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Maxham & Wing

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BY HENRY W. BROWN.

No more, ah, me, the words are idly sighing
Through the low chambers of my heart to-day,
Like strains of music sweetest when they're dying,
And this echo, "thou art far away!"
A sad farewell on every breeze is ringing,
And blinding tears are falling thick and fast,
While memory every hour is sadly bringing
Some cherished token from the blissful past.

This life, ah, what a checkered web 'tis weaving,
When light and shade, pain, joy, and sorrow blend,
My past, to-day, a gleam of sunshine leaving,
The sunshine of your memory in my heart, dear friend,
I seem to live again those days of gladness,
Like a bright dream of heaven they seemed to me,
Life was so joyous, not a thought of sadness,
Save when the future told me I must part from thee.

Oh, was it sin to love as I have loved thee?
A sin so deep it may not be forgiven,
That thou wert more than all of earth beside thee,
Aye more than I had ever hoped of heaven!
I love thee—no, the light and shining feeling
That by thy gentle words and smiles was given,
But with the heart's deep, passionate revealing,
The love that bears no taint of mortal pain.

And I shall miss thee; where'er I wander,
Where'er the future has in store for me,
If you are mine my heart shall still grow fonder,
And vainly seek to share its bliss with thee.
And when in clouds my joyous aim is setting,
And all of life seems trial and unrest,
In that dark hour my memory comes forgetting,
Till long to weep my grief upon thy breast.

Hast thou forgotten? Has my memory perished
Like a dim dream forever from thy heart?
Shall friends through round thee, true and tried and cherished,
And in that circle have I then no part?
Standing beside our own beloved's grave,
Beneath the shelter of our trying tree,
Will think of you, thy lips did once so sweetly sever,
The heart that's breaking with its love for thee?

And yet I bless thee, though my heart is breaking,
For all the gladness of the days gone by,
Through my first love, life's joyous path is breaking,
Till with thy smiling lips, "Oh, let me die!"
I know my dark is nearing the dark river,
In youth's bright morning, 'tis going out from shore,
Till I can sail to love thee there forever,
And there'll be parting, never, never more.

And now farewell, ah, now, my memory's lingers,
O'er days too joyous to be brought to last,
How tearfully to-day is turning memory's fingers
Back to the joyous, to the sunny past,
The tide of tears, I cannot keep from ebbing,
These deep soul yearnings, these heart throbs of pain,
I cannot still them—they are never coming hushing
Till I am folded in their arms again!

A COINCIDENCE.

The fall rain dripped down drearily. The brown country roads were heavy with mud, the gutters were overflowing, and the boughs of the elm trees swung to and fro slowly under their weight of chill water. There was a moaning wind astir, and the rose vines about the porch of Olive Hudson's home were shedding their russet leaves and tossing their bare branches as if in secret pain. There seemed a vague distress abroad, and all the gloom of wind and weather was reflected in Olive Hudson's face. Her pale cheek pressed against the window-pane, her heavy, dark eyes watching absently the falling rain, and the contracted lines about her beautiful mouth told of sadness within and without.

"A year to-day," murmured the girl, looking down the length of the dark road. "Oh, Dick, have you forgotten me?"

It was the old story of a lover's quarrel. A misunderstanding, recriminations, a parting, and unspeakable sorrow and pain dragging through the long space of a year.

Olive Hudson was a sweet, grave girl—a farm-r's daughter, and an only child. She had grown up practical, high-minded, true-hearted and with certain possibilities of beauty. A year before there had been a deep dimple and a rose flush upon her cheek that was now too thin for dimples and pale. And in a year the large, dark eyes had lost their bright light. Only the mouth retained its sweetness of expression, and the forehead its calm, smooth breadth, and these charms were Olive Hudson's striking characteristics. Her eyebrows were well marked, giving her face much of its clear character, and the heavy braids of her dark hair had a marvellous glossy richness; but yet the face pressed against the cold pane of the farm-house window would more likely have been called plain than pretty.

"Oh," murmured the girl, pressing her hand to her heart, "if he could only know!"

Only the sharp stroke of the raindrops against the window answered her moan. The canary in his cage above her head was startled by the sudden gust and gave a sharp cry and a flutter. Olive looked up.

"Will, Willy," she said, caressingly, "don't be frightened. Here I am. I will take care of you. O Willy, I love you because he used to love you."

She put her finger between the wires of the cage, and the little creature sprang to peck it, tugging at it with all his slight strength until his mistress smiled faintly through her tears.

"Silly pet, are you hungry?"

But the momentary diversion passed. The smile died. The girl turned from the bird and commenced walking the floor.

