



4-8-1864

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 40): April 8, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 40): April 8, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 32.
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A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright:
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet.

But pray, that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt.

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love, slow—
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate, I give these;
Leave faith and hope till life is passed;
And leave my heart to best impulses
Fresh and unailing to the last.

For this I count, of all sweet things,
The sweetest out of heaven above;
And loving others surely brings
The fullest recompense of love.

[From the Lady's Friend.]

AROUND THE HORN.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOBBS.

CONTINUED.

The volunteer nurse did not wait for directions, but took the amiable opposite to her in charge, more to Jenny's than her own relief, it seemed, from the groans and lamentations issued from the neighborhood of the green tin basin. Closing the door, and wedging herself into the little compartment with the hopelessly ailing lady, Jenny heard the continued sounds of tea cups rattling and plates being laid outside. She was interrupted at intervals of bathing the head and fanning the brow of her patient by the welcome appearance of a bowl of broken ice, in the hand of the unknown, followed by the apparition of two bottles, one containing cognac, the other cologne, from the same source. By and by the bell rang loudly, and sounds of voices and the clatter of dishes outside followed. "The passengers are taking tea," heaven help us, how many can there be," she thought. A tap at the door disturbed her quiet duties, for poor Mrs. Webb lay white and cold, with no motion but an occasional gasping sickness, that utterly prostrated her. She unlocked it to receive a message from Mr. Bungle. "Would she come to him at once?"

Hastily crossing the little cabin, where what appeared to her as a throng were taking tea, she entered the little state room in which Mr. Bungle, having laid the upper berth removed sat upright in the lower one, with a large green gown on, a lemon in one hand, a bottle of lavender in the other, and a basin on his knee. "My dear young friend," whined that gentleman, in the tone in which a delicate lamb might say "baa," "where have you been? This is a very kind person, no doubt," indicating the stranger, by a motion of the lavender bottle, "but I am unaccustomed to the offices of a male nurse, and—and—oh, my young friend—oh! ah!"

There was a slight interlude of the basin here; the sufferer, dropping his lemon, seized Jenny's hand, and held it to his brow, as a support during the trying ordeal, while the rejected nurse stepped respectfully back to make way for her attentions. A low groan floated across from the opposite room and a weak voice murmured, "Jenny," in accents of harrowing reproach.

"What! I do!" exclaimed the poor girl as the plump, elderly hand of Mr. Bungle tightened on her shoulder to detain her. "Do please go, Mr.—"

"Dacey," suggested the gentleman.

"Please go then, Mr. Dacey, and put some ice on Mrs. Webb's head. Tell her I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Wont you come to supper, Miss, the captain says," inquired the cabin boy, in the midst of one of Mr. Bungle's most trying attacks.

"No, please, I don't need any," replied Jenny, struggling with the big bulky head in hands; that would wriggle and butt itself away from the basin in the most uncomfortable manner. Her poor friend Mrs. Webb, she could only glance towards, but she saw her assiduously attended by Mr. Dacey, and could but trust to heaven for the rest. An interminable time to her passed; the tea was removed from the table; there was some groaning from other rooms, and by and by the closeness, heat, and strange motion under her feet, began to act strangely in her own case. A swimming feeling seized her when she moved; her head throbbed, her eyes were hot and swollen, and she held by the wall to prevent herself from sinking.

"How does he seem now?" kindly inquired Mr. Dacey at this point.

"I scarcely know," she replied faintly—"I am getting ill myself, I fear. Oh, what a miserable, weak creature I am; I can hardly stand."

"Don't distress yourself about your father, miss," said her new friend, earnestly; "I will do everything possible to make him comfortable and your friend over there, too. Lie down at once and leave them to me."

"He's not my father," whispered Jenny, falling into a seat, and letting the lofty brow of the old gentleman flop against the edge of the basin.

"Not your father!" cried Mr. Dacey, in astonishment. "Your uncle, then?"

"I have neither relation. Mr. Bungle is a sort of acquaintance. I have only seen him a few times before this." Jenny admitted this in a gasping way, feeling that solitude and a green tin were all she cared or sighed for then. Her companion's surprise melted away into quiet determination.

"Why, then," he exclaimed, "this is almost more than one could expect, my aged friend. I'll be obliged to overcome your fastidiousness at once, and curtail your luxuries. Let me assist you. Don't worry about Mrs. Webb; try to rest yourself, and trust to me, please, to take care of her."

"Thus assuring poor Jenny, her champion led her to her door, and afterwards supplying her with the remedies he had prescribed for her friend, left her to herself with an occasional inquiry, during what seemed the most endless watchful night she had ever known. Her deserted aunt, her expectant and disappointed sister, rose like staring ghosts before her again and again, and every time more distressingly real, till, conscious of the fearful distance that was hourly swelling between them, she groaned in hopelessness and despair."

Morning came at last, and she rose with a wretched feeling in head and heart, and holding by the sides of her room—for the ship was heaving wildly—strive to make herself presentable, and hide as much as possible the tears she had been shedding so vainly. On reaching Mrs. Webb's room, she found that lady plunged in a hopeless apathy that startled her.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1864.

NO. 40.

"Jenny, I came for your sake; if I die, bear my last words to William," was all that she murmured. Two propositions that were positively appalling to the ears that heard them.

"She came on my account, and finds herself dying," she thought; "Heaven help and forgive me for what I have done." Partly forgetting her own misery in soothing the pillow of the one who had so sacrificed herself for her, Jenny waited tenderly on her friend, and made her as easy as it was possible to be in sea-sickness. Glancing over during these arrangements, she caught various glimpses of what appeared to be a conflict between the stranger and Mr. Bungle on the subject of a large tumbler of mustard water. A mysterious gleam of enlightenment stole into the shadows of Jenny's mind as she watched the younger man resolutely follow the dodging head of his venerable cha-ge, and finally penning it in the far corner of his berth, by main force thrust and pour the mixture down his throat. Gulpings, splutterings and gaspings reached her ears, followed by cries for help and cries against such barbarity.

"Will you have some tea, miss?" asked the cabin boy, who had presented the supper-question the night before.

"Yes; thank you," answered Jenny, almost cheerfully—"I think I'll take a cup."

