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Maxham & Wing

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BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

[In the hands of Mrs. B. Hutchins, to be set to Music.]
 Flung out the bright banner, the Red, White and Blue!
 The glad day is dawning for me and for you;
 For Freedom her pinion at length has unfurled,
 And Peace stands a-tiptoe to gladden the world!
 Then down with Rebellion and Tyranny too;
 And up with the banner to Liberty true!
 The triple-hued banner, the time-honored banner,
 The glory-hung banner, the Red, White and Blue!

Wake! mountain and hill-top, rock, river and sea!
 Come join in our chorus: the land shall be free!
 No despot shall rule it with tyrannous hand;
 The slaves shall be free, and the weak shall be strong.
 Then down with Rebellion and Tyranny too;
 And up with the banner to Liberty true!
 The triple-hued banner, the time-honored banner,
 The glory-hung banner, the Red, White and Blue!

Oh, men are the fields where the foemen have trod,
 And where are the faces laid under the sod;
 But stars are the skies from whose portals of light
 Is dawning the day-star that gladdens our night.
 Then down with Rebellion and Tyranny too;
 And up with the banner to Liberty true!
 The triple-hued banner, the time-honored banner,
 The glory-hung banner, the Red, White and Blue!

HOW THEY DO IT.

EMBODIED A PLEA FOR WIDOWERS.

BY MARION HANLARD.

PART I.
HOW HE DID IT.

"Hear this, girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Waitley to three or four young ladies who were collected about her in her pleasant sitting-room one fragrant August night, and she read from the evening paper—

"Married, on the third inst., by Rev. J. Smith Robinson, Conrad Elliott, Esq., of Oldport, to Louise Katherine, only daughter of G. B. Sinclair, of this city."

"You don't say so!"
 "Impossible!"
 "Why, his wife has not been dead a year yet!" arose in confusing chorus from the ruffled listeners.

"And those sweet children! what a trial for them! They still talk of their own mother—still mourn her!" said Mrs. Waitley, her eyes wandering involuntarily to her little Freddy, her first-born, who had fallen asleep upon the foot of the sofa, after the fatigues of the day's sports. "That is the most objectionable feature of second marriages—this installation of a stepmother, who may or may not be fit to have charge of such sensitive little beings as children generally are."

"That is your view of the evil; but, for my part, I consider all such unions not merely expedient, but positively wrong, utterly inexcusable!" pronounced Clara Mercer, a fine-looking girl, who sat at the hostess's right hand. "No man who ever truly loved his first wife has a right to marry again. In so doing he must be false either to himself, to his former love, or to her whom he has chosen to supply the vacant place in his home. It was never meant that one should espouse a wife because he needs a housekeeper or nursery governess. Marriage in these circumstances is worse than a mockery—it is a desecration of this, the most ancient and holiest of human contracts."

"Hear! hear!" said a manly voice behind the energetic speaker. "Who has, by committing this heinous crime, brought down upon his head the weight of your righteous indignation, Miss Clara?"

Mrs. Waitley's pale cheek flushed and her eye sparkled with pleasure as her husband leaned over the back of the sofa to kiss her, regardless of the observation of the rest.

"Only think, Edgar! Conrad Elliott is married again! Isn't it perfectly disgraceful?"
 "Something very like it, it must be confessed," rejoined Mr. Waitley, amused at the earnestness of her reprobatation; and taking the paper from her hand he read the paragraph to which she directed his attention. "When did his first wife die?"

"Don't you recollect? Last January—just eight months since! It seems only yesterday that I attended the funeral, and wept over the motherless babes, so carefully nurtured, so sadly bereaved," said the tender-hearted Mrs. Waitley, the tears starting anew at the recollection. "And while her image is yet fresh in their minds—young as they are—it is hard that they should be forced to call another—stranger—by the endearing name of 'mother'!" If I believed that you could act so heartlessly—so cruelly, Edgar, after my death, I would play with my last breath that I might take my darling with me to a better home!"

"Gently, my pet! You are going on at a terrible rate! In the first place, you may outlive me by some dozens of years; in the second, if I were doomed to the misfortune of surviving you, I trust that I know what is due to you, to my children, and myself, too well to select your successor in such indecent haste. Elliott's feelings are none of the finest, I have always thought. He is not one who would be troubled by scruples on this score."

"I blame the lady of his choice as much and more than I do him," observed Clara Mercer, severely. "She had not even the pitiful plea of convenience or expediency, behind which otherwise disconsolate widowers shelter themselves from the just censures of society. Ugh!" continued the young lady, with a tone and gesture of intense disgust—"how I despise the perfidious wretches—practising with crocodile tears and furnace-like sighs, upon the sympathies of credulous, simple-hearted and soft-headed maidens! How any woman of common sense or common prudence can listen to them for an instant passes my comprehension. Still less can I imagine the process of reasoning by which a girl who possesses one atom of true delicacy of feeling or depth of affection lowers herself to the point of becoming any man's second best love and second wife!"

"Take care! you may live to repent your words!" The caution came from a mischievous dangle of eighteen, who until now had appeared wholly engrossed in the task of dressing a doll for little Susie Waitley, a child of three summers, sitting watchful and happy in the lap of her friend. "I should not be a bit surprised to see you marry a widower yet, and that in less than a year from the period of his first becoming 'disconsolate.'"

"Myra Jewett! how dare you say so?" retorted Clara, half vexed, yet laughing at the absurdity of the prediction. "What warrant has my conduct ever afforded for your remark?"

"I judge chiefly from your violent protestations that you would act differently," replied the minx composedly. "When you are caught I shall remind you of this talk."

"You may!" Clara promised readily.
 "I believe all you say now," pursued the other, "but do you remember how Hazel asked—'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' and became a murderer twenty-four hours afterwards? The race of Hazels seems to me to multiply, not diminish. As to men, they are all alike."

"Thank you!" Mr. Waitley bowed gayly.
 "You needn't! I was going to say that if you were ever to become a widower, which Providence forbid—you would behave as all your brethren do who get a chance to figure in that character. It is a common adage that when a man loses his wife he buries his senses with her, and really I credit it when I witness the fantastic tricks of the bereaved creatures."

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I am not sure that it is not a fortunate instinct which impels so many of them to rush frantically into matrimony again, since by this means they can recover their lost reason."

"Hit him again! he has no friends!" interpolated Mr. Waitley; then tapping his wife's cheek—"Come, little lady, can't you venture a word in defence of the sex?"

"We are not abusing the sex, Mrs. Waitley," said Myra. "As bachelors, they are desirable—as husbands convenient and comfortable—often rather ornamental than the contrary;—as widowers, they are—"

"Detestable!" Clara finished the sentence, ringing out the adjective clearly and strongly.

"Fie! fie! I would have said 'irresistible'!" said Myra, in pretended horror. "I hope no member of the fascinating brotherhood will ever pay his devoirs to me! 'Surrender or flight' would be the only alternatives."

"I will treasure up the hint, and recommend you to the first eligible widower I meet," threatened Mr. Waitley.