"If I could see Dick for a moment—only for a moment," she murmured, "I am sure we should somehow get at each other's hearts and be reconciled. I want him so, and I am sure that he needs me. No one ever loved him but me. I think no one in the world can ever understand him as I do. Then isn't it my fault that we quarrelled? I saw where the mistake lay, but I was so proud! and he thought me unjust, and so—"

She sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

It was late in the afternoon, and the room began to fill with a grey gloom. The tinkling of a cow-bell sounded up the road, as the cattle came slowly home from the fields, where the grass had grown scarce and bare—and where, since noon, the rain had soaked the roads. The noise startled Olive from her abandonment of grief. She rose to her feet, glanced through the window to the barn, where her father was finishing his day's work, then turned quickly to bathe her face and serve supper.

Like many another, Olive bore her grief secretly; not one of the many who had surrounded the girl from her childhood, and who sat daily with her at the same board, dreamed that she had a sorrow or care beyond the moment.

When the day's work was quite finished, and her mother nodded over her knitting, while her father went quite asleep over his Bible, Olive took a candle and stole up to her own little room. Her cheek was flushed, her eyes had something of their old brilliant light, and her hand trembled as she sat down at the table and commenced to write. This was her letter:

"DEAR DICK:—My heart aches so that I cannot bear it. It is giving me to death, and this coldness between us. I was half to blame, Dick, and I ask you first to forgive me—forgive me, and come to me. Next week I go to Brooklyn for a visit to Aunt Elsie. Will you come there, No. 40, S— Street, and see me?"

She did not know the special address, so she wrote upon the envelope simply "Richard Brown, New York," sealed it with her own little Scotch motto seal of "Diana forget," and laid it by, with a sigh of relief, for mailing on the morrow. The next day the letter was duly mailed.

The law office of Brown & Barleigh was very quiet. The book-keeper was at his desk, the two copying clerks were at theirs, Mr. Brown stood gazing thoughtfully from the window, and Mr. Barleigh was in court. One would naturally think that Brown's intensely

occupied mind was intent upon some law case. Not so. Instead, he was saying over and over to himself "I wish I could see Olive," and he was actually

"Longing to escape from study,
To the fair young thing, and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day."

Very unpractical of Lawyer Brown, but very natural, thus to stand dreaming of a little rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed damsel—far off, she was—that autumn day—so cool and suited to the mental labor of his profession. But Lawyer Brown's thoughts would not stay in his office in New York, but went wandering across the open country and through the harvest fields of a country estate.

All at once there came a sturdy tread upon the stairs, and in a moment a penny postman entered and deposited upon Mr. Brown's desk a number of letters fresh from the afternoon mail.

Mr. Brown was a grave, leisurely man. He looked at every one of the letters before opening any, and finally examined one quite curiously.

"A lady's hand—mailed C— Why, who in the world—"

He tore it open.

"It can't be Olive's," he thought. "The careless little witch don't write as well as this, I'll be bound. Why it is hers! Signed Olive, as sure as fate."

He perused it carefully and smiled. He was a grave man of forty and even his smile was a little smile.

"Foolish, little sensitive puss!" he soliloquized. "To think of being grieved about such a trifle. I never should have remembered it again in the world. What strange creatures women are. See her at Brooklyn? of course. I did not know she had an aunt there, though."

Mr. Brown had occasion to leave the office a few moments later. Passing through Nassau street, he ran nearly against a young man who was walking as fast as himself.

"Mr. Brown."

"I beg your pardon."

"Not at all, I beg yours."

"Thank you. A fine day."

"Very fine."

The other Mr. Brown had black eyes and brown curls, and a proud, plain, fine youthful face of his own. The black eyes were very soft, and a little sad, after the first flash of surprise had passed. A splendid fellow. His name was also Richard. My reader, of course, seizes the connection, discovers the coincidence and anticipates the story.

Olive Hudson was in Brooklyn, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Elsie Grant. The old lady's last daughter had just married and left the paternal roof, and Mrs. Grant had sent for her favorite niece, to spend a month with her, and relieve the quiet and solitude of the old house. It was a marvel of beauty to Olive, brought up among the simple arrangements of the country. She had fine taste, and the Persian carpets, velvet lounges, and damask drapery were sources of quiet pleasure to her. She liked luxury as well as any one in the world, though she never complained at the absence of it. But no hour which she spent in her aunt's beautiful parlors, or at the theaters, lecture rooms, or opera houses of New York were half so much valued by her as were some little moments she had known in her simple home, one year before.

One of the clearest and fairest of the last October days she sat alone in the luxurious front parlor, looking absently out at the windows and then idly at the plates of the book she held in her lap. Of course she was thinking of Richard Brown—wondering if he had received her letter, hoping that he would come—really waiting and listening for his coming. Twice she had been startled and then disappointed by the ringing of the door-bell, that afternoon, yet still she sat with feverish cheeks and throbbing heart listening for another summons.

