



6-27-1861

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 51): June 27, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 51): June 27, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 726.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/726

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

'Married, in St. James's Church, on the 14th inst., Luther Prescott, Esq. of New York city, to Ellen, daughter of Doctor Isaac Farnham, of Wilbraham.'

'Wasn't that the gentleman, Fannie, whom I met at your house, one evening last winter?' My brother Lucius, read the words in a half-indifferent, half-languid voice as though each syllable was hardly worth the trouble of articulation; his voice took on a shade more of emphasis and interest in the question with which he concluded.

It was just after dinner, and we were all assembled in the sitting room, idling and jesting away the time. Papa in his easy chair by the window, was buried in the Times. Lucius, a sophomore in his nineteenth year, and just home from college, to pass his summer vacation, was lounging opposite his father with another paper. Mamma was examining the quality of some muslin she had ordered sent home that morning. Paul, the pet of the household, was cracking nuts in one corner.

'Yes; that was the gentleman, Lucius.' Frances Willard's voice had its usual soft, steady note; but there was something in the tones which made me unconsciously turn and look at her.

She was standing by the window, her hand turned a little on one side, so that I only caught sight of the delicate profile. She was probably studying the mists on the distant mountains.

'Did you know the lady, Fannie?' I asked, fancying she must be interested in the marriage of any one in her native town.

'Yes; we used to be schoolmates; but Miss Farnham has passed several years with her married sister in New York. She is pretty and intelligent.'

'Well, a man whose wife combines both of those adjectives is a lucky fellow,' said my brother Lucius, with the assurance of nineteen.

'No; he isn't, my son,' interposed papa, who had caught the last two sentences of the conversation; 'unless she adds to these a true, loving, good heart—remember that.'

Just then, cousin Fannie rose up, and walked towards the door. 'Oh, don't go yet,' said my brother. 'I want to have a game of graces with you.'

'Thank you; I can't play just now, Lucius.' This time the voice had a weary, pained sound in it, and looking up, I caught the quick view of my cousin's face; and it had a strange, white look, that startled me.

'I wonder if Fannie isn't feeling quite well!' remarked mother, as the door closed softly, and then I knew the voice had struck her.

I speculated about it a few moments, and then Lucius came over to me, and laid his handsome head in my lap, and said, 'I'm sleepy, and I want you to magnify me; sister, be a good girl;' and while I stroked the thick, soft rings of hair, he entertained me with some soft stories of his college life, which quite drove cousin Fanny out of my mind.

She had been with us for nearly two months now, and each day had revealed to us more of the sweetness and beauty of her character. Frances Willard was an orphan; her mother had died in her childhood; and her father, who was my father's half brother, had joined the wife of his youth a season before Fannie came to our home.

She was just twenty-three at that time; a little above the medium height, slender, and of graceful carriage. Her face suited her figure; it was a fine intellectual one in repose, and full of quick sympathies and changes. At first, there was a little reserve and dignity about our cousin, which did not invite much cordiality from strangers. But this did not last with those she loved; and her nature was impulsive, as it was deep and true.

A couple of hours wore away, and Fannie did not return. Lucius dozed a half hour, and then he and Paul started down to the pond for a sail, and I remembered the look on Fannie's face as she passed me; and at last concluded to go up to her room.

Alas! how little we suspected the great and sudden storm which had fallen on her youth, or that those two lonely hours which Fannie Willard had passed alone with her God going through the deep waters, had been filled for her with the bitterness of death.

I knocked softly two or three times at the chamber door. There was no answer, and I opened it. Fannie looked up, in a startled way, that told me, at once, she had not heard me.

She was lying on the lounge; her face had been buried in the pillows, and there was a great agony looking out of the large, strained eyes.

'Why, Fannie, what is the matter? Are you sick?'

'Yes, I am sick, cousin Ida,' and she closed her eyes, and her face looked so sharp and ghastly that I shuddered.

'Why didn't you let us know it, dear?' I said, kneeling down by the side of the lounge. 'And not stay up here all alone! I shall call mamma this moment.'

'No, no, and she caught my dress and held it, imploringly. 'Don't call anybody, dear Ida. This will pass off, and I shall feel better—stronger in a little while.'

And then it flashed across me that my cousin's illness was not altogether physical—that it had its deep, and hidden spring; where no mortal healing could penetrate.

So I sat down in a sort of wondering pity, and bewilderment, and laid her head on my lap, and stroked softly the bands of nut brown hair, which with their lights and shadows crowned fitly the forehead of my cousin Frances Willard.

I saw the touch and the silence were grateful to her. The sharp, constrained look passed away, as she lay with her closed eyes under my gaze.

At last she opened them, and smiled on me with a smile which had gathered into itself a new element of strength and pain.

'Do you feel better now, Fannie?'

'Yes; I think one is apt to, when their thoughts have been wandering about, bewildered for an hour or two, and at last settle down on some resolute purpose.'

'I am sure you are quite out of my depth now, Fannie.' I added a little laugh, which was quenched suddenly as I looked in the eyes of Frances Willard.

'Well, you shant be long. I mean Ida, that I've been trying to sound my life for the last two hours, asking myself what it's good for, moving lazily through its narrow orbit of dreams, and hopes, and self-seeking, and at last I've settled down upon my mission; and with God's help, I shall perform it!'

'What is it, Fannie?' and I had no thought of smiling this time.

'I have made up my mind that I shall go to Edward's, and devote myself to his children. They need me—poor, little, motherless things, and nobody else does!'

The last words were in a lower, sadder tone than those which had preceded them.

'But, Fannie Willard, you will not think of going and burying yourself away up there in

that out of the way New Hampshire town, where you'll freeze to death every winter?' I exclaimed, quite appalled at the thought.

'Oh, no, not so bad as that, Ida! They manage to keep grand old fires of hickory and birch up there; and then what an opportunity is afforded me of making myself useful!'

'But it is not your duty to sacrifice yourself entirely for the sake of others. Just think, too, what a dreadful care and burden you will take on your young shoulders; not sculptured to bear them. The oldest of those children is—'

'Only nine!'

'Frances Willard, you will certainly kill yourself!'

'That would not be so very bad. Life is only valuable for the uses we make of it.'

I paused a moment, doing reverence in my soul to the sublime height, and scope of this thought. Its grand truth and significance silenced all objections on my part.

'Well, Fannie, I see you are out after the pattern of the Florence Nightingale and Dorothy Dixes of your sex, and all that innumerable company of women, whose names have never been heralded in song, or story; but who, by labor, and patience, and all heroic sacrifices and sufferings, have "endured the pang without the palm," and so, for this, your work of love, I give you better than ceremonial rite, or oil of consecration, may God go with you.'

Frances Willard lifted up her small round arms and drew down my head to hers, and I knew her heart was thanking me for the words I had spoken, when her lips could not.