First supplying Mrs. Webb with some, which that lady took without hope, but without complaint, assuring her as she swallowed it that she "blamed her for nothing, it was all over, but just to point out to William the spot in the sea where she was laid, and she would forgive the rest." Sitting down to her tea with this on her conscience, and a general sense of loathing in her soul, her prospect of breakfasting was rather weak, until a succession of something like brays broke upon her ear, followed by stifled expletives about "murder" and "poison" and "death at your door," which were all swallowed and swept away in the violent effects that followed Mr. Dacey's courageously administered emetic. Looking round almost cheerfully, she saw that besides the captain, who had bowed to her when she took her seat, and then resumed the paper he was reading, and which he had interrupted to do so, there were three ladies and four other gentlemen present. One of the ladies who sat next the captain was a large, black-eyed woman, with a fine, somewhat morose morning brow, opening in front over a laced and ruffled petticoat that seemed too grand for the place and its surroundings. The other two were French women, thin, and silvery-looking, breakfasting in shawls and cheerless black head-dresses, and being altogether very sallow and cold in appearance. The gentlemen were two men rather beyond middle age, one of whom had a clerical air, a fussy-looking person, who had gathered everything eatable within his reach, and the Frenchman who lawfully claimed one of the ladies as his wife—he might have had either or both, they were so much alike, but living in a Christian land, one no doubt sufficed.

"Captain Flukin," said Mr. Dacey, who presented himself at the table with a calm, peaceful air, as if he had not the faintest connection with the opprobrious epithets that had been so plentifully offered for his acceptance, "Captain Flukin," allow me to present Miss Morris, Miss Morris, Mrs. Frump, Monsieur and Madame Barbet, Mademoiselle Barbet, Mr. Jones, Mr. Blair, Mr. Grubb."

Jenny acknowledged the presence of her fellow-passengers, and then turning to Mr. Dacey and thanking him for his kindness, begged to know how Mr. Bungle had passed the night.

"Oh, very fairly; I imagine he's all right now, and doing famously."

This was an encouraging reply, and the expression of Mr. Dacey's face was eminently so when he made it. There was no drawback to the whole affair, save the continued moans of the unhappy man to whom it related, who was determined not to look on in that light; it seemed, for he lay in his berth uttering them at regular intervals, and sometimes with great apparent effort.

After a very faint attempt at eating on Jenny's part, she returned to Mrs. Webb, and her ally, equally zealous, took his post at the side of the exasperated and suffering Mr. Bungle.

A trying day passed in this way, and another followed in its wake. Jenny strove hard—sometimes successfully, sometimes in vain—to bear up under the miserable, despairing sense of sea and heart sickness combined.

Crossing the gulf stream, the weather was rough, and so was the sea; the ship tumbled about merciless for more than a week, and discomfort and suffering reigned on all sides. Mrs. Webb, after passing through various stages of agony, one always more distressing than another, at last arrived at a passive state, in which she did nothing but lie with her eyes closed, and murmur her answers to Jenny's anxious inquiries in a faint, death-like whisper, that was more fearful to the poor girl than any other phase in her disease. At last a morning came—a bright, sunny morning—in which there was calm sailing, and glancing out on the blue water, with great sheets of sunshine on it, a throbbing hope awoke in her heart, that she was strengthened to positive delight when she saw the indefatigable Mr. Dacey inveigle his morose charge on deck by means of a moving caravan of shawls and pillows. The next day Mrs. Webb sat up and opened her eyes like something awakening from a torpor. The next she joined her fellow-sufferer on deck, and spoke with him quite feelingly about the beauties of the ocean.

"For," said she, "although Jenny has suffered a great deal, and I somewhat, I confess, though chiefly through anxiety for her, yet we must acknowledge that a sea voyage is something to be enjoyed, something to be positively revelled in."

"To be sure," cried her compatriot, with enthusiasm. "We are not to give way at trifles. What is a day's squeamishness, more or less? We can bear it, I hope, Mrs. Webb. To whatever extent others may quail, you and I, my dear madam, can bear it."

"But, Jenny," whispered the Spartan lady, turning to her friend, who, deeply edified by the heroism expressed, was staring at her with wide-eyed astonishment, "tell me about your untiring friend, who has been so zealous and attentive to you. How long have you known him? It was lucky that we should have met here as we did."

"Known him!" echoed Jenny. "I never saw him in my life till we came aboard this ship."

"Not know him before? Good heavens, you petrify me! Well, then, let me tell you—I am a married woman, and may advise you—that his thrusting himself on us is presuming beyond measure, and I call the whole affair decidedly improper."

Now, of all words in the wide range of language, that one conveyed the most ominous sound to Jenny's ears. Improper! Her spirit sunk and quailed before it; and being for the moment convinced that she had sinned against and outraged society, by encouraging the importunities of Mr. Dacey, she stood, a blushing criminal in the august presence of Mrs. Webb, the irreproachable.

"He has been very kind to us," she urged at length; and growing stronger in her position as she thought of what she should have endured without his aid, she became bolder, and declared that "they should all be most grateful to him."

"Why, Jenny!" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, "this is altogether unlike you. A young man takes advantage of your being sea-sick, and consequently unnerved in a measure, to press his obtrusive attentions, which you in your sickness cannot properly reject—but your sustaining him in them now seems like positive infatuation."

"Rather like positive infatuation," repeated Mr. Bungle, blandly; and Jenny found at the moment that it was impossible to hate him more than she already did.

Mr. Dacey came towards them as she sat, her face flushing indignantly, and her heart swelling before the possibility of quiet utterance. She returned his bow hastily, and, brushing past him, entered the cabin and shut herself in her own little room.

"O Elsie, Elsie," she cried, apostrophizing her distant sister, "why did you ever marry Edward West, and then get homesick? Oh that I should ever live to be told that I was improper and infatuated!—and by a stupid, lumpy-headed old man, too!" It seemed really too much, and Jenny hid her head in her little berth and sobbed with all her heart.

The object of Mrs. Webb's censure, meanwhile, approached that lady in a polite manner, in which suavity and quiet self-assurance mingled.

"You're looking charming this morning, Mrs. Webb," he said, smiling. "Your little indisposition has only brightened you. And you, sir," turning to Mr. Bungle, who was simpering affably at nothing, "how do you find yourself?"

