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Devoted to News, Literature, Local Intelligence and the Union.

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DAVID HALE, Editor.
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There is a story that an Indian Chief, named Chocorua, was killed by some early settlers, upon the mountain which bears his name; and dying, he cursed the region round about, and even to this day the cattle are sickly and the crops blighted. I know not how it may be, I only tell it as 'twas told to me.

For the Bridgton Sentinel
CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

BY G. M. BODGE.

The clouds that fringe the western sky
Are fretted round with burning gold;
And in the twilight, pale and cold,
Dim shadows o'er the mountain fly.

And now, the last bright beams of day
Along the waving woods retreat,
And solemnly, and slowly, meet
On thy lone top Chocorua.

'Tis said, that oft, when twilight falls
Across thy gray and gloomy height,
And evening deepens into night;
A lone voice from thy summit calls.

And stranger still, those ghostly cries
Are never echoed back again,
But faint and far along the plain,
A low moan speaks itself, and dies.

The careful housewife shuts the door;
The children gather round the fire,
And pile the crackling faggots higher,
And tell the strange tale o'er and o'er.

And lovers, lingering at the gate,
Part quickly, as that weird voice calls;
And o'er their hearts a shadow falls,
As, sighing oft, they separate.

The old folk oft the tale rehearse,
How the great chieftain foully fell
Far up the silent mountain dell;
And dying, breathed his blighting curse.

"Cursed be this region evermore!
The sickly flock shall pine and die,
A blight o'er all the harvest lie;
Cursed be the white man's stock and store!"

And so on each succeeding year,
The farmer reaps his blighted crop,
And sees his sickly herding drop;
Yet, carries still in hope, and fear.

But how'er true the tale may be;
In these late days of common-sense,
We doubt all will and strange events;
And gird on cool Philosophy.

But still 'tis sweet, when memory cleaves
With airy wings the olden time,
To have my muse in happy rhyme
Tip into verse what fancy weaves.

So, Waterford, Jan. 1864.

NEARNESS TO CHRIST.

FROM THE SERMON OF NOVALIS.

All the charms of earthly pleasure,
Can not draw my heart from Thee—
I would ask no richer treasure,
Than Thy love bestowed on me.

Every blessing sent from heaven,
Is to me but as the ring
Which Thou to Thy Bride has given,
In remembrance of her King.

Shall the ring of love, the token,
Dare: than the Bridegroom be,
No, the charm shall not be broken,
Which has bound my heart to Thee.

BIG AND LITTLE.—One day a farmer, driving along in his wagon, stopped and took in a poor little boy. The boy seemed much pleased. But soon he seemed filled with wonder. He would look for a while at the little front wheel, and then at the big hind wheel. The farmer couldn't think why he kept looking and laughing, till, at length, driving his horse quite fast, the boy, forgetting himself, burst out in a fit of laughter, and spoke to the little front wheel, "Go it, little wheel, big wheel can't catch you."

The Pine-Tree Shilling.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain.—These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket balls were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers: so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings and sixpences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of twenty, to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon all the silver in the colony was melted down, and the result was a battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greatest part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English bucaners (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and strong box was overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and as he worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to seat himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, come courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means as slender as some young ladies of the present day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pie, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and as plump as a pudding. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a mem-

ber of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat sixpences, and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair, and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow them to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids, and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing tea, bell-commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound oak chest: it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other.—Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion.—Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her, for it is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

The children laughed heartily at the legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portion now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

Village Wedding in Sweden.

I endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be summer time, that there may be flowers; and in a Southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark, and of chauticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead and a garland of corn flowers about his neck. Friends from the neighboring farm come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his blue jacket, comes from his chamber; and then to horse, and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two grooms, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them, perhaps, with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, laden with flowers and ribbons and evergreens.

As the procession approaches, the arch's fire a salute, and the whole procession stops, and straight from every pocket flies a black-jack filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again and at length draw near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and ask for hospitality.

"How many are you?" asks the bride's father.

"At least three hundred," is the answer, and to this the last replies:

"Yes, were you seven times as many you should all be welcome, and in token thereof receive this cup."

Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company come streaming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall stands the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a girded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair, and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. "Oh, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! thou art poor, the very ornaments thou wearest are not thine: the blessings of heaven upon thee!" So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of the bride and bridegroom, saying in a deep and solemn voice: "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which thou two may possess, or may inherit, all the rights which Uhland's laws provide and the holy king gives."