"As you please!" said the unabashed maiden, coolly clipping off a needful of silk—"only, if it is all the same to you, I should prefer that the term of his affliction had lasted longer than that of the latest case that has come under my notice. The unhappy man spent two whole nights in bewailing himself, stretched weeping upon his wife's grave. Upon the third morning he was discovered diligently fanning the damp mound, considering it but decent that the marks of his tears should be dried before taking a second partner to his lacerated bosom."

"Oh! oh!" was the simultaneous exclamation, in various tones of laughing incredulity.

"What is the matter?" asked Myra, in mock surprise. "Now his conduct in thus testifying his regard for appearances, strikes me as being eminently respectable. I knew one man who selected spouse No. two while peeping around the corner of the handkerchief held gracefully to his eyes at the funeral of No. one. Still another case—and for the truth of this I myself can vouch, was that of an elderly gentleman, who on being mildly reproved for having contracted a second alliance in three months after the decease of his wife, replied, in innocent amazement—'Where is the harm? Isn't she as dead now as she ever will be? Will she be any dearer in three years than in three months?'"

"Don't, Myra—please!" begged Mrs. Waitley. "It gives me a pain at my heart to hear such talk, even while I know it to be the veriest jesting. It is a sad and dreadful thing, this sundering of the nearest and dearest tie of earthly love. I cannot think of it without a shuddering prayer that my husband may be spared to me, and I to him. That there are those who can and do forget their sorrow quickly, and insult the memory of the departed by an early marriage with another, proves nothing beyond the fact that some husbands are not gifted with fine feelings, or are deficient in affection for their partners; but we must believe that these are exceptions to the rule. In the event of my decease my husband would never so disgrace himself—never put such wrong upon my babes, and there are many others like him."

No one spoke for awhile. The wife's tone was too full of sorrowful earnestness to admit of further pleasantry upon this topic. At last Clara Mercer, with her accustomed decision of thought and language, ended the silence—"It is a mystery to me how any of them can do it!"

"And to me!" rejoined Mr. Waitley, seriously, and there the subject rested.

The conversation soon passed from the minds of the participants therein; for within the following fortnight a graver matter interested and saddened all. This was the alarming illness of the most popular member of the little band—Mrs. Waitley. She had complained of a cold and feverishness for some days previous to the evening of the girls' visit, but on that occasion rallied so far from the languor of indisposition, and spoke so lightly of her malady, that her husband indulged the confident hope of her speedy recovery. The next morning she awoke with hot hands and throbbing head, and coughing hoarsely. The disease gained character and ground so rapidly, that, at the end of the week, it was reported throughout the town where she had resided since her birth—loving and beloved—that but slight hopes were entertained of her recovery. On the tenth day they told her that she had but a little while to live. She met the trial with Christian calmness; gave minute directions concerning the family arrangements that should succeed her departure; kissed her babes, lingeringly, praying, audibly but fervently as she took a last, loving look of their unconscious faces smiling into her dying eyes; then lay quietly back in her husband's arms to await the summons.

Around the bed were gathered other friends for sweet Anna Waitley was a great favorite, and among these were several members of the merry party that had assembled about her lounge but a short week and a half before. As her eyes rested upon these, once her companions in innocent gaiety, lately her affectionate nurses, some vague reminiscence of that last evening of comparative health may have entered her mind to ruffle its heavenly tranquillity, for she gazed up at her husband with an expression of wistful tenderness, not unmingled with anxiety.

"What is it, my own one?" he inquired, in response to the mute appeal.
 "You will not forget me?" she articulated in feeble accents, yet with perceptible emphasis.

"Never, darling! never!"
 Tears fell with his kiss upon her brow.
 "Thank you!"

A smile of unearthly sweetness irradiated her countenance—was stamped there, not many minutes later, by the marble hand of Death.

The funeral over, and the sorrowing and busy friends having dispersed to their several homes, the widower came back to his desolate abode to fold his motherless little ones to his breast in speechless, tearless anguish; and when they had been carried off to their beds, awe-struck, yet wondering in a blind, piteous way at the fearful change that had come over him and their daily life, he watched through the live-long night in the cozy boudoir she had loved and beautified—made to be the very bower of domestic peace—staring in stony wretchedness into the blank, icy darkness of the existence from which the sun had been ruthlessly blotted out at noon. With the day came the stern demands of external duties,

the mechanical drudgery of business, the compulsory association with other men—and he met these with sullen endurance, walking faithfully through the joyless routine, yet with an apathetic despair that was discernible by the least observant of his acquaintances. "It was plain," so people whispered pityingly one to another, "that he took this affliction very hard. It was an awful stroke, and had made quite another being of him. It was doubtful whether he would ever be himself again."

This doubt was impressed upon the minds of most persons who came in contact with him. Gloomy, reserved, unsmiling, listless—it would have been hard to conceive of a greater contrast to his former buoyant, earnest self; and the compassionate regards of the community went out, as the heart of one man, towards the stricken household, as represented in him the suffering head. He looked not merely lonely and sad, but lost, bewildered, and wretched, beyond the power of words to express—and he felt all this, and more. His love for his wife had been deep and true, dating back to the girl-and-boy-days of both. Their courtship had comprised all the romance that was to be found in the lives of either; their betrothal had preceded their union by four years, and she had just entered upon the seventh of her wedded life when the fiat of separation came upon them like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, and behold ruin and blight in place of smiling serenity and dear delights! At the base of this stupendous mountain of calamity, on the either side of the grim door, that shut out from him forever the blessed Past, he had dared, in happy presumption, to dream would be continued—a glorious, changeless Now—through the maturity and old age of both—stood appalled, hopeless, rebellious! He had never thought of Anna's dying—his shocked senses could not comprehend even now the whole might and weight of the misery contained in that one word—"widowed!"

The companionship of his children, which others seemed to expect would be a solace to him, was, in fact, rather an aggravation of his distress. Their artless prattle and innumerable questions about the parent they missed at every turn, sometimes wrought him into a kind of impatient frenzy. Talk with them on this theme he could not, and he repelled them hastily—it appeared to them harshly. Often the very sight of the pair was insupportable to him—recalled the image of the dead mother, as he was wont to see her continually, busied about their welfare; memory rehearsed her tender offices and fond endearments with such tender fidelity that he was fain to fly their presence, to hide his grief in private.

Two months dragged by, and the cloud abode still black and frowning upon his spirit, unlighted by one gleam of promise. Still he lamented the departed in the wild bitterness of unsanctified woe; rejecting the proffered consolations of friends; seeing in the bereavement the destruction of every mortal hope; still visiting, as the one dear spot that remained to him on earth, the green mound, beneath which he had seen laid to its final rest the gentle head so long pillowed upon his bosom.