At last she spoke. 'I shall write to Edward this very night. My heart yearns over that desolate household; that broken hearted father, and his motherless children. Next week I shall go to them.'

'So soon—oh, Fannie?'

'Yes; when one has made their mind to any duty, it's usually best to set about it at once; and the sooner I'm there the better; besides my mind and heart want constant and engrossing occupation, just now.'

And then it flashed across me that this sudden purpose of my cousin's had something to do with the secret sorrow, whose door her pride and sensitiveness would close forever; but I did not suspect that the few words my brother's careless voice had read that noon from the columns of the daily newspaper, had changed altogether the life of Frances Willard.

Very great was the consternation throughout our household, when my cousin's intention was first announced to it. Argument and entreaty were alike useless in prevailing on her to alter her purpose; and at last, with much regret, it was acquiesced in.

Edward Willard was a clergyman, settled in an old town in northern New Hampshire. He was Fannie's half brother, as they had different mothers, and a month before he had suddenly laid his still youthful wife to that sleep, whose "good night" is the Christian's, in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal.

Six years had passed, since my cousin Frances Willard left us for her home among the mountains. It was in the time when the yellow dandelions scattered themselves thick in the young grass, like coils of flame, when she went from us. It was later now, and every wind from the country brought with it the sweet scents of the clover blossoms, filling the meadows.

I had been ill of a slow fever that spring; and the doctor had sent me to the sea-shore, and Lucius had come with me.

The sophomore of six years ago was a young lawyer now; a little graver and more dignified, but the same dear, loving, just making brother of my boyhood.

We had gone to the 'Cove House,' a quiet homelike place, just beyond a small New England village on the Sound; where we could enjoy ourselves after our own hearts, without the constraint and ceremony which a larger and more fashionable watering place would have imposed.

The house did not accommodate more than a couple of score of guests, and these did just as they pleased, passing most of their time in the woods, or on the sands, and reading the new message which was every morning printed on the blue page of ocean.

'Come here, sis, and look at this flock of sea gulls—quick!' said my brother as I entered the sitting room of the 'Cove House,' as the day was drawing towards evening.

I hurried across the room to the window, where my brother sat. It was a fine sight, that flock of graceful birds, away up in the clear air, like a flotilla of snowy lilies, suddenly blossomed out, and struck into dazzling whiteness. I watched the birds dip and sweep along, now almost striking the waves, and now mounting out of sight, and then hurrying away together in one white, flashing line.

'How I do love to watch them skim thro' the air, Lucius!' I said at last, drawing in my head with a sigh. 'It always inspires me with a strange longing to have wings, and sail the air, free as a bird, too.'

'And you'd build you a nest high on some mountain, Ida, like those which look down on Cousin Fannie's small parsonage, I suppose; for you'd be a country bird, and not a sea gull, I know.'

'How has your profound wisdom fathomed my tastes in that respect?'

'Because you are not fond of the ocean in a storm, Ida.'

'Only at a distance.' And so we went on, carelessly jesting, and watching the white sails as they blossomed out on the ocean, and the sunbeams wrapped them with a wonderful radiance.

And in the west there was the great red valley of blood betwixt the cloud-peaks of snow, which the sun must have slowly down to the night. And gazing and chatting, Lucius at last hit upon these words—

'Talking of the mountains in New Hampshire, Ida, how would you like to sail up to them next week—not on the wings of sea-gulls, or bird, but behind a locomotive, on a smooth railroad track?'

'Oh, I should like it of all things in the world, and Cousin Fannie would be overjoyed to see us.'

'Poor girl! buried up there among the mountains. If we go, we must contrive to bring her back with us for a visit, Ida.'

'We certainly will. "Poor girl!" Lucius—would smile at your "poor girl!" Lucius—When I was last at Cousin Edward's, she told me that her life was as happy among the mountains as the birds that came to sing in the apple boughs every summer, and her sweet, serene face endorsed her words.'

'Edward's children fairly worship her, and she quite lives for them, you know. Then she isn't "buried up," as you call it, in any wise. She has plenty of intelligent society, and books for her leisure, and rides in the summer, and sleighing, of course, in the winter.'

'Well, she was a brave, noble girl, any how!'

'Wasn't she though? There isn't one woman in fifty who would have sacrificed her youth as Frances Willard did, and devoted her life to her brother's motherless children.—What a care and burden she took on her heart and hands, God only knows!'

'The knowledge of one such woman gives a man more faith in life,' said Lucius emphatically. 'Would to Heaven there were more women like her!'

'There are more than you men know, Lucius Dayton, only they don't sound their own trumpet; but they are angels of light and consolation, in many an otherwise desolate and lonely household, like that one among the mountains of New Hampshire.'

As I uttered these last words, I looked up, and met a pair of dark, gray eyes, that, looking on my face, seemed to be drinking in my words. They belonged to a gentleman who had recently been, for only a day or two, a guest of the 'Cove House,' and I had not been presented to him. He looked as though he was a few years beyond thirty, tall and gentlemanly looking, with one of those strong, grave, thoughtful faces, which the more you look at it, the more you are won to trust it.

I remembered how that the gentleman had entered the room soon after I did, and taken his seat at the opposite window, but I had become so interested in the sea gulls, and afterwards in my cousin, that I had not once thought of his presence, or that he must necessarily hear all our conversation.

The eyes of my brother followed mine, and they did not leave the stranger's face, but rested there with a puzzled expression, which the other's repeated. In a few moments the latter's cleared up into a look of satisfied recognition. He crossed the room—

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the stranger to my brother, for inquiring whether I am not addressing Mr. Dayton, the cousin of Miss Frances Willard?'

'That is my name, sir, and I am the lady's cousin; but though your features have a strange familiarity, I am unable to recall the time or place which made me acquainted with them?'

'I met you twice, seven years ago, at Miss Willard's home. You may remember the name of Mr. Luther Prescott?'

'Perfectly, my dear sir,' and Lucius grasped warmly the proffered hand of the other. Afterwards, I was presented to Mr. Prescott, and we became well acquainted in a short time. Lucius was not long in inquiring after the health of Mrs. Prescott, as he had once met her at his cousin's, and learned that the lady had died a year before of consumption, which was hereditary in her family. She left him one boy, his father said, to remind him always of her eyes and smile, and he was on his way to visit him now, for the child was with his grandmother.

Lucius had some letters to write, which occupied him that evening, and Mr. Prescott and I had a long walk on the sands. The tide was coming in, and clasping itself to the shore with silver bubbles of spray, the sky was full of the golden blossoms of stars, amid which, like a half-opened white lily, walked the young moon. I liked Mr. Prescott. He was no sentimentalist, not even with a young and somewhat romantic young lady by his side, and a summer evening with its moon and stars, and shining waters, before us; but his whole manner and conversation had an earnestness, a sincerity and impressiveness, which at once inspired respect and confidence.

