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MILDRED TALCOTT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Flora, I've made up my mind, and I shall never alter it," said my cousin Mildred Talcott, as she burst into the room where I sat, putting the finishing touches to a small drawing of an old English castle drowsing amidst its oaks and elms, and my pencil paused at the last leaf on the topmost bough of the tallest oak, as I looked up at the face, flushed and vivid with anger and determination.

"What have you made up your mind to?" I asked solicitously, as the girl came and stood still before me, only her defiant lips and eyes telling me she was at a white heat of anger.

"That I will never be the wife of Fletcher North," she said, each word slow and distinct as though she weighed it well in pronouncing it.

"Oh, Mildred, has it come to this?" with a great deal of pity, and regret at my heart. My words and my look stung her, as no reproaches could have done; a shadow of pain—agonized, went over her face, but she put it back with her strong will and roused pride, and sat down in the nearest chair.

"Yes, Flora, it's just come to this. I've seen Fletcher North for the last time."

"Mildred, who is responsible for this?" I asked, feeling that words would only chafe and harden her in her present excitement.

"He is, and must take the consequences. Nothing but absolute submission on my side would satisfy the authoritative, tyrannical spirit of the man; and no living one shall ever break the soul of Mildred Talcott under his iron will. I will not be trodden on."

"But are you sure?"

"Yes," anticipating my question. "I am sure that this is just what Fletcher North is bent on; that I never could be happy with him as my husband, unless I would submit myself unquestioning to his absolute authority, which I never will do. To think how he has dared to talk to me during the last hour. She beat her foot on the carpet—the damask roses widened in the cheeks of Mildred Talcott."

"It was some time before her anger and excitement sufficiently subsided to allow her to relate to me what had transpired between her and the man whose betrothed wife she had been."

"I knew Mildred would not conceal, diminish, or expand one fault, for she was constitutionally truthful to the finest fibre of her nature. It appeared that my cousin's particular fence, had been a ride she had taken to the Fort three days before, with an old classmate of Fletcher North's, and one who had been a former rival of himself."

"To do Mildred justice, she was in no wise responsible for the ride, and had consented to it with reluctance. She had engaged to go with a party of friends, but one or two unexpected additions to the company crowded the carriage, and Mildred was obliged to go in a smaller vehicle, and to accept the escort of a man, whose personal ambition and selfish life aims her womanly instincts penetrated and despised, though he was the brother of one of her dearest friends."

"The young man managed to have the fact of Mildred's ride with himself communicated to Fletcher North, under circumstances, and in a manner which must have been peculiarly irritating to the young lover."

"He had visited his betrothed in no very amiable frame of mind; and his reproaches, which in this case at least, were not deserved, stung my rash, impulsive cousin into a great anger, and at last those two, who would have gone to prison and to death for the love they bore each other, had said a cold, brief, final farewell."

"Now, Flora, who was to blame this time do you think?" exclaimed Minnie as she turned and confronted me, after concluding her story.

"I think you were both to blame."

"Both to blame!" the summer lightning flashing out of her brown eyes. "Would you have me submit to such injustice, Flora Ames? Shall I meekly acknowledge that Fletcher North has the right to call me deceitful, a flirt, and like all the rest of my sex, uncertain and unreliable, caught by every new fancy, and unworthy the love of a true, honest man?"

"It was very hard, Minnie, and this time, wholly undeserved; but a calm explanation of the facts, and a little forbearance on your part, would soon have convinced him of his mistake, and you know that he would not have been slow in acknowledging it."

"Flora, I am not a saint. I am an impulsive, sensitive woman. I cannot be calm and tame, under such stinging words, and Fletcher North shall never have an opportunity to repeat them—never."

"I saw with pain and sorrow, that there was no use to attempt reasoning with her, on this matter, and I sat still, and she looked up, inquiringly in my face, and read in my eyes, fastened on hers, whose beauty I feared would be her sorrow, the thoughts in my heart."

"Ah, Flora," she cried out, "why will you always take that man's part?"

"Because I always feel, Mildred, he is, despite his faults of temper, despite his sensitiveness, which makes him exacting, and at times severe, what so few men are, strong and good, and generous to the core. And when such a man brings his heart to a woman, a man whose strength she can lean on, whose love she can rest in, I think she has found a treasure, so past all price or naming, that it is only with anguish I can see her for any pique, or false pride, put away from her, what never will in all probability come to her life again."

"Many changes went over the face, 'fair as a lily,' blooming as a rose, while I spoke; and the voice of Mildred Talcott had not its old steadiness of tone as it slipped through the silence which followed my speech, this question. 'Well, Flora, what would you do if you stood in my shoes just this minute?'"

"I hope, Mildred, that I should be forbearing and forgiving, and above all, ready to admit the relations and circumstances which would go to palliate the severity and injustice of Fletcher North, for a true man is worth forgiving something."

"And then—"

"I should send for Fletcher North, and acknowledge what part sever I had borne in the wrong."

"Never, Flora Ames, never!" Mildred Talcott sprang to her feet, and commenced pacing the chamber back and forth, and the sunshine whirled and flashed its bright wheels about her proudly lifted head. "I cannot debase myself as you would have me, Flora; I am made of that flexible material which bends and yields to a man's arrogant will. I shall never bow my pride to ask Fletcher North's pardon, and he may go and find some woman after his own heart, the chief canon of whose matrimonial creed shall be to obey her lord and master."

"And Mildred finished with a laugh, that after all was strained and hollow, and left the room followed her with a faint hope that the girl's better nature would triumph; but only with a faint hope, for I knew the worst part of her had gained the ascendancy now, and that her intense pride and self-will, brot

into sharp collision with her conscience and her affections, would hardly yield, whatever the struggle might cost her.

Mildred Talcott's mother and my own were sisters. Half a score of years had the former slept well under the charming coverlet of winter snows and summer grasses, and my mother had been laid two years before by the side of her sister in their native village, where the former had been married and died.

Mildred and I were only children, and we had been thrown much together from our childhood, and loved each other like sisters. Our home was in the country, my cousin's in the city; but we lived only ten miles apart, and long, frequent visits, were interchanged by us.

Mildred, my cousin, had many rare and lovable qualities of character. She was intelligent, generous, impulsive, most womanly in all her sympathies and affections. But she was proud and self-willed, and she was the idol of her father, whose wealth enabled him to gather every grace and luxury about his darling child; and when Mildred bloomed into her beautiful womanhood, real sorrow and discipline were names almost as vague and void to her as Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Many men admired her; many women loved her; and with her grace, and social brilliancy, she adorned any society into which she was thrown.

Fletcher North did not meet her until she was twenty-three, and he was then in the first year of his professional studies. He had a hard struggle to get through college, but he had energy, talent, persistence of purpose, and these are 'better than any fortune.' Mildred had sufficient innate nobility of character to recognize and do homage to the man, Fletcher North, and in less than six months after their first meeting they were betrothed. But things did not run smoothly after this; I think there was blame on both sides. The young man was strong too frequently at the thought of Mildred's wealth and his own poverty; and though her father did not dispute the election of his child, still Fletcher North, with his keen intuitions of character, knew very well that the old man's ambition was sorely disappointed in her choice.