One blind autumn afternoon he repaired to the cemetery, intending to pass the sunset hour in its quiet seclusion, in real or fancied communion with the spirit, whose presence and blessing he so constantly and passionately invoked. As he neared the terminus of his pilgrimage, he perceived, through the embowering trees that lined the avenue, the flutter of a woman's robes, at or in the immediate neighborhood of his wife's burial place. Dreading a meeting with the intruder, he approached her very cautiously under cover of the shrubbery, designing either to drive her away by discovering himself unexpectedly, or to lie in wait near by until she should be gone. A high arched-vista hedge enabled him to watch the movements of the unwelcome apparition—himself unnoticed, even while he stood within a few feet of her.

It was Clara Mercer—his wife's chosen and most intimate associate—who, kneeling by the grave of her friend, was arranging thereon the contents of a basket of flowers which she had brought with her. It was not unnatural that Waitley's first impulse should be one of fierce almost uncontrollable jealousy—resentment hasty and high—at sight of other hands than his employed about the hallowed spot, and that these were augmented by a certain angry recollection that he had, upon several occasions, marvelled at the perfect preservation and continued bloom of the blossoms he had deposited above the pulseless heart of the pale sleeper below. It was evident to him now that these had been secretly removed between his visits, and others deposited in the stead of the faded ones. But this emotion of displeasure was transient—gave place to more worthy and softer reflections, when, by a change in her position, Clara's features were brought into view. Her face was bedewed with tears, that, ever and anon, dropped upon the leaves and buds she was grouping, obliging her to pause in her task to clear her sight sufficiently to allow her to proceed. Her work done, she remained kneeling by the mound, looking down upon it with an expression of yearning and fondness that went to the heart of the spectator.

"She, too, is a mourner!" he said, inly. "How steady and strong was the friendship between my Anna and her! She knows the extent, the irreparable nature of my loss!"

After laying her hand caressingly on the turf, as in tender adieu, Clara arose and turned to go. Mr. Waitley left his place of concealment and met her at the gate of the enclosure with outstretched hand and a countenance of grateful emotion, which told that the object of her visit was understood. Startled and embarrassed at the encounter, she blushed and tried to stammer some words of excuse for the "liberty she had taken."

He checked her. "There is no need of apology. I beg you to believe that I appreciate and deeply feel the reason why I find you here. This place is sacred in your sight as it is in mine. I thank you for remembering her, and for the proof of affectionate remembrance you have paid her. She loved you dearly—next to the members of her own family. You have a right to mourn with us."

Clara's fast-dropping tears were her response to this speech. The tone of respect for the dead—of profound melancholy in alluding to his stricken family—sank deep into a heart already softened by regrets for, and dear memories of, her only companion. She was a woman of fine intellect and powerful feelings, but she was not demonstrative of the latter: was

regarded in her circle of associates as singularly independent of others' opinion and esteem, if not deficient in feminine softness of character and manner. Anna Waitley alone, of all her young acquaintances, had thoroughly understood and warmly loved her. Their intimacy had been close and long, extending over a space of ten or twelve years, for both had passed the earlier stages of womanhood.

"She was my best friend. I lost much in parting with her," she began, but the effort to control herself was insufficient, and she made a movement to pass him.

"Allow me to see you to your carriage!" said Mr. Waitley, yet more gently; seeing her too much moved to sustain any part in the conversation.

They walked, without another word, side by side, towards the end of the avenue, where her conveyance was waiting, and parted with a silent grasp of the hand. There was no one besides Clara inside the carriage, and as the coachman drove off, Waitley had a passing glimpse of her face, from which she had removed the handkerchief. The tears had bathed without disfiguring it, and the blended sorrow, sympathy, and loving remembrance, depicted in her noble features, gave her an aspect of peculiar loveliness.

"She looked almost angelic!" he said to himself, in retracing his steps to Anna's resting place. "My poor darling always declared that there were few women like her!"

Then, taking his accustomed position at his wife's side, his mind swung back to meditations upon the magnitude of his grief, and unavailing repinings for the society of his buried love.

A week later he returned, at evening, to the habitation he used to call "home," and going from the force of habit, to the library, exchanged his boots for slippers, his coat for a dressing-gown, sighing heavily as he did so. Both these necessary articles of fireside comfort were of Anna's manufacture, and after the manner of most other good wives, she had greatly enjoyed making and presenting them to him. She was continually studying ways and means for affording him additional gratification. He was fast learning to seek out and cherish depressing fancies; his mind becoming morbidly alive to such links of memory as at once halloed, yet rendered afflictive, the sight of every object associated with his wife, making his misery her representative. It was a common form of selfish and excessive woe. So, yielding to the train of thought suggested, or, more correctly speaking, deepened by his unwelcome entrance into a house where his appearance at noon and evening used to be the signal for general rejoicing, he sat himself down in his arm-chair, opposite the vacant one he would not have removed from the corner where she would sit—watchful of every motion, ready to anticipate every want—in the blessed days of old, and buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud: "O my precious wife! how long can I miss you thus and live?"

He seldom sent for the children to keep him company at this hour, although, in former times, he with Anna, considered it especially the little ones' season of liberty and petting—gave themselves up to the combined amusement and teasing consequent upon the society of these household tyrants. How often he had sat just where he did now and listened to her pleasant tones, repeating to them, as they hung about her, or climbed on her lap, the exquisite domestic lyric, beginning—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the children's hour."

It was this souvenir of her—not the desire to have them with him—that caused him to inquire of the housekeeper, when she brought in the evening paper, where Susie and Freddy were.

"They went to ride this afternoon, sir, with Miss Mercer. I thought you would not object, sir?" interrogatively.

"Certainly not," rejoined Waitley, listlessly. "You are the best judge in these matters."

"Miss Mercer called by for them," pursued the housekeeper, upon this encouragement, "and they were so overjoyed at the invitation that I had not the heart to refuse them. They have seemed uncommonly quiet and 'dull,' lately, sir—poor things! It isn't to be expected that children will grieve like grown persons. If they are low-spirited long, it is generally a sure sign that they are not well."

Mr. Waitley raised his head at these words. They were the more worthy of notice since Mrs. Garth was not a great talker, and was usually so much awed by her employer's grave taciturnity as to imitate it while in his presence.

"Do you think them sick, then, Mrs. Garth?"

"Not exactly, sir; but the moping life they have led, since—since—"

"I understand!" interrupted her listener, with a look of deeper gloom, as she stammered for a phrase that should be at once delicate and expressive. "Go on!"

"I mean to say, Mr. Waitley, that quiet and loneliness don't agree with them any better than with most others of their age."

"What would you recommend?" asked the father.

"If they were mine, sir, I would let them go out oftener and have young playmates at home," said the good woman, further emboldened by the awakened interest of her hearer. "Ah, Mr. Waitley! sorrow is hard enough for older people to bear! You can't desire that they should understand all they have been deprived of. That knowledge comes all too soon to every motherless child. The best we can hope for them is to keep it from them while they are so small, and make them happy while we can."

There was no reply beyond a sigh; and after pausing a moment to see whether he wished to prolong the conversation, she lowered the window shades, set the drop-light near his elbow, and left him to ruminate upon the hints she had thrown out.

there, revolving bitter self-accusations, while he watched for the return of the defrauded children. He had not to wait long, and by the time the carriage stopped he was at the bottom of the steps, ready to lit out its living freight.

