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Daniel Ripley Wing

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"YES, I AM OLD."

"Yes, I am old; my strength declines,
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;
Yet I might fancy these the signs
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing."

"Yes, I am old; Ambition's call,
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit
That once could charm and cheat me—all
Are now detected, passive, mute.
Thank God! the passions and their riot
Are barred for content and quiet."

"Yes, I am old; but as I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
And all its hallowed joys more sweet;
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scabbles."

"Yes, I am old. Experience now
That best of guides, hath made me sage;
And thus I have not lost my way.
My firm conviction that old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best Thanksgiving."

Prudy climbing to Heaven.

Prudy was always climbing and jumping, like a squirrel; and when people saw her on fences and gates they would sometimes say—
"How do you do my little fellow?"

"This sort Prudy's feelings very much. 'O, mamma,' she would say, 'me and Susy was just a playing out here, and Miss Smith called me a boy. She's the naughtiest lady ever I see!'"

Mamma would kiss her and say, "Never mind, dear."

"Why, mamma, she didn't know I was your darling, did she? Won't you tell her how I make you so happy? Tell her how I get up in the morning, and put every single clothes on me. If you didn't have me and Susy how you would feel?"

Now, Susy was six years old or more—Prudy said, "her middle name is sister Susy, and she takes care of me."

"Yes, Susy took care of her little sister, when she could think of it. You shall see whether she ever forgot to do this, before my story is done."

One day the children wanted to go and play in the "new house." Mrs. Parlin was almost afraid Prudy might get hurt, for there were a great many loose boards and tools lying about, and the carpenters who were at work on the house had all gone away to see some soldiers. But at last she said they might go if Susy would be very careful of her little sister.

Susy promised to watch Prudy every minute, but she forgot her promise. Oh, Mrs. Parlin would never have let these children go there to play, if she had known what would happen to Prudy!

"I will tell you, Prudy wanted to play 'catch,' but Susy wanted to make block houses."

"Now, I know a great deal more than you do," said Susy; "I used to wash dishes and scour knives when I was four years old, and that was the time I learnt to walk Prudy, so you ought to play with me and be good."

"Then I will; but those blocks is too big, Susy. If I had a ax I'd chop 'em; I'll get a ax."

"Little Prudy trotted off and Susy never looked up from her play, and did not notice that she was gone for a long while."

By-and-by Mrs. Parlin thought she would go and see what the children were doing; so she put on her bonnet and went to the "new house." Susy was still busy with her blocks, but she looked up at the sound of her mother's footsteps.

"Where is Prudy?" says mamma.

"I'm most to heaven," cried a little voice from some place away up—away up over head."

They looked, and what do you think they saw? It was Prudy, standing on the highest beam of the house! She had climbed three ladders to get there. She thought this was the way to heaven. Her mother had heard her say that she didn't want to shut up her eyes and die and be all dead up—she meant to have her hands and face clean and go up to heaven on a ladder."

"Oh, thought her poor mamma, 'she is surely on the way to heaven, for she can never get down alive—my darling!'"

Poor Susy would have called out to Prudy, but her mother gave her one warning look, and that was enough—Susy neither spoke nor stirred."

Mrs. Parlin looked up at her dear child—stood as white as a sheet as she saw her frozen! Her trembling lips moved a little, but it was in prayer; she knew that only God could save the child."

While she was begging Him to tell her what to do, a thought flashed across her mind! She dared not speak, lest the sound of her voice might startle the little one; but she had a bunch of keys in her pocket, and she jingled the keys and held them up high that Prudy might see what they were."

When Prudy heard the jingling of the keys she looked down and smiled. "You goin' to let me have some cake and serve in the china closet, me and Susy?"

Mamma smiled—such a smile! It was a great deal sadder than tears, but Prudy did not know that—she only knew that it meant "yes."

"Oh, then I'm coming right down, 'cause I like cake and preserves! I won't go up to heaven till time by!"

"Then she walked along the beam, and turned about to come down the ladder! Mrs. Parlin held her breath and shut her eyes! She dared not look up, for she knew that if Prudy took one false step, she would fall and be dashed to pieces! It makes me shudder even to think of it!"

But Prudy did not know that one false step, would be death. Oh no! she was only thinking about crimson jellies and fruit cake. She crept down the ladder without a thought of danger—no more afraid than a fly that creeps down the window-pane."