And the dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman deliv-

ers an oration, after the ancient custom of the fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Savior to be present, as at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance commences. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn minute together. Not until midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a circle round the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After a long struggle they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her bridal chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.—LONGFELLOW.

THE DEVIL'S COFFEE MILL.—Did you ever see one of the devil's coffee mills? Well, I saw ten of them to-day, like the immemorial black-birds, "all in a row." I refer, of course, to the "Union repeating gun," invented by a man who once hailed from Illinois, but now dates from Dixie; an implement that might do tremendous execution in skirmishing were it not as liable to get out of order as a lady's watch. Imagine a big

wheel, and swung easily upon an arc of a circle by a lever under the gunner's left arm, so as to sweep the rascals like a broom. Imagine a coffee-mill hopper where the lock ought to be, and crank to match. Then, here is a little copper box fitting to the hopper. You fill it with a dozen or twenty cartridges, clap it into the hopper, and the thing is ready for business. The gunner seats himself comfortably behind the gun, elevates or depresses it with a touch, and takes sight. Before his face, and attached to the gun-barrel is a steel shield about the shape of an over-grown shovel, and inclined a little toward the miller, so that a shot aimed affectionately at his head glances up and flies harmlessly away. Through the centre of this shield is a narrow slit—a la monitor turret—which enables him to take sight. Now all things ready, the diabolical grit of bullets in the hopper, the gunner—if he is a gunner—with the rudder under his left arm turns the crank with his right hand, and the play begins. I saw one of them work; it was tick, tick, sixty to the minute, as fast as you could think; no brisk little French c'ock ever beat faster. When the barrel gets hot there is another in the chest; when the grists are all out and the battle over, you pack the whole affair in a sort of travelling trunk, slip in a pair of shafts with a horse behind them in a twinkling, and trundle it off as lightly as the cart of a Bowery butcher boy. But soldiers do not like it. Even if it were not liable to derangement, it is so foreign to the old, familiar action of battle—that sitting behind a steel "blinder" and turning a crank—that enthusiasm dies out; there is no full play to the pulses; it does not seem like soldiers work.—*Chattanooga Letter.*

—The effect of narcotic poisons seems to be destroyed by pouring cold water on the face and head. A girl, accidentally poisoned in England with mandarin, had all the usual remedies administered without effect: when cold water was applied, however, she breathed more easily and bled from the nose. The treatment with water being suspended she relapsed into coma; being resumed she again rallied, and in sixty hours was completely recovered.

ANALYSIS OF MR LINCOLN'S CHARACTER.

The Rev. Henry Fowler of Auburn, New York, in a Thanksgiving sermon delivered at that place, thus spoke of the President:

"The explanation for every act is this: He executes the will of the people. He represents a controlling majority. If he be slow, it is because the people are slow. If he has done a foolish act, it was the stupidity of the people which impelled it. His wisdom consists in carrying out the good sense of the nation. His growth in political knowledge, his steady movement toward emancipation, are but the growth and movement of the national mind. Indeed in character and culture he is a fair representative of the average American. His awkward speech and, and yet more awkward silence, his uncouth manners, his grammar, self-taught, and partly forgotten, his style miscellaneous, concentered from the best authors, like a reading book, and oftentimes of Saxon force and classic purity; his humor an argument, and his logic a joke, both unseasonable at times, and irresistible always; his question answers, and answers question; his guesses prophecies, and fulfillment ever beyond his promise; honest yet shrewd, simple yet reticent; heavy and yet energetic, never despairing, and never sanguine; careless in forms, conscientious in essentials; never sacrificing a good servant once trusted, never deserting a good principle once adopted; not afraid of new ideas, not despising old ones; improving opportunities to confess mistakes, ready to learn, getting at facts, doing nothing when he knows not what

sees right; lacking the recognized qualifications of a party leader, and and yet leading his party as no other man can; sustaining his political enemies in Missouri to their defeat, sustaining his political friends in Maryland to their victory; conservative in his sympathies and radical in his acts; Socratic in his style and Baconian in his method; his religion consisting in truthfulness, temperance, asking good people to pray for him, and publicly acknowledging in events the hand of God; he stands before you as the type of "Brother Jonathan," a not perfect man, and yet more precious than fine gold."

A RATTLE SONG.

