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Maxham & Wing

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UNCONFESED.

Years and years ago we met,
And we both are living yet—
Living only to regret.
We who knew our hearts so well,
We who felt the rapturous spell,
Never dared the joy to tell.
They who watchful hovered near
Never saw a single tear;
Not a whisper did they hear.
Mingling in the busy mart,
Wide divided—far apart,
Yet we two were one in heart.
To the unfeeling world the same,
None who knew us knew our flame,
Else they had been crying shame.
So we veiled our hearts, that they,
Who were with us day by day,
Might not see of our galaxy.
Oh, the rapture! Oh, the bliss!
Oh, the need of one long kiss!
But the world denied us this.
Yet in dreams, where all are free,
Where no waking eye may see,
We have wandered—mine and me.
In that deep, delightful calm,
I have felt his clinging arm—
He has known me as I am.
Thus the varying seasons pass,
All things wither as the grass,
But love death not, alas!
Soon—aye, soon—and we shall rest,
With the turf upon our breast,
And our souls' love unconfeessed.

THE WHITE CAMELLIAS.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

PART I.

Ella Osborne and myself were, for some years, the "leading girls" of Jefferson College, in Wadesboro'. (I cannot advise you to look for this place on the map, because I do not think you would find it; and, again, because the *locale* has nothing to do with my story.) The causes of this Sausliish elevation above our fellows, were these: First—We had been there longer than any of the other pupils, some of whom came for two or three sessions, and having learned a little of everything, went away finished, whilst we had begun at the very beginning, and toiled up the steep heights of graduation. Next, because Ella's father was one of the college trustees, a member of the senate, and a reputed millionaire; while she, his only child, was one of the loveliest girls that, as the song says of Annie Laurie, "e'er the sun shone on." Now, I had not one of these advantages. My father owned a small property on the edge of Colonel Osborne's estate, and had sometimes difficulty in making all ends meet for the education and maintenance of his eight olive branches; while, for myself, I never had had the smallest pretensions to good looks, and therefore, only held this position in college by favor of Ella's friendship, which cast some stray beams of her brightness over my otherwise insignificant self. She was, as I have said, very beautiful, though as unlike a heroine as possible. That is to say, the heroines who were my *belles idées*—these were all in the Queen of Night style—dark, gloomy, and grand; while she, with her violet eyes, golden curls, and pure brow, was far more like the divine Celine. Her disposition, too, was so lovely and clinging—so made up of bright smiles and brighter tears, that I playfully named her "April Weather." Many times I have felt how naturally she seemed fitted to her position, when surrounded by wealth and affection, she would forever be sheltered from the rough blasts that would so soon wither such a delicate flower; but not harm a tough reed like myself. Alas!

From the proximity of our homes we were as much together during vacation as we had been at school; and, as Colonel Osborne entertained on a grand scale, (his wife had been dead since Ella's babyhood), it was more likely I should choose to find myself in his brilliant drawing-room, than to invite Ella to leave it for the quiet and simplicity of our cottage. I have said she was an only child; this was so, though her father's affection seemed equally divided between her and his nephew and ward, Louis Sterling. This Louis was the son of Colonel Osborne's sister, who, during a visit to Europe, had married an English officer, and after his death returned to her native country, where she lingered for a few months, and then joyfully prepared for her eternal re-union with him who had gone before. His English relatives wished to claim the orphan; but Colonel Osborne, mindful of his sister's dying request, would not give him up, and as years flew by and unfolded the true nobility of the young man's nature, Ella's father thought with deep thankfulness of the safety and care his beloved child would have, if confided to the keeping of her cousin. So time sped until the session previous to graduation, when one day Ella received a summons to the visitor's parlor. When she returned, (after an absence of perhaps three quarters of an hour), we were in the chemistry class, and as Prof. S. never permitted a word spoken, I could not inquire who the visitor had been that called up this brilliant flush to neck and brow. Our lesson was longer than usual, and the bell sounded for the change of music pupils, so that I had only time to whisper—

"Ella, who was it?" as I rushed along the corridor.

"Captain Arnold," she replied, darting across the opposite passage. I had practised my piece faithfully, and thought I knew it perfectly before I sat to the piano; but now all floated away, and instead of confused and confounded majors and minors, and Prof. Janowski's interjections, I only remembered a scene which had occurred during the last vacation.

One day I had dined at Oakland: there was a large number of guests, amongst them a Captain Arnold. He sat between Ella and myself at the dinner table, and proved a most fascinating companion. He had been in Europe—magic land to us!—and seemed as well acquainted with its most classic and sacred spots, as I was with the mountains of my native state.

He told us (that is, he told Ella, for I was a mere outsider) of his visit to Paris, London, and Vienna, the three great capitals; of his winter in St. Petersburg, and his summer in Andalusia; of his mornings in the Pitti, and his evenings at Melrose; how he sprained his wrist on Mount Blanc, and picnic'd amongst the fallen columns at Ipsambul. Then again to a vintage scene in the "Isles of Greece," and anon amongst the lovely lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, apropos of his friend Wordsworth. He knew everybody; had seen everything, and gave us his descriptions with so much truth and vigor, that each scene rose before us, a living and most beautiful daguerreotype, and I was fain to confess him the most charming man I had ever met.

Ella and he, and Louis, accompanied me home by the light of a brilliant moon. Then how poetic he was, and what a glowing picture he gave of the Bay of Naples by moonlight, with the fair Parthenon sleeping like a bride under the silver shawl! We parted at one little gate where my father waited for me.

"Who came with you, Esther?"

"Ella, and Louis Sterling, and Captain Arnold."

"Arnold? aye, I thought so! I wonder Osborne permits him to walk with his daughter."

"Why, father, he is a delightful man?"

"Oh, you think so, do you? Well, look here, Esther; I have no great fears about you, for you are a steady girl, but Ella is too pretty and too easily led, to be suffered with such a man;—I would rather have the poorest white man I know for your companion, child, than Capt. Arnold!"

"What has he done, father?"

"Never mind, child; only, when he is there, stay you at home."

All this rose before me as I blundered on at the piano.

I knew Capt. Arnold had been a frequent visitor at Oakland, and often accompanied Ella on her horseback excursions; though Louis was an inviolable third; still, my father's keen sense of right and wrong was not to be questioned, and I felt sure there must be something terribly amiss with the man whom he considered to be "no proper companion." During recess I found an opportunity to ask Ella "why he had called."

"He had been at Oakland last week, and thought I would like to hear."

"What is he doing in Wadesboro'?"