"See, papa, what I have got!" cried Susie, gleefully, holding a oft a brown paper package in both her hands; and, "Papa! don't you think Cousin Clara bought me a splendid bow and arrows!" shouted Master Freddy, forgetting, in his excitement, the oft reiterated injunctions of the nursery maid, "not to speak loud or make any noise that could worry his poor sorry papa."

Mr. Waitley kissed them both, retaining Susie in his arms, while he thanked Clara for her thoughtful kindness to his children.

"It has been a long while since I have seen them so happy," he subjoined penitently. "I feel keenly that I have failed in one of the most important duties of a parent—that of rendering his children's lot as pleasant as possible, whatever may be his private and personal despondency."

"I believe that it is a duty," responded Clara, more modestly than she was apt to speak in delivering an opinion. "Yet it can hardly be demanded of you just now. It is not surprising that you should, at times, be unequal to the effort of entertaining them. They appeared to enjoy their jaunt."

"And she says, papa, that, if you are willing, she will take us out a great many more times. Won't that be jolly, though?" vociferated Freddy, jumping up and down upon the steps behind his father, too full of delight to stand still, as he unfolded the enchanting prospect.

Mr. Waitley actually smiled—a gleam of real amusement such as rarely visited his countenance now-a-days.

"I have no doubt that you think so, my boy! Whether Miss Clara may not repent of her bargain is another matter which it may be well to consider."

"I will take the risk!" she replied. "I may call or send for them again soon—may I not? Are you willing to entrust them to me now and then? I will bring them home in better season next time."

"I am more than willing—I am greatly indebted to you for offering them so healthful a diversion."

"There, children—in a day or two we will have another ride. Good-night!"

"Isn't she a brick, papa?" inquired Freddy, following his father into the house.

"She is a very kind, lovely lady, and, you ought to feel very thankful to her," rejoined Mr. Waitley, unable again to suppress a smile at the patronizing manner of the precocious youngster. He set Susie down upon the hall-floor, and bade them both, "Run away now, and get your hats and cloaks off! I mean that you shall take supper with me to-night."

With shouts of "Good! good!" the children scampered up-stairs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMAN NATURE.—Rev. J. K. Hosmer, of Deerfield, Mass., who roughed it, as a corporal in one of the Massachusetts nine-months regiments, has published his soldier experience in a volume entitled "The Color Guard." In closing up his record, he has the following kind word for poor, much-abused "human nature":

"During the past year, I have seen much of human nature,—often a very rough side of it. In our own regiment were a large number of men of such age and character as are not usual found in the position of private soldiers; but we had, besides these, a proportion of 'rough characters.' Then, again, in organizations less favored than ours, with which we were associated, there was ample opportunity of meeting with those, whom society calls very much debased. I met such men under circumstances when many of the ordinary restraints of life were taken off, so that their true natures could come out more fully. What have I learned? To put as much confidence in men as ever; to believe in the intrinsic goodness of the human heart. Intolerance, cruelty, sensuality, meanness, are the things men invariably detest, and what they blame. Mercy, liberality, truth, kindness, are what they invariably commend. Much evil there is among the rank and file, as there is among those higher in position. I have seen want of patience, want of honesty, want of temperance. I have seen gambling and ill-temper, and know how foul the air of camp is with coarseness and blasphemy. But this I have not seen: the man who liked or would commend selfishness; the man who did not learn to think less of human nature from contact with 'rough men,' however it may be from contact with those at the opposite social extreme. Often they do not imitate what they admire; often they do not avoid in their own conduct what they detest in others; but this is true, that human instincts are always fixed in a love for good, in a hatred for bad. In the society of the low, as in every human society, there is but one rule for securing enduring popularity.—Be unselfish."

I have known men, rough in language and manners; judged by our conventional standards, thoroughly unselfish; perhaps they hardly ever saw the inside of a church, or breathed an audible prayer, though their talk was full of oaths; yet they would do noble things. They would help others generously; they would bear privation cheerfully; and I have known them, in a time of pestilence, to watch, day and night, with patients sick of contagious diseases, when the camp was full of death. They watched until they grew sick; then, after they were sick, until their lives were in peril. I have heard the lips of dying men bless them.

The thought of the beautiful poem of "Abou Ben Adhem" is, that, because he loves his fellow-men, an angel writes his name at the head of the list of those whom "love of God had blessed." I know not why the names of some of these I speak of should not be written there too, "rough" though they are.

BITTER AND SWEET.—Lady Worthy Montague, the famous wit and beauty, made the most sarcastic observation that was ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," she said, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one!"

What if a man had said that? But as an offset we give the remark of Lola Montez. "In one of her lectures she said:

"I never behold a beautiful woman, but I fall in love with myself, and wish I were a man that I might marry her."

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

"SKIPET" ONCE MORE.

WEST WATERVILLE, FEB. 25th, 1864.

Messrs. Editors:—

There, it is just as I expected. It will not be worth while for Susie to start up that game. Susie is my niece, named for me, Susan Jane. She wanted to answer Skipet when the epidemic first struck him. Said I, "Stop! Susie. We don't know who this Skipet is. I never thought much of a fellow that talked wife in the newspapers. I will write to the Mail myself. Perhaps by vexing Skipet a little, I can draw out something that will enable us to tell better about him."

Besides I am somewhat acquainted with the Mail folks. They are always on the smelling and tasting committees of the Cattle Show and Fair, and the way their instinct leads them to my best bread, butter, cheese and sweet apples proves them to be men of discrimination. But I always take a large supply with me and sometimes have a little left after the smelling and tasting is over. Possibly, we may be able somewhere, to get all the information we want.

But the moment I put my eyes on the last Mail, said I, "Susie, bring me my best balance, the one I weighed the other Skipet in. The instant she gave it to me, said I, 'Morey sakes, Susie what does this mean? They don't weigh a bit alike, and there is a whole generation's difference in the arrangement, style and language. I declare, I am in the situation of the census taker, who called on an old lady for the usual statistics, but all he could get out of her was, great John, little John and Johnny. Now we have great Skip, little Skip, and I suppose we shall soon have Skippy as the representative of the third generation. Never mind, Auntie, said Susie, laughing, 'you take care of great Skip and little Skip, and I will see to Skippy when he comes.'

The way little Skip snaps right and left in a part of his letter is a caution. I should have called him a snapping turtle, had it not been for doing injustice to that animal. Well, we must not get angry if he does lose his temper. It was a great disappointment, when he expected to be most agreeably surrounded by "pretty girls," to find himself in collision with an old woman with the antiquated notions of "forty or fifty" years ago. He is "modern" and "Frenchified," I suppose, when he so delicately alludes to the porcine tribe and their genteel diet.