On the other hand, Mildred was not used to making the happiness of another the law of her life, and though she was capable of any amount of heroic self-sacrifice, her proud spirit was restive under anything that seemed like control; and the strong will of both came in frequent collision; and misunderstandings and brief alienations often occurred between the lovers.

In every case their affection had finally triumphed. But at last the pride of the man and woman had fairly confronted each other, and Mildred blind and infatuated could not see that her place and her power was in immediate concession and forbearance.

Half an hour later, she came back to me, and when I had one glance at her face, there was no need to be told she had spoken.

"Come, Flora, put on your bonnet. I want to go down to the shore while the tide is coming in, and gather some sea plants; and we will never speak on this matter again."

I have concluded to retain Fletcher North's letters, as soon as I get home. It is best so. We should never be happy together. At least, I am not willing to make the concessions which alone would insure that happiness. I shall be brave, too, Flora, for I am resolved to forget him."

"I did not answer. I knew that days of slow pain, and nights of silent heart aching, lay before the proud, self-willed girl; and I remember thinking that nothing but long and sharp discipline, could soften her imperious spirit, so that its toughness should yield mellow and golden fruits of patience, forbearance, and long suffering."

"Flora! Flora!" The well known voice rang down the garden walk, and reached me in a small arbor, which was rolled up in grape vines, whose goblets of emerald were darkening into purple in the dying August days.

I gathered up the half hemmed handkerchief, which had divided my attention for the last two hours with a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, and the sky, over whose azure fields lay here and there the great, rumpled breadths of bleached clouds. Five years have gone since my cousin Mildred Talcott and I held our last conversation of Fletcher North, and three of these had I been the well-beloved and happy wife of him whose voice; had just summoned me from alternate reading and reverie.

"Frank!—what in the world sent you home so early?" as I came toward a pair of outstretched arms, and a face made comically wry for the occasion.

"What in the world has become of you, Mrs. Welden, that I've searched every closet and corner of the house, and had to resort to the open air before I found your missing self?"

"Simply because I was down in the arbor, making a desperate effort to combine the practical and poetical 'for an hour.'"

"For three of them you mean," seizing my hands, and drawing me into the sitting room, where he held his watch before my eyes.

"One o'clock!—why, Frank, is it possible?"

"Yes, and a man who comes to his home in a perilous state of starvation, and finds his wife reading the poems in her hand, and the clouds in the heavens over her head, when she ought to be seasoning his soup, or peeling his potatoes, must be a model husband, if she gets a kiss instead of a scolding."

"And in the midst of my laughing, he gave me a practical proof of his claims to the matrimonial appellation."

"You shall have your lunch in ten minutes," and I was starting for the dining room; but a strong arm held me back.

"You will just tell Dinah to set the table, and sit down by me while I read the paper, and you bring all your feminine taste and acuteness to bear on the contents of this, slipping a small morocco case into my hands. I opened it, and there on its snowy mound of velvet lay a dainty carved pin, and ear-rings, with a thick blossoming of pearls amongst leaves of emerald."

For a little while, I could not speak. Frank had stretched himself on the lounge, and at last put my arms about his neck, and my lips spoke few thanks because my heart held so many.

"But, Frank, we are poor folks, and these must have been very expensive."

"You little Yankee—whose economic instincts are always awakened with every present I bring you. I made fifty dollars yesterday, and there it is."

"My thoughts followed her with a faint hope that the girl's better nature would triumph; but only with a faint hope, for I knew the worst part of her had gained the ascendancy now, and that her intense pride and self-will, brot

"But fifty dollars don't grow on young doctor's bushes every day—"

I was summarily ordered to leave this sentence unfinished, and, as Dinah came in at that moment to set the table, I threw myself on an ottoman by the lounge, and Frank drew out his paper.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" and the newly printed sheet made several flashing gyrations over my head.

"Why, Frank, what in the world does all you?" you came near making me upset my jewelry."

"Garibaldi's had another victory. There is hope for Italy. Thank God for that."

But the quick motion had started something from its deep repose in one corner of Frank's pocket, and I saw the snowy ball of a dainty envelop peeping out from it.

"What have you there?"

"My dear child, I had quite forgotten it, it is a letter from your cousin Mildred," and he laid it in my lap. I seized it eagerly, and I was not long in devouring its contents. I laid the letter down, saying to Frank—

"Mildred is coming to us next week?"

"That is good news."

"Most blessed news! Oh, Frank, to think how sorrow and trial have developed and ennobled that girl!"

Frank put down his paper, and looked in my face, with eyes out of which some grave thought had chased all the laughter.

"You women are strange beings, Flora," he said.

"I suspect we are, darling. Who would have believed that Mildred Talcott, petted, flattered, spoiled as she had been all her life, would have met so bravely the storm which poured down so suddenly into the full bloom of her young womanhood. One shock followed another so rapidly, too. First, there was her father's failure, which, terrible as the crisis was, would never have transpired, if it had not been for the villany of one of his partners, and the folly of another. Then came, a little later, the fever and paralysis, which kept her, the most tender and tireless of nurses, by night and by day, in that still, darkest, sick room, for two years. And bravest of all, was her giving up the last dollar to her father's creditors, and going South to teach. I always felt that Mildred had in her the elements of a true and noble woman—but alas! prosperity would never have developed them."

"And you think, my darling, that God sent your cousin that series of sharp afflictions that the true womanhood in her might develop its own strength and graces?" asked my husband, thoughtfully, turning the rings on his fingers.

"I think so."

"But, Flora, you have not named what has always seemed to me the crowning deed in your cousin's life, and that was, her refusal to marry Mr. Kennedy. He was a rich man, and she was twenty-five years her senior, a splendid match, as the world goes. Only think what a palace home she would have had, for his wealth and taste would have surrounded her life with all those luxuries which, with her aesthetic character and habits, must have made the millionaire's offer a mighty temptation to her. It required some moral heroism to turn away from all these things, and face the hard, plodding life, by which she was to earn her daily bread."

"My poor Mildred! I spoke now with the tears in my eyes. I believe it was the memory of Fletcher North, which, steeling her heart against all the shining promises of the millionaire."

"Fletcher North—you told me he was a young lawyer in New York, didn't you?"

"Yes; why do you ask me?"

"Oh, because!"

"Cause is no answer, as my school teacher used to say."

Just then, Dinah entered, and said that dinner was ready, and my thoughts leaped into another channel.

"I must have the front chamber ready at once, for Mildred. Frank, I want new curtains for the windows, and I shall hang the walls with those pictures I had designed for the sitting room. Ah, how happy we shall be together!"