He did not compliment me once that evening, yet, had I needed a friend to serve me in some great crisis of trial and need, I believe that, at the close of that evening's walk, my instincts would have sent me to Luther Prescott sooner than to almost any man of my acquaintance. During our walk, he said to me, somewhat abruptly—

'I was an interested listener to all you said of your cousin, Miss Frances Willard. We were very warm friends once.'

'Were you, indeed? Then I hope what I said of Cousin Fannie seemed to you no mere panegyric.'

'No; only I want to hear more of this long heroic sacrifice of herself, if you are quite willing to tell me.'

I was always enthusiastic when speaking of Cousin Fannie, and Mr. Prescott drank eagerly all that I told him of her devotion to her brother and his motherless children—re-signing all the hopes and joys of her youth for their sakes, and sharing, for six years, with a single domestic, the whole charge and care of the parsonage.

'Now doesn't she deserve all that I have said of her, Mr. Prescott?' I asked, in conclusion.

'I think she does, Miss Dayton. Will you tell her when you see her that Mr. Luther Prescott said so, and sent her his thanks that by her life she had illustrated for him again the sweetness and the grace of Christian womanhood?'

'I will tell her, Mr. Prescott; and then I was silent, for something in my companion's manner at the moment struck me. Could it be that he had ever been more than a friend to Cousin Fannie?'

Asking myself this question, the memory of that day, lying six years off, when we all sat together in the sitting room after dinner, and Lucius read carefully the publication of Mr. Prescott's marriage, came back to me. I remembered every circumstance—the tone of Frances Willard's voice, the pallor of her face, and how she left the room, and how I had found her two hours later, in her chamber, with a great hope gone out of her face, and a great new resolve born into it. Surely it must have been in the sudden agony which had fallen on her life that that high purpose was conceived. I understood it all now, and wondered at my own foretime blindness.

There must have been misapprehension on both sides—perhaps wrong done by others, for looking in my companion's face as the soft moon rays dropped upon it, I felt that Luther Prescott could be guilty of no intentional wrong to any living woman.

His face was full of thoughtful gravity, and we walked for some time in a silence broken only by the chase and dash of the small waves on the shore.

The next morning, Mr. Prescott left so early that we only had an opportunity of making our

adieux to each other. After he was gone, I said to my brother—

'Mr. Prescott spoke of Cousin Fannie as though he had been an intimate friend.'

'He was, I believe; at least, they seemed so when I met them at Uncle George's. Come, Ida, get your bonnet, I'm going down to the post with these letters, and it's a fine morning for a two miles walk. Will you go?'

'Yes.'

But I did not relate my suspicions to my brother that any tender interest or relation had ever existed betwixt Luther Prescott and Frances Willard.

The next week I was at the parsonage that slept among the mountains of New Hampshire. It was a joyous household that welcomed us, and the young aunt looked down with tender ness that was like a mother's on her four nephews and nieces. They had repaid her care well, and her cheeks were full of the bloom which the mountain winds had given them; and as the clergyman stood in the midst of his fair young family, his eyes wandered to his sister, and told us what his heart always said to her.

'Oh, Fannie, I wish your plums were ripe!' I said, on the third morning of our arrival, as we stood at the chamber window, while the long branches, burdened with their small green cushions of unripe fruit, swept against the panes.

She was busied in arranging a small vase of geraniums and roses on the table.

'Stay with us until September, Ida, and you shall have more than you can dispose of—they are delicious plums, too.'

'I don't doubt it. See here, Fannie! I met an old friend of yours at the 'Cove House' last week, and he sent you a message by me.'

'Who was the friend, and what was his message?' crowding down the last rose into the vase.

'His name was Luther Prescott, and—I did not get any farther than, for Frances Willard came over to my side, and grasped my arm. It was too late to disguise anything now. Her first involuntary impulse had betrayed her. She felt this, and sank down at my feet, and buried her face in my lap, and whispered, in a rapid, husky voice—

'Tell me all that you know, Ida.'

'And I did. My cousin said quite motionless, until I told her of Mrs. Prescott's death. Then I felt a shiver go all over her, and I was still awhile.'

Afterwards, I resumed the broken thread of my story, and finished it, and we had not so much as looked on each other's faces. And, sitting there that summer morning, with the sweet breath of the wind in the plum boughs, and the sun and the shadows in struggle on the mountains afar off, Frances Willard told me that she had once been the betrothed wife of Luther Prescott.

The third month of their engagement, Ellen, the daughter of Doctor Prescott, and later, the wife of Luther Prescott, had returned from a visit to New York, accompanied by her aunt, an ambitious, man-oeuvring woman, very desirous of having her niece make a brilliant match. Ellen was a remarkably pretty, accomplished, artless girl, and as Luther Prescott's mother and her aunt had been old schoolmates and friends, the gentleman paid the young girl when in the city considerable attention.

Mrs. Morgan still managed to insinuate some claims on the young man's time and attention, although fully aware of his engagement.

At this time, it happened that Fannie was summoned from home for a couple of weeks. On her return, Luther had gone to the city, but she was greatly shocked to learn through a friend that Mrs. Morgan insisted his address to her niece in New York had been of no equivalent character, and that, as an honorable man, he had no right to be the betrothed husband of Frances Willard.

My cousin was proud and hasty. She sat down, as a high spirited, sensitive woman would be likely to do in the first heat of indignation, and told Luther Prescott all that she had heard, insisting that if there was the slightest coloring of truth in Mrs. Morgan's statements, she wished their engagement cancelled at once. The betrothed replied promptly, fully vindicating himself against all the charges of Mrs. Morgan; but he was stung at my cousin's reproaches, and his letter was just what a man's would be likely to be under the circumstances—cold and satirical, insisting that Frances Willard could have for him neither deep nor steadfast love, if it could be so easily swayed aside by the aspersions of another.

Fannie was deeply wounded, for she felt that this was wholly unjust, and as her father was taken ill about this time, and she was much occupied with him, she did not reply to Luther's letter for nearly three weeks. When she did so, her answer was brief, and cold, for she was disappointed that he had not visited her during this interval. In the meantime, Mrs. Morgan returned to New York with her niece. What transpired afterwards my cousin never knew. She wrote to Luther twice; once before, and once after her father's death; but there was no reply.

'And when Lucius read the publication of his marriage with Ellen Farnham?'

She lifted up her face—her face which did not seem to have gathered one line or shadow in all these years of its love labor. 'Oh, Ida, it seemed to me at that moment, that the bitterness of death would be sweet to me! I only knew then what had been my love for Luther Prescott, and it was to save myself from madness that I came here and took upon my life the burden that I did; and God helped me, and sent to my labors healing and peace.'