She had something in her lap beside the book: a small, oval, velvet miniature case. Once again for many times she opened it and looked earnestly at the face within—a frank, proud face, with irregular features, very soft black eyes, and clustering hair.

"I wonder if Dick has changed any in a year," she said to herself.

Suddenly there came a quick, sharp ring at the door. She sprang to her feet—her heart leaping and bounding like a frightened bird. She listened to the servant going through the hall and unlocking the door. Then came the sound of a man's voice:

"Is Miss Pinkney here?"

"There's no one of that name lives here, sir," replied the servant, respectfully.

"Isn't Miss Pinkney stopping here?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't this No. 40?"

"It is, sir."

"Isn't it Mrs. Elsie—or, ah, I don't know the name."

"Mrs. Elsie Grant lives here, sir. It's her house."

"Well, isn't a Miss Pinkney expected here?"

"I think not, sir."

There came a long pause of perplexity. Evidently the gentleman was distressed, perplexed, and disappointed. Olive stood listening, attentively, just within the parlor door. Said the gentleman, at last: "I had a note from Miss Pinkney last week, and she informed me that she should be at this house to-day. This is certainly the house. I can't conceive why she isn't here."

Olive's sympathy for the gentleman was very keen, despite her disappointment, and she found herself stepping forward into the hall.

"There is probably some mistake, sir," she commenced to say when her glance fell upon the note which he held in his hand. It was certainly her very own.

Her heart gave a wild throbbing. She flashed her eyes over the visitor, from head to foot, to see if by any means she could trace a resemblance between a grave professional gentleman of forty, and a certain quick-motivated, black-eyed, young man of her acquaintance. Never were two more unlike.

and mailed at Corinth," and Mr. Brown looked almost wildly at the tall, slight, dark-eyed girl, who claimed to be the originator of the epistle he believed to be written by his little, blue-eyed ladylove. Indeed thoughts of intrigue and conspiracy flashed upon him as he rose to his feet, repeating: "You are mistaken, madam."

Olive could not but smile in spite of her disappointment and in the midst of her bewilderment.

"It can't be a hoax, sir, for I certainly wrote the note, but how has the mistake happened? Your name, sir?" as a thought flashed across her mind.

"Richard Brown, at your service, madam."

Mr. Brown repeated his respectable name with dignity.

"Oh, I understand now!" exclaimed Olive and by the time that the matter was clearly explained to Mr. Richard Brown, how the letter had fallen into his hands, through his name being the same as Olive's lover, Lawyer Brown and the intelligent dark-eyed girl, whose note he returned with a smiling bow, and an involuntary compliment, were very nicely acquainted.

"There is another Richard Brown in town whose post-office address is box 825—a tall, black-eyed fellow—oh?" and Mr. Brown stopped laughing, for the sudden crimson of Olive's face told the whole story.

"Miss Hudson," he said archly, for he was very fond of a quiet jest—"it really isn't possible that you have quarrelled with such a nice young fellow as that?"

It was such a sensible, pleasant face, and there was such an air of true dignity about the gentleman, that Olive, finding that Mr. Brown knew Dick quite well, was now led into telling the whole story of the quarrel, and ended with:

"I really must see him immediately."

"Must you, indeed? Is it possible that you are in love with such a very unreasonable fellow, Miss Olive?"

"I was half to blame, Mr. Brown."

"Oh woman! woman!" sighed the gentleman. "What angels you are sometimes."

"Now," he said, suddenly, "I know Mr. Richard Brown so very well that if you will trust this affair to me as a friend for a few days, I'll stake my reputation as a lawyer to bring the matter all out fair."

"I shall be perfectly willing to trust you."

"Then introduce me to your aunt and go to the opera with me to-night."

It was done. There, in an opera-box, without a lady, sat Dick Brown listening absently to the music, and looking so grave and pale that Olive whispered to her companion:

"Call him—motion to him, please. I am sure he will forgive me, and we shall be friends."

"Not at all. He deserves twenty-four hours punishment, my dear. He's a very unreasonable, obstinate fellow, and I am going to punish him a little—just be patient and you shall kiss him to-morrow night."

Just then Dick turned round and saw Olive and her companion. With an unconscious, blushing flush of agitation, her eyes fell before his, and after one long look at him, he turned away, with a pale face and flashing eyes.

Mr. Brown would not give the girl a chance to see Dick when they passed out of the house, but she cried herself to sleep for joy that night, because she had looked upon his face.

The next afternoon Lawyer Brown sat at work in his office, when the door opened quickly, and in walked Mr. Dick Brown, having a mien of subdued indignation and hauteur. He went directly to the business of inquiring Olive's address. "Mr. Brown gave it quite readily and courteously, only saying as Dick turned to go:

"I think Miss Hudson will be pleased to see you, Mr. Brown."