"So happy that I expect to be jealous, laughed my husband, as he led me out to dinner."

The next week, Mildred came. It was just after supper, and I was cutting the pages of a new magazine, when Frank tumbled half a dozen great, purple plums into my lap, the first fruits of a young tree whose green boughs had peeped all the summer into my chamber window.

"See here! There is a carriage coming this way. The cars must be in," said Frank, suddenly lifting his head.

"There is a face looking out! What if it were Mildred's!" with a bound of my heart.

The carriage stopped. Frank hurried to the door, and I heard his "Come quick, Flora," and then I knew! She was in my arms a half minute later, and for the next half hour our tears spoke better words than our lips could.

My cousin was little changed in looks, unless it was in that change which the inward spirit gives to the outward face. That oval face, with its bright, smooth bands of hair—the eyes, always shining, but full of all shits and deceptions of color, were just like Mildred Talcott's five years ago. But the lips had changed, softened, sweetened them, as it had her whole manner, and something in her very look and presence would have told one that she had been acquainted with sorrow—that it had clarified, mellowed, ripened her soul.

"I have come to you for rest, Flora, darling cousin," said Mildred, as she laid her head in my lap, the day after her arrival. "And this little cottage of yours is such an alluring nest, that I fear I shall fold my wings here forever."

"And you shall, Mildred, unless you spread them to go to some fiercer and stiffer home than my nest can offer you, hung here among the bills."

She understood me, and her hand caught and detained mine, wandering through the dark, bright mazes of her loosened hair, and the brightness of her face waxed into something sorrowful as the pale moon, and a wind from the east blew coldly over the soul of Mildred Talcott.

"I shall never go to any fine and stately home, Flora," she said sadly and steadily.

"Oh, yes, I hurried to say, 'I always walk into a bright country, when I dream of your future, Mildred.'"

She shook her head. "The days of my dreams are over, Flora."

I cast about in my mind for an answer. I think she divined what I was doing, for she opened her eyes and looking in mine asked, "Flora, do you remember what you said to me five years ago last month, about the love of a true, strong man?"

"I remember, Mildred."

"Well, I have lived to learn the truth of all that, and having known and put aside the true love once, I cannot be satisfied with any lower and less."

Just then, my husband entered the room. "Get on your hats in a hurry girls. I want to take you down to the Fort before sunset."

That evening I related to Frank the conversation I had had with Minnie. At the close he walked rapidly up and down the room several times, apparently quite lost in thought.

At last he came to me. "Flora, I must go to New York, to-morrow."

"For what, pray?"

"No matter, now; on some private business."

I was thoroughly provoked. "You men are all alike, Frank Welden. Here I thought you were listening to all I have been telling you; instead of which, your thoughts have been absorbed in business; I don't believe you've heard one word I've said."

"Oh, yes, I have, every one."

"But didn't think it worth replying to?"

Frank laughed and pulled my hair. "You foolish little puss, if you could see the length of your nose into my thoughts you'd be satisfied with them."

I was obliged to take him at his word, and 'make up' the next day my husband left for New York, promising to tell me the nature of his business after his return.

In two days he was home again, but he maintained a strict silence regarding the matter which had taken him away, only laughing at my stimulated curiosity, and promising that it should be appraised next week.

One day, not long after Frank's return, he took me on a long ride to visit one of his patients. Mildred was not feeling quite strong, and did not accompany us. It was a still, drowsy afternoon, in the early September. Our way lay through an old cross country road, stretching like a soiled silver ribbon between the high banks on either side. The sweet, piney scents of the woods close at hand, drifted through the air, and curtains of silver and dun mist were hung around the distant mountains. The air was full of tropical languors; indeed, the whole earth seemed lapsed into that reverie of the tropics, which soothes her heart every Autumn. The deep azure overhead was scarred here and there with thin frostings of cloud, and once we came upon a solitary maple kindled into a scarlet flame, and lighting its fiery red torch amid the green forest trees."

"I do not remember that Frank or I spoke but once during that ride back and forth of twenty miles; for the presence of that Autumn afternoon in its still, intense beauty, brimmed our souls so full and deep, that there was only room for silence. That once, I said, 'Oh, if Mildred was only with us!'"

"The afternoon will have its costly gifts for her too," answered my husband lightly touching his horse with his whip, but I did not penetrate his meaning."

It was near sunset when we reached home. Mildred met me at the front door, her eyes wide, and struck through with a strange radiance, and her face lighted into a great tremulous joy."

"Oh, Mildred, I said, 'why didn't you come with us this afternoon?' and I put my arms about her."

"Oh, Flora, why did I stay at home?" and I knew by her voice that she did not regret it, that she had been shaken by a great surprise and a great joy."

"What does it mean?"

She did not answer—she drew me towards the parlor door. A gentleman sitting on the lounge rose and came towards me with a smile, and offered me his hand. I searched the strong, bold lineaments a moment, and then I knew them. "Mr. North!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Mrs. Welden, will you not give me a welcome to your home?"

"Ten thousand of them if you will tell me how you got here."

"Ask your husband," and at the moment that gentleman presented himself at the door. The truth flashed suddenly across me. "Oh, Frank, this is the business which took you to New York?"

My husband and his guest were warmly grasping each other's hands, and they both joined in a long, hearty burst of laughter, at the close of which, Frank came over to me and said, "Well, little lady, are you relieved, now you have discovered my secret, and will you forgive me for keeping it?"

"Yes, you dear old fellow. You've conducted the whole thing in a manner worthy of the most accomplished female diplomatist in such matters."

"And it was my first attempt, too. What have you to say for it, Mildred?" She came towards him, her eyes swimming in a flood, tender light, and two broad damask roses in her cheeks."

"What could I say? Frank, to the man who had saved my life?" she said, laying her hands in his.

Just then, Dinah came to tell us supper was ready. What hearts of joy and gratitude we carried to the table that night!

"You may dream dreams about my future now, Flora," said Mildred, the next time we were alone together.

"But there will be one little shadow winding through them, and that is the thought that you must leave us so soon."

"Not for a month or two! Oh, Flora, how good God has been to me—good even in the darkness and sorrow that fell upon my youth; for I see now that without these I never could have been to Fletcher North the true and loving wife I humbly hope that I shall now be."

The young man, just entering the hall caught these last words. He entered the room, drew his betrothed to his side, and looking down on her tenderly, said,

"I thank God, Mildred, for those words of yours! My heart has hungered and thirsted for them during the five long years in which our lives have lain apart. I thank Him too, that He has opened my eyes to the light, so that I see what past I bear in the past in its bitterness and misconceptions."

"But those are buried now. We will not speak of them, Fletcher."

"Never again; for, after all, they have borne good fruits, whose fragrance shall fill our lives; and because of this, we shall always be tender, forbearing, patient with each other."

Mildred did not answer; but her face was lifted to the young lawyer's, and looking at it, I have no fear for the future of my cousin, Mildred Talcott."