But, Fannie, you and Luther Prescott were the victims of that artful woman. I never could have been in his soul to wrong you so.'

'I have believed it for years; but I have left all that with God. In his own way, at His own time, we shall know.'

And my cousin ceased speaking these words, for domestic entered the room, and said, 'There is a gentleman down stairs wants to see you, ma'am,' and she placed in Fannie's hand a card, and on it was written, 'Luther Prescott.' My cousin's shaking hands placed the card in mine. 'God's ways and time have come now!' I said.

It was too much, even for her sweet steadfastness and serenity, and for a while she stood having had me go down first, or at least accompany her; but I knew it was best she should go alone.

And she did, and stayed two hours, and when she came back to me, the face of Frances

Willard was full of great calm, of light and gladness.

'Ida,' she said, coming straight to me, and speaking as though her heart was too full, and the words would not unburden themselves from it, rapidly enough, 'it's all right at last, betwixt Luther and me! We were both the victims of a wicked woman. God have mercy upon her. Luther never received either of the letters I sent him!'

'Oh, you don't think she was so wicked as that!' I cried, growing pale.

'Luther believes it; but we shall never know. He was coming to me, but Mrs. Morgan insisted when he confronted her with my letter, containing her statements of my attentions to her niece, that she had never uttered them; and that my motive in writing them was evidently a desire to break the engagement, as it was reported at my home, that I was receiving attentions from an old pupil of papa's—a Doctor Wilmoit, of whom you have heard me speak.'

'Oh, Fannie, how dreadful?'

'Luther was greatly shocked. I cannot tell even you, Ida, what he said of the sufferings of that time; but he believed that I was false to him, and my silence was the best proof of it.'

'He knew that Ellen Farnham regarded him for more favor than she did any other of her suitors. She was in no wise acquainted with the duplicity which her aunt had practiced; and at last Luther asked her to be his wife, and to the day of her death she was a good, and a loving one to him.'

'And what I said at the 'Cove House'—'

'It was that which brought him here. From that moment, a feeling which amounted almost to conviction haunted him, that we had both been the victims of a great wrong, and he determined to learn the truth from my own lips. He had fancied that I must be married long ago; having never made any inquiries about me, as the subject always gave pain.'

'And you have made Luther Prescott a promise, Fannie, I read it in your eyes?'

Bright blushes widened through the pale cheeks.

'That I will be next autumn a mother to the little boy God gave him.'

Just then, we heard footsteps on the stairs. Edward and Lucius had been out riding, and had just returned.

Fannie took her brother into one room, and I, mine, into another, and told each who was our guest down stairs, and what were his claims.

What excitement and amazement it created in the little household of the parsonage? 'I hate to lose her; but you're the best claim to it, and I acknowledge it,' said Edward, to his guest, after dinner. 'I was going to send my oldest boy and girl to school next autumn; but what shall I do with the other two?'

'Send them down to the city every winter to keep company with my boy. Read,' answered Luther Prescott.

'She has been the angel of my household! She will be of yours,' said the minister.

'I don't doubt it, and Luther Prescott looked tenderly on the face of his betrothed, betwixt its blushes and its smiles.'

'Well, the whole affair is certainly a real romance,' interposed Lucius as he sat with Eva, Edward's youngest child, on his knee. 'It will make a capital story. You must write it, Ida.'

And so I have!

THE SORT OF NEWS THEY GET IN THE SOUTH.—The few Southern papers that now get to the North are a curiosity on account of the remarkable character of the news they get from the North. Their report of the Great Bethel battle is that Gen. Butler and Gen. Pierce led 6000 of Lincoln's hirelings to the attack of the place, which was defended by 1500 confederates, and that the hirelings were repulsed, and 800 of them killed and 1000 wounded.—In the attack on Acquia Creek batteries the Southern papers have a report of 28 men taken from the U. S. steamer Pawnee and buried on the Maryland shore, and the vessel itself was nearly a wreck.—Reports of hellish outrages upon women in Alexandria by the Zouaves figure largely in Southern papers, and the most terrible vengeance is imprecated upon the brutal soldiery of the oppressor. Gen. Butler is reported to have been so drunk in Baltimore that it took two men to hold him on his horse. The troops in Fortress Monroe are decimated by typhoid fever. The French minister at Washington has received positive dispatches that his government will pay no respect to Lincoln's blockade. Lincoln has positively determined to hold the next session of Congress at Chicago; this is telegraphic, and is commented upon as a highly significant fact. A Southern gentleman who told Lincoln that the South is now a unit for secession was answered that Mr. Lincoln was fully aware of the fact, but the North had the power to crush the South and would do it. A parcel of grass has been received in Louisville plucked in the middle of one of the business streets of New York. Such are some of the startling news items by which the secession press keeps up the courage and the madness of the Southern people.

HAY MAKING.—As the season for making hay is approaching, we publish the following discreet advice to farmers from the Ohio Farmer:

'Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, "Don't burn your coffee, but brown it;" so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb tea instead of "pothecary medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. In the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter.'

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it in the barn, there is danger of "heating in the mow," put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it; and with the addition of showers, renders it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more

'O, ain't that good! ain't that good! particularly the comb! That's Sphar's comb for all the world? I should have known it anywhere!'

The appreciative young lady's companion admitted that it was good; and added flatteringly to the artist:

'After all, paintin' is a regular trade, isn't it?'

He told his companion, however, that 'the best way to look at a picture, if you wanted to 'throw it off,' is so, and he stooped down and looked up at it through his legs! Somebody had probably told him that distance was sometimes given to a landscape by that process. Difference of costume rendered his improved lens unavailable to his companion.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 27, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & 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.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

From Our Boys.

'Our Boys' have responded to our call for correspondence, and we are pleased to publish what our readers will of course be glad to read. One letter we gave last week, two others arriving a little too late. One of these, we publish entire; the other being chiefly occupied with an account of the journey to Washington, which we have already furnished in another form, we content ourselves with an extract, promising C. A., the writer, that we will not often curtail in this way.

Everybody cheered us on our way. The little school girl with *pinafore* and *primer* would have her tiny handkerchief, and the old gray haired farmer, leaning on his hoe, would have his straw hat with an evident God speed in his very manner; while the 'Sons of Erin,' along the road, would swing their tattered beavers in their own inimitable manner and *hoorah*, as we dashed past. At Exeter the crowd assailed us with cakes, cheese, crackers, coffee, &c.; and at Boston, where we arrived at quarter to four, tables loaded with the necessities of life were spread on the Common. At seven o'clock we took the train at the Old Colony Depot for Fall river where we took the boat for New York.

