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Daniel Ripley Wing

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"APART."

The homeless wind sweeps up the rock
From the waste of a dismal waste
I shudder to think that dismal waste
Lies 'tween thee and me—
Lies 'tween thee and me—
And the don't earth shrouds thy breast;
But I know the verdant grass and flowers
Are tender of thy rest.

Heavily down on the serene wind
Beats the frozen Winter rain—
It throbs in the deep, dark forest depths,
Like a human heart in pain—
Like a human heart in pain—
As my own throbs on tonight,
Thinking of thee in the cold and dark,
And I in the warmth and light.

Never a message cometh to me—
Oh! how cruel it seems!
Never a word from the lost, last one,
Not even in midnight dreams—
Not even in midnight dreams!
Oh, could it only be—
Send me a token! waken a thrill
Of the old time ecstasy!

Vain it is! wild it is! I will be still!
Dead feet never come back!
Why should they haste to the world again,
Out of the heavenly track—
Ah! I shudder to think that dismal waste
Lies 'tween thee and me—
Thou art resting in Paradise,
I am wandering alone!

(From the Knickerbocker.)
MY GUARDIAN AND I.

Life appeared very pleasant to me, Eleanor Warrenne, as I sat considering its different possibilities the morning after my return from school. It is apt to seem so to girls of eighteen, with a sufficiently pretty face, a sufficiently pretty fortune, and not a known care.

Left an orphan at eight years old, I had been ever since under the care of a maiden aunt, who came at my father's death to take care of little me, and the guardian he had appointed. This was a man a good deal younger than my father, but whose true and noble qualities outweighed the objection of youth some would have raised against Mark Anderson. Under my Aunt Lucy's immediate care and his occasional direction, I had quietly passed my childhood, and for the last two years had been at a large boarding school. I had as much education as girls with such experience usually acquire, a natural taste for drawing and music, and an "enquiring mind."

Reaching home at last, I found my aunt on changed. She was of the kind whose soft brown hair never grows gray, whose mild blue eyes are undimmed by age, whose plump hands are always smooth and white, do what they may. I gave her an abbreviated account of my educational doings, delighted her heart with the beauties of the worsted and crocheted work I had brought her, gave a small sample of my musical skill, showed her the last shawl stitch—she had that given for fancy work that mild natures are weak to—and asked for my guardian.

"He will be here to night. He would not come last night, thinking you might be tired. He is a very worthy young man, dear."

"But I don't like worthy young men, as a general thing. They are generally stupid; as if nature couldn't make people smart and good at the same time."

"Only wait until to night. We should never allow ourselves to form rash opinions."

"Dear aunt! She thought me a little girl still. That evening, neither late nor early, Mr. Anderson came. I had not seen him for a long time and we had both of us changed. A tall, grand figure, such as gives the idea of strength and protection too. I was large myself, and appreciated size when I met it. And I had an idea of my own, that great hearts were always found in corresponding bodies; that big souls were not always crowded into little forms."

"Brave old man, features, dark hair, kind eyes, refined hands and feet. A man of thirty, looking his age."

"And is this the little girl I saw last? Have two years done all this?"

"And is this the grave guardian I remember with so much awe? If I have grown old, you have grown young to meet me."

"I have not retrograded much; it is you who have grown up to me. Eleanor, you are fine! If you are as honest as the little girl was, it will not hurt you to hear it."

"I hope I have kept the good qualities of little Eleanor, and added innumerable ones in the grace which comes with growth."

Before we had talked much longer, I decided that this guardian of mine was splendidly unlike most people. Not in the small way which affects eccentricity, mistaking it for strength, but in such ways as a strong man might indulge in. Without seeming to question me, he yet drew from me all about my school life; and whatever his thoughts on its superficial history, he kept them to himself. Had he assumed the office of mentor, I would have hated him at once.

I have dwelt upon this evening, because it was the commencement of an acquaintance which brought an influence upon my whole life.