"Come Go with Me, Won't You Dear?"—We watched the gathering death damp on her brow; we saw the purple fingers cold in death; the sainted smile that wreathed those lips, while she said, "Come, go with me, won't you dear?" We listened the pulse throbbing fainter and fainter, as she talked of heaven—the blissful heaven—and the blessed home awaiting the transition from here to the Hereafter. We could not weep; we could not go with her, but we mourned to see her enter death's dark portals, and see an arm to lean upon. Oh! we could not see the arm—the angels that were with her to bear away her spirit; we could not catch the gleam of her silvery robes; we could not hear her silvery tones, but we saddened to hear her plead that she might have the boon of a dear companion on her journey. But she is at rest. We know she is an angel with the blest; for, although we see her not,

She comes to us within the silent night, When calm in sleep our eyelids close, In dreams she comes to gild so bright The hallowed hours of our repose. She sings a fragment of a lay— A simple, yet a sweet old air. Looks in our eyes then glides away As fleeting all as she is fair.

Yes, we know that she's an angel there, and while the stream of life flows on, that saintly invitation, "Come, go with me, won't you, dear?" must be a guide and a monitor to meet her, and walk with her through elysian fields, to that blest abode. What a happy consciousness has the Christian heart, sorrowing on life's journey, knowing that there are those watching and beckoning to him from the reality of eternity, where there is no sickening, no dying, but a blessed life, with no sorrow and no strife—May that cheering, happy invitation be always in our ears?

"Come, go with me, won't you dear?"

[Green Mountain Freeman.]

MISTAKES IN HOUSE-FURNISHING.—Our friend of the Newburgh News thus reprovingly discourses:—"Money, far too much, makes the man, and whoever can display that considers himself lifted among the upper classes. Hence it comes to pass that in the furnishing of dwellings we are too apt to value an article for its costliness and its evident expensiveness. This leads to a general display of glare and glitter, than which nothing can be more offensive to our true taste which requires some thing besides show and tinsel, however brilliant. One of the most striking defects in the furnishing of American houses is the want of keeping. There is a lack of harmony between the different articles of furniture, as to their size, style, color, and arrangement. In some rooms there is too much precision and stiffness, as though the carpet and furniture were made to be looked at, not used. Then, again, the carpet, which is the soul of every apartment is out of keeping. Large, sprawling figures overwhelm the little room; the glaring, ill-assorted colors make one's eyes ache. Why not have something more delicate, harmonious, subdued and appropriate? Most persons who have galleys will use them, probably; but to our eyes they are harsh and flickering. Can anything be more truly beautiful and artistic than the old astral lamp, with its ground glass shade? Don't you remember how soft and steady a light it gave? Who has not observed that female beauty is never so fascinating as under its sweet, subdued radiance? And yet the fashion is now for cut glass shades. They are more flashy and costly, and that's enough to recommend the gaudy abomination. This passion for glare leads to the use of glass pendants on lamps and chandeliers, and to the hanging of numerous mirrors on the parlor walls. They reflect the light, and give an air of brilliancy and artificial extent to an apartment. But the mirrors destroy all ideas of the shape and proportions of the room, and with the glass dangles, make up a bewilderment of display of glitter, glimmer, glint. It is a childish device—a weak love of show."

DEFENSE OF FORT SUMTER.—Major Anderson and his command arrived in New York, on the 18th, where his reception was most enthusiastic. Salutes were fired and an immense crowd was in attendance to welcome the gallant defenders of Fort Sumter. The following is a digest of the statement of Captain Doubleday, the second in command:—

"The demand to surrender Fort Sumter was made on the 11th, and refused, not only by Major Anderson, but the unanimous voice of his command. On Friday morning at 3 o'clock the rebels sent word that a fire would be opened on one hour, and at 4 o'clock the fire opened upon us in every direction, including the hidden battery. The fire was opened with a volley of seventeen mortars, firing ten inch shells, and shot from thirty-three guns, mostly Columbiads. We took breakfast, however, very leisurely. The command was divided into three watches, each under the direction of two officers. After breakfast they immediately went to the guns, and opened fire on Fort Moultrie, Cummings Point, and Sullivan's Island. The iron battery of Cummings Point was of immense strength, and most of our shots glanced off. Major Anderson refused to allow the men to work the guns on the parapet, on account of such a terrific fire directed there."

There is scarcely a room left in Fort Sumter inhabitable. Several shots went through the Floating Battery, but it was little damaged. Two guns on the Iron Battery were dismounted. A man was stationed who cried shot or shell when the rebels fired, the garrison being thus enabled to dodge them. At first the workmen were reluctant to help work the guns, but afterward served most willingly and effectively against the Iron Battery. The barracks caught fire several times on Friday, but were extinguished by the efforts of Mr. Hart of New York and Mr. Lyman of Baltimore, both volunteers."

On Saturday the officers' quarters caught fire from shell, and the main gates were burnt. A magazine was surrounded by fire, and ninety barrels of powder were taken out and thrown into the sea. When the magazine was encircled by fire all our materials were cut off, and

we had eaten our last biscuit two days before. The men had to lay on the ground with wet handkerchiefs on their faces, to prevent smothering, and a favorable ebb of wind was all that saved our lives. The cartridge bags gave out. Five men were employed to manufacture them out of our shirts, sheets, blankets, &c. It will take half a million of dollars to repair Fort Sumter's interior. Most of their shot was aimed at our flag."

The following is the conversation which occurred between Anderson and Wigfall. The latter said, "General Beauregard wishes to stop this,

the Arnica hair wash will be found of great service in arresting the mischief. It is thus prepared: take elder water, half a pint; sherry wine, half a pint; tincture of Arnica, half an ounce; alcohol ammonia, one drachm—if this last named ingredient is old, and has lost its strength, then two drachms instead of one may be employed. The whole of these are to be mixed in a lotion bottle, applied to the head every night with a sponge. Wash the head with warm water twice a week. Soft brushes only must be used during the growth of the young hair.—[Septimus Piesse.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, D. DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . APR. 25, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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."

Meeting in Waterville.

An impromptu call upon our citizens on Monday evening to consider the condition of the country, was answered by one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings at the Town Hall ever seen within its walls. The Hall was filled to its utmost capacity at an early hour. The meeting was called to order by J. Nye, Esq., and Solomon Heath Esq. was chosen Chairman, and I. S. Bangs, Jr., Secretary.

Mr. Heath, upon taking the chair and stating the object of the meeting, added a few earnest, patriotic remarks.

Mr. Hatch, of the College, was called who stated concisely the proceedings at the opening of the extra session of the Legislature at Augusta, during the day, and evinced his patriotism in his heartfelt appeal to his fellow citizens and students, and by offering his services in defense of his country.