"Impertinence!" muttered Dick. "How does he know whether she will or not?"

It wasn't half an hour before he was with Olive. And it wasn't any longer than it took to make explanation and kiss each other before the quarrel was made up, and so ended the story—the story which Lawyer Brown told to his little, blue-eyed wife that winter as they sat together in the cosy little parlor of their new housekeeping establishment.

WINES IN THE HOUSEHOLD. During a few years past the making of "wine" or fermented drinks from fruit juice, called wine, has been rapidly increasing in this country. The extended culture of grapes, currants, blackberries and other small fruits has given facilities for the manufacture, and in many families where no intoxicating beverage had been previously allowed, a cask or a few bottles of home-made "wine" are kept for "medicine," for "company," or for an occasional treat. In so far as these articles may be substituted for the mixtures heretofore purchased as wine, when required medicinally, the change is undoubtedly desirable; but the introduction of them into general use as family beverages is anything but advisable. The province of the household department of the *American Agriculturist* is to make happier homes, and it would not be true to its design without calling attention to this matter which threatens no little injury to domestic peace.

Some think that the free use of pure wines would not only give much innocent enjoyment, but possibly tend to the decrease of intemperance. While we believe that those who are addicted to alcoholic stimulants would be less injured by home-made fermented drinks than by the drugged compounds sold at most of the shops, we also have little doubt that the taste for strong drink which holds so many in degrading bondage was in most cases acquired by indulgence in the so-called "harmless fermented drinks," and as like causes will be followed by like effects, it seems unquestionable that the common use of wines of any kind will be followed by an increase of intemperance.

Alcohol is of precisely the same nature and will produce the same vitiation of taste, and disastrous effects upon the system, whether it be extracted from grapes, currants, apples, potatoes, rye or corn. The only difference is in the quantity taken, and no one can fix a perfectly safe limit by which to measure the amount which can be habitually drunk without ultimately inciting almost uncontrollable appetite. It is not necessary here to discuss the temperance question; its principles are generally well understood; we only want to fix this fact in the mind of the reader, that alcohol in current "wines" or any similar compound, is, according to its quantity, just as harmful as al-

cohol in whiskey. Those who have at heart the well being of their children will banish from their tables what might prove to them a snare, even if they themselves might find no inconvenience from its occasional or moderate indulgence. Cold water never yet made a drunkard; wine made the first drunken man of whom we have account, and it has made millions of confirmed sons since that day. All of the so-called "Bitters" sold in the country, as medicinal, are chiefly alcohol, and are harmful and dangerous. [Am. Agriculturist.]

JOHN MACINTOSH.

He was a Pennsylvania Seelman—a fine, whole souled fellow as ever was. He came out to Illinois early, when the country was wild; when the prairie was unfenced and unbroken. He got a good chance, and went ahead of us boys who came later. Indeed he was wealthy when I first knew him. It is said that the house of the poet Rogers in London was the resort of all the *literati*; and so it was that Macintosh's was the resort of every one on the prairie who was blessed with "brains." Mr. John kept a fine library, took half a dozen newspapers, had his magazines and Review, his thermometer and meteorological apparatus, when the rest of us couldn't afford an orchard fence to keep the cows from our young apple trees.

"O my, but I do envy you, Mr. Macintosh," I said one day; "here's Prescott's Phillip II, and I have been so long wanting to read it."

"Take it along, then; take it along," he said pleasantly.

And so it was with any new book he had. I can look back now and see how selfish of me this book borrowing was; but, philosophize as I may, I should never have read the books had I not got them from him, for as years rolled on, and I became able to buy for my own needs, new books came, and the new notices I read always whetted my appetite for the most recent. It takes a large library to contain everything, and a large purse to fill it.

O, men with libraries seldom handled, except to dust them, bound in gold and morocco though they may be, take care that they don't cry to heaven against you! You care little for their contents, while there are thousands of treasures contained in them; treasures which to many are inaccessible. Uncle John's library could not compare with yours, but take care it don't rise in judgment against you. You pay money to enlighten the heathen, he enlightens the heathen at home too. You say, "Let every man buy his own books." I say so too—if he is able. But if he is not?

"Let him go without," you reply. Parton tells us that Horace Greeley, when a boy, had borrowed all the books for seven miles around where he lived. No doubt the "tow-headed" Horace was a very troublesome boy to the Uncle Johns of his neighborhood. I know just such another (embryo) Horace it may be to-day.

head bookworm. Many a time he has tried my patience as he has brought home that last book, ma'am, a little more soiled than when I gave it to him, and then waited on awkwardly and longingly until I sat down the baby and went up stairs to get him another.