The air was so still that the sound of every step was plainly heard, as her little feet went pat, pat, on the ladder rounds. God was taking care of her; yes, at length the last round was reached—she had got down—she was safe!"

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Mrs. Parlin, as she held little Prudy close to her heart, while little Susy jumped for joy, exclaiming—

"We've got her! we've got her! Oh, ain't you happy, mamma?"

"Oh, mamma, what are you crying about! said little Prudy, clinging about her neck, 'ain't I your little comfort? There, now you know what you speaked about! You said you'd get some cake and preserves for me and Susy!'"

All persons sending letters to prisoners in the rebel States should carefully observe the following directions, otherwise the letters will not be sent:

Leave letters unsealed; if the destination is beyond Virginia, enclose ten cents; if Virginia, five cents; the contents must be confined to one page of note paper, written in the ordinary way, legible. The necessity for these rules is apparent when it is understood that every letter must be read at headquarters before sent; the number reaches sometimes several hundred in a single day—once or twice as high as seven hundred, we believe. All

letters that do not conform to the above rules will receive no attention, and stand no chance of going through.

PEACE WITHOUT RE-UNION IMPOSSIBLE.
—The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in a powerful paper for the Danville, (Ky.), Review, thus expounds on this idea:

Whoever will look at a map of the United States will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi river, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream, eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe then the country drained by this river and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its west bank and Kentucky on its east bank.

There are nine or ten powerful States—large Territories, all in one country—several large States, as Ohio, under the sun, already holding many more people than all of the rebel States—and destined to be one of the most powerful and patriotic regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that those powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that shall put the lower course of this single and mighty national outlet to the sea, in hands of a foreign government weaker than ourselves?

If there is any such person, he knows little of the past history of mankind; and will, perhaps, excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the Federal Government, when General Washington was President, that if the U. States did not acquire Louisiana, they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of this great Valley. Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.

HEAVY NEWSPAPER BILL.—Among the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of New York, was one in favor of Mr. J. Seabury against Bradford O. Wait, for seven years' subscription to the Catechist Recorder and Democrat. The decision was in favor of the publisher, and the judgment and costs, it is stated, amounted to between two and three hundred dollars. The New York Observer, one of the oldest religious newspapers in the country, says of this decision:—

It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law which governs in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable to every State in the Union. Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, especially the last which the law will enforce. Responsible men, even, under trifling whims, refuse to take their papers from the office regardless of the payment of arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and cost of collection."

A BAD HABIT.—A great many husbands, especially in the country, spend their evenings away from home; formerly at the tavern, but now at the store, talking politics and general business. Is this right? Is it generous? Has not the wife as good a right to spend her evenings abroad? And what would the husband think to be left alone to take care of the house? Is it fair? Did you not promise to love your wife, and to cherish her? And is this the way to fulfill your vows? Home should be the pleasantest of all places, to both husband and wife. There the evenings of both should be spent. And this is the way to keep alive the fires of love, and to warm the heart with a generous unselfishness. Wives may not complain, but they feel, and deeply, the absence of their husbands. They want their company; want their sympathy, and they ought to have it. Especially, if there are children in the house, should the husband be at home. The wife, in her sphere, labors as hard as the husband in his; and when evening comes, she and her little ones have a right to the company of the husband and father."

And what good comes of lounging at the store? It is a habit, and a bad habit. We do not object to passing an evening occasionally in this way, when it is necessary in the way of business. But it is a bad sign to see a man hanging about a grocery in the evening. It shows that he has not the highest ideal of life. He does not care much for mental improvement, or for the society of woman. The best husbands are those who love their wives best, love their company, and do the most to make them happy. The best fathers are lovers of home; lovers of their children. To a good husband and father, absence from home is always regretted. It is submitted to as a necessity, when it cannot be avoided; but the good husband and father loves his home; loves his family; delights in the circle of domestic affection, and is never so happy as under his own roof, and among those of his own blood. Husbands, think of this; and if you have acquired the habit of absence from home for mere trifles; if your evenings are lounged away at the store, break off at once, and acquire the habit of staying at home; of helping your wife and becoming her companion, and the companion of your children."

