—has ever placed on record. On Monday last, Mr. Thing, of our village, slaughtered for Mr. George Shores, a mammoth hog, which weighed alive, according to the hay scale, 880 lbs.; and when dressed, only shrank to 775 lbs. Another, and probably a more correct standard, reduced the weight of dressed, pork to 759 lbs. Landlord Williams had one slaughtered at the same place and time, which by the first authority, weighed when dressed, 610 lbs. Mr. S.'s hog was of the White Chester breed, and was two years old last fall.

Mr. Hopkins in the Pennsylvania Legislature satirizes the Crittenden compromise by the following proposed amendments:

"That free negroes who are seamen and arrested in the South, be paid \$10 per day for their detention. That persons who are tarred and feathered in the South shall receive \$1000. That persons who have their heads shaved, and are otherwise maltreated, shall receive \$3000. That the families of men who are hung by lynch law in the South shall receive \$20,000."

THE VIRGINIA PROPOSITION.—The following is the basis of settlement of existing troubles recommended by the Legislature of Virginia:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia, the propositions embraced in the resolutions presented to the Senate of the United States by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, so modified as that the first article proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall apply to all the territory of the United States, now held or hereafter acquired, south of latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, and provided that slavery of the African race shall be effectually protected as property there in during the territorial government, and the fourth article shall secure to the owners of slaves the right of transit with their slaves between and through the non-slaveholding States and Territories, constitute the basis of such an adjustment of the unhappy controversy which now divides the States of this confederacy, as would be accepted by the people of this Commonwealth."

A COTTON EXPEDITION.—Such, according to John Mitchell, now in Paris, is the French and English invasion of China. He says those two powers pretend to be terribly exercised that their armies must winter in the north of China, and may have to hold the country to secure their rights, but he thinks they will find means to go through with it. He continues, in his last letter to the Charleston Mercury, as follows:

"Now China at present produces even six times as much cotton as all your Southern States put together—not of the finest kind, indeed, but of the sort of which nankens are made, in which about three hundred millions of people are clothed every day. Yet where that cotton grows it is calculated that other and better cotton may grow, and the magnificent alluvial valleys of Central China, all around the Huang ho, and the Yangtze-kiang rivers, are certainly as capable of producing the most valuable kinds of that useful plant as are the valleys of the Mississippi and the Alabama. Labor also is far more abundant, and costs literally nothing at all. Once the country is subjected, the English cotton growers may have many millions of laborers, all anxious to work for their bare subsistence; for what would sustain one negro, would be a luxurious supply for five Chinamen. The Chinamen, too, will be apprentices, not slaves, and so there will be no obligations to care for them, to feed and clothe them, when the work is got out of them. In short, the cultivation once begins on these two rivers, you may bid adieu to the Liverpool and Manchester markets, and that's the meaning of this China war."

THE FACT NOW BEFORE US.—Plain truth is told in the following from Boston Traveller:

The Union question is now reduced to very narrow dimensions. If the conspirators who now possess taking possession of the capital should lose heart, or should be defeated through the exertions of General Scott, there will be some chance for the recovery of the country; but if Washington should fall into their hands, Virginia and Maryland having previously seceded—the Union's hours are numbered. All depends upon keeping the government together for the next eight or forty days. If that can be done, well; if not—why, then—we shall belong to an extinct nation, that's all—but the all includes a vast deal more than can be set down and enumerated. The preservation of the government would have been an easy task, if the government had done its duty. Secession has attained to its present huge proportions only because the Buchanan administration encouraged traitors, and discouraged true men. It gave the former stimulants, and it poisoned the latter. A firm course toward South Carolina in the early days of rebellion, and not a particle of the evil that has happened could have occurred. It was because the people never dreamed of treason, compared with which that of Arnold was boy's play, that they could not believe in the possibility of the dangers that now threaten the nation. That South Carolina would do something foolish, was what all men admitted, but it was not admissible that the administration would perpetrate the most astonishing wickedness that ever was perpetrated by men solemnly sworn to the discharge of plain and honest duties.