"I have no idea."

"Who was in the parlor while he was there?"

"Mrs. H. part of the time, but she was called away."

"What did he say: what news had he?"

"Why, Ella, child, you are as silent as if you were a nun and her confessor, and yet when you came up you were blushing like a May sunrise!"

"Was I? I don't know why, I am sure, perhaps because he pays such romantic compliments."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, Esther, dear, I cannot tell, you know how he talks."

"Yes, and I know also, that father said he was no fit companion for you."

"My father does not think so," she replied, gently, and as this was true, and for that reason embarrassing, I had no answer to give, and was thankful when Palmyra Pontif, a French creole, from Louisiana, who spoke no English, came up with a *cabier*, and in a fitful tone demanded, *Comment dit on convenances en Anglaise chez Estère?*

But we graduated, and from thence began our career as "young ladies." My mother's ill health, together with my self-imposed task of teaching my young sisters, kept me more apart from Ella than I had ever been. I heard on all sides of the gay doings at Oakland; and many times, far in the night, as I have said by my mother's bed, the sounds of music have been borne by the breeze, and I knew that the hours were flying past unheeded by the gay and brilliant revelers there. But, bright though her life was, Ella's love did not suffer her to forget me. Like a sunbeam she broke in on us, making in the monotony of the sick chamber a cheering pre-ence like the flowers and birds of spring. Louis Sterling, of whom I have but little spoken, often stole away from their noisy festivity to spend a quiet hour with me. Day by day was I more and more convinced how little likelihood there was of his being understood or appreciated by the general run of people; those good, easy-going, every-day sort of folk, who take the surface for what it appears to be, not what it is; and who, under his calm and tranquil (and if the truth be told *insouciant*) demeanor, could read nothing of the real, earnest inner life, beating underneath. A life which he lived in himself, and of which an occasional throng open for a moment of the barred door was the only indication; a life regulated by deep religious feeling, and the highest and purest motives that can stir the heart of man.

One evening, that he thus withdrew for a short time from a large party at Oakland, he begged me to walk with him, and leading the way to a mossy seat he had made for Ella, we sat silently for sometime.

"Esther," he said, at length, "you know Ella better than any one else; better than her father does, you have more of her confidence. You are aware, I suppose, that I have always been taught to look on her as my wife; and I am sure you have seen—you must have seen—how I love her. My uncle spoke to me to-day, and said, when Ella is eighteen, (in about three months, you know), he would like our marriage to be."

"Oh, I am so glad, so very glad, Louis!"

"Thank you," he said, somewhat sadly, "but I do not know if that can be; much as I love her, and God knows I do, if ever man loved; still I am not so selfish as to make her a sacrifice. She is so good and gentle, that I know she would never oppose her father; but of what consequence will the casket be without the jewel, or why should I clasp her hand if her heart is given to another?"

"Now, Louis, what do you mean?"

"Do you not know? Have you not seen? I mean Captain Arnold, who follows her like a shadow."

"Why do you suffer it? I have often wondered that you, who have been in a manner engaged to her from childhood, could permit him to walk and ride with her so frequently. There is some blot on him, certainly, for father told me I was not to bring him here, and said he was astonished! Colonel Osborne had him at Oakland."

"His father and uncle were old friends, that is one reason; and I believe another, that uncle looks on Ella as my wife virtually, and therefore safe. Still, though this is the one hope of my life, and to cut it off would be like renouncing life itself—worse, in fact, yet I would do it, if I could be certain she loves Arnold, and equally certain of his worthiness."

"But she does not love him, and he is not worthy of her," I exclaimed vehemently, "and it will be very wrong if two people's happiness—yours and her's—should be wrecked, for this romantic notion of yours. And I hope, too, that Ella would be properly indignant if she heard you coolly preparing to give her up."

"Coolly, Esther! Ah, you little know what the cost would be! But I would do it if it needful; for all these thoughts had better come in time, than when the terrible 'too late!' rings their knell. For I believe if a man marries, knowing his wife's affections to be engaged, he will be held responsible for perhaps all the guilt and sorrow he may cause."

"Very true; but still, Louis, I think you ought not to put such an idea in Ella's mind. I have no doubt Captain Arnold flatters so delicately, and talks so charmingly, that he might make a slight impression; but more than that, I do not believe; and once with you, and under your care, it will melt like snow in sunshine."

"Why, father, he is a delightful man?"

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Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1864.

NO. 33.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

(For the Mail.)

TOWN RECORDS.

Messrs. Editors:—

It is desirable that the attention of the people generally be called to the following provisions of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine, Chap. 59, Sec. 21:—

"Parents, householders, masters of work-houses, almshouses, prisons, and vessels, shall give notice to the clerk of their town, of the births and deaths, which take place in their families, houses or vessels, and the elder person, next of kin, shall give notice of the death of his kindred."

"Sec. 22.—Any person neglecting to perform the duty required of him in the two preceding sections, for the space of six months, shall forfeit and pay one dollar for each offence, to be recovered, on complaint, to the use of the town."

Another section requires the clerk to record the births and deaths that thus comes to his knowledge.

The recording of births in the town records is a very important matter, to the children, to their parents, the people of the State and United States, and to future generations.

The legislature has wisely enacted the above provisions, but the importance of the subject matter requires a severer penalty, or further provisions to recover the existing penalty, for a neglect of complying with the provisions already made.

This record is important to the children for the reason; that often in after life they (many of them) have occasion to furnish undoubted proof of their age; if as children of deceased soldiers they are entitled to a pension, they are required to furnish proof of their age; if they are wrongly enrolled, as many are, in the military service, they cannot be exempted from duty without furnishing undoubted proof of their age. They are often taxed illegally on account of not being of age; they are refused the right to vote at elections, because supposed not to be of age; but if the proper record is made, it settles these facts at once, when produced.

Such a record is important to the parents. There are often occasions when they very much desire to have this evidence of the age of their children. The widow of a deceased soldier, if they have children, in order to obtain the pension allowed by the government, is obliged to prove their ages. If their children are wrongly drafted, or illegally enlisted, on account of age, they must furnish undoubted proof of their age. This record is important to the State, etc., as persons under twenty-one years of age sometimes claim the right of suffrage,—they claim that they are not liable to be taxed and to do military duty on account of being under the proper age.

The real name and age of a person is often wanted by different parties, and it is very essential that they are had, and if a proper record is made in the records of the town where they reside, they can easily be obtained.