"Well," replied that amiable smiler, "quite well; a little knocked about by the motion of the vessel and the remembrance of seeing so much sea-sickness; but otherwise well, quite well." Still bemusing mildly on the inquirer, he caught an idea suddenly, and gave it words thus—"Do you think, my good friend, such a thing as a baked apple could be found in the neighborhood of the galley? Would you do Mrs. Webb the favor to inquire?" A baked apple, dear madam, would, I think, be found cheering."

"Why really this seems fortunate," said Mr. Dacey; "there are no apples, I believe, on board, but a friend packed a barrel for me, which he assured me would keep for a month or two; I will send some to the galley at once."

"Do so," said Mr. Bungle, encouragingly, "and receive the lady's thanks."

Out of these refreshing baked apples arose a little ill-will between Miss Jenny Morris on the one part and Mrs. Webb on the other. The latter lady was seated in her room an hour afterwards, arranging that comestible in a saucer, by sprinkling sugar over it, when Jenny, who had brooded over her injured character so long that she had become desperate, tapped at the door with a view to reconciliation.

"What fine large apples," she exclaimed, "I hope they will have some for dinner."

"No," said Mrs. Webb; "these were brought by Mr. Dacey—there are none on the ship, he says."

"What, did Mr. Dacey presume to offer baked apples?" cried Jenny, pretending to look agast. "But how came you to encourage his impertinence by receiving them?"

"Don't be nonsensical, Jenny," said Mrs. Webb, severely; "I am not a married woman of three years' standing to be taught my duty by a child like you. Thank heaven I can distinguish between sensible actions and silly attentions, and others might profit, if they wish to learn discretion, from my example."

"Mrs. Webb, in heaven's name what do you mean? I have seen Mr. Dacey hold your head and bathe it with ice water, and do everything in a man's power to be of real use to you; and if those are silly attentions, and baked apples are serious favors, it is something beyond me to understand."

"Miss Morris," returned Mrs. Webb, with dignity, "your remarks betray an envious nature. Excuse my prolonging this painful discussion—I confess myself unequal to it." Muttering this, Mrs. Webb shielded herself in her pocket handkerchief and waved Jenny from her presence.

That young lady retired, and taking some sewing, went out, and found a seat on deck, hoping the fresh sea breeze would clear her mind and blow the clouds away. At a little distance from her sat the large, over-dressed lady, with the two French women at her side, paying assiduous court to her grandeur by examining a brilliantly embroidered opera cloak, which was appropriately thrown over her shoulders.

"How do you do, pretty well?" she inquired of Jenny as she took the travelling-chair Mr. Dacey had placed at her service, and spread her sewing on her knee.

Jenny smiled, bowed her acknowledgements, but felt too miserable to speak.

"I am glad to see you able to think of yourself for a moment," said a voice at her side. It was Mr. Dacey's, and he leant over her with a book in his hand and an expression of thoughtful kindness in his face and manner.

"Bless me," thought Jenny, as she looked up when he spoke, "he's dreadfully young, not five and twenty. He was so useful with him. Oh, really, he is quite young and very handsome, too; it is positively terrible, as Mrs. Webb says, and appearances are all against me."

"Don't think me a coxcomb in imagining you are thinking of me, because you look towards me," said Mr. Dacey. "I trust, it is nothing to my discredit."

"Oh, no indeed, I was just recalling how kind you had been, and how much you had relieved the misery of those two dreary weeks."

"I should like, without disclaiming the credit of the little you make so much of, to be always able to serve you in any way possible, but you must promise to call on me, since your prudish friend finds my offers objectionable."

He had overheard them, and yet, what a forgiving soul; he had given them his apples! Jenny's face was a painful glow as this flashed through her mind, and she vainly strove to disavow all share in the ingratitude.

"Another word," said her friend, "and then I shall not trespass on your time; this lady on your right—the woman so bedizened, I mean—has nothing to do with her, I implore you; I should not presume so far, if you had a real friend with you; but pray take what I say as a warning."

The next day, Mrs. Webb having entirely recovered her serenity, remarked to Mr. Bungle, as they all sat together on deck, "Mr. Dacey has some very delightful candied fruit, which he promised me to bring on the table for dinner."

"He is a thoughtful young man, and deserves some credit," replied Mr. Bungle, while Jenny said nothing, finding that to be a safe course. The candied fruits were eaten, and a day or two more produced some East India pickles, that were likewise disposed of; and in the ensuing fortnight several bottles of cherry cordial, some sardines and boxes of figs and dates, followed in their wake. There was then a pause, during which Mr. Dacey produced no other delicacy, and his popularity, which had been immense, gradually began to diminish.

Mrs. Frump's end of the table, which was full of tempting arrangements, began to be regarded with great attention from Mr. Bungle's point of view, and at last Mrs. Webb positively sought the society of the great over-dressed creature as she waddled on deck. Jenny sewed away quietly at the little parcels she had packed for her sister, and Mr. Dacey wandered up and down, looked into the sea, read, talked to Mr. Bungle, or played chess with the Frenchman.

One day as they sat together, Mrs. Webb, after clearing her throat once or twice, began, "My dear Jenny, may I ask why you act so morosely towards Mr. Dacey? I dare say you have hurt the young man's feelings, and he must certainly have some more of that delightful candied pine apple. If you did not mind asking him my dear, I am sure he would be quite charmed to oblige you."

"I have been forced to impose so much on Mr. Dacey's kindness," Jenny began, her voice trembling as she strove to be calm, "that I should be sorry to increase the trouble by such a foolish request."

"Foolish, what do you mean, you young Sheldon!" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, talking loud and fast; "possibly I consider you the most contrary girl I ever met. Here we are on a desolate voyage, where every little comfort we can get is needed to make it agreeable, which Mr. Bungle and myself have struggled unceasingly to obtain, and yet you set up and tell me that the first effort that is required of you is foolish. Pshaw! I'm ashamed of you."

Having made this announcement in a tone to be heard all over the ship, Mrs. Frump drew near, smilingly, and offered Mrs. Webb a silver knife and a box of guava jelly, she had previously helped herself to. "Just try this, Mrs. Webb, it's real tasty," she remarked in introduction, while Jenny gathered up her work and hurried away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARKED ARTICLES.—Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-spun blanket, worn but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woolen socks was written:—"These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit more for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give; but I haven't."

On some eye-shades was marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear old flag that you are fighting under."