STORM.—The past few days have been warm and snowy, and we have now sleighing enough to last till June if the thermometer don't meddle with it. This will depend on

the weather—and whatever this Almanac may say, we advise everybody to calculate accordingly.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Sunday last, about four o'clock P. M. a boy discovered the body of a man lying upon a cake of ice attached to a rock, under the railroad bridge, just beyond Rock Island. It was found to be the body of Mr. Jonas Davis, a citizen of this place, who has for many years resided on Front street, near the end of the bridge. He had evidently fallen through the bridge, and been killed by the fall, some forty feet. No bones were broken, but discharges of blood from his mouth as he lay upon his face, indicated internal injuries. He had probably died without much struggle, several hours before the body was discovered. Mr. Davis was a carriage maker, a man of industrious habits, and leaves a worthy family. His age was about sixty years.

Is this community—even the better portion of it—wholly guiltless of this man's blood?

"—We for those who tramp o'er a mild A deathless thing—They know not what they do, Or what they deal with—Man perforce may bind The flower his step hath bruised; or light snow The torch he quenches; or to music wind Again the lyre string from his touch that flew—But for the soul—oh! tremble, and beware. To lay hands upon God's mysteries here! For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn Some balance, fearfully and darkly true—Or break some subtle chain, which none discern, Though binding down the terrible, the strong. The overreaching passions—which to loose on life, Is to set free the elements for strife!"

WHAT SOUTHERNERS SAY OF IT.—The Mayor of Boston, backed by the rowdies of Beacon and Ann streets, permitted a mob to break up the regular meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, last week, and the Charleston Courier heads its telegraphic record of the event, "The Power of Slavery."

EXHIBITION OF THE BLIND.—Prof. Campbell, of the Massachusetts Blind Asylum, of whose visit to our village, last fall, many of our citizens cherish pleasant recollections, will give a grand exhibition of the pupils of that institution at the State House in Augusta, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday next.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Augusta, on Tuesday of last week, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—John F. Anderson, of Windham, President; Dr. E. Holmes, of Winthrop, Secretary; John W. Chase, of Augusta, Treasurer; Warren Percival, of Vassalboro', and Samuel Wasson, of Ellsworth, Trustees. The report of the Trustees shows that the expenses of the past year exceeded the receipts by the sum of \$1,594.80, and suggests that until a permanent location can be secured the annual fair be suspended. It also suggests that as a society has been formed for encouraging the rearing and training of horses, this animal be dropped from the exhibitions, except, perhaps, draft horses. It was voted to hold semi-annual meetings at the time of the Fair, and resolutions were passed advising a permanent location of the Society; to suspend the Fair for the present year, if the Trustees thought best, and in that case to offer the stipend of the State in premiums on crops and agricultural experiments; and empowering a committee to ask for an appropriation from the State.

Mr. Alfred M. Kimball, teacher in the Boys' Select School of Bangor, died very suddenly on Monday last. He was a member of Penobscot Division S. of T. and was highly esteemed in all his social and professional relations.

The North Carolina Legislature has passed a Convention bill, which is to be submitted to the people.

The Charleston Mercury of Monday indignantly refutes what it terms the slanders of the Northern press in reference to the condition of affairs in that city. The following are its preliminary remarks:

"During the last month we have been amused at the many ridiculous lies circulated in Northern prints and their Southern echoes in relation to South Carolina and Charleston. 'Mobs' rampant, when such a thing as a mob is unknown here. 'People' furious with fanaticism and whisky, when we are a cool, staid and remarkably sober and religious community. Mobs seizing the forts, when it was done by the State troops under military discipline, by order of the Governor of the State! Soldiers marching into houses of citizens, and demanding food and money—a reign of anarchy—'citizens leaving,' and all manner of fabrications and baseless falsehoods which we have neither the time nor the inclination to notice or deny."