But you don't like to have your *Ticknor & Field's* blue and gold dumbed by awkward boys. Then for mercy's sake, don't get blue and gold. Get sheep, or calf, or maulin; some thing you won't be afraid to handle, nor your children either; something one can get the good of. What are we to do with these hungry boys, our own and our neighbors? If we don't feed them, they will feed themselves by and by, without much discrimination as to their mental nourishment. It is not good to keep them hungry. Many a time I thank God that my children live in the sunlight of literature. We were in the starlight, reader, in our childhood, to what our children are. There are ten books now where there was but one then—children's books, I mean. But of what good is the sunlight that exists if we deny it to them? And the blessed sunshine is not more healthy to the body than is a good book to the mind, nor more beneficial in its influence. The characters of a book are the child's companions for the time being as he reads it, and he cannot help improving by good society.

In many of our towns the Sunday school library is the child's *literary restaurant*, but the country children are often denied this privilege to a great extent. If a library exists at all, two-thirds of it you will find adult books, and the other third by often handling is soon worn out.

Happy such children if they have an Uncle John in their neighborhood. And to return to him, by way of finishing, I might say that he was the soul of the Sunday school and library in his neighborhood, the man who put his hand deepest in his purse, and was most punctual at his class. He was the pioneer of better things—the forerunner of good to follow. He was among the foremost to sow good seed, and even now he can see fruit from his labors.

Reader, Uncle John is but one of a class. Thank God there are ten thousand Uncle Johns in the world; strong, brave, noble men, who settle in locations of intellectual dearth among people whose highest ambition it is to improve the soil and bring dollars into their own pockets; people who, in the beginning despise Uncle John for wasting so much money "uselessly," but who in the end succumb to his superior tastes and intellect—in fact, try to imitate him—for they cannot help seeing that he gets rich faster than they. [Marion—in Ad. and Jour.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING. Says one who seems quite *au fait* in the subject he so unblushingly treats:—"What's in a kiss?—Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can we see in a kiss? The lips part slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part and the job is complete. There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract—take it as it stands!—look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet when you look at the character of the thing it is simply pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will you are perfectly sure to find kissing—There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all." We give all the credit of this clipping to one of our most valuable foreign contemporaries—"The Ladies Journal and Miscellany." Upon this delicate subject we append an inter-

esting and droll incident, which happened at the fancy fair at Pesh. Says our authority, the Wanderer—"The stalls were, as usual, tenanted by young, noble and beautiful ladies. A Hungarian noble, the Count P. de S— approached too near to the charming Countess Z—, who, commenced, of course, insisting on his selecting some article from her stall. 'Is there nothing that will suit you?' 'Yes, a kiss.' And as the lady seemed to hesitate, he pressed the subject. 'How much?' 'A thousand florins.' He drew the note from his pocket-book, laid it on the counter, leaned over, and obtained the promised gaudium—the noble lady going through the ceremony, not as the Lady Godiva rode the streets of Coventry, where every window was discreetly closed, but *coram publico*, in the presence of many a peeping Tom. The count is esteemed to have made a good bargain, since the lady is reputed as virtuous as she is beautiful."

AN EDUCATED HOUSEKEEPER'S VIEWS. "What are you studying?" asked a young man of a friend who was taking her last year's schooling at an academy. "The common branches, physiology, chemistry, rhetoric, and natural philosophy," was the reply. "What on earth will you do with such learning in farmer G—'s kitchen?" exclaimed her naming a worthy man to whom she was betrothed. "I afraid you'll find yourself so fitted for some other sphere that your education will be a discomfort rather than a source of happiness."

The answer given to this proved that the young lady possessed an educated mind as well as book learning. Said she, "How little you know about housekeeping. You talk as though it were like turning a grindstone, or walking on a treadmill, needing only plenty of muscles, and the less brains to make one uneasy, the better. Why, my mistaken young friend, there's more room for science and thought and skill in managing a household properly, than you'll ever find in your dry goods store, with a bank and a grist-mill thrown in. It requires philosophy to properly make a fire, wash clothes, sweep a room, ventilate an apartment, regulate a clock, and a hundred other matters you never dreamed of. Cooking is every day application of chemistry. A woman can mix and heat up provision without knowing anything about it, but the art; but she can make better bread, butter, roast, broil or boil more nicely, put this and that together in her puddings, pies and cakes with greater success, if she knows the *why* as well as the *how*. Then what is a poor, broken-down wife good for? Physiology teaches how to keep health in the family; and then when we have all finished the day's work, having applied science all the way through, we shall want to look over the papers and books which tell what the rest of the world is thinking about; and then don't you see how nicely some little knowledge of *belles lettres* and the laws of mind will come in? A higher sphere, indeed! If those who are *careless to off a large place* would only take pains to make the place they are now in what it might be, depend upon it there would be more comfort and less complaints, both from themselves and those depending on them. I intend to try to elevate my work to my own level." "Upon my word," said the young man "you make out a pretty strong case. I never saw the matter in just that light before, and I doubt whether many women view it thus; and that such a good lesson may not be lost, I'll send it to the *American Agriculturist*," and here, Mr. Editor, you have the story. [Am. Agriculturist.]