The effect of a stirring song or tune is often electrical. The western armies have one of this character called "The Battle Cry of Freedom," which is described in one of our exchanges as of most potent effect:

"In Grant's army it only needs to be started to be caught up from camp to camp, till it spreads for miles over the whole army. By order of a general commanding one division of the Army of the Cumberland, the colonel of each regiment is directed to start the "Battle Cry" whenever the army goes into action, and the effect of thousands of voices united upon the chorus:

The Union forever, hurrah! boy, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

is described as awakening a frenzied enthusiasm perfectly indescribable.

It is evident from its effect that this is one of the few songs not written "to order," but written because the author could not help it. The great number of thrilling circumstances under which this song has been sung in the army, added to its popularity. When Gen. Blair's Brigade, that led the assault upon Vicksburg last fall, after being buried again and again upon the enemy's fortifications only to see each time a ghastly proportion of their numbers go down in death, were at last ordered to retire, the brave fellows closed up their shattered battalions, and came out of the smoke of that terrible carnage singing:

'Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!'

We are not surprised that the remembrance of that scene drew tears from the officer who described it to us. And when, after months of hardship, assault and battle, these same troops ran up the Stars and Stripes over this same rebel stronghold, Gen. McPherson and staff, on the cupola of the courthouse, fittingly started the same song, and we can imagine with what a will it was sung by Grant's entire army."

LETTER FROM AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 13th, 1864. A Telegram was received from Washington yesterday relative to the departure of the new military organizations in this state. The two regiments of infantry (29th and 30th,) and the 2d Me. Cavalry are ordered to report to Gen. Banks at New Orleans.

The Battery (7th Me.) is to be ordered to Washington, to report to Gen. Barry, Chief of Artillery.

They will probably leave as soon as they can be got ready, which will probably be in the course of two or three weeks; not sooner I think. The regiments are now mostly full—the cavalry quite so. Recruiting is going on rapidly; and will not be likely to flag this month as an order has been received from Washington, continuing the Bounties as prior to Jan. 5th; and recommending to keep up the enthusiasm for recruiting. Enlisting is going on quite rapidly for "Baker's D. C. Cavalry,"—Captain Cloudman, who is recruiting for that regiment says "there is no trouble at all about getting recruits." "Everything goes on just as smooth."

A member of one of our old regiments commenced recruiting for D. C. Cavalry a few days ago, and has already enlisted about fifty men.

There has been quite a rush of recruits for the "Heavy Artillery" (18th Me.) who have been doing Garrison duty ever since their organization. It has been so popular with the volunteers that it has been filled to overflowing, and an order has been issued to recruiting officers and Pro. Marshals to receive no more men for that regiment.

The city is completely full, and travelers are daily arriving who can hardly find a place to sleep for the night. In fact some soldiers returning from the army after trying in vain to get accommodated at the hotels, or elsewhere, have presented themselves at the jail and received lodgings and breakfast.

Owing to the rush of travel here, board is very high, ranging from six to sixteen dollars per week.

Livery stables keepers are making money at a great rate. Out of the-moulded volunteers! charging them—the sporting ones—\$15 per day for a "team."

The legislature is very quiet; but may be expected to "act" at any moment.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times regrets that England is likely to be behind the age in the science of gunnery, and to remain stationary while other nations, and especially the United States, advance in the improvement of guns to a point of which no one dreamed a few years ago. He believes that there may be errors in English opinion, and hopes that England will not be bullied into a fancied security, and live in a fool's paradise, because she has lavished millions upon the Armstrong gun. In our struggle he finds a war more pregnant with instructions to military engineers and artillerymen than any that has ever occurred before it. 'More shells,' he has heard, 'were discharged in the single battle of Gettysburg, than were employed in all the battles that Napoleon ever fought.' He believes, also, that what has been done here in siege practice and in combats with armored vessels will, upon proper comparison, be little all that the English know upon these subjects; and he is astonished that England refuses to be thus taught by our practical lessons.

We would particularly direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Cue's Cough Balsam, in another column of our paper. The preparation emanates from one of our most respectable Eastern Drug Houses, and is guaranteed by them to be the most effectual and speedy remedy for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Colds, Asthma, and Sore Throat, that has ever been offered to the public. Unlike most other remedies, it does not dry up a Cough, but loosens it, and by causing the patient to expectorate freely, completely clears it away. For children who are troubled with croup, it is invaluable, completely destroying the fearful destroyer, as soon as taken. We consider it the duty of every mother to provide herself with a bottle, if she values the health of her children, and every family to make it a necessity in their household. It can be had of any Druggist. Price 25

Bridgton Sentinel.