READING FOR AMUSEMENT.—Dr. Dewey has, in the Christian Examiner, some just remarks on the distinction between reading for mere entertainment or amusement, and reading for improvement. "I do not know what a man is thinking about," he says, "who never makes any distinction here; who never conceives that he has anything to do with the wonderful faculty of thought; but to amuse. An ordinarily industrious man feels obliged, in common decency, to proportion his recreation to his business; and it is indecent for an intellectual being to give up all his hours for mental culture to mere entertainment." Hence he lays it down as a rule, that every person desirous of strengthening his or her mind, should from time to time read some hard book—that is, some book which will demand close attention, and thoroughly exercise the reasoning faculty. So disservice and dissipating, as we may say, are our modern habits of reading, and indeed our general range of modern literature, that we are quite inclined to agree with the Doctor that it would be the best thing that could happen to many minds among

us, to be rigidly shut up for two or three months to a single wise book, and thus be obliged to study one thing. So much news-reading, story-reading, and reading for the mere luxury of feeling, as is practiced by our people, is about as bad as no reading at all. It is distracting, dissipating, and enervating to the mind. It is like a tree growing all to bark, or all to leaves, to insure its toppling over by its own weight for the lack of the solid timber to give it support."

Poultry for Market.
Never kill a bird unless it is fat. Never cut off the head of a turkey or goose, but hang them by the heels where they cannot baste themselves in the death struggle, and stick them with a small knife and bleed them to death. Ducks and common fowls, if decapitated, should be held or tied and hung up to bleed to death. Never kill your birds with full crops—you will lose in price more than you gain in weight. Never strangle them so as to leave the blood in. The best plan is to tie all kinds to a line drawn from post to post, or tree to tree, and stick them just in the forward end of the neck.
You may pick all sorts of birds dry if you don't tear the skin, but you must scald them afterward by dipping them suddenly in and out of boiling water. Don't scald the legs too much, whether you pick first or afterwards. Be careful of this. You must pick them clean, and the scalding makes them look plump and good.
Never draw a bird. It is worth while to pay freight on intestines, because meat cannot be kept sweet long after they are drawn and the air admitted inside the body.
It is a practice of some of the best poultrymen, after the birds are plucked, to plunge them suddenly into boiling water, and then immediately into cold water. This gives them clean, plump appearance, and makes them look fat if they are in decent good condition when killed. Nothing, however, can make a poor bird look well, while ill dressing will make the best look poor.
Lay the birds upon clean boards, in a cold room till perfectly cool but not frozen; as at all times, but especially when there is a probability of damp, close weather, great care must be taken that the animal heat is out of them; and then pack in boxes with clean rye and oat straw so that they must not touch each other, about three or four hundred pounds in a box, filled full, mark the contents on a paper inside, and on the lid outside, and direct it to your commission merchant plainly, and send it by the express, and the invoice by mail.
Never kill your birds on a damp day nor pack them if you can avoid it, except in a clear, dry, cold atmosphere; and try to avoid night work when you are tired and your help sleepy, and all of you careless.
No matter how light your boxes are, they must look clean or your poultry will not sell at first price. In packing press the wings close, and press the bird down hard on the breast, the legs extending back; and fill each course full and then lay on straw and another course of birds. Nail tight, but don't let a nail give your inward to tear the bird.
Give your name and residence in full on the bill in the box, and on the invoice by mail.
Never pack in barrels if you can get good dry goods boxes, as the rolling of barrels injures the poultry. Well packed boxes of well prepared birds will keep sweet for a long time in cool weather, and may be transported by express or by rail, and arriving in good order can be sold readily at the highest prices.
We trust that these remarks may enable our friends to secure a good market for their poultry, and cultivate a branch of trade to material profit and advantage.
The late Mr. Sawyer states that the best way of killing poultry is to take the bird by the neck, placing the thumb of the right hand just at the back of the head, closing the head in your hand, your left hand holding the bird, then press your thumb down and pull the head and neck contrariwise; the neck will break instantaneously and the bird will be quite dead in a few seconds; then hang it for a short time by the legs for the blood to flow into the head, which renders the flesh much whiter. In France, he adds, we usually kill them by cutting the throat close to the head. Both methods are good with regard to the whiteness of the flesh, but I prefer the English method, not being so barbarous.—[Exchange.]