PERSONAL ECONOMY.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post contributes to that journal an able article on this subject. After showing that wealth spent for mere luxuries is lost, and wealth properly invested stimulates and rewards industry, and adds to the resources of the country, he closes with the following reasonable counsels:—

Therefore, I hold that those who recommend personal economy at this juncture as a solemn duty, are right, and ought to be listened to. I do not mean to say, by any means, that it is the duty of everybody to wear rags and live on bread and water. A sober and rational refinement in style of living on the part of the rich, a sober and rational devotion to literature and the fine arts, to personal grace and adornment, and the duties of hospitality, are desirable, and even necessary, whether in peace or war; because, if these things are disregarded, civilization itself begins to suffer. But they are luxuries, and as long as \$500,000,000 a year are being spent in war, and one million men are withdrawn from industrial pursuits for the army, we cannot afford more luxuries than before, but ought to content ourselves with less.

We ought to retrench, just as an individual

would retrench who was engaged in a costly lawsuit, and found himself compelled to spend a large portion of his income every year and borrow largely of his friends in order to carry it on. We owe it to posterity, whom we are saddling with an enormous debt; we owe it to the thousands of women and poor persons whose little all is being invested in government funds, and we owe it to our character, to do each of us what we can to add to the national capital, by saving on personal consumption. Let everybody remember that what he eats, drinks, wears, and puts into bank, or buys stock with, finds its way into industrial enterprise, is used in employing productive labor and consequently the revenue of the government. There is, to me, something exceedingly repulsive in the attempt that people make to persuade themselves and others, that the war is enriching the country; that we may eat, drink, and be merry. Nobody is more satisfied of its justice and necessity than I am, but I am so satisfied of them, that I cannot help protesting against the notion that it has not only to appear just and necessary, but has to appear to "pay" in order to secure popular support.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.
PREMIUM LIST FOR 1864.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society offer the following premiums for 1864:—

HORSES.

For best Stallion which has been kept one service season within the limits of the society, \$5; 2d, do, \$3; 3d do, one volume of Agricultural Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$4; 2d do, \$3; 3d do, volume of Agricultural Reports.

Best pair of matched horses, \$3; 2d do, Vol. Agricultural Reports.

Best Family Horse, \$3; 2d, Vol. Agricultural Reports.

COLTS.

For best Colt, 3 years old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best Colt, 2 years old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

" " 1 year old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

BULLS.

For best thorough bred Durham Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Devon Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Hereford Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Ayrshire Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Jersey Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best Grade Bull, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best thorough bred Bull Calf, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best Grade Bull Calf, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Certificates of pedigree on thorough breeds, will be required in all cases.

COWS.

Best Dairy Cow, of any breed, \$4; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Stock Cow—some of her stock to be shown, as proof of her qualifications, \$3; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best Cow for all purposes, \$4; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best three or more Cows from one farm, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Persons entering Dairy Cows and Cows for all purposes, will be required to furnish to the committee written statements of the amount of yield of milk and butter for some month during the preceding year, with the nature of their feed during the trial.

HEIFERS.

Best thorough bred Heifer, of any breed, three years old, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best two years old do, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old do, \$1.

Best Grade Heifer, three years old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best do, two years old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best do, one year old, \$1; 2d, Vol. Reports.

OXEN.

Best pair Matched Oxen, \$4; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Drawing Oxen, \$3; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Drawing Oxen, under 5 years old \$3; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

In awarding premiums on Drawing Oxen, regard will be had to the size and discipline of the animals; and that performance which is elicited only by severe flogging and brading will not count much on the credit side.

STEERS.

Best pair Steers, three years old, \$3; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steers, two years old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steers, one year old, \$2; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steer Calves, \$1; 2d, Vol. Reports.

Best Trained Steers, by a boy under sixteen years old, training to be shown on dray or cart, \$2; 2d, \$1; 3d, Vol. Reports.

TEAM OXEN.

Best Team of Oxen, from one town, ten or more pairs, \$3; 2d, \$2.

Best Team of Steers, from one town, eight pairs or more, \$2; 2d, \$1.

SHEEP.

Best Flock twenty-five or more, Fine Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$4; 2d, \$2; 3d, Vol. Reports.

showing the amount invested in lands, stock, and tools—the cost of the several crops grown on the farm, the amount of labor expended on the farm and what portion of it was for improvement, and also the entire estimated value of the crops and income of the farm, \$8; 2d best, \$5.

In addition to the above premiums, liberal notices and gratuities will be given for any article, implement, or machine that will facilitate and lessen the labor of the farmer, or that of his wife and family.

All manufactured articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, though of foreign production, will receive the attention and commendation of the Committee.

DANIEL R. WING, Sec'y.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE ... APR. 8, 1864.



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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FRED. DOUGLASS.—Last Monday evening our citizens had an opportunity of hearing a Lecture from this distinguished friend of the colored race. His views of slavery and of abolition are well known; and we shall therefore give no outline of his address on this occasion. We wish to record our impressions of his speech; or we may say, of the man as shown in his speech; for it is impossible for one to speak an hour and a half, as Mr. Douglass did at this time, and to give a free utterance of his convictions on the greatest and most vital question of the age, without making a revelation of himself—of his intellectual ability, of his candor in judging, and of the measure of respect to which he may be entitled on the score of character and general kindness of spirit.

Now, in all these particulars, we hold it but just to acknowledge, that he made upon us, and we believe upon all his hearers, (at any rate we are aware of no exceptions,) a most gratifying impression. His natural endowments are evidently of the strong and solid kind, and fit him for the discussion of any subject, however difficult, which he may have been led to study, as he has studied this question of slavery. He speaks to the reason of his hearers, and gains them by the clearness and force of his statements. He sees what ought to be said, and says it with admirable directness and sureness. What particularly surprised us in listening to him, was the compass and purity of his language, and its entire subservience to his wishes. In his long address, we did not note an expression, nor even a word, which could suggest the fact, that he had passed his childhood and youth as a slave. Had he been trained in one of our best colleges, and spent his life in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, in their own tongues, he could hardly have commanded a freer and more vigorous English style, and one better adapted to the ends of a public speaker, on a subject having the manifold relations of the present slavery question. In this remarkable respect, we are sure that we never heard from any self-educated man (by which we now mean a man who has educated himself independently of schools, and after reaching mature age), a speech worthy of comparison with this of Fred Douglass.