Gradually I fell into the routine of the quiet home life, whose domestic nature was so new to me. I had few young acquaintances, but my guardian brought his own to me, and I found he knew the best people. But I had more acquaintances than friends. Knew many and loved few. For my guardian spoiled the rest to me by contrast. I read what he told me, I did as he wished; I was growing a truer and better woman. And I thought I liked him only as a wise friend.

It was some six months after my return home that the tranquil course of my days had an interruption most unexpected to me. Among the gentlemen of my acquaintance was one of whom, when I thought at all, it was that he was honest and good. Willard Harvey had scarcely shown me more attention than had others, but that little was delicate and respectful. Still I was greatly surprised when, according to me from a party one night, he offered himself. I tried to tell him of my surprise, how I had never thought of him in that way, and all the rest that women say when they mean to refuse a man kindly.

I know you have not thought of me so, but I have of you since I first knew you. It is long since you became so much to me that no one else was anything. I have never showed you before but you are all the world to me, Eleanor Warrenne. I shall never care for any other woman as I have for you. I shall never marry, if I cannot marry you."

His simple earnestness touched me. I believed every word the man said, and asked for time to answer him. I asked my guardian the next time I saw him what to do. I was not prepared for the effect or him.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! you do not love him or you would not have asked me that. If you had you would have felt at his first word that you must be his wife and no other's. And if you loving him like that, you marry him, it will be sin. But you do not love him; do you, Eleanor?"

There was passion in his voice, there was a strange light in his eyes as he leaned forward; there was a quiver of repressed anger in his hands that grasped mine. And I—I was blind!

"No, I think I do not love him. I have for him only respect and esteem that might ripen into love. I know him to be worthy in every respect."

"That is not enough, be sure of it. Never

trust to mere regard for happiness. It is starting. But I am not giving you the calm advice you asked for. I am forgetting myself."

"Guardian, I shall not marry him."

"Do not let me go away feeling that my selfish influence has kept you from what might have made you happy. I said what I did, believing you did not love him, and knowing that then you would be miserable."

"But I had resolved what to do. So Willard Harvey had his answer. It is long ago that all this happened. He never married, and I think all he said that night was true. But his trouble made him gentle, instead of hardening him, and he was always tender and chivalrous to women, perhaps for the sake of one of them."

After a time it seemed to me my guardian changed. He was never less true and gentle, but he was often grave unto sadness; and one night, looking up suddenly at him in one of these moods, I caught his eyes full of a tender sadness.

"Oh! what is it?" I cried. "Tell me if you can, or if it is something I may not know, then be sure of my sympathy the same as if I knew what I gave it for."

"I cannot tell you now, but you must know it all too soon. You must have known there was something that was changing me?"

"Ah, yes! I have seen it all the while. It has troubled me in troubling you. It is not anything that I have done?"

"You! God bless you, no. It is because you are so true and good to me that this is harder to bear. No wonder you do not understand me; how should you? Eleanor, don't look at me so, or I shall forget myself and what I have to do. When you recall this night afterward, think of me at my best, not as of late."

I felt as he was going from me, that great trouble was hanging over me.

"Stay with me! only stay with me! Be indeed my guardian, as you always have been."

"Guardian! What a guardian I have been to you! I know you will not soon forget me; but think of me as leniently as you can. And—God in Heaven bless you, dearest Eleanor!"

One moment I was drawn to him; one kiss was on my mouth; then he put me down very tenderly, and was gone. Gone! The thought was so bitter that at first I could not accept it; I said over and over, in dreary repetition: "He has gone! he has gone!"

Early next morning came a letter from him. It was dated at midnight of the night before, and it said:

"Since I left you, Eleanor, I have been trying to frame the words that will tell you what you must know. I could not have greater punishment than to write you now these lines. I have ruined you! I speculated away all your higher left in my care in the vain hope of increasing it. Yet I meant it for the best; I try to believe that. It is to leave you now, but I cannot stay and see you whom I have so wronged. I shall never come back unless I can make you full reparation. In happier days I had hoped for the blessing of telling you how dearly I loved you, and perhaps hearing a return from you. But when this trouble came I said you should never know it from my lips. Pity me, who might have been so happy."