BRIDGTON, Saturday, Jan. 23d, 1864.

PUBLIC DEBTS.

Before the present war commenced the opinion was almost universally prevalent that debts were a great evil to nations, and that their effect was analogous to that of the debts of individuals, leading to continued embarrassment. But recently the people of the United States have seen a debt accumulate in a short period whose proportions would have startled the most sanguine believers in our national resources in the days that preceded the present outbreak. Not only has the general government assumed vast responsibilities, but each state and almost every city and town has pledged its credit to obtain the means required for the exigency. And yet we have seen that the confidence of the people in the strength and stability of the government has increased almost in proportion to the burdens that have been cast upon it. At the commencement of the year 1861 when the national debt was a trifle, there was a general apprehension that the government would sink in ruin, and foreign nations considered its destruction already accomplished, and its securities were depressed, but in 1864 since the accumulation of the present debts its overthrow is acknowledged to be impossible and United States bonds have become the favorite investment of capitalists. A tide of prosperity such as was never before known at the North has set in, and the cry of public ruin attempted to be raised by the leaders of a hostile faction falls dead and cold on the ear of the people. Indeed it is certain that wealth never increased so fast, and all those parts of the country not suffering from the ravages of war are greatly richer than before the struggle commenced. The war has developed vast energies among the people. It has called up heroic feelings which have to a great extent displaced the mean and sordid sentiments that had to too great an extent prevailed. This has reacted on the industrial interests of the country. Business is carried on in a spirit of higher enterprise. Every Merchant, Farmer and Mechanic is striving to enlarge his operations and improve his condition, for the most part with gratifying success. The whole face of the country is assuming a more cultivated and prosperous appearance. To the impulse given to the sublime passions of the mind, our present material prosperity is in a great measure due, but it is still true that the public debt has not embarrassed us, but has added in the result. A nation's wealth consists in its lands, its manufactures, the products of the soil, herds of cattle, ships, internal improvements and more than all the industries of its free and intelligent citizens, so long as these are intact, national bankruptcy is impossible. If a government owes its own subjects it has a claim upon all the property of all its property of all its citizens to meet its indebtedness, and its transfer from one to another does not decrease its value. The tendency of the present expenditures is to change a portion of the property of the country from the hands of capitalists to a class who have heretofore been dependent on their manual labor for support. It suppresses the snobbishness of a would be aristocracy, by bringing foremost a large number of men depending on their own merits for their distinction. It binds the interest of the people to the government by means of the securities scattered every where among them, which depend upon its stability for their value. The only real loss which the loyal states suffer from the present struggle is the labor of its citizens, who are drawn away from civil pursuits, and the material that is used in its prosecution; and this is compensated a hundred by times the increased enterprise and energy that has been developed.

COURT. A large number of the citizens of the town assembled at the Temperance Hall, on Saturday last, to hear the trial of a case between S. G. Chadborn, stage proprietor, and C. E. Gibbs, Factory agent. The action was Trover. The matter in dispute, a blanket. Both parties professed perfect indifference to the value of the property. They contended for a principle. The legal profession will hail this case as an indication that the happy days are returning when men applied promptly to the established tribunals for the redress of their grievances. Case was decided in favor of Gibbs, Defendant. Plaintiff appealed.

N. S. Littlefield, for Plaintiff. S. M. Harmon, for Defendant.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Letter from W. H. F. was unavoidably crowded out. Shall appear next week.

"Jonathan." Respectfully declined.

"A Leap Year Courtship." Next week.

—Rev. Mr. Hawes of Waterville has gone to labor with the Army of the Potomac. Rev. Mr. Whittlesey will supply his pulpit during his absence.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

The court martial is a modern institution. When, to the almost absolute and unlimited power of the feudal Chieftain over those retainers in arms who might offend against the rude military code of Medieval times, had succeeded a period of laxity in military discipline, so far at least as that discipline depended upon any fixed law; when if a soldier of the English army knocked down his captain he could only be tried and fined for assault and battery, or if he deserted might be tried and fined for breach of his contract with the government, then it became apparent that the civil code was not adapted to the punishment of military offences, or sufficient to enforce military discipline. Martial law, and courts martial to enforce it, were the consequence.