MILITARY AND CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.—Gov. Washburn has appointed Elias Mitcheu of Burnham, Lieut. Colonel of the 14th Regiment in place of Aaron Hayden, declined.
Dr. Samuel B. Hunter of East Machias, Surgeon of the 7th, in place of Dr. T. C. Barker of Bangor, resigned.
Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan, Lieut. Colonel of the 15th, in place of J. W. Jones, declined.
The following appointments have been made by the Governor and Council:—
A. W. Wilder, Skowhegan, Railroad Commissioner; E. W. Woodbury, Sweden, Judge of Probate; Henry B. Merrill, Damariscotta, County Commissioner, Lincoln.

BENTON'S MOTHER.—How touching the tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never used it from that to the present day; she asked me never to game, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and I made a resolution of total abstinence at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1861.

NO. 24.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 19, 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. B. WILKS, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.
ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.
Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Fort Pickens, it seems, came out of the late fight almost unscathed, while Fort McRae was badly damaged, and Barrancas placed at the mercy of Col. Brown. The town of Warrington and the Navy Yard were also almost wholly destroyed. The Boston Journal makes the following explanation and summing up of the affair:—

"Col. Brown commenced the fight partly in fulfillment of a threat he had made to fire upon two or three rebel steamers, whose busy activity under the eyes of our officers had become excessively annoying. He is said to have disabled two, which fact will prevent them from continuing their services in the future. Again, Col. Brown was determined to destroy the winter quarters of the rebels and the Navy Yard, so that Bragg's operations might be impeded, and he should be prevented from sending away any men to encounter our forces in South Carolina. It is probable, also, that Col. Brown wished to learn more about the position and strength of the rebel batteries, before the real engagement takes place."

Thus the affair seems to have served a very useful purpose. The impregnability of Fort Pickens appears to have been amply established. On the other hand, Fort McRae was so badly damaged that its reduction has been shown to be an easy matter. All that is wanted is a number of assaulting ships of light draft, so as to have great freedom of movement in delivering their fire. They must have rifled guns, too. It has been proved, also, Barrancas can be destroyed by Fort Pickens. But for the batteries which line the shore, a good fleet is absolutely necessary. And then there must be an adequate landing force, to advance and occupy the ground. Bragg has about 8000 men, and not far from 100 heavy guns in position. It will be seen, therefore, that to take Pensacola is a heavy job, and when we get about it, we must have a sufficiency of men, ships and rifled cannon. Col. Brown has made a valuable examination of the work before him, and we trust he will soon be furnished with the forces adequate to resume and finish it up in handsome style."

Our forces in the vicinity of Port Royal are busily reconnoitering in various directions and have taken possession of several important points, among which is St. Helena Island, commanding important approaches to the interior of South Carolina.

New fortifications have been commenced at Hilton Head, and Gen. Sherman is strengthening himself at all points. Parties of rebels make nightly visits to the deserted plantations and destroy and carry away all they can. Contrabands continue to come in in large numbers.

A letter says the negroes who come in all express a desire to be free and work for themselves. They all complain of harsh treatment by their masters. On Mr. Seabrook's plantation, a child had been taken by the master from almost every family, in the hope of inducing the rest to follow. On one plantation a negro was found who had been shot and left lying in the fireplace nearly burnt to a cinder; a fact which rendered the story of the others highly probable.

There has been a serious fire in the best business portion of Charleston, the work, it is said, of negroes. The sufferers are numerous. Latest accounts represent the fire as still raging. There are also rumors of negro insurrections in the city and adjoining country.

The North Carolina Standard of the 4th learns from a reliable source that a Federal regiment had taken possession of Portsmouth, N. C., and that there are ten Yankee steamers in Pamlico Sound.

A hardly contested battle was fought at Alleghany Camp, Pocahontas, Va., the fight lasting nearly a whole day. The rebels finally retired to Stanton with a loss of about 200, and thus the last rebel army has been driven out of Western Virginia.

Lexington, Mo., is said to be again in the possession of the rebels, who are there with 6000 troops, while Gen. Prentiss is on the opposite side of the river with a federal force of 3000.

Of military movements in Kentucky we get the following by way of Cincinnati:—
Johnson with 15,000 Federal troops is on the northern bank of Green river, and Gen. Roseau is seven miles distant preparing to join him. Another brigade under Gen. McCook is also moving to concentrate at Memphis. Gen. Buckner with 25,000 men was covering all the hills two miles back from Green river, and was preparing to prevent our troops from crossing the river. Gen. Thomas' division, on the left wing, is bearing down from the east to get in Buckner's rear. Gen. Mitchell's division, on the right wing,

moves this morning towards Green river. The rebels were actively on the move and an engagement was imminent. Gen. Buell is in constant telegraphic communication with our advancing columns, and is employing all the rolling stock of the Louisville and Nashville line in forwarding troops and supplies. All the bridges are repaired, and trains are running through to Mumfordsville. A great battle is thought to be imminent.