Future generations often desire to procure the names and date of birth of their ancestors. Properly certified copies of the record of these are accepted as sufficient proof of the facts which they contain.

The foregoing are some of the reasons why such a record should be made; there are many other reasons, but the above should be sufficient, to cause every parent to have the record made, without a penalty to cause them to do so.

I call attention to this matter because the neglect of parents, etc., to give the proper notice to the town clerk of their town, is very general throughout the State; and this neglect ought not longer to be suffered. The penalty should be enforced in every case of neglect, and if not sufficient, the legislature should make it so.

Let every parent attend to this business at once, and return to the town clerk of their town, their own names, the names of each of their children, their place and date of birth, month, day, and year. Those having a family record, should take that record to the clerk; that there may be no mistake, and see that he makes the correct record.

SENEX.

We notice that an order of inquiry in reference to this matter, was recently offered in the Legislature.—[Eds. MAIL.]

Butter and Cheese.

The following are the statements of the successful competitors for the premiums on Butter and Cheese, at the Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society in October last:—

BUTTER.

The cream was skimmed from the milk after setting in a cool cellar thirty-six hours. None was kept longer than two days before churning. After churning it was thoroughly washed in pure water, and worked on a table by a roller, made for the purpose, using a linen cloth to absorb the moisture as it was pressed out. When quite dry 1-2 oz. of salt, 1-6 oz. of sugar to a lb. of butter was added. After remaining in the cellar twenty-four hours it was again worked as at first, and done up with paddles.

The dairy and everything connected with it, was kept perfectly clean and sweet.

Mrs. A. CROSBY, Albion.

My mode of making butter is very simple. In the summer I set my milk in the cellar, in tin pans, where it will have the benefit of all the cool breezes. Skim before sour if possible, and churn often, as that is the surest way of having good butter.

Mrs. W. B. HAMLEN, Sidney.

CHEESE.

Strain the milk immediately after being milked, before it cools, then without warning

I do not know what effect my words had, but certain it is, they were married on her eighteenth birthday. Such a handsome bride and bridegroom had not been seen in the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant,' or such a brilliant bridal. The prodigal hospitality of feudal times seemed revived in the ox and the sheep, roasted whole, and the barrels of ale tapped for the 'poor white folks,' and regiments of negroes calling the colonel master. While within the house an entertainment was provided at which might worthily have feasted one wearing a crown; that is to say, if royalty was any more to be considered than the 'free and independent' sovereigns, there united to do all honor to the occasion.

"One marriage brings another," is an old saw, in this case a true one. In my capacity of first bridesmaid, I had associated with me, a dark-eyed friend of Louis's, a Doctor Winslow, who contrived to make himself so agreeable to my father, (of self I say nothing!) that he got an invitation to our cottage, from which in six months after I accompanied him as his wife.

It was a happy day for me, and happier—well! no matter. I have been eight years married, and when I now call to mind the peace and love of those years, all I can do is barely sufficient to restrain myself from leaving this paper, and going across the table to kiss him, deeply engaged as he is with that quarto. There! I have done it, and I feel better; though he *did* look up with surprise in his good honest eyes, and "Eh, Esther, my child, what now?"

My husband and I moved here to this little village of Brownsville, and except for one visit which I paid at home, I did not see Ella, and being a tardy correspondent, should have lost sight of her altogether, but for Louis' letters—always a pleasure to receive.

PART II.

Six years rolled by, during which my husband and I worked together for the pleasant home which is my joy. Light and shade had flickered our path; shade, when the master went into our little garden to gather the tender lilies, of whom yet the empty place recalls our loss—light, when we remember that they are only transplanted to a more glorious blossoming; and again light, warm and bright in our love for each other, love all the stronger for these trials and tears. Ah! believe me, those who suffer together, love a thousand times better, than they whose easy path has never called forth these deep anxieties and tendernesses. I never loved my husband so intensely, as when we knelt together by the flower-covered grave of our last child—the one that with yearning cries we besought might be spared; and his loving arm was round me, and no selfish words or half sympathy on his lips, but this, "Weep on, Esther, I am weeping with you." And so it has ever been, my joys-doubled, my sorrows shared.

My next sister wrote to me of Ella and Louis, how they lived altogether at Oakland since her father's death, and then came a mention of Capt. Arnold.

There was only his name amongst that of other guests, yet I had an uneasy feeling, though had I been called on for a reason I could not have given it, as I felt she was safely sheltered in her husband's love. The death of my dear mother about this time compelled me to return home, when I found Ella fearful and gentle as of old, waiting for me. She seemed entirely unchanged, and had months only instead of years passed over her, she could not have looked more like the lovely vision of her bridal morn. Louis, too, was much unchanged, though the pure gold shone more fully in his twofold character of husband and master of a large household, than in earlier years. His love for Ella was the life of his life, the very being and breath of his existence. The mere sound of her voice, the rustle of her dress, or the patter of her footfalls would bring a flush over his face, most beautiful to see. And as they sat together, with his arms clasping her tenderly, but tightly, and his eyes looking down on her with such a might of love in their depths, I thanked God, who had given such a firm support to one needing it so continually. I had been in my father's home about two weeks, when one day Louis came along the road from the village and stopped at our gate. While he was tying his horse, I saw he looked pale and distressed, and held letters in his hand.

"What is it?" I asked, as I ran down the walk; "is anything wrong, how is Ella?"

"Quite well, and nothing is wrong; but I have something to say to you," he replied.

We went to the breakfast room.

"I have just had letters from England regarding my estates, and it appears my immediate presence is necessary; it is touching the law of entail, of which you know nothing; and as Sir Reginald Stirling, the head of our house purposes contesting my claim, I must see about it, or perhaps lose all."

"But have you never before heard of this?"

"No, it appears some papers were found in pulling down the old Manor House of Depeude, and unless I can show better claim, I shall of course lose."

"Fortunately, that need not trouble you, since Ella is her father's heiress."

"Nor would it, since I would as freely take from her as give; that, however, is not the difficulty, it is Ella herself; I cannot take her now in mid-winter across the sea, and how can I leave her?"

"You would not be absent long?"

"How can I tell? perhaps two months, perhaps six; a lawsuit is a slow affair, though I should never think of waiting its issue there; it is crossing the ocean which gives one such a feeling of insecurity, not that the chances of danger are so much greater, and distance in very many instances not at all so; but a journey by water is always to me one of doubt."