I have directed a friend to help you settle your affairs. He is an honest man, and will do all he can for you.

Farewell, Eleanor."

And was this the end of it all? Was I only to know his love with his loss? I never knew how much suffering I could endure till then. But I was young and strong, and the first shock over, I began to think of what to do. My aunt bore the announcement of our losses better than I had expected. With the help of Mr. Raymond—the friend my guardian had appointed—we obtained a clear settlement of our affairs. There was nothing to expect from the lost property. We sold our dear old house, took quiet lodgings, and I commenced giving lessons in music and drawing.

I write now of a time three years after my guardian left us. In those years we had done well. My scholars had increased so as to support us comfortably; many people had been kind to us, foremost among them Mr. Raymond. Of often and often my heart sank as I thought of him who was away, I tried to be as brave as he would have wished to have me.

One quiet afternoon Mr. Raymond came in. I saw by his face there was something for me to hear.

"I have news of your friend Mr. Anderson, Miss Warrenne."

"Tell me at once, if you please."

"He has come back. Do not be alarmed, but he is ill. He sent that word to me on his arrival. When I went, I found him in a brain fever. He is dangerously ill, but there is hope. Indeed, I would not deceive you, even to quiet you."

And then—for I thought every moment lost that we were not near him—he took Aunt Lucy and me to his own house, whither he had carried him at first. All the care that he could take of him we did. I pass over the detail of dreadful days, in which we could not tell if he would see the morning's sun. But God was very good to us, and spared him to our prayers. The first time he was conscious I was sitting by him—Aunt Lucy had left the room a moment.

"Eleanor, is it really you?"

I leaned toward him.

"It is all like a dream. I can realize nothing but the happiness of seeing you again, my Eleanor, my darling!"

"I have been with you in all your sickness, though you could not know me. I will never leave you again."

"You forgive me? You love me then?"

"How dearly my whole life shall show."

After that his recovery was rapid. It was spring time when this came to pass. We were married the next summer, and my life has been summer ever since.

The Charleston Mercury correspondent at New Orleans states that "when the Yankee officers landed, five Sicilians, who cheered them, were shot down by the crowd. All who showed any signs of favor were knocked down and shot." The feeling was intense. "All the cotton was burned, and all the tobacco, except that claimed by the French government. The sugar and molasses remains in the city, as private property, in immense quantities."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1862.

WATERVILLE, MAY 22, 1862.

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.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAYNARD & VINE," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

"SAVE OR WE PERISH!" would be the cry, if trees could talk, of the pretty but hungry little trees on Town Hall Common. They are in a lean soil, and their roots can't penetrate the ledge that underlies them. In a few years we shall wonder what killed them, and every body will be ashamed to admit that they were starved to death. We know that a few charitable persons have from time to time thrown a few chips at their roots, from which they got about as much nourishment as the donor would from a breakfast of "broth the eggs were boiled in,"—but thrifty trees, such as our children will count a blessing when we are gone, can never be had at this cheap rate. Let these have at least the value of the grass that annually grows around them. Most of them were set there by the charity of individuals, and it would seem no great stretch of liberality for the town to bestow upon them a little care. The smaller ones only live at Dr. Watts's "poor dying rate," and it is much easier to restore them to vigor than to fill their places. We could almost wish the Common was the property of the Corporation, just to see how quickly his Honor the Supervisor would "put a new nap on it." Individuals have done nobly in adorning our village with trees, and the contrast thus presented with those on the Common, only shows the more neglect. For more than twenty-five years continued but puny efforts have been made to get a thrifty clump of trees on this little half acre; during which time trees in other places, that have been well cared for, have grown to be giants compared with most of these. Is it not time that a well conducted effort should be made to effect this object? It is too late to set trees this Spring, but just the right time to take care of those already set, while the ground can be put in condition to receive trees in the Fall.