Hon. W. H. Weeks, of California, followed in a most patriotic and thrilling speech of some length, and if his zeal in the field equal his enthusiasm on the rostrum, he would be a valiant servant of his country. He levelled his anathemas at the dastardly traitors who, with parried hands are tugging at the foundations of the fairest fabric of the wide world, and closed with a soul stirring appeal to the young men to rally around and defend their country's flag.

Patriotic speeches were made by Messrs. J. Nye, Edwin Noyes, F. S. Hasseltine, D. L. Milliken, Rev. Mr. Hawes, F. P. Haviland, and others, amid the most unbounded enthusiasm. The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Selectmen be requested to call a Town meeting, for the purpose of raising money to equip volunteers, and providing for their families during their absence.

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Waterville, are ready to defend the flag of our country, either from foes without or traitors within.

A company of about seventy five was formed upon the spot for the purpose of drill under an experienced man, to be provided for three months by our townsman, Edwin Noyes Esq. (For want of room, and much against our will, we have condensed the Secretary's graphic report, by omitting his abstract of the speeches.)

THE RIGHT KIND OF PATRIOTISM.—The following characteristic card from Mr. Hathaway, the extensive shirt manufacturer in this place, touches the right spot:

I feel that the war on the part of the North is not only a patriotic one, for our flag and our country, but a "holy war!" Would that I could become one of a "Havlock Band," going, with prayers and arms together, to fight the battles of righteousness and liberty. Gladly would I take the place assigned to the clergy of the North, who have advocated this glorious cause, by a pair of legislative traitors whom I overheard in the cars last Saturday, as they were on their way to Augusta.

"I wish they were placed in the front rank!" was their exclamation and response. Too mean to have been simple Tories in the Revolution—too mean for a Judas—they would be glad to see the Master of those clergy, the first Leader of abolitionism, exposed to the tender mercies of Southern ruffianism, and would have sold him for thirty pieces of copper!

I cannot go. Too much have interests dependent upon my continuance in business, for me to leave. But I can do a little for the good I propose to give a pair of French Flannel shirts to every volunteer from the village of Waterville, accepting the services of such ladies as desire to aid in the making, whose work, no doubt, will be firm and strong, as the brave hearts it covers.

C. F. Hathaway.
P. S.—Since writing the above, I find the young ladies in my employ are too enthusiastically in favor of sustaining the flag of our country, and those who fight for it, to permit any but themselves to do the work needed to complete the above offer.
We are authorized to say that this offer is intended to include such as enter the service as volunteers, being residents of the village, and including students and others having a temporary residence here. These shirts are of extra material, and probably worth four dollars the pair. Those who know how nobly our young men are coming forward, can estimate the generosity of the offer. The "P. S." is a stirring appeal to the women of our village to devise some plan to aid the efforts making in this terrible emergency. Shirts will be needed for others than the soldiers of our village: and we are authorized to say that any plan for supplying them will be aided by Mr. Hathaway. What will you do, women of Waterville? Now is the time, if ever.

ATTENTION.—See notice for recruits, in another column. Now is the time to come into the front rank, and wear the honor of doing voluntarily what others may have to do by compulsion. Don't wait to be dragged in!

The report of Virginia troops covering Arlington heights, opposite Washington, is contradicted.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The first pages of 'Agnes of Soranto,' a New Romance by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, are given in the May number of this work, and the manner in which the story opens assures us that its publication will add to the already brilliant reputation of one of the most popular of American authors. The story is one of love and duty, of joy and trial. Its heroine is a young girl, born in a Catholic country and educated under the influence of Catholic institutions, and in the development of the plot the author has sought to illustrate the influences of that creed upon the lives and characters of its votaries. From the intense interest in this subject which has been manifested by the people of the United States within the past few years, and the fact that it has entered so largely into the discussion of the political as well as religious questions of the time, it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Stowe's elucidation of it, through the medium of a fictitious narrative, will cause it to be as widely sought for and as eagerly perused as her previous brilliant contributions to American literature have been.

The remaining articles are—Rest and Motion; Lights of the English Lake District; Pink and Blue, Pomegranate Flowers; The Prairie State, Concerning Future Years; Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline; Original Memoirs of Mr. Pizzini; The Niger and its Explorers; Reviews and Literary Notices.

The Atlantic Monthly is published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1861. In these momentous times, when the minds of men are almost wholly engrossed by the events of the day, the ordinary light literature of the time is hardly so likely for their intervals of rest and relaxation. But old Blackwood is not unlikely to maintain his acknowledged position of pre-eminence, from the earnest, hearty fashion with which he deals with whatever he takes up. When he condescends to be amusing, he does not descend to trifling; when he sets out to instruct, he goes to work in such a way that we feel he writes from the fulness of well digested knowledge, and not from the crude repetition of a 'cram' for the special occasion. The number before us is a very fair specimen of the present character of the Magazine. It commences with a paper on 'Spontaneous Combustion,' in which an account is given of the principal cases which have been recorded, and the evidence adduced with care and discrimination, the conclusion being reached that there is nothing to give the slightest countenance to the theory, and that 'the continuance of its advocacy in dictionaries, cyclopedias, and works on medical jurisprudence, is a disgrace to the science of our day.' Then follows 'Italy,' by Marc Mennier, a work which deals with the intellectual rather than with the military or political condition of that country. A good-natured review of Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms follows; and then we have a paper on Life in Central Africa, being the result of sixteen years' travel, by Wm. C. C. Brown, who seems to have written a very readable and trustworthy narrative. Then we have the World of Weimar, a gossiping letter of the nature of which the title is a sufficient indication. The serial tale of Norman Sinclair is helped another stage on its way. 'General Patrick Gordon, the Russian Scot,' furnishes another of these autobiographies, which let us into the private life of Scottish worthies of by-gone times. The number closes with 'The Punjab in 1857,' being a summary of the book on that subject by the Rev. J. Cave-Brown, Chaplain of the Punjab Movable Column.

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 to any part of the U. States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

A FORGOTTEN HOPE.—It is announced that in many places at the South great disappointment is expressed at the non-arrival of reinforcements of soldiers from the North, which it had been promised them should go to their aid as soon as hostilities commenced. That there were, scattered all through the North, parties to such contracts, we have not a shadow of doubt. That there were even organizations and enrollments of men against the execution of the laws of the federal government, and directly in support of a plan to overthrow that government, is equally well sustained by conclusive evidence. It may not be easy just now to secure direct proof to this point, nor would it be expedient to turn the present excitement in that direction; but the time will come when these contracting parties to one of the most audacious schemes of national treason on record, will be hunted out and brought to light, to meet the unbounded public contempt in store for them.

It will not be easy to show the length and breadth of this conspiracy, now that the integrity and patriotism of all classes in the North promise to nip it in the bud. The great body of the democratic party are too honest and too true to their country, to even conceive the measure of its iniquity. They will not be readily convinced that every prominent freetrader at the South had his fellow fire-eater at the North, and that both parties had matured the plan of overthrowing the government in case the election threw it into the hands of the republicans. We have no doubt the scheme was carefully concocted; and but for the dishonesty and wickedness of the conspirators, which blinded them to the integrity of the people they sought to betray, the impossibility of its execution would have been evident.