We arrived at N. Y. at noon. The Sons of Maine met us and escorted us to the City Armory, through the muddy streets, in a drenching rain, and presented the Regiment with a splendid flag, and then invited the commissioned officers to dinner at the New House. The citizens of New York let the soldiers stay in the building, after a fatiguing journey, without sending a single morsel to eat, or anything warm to drink, until five o'clock, P. M. We had a cold lunch in our barracks, and there was cold water in the building, so we did not actually suffer. But to go on. We left N. Y. in a ferry boat for South Amboy, there we took the cars for Philadelphia, where we arrived at the next morning and found plenty of hot coffee and bread waiting for us, and also learned that they did not hear of our approach until nine o'clock the evening before, and it has been the same with every Regiment. Comparing this with our treatment in New York, shows up the two cities in a light not very favorable to the much vaunted metropolis of America.

We left at eight o'clock A. M., blessing the good old Quaker City, and were rushed onward by two huge locomotives at a speed that only western railroads know, and soon were in the Land of Dixie, and passing through a splendid region which began to show signs of the 'peculiar institution,' in the log cabins with the chimneys outside, and the Darkies' faces peering out of the doors. C. A.

CAMP MORRILL, MERIDIAN HILL, Washington, D. C., June 15.

Dear Mail:—Of our journey and safe arrival here, you have already been informed by your exchanges; but your readers may be interested in a brief account of our present situation, and the condition of those they have sent forth to sustain the Union, and the honor of old Kennebec.

Contrary to our expectation we had the pleasure of marching through mobocratic Baltimore. The streets were crowded, but unlike Boston and New York, a sullen silence prevailed. The Stars and Stripes flying in a few places told of some loyal hearts, but fear alone keeps down the pent up violence which grows for an opportunity to belch forth ruin and death. You cannot tell who in that city are true to our country were the troops now stationed there withdrawn very many of those who claim to be Unionists, would be its worst enemies. Baltimore is to be feared! Should this war continue it will be the scene of a bloody conflict. Union men there are few, and each day I expect to hear the news that our communication with the Free States has ceased. But should this be the case, Washington is in no present danger. A larger force than is generally supposed is here to protect her, how large, none but the War Department knows. I can count some twelve regiments almost within sight of our encampment, and this I judge to be a small part. Forces are constantly coming and going. In the grey of the morning a few days since, three regiments of the morning's march by us on their way to 'secede,' and just now a German regiment hastily left taking only their arms and accoutrements with them. Their places are filled by two regiments from Ohio, a noble body of men. Our Col. encourages us with the prospect of a speedy departure into Virginia, and you may soon hear from us at Richmond or

further south. Such an intimation has come from head quarters.

The day and night journey here thoroughly tested the power of endurance of our men. No supper, a subterranean apartment, and hard floor, slightly cooled the ardent patriotism of a few. One quiet patriot from our village having unlashed his knapsack sat down on a narrow bench where he was found the next morning, still sleeping away the fatigue of the journey.

A terrific storm overtook us as we entered our camp on Saturday night. In the haste and confusion the gun of one of our men was accidentally discharged, the ball and one buck shot passing through the thigh of Henry Pollard of Winslow. He is now at the City Infirmary, an excellent institution, where he is well cared for. I found him yesterday doing well, in good spirits, and hoping soon to join us in thrashing the rebels. Another of our men shot himself through the hand, with a pistol, and returns home on a short furlough. These are the only accidents, I believe, in the regiment, but there is some sickness resulting from the change of climate and diet. Few soldiers know how to take care of their health, and what is worse, care to know, and disregard the advice of those more experienced suffer the effect of their own imprudence. No one from Co. 'G.' is sick in the hospital, which I think can not be said by any other company, but the camp medicine chest is frequently resorted to.

I think as the men become accustomed to their new life their health will be good and patients will have no more cause to fear for their sons here than if at home. They may wish to know something of the influence with which they are surrounded. I am happy to tell them that it is not only negatively not bad but positively good. The 'Maine Law' is rigidly enforced in our camp, all liquor found is confiscated. Yesterday a large quantity was emptied upon the ground and a sentinel placed before a neighboring house where some had been deposited. I have not seen a drunken man since we entered camp, and all I think are full as temperate as at home. The Christian life of our Colonel is felt through the whole camp. The morning service is well attended and the name of God is very generally feared. In our company a prayer meeting and Bible class has been established and last evening I happened into a 'Camp Literary Society' to participate in a discussion as to whether the Government ought to suppress negro insurrection in the south, which was negatively decided. The exercises would not have done discredit to the 'Old Fraternity.'

There has been some serious complaining at the quantity and quality of the food provided. Government does not provide so daintily as did parents and friends, at Augusta, and besides our commissary department was not fairly arranged. The change was sudden and it requires considerable patriotism to hush the clamorings of hunger. We are bountifully provided and with that which is good. Pork, beef—fresh three times a week—beans, rice, good bread, coffee and sugar, ought not to be a cause of complaint to any one truly desirous of serving his country. It differs not a little from our fathers' 'bill of fare' at Valley Forge, and I fancy will differ from ours ere we reach Sumter or New Orleans.

We were aroused by a false alarm last night. Guns and accoutrements were quickly seized, and half armed men rushed into the ranks, borrowing cartridges where they lacked. In one moment and a half after the alarm the whole regiment was in line, prepared to give the enemy a warm reception. And now for the honor of your village, let me say that the Waterville boys were first on the ground, elated at the prospect of a brush with the rebels. Expect a good account from them some day, and honor to your village and institution that furnished one fifth of the regiment.

In haste, KNAPSACK.

WOOL.—The quotations from Brown's Circular, copied by us last week, are by no means sustained by sales of wool at the present time. Our manufacturers are just now turned so much to the production of army goods, that coarse wool is in more demand than fine. In this vicinity 25 to 30 cts. is the price we hear mentioned—though some of the finest lots probably do better. Those whose pockets are deep enough, and who calculate upon using up the present stock of secession with proper brevity, will probably hold on for better prices—but whether to their advantage or not remains to be seen. Lambs and mutton are low compared with former years, and yet farmers will probably find this a good time to cull closely for the improvement of their flocks. The tables will turn again some time.

DEATH OF MOSES HANCOCK, Esq.—The long and gradually wasting sickness of Mr. Hancock has been widely known. He quietly and peacefully breathed his last on Saturday morning, at the age of 70 years. During a residence of more than twenty years in Waterville, his life has been peculiarly marked as that of a good man. Always active in public questions and enterprises, and earnest in the most exciting political topics, he was yet conservative, gentle and charitable; while as a Christian he was firm, trusting and earnest; and as a husband, father and neighbor, true, loving and kind to an exemplary degree. Having lived to a good purpose and to a good age, in the bosom of a loving family, and in the high confidence and regard of his fellow citizens, his last hours were eminently peaceful.