With the construction of a court martial, and the war of conducting business in such a tribunal, all may not be familiar. The court is composed of a president, judge advocate, and a considerable number of officers, ordinarily about a dozen, all of whom must be senior in rank to the offender to be tried. The president performs in general the duties of a presiding officer. The judge advocate prepares the charges and specifications, and conducts the case, acting both for the government and the prisoner. If however, the prisoner assumes his own defence, the judge advocate is absolved from acting as his council, and conducts the case in behalf of the government only. Witnesses are interrogated by the judge advocate, and by any member of the court who wishes. The same rules of evidence are followed as in civil suits, Law questions are settled by vote. When the case comes to a decision, the prisoner and all spectators are excluded, and the court proceeds to vote upon the points submitted. Sentence is passed by a majority vote in all cases wherein the punishment is not capital, but a two thirds vote is necessary to inflict death. After sentence is passed, the whole proceedings are submitted for inspection to the Judge Advocate General. If any flaw in the proceedings appears, the prisoner is discharged and cannot again be tried for the same offence. The same result follows when in cases not capital, the court comes to a tie vote, and so cannot pass sentence. If the proceedings are found correct in all points, the sentence is submitted to the President for his approval, disapproval, or modification. This large prerogative is now exercised in a way worthy of the head and extreme cases, he is inexorable, he yet in general leans much to the side of mercy. The instances in which the death penalty is inflicted are comparatively very few. Occasional executions take place, but from these one can form no idea of the numbers upon whom military law visits that sentence most dreadful to the human heart. Neither the prisoner nor any one else, except such officers as are necessarily privy to it, knows the sentence of the court, until it has been passed upon by the President.

There are now sitting in this city six general court martials; four for the trial of enlisted men, two for the trial of officers. They hold sessions nearly every day. They have no power to adjourn more than three days, in any case. Yet so numerous are the cases for trial, that they often occur much faster than they are disposed of.

Last week was one of unusual interest at the metropolis. The lectures of Agassiz upon the glacial period, delivered at the Smithsonian, those of Gough at Dr. Sunderlands Church, and above all the proposed expulsion of Senator Davis, excited much interest. The Capitol had not for a long time previous been the scene of so much excitement as when the resolutions expelling the Senator from Kentucky, came up on Wednesday last.

Notwithstanding the modest charge of first class hotels, six dollars per day for board and room, with a "right smart" chance of small pox for nothing, the city is crowded with strangers. T. S. P.

P. S. Between my fault of manuscript, which I confess to be the worst possible, and the errors of the type-setter, some of my communications seem to have been unfortunate. For instance the second sentence of that dated Dec. 25 should have read thus: "Coming to us heralded by the chimes, crowned with the holly and mistletoe, chanting the carols of a thousand years and more; appealing to whatever generous impulses and kind sympathies link us with our fellow men, to whatever deep and tender affections unite us to kindred and bind us to home, Christmas may well be a welcome guest."

Charles Lamson, formerly of this town, commences this week, as one of the editors of the Manchester Union, a Democratic paper.

—We learn that there is quite an interest in the P. W. Baptist churches in Hollis and Lewiston.

Letter from the State Capital.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 19, 1864.

To the Editor of the Sentinel.

Much speculation is now going on in regard to the propriety of the State's answering the liabilities incurred by the towns, in the way of bounties to volunteers. The sums paid are very unequal, ranging all the way from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars. Now, if the State is to pay—the question is how much! Even handed justice cannot be meted out to all—by adopting either the minimum or maximum rate. What then? Shall the mean of the two extremes form the basis? If so, those towns where dollars outweigh patriotism get less—and on the other hand—where patriotism preponderates, more, than the amount actually paid. The wisdom of the retiring Chief Magistrate in persistently refusing to call the legislature together, is not very apparent in this, more than in the wide latitude given soldiers to enlist regardless of their own town's quotas. At present, however, there is a strong feeling to let the matter rest for awhile, not doubting but that at some future period, the General Government will provide a uniform system for reimbursing to all of the States, and that any action by the State or Nation at this time would be premature—as each have made heavy drafts already upon their credit. The most of the towns have made their loans payable in two or more years, and can well afford to wait, knowing that it was the last feather that did the mischief to the camel's back. In the election last week of State Treasurer, the representative from your District had one vote, but, as no paternal hand was near to sort, nor head to count, he was not declared elected. "Tall oaks from little acorns &c." Now indeed! like Moses the 2d—"he need not no introduction to the democracy of Maine." The investigation so far in the contested cases clearly indicate that it was the policy of the democratic party throughout the state last spring to get possession of the ballot boxes—so far as possible, and then with the aid of their "lobby horse,"—paying commutations by the town—and cheating at the polls, to carry the Fall elections—secure the legislature, have the troops called home—the mob spirit inaugurated in Maine as it was in New York. Deluded mortals! their favorite animal broke down long before the races commenced. Men wouldn't believe that exemption from military duty was the way to save the union—nor that northern were the proper guardians of freedom and free institutions. Now this same defeated party have another crotchet in their heads. It is this, that it is bad policy especially for the poor to be in debt—and as a great favor to this unfortunate class—they propose that several cities and towns in the state assess and collect the entire amount of their indebtedness the present year. The Board of Agriculture are to assemble to-morrow. Their sessions are always interesting,—particularly to farmers and mechanics—and made the occasion by them of many an annual visit to the Capitol. This afternoon the House Committee are in session on the Standish and Baldwin contested case—Wegcott or Lowell the sitting member. This promises to be a long trial. There are three cases more of the same sort to come before this committee.