THE PRINTER.—In the U. S. Senate, recently, announcing the death of Hon. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Sumner paid the following compliment to the "Art Preservative of Arts." After stating that in his early years the deceased worked as a printer, Mr. Sumner said:

"From school he followed the example of Franklin, and became a printer. There is no calling not professional, which to an intelligent mind affords better opportunities of culture. The daily duties of the young printer are daily lessons. The printing office is a school, and he is a scholar in it. As he sets types he studies and becomes familiar at least with language and the mystery of grammar, orthography and punctuation, which, in early education, is much. And, if he reads proof, he becomes a critic. At the age of twenty-two our young printer changed to a student of law, and in 1848 was admitted to the bar."

In the House, Judge Thomas was equally complimentary, saying—

"At the age of sixteen he began to learn the art of printing. We need but glance at our history, or look around us at either end of the Capitol, to learn that as printing is the most encyclopedic of arts, so the printing office is among the best places of instruction. In diffusing knowledge, the pupil acquires it, and in preparing the instruments for educating others, educates himself. I have reversed the art from my forefathers, as Paul would have said, and mine, therefore, may be a partial judgment; but some of the best educated men it has been my pleasure to know, received their degrees at the printer's college."

The Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, uncle of the recent Vice President, in his late letter replying to an invitation from Philadelphia to deliver an address on the conspiracy, expresses the conscientious gratitude of the Union people of the South to the freemen of the North:

"You, brethren, are accustomed to feel that the ardent and intrepid co-operation of loyal men in the slave States has been a mighty help to you in the work thus far accomplished; nor are you mistaken in this. But, on the other hand, you must never forget, for an instant, that it was the heroic loyalty of the free States that saved the nation. Kentucky would this day be a desolation but for the 100,000 Northern men who came to the aid of our 30,000 or 40,000 soldiers, ready to perish before an overpowering host of traitors. The safety of the nation is weakened by every conception that there was any human power but the heroism of the North that could have averted the fate prepared for it by a revolt such as no nation ever before experienced."

THE BIGGEST OF ALL.—Mr. A. P. Parsons, who does a large business in hen fruit, gives us the dimensions of an egg laid by a hen owned by Nathaniel Watson, of Harmony, which exceeds anything we ever heard of before. Its circumference the longest way was 8½ inches, and 7 inches the shortest. It was 3½ inches long, and weighed 4½ ounces. Will Moses please take notice and dry up.

PROLIFIC.—A sheep in the flock of Mr. E. G. Sawtelle, of Sidney, recently gave birth to a fine lamb on Monday, and on the following Thursday to two more—all alive, large and smart.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The damage to Foote's fleet, in the recent conflict was greater than at first supposed, and the rebels boast loudly of being able to command the river. They were even impudent enough to demand a surrender. The damages are being repaired, and the fleet will be immediately reinforced, so that in the event of another battle the rebels may fare worse than they did before.

Gen. Curtis is moving towards the capital of Arkansas, to the great alarm of the rebels, but his ultimate destination is said to be Memphis.

Gen. Sigel and staff have joined Halleck's army. We get but little from this force, for the General in command not content with excluding fugitive slaves from his lines, has since banished all correspondents. Many deserters, it is said, come in from Beauregard's army and take the oath of allegiance. Whole regiments are represented to be in a mutinous state. No one pretends to fix the date of the great battle yet to come off at this point.

Rogersville, a post village in Lauderdale county, Northern Alabama, has been captured by Union forces under direction of Gen. Mitchell. It is considered an important acquisition.

The Nashville has again run the blockade, bringing in a valuable cargo of arms, &c., and taking out a load of cotton.

Pensacola was evacuated on the 12th inst. On the morning of that day the batteries of Santa Rosa Island, together with the fleet, commenced shelling the works, but no response was made. After a short but vigorous cannonade, a flag of truce was sent ashore to discover the cause. No enemy whatever was found. The Federal troops were to take possession the following day. No mention is made of the direction taken by the rebels.