We perceived in him no manifestation of bitterness toward men holding different and even opposite views. With the light, delicate sarcasm which he occasionally employed against a certain school of politicians, he yet mingled so much of evidently good feeling, that he avoided giving any offence. There was no malignity in his condemnation of either men or measures. We mention this point, because we had before supposed that the fact might be different.

We expected to find in him what has often seemed to us the impracticable spirit of the ultra-abolitionists; and on the whole, we must think that he did something less than full justice to the national administration, and left out of account the great difficulties with which the president has had to contend, and also erred in his opinion of what would have followed an endorsement of the measures of Fremont in Missouri; but, at the same time, we allow him to be just and magnanimous in his spirit and aims, and apparently not less worthy of respect for the qualities of his heart, than for the strength of his understanding.

As an orator he must be assigned a high rank; though we cannot accept the opinion which has recently put him in the first place among living American orators.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Miss Williams, daughter of Washington Williams, recently fell upon a circular saw in the new match factory at Ben-

ton, and one of her hands, with several fingers of the other, was cut completely off. We can hardly imagine a case entitled to deeper sympathy. We hear that \$100 was immediately raised for her.

TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

No. XIV.

It is hoped the readers of this "talk" will bear in mind that the author is liable to mistakes, and holds himself ready for correction: while at the same time he would gratefully receive any information calculated to make this "talk" more interesting. In the article last week it was said that landed property of the late Ephraim Wilson was in the possession of none of his descendants. By this it was meant timber land, that was valuable. His son, Luke, lives on a small farm, formerly his father's, and the heirs of his grandson Scruton Wilson, also his grandson, Otis Wilson, live on a part of the old homestead. No doubt there are other mistakes which will in future be corrected.

School district No. 8 is situated in the south easterly part of the town and extends from the line between Winslow and China on the south to the south line of Timothy Hamlin's farm; also it includes the farms of George Richardson, Jr., and William Abbott on the China road, and on the Southwest road that of George M. Richardson, and Edwin Hodges on the road to district No. 9. The soil here as in No. 7 is rather hard to cultivate, but by good husbandry well repays the laborers. All are engaged in agriculture. Generally the buildings denote thrift and comfort within. On some of the farms in the western part of the district the ledge breaks out occasionally and the soil is of a slate formation.

William B. Robinson owns the most southerly farm, which has been in the possession of those of the same name for a long time. As we go north we next come to that of the late James Alley, now owned by his son James H. Alley. It was formerly owned by David Robinson. Levi Varney comes next, whose farm is joined on the north by that of Jacob Jenkins, whose full granary, fat pigs, sleek oxen and horses have a powerful tendency to convince the stranger that this is the home of a good farmer. John Nichols formerly owned this farm, whose daughter the present owner has married.

Nathan Bailey, whose buildings though in good repair, are some distance from the road, (a great evil in a land of deep snow) comes next. His is an excellent grass farm. Cornelius Douglass formerly owned it. Jacob Partridge, with his son-in-law, Samuel Newhall, own the next farm, with buildings still farther from the road. The late Jonathan Farber was the original owner and was succeeded by Joseph Eaton and he by Stephen Nichols.

North of this is the farm of the late John Hobbs, now owned by his son-in-law, Stephen Nichols, 2d. This farm has been well managed and made very productive. Near by is a small schoolhouse where a large number of excellent scholars have taken the first steps towards scholarship. Stephen Nichols owns the farm formerly the property of Esq. Brackett, deceased, and then of Jacob Hanks. Luther R. Lamb owns the last farm as we go north and erected the buildings about thirty-five years since. Mr. Lamb is a gunsmith by trade and has not given his attention to agriculture so much as others in the district. The farm of George M. Richardson was formerly that of Elias Pinkham. That of Edwin Hodges was owned by his father Barnum Hodges, and by him cleared of trees, stumps and rocks and made very productive. He has a fine orchard of his own planting. George Richardson, Jr.'s, farm was previously owned by Ezekiel Coleman and William Abbott by Niven Burkett. There are a number of good orchards in this district. Several families belong to the society of Friends who will be spoken of in a future number, when different religious sects will be talked of.

School district No. 9 embraces the inhabitants and land on the road from North Vassalboro' to Benton beginning at the line between Vassalboro' and Winslow, and extending north toward the "Whitcomb corner" or, land of Leavitt Reynolds Jr.; also the farms on the Southwest road of Seth Richardson, Jacob Wyman and Stephen Bragg; the last mentioned being a good way from the road. Both these farms have very good soil and are easily tilled, but are more liable to early frost than farms on higher land. The owners have comfortable buildings and good stocks of cattle. They were formerly owned by Jacob Bragg and Ezekiel Wyman. There is a road running easterly and crossing the first mentioned road at right angles, near where Dea. Talbot formerly lived, and extending to district No. 8, on which are the farms of Cyrus Starkey—far from the road—having had a good many owners, Dea. A. H. Palmer, formerly owned by French Richardson, and Elijah B. Richardson's also a small farm lately occupied by Rev. A. Palmer.

From this road another diverges in a northerly course, on which are the farms of Charles Hodges—formerly Miner Phillips and that of Daniel C. Breed—owned previously by Robert Ludwig and before him by George Richardson Jr., who cleared the land, built a log house and planted a good orchard. It is a very stony, hard farm.

THAT "SUM."—Considerable brain exercise has been expended upon the arithmetical problem in our last paper. Several have reported, as the result of their investigations, that "It can't be done," while only one has given what he supposed a solution. "E. A. H.," of Monmouth, will see that while he has divided the money to his satisfaction, he has built more wall than he contracted to build. "Alpha" seems to comprehend the question,

and proves that a solution is impossible; but, we guess, without knowing precisely the principle of the difficulty. "F. E. F." evidently "sees it," and her nice wit is worth at least the offered premium. By permitting one party to violate the agreement, she makes a division that satisfies the third party—herself. Only one—a gentleman of high literary position—has shown us why no true solution can be given, as the problem was stated. This we will give others a little further time to find out for themselves; while we aid them in the work by giving another statement of the question—to which the answer is comparatively easy, and the offer of \$1.00 reward still stands.