As a general thing, he was pleasant enough, I liked him, if he had only left that out about "ruling husbands," "cross old maids" and "Caudle Lectures"—the little, snarling insignificant—There, I am getting excited. I am glad I forgot the word. What do you call the infant specimens of the canine species before they are old enough to say bow-wow?

When I sit down to a meal I want something to eat, and when I hear a sermon I want something that I can get a taste of during the week, and when I write I want something to write about. With these singular traits in full force, I put on my glasses, placed pen, ink and paper before me, collected the Skipets, the various subjects and all the circumstances to have a good sit down upon them.

My soul! Did you ever undertake to sit down in a seat that was a little lower than you expected? If you ever did, you can judge—no, as Bridget says, "The likes of you can't judge"—Well, when I tell you that I weigh over two hundred, imagine what happened when the whole concern did not afford even an apology for a low seat and I went down bounce upon the floor. I tell you I felt an "alleviement like" nearly akin to what Skipet's "modern" theory of love seems to be. If he should ever have so sudden a fall, and his heart should be affected by it, I should say his theory was correct and his heart in the right place. But as I must get some liniment to apply to my damages, I bid farewell to Skip forever and your pesky newspapers too. Only see what a bruising I've got by being drawn into this scrape.

AUNT JANE.

P. S.—Susie, the impatient witch, has just handed me the enclosed letter in advance, for Skippy. If you will be so kind as to give it to him, it may save him the trouble of writing.

West Waterville, Feb. 26, 1864.

Dear Skippy:—

Auntie says that after a few generations of smart men a dunce usually appears, and, on the other hand, after a line of dunces, about the third generation, we may look for something smart. Now you

garments, that other persons have to give them a very wide berth in passing upon the same street. Economy and common sense demand that the ladies should use a little less material in their outer garments and have them so adjusted that they can walk upright—having the appearance of healthy and useful persons in society.

AN OBSERVER.

Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 11, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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.

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Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HUMBLED!—Long, long ago it was confidently asserted that "the fools were not all dead." Multitudes of this queer class of people have since died, and yet, in the language of the immortal razor-strop man, "a few more of the same sort" are still to be found. Even in proud Waterville, wise Waterville, self-complacent and very cute Waterville, "it is more than whispered that a few of the family connexions still live. For fear that somebody should doubt this, we appeal to the individual members of the large audience that filled our Town Hall on Wednesday evening. For several days previous, those who went up or down Main-st. could hardly fail to see "a pretty girl of some seventeen summers," with a jaunty air and a jockey cap, offering to the passers-by an envelope from a box at her side, with a chance to "draw" either an item of the flimsy jewelry displayed on the other side, or one of the silk dresses, sewing machines or other rich prizes that this fair girl said were positively embraced in the "scheme"—while as a positive certainty, every buyer was sure of compensation in a lecture on Mormonism, which this pretty Miss would deliver at a stated time! O ye ghosts of the dead fools! how could ye refrain from "knocking" on the thick skulls of your living offspring? But—did anybody—po! nobody but at that flimsy bait!—eh?

It is said to be a common entertainment among the occupants of jails, to pass round the question, "How came you here?" and amuse each other with the answers. This was the precise question suggested to our mind as we recognized, one after another, our staid and worthy friends, good men and good women, in that sadly deluded audience! What a deep interest in Mormonism! was the only echo to the question, till we saw young Tom Sly, as he entered the door and discovered his father and mother in a front seat! His whole manner said in the plainest language, "Whew! if he hasn't had his fingers bit!—that's good!—what did ye draw, old chum?" The poor old gent. looked out the brief reply "Humbled!" with most withering emphasis, and Tom walked boldly to a front seat at his side. Everybody said "Humbled!" in every look and motion. And yet a single member of the fool family, if one had been present, would flatter have given them all the lie!—for "fools and children tell the truth." There was a "sell," to be sure, and the pretty Miss in the jockey cap pocketed the price; but who would dare plead humbug, and yet confess that they had seen that jewelry and the lecturer, and all the other machinery of this nice speculation? Did anybody suppose that little girl would give a twenty-five cent lecture on Mormonism?—or that there were silk dresses and fine sewing machines in those little envelopes?—or that there was any honesty in the scheme, from beginning to end?

It should be told, that a small portion of the audience came in with mere lecture tickets, but most of them had opened one of the mystical envelopes.

The truth is—and we beg every "fool" to listen to it—that "chance," in the sly garb of grab bags, ring cakes, gift enterprises, and bolder lotteries, finds the strings of purses that could never be opened by Christianity, whether she come under cover of sanitary commissions or church repairs. It is only when this weakness of humanity is unveiled as palpably as in this case, that men will be induced to look at the little motives that control them.

That lecture, as well as the lecturer, was no less bogus than the tinsel for which the audience really paid their money. It was made up from the newspapers, by some one else than the speaker, who was evidently ignorant even of the structure of its sentences; and while it set forth some of the minor facts in the history of Mormonism, its leading anecdotes and illustrations, which constituted its chief merit with that auditory, were threadbare before Jo Smith was born, and only an insult to the turbid fane of Brigham Young. We beg our wise men and women, as well as our foolish young men and boys, to ponder this "gull" closely before the next one comes along.

FROM OUR BOYS.

Camp Near Stevensburg, Va., Feb. 28, 1864.

Dear Mail:—

I was pleasantly surprised, a few nights since, at seeing your well filled columns among my little package of mail matter. To me you had a very homelike look, and like a cheerful friend came well stocked with pleasant news. Perchance you may wish for something interesting in return, but I fear you are doomed to disappointment, for the life of a soldier while in winter quarters, is, to say the least, monotonous. We have each day about the same amount of regular duties to perform, from which only the regimental doctor can excuse us, and I am sorry to say that numbers of able bodied men get rid of duty, by calling on the doctor and getting excused; but this system of excusing men has to be regularly carried on, and men in good health will not attend the doctor's call daily for more than a week or so at a time. Waterville is not largely represented in the regiment to which I am attached, still there is quite enough of us for a nucleus, around which the patriotic boys of Waterville can cluster, as many of them as choose to enlist.

The great fête of the winter, thus far, has been the grand ball which was given by the officers of the second corps, on the evening of the twenty-second of this month. Not being one of the number who enjoyed the pleasures of the evening, I can give but a faint outline of the exercises. The different army corps were well represented by major generals, who with matrons fair, and gentle maidens tripped lightly in the "morrie dance" until the first grey streaks of light gave warning that another day was close upon them. The day before I took a peep into the hall, which as a private I had not the privilege to enter. It was fitted up in beautiful style. Hanging pendant from the ceiling (which was canvass) were all the flags of the different regiments in the corps, most of them badly torn by shot and shell, showing that brave men had often carried them where bullets flew like hail, in many a hard fought battle. Upon the musician's stand stood two twelve-pound brass Napoleon guns, which, with a few stacks of muskets, and now and then a soldier's bureau, more commonly called a knapsack, gave the hall quite a military appearance. The building in which the tables were set for supper was the same length of the hall (which is about eighty feet) but not near so wide. The supper, I understand, was a sumptuous one, with all the delicacies which could be got.