The "nigger" has been and gone and done another daring thing—one of the boldest achievements of the whole war. Recently, Robert Small, pilot, John Small and Alfred Goodwin, engineers of the rebel steamer Planter, in use by Gen. Ripley, commanding at Charleston, with six other colored men, boldly got up steam just before day break, took on board five women and their children, and steamed out of Charleston, directly past Fort Sumter, giving the usual signal, and made for the blockading fleet, which they reached in safety, with white flag flying. They brought away not only the steamer, but four fine guns which were on board—one of them a hundred pounder Parrott. Robert said he was captain pro tem, and that they had been planning this escape for some weeks. He is evidently quite a hero, and with the rest deserves a handsome reward. The boat is of light draft, and will carry 1400 bales of cotton.

To bring the sulky citizens of Norfolk to their senses, Gen. Wool recently informed them that, until he had assurance of their perfect loyalty, matters with them should remain in the condition in which their rebel friends left them. An undoubted loyalty would be the only security their community could give which would relieve it from the disabilities that rebellion has engrained on it. The authorities took time to consult the people on the matter.

Our forces have taken possession of Suffolk. Gen. Geary's command, although threatened by large forces of guerrilla cavalry, passed the Manassas Gap railroad into complete running order to Front Royal, and has guarded thirty-two miles of the mountain passes for five weeks past, and reconstructed all the destroyed bridges. They were attacked by and had almost daily skirmishes, for twelve successive days, with bodies of rebel cavalry, whose object was to obstruct the road. The rebel guerrillas, who have attempted to murder our men by stealthily creeping up to them at night under cover of the darkness, have all been driven from that section of the country.

The necessary repairs required by his fleet are quoted as the cause of Com. Farragut's delay in coming up the Mississippi to the relief of the expectant Unionists in Memphis. The enemy has works at Baton Rouge, Natchez and Vicksburg, which would have to be reduced or passed before the gunboats could reach Memphis. It will not be a great while, however, before Farragut is again heard from.

The secessionists in Central Missouri are reported to be quietly settling down to the care of their farms, convinced that the cause of the rebellion is hopeless. A good many of Price's returned soldiers are pursuing the same course.

Martial law has been proclaimed over Charleston and ten miles surrounding.

The work of arresting prominent obdurate traitors has been commenced in Tennessee, which will no doubt have a good effect.

It accounts from North Carolina are to be relied on, the Union cause is progressing finely in that State. It is said that Governor Clark declines to furnish any more troops for the Confederate army and will order those now in service to return home.

The rebels are violently active in the Northwestern part of Virginia. Several towns have recently been visited by roving bands, and the Union men harassed. Our forces will no doubt be increased in that section immediately.

The gunboat expedition up the James River met with no serious opposition until within about eight miles of Richmond, when the fleet was temporarily repulsed at Fort Darling, which is situated on a high bluff. The guns

of the Fort are 200 feet above the water, and this gave the land battery an advantage both ways—the enemy's shot came at such an angle that the Galena was easily penetrated, while it was difficult to train the guns of the fleet to bear upon the Fort. The Galena was considerably damaged, the Naugatuck burst her big gun, but the Monitor was unharmed. The fleet retired but with additional vessels the attack has probably been renewed. Several of the enemy's batteries have already been secured by our forces, and great consternation prevails at Richmond in view of the near approach of our fleet.

McClellan's army is pushing slowly on towards Richmond. An expedition up the Pamunkey river recently forced the rebels to destroy more than twenty vessels including two steamers. Gen. Stoneman was at Coal Harbor on the 19th, where he found the enemy in force. Everything indicates a stout defense of Richmond by the rebels, and Jeff Davis says, that Virginia is not to be abandoned in any event; for even if Richmond should fall, he could then fight twenty years without leaving the State.