SURGEONS IN THE REGIMENT.—Dr. B. F. Buxton of Warren, has been appointed by the Governor, Surgeon of the 5th Regiment and Dr. E. F. Sanger of Bangor, Surgeon of the 6th Regiment. Both of these gentlemen passed a rigid and satisfactory examination before the Medical Board in Portland last week.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The July number has just come to our hands. A Boston editor, who has had time to read it, which we have not, makes the following notice:—

'The present number of the Atlantic is able and timely and readable. It begins with a page of very fine verses, entitled 'Our Orders.' Then comes a continuation of Mrs. Stow's excellent story, 'Agnes of Sorrento.' Then comes Dr. Holmes with one of his delightful articles on 'Sun-painting and Sun-sculpture, with a Stereoscopic Trip across the Atlantic.' The very title is rich in suggestions, which the article more than fulfills. 'The Working Men's College,' by J. E. Hale, is an interesting description of that institution. Mr. Hazen contributes an able review of the progress of 'Emancipation in Russia.' There is a fair story, 'The Hunter, Shanty & the Greek Lines,' in which 'The Oracle of Babbalanza' is the title which Mr. Higginson chooses for a graphic discussion of the present crisis. Every body will read with peculiar interest the brilliant description of 'Washington as a Camp,' by the lamented Maj. Winthrop, who bid fair, had he lived, to win equal fame as a writer and a soldier. The body of the number closes with a graceful tribute to the memory of Col. Ellsworth, in the shape of a truthful sketch of his life and character. We should deeply feel the loss of Prof. Lowell from the editorship of the Atlantic, and almost regret to see it filled by one of his writings, instead of supervising those of others.

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The embellishments of the July number are—'Share and Share alike,' 'Pneumological Development,' two humorous pictures, and numerous patterns and designs, useful and ornamental. As a specimen of the literature of the work, we copy a story from its pages, which we publish on our first page. It is by no means filled with stories, however, but embraces good reading in great variety and rare excellence. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—Verona Brent's, a charming story of wonderful interest, that has run through several issues of this magazine, is finished in the July number, and another which promises to be of equal interest—'The Lady Lisle'—is commenced. The number contains other good stories—a score or more of great amount of valuable and interesting reading besides, so that all tastes may be suited. The fashion department is full and complete, as usual—abounding in knick-knacks, rich and rare, for the especial delight of the ladies. Of the embellishments, which are numerous, we simply note the beautiful fashion plate and a fine portrait of the lamented Ellsworth. Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL.—Mrs. Pullan's great story, 'The King's Daughter,' is continued in the monthly issue of this work for June, which, in addition to other good stories, contains full reports of lectures by Chapin, Thompson, Fay, and Beecher—several valuable essays and interesting biographical sketches—four pieces of music—a well filled juvenile department, lessons in French and German, valuable recipes, tasteful patterns and designs for the ladies, and much other matter which we cannot describe or enumerate—the whole making one of the most delightful, amusing and instructive magazines, that is published anywhere in this broad and goodly land of ours. It is published by A. Harbath & Co., No. 20 North William St. New York, at \$2 a year, which is ridiculously cheap.

GOODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July is a beauty, and presents many rare attractions, both literary and artistic. The publisher makes the important announcement that, in consequence of the hard times, he will furnish the present volume to subscribers for one dollar. Think of that—six numbers of Goodey—containing seven fine steel engravings, six of the double extension fashion plates, and all the winter close up patterns—for a shilling apiece. It almost reconciles one to the war. Published by L. A. Goodey, Philadelphia.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—With the July Number this magazine enters upon a new volume. The embellishments are fine, and engraving, 'Mamma's Toilette,' a beautiful fashion plate, a new slipper pattern, the 'stars and stripes' bedquilt, and a host of other patterns and designs, large and small, which we have not space to enumerate. It also contains a piece of music, many valuable recipes, fire-side amusements, lots of good stories, &c. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EMERALD MAGAZINE.—The following is the table of contents of the July number.—The Book Hunter. The Monks of the West. Miss Bremer in Switzerland and Italy. A Cruise up the Yangtze in 1858-59. Severed. Hades. From the Fatherland.—Part 16th of Norman Sinclair; an autobiography. 'I'm very fond of Water, a new temperance song. Memoirs of a Tory Gentleman.

The next number of this work will commence a new volume. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 64 Golden Square, London. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two \$4.50; any three \$6.75; all four \$8.75. Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. S. will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

LEWIS'S NORMAL INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—The inauguration of this new institution will occur on the 4th of next month, at which time its first session of nine weeks will commence. This institution has been projected by some of the truest philanthropists in the country, and its board of directors includes many of the foremost men in Massachusetts. An able and earnest corps of instructors has been engaged, and the favorable auspices under which its labors will commence augur well for the success and permanency of the institution. Dr. Dio Lewis, author of a new and improved system of Gymnastics, and editor of the 'Boston Journal of Physical Culture,' an excellent periodical, will fill a chair in the new institution. A teacher educated at this institute will be sure of employment, for the demand greatly exceeds the supply. For further particulars, terms, &c., see circular in Dr. Lewis's paper.

MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The annual session of this Association was held at Augusta on the 18th and 19th inst. The attendance was not as large as usual, though none the less interesting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President.—Dr. H. M. Harlow, Augusta.
Vice Presidents.—Dr. A. J. Fuller, Bath; A. Alexander, Farmington.
Treasurer.—Dr. H. H. Hill, Augusta.
Recording Secretary.—Dr. J. B. Walker, Union.
Cor. Secretary.—Dr. G. H. Chadwick, Portland.

Orator.—Dr. I. T. Dana, Portland.
Delegates to the Maine Medical School.—Dr. H. H. Hill of Augusta and A. J. Fuller, Bath.
The Association adjourned to meet at Lewiston on the 24th Tuesday of June, 1862.

MAINE FARMER.—We learn from the 'Somerset Farmer,' that Mr. S. L. Boardman, of South Norridgewock, will take charge of the agricultural department of the 'Maine Farmer,' during the absence of Dr. Holmes on the agricultural and geological survey of the State. Mr. Boardman is a versatile and agreeable writer, and is favorably known as the author of several contributions to the department of agricultural literature.

The War of Redemption.

No movement of a magnitude at all commensurate with public expectation, has been made upon either side during the past week, and we content ourselves with giving brief items indicative of the present condition of things.

The main bodies of both army continue to face each other opposite Washington—sensational announcements of an advance by one party or the other being made by telegraph one day to be contradicted the next. Pickets are fired at, a secessionist captured, and Union men seized, occasionally, but nothing of any moment has transpired in this section.