I could give him no counsel, he and his wife must decide this; all I could say was, that if he went, I should like Ella to stay with me, or if not, my sister Fanny should go to Oakland. So it was arranged. After every expedient had been thought of, it was decided Louis should go, and as Ella was not willing to leave home, that Fanny should be her visitor during his absence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Lord found many a topic of discourse in the scenes around him. Even the humblest objects shone in his hands as I have seen a fragment of broken glass or earthenware, as it caught the sunbeam, light up, flashing like a

diamond. With the stone of Jacob's well for a pulpit, and its water for a text, he preached salvation to the Samaritan woman. A little child, which he takes from his mother's side, and holds up blushing in his arms before the astonished audience, is for a sermon on humility. A husbandman on a neighboring height, between him and the sky, who strides with long and measured steps over the field he sows, supplies a text from which he discourses on the Gospel and its effects on different classes of hearers. In a woman baking; in two women who sit by a cottage door, grinding at the mill; in an old, strong fortalice, perched on a rock, whence it looks across the brawling torrent to the ruined and roofless gable of a house swept away by mountain floods—Jesus found texts. From the birds that sing above his head, and the lilies that blossomed at his feet, he discourses on the care of God—these his texts, and Providence his theme.—[Dr. Guthrie.]

A GRITTY KENTUCKIAN.—Willard Davis of Richmond, Kentucky, who describes himself below, has written the following letter to the Provost Marshal of the Eighth District of that State, in answer to a call to such as were enrolled to show cause, if any, why they should be exempted.

"I have seen your advertisement giving the people desiring exemption from the coming draft an opportunity to lay in their complaints, &c.—Now, sir, I have never had the honor of your acquaintance, but I can refer you for the truth of what I am about to say, to my worthy friend, James D. Foster, surgeon and a member of your honorable board. My complaints are as follows, viz:—

"I have no broken limbs. I have no chronic diseases, such as inflammatory rheumatism, chronic inflammation of the stomach, phthisis, white swelling, &c. I am not blind in either eye. I am not bow legged. I have no bad teeth, and can bite off a cartridge. I stand straight on my patellar joints. I have never been drilled in the Southern army, and never been so fortunate as to be a member of the sympathizing party in Madison. I have no impediments in my speech. I am neither near-sighted nor far-sighted. I can hear well—the ring of a musket as well as a silver dollar. In short I am sound in mind and limb. I am about 28 years old. I am a house-keeper, and have a wife (a good Union woman,) and no children living. I am a citizen of Madison County, Kentucky, from which you want 239 soldiers. I am as brave as any man who is not braver than I am. One of my legs is as long as the other and both are long enough to run well. I am for the last man and the last dollar, nigger, or no nigger, especially the last man. If you have a good musket marked U. S., send it down, and I am ready to bear it in defence of the Union. I am no foreigner, and claim all the papers that entitle me to go in."

SEALING A WHALE.—Years ago, when "blubber hunters" went to Greenland instead of Japan, a New Bedford "spouter" raised whales one morning in Melville Bay. Down boats and after 'em was the word, and Perseverance Paddler, (boat steerer), in one of the waist's boats, led the chase. In thirty minutes, Perseverance was fast to a 70 barrel bull "sperm." Whale went off W. by N. like a telegraphic dispatch. Perseverance paid out and bent on—bent on and paid out, till he got to the bitter end of his last line. Then he took a turn around the logger-head and held on. Whale headed for a big "floe", i. e., a field of level ice about thirty miles across. Boat went under the floe at the rate of forty-four miles an hour. But Perseverance and his crew jumped on the ice, run across, and jumped in again the other side when the boat came out. Whale got mad, and smashed the boat into oven-wood, leaving the crew afloat on their oars. One more rush, and "sperm" swallowed Perseverance, oar and all. Perseverance punched his oar out through the whale and scylded him along side the ship.

THE NEWSPAPER.—Some people complain of newspapers because they publish many things which to their taste are corrupting or of baleful influence. They don't want a newspaper to say anything about a ball, or a dance, or a concert, because such things may have had associations connected with them. But pray you, says the Bath Times, what sort of a newspaper would that be which did not tell what was going on in the world? We do not publish robberies and murders because we'd light in those things, but to denounce them, to show up the rascals of society, and incite people to labor to exert a good influence over their fellows and thus prevent them from committing such crimes. And so with many other things which have a place in the columns of the paper. A newspaper is or should be a map of busy life, having, as has been said, "its shadows as well as its lights, its crimes as well as its beneficences, its shame as well as its glories; and the paper that does not do this, is no newspaper, and must ever be limited in range and influence—limited to those who need it least."

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.—The traditional glory of the savage body is yielding before medical statistics: it is becoming evident that the average barbarian, observed from the cradle to the grave, does not know enough and is not rich enough to keep his body in its highest condition and development, but on the contrary, is small and sickly and short-lived and weak, compared with the man of civilization. The great athletes of the world have been civilized; the long-lived men have been civilized; and the average of life, health, size and strength is highest today among those races where knowledge and wealth and comfort are most widely spread. And yet, by the common lamentation, one would suppose that all civilization is slow suicide to the race, and that refinement and culture are to leave man at last in a condition like that of the little cherubs on old tombstones, all head and wings.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Dr. HALL, in the February number of his *Journal of Health*, says the "essential, the fundamental, the all controlling agency in the arrest of any case of consumptive disease, and a return to reasonable health for any considerable time, is an active, courageous, and hopeful out-door life, in all weathers and in any latitude, with some roving motive, other than regaining the health, beckoning them on, to do and to dare."

One of the selectmen of Durham is reported to have eloped with a young lady. He has also been discovered to be a heavy defaulter to the town—taking with him large sums of money, probably to pay the expense of his pleasure-trip.

it add sufficient rennet to the night's milk to bring it to curd in from 30 to 40 minutes. Cut the coagulated milk in small squares, and let it remain until morning. Dip into a strainer and drain slowly and carefully, adding weights gradually, until quite firm.

Go through with the same process with the morning's milk. When well drained put the two curds together, cut in slices of an inch in thickness, and lay in a tub. Pour over it hot water, not boiling, and let it remain, frequently stirring, until heated through. Drain and cool it, chop and add salt in proportion of 1-2 lb. to 30 lbs curd. Put it in the cellar, and let it remain until the next morning. When the curd, from another day's milk is prepared in the same manner, bring the first from the cellar, mix all together and put to press. Press slowly at first, adding weights, gradually, until the whey is all out.

Mrs. CLARK DRUMMOND, Winslow.

My cheese are made as follows. My dairy consists of three cows.