GEN. HUNTER AND THE PRESIDENT.—Gen. Hunter, of the military department of the South, consisting of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, issued a general order dated May 9, declaring all slaves in his department free. Considerable discussion has followed, in regard to the course of the president, in which the press and its correspondents have given their usual variety of views. On the 19th the president issued a brief proclamation, disclaiming any knowledge of Gen. Hunter's measure till he saw it in the papers, declaring it void, and asserting his intention to withhold from all commanders in the field the power to enact such measure. After referring to the resolution adopted by both Houses of Congress, at his suggestion, declaring that "the United States ought to co-operate with any State for a gradual abolition of slavery," the President closes with this eloquent appeal—

"To the people of these States I now earnestly appeal. I do not argue—I beseech you to make the argument for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproach upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come as gently as the dews of heaven, not tending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it?—So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time as, in the providence of God, it is your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it."

We can hardly doubt that an almost universal "amen!" will be the response of the people to the president;—and this, too, without any marked censure of Gen. Hunter. It is but the choice of two ways of effecting the same object; the plan of Gen. Hunter seems too radical, and even rash, to meet the views of a majority, while that of the president is equally sure, and apparently more quiet and safe.

PORTSMOUTH AND NORFOLK.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who accompanied the expedition to these two places, says:

How different our reception in the two places! In Norfolk scowling brows and bitter looks were the general greeting, or barred doors and closed shutters and solitude and gloom. The negroes appeared almost the only Unionists in the city, and their faces alone were joyous and their words those of welcome. But in Portsmouth the population, male and female, young and old, white and black, appeared to vie with one another which should most cordially greet us. Women stopped the advancing column that they might kiss the "old flag" which so long had been hidden from their vision, gray haired men wept as they blessed us, and children shouted their noisy welcome, while the slaves were fairly beside themselves with joy, and could only cry aloud, "bless God for this day!"

THE PRESIDENT.—Abraham Lincoln has probably been rising in public estimation ever since his election; and his recent visit to Fortress Monroe brought him in contact with many of the soldiers upon whom he appears to have made an excellent impression. A correspondent of the Journal remarks incidentally—

No General to day is more popular with the soldiers than that plain, homely, gaunt man who has walked unostentatiously among them, towering like King Saul above all those about him, and equally eminent for his humanity, foresight, good sense and even military skill. He is our Providential man—the Moses of our Israel. Said a soldier of the 10th New York Regiment to me last evening, "Our boys who could vote most all voted against Ab. Lincoln for President, but next time we are all for him. He is a man and a soldier if he don't wear an officer's coat." A better testimony yet is the voice I hear to day from the hospitals at Fortress Monroe, where he visited the sick and wounded, whether from loyal or rebel States (for he is the President of the whole country,) and spoke a kind and feeling word to each sufferer, so that they murmured from their beds of pain, "God bless the President."

GUERRILLA WARFARE IN TENNESSEE.—Gov. Johnson has taken effective measures to put down the guerrilla bands of that State. He has issued a proclamation declaring that—

"In every instance in which a Union man is arrested and maltreated by the marauding bands aforesaid, five or more rebels, from the most prominent in the immediate neighborhood, shall be arrested, imprisoned and otherwise dealt with as the nature of the case may require; and further, in all cases where the

property of citizens loyal to the government of the United States is taken or destroyed, full and ample remuneration shall be made to them out of the property of such rebels in the vicinity as have sympathized with, and given aid, comfort, information or encouragement to the parties committing such depredations."

THE FISHWAY, &c.—The Fishway at the Augusta Dam is now open for the passage of the fish, and friend Crosby feels confident that it will prove tolerably efficient, but if it does not the Wardens say it shall be made so.—Mr. Crosby will devote a good deal of time and labor this Spring to the planting of fish in the ponds and streams above, and we hope he will receive the aid and co-operation of every good citizen. That there will eventually be a return for all this labor of his, to the great benefit of this community, is just as certain as that harvest follows seed time in agricultural operations. We are sorry the Governor and council, in their wisdom, did not see fit to appoint Mr. Crosby as one of the Wardens, but they did the next best thing—they re-appointed Mr. Moses Bliss, who has proved a faithful and efficient officer, thus far, and who will no doubt continue to look after the interests of the people of the Kennebec bound up in this great fish enterprise.