The Committee on Education have been listening this afternoon to the arguments in favor of the petition of Bates College—late Maine State Seminary—asking aid from the State to the tune of \$10,000. It has been raining all day with strong wind.

ROLVIN.

LYCEUM. Exercises commenced by reading of the Paper by Mrs. Gibson. It was a very entertaining production, and listened to with close attention.

The merits of Gen. McClellan were then discussed. Nothing new was brought forward on either side. Question remains in statu quo.

NEWSPAPERS.—Is there any other class of workmen, asks the Gardiner Journal, but what are getting that rise on their labor alone, while publishers not only have the same claims to increased pay that other classes have, but they have to pay nearly double for stock? It is so, brother, and white men do not grumble at paying more for provisions and groceries than they did a year ago, yet will growl tremendously because newspaper proprietors, whose expenses are increased nearly one hundred per cent., put a slight advance on their subscription price, and even wealthy men stop their paper because of it. Bath Times.

A SEVERE ASSAULT AND THEIR COLORS TAKEN.—It is not often that we hear of a more chivalrous assault, and with such dyeing success, and so few killed, as has been made on Howe & Stevens' Family Dye Colors, and that by ladies, wholly unaccustomed to anything of the kind. Every lady in the county should continue the assault until those colors are found in every house. Sold by all druggists throughout the country.

IN AND AROUND THE "HUB."

Arris in Boston—Wheels and Runners fraternizing—Blue and Gold again—A Chat with Mrs. Partington—How the Old Lady looks—A rich Entertainment; and how I missed it, and how I cured my grief.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan., 15th, 1864. Mr. Editor.—Again I find myself in the Shadow of old Harvard, whose venerated walls are visible at a short distance, though the rapidly falling flakes, which, as I write, are giving unbounded joy to livery-stable keepers, Messrs. Boniface, and the fast owners of fast nags.

It was bitter cold when, last Tuesday morn, I left my warm quarters in the steamer Montreal, and threaded the sinuous streets of our modern Athens. Two Bridgton men accompanied me up in the boat—Mr. Wm. W. Cross, who took waters in his usual comfortable manner, and Mr. Cole, also from the Center, both of whom I parted with at the wharf, and continued my way "alone in my glory." It was between seven and eight o'clock, and the city was astir with teams and pedestrians. And here an old and somewhat ludicrous scene was presented, of people riding, some on wheels, and some on runners—the heavy rumbling of the former mingling with the merry sound of sleigh-bells—and dashing hither and thither promiscuously, and dodging each other scientifically, while the humble pedestrian was not only constantly made to feel that his feet stood on slippery places, but was reminded of the effect of getting between the upper and nether millstone, and was careful how he stemmed the currents and counter-currents of frosty-faced horses and their freight.

When I left these parts, six months ago, a fearful epidemic was raging, which the doctors pronounced the Draft. Now the city is restored to its pristine health, and dependent mothers and superannuated fathers are on a comfortable footing.—Again over the streets float the gay flags of recruiting officers; big posters meet the eye, urging men to enlist: and in squares and other prominent spots where recruiting tents have been established at various times during the war, you now see the same thing in the shape of snug little huts, made of rough boards and battered, and surmounted with the stars and stripes. On one of these recruiting buildings I noticed a mammoth poster, representing, in gay colors, a zouave, half as large as life, charging bayonet, while over his head was seen in large letters \$725 BOUNTY, and under his feet, in equally large characters, \$400 CASH IN HAND. Who couldn't charge under such circumstances? Yes, volunteers are once more pouring into the field; and wherever one goes he sees blue uniform, and gold lace, just from the shop, untarnished and bright.