Yesterday I was over to Brandy Station— which in the hands of the government is quite a business place. There is almost anything there a person wants, presuming of course that he has greenbacks. Eating and oyster saloons, clothing stores, and saddlery establishments line the railroad, while pies and cakes can be bought at several places. I noticed only one place where a jolly Dutchman could get his lager beer, but that was doing what might properly be called a smashing business. I also noticed numbers of ladies at the station. I presume they were or had been visiting their friends in the army; but they will soon have to "get up and get," as the saying is.

Yesterday the sixteenth corps started for the front, and this morning we had orders to pack knapsacks and be ready to move at any time, but it is nearly dark now and the second corps has no orders to start yet, but we expect to move by to-morrow morning. What is up now I do not know, but you will probably know before this reaches you, unless something more of a reconnaissance is meant.

At present we are having fine weather, and the roads are in good condition. Some old ones among us say next month we shall catch rain enough to make up; but then we can tell better about that when next month closes. To a Maine man who is accustomed to cold weather and heavy snow storms, the first winter he passes here seems not like winter, it is more like Spring. He misses the foot or two of snow he is accustomed to travel upon; and the cold driving snow storms that whistle about one's ears so in Maine come not here.

But darkness warns me to bring this hastily written letter to a close, and as I may be claiming too much of your attention, I shall heed the warning, with the promise if anything of importance transpires here I shall be happy to let you know of it.

PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING.—Referring to Mr. Perley's advertisement, in another column, our readers will see that he will organize a second course of lessons in these branches at the Academy, on Tuesday evening next, and that he will also organize a class at Kendall's Mills on Friday evening, 18th inst. There never was a time when good penmanship and a knowledge of book-keeping were more desirable, particularly to females, than the present. The war has made many vacancies in the store, the counting room, the school-house, etc., and well qualified recruits for these places find ready and profitable employment. Of Mr. Perley's qualifications as a teacher it is not necessary to speak; they are known and appreciated all over the country. Pupils in attendance upon his lessons are sure of a quiet school and watchful guidance and direction. If they fail to be largely benefited it must be their own fault.

The Portland Press having been unwittingly made to "Hurrah for Vallandigham," by publishing an acrostic from some wicked democratic wag, gets out of the "false position" by claiming that a few lines were at first accidentally omitted, which they proceed to insert, the improved version reading—"Hurrah for a Rope for Vallandigham."

THOMAS STARR KING—the gifted and eloquent divine—died at San Francisco, on the 3d inst., of diphtheria, aged 39 years and 2 months. This unexpected announcement produced a profound sensation of sorrow all over the land.

OUR TOWN WARRANT.

Articles 13, 16, 19, 23 seem to demand some more thought to enable us to vote correctly upon them, than most of the matter composing the balance of the warrant.

Article 13 concerns Ticonic Bridge. The prosperity of Waterville demands that we should have all our bridges free, and all persons in town as well as in other towns will be benefited by making Ticonic Bridge free. Large amounts of business would then stop in Waterville and West Waterville that now go to other places.

Article 16 concerns the liquor business. According to the recollection of the writer in 1862 the town voted to raise a sum of money to be used by a prosecuting committee for the suppression of the liquor-selling business. The committee was appointed, but the selectmen refused to raise the money, upon the ground that it was an illegal appropriation. In this the selectmen assumed the right of dictating what the town should do, instead of doing what the town directed them to do as servants, not as masters. The committee acted according to the vote of the town: let us raise the money and pay them.

By Article 19 it would seem that somebody is willing to build or repair some one or more bridges in town and support the same, free of expense to the town, provided the party so building can have the use of the same for a dam, under proper restrictions. Such a thing can be done to good advantage in several places in town, if individuals can be induced to assume the expense. It would be a money-saving and profitable operation for the town, and lead to an increase of business, consequently we ought to vote to instruct the selectmen to contract with any responsible person, as intimated in Article 19 of the warrant.

Article 23 has a look in the same direction, only it squints alone to the benefit of wool. Black wool has cost us so much blood and treasure that we must be careful how we give wool any exclusive privileges hereafter. Wool, cotton, iron, leather, and other manufactures are great interests in our State and would equally benefit our town if introduced among us.

Let Article 23 be amended so as to read as follows:—"To see if the Town will vote to exempt from taxation for the term of ten years, all capital and property employed in manufactures established after March, 1864. Then vote it. In this way we should save the taxes on the manufacturing property now in town, and induce other investments to come in to our benefit for coming time. A VOTE."

SOILS.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SOILS AND THEIR PREPARATION FOR FRUIT TREES.

Soils are usually designated by terms expressive of the predominant material in their composition. Thus we hear of sandy, gravelly, loamy, clayey, calcareous or chalky, and alluvial soils.

A sandy soil is that in which sand is the principal ingredient. Such soil is usually quite defective. It is so porous that it parts almost instantaneously with moisture, and plants in it suffer from drought. All the soluble parts of manures are also quickly washed out of it and hence it requires continual additions to produce even a scanty growth. The great point in improving it is to render it more retentive by the addition of clay, ashes, etc.

A clayey soil is that in which clay predominates. It may be considered the opposite of sandy, inasmuch as its defects are that it retains moisture too long, and is too adhesive. In dry weather it becomes as hard as a burnt brick, impervious to dews or slight showers, and when thoroughly wet it is tough and requires a long time to dry. No fruit tree succeeds well in such a soil, but it is capable of being improved and fitted for any species, especially the plum and pear. The obvious way to improve it is by incorporating with it lighter porous soils as sand, muck or leaf mold.

A gravelly soil is one made up in greater part of small stones, pebbles, decomposed rock, etc. Such soils, as a general thing, are unfit for fruit trees unless great labor is incurred in trenching, deepening and mixing with clay, muck, etc., of opposite characters.

A loamy soil is one we hear a great deal about, and may be understood in various ways. It may be considered a mixture of equal parts of sandy clay and vegetable soil. It is neither so light as the sandy, on the one hand, nor so tenacious as clay on the other; and as a general thing contains such elements and is of such a texture as to render it eligible for all ordinary purposes of cultivation and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils are spoken of as sandy loams when sand forms a large ingredient—say one half—of their composition; gravelly when pretty largely mixed with small stones; calcareous when lime is found in them.

Calcareous or chalky soils have a large amount of lime mixed with the other ingredients of which they are composed. All the lands in lime-tone districts are of this character and as a general thing are well adapted to fruit culture.

Peaty soil consists chiefly of vegetable mould from decayed marsh plants, in low, wet places. It is unfit in itself for fruit trees, but is valuable in improving both light and heavy soils.

Alluvial soils are composed of decomposed vegetable substances, the sediment of rivers and materials washed down from neighboring hills. The valleys of all our rivers and streams are composed of this and it is the richest of all soils. Fruit trees in such soils make a rank, vigorous growth, but they are not so hardy nor so fruitful; neither is the fruit so highly flavored as on soils with more sand, clay or gravel and less vegetable mould.