EARLY SHEEP SHEARING.—WASHING.—No lover of his flock drives his sheep to the washing without a feeling akin to remorse. He would not do it were it not that he believes that the market demands wool washed on the back. Though it is true that washed wools sell more readily, yet in times like these where any and all wools are quickly taken up, an opportunity for reform is offered which ought not to be overlooked. Sheep which are to be washed ought not to be sheared before settled warm weather. In many seasons this will not come before the last of June. They are then in much less danger of taking cold and receiving permanent injury. They ought to be washed only in water which is so warm that the washers do not find it uncomfortable to stand in it with the sheep. The shock to the flock, of the immersion in cold water and being subsequently exposed to raw winds—followed by being reduced to a state of absolute nakedness, is sufficient cause to account for "snuffles," and prevalent lung difficulties. The rule in regard to washing is to wash as little as possible, but even this involves the necessity of thoroughly wetting the entire fleece. It is a great object to have the sheep sheared as early as they can be, and fully a month may be gained if they are shorn without washing. The fleeces start better, the sheep seem actually benefitted, weakly ones often brighten up and do well, and all are in much better condition to bear the autumnal storms which often come before the fleeces are sufficiently clad to bear the change well. Contagious diseases are not unfrequently communicated by farmers using the same washing pens with their neighbors, which may be unavoidable.

If the sheep be shorn unwashed, particular care should be taken to leave them all well tagged, and all dirt removed—which is not too thoroughly incorporated with the fleece. The discount of one-third in price for unwashed wools is not fair, yet the farmer may well submit to it for the advantage his flock gains, if it be a valuable one, knowing that like other abuses it will be corrected by time. Sheep should be shorn on smooth, clean floors, by careful, humane, quick, experienced men. The cleanliness of the floor, the removal of dung and straw brought in upon the feet, are important. [American Agriculturist.]

WHEN TO PLANT CORN. Field corn planted early in May has usually to be replanted once or twice. This makes much unnecessary labor, for that planted some weeks later, usually ripens at nearly the same time. If the seed does not rot in the ground, the poor little yellow blades are frost bitten, and their shriveled ends pine for the hot sun. Those plants that survive the chills and rains of May, are not so healthy, or well prepared to take advantage of the warm weather when it comes, as that planted in the proper season, which in the latitude of most of New England, New York, and westward is after the middle of May in almost all seasons; and often it is not best to plant before the first of June. No fault is more surely repented of than too early planting of corn. If well soaked, and placed in a

warm soil, corn is very soon above ground, and a few warm days place it beyond fear of harm from cut-worms, white grub, wire worms or crows—whereas that planted early in the month must do battle with all these for several weeks, if it survive the dampness and the frosts.

Letter by the President.
HIS POLICY AS TO SLAVERY.

The letter which we print below was written by the President to Colonel A. G. Hodges, senior editor of the Frankfort Commonwealth, of Frankfort, Kentucky. That gentleman accompanied Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon when they visited the President to adjust the differences respecting the enrolment in Kentucky. A letter from Governor Bramlette, dated April 23d, speaks in the warmest terms of the manner in which he and his companions were received, and of the efforts made by the President to meet all reasonable demands in a spirit of accommodation. At the close of the interview Mr. Lincoln took occasion to explain his position on the general subject of slavery in its relations to the war, and upon the suggestion of Colonel Hodges that his views were greatly mistaken, reduced his remarks to writing in the following letter:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, APRIL 4.
"A. G. HODGES, Esq., Frankfort, Ky."

"MY DEAR SIR: You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said, the other day, in your presence, to Gov. Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:—

"I am naturally Anti-Slavery. If Slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understand, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me, to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery."

"I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability, imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that Government—that Nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?"

"By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I feel that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful, by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if I

the best satisfaction. The "suckers" which are abundant in some sorts, ought not to be removed, as these secure a more perfect fertilization, and consequently well filled out ears. Well manured ground and frequent hoeing will hasten the maturity of the crop.—[Amer. Agriculturist.]