Two men, A. and B., are to build 100 rods of wall for \$100. They divide the work—A. is to have 10 cts. per rod more than B. How much wall must each build to have \$50 of the money?

CAMP 19TH MAINE VOLAS, March 30th, 1864.

Dear Mail:

I have had the pleasure of reading your columns for the last two or three weeks, and have watched the controversy between Skipet and the ladies with considerable interest. Now, I have had some idea of putting an advertisement in your columns for a correspondent, but when I see what a scrape poor Skipet has got into, my courage almost fails me; but, like the henpecked husband, when his wife put him under the bed, "as long as I have the spirit of a man I will peek." So I am not going to keep still. Now, I shall have to side with Skipet, for three against one is not fair. Sue, Aunt Jane, and little Susan Jane, all three, both of you hearken a moment. Do you think it is right for you all to go to work upon one man, because he has had the honesty to come out and say that he wants to get married, instead of living a life of loneliness, cared for by none. This looks rather hard. Now, look at my condition; here I am, an old bach, thirty-six years old, and have not been married yet; and by the time the war is over my case will be almost hopeless, because I am not permitted to put an advertisement in the Mail, for fear that some one won't like it.

You may ask why I did not get married before I came into the army. I will answer that by giving you a description of myself. I am six feet and four inches high and very slim, white hair (natural color, not turned by age), blue eyes, red whiskers (as near as I can judge), and wear number twelve boots. So you see there's no chance for me, I am so homely. But if I could only get some one to correspond with me, that I never have seen, perhaps I might become engaged to my dulcinea without her knowing how badly I look. I would have some risk to run, for I could not see her of course, if she didn't see me; but I am willing to run that risk, for if she is any homelier than I am, I pity her.

Now, ladies, as it is leap year, you must pluck up courage and propose to some one, but don't all speak for the same man, for if you do Brigham will have to take him out to Utah. Hoping you will all do better, I remain, Your Humble Servant,

LOUIS.

SCHOOL MEETING.—The attendance at the adjourned School meeting in this district, on Wednesday evening, was so small that, after making choice of H. B. White as Clerk, it was again adjourned to Monday evening next. This indifference to an important interest is shameful—we had almost said, criminal. Parents and citizens, of course, desire that the youth growing up in our midst shall be properly educated; but if we are false to our duty, how can we reasonably look for a high degree of faithfulness on the part of those to whom we delegate the important trust.

T. W. P., of Augusta, sends the following solution of the puzzle published April 25. Mistress—"If the grate be empty put coal on—If the grate be full, stop putting coal on. Servant—"How can I put coal on, when there is such a fine fire?"

S. H. H., of Belfast, also communicates the same interpretation. T. W. P. gives the following answer to the question, "How can the nine digits and the cypher be arranged so that they shall stand for one hundred?"

67 4-8
23 5-10
100

In Rhode Island there were three candidates for Governor, but the regular Union man is chosen by a small majority. There is a large Union majority in the Legislature.

ABOUT WHITEWASHING.—The time for cleaning, and fixing up, has come, and one of the most important items is whitewashing. We often wonder that people do not do more at this. How much neater and more cheerful a whole place looks, if a few hours are spent in whitewashing the fences, the out-houses, the cellars, etc. It changes the whole appearance of the homestead. One day's work thus expended will often make a place twice as attractive and add hundreds of dollars to its saleable valuation. Whitewashing a cellar with lime not only makes it lighter and neater, but more healthful also. For Cellars, a simple mixture of fresh-slacked lime is best. For House Rooms, the common "Paris White," to be bought cheaply, is very good. We take for each 2 lbs. of whitening, an ounce of the best white or transparent glue, cover it with cold water over night, and in the morning simmer it carefully without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is then put in hot water enough to fit it for applying to the walls and ceilings. This makes a very fine white, so firm that it will not rub off at all. When common fresh-slacked lime is used, some recommend adding to each 2 1-2 gallons (a pailful), 2 table-spoonsful of salt and 1-2 pint of boiled linseed oil, stirred in well while the mixture is hot. This is recommended for outdoor and in-door work.

For an Out-Door White-wash, we have used the following with much satisfaction: Take a tub, put in a peck of lime and plenty of water to slack it. When hot with slacking, stir in thoroughly about 1-2 pound of tallow or other grease, and mix it well in. Then add hot water enough for use. The compound will withstand rain for years.

OUR TABLE.

MUSIC OF THE BIBLE: or Explanatory Notes upon those Passages of the Sacred Scriptures which relate to Music, including a Brief View of Hebrew Poetry. By Enoch Hutchinson. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This volume—the result of much laborious research—while it cannot fail to interest the general reader, will be of great value to the close biblical student; and that portion of the work devoted to Hebrew poetry, which includes copious extracts from the most interesting poems—and which very appropriately follows the treatise on music—is perhaps the most valuable. The work is illustrated with simple engravings, in outline, of many of the ancient musical instruments, copied, principally, from Egyptian sculpture.

For sale at Mathews's.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The April number of this magazine has the following table of contents:—Sir Charles Lyell on the Antiquity of Man, by a Presbyterian Clergyman; Ebenezer: The Young Author's Dream, by Edwin R. Johnson; The Great Lakes to St. Paul, by Robert Dodge; English and American Colonization, by Egbert Hurd; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa Cotton; The Love Lucifer, by S. Leavitt; Sketches of American Life and Scenery, by L. D. Psychowaka; Our Government and the Blacks, by Wm. H. Kimball; Out of Prison, by Kate Putnam; Lies, and How to Kill them, by Hugh Miller Thompson; Was He Successful, by Richard B. Kimball; Benedict of Nursia, and the Order of Benedictines, by Rev. Ph. Schaff, D. D.; Hannah Thurston; Glorious! by L. G. W.; The Isle of Springs, by Rev. Mr. Starbuck; The Development of American Architecture by A. W. Colgate; Jefferson Davis and Reputation of Arkansas Bonds, by Hon. R. G. Walker; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

Published by John F. Trow, New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for March has the following table of Contents:—The Fleet of the Future; Tony Butler: Part VI.; The Economy of Capital; Louis Napoleon as a General; Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate—Part X; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part II.; A Letter from Schleswig-Holstein.