More than thirty years ago this project for destroying the Union was in the minds of Southern men. The tariff was made a pretext, and no man but Andrew Jackson could have met the emergency developed by John C. Calhoun. President Jackson then predicted that the next pretense for dissolution would be the question of negro slavery. That prediction is now fulfilled. The nation is in arms, divided into two great factions—the one to destroy the Union under the pretext of extending slavery, and the other to contend for its perpetuity in the great bond of freedom executed by the revolutionary fathers. This is the ground upon which political conspirators at the North have contracted to the South the aid of honest and true men who had not previously acted with the republicans. Thank God, that the men thus bargained away to treason are the very men who are now destined to save their country, by repudiating the abominable contract, and arraying the full strength of their patriotism in her defence. And may the same God who thus makes the wrath of man to praise him, have mercy upon these blood-stained conspirators when the day of a nation's wrath drag them forth from the darkness they now seek.

Our subscribers will find in their papers, this week, an extra sheet containing the laws passed at the last session of the Legislature.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our worthy townsman, George W. Pressey, Esq., died suddenly at his residence on Thursday evening last. He arose about an hour after retiring for the night, and complained of distress across his breast. He had been troubled with the heart disease, and this distress was an ordinary symptom. He proceeded to dress himself, and while taking his coat from a hook on which it hung, dropped upon the floor and expired almost instantly. He was emphatically a worthy man, and had for many years held the high esteem of his townsman. He was looking for a sudden departure, and had arranged his business affairs accordingly. His age was about sixty years.

AMENDING THE RECORD.—We rejoice to see prominent political men of all parties coming up to the support of the government, and thus disappointing the hope of the secessionists for a divided North. Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, one of the hardest of the New York hards in favor of the South, comes out in a vigorous speech for the Union. Mayor Wood, too, and John Cochrane of New York City, formerly warm sympathizers with the South, participate heartily in the great Union demonstration. Hon. Edward Everett fully approves of the measures taken by the administration, and counsels all good citizens to stand by the government. Hon. Daniel E. Sickles contemplates raising a regiment to serve during the war.

Commodore Vanderbilt, it is said, has informed the Government that it can have his whole fleet of steamers, fully manned and equipped, without the charge of a penny.

Archbishop Hughes has hung out the stars and stripes. Even the Rev. Nehemiah Adams recently delivered a very eloquent and patriotic sermon, endorsing the course of the government, at the close of which he announced a contribution for the benefit of the families of volunteers, at which the sum of \$2325 was raised. Wendall Phillips, too, has backed down from the position he recently took, and now cordially endorses the action of the administration. Influential papers are also wheeling into the Union line. The New York Herald goes in for the support of the Government at all hazards, and ventilates its 'ruling passion' as follows: 'In the course which Mr. Lincoln is pursuing just now, he is precisely following the advice which we gave in these columns to Mr. Buchanan three months before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration.' The quivering of such obstinate straws attests the direction and force of the wind in a striking manner.

The Eastern Herald (Dem.) of Biddeford contains the following disclaimer: 'A flag with only seven stars was waving over the building where the Eastern Herald is published. Now we wish it distinctly understood that the Herald had nothing to do with said flag, directly or indirectly. We know but one flag, the flag of our country, with every star and every stripe complete. We shall never countenance rebellion, and we regard every Northern man as a traitor who would raise any other flag but the flag of the Union.'

The Boston Commercial Bulletin, which is understood to have quite a large circulation at the South, has several powerful and ably written Union articles in its issue of Saturday. In one apparently addressed to its Southern readers it says, 'we can solemnly assure our distant readers, that in the cause of the Union, as it is, the resources of the North and West will be poured forth without stint for years to come. The Middle, Northern and Western States are a unit on this question, and, for secession, there is neither acknowledgment nor sympathy.'

DOGS! DOGS!!—Farmers, look out for your sheep. On Monday last, two bound dogs belonging to Mr. Gullifer, of this place, attacked a flock of choice sheep belonging to John Palmer, Esq., on the Kendall's Mills road, and only one out of nineteen escaped death or mutilation. Mr. Dalton, son-in-law of Mr. P. went to look after the sheep, which had gone for the first time to pasture just out of sight from the house, and found the dogs still engaged at their work. A sheep had taken refuge in the brook, and they kept guard on the bank. He succeeded in getting hold of one of the dogs, which he held by the nape of the neck with one hand while with the other he applied a small pocket knife to its throat. He then seized the other and served it in the same way; but both escaped with strength enough to get home—where, if their owner is foolish enough to give them time, they will probably die of their wounds. The fee of the sheep had been killed outright, and fifteen others were each more or less badly torn or bitten. A dozen lambs escaped all injury but fright and fatigue. Appraisers set Mr. Palmer's damage at \$75. This case is a warning to both sheep owners and dog owners—the latter being held for all damages the dogs may do. The best safeguard is a loaded gun and a man or boy to shoot every dog that approaches the flock. It is to be hoped that in time our legislature will be admonished by the great destruction of sheep by dogs, to enact a law that will abate the intolerable nuisance of worse than useless dogs.

UNION MEETINGS.—These are held everywhere, and all parties participate. There is no holding back; party distinctions are sunk for the present, and the people come up as one man to the support of the government. The Union Meeting in New York City on Saturday afternoon, was the largest ever held on this continent. The flag of Fort Sumter was raised by Hart, the very man who nailed it to the flagstaff when it was shot away by the rebel fire at Charleston. Major Anderson and several of his brother officers were present and were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Seven stands were erected, and among the speakers were Hon. John A. Dix, Hon. Daniel Dickinson, Senator Baker of Oregon, Hon. Robert J. Walker, and Mayor Wood—the last gentleman saying, 'If ever the banner of the

confederates is carried to Faneuil Hall, it must be over the dead body of every citizen of New York.' A patriotic letter was read from Archbishop Hughes.

THE BORDER STATES.—Virginia having at last seceded, is in open rebellion against the government. Pledging the members of the Convention to secrecy, the ordinance was withheld, while a grab of government property could be made. They were disappointed at Harper's Ferry, by the wary and gallant Lieut. Jones, who set the government buildings on fire, destroying all their arms, and then made his way through Maryland, with 45 men, 2,500 Virginians being in the town when he left. The entrance to Norfolk harbor was obstructed, but Com. Pendergast threatened to lay Portsmouth and Norfolk in ashes and they were removed. By orders from Washington, several of the government vessels there, which could not be removed, were burnt, with the Navy Yard buildings and other property. The governor telegraphed to Wheeling to seize the Custom House, but there were too many Union men in town and it is held for the government. It is hoped that Western Virginia will furnish many supporters of our government.