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... MAY 6, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Corner street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DON'T TRUST THEM.—The Am. Agriculturist says boxes four inches high placed around hills of squashes will keep off the striped bug. So we thought, on a partial trial, but further experience has corrected the error. These pests generally pile into these boxes as though they regarded them as good protection from disturbance. We have tried them enough to know that they are no security. With a covering of gauze they are effectual; so they are with glass. We have found an old set of wire dish covers a handy and perfect safeguard, though ordinarily rather expensive. Jonathan says he knows no way but to crush them between his thumb and finger. When Jonathan was a child, and heard his mother read of the plague of lice in Egypt, he artlessly asked, "Why didn't Pharaoh crack 'em mamma?" Striped bugs have to be caught before they can be crushed.

BUTTER.—This very popular commodity has been retailing from our stores since Monday for 25 cts.—the exceptions being where a supply had been taken in at high prices, and must be sold as high as customers would bear. So, while some have paid but 25 cts, others have paid 28 to 35. There is now no lack at 25 cts, from the stores. Probably the producer gets about 22 to 24. Unless there is a scarcity of cows—as is said to be the case to some extent—butter will probably be as low as the average of other staples, if not lower. At this time it is lower; and the early start and fair prospect for grass indicates it will continue so. The wholesale price in New York is 25 cts, for best quality.

CHANGES.—Those who miss the prompt, efficient and accommodating post office clerk, F. E. Boothby, will be pleased to hear of his promotion to the clerkship in the office of the Sup't of the M. C. Railroad, lately filled by Mr. Nath'l Meader. Mr. Meader takes the interest of the deceased Jones R. Elden, in the late firm of Elden & Arnold. The mantle of a good man falls upon eminently worthy shoulders. The patrons of the post office will find a polite, obliging and trustworthy servant in George S. Carter, who takes the place of the late clerk. It gives us pleasure to note deserved promotions of our young men, in the civil as well as military line—and these are eminently such.

PRIZE DECLAMATION.—The prize declamation by the Sophomore Class of Waterville College, at the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening, was very well attended, notwithstanding the bad walking. The speakers were few, but they acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. The first prize was awarded to Frank Wales Bakeman, of Portland, and the second to Hazen Pingree McKusick, of Denmark. The Augusta Cornet Band furnished excellent music for the occasion, and after the exercises separated the officers of the College.

LT. CHS. W. THING. who has been spending a brief furlough at his home in this place, left a few days since, to join his regiment at Port Hudson. He has been acting captain for most of the past year, and has seen hard service at the siege of Port Hudson and other places. As one of the many young men who get promotion only by the hard stairway of merit, his present position, reached from the ranks, marks him for one of the boys who do their part nobly in sustaining the honor of our State in the army.

TO WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Read Mr. Wendell's advertisement, and then go to his greenhouse, and see what you will see! Take a little change with you, for you can't look upon his beautiful collection of flowers without wanting some of them. Don't buy extravagantly, but if you spend a few shillings it will go to sustain an enterprise, and one that deserves to be patronized. But go and look, without price, and "thank you, too."

There only papers within our knowledge that justify the butchery of the black soldiers by the rebels are the Boston Courier and the Portland Advertiser. A whig copperhead is the most venomous variety of the species.

Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle at market last week was nearly seven hundred less than the week previous, and the number of sheep about three thousand less.—Maine contributing only 47 cattle. Owing to the plentiful supply of veal and fish the beef market was a little hard for the drover, notwithstanding the small number of cattle, though there is no change in the quotations. Sheep, however, sold well, considering the quality, which was poor.

We quote prices as follows:—
First quality beefs, \$11.25 to \$12.00; second do, \$10.00 to \$11.00; third quality, \$9.50 to \$10.00; extra, \$12.50 to \$13.00.
Working oxen—\$100 to \$250, or according to their value as beef.
Sheep and Lambs—8 1-2 to 9 1-2 cts. per lb. on live weight; extra fat and heavy, 9 1-2 to 10.

Corporation Meeting.

At the annual meeting of Ticonic Village Corporation, on Monday afternoon, J. B. Bradbury was chosen Moderator and the following officers elected for the ensuing year:

Clerk.—H. B. White.
Superintendent.—Joseph Percival.
Treasurer.—G. R. McFadden.
Auditor.—J. Nye.
Chief Engineer.—W. A. Caffrey.
1st Asst. do.—J. Nye.
2d do.—H. W. Getchell.

Fire Wards.—Chas. A. Dow, Noah Boothby, E. L. Getchell, Wm. Getchell, Jr., B. P. Manley, John Ware, Joseph Percival, Dan'l R. Wing, C. M. Morse, J. P. Blunt, H. B. White, W. Getchell, J. B. Bradbury.

The sum of fifty dollars was voted to pay for ringing one of the bells, and taking care of town clock; and the Supervisor was directed to raise, by loan, a sum, not exceeding \$500, to pay the current expenses for the ensuing year.