The statement originally made by the Washington Star, that ex-Governor Aiken had been compelled reluctantly to disgorge \$40,000, the Mercury pronounces "an absurd lie, made out of whole cloth, and containing not one word of truth from beginning to end." Two months ago Gov. Aiken expressed the opinion that South Carolina should secede promptly on the election of Lincoln, and should never again unite in a confederation with any non-slaveholding State.

The Charleston correspondent of the New York Evening Post has the following on the same point:

"Charleston is not in the hands of the mob, nor are her citizens starving; albeit enough suffering has inevitably attended this movement among the poorer classes to render the acceptance of the charitable resolution of Mr. Taylor of the Boston Legislature, for appropriating a sum of money for the purchase of provisions and stores for the relief of our fellow countrymen in South Carolina, a matter of gratitude."

But it is borne secretly and silently, and lightened by the aid of the wealthier citizens to the utmost of their ability. No hungry and exasperated mobs disturb the quiet streets of this externally tranquil city; no breaking into houses for the purpose of levying forced exactions has occurred. Whatever may be the secret convictions of the Charlestonians, and poor of the practical experience of revolution—whether they have discovered secession to be a Dead Sea apple, appealing to look at, but only so much dust and ashes to the palate—they certainly demean themselves as

though possessed of entire faith in, and seem willing to pay a present price of endurance for the expected future.

It is true that the merchants, all of them, are waited upon almost daily for contributions in money and goods to the support of the military. Generally they respond liberally, in spite of their losses by the total cessation of business. I do not pretend to say that refusal or niggardliness might not be resented as indicating lukewarmness or want of patriotism, but that some are not indirectly coerced by this consideration. Such cases must exist, though they can necessarily be but suspected rather than ascertained. It may be worthy of observation that Charleston business men of Northern birth are particularly and rather ostentatiously demonstrative of their ultra devotion to Southern interests, for a selfish reason. Perhaps it is in this inevitable steady drain upon the pecuniary resources of the wealthier portion of the community that the best hope of coming to some conclusion lies. That conclusion, however, nobody talks of reaching by retrogression.

The Louisville Journal of the 21st has the following information from a warm secessionist just from Vicksburg:

"It is a fact that a battery was planted on the shore of the Mississippi at Vicksburg, so as to command the river. He says that a good many boats, passing down, were brought to, especially in the night, the object being to get possession of the Silver Wave, upon which it was said that the United States Ordnance was to be transported to the South. A shot was fired across the bow of one boat and then the cannon was aimed directly at her, but it flashed without going off, and the boat rounded to."

Three of the military companies of Mississippi were in charge of the battery, and they withdrew it from the shore on Tuesday last, and seized the United States hospital, which they are now occupying. They are, no doubt resolved to seize upon all the United States property that they can lay their hands on."

A UNION MAJORITY IN THE SENATE.—By the accession of the Senators from Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, the Senate is left with twenty six R-republicans, two Constitutional Union men, and ten Northern Democrats. Mr. Toombs is absent, getting his State out, and it is possible that now the Senate and House may agree on some plan of adjustment not degrading to the free States.

[Atlas and Bee.]

WANTS TO STEAL.—A fellow who signs his name as "J. R. Hamilton, late Lieutenant United States Navy," has issued an address to Southern officers in the navy, advising them to steal the vessels they may have in command, and turn them over to the seceding States. If this chap is a specimen brick of the officers the seceding States have contributed to our navy, some good will be caused by the disunion movement, in getting rid of such men, who are only fit to disgrace any flag under which they may sail.

NORTHERN AID.—Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan and Illinois have tendered to the General Government, their military force to aid in enforcing the laws and sustaining the Union.

MAD DOG.—The dog of Capt. Ellis Robinson on a short time since "run mad," bit several sheep, and we understand some dogs. The sheep were seized with a spirit of hunting each other, the only form in which this disease is manifested in sheep, it is said, and some thirty of them have died. Their bodies have been left in the fields to be devoured by such animals as feed upon exposed carcasses. This is a most culpable practice, as the flesh of animals thus killed is said to communicate the poison to those eating it.