The Farmer states that the Scientific Survey has already entered upon field labor. It is intended to explore the wild lands in the North and West portions of the State. Prof. Hitchcock will afterward visit Moosehead Lake, and then visit some of the important localities in other parts of the State. Mr. Goodale will accompany him.

Congress has established a department of agriculture, with a commissioner's salary of three thousand dollars. It is separate and distinct from any other department, exclusively devoted to the interests of agriculture. The commissioner is required to report to the President and Congress.

WARM WEATHER.—Within a few days the mercury in the thermometer has climbed almost into the nineties. We are having a very favorable season for planting and sowing, and the farmers hereabouts are busily improving it.

A bill has passed both Houses of Congress, making provision for the education of the colored children of the District of Columbia.

The French army is said to be marching on the city of Mexico, and meets with little opposition.

Our trees are yet with us, and they do not seem inclined to leave.—*Aroostook Times.*

Ours are all left—thanks to good care! Your season is a wful late, away up there.

WHISKEY FOR THE SOLDIERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from the Peninsula, says of the whiskey sold by the sutlers:—

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine who is fanatically devoted to the collection of such things, I gathered some specimens of the reptiles which abound in the swamps below the Warwick. In place of alcohol, which could not be procured, I attempted to preserve them in whiskey purchased of a sutler. A week in the whiskey bottle has deprived three of my best lizards of their tails, and made painful apparent inroads upon the beauty of the venomous little snake who was its first victim. The remains of my collection are at the service of any temperance lecturer who happens to be in want of a "Horrid Example."

CURCULIO.—Oil of pennyroyal, mixed with any common oil, to prevent too rapid evaporation, rubbed liberally on the branches of the tree just before the blossom drops and the fruit commences to form, will thoroughly destroy or drive away the curculio, says a correspondent of the Boston Journal.

WELL ENOUGH.—The Clarion man says the way he edits his paper is to "make a note of passing events and let the leaders go to the devil." That's a good way, if his patrons are mostly there—and probably his "leaders" had rather carry his "note" than to "take the body." His leaders are well qualified to go that way.

NOW'S THE TIME, farmers, if you have not yet done it—no, we had forgotten that other work is too driving to stop for it just now; but remember that the first leisure you have will be well employed in giving your orchard a liberal mulching. It ought to be in service before the beginning of the usual dry weather in May, while the trees are in blossom,—but it is too late for that, this year.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.—Considerable excitement exists in view of threatened forcible intervention in our affairs by the Powers of Europe. Distress in the mercantile and manufacturing communities, which affects all classes more or less, is said to be at the bottom of this project, combined with a feeling of hatred for liberal institutions on the part of the governing class in England. It is difficult to see how matters are to be bettered by any such intermeddling.

GOOD THINGS FROM THE GRANITE STATE.—Mr. J. C. Wadleigh, of the Mt. Washington Nursery, has just paid us a visit, and in very many of the gardens in our village his cards will be found attached to newly set trees and shrubs full of promise for the future—apples, pears, cherries, plums, grapes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, &c. Many of our ladies, too, are rejoicing over rare specimens of plants and flowers, from the same source. Friend Wadleigh deserves to be a happy man, for he goes about doing good and scatters beauty every where.

Our first donation of asparagus is from the garden of "Poor Chip," who keeps the cheap grocery store down town.

LATEST.—Our forces are now at Bottom Bridge, within eight miles of Richmond, with a prospect of warm work soon.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.—Lieut. J. J. Robinson, of this city, Quartermaster of the 11th regiment, writes that the two ladies accompanying the regiment as nurses, Mrs. Smiley of Walsboro', and Miss Mary Chamberlain, are rendering themselves eminently useful by their gentle attentions to the sick and wounded soldiers. The life they live is one of hardship to them, but a blessing to those whose suffering they seek to relieve.—[Banner.]