DIFFERENT MODES OF IMPROVING SOILS.

In regard to depth, soils differ materially,

some being not over eight or ten inches in depth of surface, others a foot, while in deep alluvial valleys they are often two feet deep. For orchard and garden purposes a deep soil is quite essential to enable the roots to penetrate freely in search of food and to enable them to withstand the demands of protracted droughts.

Few soils in their ordinary condition of farm culture are in this respect suitable for trees. Even where naturally deep and loamy, if the upper part only (say to the depth of six inches which is as deep as most people plough) be in a friable condition, it cannot be considered as in a proper state for the reception of trees, for their roots cannot be confined to six inches of the surface. Some means of loosening and deepening must be resorted to, and what are they?

1st, Subsoil Ploughing. This is the cheapest and best method where a large quantity of ground is to be prepared for extensive planting. The common plough goes first and takes as deep a furrow as practicable. The subsoiler in the same furrow loosens without turning up the lower part of the surface and a part of the subsoil. Except in cases where the subsoil is a very stiff clay or a hard gravel, and near the surface, the two ploughs can go to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches. This is our way of preparing nursery grounds. If a single ploughing in this way does not accomplish the desired end, a second may be given, going down still deeper.

2nd, Draining. There is a false notion very prevalent among people that where water does not lodge on the surface of a soil, it is dry enough. However this may be in regard to meadows and annual crops, it is quite erroneous when applied to orchards and fruit gardens. Stagnant moisture, either in the surface or subsoil, is highly injurious—ruinous to fruit trees. In such situations we invariably find them unthrifty and unfruitful: the bark mossy and insipid.

All the soils then not perfectly free from stagnant moisture, both above and below, should be drained. In draining it is of course necessary to have a fall or outlet for the water. Having selected this, the next point is to open the drains. We usually make them three feet deep, and wide enough to give sufficient room to work—say three feet wide at the top, narrowing gradually to six inches at the bottom, which should be even and sloping enough to the outlet of the water, to enable it to run. A laborer who understands draining will make two rods of these in a day and good pipe tile can be had at the rate of about one cent per foot.

Draining therefore, is not so costly an operation as many suppose. Where draining tiles are not to be had conveniently, small stones may be used. The bottom of the drain should be filled with them to the depth of eight or ten inches. In using these the drains require to be at least six inches deeper than for tiles in order that a sufficient quantity of stones can be used without coming too near the surface. Some brush or turf with the grassy side downwards should be laid on the stones before filling in the earth to keep it from filling up the crevices.

J. S. WADLEIGH.

War of Redemption.

Kilpatrick's raid, it is evident, was made with a hope of surprising Richmond and effecting the release of the Union prisoners: but like the attempt of Gen. Butler, recently, it proved a failure. Can any mortal man tell us why these two expeditions could not have been planned to act in concert? There would then have been reasonable grounds for expecting success. This last was a bold, dashing raid, but so far as one can see, we have lost more than we have gained. There was considerable destruction of railroad tracks and bridges and other property, and the attacking forces penetrated the outer works of the rebel capital creating great alarm; but they were compelled to retreat precipitately with the loss of over 200 in killed and prisoners. Col. Dahlgreen was killed, and Butler telegraphs that the officers taken prisoners have been placed in irons. Kilpatrick's force is now in Butler's department. The 1st Maine cavalry was in this raid.

We do not yet get full particulars of Sherman's movements. He is reported at Vicksburg, having destroyed an immense amount of rebel property and brought off 8000 negroes, 400 prisoners, and large droves of cattle, mules, etc. His damage to the railroad tracks can hardly be repaired.

Our army has again retired to Chattanooga—the rebels say it has been driven back with loss.

The rebels report another federal disaster in Florida. The rebels are threatening Newbern, and other federal posts in North Carolina. Jeff. Davis has suppressed the Raleigh Standard, in that State, for its outspoken condemnation of Confederate rule.

The exchange of prisoners has been resumed. Operations on the defences of Mobile, it is understood, are still continued.

The rebels recently captured several dispatch boats between Fortress Monroe and Washington.

CONCERT.—The "Soldier's Monument Fund" concert, on Monday evening, promises to be a very choice entertainment. The programme is a rich one, and the musical talent enlisted is such as has secured marked popularity even at home. It is emphatically a "home concert," for the enterprise it aims to promote is no broader than our own town, unless we measure the example that may be followed by other towns. It is proposed to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of such soldiers of Waterville as may fall in the present war. This fund is to be raised by concerts, lectures, and such other entertainments and plans as may be devised by the managers.

An association, to consist of patrons and contributors, will be organized on Monday evening, during the intermission of the concert. We shall look with much interest to the success of this concert, as indicating the interest which our townsmen feel in this project. So far as known it seems to be received with marked approbation; and there can be no doubt that in all their measures for raising the proposed fund, the association will be liberally encouraged by the public.

West Waterville Items.

(Communicated.)

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The Waterville (Free-Will Baptist) Quarterly Meeting met with the Free-Will Baptist Church in this village, Feb. 24th, and 25th. There was a pretty good lay delegation from neighboring Churches, but not many ministers. The meetings were chiefly of a devotional character and were quite interesting. Sermons were preached by Rev. Messrs. Bowman, Bean, Russell, and Redlon.

ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Benson, wife of B. C. Benson, slipped from an icy door-step, a few days ago and broke her left wrist in two places.

LEVEE.—The Levee by the Ladies of the Baptist society held on the evenings of March 1st and 2d, was a very successful affair. The evenings were pleasant, the attendance large, and the exercises passed off to the evident satisfaction of all present. The object of the levee was to raise funds towards liquidating a debt on the house of worship occupied by the society; but the results exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, for a sum was realized sufficient to cancel the entire debt, and a little more. The society feel deeply grateful to their friends of other denominations for their attendance, and for their liberal and substantial expressions of good will. They also gratefully appreciate the very kind and valuable assistance rendered on that occasion by Capt. John U. Hubbard and others not connected with the Society.

TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—The West Waterville Temperance Association will hold its next meeting on Sunday evening next, March 13th, in the Free-Will Baptist meeting house. A lecture may be expected from Rev. A. Redlon.

Cattle Markets.

There was an increase in the number of cattle and sheep at market last week, over the previous week, and, with many ordinary animals present, trade was dull, particularly at the close. The number of cattle reported was 1,902, of which Maine contributed 157; of sheep, 4,702, with none from Maine.

We quote prices as follows:—
First quality beefs, \$9.50 to \$10.25; second do., \$8.50 to \$9.25; third quality, \$7.75 to \$8.25; extra, \$10.50 to \$11.00.
Working oxen—\$100 to \$200, or according to their value as beef.