[Piscataquis Observer.]

CONFESSION OF A TRAITOR.—Ex-Secretary Floyd, in his Richmond speech, said: "I understood so to dispose of the power in my hands, that when the terrific hour came, you (the conspirators) and all of you, and each of you, should say, 'This man has done his duty.'"

TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Somerset County Temperance Association was held in Bloomfield on Wednesday last. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

C. F. H. Green of Athens, President; Alex. Weston of Bloomfield, Sec., and Treasurer; C. R. Vaughan of Northwick, Conductor; F. A. Williams of Skowhegan, Sentinel.

The Association holds another meeting at Athens, on Friday, the 22d of February next, on which occasion J. H. Webster, Esq., will deliver an address.—[Skowhegan Tel.]

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS:

Mr. Dawes, Representative from Massachusetts, after a violent debate in the House the other day, asked a conservative Southern man, who was appealing to the Republicans to come down from their Chicago platform and help save the Union, whether he (Mr. Hill) would take the platform of the party with which he acted during the late campaign, (the Bell party) viz: "the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."

Mr. Hill said he stood by that platform, but added that it would not do as a basis of settlement, and asked Mr. Dawes whether he would take it, to which Mr. Dawes replied, amid great enthusiasm, "Yes, sir; every letter of the Constitution, every obligation of the Union, and every feature of the law."

The resolution compelling all persons in the army and navy to renew the oath of allegiance to the Constitution created much excitement, and provoked the most bitter opposition from the South. It received the hearty endorsement of all the Republicans and Southern Union men, while nearly all the Democrats opposed it. It is now suggested that all the Senators, Representatives and members of the civil departments of the Government be called upon to do the same thing.

The great popularity of the proposed reduction of duties on sugar was remarkably demonstrated to-day, by the promptness with which the House instructed an inquiry into its expediency, with leave to the committee to report by bill.

Senator Douglas proposed to introduce an amendment of the Constitution, simply removing from Congress all power over the subject of slavery, and forever prohibiting the slave trade. This, he thinks, may possibly satisfy all the States earnestly desirous of preserving the Union.

The annual report of S. L. Goodale, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, is attracting much attention for its ability and undoubted usefulness to the farmers of Maine. We hope that every enterprising farmer in the State may be able to procure a copy.

[Ken. Journal.]

The two houses of the legislature of Rhode Island have concurred in the passage of the bill repealing the Personal Liberty Law of that State. Will that satisfy the seceders and induce them to honor the "stars and stripes?"

A correct list of Designations from the Navy shows the following state of facts:

Out of 90 Post Captains, only one resignation; out of 130 Commanders, but three; of 360 Lieutenants, eleven; of 69 surgeons, but one; of 36 Passed Assistants, but one; of 42 Assistants, but one; of 64 Paymasters, but one; of 45 Masters, but two; of 288 Midshipmen, but 17.

Col. Magruder, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, has been drilling, for some time past, a troop of cavalry in Maryland, in the vicinity of the Federal capital, which fact is believed to have some connection with the plot to seize the city.

The House Special Committee on the President's Message will report two bills at the first opportunity; one to authorize the President to employ the whole naval and military power of the Government, including volunteers and militia, to protect the public property, and the other authorizing him to suspend ports of entry at his discretion.

Gen. Hennessey, the filibuster, is now at Montgomery, Ala. He will probably have a commission in the Southern army.

Hon. O. S. Ferry, of Connecticut, has written to his constituents detailing the various attempts at compromise which have thus far been made, and the causes of successive failure. He says, in conclusion:

"I have conceded to the verge of principle, and there I must stop. Every concession has been answered with the booming of cannon from Fort Moultrie upon the flag of my country, with the marching of hostile forces upon the forts of the Gulf, and with the planting of hostile batteries upon the banks of the Mississippi. If we have a Government, it seems to me that the time has come to ascertain its strength."