THE NORTH-BRITISH REVIEW.—The February number of this able Quarterly has the following table of contents:—The Country Life of England; The Dynamical Theory of Heat; "Bibliomania"; Harold Hadrard, King of Norway; The Later Roman Epic—Statius' Thebaid; Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral; Roman—Vie de Jésus; Thackeray.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 88 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

For further information, in relation to terms, premiums, and the character of these valuable publications, see advertisement in another column.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMASTERS for April has a continuation of "Trials and Triumphs," by Oliver Optic, and many other interesting stories and sketches, with the usual piece for declamation, a lively dialogue, music, etc. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1 a year.

LIFE OF GENERAL MCLELLAN.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., have just published the "Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of Major General George B. McClellan," the Hero of Western Virginia, South Mountain, and Antietam, with a full history of his Campaigns and Battles, and his Reports and Correspondence with the War Department and the President, in relation to them, from the time he first took the field in this war, until he was finally relieved from command, after the Battle of Antietam. With his portrait. Complete in one large volume of 200 pages. Price 50 cents. Sent post paid to any address 'on receipt of 50 cents. Price to canvassers, \$3.50 a dozen, or \$25.00 a hundred, sent on receipt of the money. For sale at Mathews's.

NEW WORKS.—Gould & Lincoln, the well known Boston publishers, have several valuable works in press, to be issued soon, including the "Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864," which is pronounced one of the most interesting of the series.

ANNIVERSARY.—Ticonic Division S. of T. are to celebrate the anniversary of their institution Friday evening, 15th. Tableaux, music, refreshment, etc., will constitute the programme.

A very pleasant feature of the last meeting was a surprise offering to the retiring worthy Patriarch, D. R. Wing. Just before leaving the chair, which he had occupied for a year and a half, Miss L. K. Hawes, in behalf of the Lady Visitors, presented him with a beautiful copy of Longfellow's Poetical Works.

THE TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.—The Boston Daily Advertiser, in some remarks upon the gold bill and its effect upon the money market, while commending the Secretary of the Treasury for his action under the act, in offering gold to supply real wants at a fraction below the market price, tells the following plain truth:—

We apprehend that in all the reasoning on this subject an undue share in the rise of gold is attributed to the action of speculators in coin. The sudden temporary movements up and down must doubtless be ascribed to them; we may perhaps count upon a certain small percentage as uniformly added to the premium by their movements; but after all, by far the greatest part of the premium we must look upon as the result of general causes. The people of this country dislike to admit the fact even among themselves; but we are undoubtedly witnessing in the great premium on gold the real recorded effects of an over-issue of paper currency. The phenomena have often been witnessed and are not to be mistaken; and we shall go very far aside from the mark, if we expect to remove them by any special and superficial remedies, while we leave the original cause untouched.

COMFORTING.—The Clarion says there are now but three cases of small pox, of a mild type, in that place; but there have been nine or ten cases in all. The Clarion thinks it is not much worse than the itch.

CONNECTICUT.—The election in Connecticut, on Monday, resulted in a Union triumph—Gov. Buckingham being re-elected by 5,541 majority. It is thought that six-sevenths of the Senate and two-thirds of the House of Representatives are Union men.

Subscriptions for the new government loan (ten-forty) come in rapidly.

War of Redemption.

We have had another very quiet week, full of busy preparation, however, for serious work ahead. If nothing else interfered, the state of the roads would alone bar all movements in Virginia. There are rumors that Lee has been reinforced, and it is quite certain that he is constructing new fortifications, in anticipation of an immediate attack. Our side too, is not idle. Absentees and veteran idlers are sent to the front daily, and our force is being increased in every possible way for the coming struggle.

In a recent engagement near Alexandria, March 21st, our forces, under Gen. Mower, gained a decided victory over the rebels, taking 'two hundred prisoners and four guns. Gen. Mower has captured 17 cannon since reaching Red River.

Advices from Alexandria to the 27th ult., announce the arrival of Gen. Franklin with his main body, without opposition. The advance column of our forces under General A. J. Smith left Alexandria on the 27th, and the gunboats were to follow.

The copperhead outbreak, of which we had notice last week, was in Illinois instead of Missouri. With the capture of the ring-leaders the affair subsided.

Eight or nine black regiments—over eight thousand men and nearly all slaves—have been raised for our army in Maryland.

A recent cavalry raid down the Saline River, Ark., by our forces, was successful, resulting in capturing 370 prisoners and a large amount of rebel supplies.

Cattle Markets.

The cattle at market last week numbered a few hundreds less than the week previous, while the number of sheep was about 2000 less—Maine furnishing 104 of the cattle and 51 of the sheep. The weather was stormy and very uncomfortable; and though the supply of stock was light, the drovers complained that the market was hard.

We quote prices as follows:—First quality beefs, \$11.00 to \$11.50; second do., \$10.50 to \$10.75; third quality, \$9.00 to \$10.00; extra, \$12.00.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$250, or according to their value as beef.

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

This week prices have advanced materially, and the quotations for beef cattle are—Extra, \$11.50 to \$12.75; first quality, \$11.75 to \$11.25; second, \$10.75 to \$10.25; third, \$9.50 to \$10.25. Sheep were sold by live weight, at 8 to 8 1-2 cents per lb.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following is a list of the officers of Waterville Section No. 5, for the current quarter:—

C. H. Perival, W. A. G. K. Wentworth, V. A. James Love, S. J. W. Emery, A. S. W. H. Rounds, T. Herbert Philbrick, A. T. E. S. Sheldon, Chaplain. F. H. Caffrey, P. W. A. Abbie C. Ois, 1st Visitor. Ada B. Knight 2d. L. A. Wheeler, G. J. A. McDuffee, U. H. S. Ware, W. Owen Humphrey, S.

The Maryland election has resulted in 15,000 majority in favor of a convention, and the prospect is good for immediate emancipation.

The national bank bill, which Congress has been tinkering for a long time, is defeated by a decisive majority.

"THE RAVELS."—The exhibition of Mrs. Eugene Ravel's Gymnastic and Pantomime Troupe, at Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, is one of marked attractions, that every where secures the largest and most refined audiences. Those who do not see it will miss one of the very choicest public entertainments.

The Gospel Banner has been sold to Rev. Geo. W. Quimby, of Melrose, Mass., by whom it will hereafter be edited and published.

They are moving for a public library in Augusta. Why can we not do the same here? or shall we wait until we have freed our bridge, and built our soldiers' monument and public hall?