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

We copy the following, on feeding sheep from the report in the *New England Farmer*, for the benefit of our farmers:—

"L. C. Udall sold to A. H. Gould, of Danvers, 120 fine woolled sheep, averaging, we understood about 120 lbs. at home for \$9.50 per head delivered at his barn in Hartford, Vermont. This lot is the last of 400 sheep fed by Mr. Udall the past winter. Inquiry being made by some gentleman present, as to his practice in this branch of agriculture, Mr. Udall replied that he had fed more or less sheep for many years past, and had found it more profitable than feeding cattle. His barn is two hundred feet long, lighted by glass windows, and with double doors to admit air at top or bottom of the stalls, which are eight feet high. These stalls are intended for thirty to thirty-five sheep, and are made by a fence or partition across the barn, with feeding racks and running water in each stall or division. Usually commences feeding 10th to 15th November, with one bushel cracked corn, shelled,—has no faith in cob meal,—which is gradually increased up to two and even two and a half bushels. We understand he had fed something like eight hundred bushels of corn this winter, and that his sheep which cost a fraction over \$1,500 had brought \$2,900; when first put up, watches them closely, picks out and sells early such as give evidence of being poor feeders. Always some that don't thrive; and the sooner sold the better. Has tried both, and prefers fine, over long-wooled sheep. Had two clean wethers last season which sheared, washed, one seventeen, the other sixteen and one-fourth pounds, fine wool, and weighed respectively one hundred and thirty and one hundred and thirty-five pounds. To thrive well, fattening sheep must be kept comfortable and quiet. Beds his sheep as carefully as his horses. In relation to the value of the manure left by well-fed sheep, Mr. Udall thinks it is not fully appreciated and said that some years ago he sold a farm that he had enriched in this way, and that it paid for itself in four years, yielding in one case a large crop—we think thirty-five bushels per acre—of wheat.

At Cambridge, this week, prices advanced, and the quotations for beef cattle are—Extra, \$10.00 to \$12.00; first quality, \$11.25 to \$11.75; second, \$10.50 to \$11; third, \$9.00 to \$10.25. Sheep were sold by live weight, at 8 to 8 1-2 cents per lb.

UNION CAUCUS.—The following nominations, to be supported on Monday, were made at the Union Caucus on Saturday:—
Moderator—J. Nye.
Town Clerk—E. R. Drummond.
Selectmen—Joseph Percival, B. P. Hersom, C. A. Dow.

Treasurer and Collector—C. R. McFadden.
Town Agent—E. F. Webb.
Member of School Committee—M. Lyford.

TOWN MEETING.—In consequence of the rain and the bad travelling on Monday, our Town Meeting was adjourned one week. A correspondent, in another column, gives his opinion upon certain articles in the warrant.

They are getting up a Fancy Dress Party in Bangor, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

Our regular "Talk about Winslow" is unavoidably laid over till next week.

Maine Legislature.

Thursday, March 1st.—In Senate, Mr. Miliken, of Kennebec, presented a resolve heartily endorsing President Lincoln and Vice President Hamlin, and recommending their reelection, which was passed, 22 to 1. A Resolve in aid of Milford and Princeton Turnpike Co., was refused a passage 11 to 12.

In the House, resolve relating to the President and Vice President of the United States was finally passed—94 to 10. The committee on claims reported a resolve in aid of Charles O. McKinney, chief of Belfast police, for injuries received in arresting Knowles and Grant, the Detroit horse thieves and deserters. Resolve in aid of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College was debated and recommended for amendment, and the same action was taken on resolve in favor of Westbrook Seminary.

Friday, 4th.—The committee on Military Affairs reported legislation inexpedient in regard to suppressing the sale of liquor to soldiers in Augusta. A message from the governor informed the Legislature that the Land Scrip for the benefit of the Ag. College had been received. Bill authorizing the town of Wiscasset to aid in the construction of the Kennebec and Wiscasset Railroad was passed to be engrossed.

In the House, an act providing for the registration of births, marriages, and deaths was read and assigned, and also an act incorporating the Hallowell and Augusta Horse Railroad Co. The vote re-committing resolve in favor of Westbrook Seminary was reconsidered and resolve laid on the table. Committee on Education having reported resolve on petition of Trustees of several academies, were directed to report a separate resolve for each institution. In convention, the two houses were addressed on the subject of foreign immigration, by Rev. Dr. Tefft.

Saturday, 5th.—In Senate, resolve in favor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary was re-committed in concurrence.

In the House, Committee on Banks gave petitioners for amendment of law taxing bank stock owned by non-residents leave to withdraw. Resolve pledging the State to pay twenty-five dollars apiece for able-bodied foreign immigrants, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, who shall come into the State within the next five years, and remain one year, was read and assigned.

Monday, 7th.—An act to provide for the adoption of W. S. McCausland by Ann E. McCausland was read and assigned.

In the House, Committee on Finance reported items of State tax to the amount of \$1,251,000.

Tuesday, 8th.—In Senate, an act was reported for the preservation of salmon in Denny's river.

In the House, bill to restrain the illegal appropriation of public money, on its passage to be engrossed, was laid on the table to await amendments. Resolves accepting the gift of land by F. O. J. Smith, for Agricultural College, and thanking the donor, were referred to the Committee on Agriculture; and the same committee was directed to inquire what further legislation was necessary in the premises. An act lengthening the Lord's Day—making it 24 instead of 18 hours—was debated and passed to be engrossed unanimously. An anti-dog bill, for the protection of sheep, was reported and read once.

Wednesday, 9th.—In Senate, Committee on Judiciary reported bill allowing accused parties in criminal prosecutions to testify, but not compelling them to do so.

In the House, the Militia bill was read and assigned; the anti-dog bill was passed to be engrossed; resolves in favor of Westbrook Seminary and Maine Wesleyan Seminary were passed to be engrossed; Report of Adjutant General was submitted, showing that the amount paid for bounties by cities, towns, and plantations is \$3,983,921.61.

FARMERS, and others interested in the improvement of soils will of course carefully read the article in this week's paper on that subject. It is written by the proprietor of the Mt. Washington Nursery, advertised in our columns, and will be followed by others on kindred subjects.

The Union party in Portland re-elected their candidate for mayor by 1,129 majority, being a gain of 934 over the vote in the fall. Every ward in the city went right.

WATERVILLE QUOTA.—We have answered all calls made thus far, and have a credit of sixteen to be endorsed on any future requisition. It is said that 200,000 more men will be called for soon.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—This resulted in a complete Union victory. Gov. Gilmore was elected by a majority of about six thousand; and it is thought that the republicans will have eighty majority in the House ten of twelve Senators, and all of the Councilors.

A protracted rain which commenced on Saturday night made serious inroads upon the sleighing, but runners have not yet given place to wheels in these parts. The river was considerably raised and the ice at the head of the Falls broke up and was carried through to the Bay.

Mr. Nye's Cadets of Temperance will celebrate their anniversary on Wednesday evening next. They never fail of a pleasant time on such occasions.

A mild case of varioloid is reported to exist on Temple-st. The selectmen have put up the red flags, and nobody feels any alarm. If it extends we promise a faithful and seasonable report.

GOING UP.—The bill authorizing Secretary Chase to sell the surplus gold in the treasury, in open market, was defeated, which caused gold to go up to 167.