Tuesday afternoon I enjoyed a pleasant chat with Mr. B. P. Shillaber, the famous Mrs. Partington, who like the lamented Thackeray, combines the varied qualities of humorist, poet, and lecturer. He is one of the most agreeable and companionable men I ever fell in with. No one would take him for a literary genius by his looks. He has an easy address, a cordial and hearty manner, that makes him seem "just like one of our own folks." He is tall and stout-built, has a genial countenance, but yet seems more like a sturdy farmer, or weather-beaten sea-captain, than what he really is. Strange to state, he is opposed to the use of a nom-de-plume. "I agree with you there," I said in response to his remark on this point, "but I can't see as you have any reason to regret the adoption of your pseudonym." "No, not in many respects," he replied; but I am heartily sick of the name of Partington. The fact is, I must make a mountebank of myself, if I wish to reap a golden harvest. When I lecture, the minute I arise to speak, the audience seems as if they expected to see the old lady herself, and they cannot wholly separate the two characters. Artemus Ward once wrote to me, that if I would go out West and wear an old lady's cap and spectacles when I lecture, I could carry the whole West by storm!

Late that same afternoon I called down at the Custom House, to see my brother contributor to the Transcript, Mr. M. F. Whittier, (Ethan Spike) but he had gone home to his boarding place, and as this was at the extreme south end of the city, I was obliged to defer that pleasure. And here I may remark, that on my way hither while in Portland, I spent a very pleasant half hour with another Transcript contributor, Mr. S. B. Beckett, author of "Heter." He said he had been long contemplating a visit to Bridgton to study the birds of our town, and embody the newest of his investigations in his ornithological work, upon which he has been sometime engaged, but which is still uncompleted.

Henry Ward Beecher was advertised to lecture at the Music Hall last night, said to be preceded by a concert on the big organ, all for fifty cents. So over I went in the first part of the afternoon, applied at the only place where tickets could be got, and was just in season to

see the last two tickets sold to a gentleman who entered a minute before I was much disappointed, to say the least, and so when evening came, I went into Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge Opera House, and assuaged my sorrow with a soothing application of bugle-cork and melody. C. O. S.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 19. A collision has occurred on the Cleveland & Erie Railroad, at Palmersville, 100 miles from Cleveland, between the night express and accommodation trains. Several lives were lost and a large number of persons wounded.

Second Dispatch.—The night express train from Buffalo stuck in the cut three miles east of Palmersville, and was run into by the accommodation train. Four cars were buried, five persons killed and a number injured.

The cause of the disaster was as follows.—Two men were detained to watch alternately for the approaching train, and collision occurred while one of them was relieving the other who had nearly perished from the cold.

Superintendent Nottingham, with relief train from Cleveland, has reached the spot.—The wounded are being cared for.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.

A terrible accident occurred on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad on Tuesday morning. A train of two passenger cars, crowded full, containing in all 140 persons, among whom were several members of the Legislature, started from St. Joseph, and at Stewartville, twenty-one miles from St. Joseph, the train was precipitated down an embankment, and every person on board more or less injured.

THE RECONSTRUCTION MOVEMENT. LOUISIANA.—Alfred Jervis, who is Boston as agent of the free state committee of New Orleans, asking for money to aid the reconstruction movement in Louisiana, met some of the monied men Wednesday and explained to them the thing is being done. The original Union association was formed when Butler was in New Orleans, and in a short time 2500 gentlemen had joined. If thorough Union men. The question of anti-slavery was not then considered but when the proclamation of the president was issued, they saw that the cause could be no union with slavery. So struck a new league to find the free feeling, and in less than sixty days 100 men had joined, who were for restoring the state without slavery. All the associations previously formed were absorbed into this. The copperheads pro-slavery men formed a new association but it was weak in numbers although strong in wealth. The anti-slavery league agents into the country, who find out Union men and form a secret association and when they get about 100 men they act openly. A delegate is then sent to the convention. Thus the power the committee is extending, by proclamation, farther and farther, each day.

Jervis stated that the voting population of Louisiana had been greatly diminished by the existing of troops and the enlistment of the conscription, and he did believe that there were at the present time more than 25,000 voters in the state. He said the committee had now certain one-fourth of the entire population with them, and it was his belief that one-third were for the cause.