In Delaware the people are largely for the Union, but the arms are said to be in the hands of the secessionists, and the governor refuses to respond to the requisition of the President. Enthusiastic Union meetings have been held in Wilmington, however, at which all parties are represented. The action of the President was approved, two companies have tendered their services, and the enrollment of volunteers is progressing. Little Delaware will come out all right.

Kentucky is endeavoring to stand neutral, and not allow the passage of troops either way, and Crittenden, in a recent speech, favors this policy. She will find it difficult to maintain that position long.

The Governor of Missouri refused to respond to the requisition of the President, and the first report was that the arsenal in Clay Co. had been seized. Later accounts, however, put a better face upon the matter. A portion of the arms only were taken, and these for arming the people against violence from roving bands. A bond was given for their return. St. Louis is quiet, and there have been no public demonstrations. We have hope of Missouri.

Maryland is in a bad way. This State consented to furnish troops, but only for the defence of their own territory and the National Capital. But the secession element there is strong, particularly in Baltimore. Much opposition was manifested to the passage of Northern troops through the city, and this hostile feeling culminated in a violent attack upon a body of Massachusetts troops, and unarmed Pennsylvania volunteers, on Friday last. Several were killed on both sides, the railroad bridges were destroyed, and travel interrupted, and Union men were for a time completely at the mercy of the mob. Northern troops have been compelled to take other routes for Washington; but how long Baltimore and the State of Maryland will be permitted to block the way remains to be seen. North Carolina, so far as heard from, goes for secession, and Union men are in danger.

TRAITORS.—It is not easy to decide, under the prevailing excitement, what course to take with a class of men among us who talk treason, but are too cowardly to act it. In answer to the question, 'what shall we do with them?' the Boston Journal has the following judicious remarks:

We answer, let them alone. Let them stand as the spared monuments of an indignation too pure and universal to stain itself with violence. They are entirely harmless, aside from the insignificance of their numbers. If they were not of the class who are 'willing to wound, but afraid to strike,' they would quit a loyal community, and merge in the ranks of the avowed traitors. But as they choose a safer mode of displaying their hostility to the government which protects them, they should be shielded even by the popular contempt.

We should remember that the very thing we are now contending for is the order which is based on the supremacy of the laws. That we are to vindicate and restore, if need be, at the point of the bayonet. In pursuing our great aim, then, let us not resort to inconsistent means, even in the most trifling provocations. We know how aggravating are the petty evils and the reasonable cold heartedness which can withstand such a glorious uprising as that which now throws into the shade all popular enthusiasm known in our times, but a brave and magnanimous people will pass over little meanness, out of regard to the principles which summon them to action.

MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS AT BALTIMORE.—An eye-witness furnishes an account of the disturbances at Baltimore, from which we extract the following:

The Massachusetts men, finding the cars untenable, alighted and formed a solid square advancing with fixed bayonets upon all sides in double quick time, all the while surrounded by the mob—now swelled to the number of at least 10,000—yelling and booing. The military behaved admirably, and still abstained from firing upon their assailants.

The mob now commenced throwing a perfect shower of missiles, occasionally varied by a random shot from a revolver or one of the muskets taken from the soldiers. The poor fellows suffered severely from the immense quantity of stones, oysters, brickbats, paving stones, &c., the shots fired also wounding several. When two of the soldiers had been killed, and the wounded had been conveyed to the centre of the column, the troops at last, exasperated and maddened by the treatment they had received, commenced returning the fire singly, killing several and wounding a large number of the rioters; but at no one time did a single platoon fire in a volley. Our informant is positive upon this point.

The volunteers, after a protracted and severe struggle, at last succeeded in reaching the depot, bearing with them in triumph their wounded men, and immediately embarked. The scene is described in glowing terms by our informant, who says that the calm courage and heroic bearing of the troops spoke volumes for the sons of Massachusetts, who though marching under a fire of the most embarrassing

description, and opposed to overwhelming odds, nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and effected a passage through crowded streets a distance of over a mile—a feat not easily accomplished by a body of less than one hundred men when opposed to such terrific odds.

Waterville Items.

The Faculty of the College have closed the term, some two weeks in advance of the regular time. The enthusiasm of the students put study out of the question; and with words of patriotic counsel, they were dismissed till the commencement of the Summer term. President Champlin told them to follow the dictates of duty, but to see to it that they brought back "no wounds in the back." A large number of the students will volunteer.

The Waterville banks have tendered the State \$50,000 for the war.

Two companies are in progress of filling up at this place, and one at the West village. One recruiting office is open at Hanscom's Building, where Joshua Nye, Esq., is making good progress; and another in Appleton Hall building, in charge of W. S. Heath, Esq.—There is great enthusiasm at the West village, but we have not the details of their progress. The first public meeting in this section was held there.

A company for military drill meets every evening at Town Hall.

A letter to a member of College from his friend at Princeton University, in N. Jersey, gives a graphic picture of the outburst of patriotic sentiment there. Of the three hundred students, 100 are Southerners, and the majority had generously restrained any "overt" demonstrations till Tuesday last, when they gave full vent to their enthusiasm, in the way dictated by the Stars and Stripes! The Southern students are leaving,—"in a week," says the writer, "hardly one will remain."

"Extra" dispatches, containing the latest items to the associated press, are issued at the Mail office every day at 5 P. M. in season for the mails north and east.

Flags float over the Williams' House, Boutelle Block, the A. & K. Depot, the Engine Houses, and in smaller patterns over everything and everybody.

DATES—WHO FIRST ENROLLED ARMIES.—President Lincoln's Proclamation, calling for 75,000 men, was issued on the 15th of April, having been finally determined upon and prepared the day before.

But there is evidence, that at least five days previously, President Davis had taken measures to augment his army by thirty thousand men.

The Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston Mercury writes as follows, under date of April 10:

'The War Department are very active, and are rapidly hurrying men into the field. Our city, for some days, has been thronged with soldiers, and every train for the South has been loaded with them. In a few days more, seven thousand will be before Fort Pickens.'

'The President has made a requisition on all the States, except Florida, for three thousand men for immediate service—the latter State one thousand. They will rendezvous in their respective States, at some depot appointed by the Governor, and then be ordered to the point where they are most needed. The requisite number are now ready in each State, and are armed and equipped. These men, present force at Pensacola or on the way there, those at Charleston and the forts, will amount in the aggregate to more than thirty-five thousand men.'

By a little attention to dates, we shall make no mistake as to who began this war, and from which side coercion commenced.

It was not until after Fort Sumter had been actually attacked and captured, and after the Jeff. Davis dynasty had called out great armies, and was concentrating them to capture the fortress which commands our only possible naval station on the Gulf, that President Lincoln issued his proclamation for State troops.

THAT SNAKE STORY.—The National Era, published at Washington, confirms that snake story, which we at first discredited, because we could not bring ourselves to believe that the country held a wretch vile enough to perpetrate an act so wicked and cowardly. That paper says:

'The SNAKES. About two weeks ago, a paper box, containing two snakes, directed to the President, came to the Post Office here, in the Richmond (Va.) pouch. There was no post mark on the box. The discovery of the contents was made in the office here, by the breaking of the box. The matter was kept quiet so long, in the hope that the party or parties concerned in sending the box might be discovered.'