The Boston Journal speculates as follows:—

The movement of Gen. Buell's army toward Green river, Kentucky, is significant on account of the quiet manner in which it is made, and, in conjunction with other army operations, indicates a general advance of our forces. A dispatch from Louisville to the Cincinnati Commercial of Friday, states that eight regiments left that place on Monday previously, to co-operate with Buell, and that Gen. McClellan's plan is well understood to be that a simultaneous advance shall take place—on the Mississippi, against Columbus, Ky.; in Central Kentucky, upon Bowling Green; from Romney, upon Winchester; from the Potomac, into Eastern Virginia; from Fort Monroe, upon Yorktown or Norfolk; and that Butler's, Burnside's and Sherman's Coast Expeditions shall make demonstrations at the same time. If this be the case—and we do not profess to have either official or semi-official information—movements at all important points may be expected when one takes place; and the forward movement in Kentucky is the signal of a general advance.

Advices from New Mexico state that the strong force sent against the Texans in Mesilla Valley have driven the rebels far back into Texas.

The pirate Sumter is still afloat, doing all the mischief she can. Her recent escape from the Iroquois at Martinique, was through the unfair ruling of the authorities at that port.

Exchanges of prisoners are quietly going on, greatly to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Union victory of Parson Brownlow, in East Tennessee is pronounced a hoax, and he is said to be in prison. It is doubtful if the government will be able to aid the loyalists of that section for months to come.

Late accounts from Kentucky mention a smart skirmish on the south side of Green river, opposite Mumfordsville, in which the rebels were driven with some loss.

576 buildings were destroyed by the fire in Charleston, and the loss is estimated at from five to seven millions.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Just as we go to press we get sight of the January number of this work. We can only say, now, that the new volume opens promisingly, and in a manner creditable to the enterprise of the liberal minded publishers. Everybody ought to take the Atlantic.

DEATH IN THE 3d MAINE.—Mr. Amasa Bigelow Jr., of Skowhegan, a member of the Senior Class of Waterville College—was one of the first to respond to his country's call—died of diphtheria, in the hospital near Washington, on Friday week. Rev. Mr. Leonard, in his last letter to the Banner, says:

Mr. Bigelow was one of our noblest young men, I knew him, in days gone by, as a student in Waterville College. He has borne himself uprightly than before he joined the army. It is hard for us to part with one so intelligent, good, kind, and brave. All who have hitherto enjoyed his friendship or companionship, grieve as for a great loss; but they think with pride of his manly character, and will keep the memory of his virtues green within their hearts forever."

DIVISION LECTURES.—We have before said that Ticonic Division has arranged for a course of private lectures, on various subjects by its own members, for entertainment at their regular meetings. The course commenced with a lecture on temperance, by Joshua Nye, Esq., and will be followed by one from Mr. Maxham, tomorrow evening—the subject historical. These lectures, and other profitable entertainments, planned for the winter, are increasing the attendance of the members and apparently promoting the interest of the Division; and we again suggest to parents that they exert their influence to bring their sons and daughters into this excellent association.

IMPROVE YOUR PENMANSHIP.—Mr. Emery, we learn, is very successful with his writing school in our village. Evening sessions for boys are held at the Waterville House, where quiet and good order reigns, and the pupils under his charge make good progress. He is making arrangements for forming a class of young ladies to meet for the first time this afternoon. New scholars are admitted at any time. Mr. Emery ought to labor with us all winter.

OUR BANNER ALOFT.—The stars and stripes were beautifully emblazoned in the heavens above us on Wednesday evening of last week. A stiff breeze had driven the clouds into long, straight and regular windows, running from south-east to north-west, while from the deep blue between the bright stars looked down with a hopeful, cheering light that seemed to augur well for our national future. It was truly a brilliant display, not soon to be forgotten by those who with upturned gaze drank in its wondrous beauty.

CHRISTMAS.—The Baptist Society are arranging for a celebration of Christmas Eve, at their church. The programme includes an address, music by the choir and the children of the Sabbath School, a Christmas tree loaded with gifts, &c.