Gov. Bradford of Maryland, in a recent Message to the Legislature of that State, gives utterance to the following statements: We commend it to the attention of the copperheads of New England who are so fearful lest the institution receive some detriment from the policy of the administration: "I believe to-day, as I have done years, that if we had long ago provided for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the state, we should now be, as regards the national elements of public prosperity, in advance of our present position. The products of our state and its natural resources are not such as are adapted or can be developed by slave labor.

I am satisfied that the people of the state in their moments of calm and serene reflection, long since came to the same conclusion. When the consular leaders at the South lifted their hands against the Union, and pointed to slavery as the institution upon which the visionary republic was to rest, they struck a blow at its very vitals in every branch, under which it has continued to sustain, and which must inevitably result in its ultimate destruction.

It becomes us, therefore, to whom the whole question rightfully belongs, to take immediate measures for its removal, which should be no longer delayed. It may be required by a proper respect to those industrial pursuits with which the institution has been so long and so intimately interwoven, and a humane regard for the slave himself, which forbids us to cast him, all unprepared for so great a change, so suddenly upon his feeble resources."

—It is stated that the snow is 10 feet deep on the rocky mountains, an unsafe place for 'short boys.'

Agricultural Department

TRAINING THE GRAPE-VINE. A correspondent in Schurler Co., N. Y., says that he dissects from the method of pruning the vine described in the November Agriculturist, for the reason that "only ten spurs, with two buds each, in all twenty buds, are left. The shoots from these buds will produce three, or at most, four bunches of grapes each, making in all at most only eighty bunches for the whole vine—not half enough for a strong vine four or five years old. It is very easy to manage a vine for two or three years, but not so easy a vine eight or ten years old and a rampart grower. I have some of the latter, which truly bear bushels every year and it is a task to keep them within bounds and at the same time not cut them to death. I should like to see Mr. Fuller's plan extended to suit a vine capable of bearing a thousand bunches."

Our correspondent's complaint is given in full, for the reason that it is a good illustration of a very common failure to appreciate the reason for training the vine at all. The fruit of the vine is always borne on new wood; that which has borne fruit, if allowed to remain, only cumber the vine, and its fruitfulness is diminished. A vine allowed to run wild produces its fruit near the top, and is year by year more out of reach. In training and pruning, the aim is to always have a supply of new wood, and to keep the bearing portion of the vine within reach. Each vine is allowed to bear but a moderate crop, and all experience shows that this will be of larger and better-ripened fruit than if a greater quantity be permitted. After the arms are established, the vine is easily kept in control, no matter how rampart a grower it may be. There is no more "rampart" vine than the Hartford Prolific, yet we have seen this kept perfectly within bounds by the method of which the gentleman complains. His difficulty in managing his own vines shows that they were not started right, for had they been laid down with arms of definite length, he would not have his present trouble. We have seen, in other countries, vines nearly a century old, which had certainly been kept within bounds, as their arms were shorter than those we have described, though the trunk was as large as a man's thigh. If our correspondent wishes to train a vine to bear one thousand bunches, he can do so if he will take the time for it, but it is far preferable to have many vines bearing fewer bunches, as they may be had in full bearing in three or four years from the time of starting. The methods of pruning and training described in November are the simplest, and were given to show that there is no great secret in vine-dressing. There are other modes, essentially the same, described with an amount of detail which deters most people from attempting to do any thing with their vines. An observance of the rules given in the articles alluded to, will enable any one to start a vine in the right way, and keep it so with but little trouble. American Agriculturist.

called fruit of the strawberry is not the fruit in the botanical sense, but merely the enlarged end of the stem on which the true fruits, popularly considered seeds, and borne, it would seem that the pollen of one sort has the power, not only of effecting the fruit proper, but of extending its influence beyond that to the receptacle or enlarged end of the stem at the bottom of the flower. This is a subject upon which there is little positively known, and one which affords an excellent field of observation for the curious. It would be interesting to know how far this cross fertilizing effects the quality of our fruits, and it suggests the idea that the variation of the same fruit in different localities is not due to soil and climate alone. We shall be glad of any facts bearing upon this subject.

A VERMONT MAGISTRATE.—A Vermont justice of the peace has not been in the Drawer, but Squire Burt, of Wells, must have a place. Mr. Thompson brought a suit against his neighbor Harrison. They were both friends of the justice, and the case was heard before a jury, and both parties told their story, when the squire said, "Now if you find that Mr. Thompson told more truth than Harrison, then you find for the plaintiff; and if Harrison told more truth than Thompson, then you find for the defendant." This impartial charge was greatly applauded by the spectators.—Harper's Monthly.

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