Put in the rennet, (enough to bring the curd in ten minutes) as soon as milked night and morning. Break the curd as soon as it comes. When settled, drain off the whey, and tie up in a cloth, and put on a light weight, and let it remain until the next day. Chop up two day's curd together, one cup of salt to 25 lbs. of curd. Press it two days. Begin with a pressure of 150 lbs, and increase to 600 lbs, on a cheese of 20 lbs. Turn the cheese twice a day while pressing, when out of the press turn and grease once a day until cured.

Mrs. F. A. DAVIS, Sidney.

And here we have two recipes for making brown bread, by two little girls.

Take 1-3 rye meal and 2-3 indian, one cup molasses, 3 teaspoonfuls saleratus, and one pint sour milk.

Take two quarts indian meal, one of flour, one qt. sour milk, one cup and a half molasses, two tablespoonfuls saleratus, a little salt and enough sweet milk to make it soft.

IDA G. PRESSY, WATERVILLE.

THE MATAGORDA AFFAIR.

[The following account of the gallant affair at Matagorda Peninsula, we obtain, by permission, from a letter from Col. Hesselting, to a friend in this place. It was not written for publication, and its familiar style renders it the more readable. Col. Hesselting, formerly captain of Co. G. 3d Maine, now of the 13th Maine, in Gen. Neal Dow's brigade, commanded the expedition.]

shoot us down or lead us to a southern prison, which is little better: to compel them, only 100 exhausted men with rifles, forty miles from any of our troops, cut off from aid from the gunboats by reason of the storm, why should not the moments of terrible waiting weigh through all that night like hours!

After dusk, a small boat from the Granite City came in towards the beach. The surf now raged and lashed furiously. The officer in the boat called out to know if I could try to get the men off. He saw the impossibility, for his boat could not live a moment, and without waiting for my reply, he turned back to the ship. When full darkness came on, to deceive the enemy, we gave "three rousing cheers and a tiger." No one slept that night. Nearly all, as they looked upon that almost interminable line of rebels gave up all idea of escape. Then, on that beach, lashed by the raging waves, cut off from all human aid, I knelt in prayer, asking God that he would open a way of escape. I arose with faith and courage and sought to infuse it into my brave men, until they were aroused to do everything for honor, life and liberty.

At length I saw the light of a steamer coming down the coast, and the Granite City sends up rockets and signals to her. She came towards us and then in the darkness seemed to steer away. Again she returned and lay some distance away. A boat was lowered from the G. City and put out towards her. Then our steamer put out all her lights, to deceive the enemy, and we knew she had gone for relief.

Then the Sciota, for she it was we had seen, ran in as near as possible. She wished to send encouraging words to us, and spoke from her 11 inch gun howitzer, words of thunder and shells of fire over us to our enemies. We knew she could only aid us by the moral force of her presence, since she could not see the enemy, and when they assailed us, they would be so near, her fire, would be alike deadly to friend and foe, in that she would kill either. But it was a pleasure to know that friends with anxious willing hearts were near. We knew, too, that Gen. Ransom was on board and that his eye would not slumber. He is a father to us all, and not a man but would die for him. Shortly after midnight our pickets fired and ran in. Every man was at his post. They were upon us! The picket reported a strong force moving to our left on to the beach. I reinforced the left face which was under the command of Lt. Ham. They came up. We opened fire upon them hotly. They broke and gave back, while the Sciota slipped her anchor and running round opened upon them with her guns. They troubled us no more that night. By and by the moon came through the misty clouds and shone cheerfully awhile. Morning at length came, but brought a thick fog and we could see nothing. The Sciota was out of sight, and those we expected the Granite City would send to our aid, could not find us. Bodies of rebels appeared now and then, and we continually strengthened our "Fort." The men began to suffer for water, and I ordered them to dig a well in the sand. I had seen one hatchet during the day, and with this I ordered slab spades to be made. A well was dug, and brackish water reached. "Nothing is impossible to him who wills" was the lesson we were learning at great cost. With bayonets and these wooden spades pits were dug inside to shelter the men, and sand thrown on to the barricade. Sandbags were made from blankets.

About 10 A. M. a large force appeared on the right. We made ready to receive them but they withdrew out of sight in the fog. About noon the fog broke away and revealed the rebel gunboat "J. G. Carr," in the bay, moving down close opposite us. The peninsula, at this point is not more than three fourths of a mile wide. The gunboat commenced shelling us and made some very good shots, some shells exploding just front of us and within eight feet of our left face. Our gunboat opened on her. We strengthened our fort by another tier of bags. It was now near three o'clock and no prospect of further assistance, and after long deliberation and hesitation I resolved to move out and fight our way down the peninsula—save ourselves or die in the attempt. To deceive the enemy I increased the picket up the beach, and instructed them to work on the fort half an hour after our departure. I then moved the men out cautiously, a few at a time down the beach. So completely were they deceived that they shelled the fort some time after it was abandoned and drove back some of their own force. Lt. Grover, a splendid little oak fellow, took charge of skirmishers in advance, and I could trust him every inch. We moved good, quick time under convoy of the Sciota.

Soon the Monongahela sloop of war, and the Estrella joined us. The sun went down in mist and fog, and we lost sight of our convoy. Our skirmishers came on cavalry scouts but drove them off and we advanced. About 10 P. M. a most terribly severe nother struck us, and it saved us. We, not our enemies could stand it, and it would break down the rough sea so that if our boats found us they could take us off.

By 11 the gale so increased and the men were so exhausted that they could go no further. We lay down about two hours when we could endure no longer. A house was near by, and we soon gained admittance, collected around a warm fire and got the men sheltered. In the morning we found the Granite City had anchored just below us all night. But she did not see our signals, so we marched on down the beach, and about 3 P. M., 20 miles from our starting place the day before, the Sciota discovered us, and with great difficulty took us off. My men had to wade in that bitter cold surf thigh deep, to get into the boats. But their brave rescuers did the same to shove them off.

The commander of the Sciota is Capt. Perkins, a gallant fellow. He received us like a prince. All that night he had laid his ship in the surf breaking over his deck, and when remonstrated with by his pilot that he must have "more water, or his ship would go to h—l," answered, "Let her go! she might as well go as those brave boys ashore be lost." So he walked the deck all night, keeping his men at the guns, the water curling and breaking over his stern.

Double rations were issued to the men, and in truth "the fattest calf was killed." The night was bitter cold, but we were comfortable. We talked in the cabin till the old year expired, and joyously welcomed the new.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 19, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTSFORD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by this office.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "Maxham & Wing," or "Waterville Mail Office."