THE ENGLISH NEWS.—The arrival of the Europa, with dispatches to Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington and details of the excitement in England in consequence of the seizure of Mason and Slidell, is producing considerable speculation and anxiety. The substance of the dispatches is not yet public; but we may hope that as there is also a message from our minister, Mr. Adams, the public will very soon be in possession of what can be known on the subject.

FARMER'S CLUB, AHoy!—The Waterville Farmers' Club is invited to hold its first meeting at the residence of Mr. Geo. E. Shores, on Thursday evening next. Mr. S. tells us to add to this invitation, that he wants his house well filled, and specially invites not only those engaged in farming, but all who are enough interested to make it a subject of conversation.

The subject of discussion will be, "What changes are suggested in the various departments of farming, by the present condition of the country?"

FARMERS.—See notice headed N. K. Agricultural Society, and prepare for the annual meeting, Jan. 7th, at which time we are to have Mr. Dillingham's Address, deferred from October last.

Edward F. Loring, for two years a student in Waterville College, and a graduate of Bowdoin, is 1st Lieut. of Co. B, 18th Maine Regiment.

Gen. Scott reached Havre in safety, and was warmly received by an enthusiastic crowd of Americans and admiring Frenchmen.

The first execution in the army of the Potomac took place on the 13th inst., when William H. Johnson, of the Lincoln Cavalry, convicted of attempting to desert with reasonable intentions, was shot.

Mexico is said to be determined in her resistance to Spanish invasion, and would feel confident of victory, if France and England would not interfere.

The following deaths have occurred in the 9th Maine regiment, since the former report:—
John B. Lyon, private, Co. G, Dec. 4.
Chas. L. Holland, Co. F, Dec. 3.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. Chandler has finally succeeded in organizing a class in vocal music, which meets at the Baptist Vestry on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Instruction in this branch is much needed here, and we trust that many of our young people will avail themselves of this opportunity to develop their musical talent.

PERTINENT.—An account of the suicide of an intemperate man, in the N. Y. Atlas, is very appropriately headed—"Temperance Lecture."

PASTORAL.—Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, has been duly invited to remove to Waterville and preach to the newly organized society for two years ensuing, funds for which have been subscribed. We also learn that the Universalist pulpit is to be supplied a portion of the time by Rev. Mr. Dillingham, of Sidney.

It is said that exceptions have been filed to Judge Tenney's decision in the railroad contempt case, and the matter hangs up till June.

DIED.—Rev. J. F. Ford, late pastor of the Universalist society at Kendall's Mills, died on Monday of paralysis, of which he had previously had two shocks. He was formerly a practicing physician in Waterville, and has borne the reputation of an upright and good man. His age was about sixty years.

FIRE.—The old "Stevens House," on Silver Street, was nearly ruined by fire on Thursday night of last week. It caught from defect in the chimney, and the fire was mainly confined to the upper story. Loss some two to four hundred dollars; no insurance.

OYSTERS!—L. W. Atwood, 305 Congress Street, Portland, is the successor of the well known firm of Freeman & Atwood in the oyster trade. He gives notice that his arrangements with the Virginia oyster planters are such that his supplies will meet no delay. He knows that all Down Eastdom depends upon him, and is wide awake to meet expectation. Give your orders to the "Prince of Expressmen" Bartlett, and all will be right.

PROFITS OF FARMING.—The editor of the New England Farmer, in discussing the relative profits of farming and of other pursuits, says:

The point whereby the question is to be decided is this: Do ten thousand carpenters, store-keepers, or those engaged in any other mechanical pursuit, or as many lawyers, physicians or clergymen leave more property at their decease than do ten thousand farmers? Is there a question on the mind of any intelligent man which would leave the most, where the parties are taken promiscuously? If there is, an examination of any probate records will show, we think, that the value of the farmer will be far ahead.

PURE AND UNADULTERATED.—People in England say, that if you wish to get genuine Port, you must go yourself to Oporto, make your own wine, and ride astride of the barrel all the way home.—[Exchange.]

But suppose you do get the "pure and unadulterated Port"—what then? Why! you have only got a "pure and unadulterated poison, for soul and body"—a mocker which the Divine Wisdom bids you not to look upon.

THE TRAINING OF HOME CONVERSATION.—To subordinate home training to school training, or to interpose the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view. To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure and untrammelled of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking with their school-mates till they "come out" into society, and then monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they slowly learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.