The secession leaders in the Cotton States don't submit their secession ordinances to the people, who seem to have been made the subjects of power, and not its source, in all the movements of the traitorous leaders. They are to be governed, and not consulted. They are regarded by the chivalrous aristocrats, who are bent upon a Southern Confederacy, as "the rabble," and are not deemed worthy of a voice in the revolution which has been thrust upon them and which puts at hazard their lives and fortunes. Even in Naples, the other day, the people were allowed to vote upon the question of annexing themselves to Sardinia. The Emperor Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel went through the form in the case of Savoy and Nice. So of Tuscany, and the Romagna, and the Duchies. It is reserved to South Carolina and the States who are disposed to imitate her secession example, to take the first step backwards. Their ideal is the Middle Ages, when the masses were all subordinate to the aristocracy, as are now the plantation negroes of Palmetto dom.

The speech of Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, in the House, recently, was an effort of true patriotism, and a telling blow against the secessionists, in the course of which he remarked that many of those who inaugurated the present revolution cry out with uplifted hands against the effusion of blood. It was the inventor of the guillotine who was its first victim, and the day is not far distant when they will rely on the magnanimity of the people they have outraged. Before God he believed slavery will be crucified if this unhappy controversy ends in a dissolution of the Union. If not crucified, it will carry the death-rattle in its throat.

"Don't secede," means, practically, keep quiet while the rebellious States strengthen themselves sufficiently to successfully meet and defeat all the powers of the federal government, and then peg away if you dare!

[Lath Times.]

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Grand S. of T. at Gardiner, last week, 43 Divisions were represented, notwithstanding the roads were badly blocked up by the storms. The Quarterly Report shows a total of 230 Divisions in the State, with 28,000 members. Ten new Divisions during the quarter. New members initiated 3000.

The Grand Jury of Washington have presented John B. Floyd, late Secretary of War, for malfeasance in office and conspiracy to defraud the government. It is now the duty of the District Attorney to have him indicted and tried. The developments made in connection with the stolen Indian bonds, connect Floyd with that robbery. He will probably turn out to be the biggest thief ever connected with the general government.

SECESSION AFFECTING TRADE.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin says on this subject: "We have had but one theory about secession as affecting trade. If the whole fifteen Southern States go out it is not going to stop trade; and only one thing will stop trade, and that is civil war; and we don't believe that to be possible. The Southern trade will hold back for the present, because the existing excitement out there is more retarding than trade. The South is just as well off now as she was six months ago, and however much particular localities may suffer by a temporary embargo on their trade and commerce, the South, as a whole, is not going to lose money by the operation; and when the difficulties are settled, as they will be soon in one shape or another, trade will surely be resumed. If our Southern brethren insist upon keeping up a separate establishment, we shall welcome their merchants with all the consideration due to distinguished foreigners—and if on the other hand, they conclude to board with Uncle Sam a little longer, we shall love them the more for the danger they have passed through; but whichever way the events turn we don't believe at all in losing their trade."

The impudence of the secessionists is unparalleled in the history of the world. They stand the traitors against the noblest government ever conceived by man, with arms in their hands, and with federal property in their possession—demanding that no reinforcement of Southern forts, and no preparation to enforce the laws shall be made, lest it precipitate civil war, while at the same time they are going on daily resisting and evading the laws, arming their States, and making all possible preparation to stand their traitorous ground! While we would concede much for peace, we think no good is to come from longer tampering with such impudent rebels. Let the government put forth its power and crush at once the unnatural rebellion.

CASES ARISING OUT OF THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY.—Three cases of political importance will soon be before the United States Supreme Court. These are an appeal from the Territorial Court of Kansas on a decision as to the right of the people of a Territory to exclude slavery therefrom; the controversy between Governor Mason of Kentucky and Governor Dennison of Ohio, and the Lemmon case from New York.

A great fight at the South within 30 hours—says the latest telegraphic dispatch.