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mrs. Rhoda Stilson, widow of the late Dea. Lemuel Stilson, of Waterville, died very suddenly, on Tuesday last. She started to walk from her residence on Temple Street to the lower depot, to take the cars to Kendall's Mills. She was attended by her grand-daughter, and just before reaching the cars she complained of faintness and distress for breath, and sank down upon the snow. She was assisted to walk into the nearest dwelling, where she expired in about ten minutes. She was a kind and loving mother and pleasant neighbor, and wore the Christian harness of usefulness to her last hour: and in her sudden death leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to remember her with kindness and gratitude. Her age was 64 years.

HOME CONCERT.—Misses Barney, Bates, and Carroll—"our girls"—will give a Concert at North Vassalboro' to-morrow (Saturday) evening. The programme is an attractive one, and there is enough of variety to bring out the good points of each performer and suit all tastes. We'll warrant the large-hearted people of that pleasant village will give them a good house. We hear it whispered that this trio will be induced to give one of these home entertainments at home, before long.

MR. PERLEY is meeting with his usual success with his writing school at the Academy. The pupils, divided into two classes, number just one hundred; and as all seem interested and take hold with a will, the school is quiet and orderly and much improvement will be made. If other engagements do not prevent he will no doubt be constrained to repeat the course of lessons, both in writing and book-keeping.

CREDITABLE TO NEW ENGLAND. We notice that the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*, one of the marked religious newspapers of the country, presents this year a very attractive list of contributors. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is among them, and is furnishing brilliant sketches of our prominent public men. That upon Mr. Lincoln, already given, was certainly one of the most vivid, life-like portraits of our President yet published. We are glad that New England has so able a representative religious journal as our vigorous Boston contemporary.

A Ten Dollar greenback, altered to a Twenty, was taken a few days since by one of our business men on Main Street. It was not very nicely done, and yet people are so careless, now that money is so plenty, that nine men in ten would have taken it without question.

COLD.—That we may properly appreciate our mild winter, we have had a touch of the old-fashioned sort. A snow storm, which commenced in a gentle way, on Tuesday, ended in a violent blow, with a rapid lowering of the temperature. What snow fell—fortunately not a great quantity—was blown into heaps, and yesterday morning the thermometers in this vicinity indicated from 24 to 28 degrees below zero.

SOMETHING PRETTY.—A set of pictures hanging at Carleton's door—"counterfeit presentations" of Queen Mab and her gypsy associates, as they appeared in the opera of "The Twin Sisters." They are handsomely colored, and include a representation of Miss Barney in her overpowering song of "Grandmother told me so." Go and look at them; it is a free exhibition.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—Bailey & Noyes, of Portland, are about to commence the publication of a monthly magazine with this title, which will discuss matters literary, commercial, industrial, military, etc. Hon. E. P. Weston, a well known writer and abundantly competent for the office, will act as editor.

[For the Mail.]

'SKIPET,' AGAIN.

Masses Editors.—I have been very much pleased, and had begun to congratulate myself on the fine way in which I had silenced the girls, by my grand charge at their extravagance, when up comes an old woman with a "little good advice," a commodity they deal largely in and practice a great deal less. Now, coming from a right smart, good looking girl I should have considered it an honor to be thus demolished; but an old woman, who, I'll be bound, knows no more about girls of the present day, than I do of the Emperor of China, is simply ridiculous. Why, aunt Jane, do you know you are sejourning in the nineteenth century, the latter part at that? Are you aware "times aint as they used to be?" Do you realize the stupendous fact that you can yet learn a great deal? Why, any little miss of twelve years, can tell you more than you ever dreamed of. I have no doubt but that in your girlhood, forty or fifty years ago, you thought you were well calculated to do your part in the "Drama of Life" in good style and advise many others of the same way, and I am really glad that you and your husband have lived so peacefully (though they all say that) together for so long a time. I have to ask your pardon for my unthoughtfulness. Strange that the word holder should shock your modesty so. If an article made to hold bank bills isn't a "holder," what is it; can you tell? I suppose they called them wallets in your day or "calf skin pocket-books," but I mistrust that with your other foolish notions, you are getting to be a little *Frenchified* and would have them called "Portmoneaux." I hope your nerves have got over the jar caused by "Skipet's" uncouth phrases, and will try and not cause them to vibrate again.

About there not being, or likely to be, much in my holder, by my own exertion, you was about right. I agree with you on that point, but whether its contents will be added to by getting married or "buying my goods at Esty and Kimball's" I have my serious doubts. You give your grandmother's explanation of love, as being "alloverness like." I think your grandmother knew about as much about the matter as you pretend to. If that is the way a fellow feels when "in love," I don't want to be there. Aunt Jane intimates that "Skipet" has the peculiar feeling to some extent, but not bad, and expatiates on the "ideal image," honeymoon, endearing epithets, &c. &c. All very well my old lady, but I know, with as little progress as I have made in the mystery, that love won't boil the teakettle, or buy beef-steak, nor endearing epithets pay house rent or taxes; and the honeymoon is often changed to money-moon. I don't blame you, aunt, for crying up the marriage state; you have set your head in the noose and like hogs eating hot swill, one will burn his nose and say nothing to the rest, but will even use inducements to get them in the same fix—

Believe, dear girls, this maxim true,
In precept, and in practice too,
It spoils a man to marry him.

The lady who wrote this no doubt thought she made the right hit; she did, for if anything is likely to spoil a man, it is to marry him. Aunt Jane closes her argument with the advice to get a good sensible girl, and give myself entirely up to her keeping. I am rather inclined to believe that my advising aunt has her husband under complete subjection and if weighed in the balance she would get a sudden fall. If I did not know aunt Jane was married, should certainly set her down as an old maid, cross and crabbed at that; and as it is, think she would make a first class *Caudle* Lecturer.

SKIPET

P.S.—If you happen to meet a good sensible girl, aunt Jane, please introduce me.

[For the Mail.]

TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

No. viii.

Robert Ayer Esq. also lives in the village, and conducts the affairs of the only Post Office in town. He has lived in town upwards of thirty years, been once elected to the State Legislature as representative, and for many years town clerk and first selectman. He now occupies the house built by N. B. Dingley, Sr., who received the farm now owned by Capt. Amasa Dingley, as compensation for the house, paid by Arthur Lithgow. Messrs. Lemuel and Frederick Paine were early settlers, but both have passed away, though not to be forgotten: the former as a political man and farmer, though earlier a lawyer. He left two sons, one a distinguished lawyer, in Mass., and the other an enterprising farmer on the "Old homestead." The latter was noted as a practical christian, with a heart, house and purse always open. One of his sons ranks high as a lawyer, in Bangor; another occupies a depot in Mass., while one lives in town, as Deput Master and merchant. Two daughters are married, and live in Mass., and one remains at the old home.