At Fortress Monroe, all is quiet. A trial of Sawyer's gun at the Rip Raps proved satisfactory, showing that the battery at Sewall's Point could be reached from that position.—The rebel loss at Great Bethel, it has been ascertained, was much larger than at first represented. A deserter from a New York regiment to the secessionists, the night before the battle, gave them full information of the contemplated attack, which put them on their guard. Some boats from Fortress Monroe went up to Norfolk recently, and set fire to the war steamer *Glencoe*, which was burnt to the water's edge, and on the same night a store house in Richmond, containing \$100,000 worth of property, was destroyed by an incendiary fire.

From some unexplained cause, the two brigades of Gen. Cadwallader's force, which crossed the Potomac and occupied Harper's Ferry, last Sunday, after the evacuation of that place by the rebels, recrossed the river on Tuesday, abandoning the position after occupying it only forty eight hours. The consequences of this is stated to have been that a detachment of the rebels returned to the ferry immediately after, and burned the fine bridge over the Susquehanna, and a government building, both of which they spared at the time of the evacuation. They also ill used the people at the ferry who hoisted Union flags after the appearance of the federal troops, carrying off some as prisoners, and compelling others to flee across the river fords. Both Cadwallader and Patterson are criticized for their tardy movements for the occupation and protection of Harper's Ferry. Gen. Stone had steadily advanced up the river from Washington, and when last heard from was at Point of Rocks, moving towards Harper's Ferry. One of Gen. Patterson's columns had passed through Greencastle in the same direction, and it was thought that Harper's Ferry would soon be occupied by Gov't troops. The main body of the retreating rebel army, about 12,000 strong, is said to be at Winchester, and a few are at Roanoke. A dispatch from Grant considers it certain that 5000 rebels are encamped thirteen miles beyond Philippi, including a Georgia and Tennessee Regiment, all well armed.

Several Ohio regiments are concentrating at Philippi. Gen. McClellan is at Granton, and it is thought that his force is amply sufficient for the protection of Western Virginia.

The objects of the new State organization in Western Virginia were very clearly stated in the Wheeling Convention, on the 14th inst., by Mr. John S. Carlisle, a prominent mover in the new movement. These objects are to repudiate Gov. Letcher and the Legislature which has been sitting at Richmond; to assemble at Wheeling a Legislature sworn to support the Constitution of the United States; next, to secure the recognition of that body by the United States Government as the Legislature of Virginia; and hereafter, to bring about a separation from Eastern Virginia and the constitution of a new State.

In Missouri the vigorous measures of Gen. Lyon would seem to have pretty effectually quelled secession for the present. All the important strategic points—St. Louis, Jefferson City, St. Joseph, Hannibal, Kansas City, &c.—are now held by the United States forces. The Iowa troops have now moved down on the Northern part of the State, and Illinois troops are in a position to operate, while Kansas forces are in readiness to move on Western Missouri. Six hundred Missourians, by last accounts, had reached Memphis, where they propose to join the invading army from Arkansas, which, under Ben McCulloch, is going to the assistance of Gov. Jackson. The Union troops are prepared for them.

The traitors of the Maryland Legislature have passed an act of amnesty, forbidding the punishment of the Baltimore rioters who assaulted the Massachusetts troops, besides perfecting some other treasonable legislation.—Government troops are now stationed at Frederick City, at the request of Gov. Hicks.

In Kentucky, all the Union candidates for Congress have been elected but one. Thirty-four companies have been offered to the Government from this State. It is reported that the President will repudiate Gen. McClellan's treaty of alliance with Gov. Magoffin.

The Union men of Eastern Tennessee, it is said, will soon have government aid. All is quiet at Fort Pickens. It is reported that 2000 of Bragg's troops have deserted, leaving him with only 6000.

There is a streak of light in North Carolina. Col. C. H. Foster is announced as an unconditional Union candidate in the First District. He has recently boldly defended the action of the Federal Administration at a large public meeting got up by disunionists for the express purpose of denouncing him. He says that if Federal regiments were stationed in each Congressional district, there would be a full delegation of unconditional Union men elected to Congress. Also that a brigade of loyal North Carolinians could easily be raised to aid the Federal forces in pulling down the treasonable usurpation of Gov. Ellis and others. It is asserted that no offensive movement will be made till after the meeting of Congress, when preparations will be perfected along the whole line from the Potomac to the Mississippi. With the assembling of Congress will no

doubt come many mischievous schemes for compromise, recognition and separation, with the hope of creating dissension and dividing the friends of the Union. Propositions from the rebels are hinted at, probably to gauge the temper of the people,—one contemplating the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, with treaty for commerce, friendship, and a subsidy of five millions for giving protection against foreign or domestic enemies; the other a consent to the suspension of hostilities,—and the extension of the line of 36° 30' to the Pacific. But the blood of the North is up, and the people will listen to no nonsense of this sort.—Congress must make their session a short one or short work will be made with Congress. Fighting, and not talking, is the order of the day.

Ten more regiments have been called for from Massachusetts and will all be in the field in a few days.

The Philadelphia *North American* says there are over one thousand Southern Union gentlemen now sojourning in that city, for safety from the armed rabble now dominant in Southern cities.

Several swindling army contractors have been indicted in Pennsylvania. A step in the right direction.

A letter dated on board the United States steam Frigate *Mississippi*, at Key West, June 8, confirms the report that she had captured a steamship, which was loaded with shot and shell for the rebels. She was sailing under false papers. They also took a large brig the day before the letter was dated.

The veil of secrecy having been removed from the proceedings of the Virginia Convention, it appears that the original secession vote was taken on the 17th of April, and stood 88 against 55. The ordinance was finally signed by 91 only.

The New York Seventh Regiment returned to Washington on Tuesday.

Southern papers say that the Chickasaw Indians have formerly dissolved their connection with the U. S. government, and issued a manifesto to other tribes advising them to do likewise, throwing their fortunes with the C. S. A. ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEDY R. E. CO.—At the annual meeting, held here yesterday, the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen a board of Directors for the ensuing year:

John Ware, Jediah Morrell, Ira Crocker, Wm. Goodenow, Sam'l P. Benson, Franklin Smith, Sam'l Doolittle.

It is the same as last year, with the exception of Samuel Doolittle, chosen in place of Mr. Rufus Horton, who declined a re-election. The meeting proved very harmonious, and the business was quickly disposed of.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.—Mr. J. S. Wadleigh, one of the principals of the Mt. Washington Nursery Co., of Meredith Village, N. H., is in town with his sample book of fruit and flowers, painted from nature, taking orders to be filled for whatever may be needed by our citizens. He has a fine collection in both departments including many novelties, of which we will instance, White Grape Currant, Albarose Strawberry, Delaware Grape, Reine Hortense Cherry, King Apple—Miss Sargent's Rose, a cross of the Damask and Moss, Augusta Rose, Wiegolia Rose, Carnation Pink, and other rare and beautiful flowers. His stay here this time will be short, his object being to form an acquaintance with the lovers of fruit and flowers in this section, and to leave a few samples from the Company's Nursery, confident that they will give satisfaction and lead to further trade hereafter. He will visit Showhagen and Bangor, next week.