EXCELSTOR.—Gold is up to 171 5-8.

The annual Maine Methodist Conference will be held in Bath, this year, commencing on Thursday, the 14th inst.

Gen. Howard has been assigned to the command of the 4th corps.

A Washington letter says Gen. Grant comes and goes from Washington in such a quiet unostentatious way, that it is not half the time that the newspaper fraternity here know where he is. One thing, however, is evident, and that is—the idle staff officers who have been lounging around Washington have suddenly found themselves ordered to the front, to remain there in future. There has been a general clearing out of the military element, and every other man you meet now is not an officer. This fact causes much rejoicing here among a few people who see in it General Grant's determination to put an end to the demoralizing influences on the army of the presence of so many officers in this city. Besides this, all private soldiers, and others connected with the military service, who have been detained here on special service in offices, are ordered to rejoin their respective regiments. This causes quite a fluttering among most of them.

GEN. HOWARD ON STRONG DRINKS.—Gen. Howard, Maine's favorite officer, and a noble man, in a recent speech made the following remarks, in reference to the use of strong drinks. He said:

"I did not drink at college, I did not drink at West Point; but when I got into the army I found it was all the fashion. If you went into an officer's quarters, the first thing was to offer you something to drink. It was thought you did not treat him with proper respect if you did not. I fell into the habit. I drank whiskey and offered it to others. When I was stationed at Florida, I once offered whiskey to an officer, and he declined. I urged him to

drink, and he drank. A short time after, I attended him in the horrors of delirium tremens, and I made up my mind that it was wicked, and that I never would do it again; and I have not. I do not keep it in my quarters or in my tent. I do not offer it to any officer or to any man, and I will not. I know it is a hard stand to take, especially for a young officer; but I can say from my own experience that it will pay."

THE LIQUOR LAW.—The following is the amendment to the Liquor Law, passed at the recent session of the Legislature, and which takes effect on the 25th of April, inst:—

"Ale, porter, strong beer, lager beer, and all other malt liquors, shall be considered intoxicating liquors within the meaning of this act, as well as all other distilled spirits; but this enumeration shall not prevent any other pure or mixed liquors from being regarded as intoxicating."

A BRAVE BOY.—Orion P. Howe, a little drummer boy in the 55th Illinois Vols., has been placed in the Naval School at Newport by the President. General Sherman wrote to the Secretary of War of him saying that at the assault on Vicksburg he came to him at the front, crying out: "Gen. Sherman, send some cartridges to Col. Malmburg, the men are nearly all out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, Sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away."

Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges, and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called as loud as he could, "Caliber 54." "I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmburg), on inquiry, gives me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education. "What," continues the General, "arrested my attention then was—and what renewed my memory of the fact now—is that one so young, carrying a musket ball through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part, even of the caliber of his musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one."

REDUCE EXPENDITURES.—The New York Times contains a very sensible article on the folly of indulging, to the extent we do, in foreign luxuries, which renders it necessary to send off our specie to meet our foreign indebtedness, thereby keeping up the market value of gold as well as produce generally. The Times says:

It is the plain and manifest duty at this time, of every man and woman to bring down their expenditures. It is an obligation we owe to the country not to buy foreign silks and satins, and jewelry and wines, or costly furniture from abroad. Every person should feel that for himself he is bound to save all that is possible. Old clothes should be worn, old furniture used, luxuries be dispensed with, to meet this terrible crisis. We have no right to buy useless indulgences while we are laying up a great debt for the future. It is not honorable; it is not patriotic, nor even prudent. No people can be spending a thousand millions on a gigantic war, and at the same time be holding a carnival of extravagance and gluttony. Somebody must pay for it all. Our apparent superfluity of money should either be invested in permanent investments, or should go to cure the ills of war. Our great success, financially, in the beginning of this struggle, resulted from the universal economy of the people. We saved enough then to pay the current expenses of the war. This has all passed by. Every one now is spending money for every possible vanity. Careful financiers estimate that \$500,000, 000 per annum can be saved by retrenchment.

A religious exchange thus hits the class of appendage to society called gossipers; The law is to be found in the code of Moses. "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people." Thou shalt not—the sin is forbidden just as much as stealing is forbidden, or lying or perjury. And as if to show that it is a sin peculiarly horrid, the divine law-giver imbedded it between the law against blasphemy on the one side and a law against murder on the other. Blasphemers, gossipers, murderers—that is the Mosaic classification.

Four companies of the "Veteran Reserve Corps"—heretofore known as the "Invalid Corps"—are to be removed from New Haven to Alexandria, to take the place of an equal number of able-bodied troops who are to go to the front.

SAY what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

MIXED METAPHORS. The Portland Courier, speaking of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, says "it is always a sharp as a two-edged sword, but it sometimes overshoots the mark."

Hon. Noah Woods, has been chosen Treasurer and Clerk of the Northern and North American Railway Company.

COMPARTMENTAL STRUCK. The Secretary of War has stopped \$14 1/2 out of the pay of Capt. W. O. O'Brien, 12th U. S. A., for sending a message by telegraph which might have been sent by mail. Officers must learn economy.

The latest style of hoop-skirt is the self-adjusting double-back-entire, bustle-entire, cane-expansion, Piccolomini attachment, indestructible poliochromam. It is said to be a very charming thing.

Red tape is an indication on the Grand Trunk Railroad. A carload of hay caught fire the other day in Portland, and now the story is current that they telegraphed to Montreal for leave to pitch it off the car!

The Saturday Evening Post gives a recipe for a good wholesome and cheap soup. "Take three buckets of water, the more the better, four onions, two long-legged collard leaves, a small beef bone, put them in a large kettle and smoke till the water boils; then stir with a man with taste so dead, who ever under himself has said: 'I don't love maple candy!'"

The Cape Ann Advertiser tells a good story of a lady in that town who sent her husband to the store to buy a dollar's worth of sugar. The sugar not appearing, a few days afterwards she asked her husband what he had done with it. He replied, after a moment's hesitation and head scratching, "that he must have put it in his other vest pocket!"

DEATH OF LORD ASHBURTON.—The London Times of the 24th ult. announces the sudden death of Lord Ashburton, on the 23d, of a disease of the heart, to which he had been subject from youth.