While lingering in the village, we may as well record the history of Winslow ministers, as it is here that all have resided, save Mr. Cushman, about whom much has already been written, so that it is needless to remark further than to say that he labored as a gospel minister till 1812, when by an agreement, his connection with the town as minister closed; he receiving \$1200 from the town treasury. He was subsequently elected representative to Congress, and in 1833 to the state legislature, at Augusta, where he died and was buried on the "hill" in Augusta, but was afterwards removed to the State Cemetery, where his remains repose with such as have died while in the Legislature, and their names are inscribed on a granite monument. The meeting house that had caused so much anxiety, was now closed to regular preaching. Occasionally the pulpit was supplied by ministers sent by the Missionary Society till 1826. During that interval Mr. Danforth labored with the people, for some time, very satisfactorily. A Mr. Caliph also labored here, and others.

A Congregational church was organized in 1822, by Rev. T. Adams, who supplied the pulpits of the Congl churches in Vassalboro', Winslow and Benton—preaching one half the sabbaths in Vassalboro', and the other half in Winslow and Benton, or Clinton, as it was then. Mr. Adams at that time lived in Vassalboro', but afterwards left, and for a while preached in Waterville, then removed to Ohio, where his home now is, though he is preaching in Pittston, Me., this winter.

We find by examining the warrants for annual town meetings, articles like this:—
"To see what measures the town will adopt relative to finishing the meeting house."

In 1826 they began with a will, and not only finished the inside but added a belfry and steeple. To do this without dissatisfaction to the inhabitants was a work of no small magnitude, as the original was torn property, while individuals owned the pews. I ought to have mentioned that the inhabitants of the town were assessed to pay Mr. Cushman's salary, as well as to build the meeting house, whether they wanted a meeting house or ever went to meeting. This was a matter for dissatisfaction and some "polled off" as it was termed, leaving the rest to pay for preaching. It was for this reason that the town gave Mr. Cushman \$1200 to retire.

FROM OUR BOYS.

[The following pleasant epistle in rhyme, from a Waterville soldier to his wife, was not intended for the public eye; but it gives a good picture of camp life, and we venture to publish it, confident that while our readers will be pleased, the writer will not be seriously offended.]

—ENDS MAIL.]

SUNDAY JAN. 23d, 1864.

I have now a chance and must write you again, to let you know of the Nineteenth Maine, which is here in Virginia, lying still.

On the northeast side of a muddy hill.

I said lying still, but that's not so;

For morning till night we are on the go;

For guard and picket, inspection and drill,

Keep us moving while the lying still.

Then there's corduroy roads to be built to the stations,

So that Uncle Sam's soldiers can get their rations;

And the e's water to lug and wood to sack,

For half a mile on a fellow's back.

But docters say work, for a man in health,

Is better than having abundant wealth;

And we know the big book says, anywhere,

That a man must live by the sweat of his brow.

But perhaps the reason I've just found out,

Why Uncle Sam's rations don't give us the gout,

Is because we won't sweat when there's chance to.

For we came out to soldier and not to work.

I said we lay on a muddy spot;

Well, sometimes 'tis muddy and sometimes not;

For the weather changes here as elsewhere,

Sometimes 'tis stormy and sometimes fair.

But 'tis muddy now, and such mud, I'll bet,

You never have seen in the "Five Tree State";

For this regular mortar, and sticks to the feet

As a hungry dog would to a bone of meat.

But in spite of work and the stormy weather,

We have some very good times together;

For a little work, in a little way, we can,

For that is the disposition of man;

And a little fun, like potatoes with meat,

Is like the old adage of bitter with sweet.

I suppose you would like to have me tell

The tale of the building which we dwell;

Well, lend me your ear and listen a minute,

I'll tell you of our tent and what there is in it.

Our little house is eight feet by nine,

Built up of splits from the southern pine;

It is three feet high from the ground,

And with stakes and ropes together bound.

Then we have a fireplace, some two feet wide,

With a chimney running up outside,

Topped out by a barrel, a very fine thing,

If it only happens to last till spring.

And then for a roof to our little dwelling,

We use square pieces of Uncle Sam's drilling;

They keep rain and wind out, and as they are thin,

They serve for a window to let the light in.

The bunks that we sleep on are made out of poles,

Raised up from the ground to prevent catching cold;

On these we sleep sound, our feet to the fire,

Never dreaming that soldiers have more to desire.

There's a few plates and cups, made of tin, setting round;

And as we lack for shelf room, they set on the ground;

For each tub, you know, must set on its own bottom;

So we let things set, where we happen to drop 'em.

But as you are waiting to get this letter,

To close it up, I presume I had better;

With the promise that I will soon write again,

To let you know more of the Nineteenth Maine.

—ANDREW.

TRUTH OPERATING. Some of the opposition papers are beginning to say less about the excellence of slavery and to look upon it as not such a good thing after all. For instance, the Boston *Post* says:—

"That slavery as a system will be fatally damaged by this war, there can be no doubt. In so far as the slave system is broken down, and the system of free labor takes its place, the country will be prospered—the white man, at least, will immediately secure permanent benefit. It will tend to unite the North with the South, to break up sectional distinctions and political distinctions."

And the New York *Express*, which has been a most bitter opponent of freedom to the blacks, now declares slavery dead:—

"The border State men all see this. Slaveholders in the cotton States are also beginning to see and acknowledge this truth. Nobody needs to be convinced that both the political and physical power of slavery are over in the United States. We need no argument from Mr. Grant to assure us of this fact, nor of the folly of the South in making the slavery question a pretext for the war. War from the very start was more of an abolitionist than the army of Garrison and Phillips and Gerrit Smiths."

NIGHT SOIL.—"Science, after long experience and most careful tests, finds that the most fertilizing and effective of manures is that of man."

"The Chinese knew it for ages past. No Chinese peasant, Beckberg tells us, ever goes to the city without carrying back, at the two ends of his bamboo, two buckets of night soil. Thanks to human fertilization, the earth in China is still as young as in the days of Abraham. Chinese wheat yields a hundred and twenty fold. There is no guano comparable in fertility. To employ the city to enrich the plain is true economy. If our gold is filth, on the other hand our filth is gold."—Victor Hugo.