HOME GUARD.—Forty or fifty of our substantial citizens, with a smart sprinkling of College students, are drilling morning and evening, under the instruction of Mr. Curtis, of the Norwich Institute; and their rapid improvement in military tactics, shows the company to be composed of excellent material. When put to the double quick 'our' worthy burghers show speed as well as bottom. They cannot organize under the State law at present, but propose to do so eventually, we learn; in the mean time they will procure arms and perfect themselves in the drill. Our boys at Washington must look to their laurels, or they may find the first blood won by the troops at home, as they have certainly taken the first prisoners. A detachment under Corporal Keith, made a most brilliant coup on Monday morning last, bringing in two prisoners, who were safely bestowed in the lockup.

A while ago it was said that privateers were fitting out in New England ports, and some people were foolish enough to be alarmed at the silly *canard*. The report that privateers are fitting out in British ports is just as false, no doubt. Privateers will meet with no favor either in England or France—both governments being pledged to a strict neutrality.

The London *Times*, in an editorial upon the decision of the French Government relative to the American difficulty, which is in complete accordance with that of England, says that the fact of the chief continental powers of Europe fully acceding to the principles laid down by England, must tend to convince all reasonable Americans that in the acts of England there is neither hostility nor double dealing.

PRIVATEERS.—What shall be done with the crew of the captured privateer? Some are inclined to deal mercifully with them, tho' it is said that the government is determined to let the law take its course, and that of course means hanging. The New York *Adelphi*, a staunch democratic paper, says:

'Common sense has little difficulty in answering that question. If this whole war is not a farce—hang them! We have nearly quarreled with England because she talked of recognizing the C. S. as belligerents. If not belligerents, these men are pirates. If pirates, they must be hung, by our maritime law. We do not hang them, we recognize the C. S. as belligerents, and do ourselves what we will not allow Great Britain to do. If these pirates are not hanged, the men who allow

them to slip through the rope ought to be—that is all!

BETTER THAN WE EXPECTED.—We were agreeably surprised, the other day, while passing through Front street, to find the obstructions, of which so much complaint has been made, nearly all removed, and a neat gravel walk constructed on the west side for the accommodation of foot passengers. An article in the town warrant, requiring this to be done, it will be remembered was summarily dismissed.

OUTBREAK AT MILWAUKEE.—On Monday last an attack was made upon the banks of Milwaukee, by a mob, and a large amount of property destroyed. The police being powerless, two military companies were called out, one of which fired upon the mob, injuring several of the rioters, who dispersed. The disturbance was caused by the recent action of the banks in throwing out of circulation the notes of a large number of the banks of the State. Further trouble was anticipated.

HOMICIDE AT FRYEBURG.—A Mrs. Swan was found dead in her bed, one morning last week, having been strangled during the night. One Ephraim Gilman, an inmate of the family, a disappointed suitor of a daughter of the deceased, was arrested, and waiving an examination, was committed to jail to await his trial at the next term of the court. But little doubt is entertained of his guilt.

NATIONAL HYMN.—Over eleven hundred and fifty contestants have entered the lists to secure the prize offered for the best national ode. One man may win the money, but another may secure that nobler prize—fame, for the people may not endorse the award of the committee.

SAN DOMINGO.—The Spaniards are having trouble in their newly acquired territory, all parties not being disposed to submit quietly to their rule; indeed it is confidently asserted that a majority, both of the army and the people, are firmly opposed to annexation. Twenty thousand troops, it is thought, will be required to hold possession of the country.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—A battalion of the sixth regiment passed through here on Monday afternoon, on their way from Bangor to Portland. It was made up of the Brownville, Bucksport, Corinth, Ellsworth and Oldtown companies, and will be joined at Portland, by the other battalion from Eastport. This regiment will probably soon leave for the seat of war.

THE QUAKER CITY.—One of our correspondents contrasts the treatment of our troops at New York with that experienced at Philadelphia, much to the advantage of the latter, so far as the rank and file are concerned. The truth is, the two cities have different ways of doing things. In New York, they make speeches, read poems, present flags, and make a banquet for the officers at the Astor House, St. Nicholas or Metropolitan, while the men are left to shift to themselves—something to make a noise, excite attention and fill the newspapers: in Philadelphia they are content to do 'good by stealth,' not seeming to care whether the outside world know it or not, treat officers and men alike, and seemingly are more anxious to promote the welfare of those who are called to the defence of the country than to make a sensational spread of self glorification. Every regiment that has passed through Philadelphia, has been quietly served with refreshments, of which some have stood sadly in need. All honor to the Quaker City, say we.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.—A few weeks ago we copied several curious old time riddles from Frank Leslie's Monthly, which abounds in such things. Below will be found the answers to them, and our readers can now see how much of their guessing has been correct:

1. The dew. 2. The bee. 3. A nail in the bottom of a ship. 4. A milkmaid sitting on a three legged stool. 5. A chimney. 6. His father was a dyer. 7. Smoke. 8. Parchment, pens and wax. 9. The mist. 10. Paper and writing.

On Saturday, the telegraph told a story of poisoning in the 3d regiment at Washington, which occasioned considerable anxiety here, among the friends of the soldiers, but there was no good foundation for the report.

LEO L. LEYD.—This young African, who lectured in this State a few years ago, and in whose education many persons in this country were warmly interested, has recently sent from Liberia a consignment of palm oil, camwood, ivory, sugar, molasses, &c.

EMIGRATION TO HAITI.—Notwithstanding the tale of horrors, said to have been told by a returned emigrant, and which was eagerly caught up and repeated by many of our newspapers, the work of Haitian emigration is prospering, as we have no doubt it should. Set only five emigrants sailed from Boston on Saturday, and two vessels have followed with furniture, &c. for their accommodation.

CLEANED OUT.—A soldier of the 5th Regiment having been drugged and robbed at a rumhole in Portland, the place was visited by a detachment of about sixty men, who destroyed all the poison they could lay their hands on, doing no other damage. It was a summary process, without warrant of law, and though a righteous retribution, some of the Portlanders are somewhat indignant that the military should assume the functions of the civil authority.

A company of one hundred men has been enlisted for the war, at Houlton.

Hon. Joseph Holt, so well known to our readers as formerly Commissioner of Patents, and more recently Secretary of War, has just addressed an eloquent and able letter to the people of Kentucky, urging them to support the Federal government in its endeavors to crush out rebellion. He scolds the idea of the armed neutrality position which Kentucky has assumed in this controversy, and calls upon the people to stand by the old flag. Mr. Holt's loyalty to the government is unconditional; there is no 'if' about it. He stands firm upon the constitution, and upholds its authority against all enemies.—[Sci. Amer.]