The first Maine regiment—composed of five companies from Portland, two from Lewiston, one from Auburn, one from Kittery, and one from Norway—are to leave for Boston on Monday.

A spirit of patriotic devotion pervades all classes in the Empire City. A number of the members of the Seventh street Methodist Episcopal Church, composing the 'Young Men's Christian Association' of the church, have volunteered to serve their country in a military capacity. Even the Quakers are aroused, as it appears by the following from the Evening Post:

A Quaker merchant in this city yesterday said to one of his clerks:

'Well, friend—, is thee willing to enlist?'

'I have thought of it,' replied the clerk, 'but hesitated, because I feared to lose my situation.'

'If thee wilt enlist,' replied the Quaker, 'not only shall thee have thy situation, but thy salary shall go on while thee is absent. But if thee wilt not serve thy country, thee cannot stay in this store.'

The following incident is related of Peter Hart, who was in Fort Sumter during the siege:

'Hart was an old soldier under Anderson in Mexico. When Mrs. Anderson visited Fort Sumter, Hart accompanied her, by permission of the Confederate authorities, on giving his parole not to fight, should he conclude to remain in the garrison. When the bombardment

commenced, the soldier mounted the parapet wall, and shouted to the men:

'Now, fire away, boys! I can't fight without breaking a soldier's word, but I'll tell you where your shots strike, and where to look for danger.'

Thus conspicuously a mark during the whole two days bombardment, Hart left the parapet only once, and that was to climb the flagstaff to nail the colors to the peak; after the balliards had been shot away.'

A WORD OF NECESSARY WARNING.—LOOK UP!—Rumors from what may now be called the seat of war, come thick and fast. It is impossible for thought to keep up with them. While we are talking of one event that has occurred, news of another is flying over the wires to us—more or less reliable. Even the Associated Press at the moment of publication have little idea of the actual state of affairs existing hours before. Outsiders, and those who take their news at second-hand from the papers have no idea at all. No writer can speak editorially with an intelligent view of all that has occurred. General facts, however, are well enough known to give a fair idea of the height to which the rebellion has reached: and on the known facts one and another must and will comment.

At this juncture it is well that one word of necessary warning should be given, for the avoidance of a state of feeling equally natural and painful. That word is—feel neither surprise nor discouragement at any accounts from Maryland or Virginia, unfavorable to the cause of the Union. The loss of some of our troops and much of our public property, is no ground for looking down or despairing. Should Washington City fall, which is not impossible, nothing of importance is really lost, provided our people are united and the government is efficient and in earnest. For the first week or even fortnight of the military movements, the government must expect to be worsted. The secessionists have been long preparing—have had everything their own way—and they have that start of us which Southern impetuosity is sure to gain over Northern slow movements and steadiness. Wait a bit, and that Northern movement, which is as safe as it is slow, will tell! Something may be lost, but it will all be won back again, if we are worth anything; and if we are not, we deserve to lose.

Meanwhile, there is nothing to be gained and everything to be lost by a panic. Don't run after newspapers as if a mad dog were at your heels. Don't get pale and stammer. Other nations 'have had wars and lived thro' them.' If we cannot do so, when that war is at once for the national honor and the national preservation, we deserve to go down. Let each man and woman, do what he or she can in the cause—whether with the sword or the bayonet, with the pen or the tongue, or even with the needle—looking up meanwhile to the God of Nations who we must believe will bless a sacred cause—and all will be well almost before it grows time to be frightened. Once more we say—expect the worst, hope for, work for, and prepare for the best, and no looking down in the mouth!—[N. Y. Atlas.]

THE RIGHT TALK.—The Newport News reports the following:

'A correspondence, of which the following is the substance, is said to have passed between Gov. Hicks of Maryland and Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, on Friday or Saturday of last week, by telegraph:

Governor Hicks to Governor Sprague.—I understand you are about to proceed to Washington with the Rhode Island Regiment. I advise you not to take them through Baltimore, and thus avoid trouble.'

Governor Sprague to Governor Hicks.—The Rhode Island Regiment are going to fight, and it matters not whether they fight in Baltimore or Washington.'

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—Augusta, Me., Apr. 22.—The Legislature convened today. There was a full attendance in both branches, with a very large number of leading men from both sections of the State. Gov. Washburn delivered an address to both branches in convention, immediately after the organization. It was brief, pointed and patriotic, and it was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Immediately after he had closed, Mr. Gould of Thomaston, one of the leading Democrats of the House, introduced a resolution pledging the entire resources of the State to the vigorous support of the Federal authority. The convention signified a unanimous support of the resolve by rising as one man.

A bill was passed authorizing the Governor to call out ten regiments, not exceeding 1000 men each, to be enrolled for two years, to be in constant readiness to move at a moment's warning. The troops are to be paid for their time while drilling until mustered into the service of the U. States. Soldiers are allowed two months bounty at their enlistment.

The act also authorizes the raising of one million dollars, if necessary, for military purposes; authorizes cities and towns to relieve the families of soldiers without the usual disabilities in such cases; also stays pending suits and forbids future suits against volunteers until the close of the war.

A permanent Militia Law is passed, limiting the Militia to 3000 men; providing for three days encampment, men to receive \$1.50 per day, and General and Field and commissioned Staff officers \$3 per day; all receiving four cents per mile for travel and from encampment. Companies are also allowed, for not exceeding three company drills per year, one dollar per day per man. The present law is so amended that the Governor can order the State Militia, in case of emergency, to any point out of the State.

FIRE.—The house and barn of Edward Milley, of New Portland, was totally destroyed by fire on the 13th inst., together with most of the furniture, 16 sheep, one hog, and all his hay and grain. The fire occurred about 3 o'clock, and Mr. Milley and his wife barely had time to escape from their bed in their night clothes. Mr. M. lost in addition to his clothes, \$15 in money in his pants pockets. The fire originated in the porch part, probably from a defect in the chimney.—[Clarion.]

PROTECTING THE ARSENAL AT LEAVENWORTH.—Leavenworth, April 20.—Two thousand stand of arms have been furnished the citizens of Leavenworth from the arsenal at Fort Leavenworth, and the Commandant at that post has accepted the services of 300 volunteers of this city to guard the arsenal, pending the arrival of troops from Fort Kearney. All is quiet here, and preparations are making for every possible contingency.

SEIZING ARSENALS IN MISSOURI.—Independence, Mo., April 20.—At an early hour this morning the arms and munitions of war held at the arsenal at Liberty, were at the demand of the citizens of that county, given up. It is stated that 1300 stand of arms, 10 or 12 pieces of cannon and quite a large amount of powder were seized, which will be distributed in Clay and adjoining counties.