The Lodi Manufacturing Company for the past twenty-four years have been manufacturing an article which they call Poudreite, from the night soil of the city of New York, of all of which they have the exclusive control. See their advertisement in another column.

WINSLOW BRIDGE.—The legislative committee gave Mr. Eaton leave to withdraw his petition for the re-charter of the Winslow Bridge—standing eight to two. The Senate, on Thursday, voted to accept the report.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of Mt. Washington Nursery, of which we shall have something to say anon.

Cattle Markets.

A little more than half as many cattle were reported last week, as the week previous and about half as many more sheep. Of the Maine cattle, Luke Brown drove 21 and J. J. Holbrook, 13. Prices are quoted as follows:—
First quality beefs, \$9.25 to \$9.75; second do., \$8.25 to \$9.00; third quality, \$7.00 to \$8.00; extra, \$10 and over.

Working oxen—\$80 to \$175, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep and Lambs—6 to 7 1-2 cts. per lb. on live weight; extra fat and heavy, 8 to 9.

The New England Farmer remarks:—

"We have a very small number at market for Brighton day. But the butchers say there are enough at present prices; that people won't pay the price for beef that is now asked for cattle, but that they will use mutton, pork, and fish, or like true Catholics, make a virtue of necessity, and keep lent till beef is cheaper. But the New England people like good living; and others can judge as well as we of the probability that the universal Yankee will give up his 'roast beef' so long as he has 'two dollars a day.' It is beyond our depth to sound the future. It is enough, perhaps, to know that cattle have sold high this week; full as high, we think, at Brighton as at Cambridge; and full as well at the close as at the opening of trade. The advance in price on Western cattle is probably 12 ct. per lb., a part of which may be owing to the superior quality of a few extra lots, although the average quality is low enough."

"There was a large supply of sheep on the ground, and the market was dull—worse, even, than the week previous, and that was thought bad enough."

Of the market for stores the Farmer says:—

"The pleasant weather of the few past weeks has reminded farmers of the approaching Spring's work, and a few have been seen at market, inquiring for teams, and in most cases opening wide their eyes at the prices named. Except a few milk cows and a very few workers, the butchers take, for better or for worse, all the cattle at market these days."

"J. J. Holbrook sold 5 pairs of four-year-old oxen, 2 pairs 6 ft. 6 in., and one pair 6 ft. 4 in., at \$115 per pair; a pair 6 ft. 8 in., for \$112; and another fine pair of the same size for \$132. D. G. Stevens sold a pair of oxen measuring 6 ft. 10 in., 6 years of age for \$140, as workers, but added, he didn't believe their lives were insured."

A NATIVE AMERICAN.—The Augusta correspondent of the Portland *Press* thus notices one of the lobby members at the capital:—

"Among the representative men 'lying loose' about this capital, not the least noticeable is Deacon Sockbason, of Oldtown, who comes here praying for State aid in consideration of what he has done for the red men of his tribe, and through them and the odor of their sanctity for the pale-faced inhabitants of that region of the Penobscot. His petition—which he kindly permitted me to copy—reads as follows:—

To my Friends the Legislature of Maine, in Legislature assembled:

I Mitchell Sockbason (of Oldtown) formerly Tarative Tribe of Indians, respectfully represent, that for many years I have deeded the Indian church at Oldtown to the utmost of my ability, putting the church in order and fitting it first-rate, thereby doing great service to the Tribe, and by odor of its renewed sanctity, imparting to the people of Oldtown an attraction they have stood in need of—also to the people of Milford and Argyle somewhat, and to those honest wayfarers in search of timber lands mostly."

I therefore pray, that in the plenitude of your liberality, you will endow me and my Deanship with part of a township of Timber land, in consideration of what I have done, and what I may hereafter do, in behalf of said region and peoples."

When Alexander the Great asked his famous captive King Porus—the predecessor of our illustrious Governors John Etienne and John Neptune, of fragrant memory—how he would have him use him, Porus replied, "Royally, like a King!" so say I to you, my friends, now you have got the power, I would have you use me as you do other good institutions. And as in duty bound will ever pray,

his
Deacon MITCHELL X SOCKBASON.

Jan. 26, 1864.

Deacon Sockbason requests me to say in consideration of being so far the object of his benignant grace as to be allowed to copy the foregoing from the original manuscript, that he is not only a bright light in the Oldtown church, but that he is ready of tongue, and can make a big talk in the "Court House" if allowed to do so; that his influence is wide on the Penobscot waters, and that a grant of land to him would be a good investment for the State, yielding large dividends in the rich aroma of heavenly sanctity which so thoroughly penetrates all classes on the Penobscot, but mostly "the wayfarers in pursuit of timber lands."

THE SURET PICTURE OF THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.—The first week in January, 1863, and within five days after the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued by the President of the United States, Mr. A. Kidder, formerly of Chicago, now of New York, commenced illustrating it in an elaborate & artistic manner, so that from a blank sheet of paper there appears a beautiful picture of the Emancipation Proclamation, done exclusively with a pen. When finished it was enclosed in a heavy ornamental and costly gilt frame, exhibited for a day or two in an office window, around which crowds of citizens thronged to look at this work of art, which called forth their highest admiration, and in which they took a noble and emulative pride that such a meritorious work of art should hail from the resident State of the Honorable President of the United States. This picture was duly forwarded and received by the President of the United States. The tardy success of the war retarded until the success in East Tennessee the engraving of the picture.

Good business men wanted to take the agency in every county for this picture.

Price \$1.50 per mail, prepaid. Liberal discount to agents. Address Mr. A. Kidder, 483 Broadway, New York.

Maine Legislature.

Thursday, 11th.—The Senate passed without any opposition the bill granting further powers to the European and North American Railway Company. This bill as passed permits the bridging of the Kenduskeag stream, and the extension of the road to connect with the New Brunswick road, with branch lines to the slate quarries in Piscataquis county and the Katahdin Iron Works. The House was mostly occupied with the bill to legalize the doings of cities, towns, and plantations in raising bounties, etc. The debate took rather a wide range. Two of Mr. Stover's amendments were rejected.

Friday, 12th.—Both branches passed a State bounty of \$300 to soldiers enlisting under the call Feb. 1st. The House rejected the amendment of Mr. Stover of Harpswell to the bill legalizing the action of towns in raising bounties, etc., by a vote of 9 to 83 and the bill was passed in concurrence. An act to incorporate Clinton Manufacturing Co. was passed to be engrossed in the Senate.