TICONIC DIVISION S. OF T.—The following is a list of the officers of Ticonic Division for the present quarter:—

J. Nye, W. P.
J. R. Pitman, W. A.
S. Bell, Chaplin.
Geo. A. Wilson, R. S.
W. H. Thorne, A. R. S.
E. H. Drummond, F. S.
F. Chase, T.
S. Keith, C.
R. S. Boulter, A. C.
G. B. Broad, I. S.
M. Soule, O. S.
D. R. Wing, P. W. P.
Miss L. K. Hawes, I. O.
Misses May F. Weymouth, Ellen Copp, Hattie Town, L. O.

At the annual meeting of Waterville Engine Co. No. 3, held Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

J. P. Caffrey, Foreman.
J. P. Blunt, 1st Asst. Foreman.
F. E. Webb, 2nd do.
F. E. Boothby, Clerk.
Geo. A. Wilson, Asst. Clerk.
James P. Hill, Foreman of Hose.
E. G. Meader, J. P. Blunt, C. R. McFadden, Standing Committee.
Geo. Jewell, M. Fardy, Morris Soule, and L. T. Boothby, Suction Hosemen.
Edward H. Chase and F. E. Boothby, Pipe-men.

ANCEDOTES.—"B. T. S." sends us some good anecdotes. So we thought of them some years ago, when we published them in the Mail—he will find them in our files. If he will try his hand at some a little more modern, we should like to receive them, as he shows good skill in the telling. Give us some more.

The members of Co. C, 1st Maine Artillery, stationed at Fort Sumner, Washington, recently presented Capt. Z. A. Smith, the popular commander of said company, a very superior sword, belt and sash, as a token of their appreciation of him. The gift was selected and paid for, and all the arrangements made for its presentation, without the Captain having the least intimation of what was going on. Capt. Smith is popular with his command, and the regiment, and deservedly so.—[Ellsworth American.]

Capt. Smith was one of our College boys, and left his studies for the army when his country called.

BAPTISM.—Five persons were baptized at the Bay, on Sunday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Pepper, and afterward admitted to the Baptist church.

In Winslow, on the same day, five persons were also received to the Congregationalist church.

Mrs. STEVENS, the authoress, has organized a league in Washington, pledged to rigid economy, and the members of which dispense entirely with foreign finery. The same movement is being commenced in New York, and we hope it will become general.

INCREASE OF DUTIES. On Thursday last the Senate passed the House bill in concurrence, increasing the duties on imports 50 per cent. This is a judicious and salutary measure, operating to increase the revenue and putting a check upon the extravagant importations and the consequent efflux of gold from the country.

PEOPLE'S BANK.—At the meeting of the stockholders, on Monday, Mr. William Dyer was chosen to fill the place in the board of directors, made vacant by the death of Mr. J. R. Elden. Without acting upon the proposition to surrender their charter the stockholders adjourned to meet at the call of the directors.

We are under obligations to Hon. J. G. Blaine, for several valuable public documents and a package of garden seeds.

In the case of Samuel Richardson, of Temple, on trial at Farmington for the murder of Joseph Edes, the verdict of the jury is murder in the first degree.

OUR TABLE.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1864. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, and Agriculture, etc. Together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the year 1863; a list of recent Scientific Publications; and a list of eminent Scientific Men, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M., M. D., author of Principles of Natural Philosophy, Principles of Chemistry, First Principles of Geology, etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

The very full title, which we copy above, leaves nothing to be said of the character and design of the volume, even if the reputation of the publication were not already established by former numbers of the series. A hasty examination of its contents leads us to conclude that none of its predecessors surpass it in interest and value.

For sale at Mathews's.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the capture of Roanoke Island. By William M. Thayer, author of the "Pioneer Boy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This is the story of the Rebellion told in a familiar, entertaining manner, and enlivened by authentic anecdotes. It makes good reading for old and young, and every page of it helps to illustrate the value, strength and glory of our national government, the blessings of law and order, and the obligation and beauty of patriotism.

Several splendid engravings are interspersed through the volume, which ought to be in the hands of every youth in the country.

For sale at Mathews's.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for May, has the following table of contents:—
American Finances and Resources, by Rob't J. Walker; Aeneas; Our Domestic Relations, or How to treat the Rebel States, by Charles Russell; The Mound Builders, by January Seale; A Universal Language, by S. P. Andrews; A Summer's Night, by Count S. Krasinski; The English Press, by Nicholas Rowe; The House in the Lane, by V. Townsend; Music a Science, by Lucia D. Pichowsky; Thought, by Virginia Vaughan; The War a Contest for Ideas, by Henry Everett Russell; Ills to American Farmers; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa Colton; The Wild Animals; A pair of Stockings; Literary Notices; and Editor's Table.

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

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—The May number has the following attractive table of contents:—
A tramp in the Shadow of Katdindin, by a Bangor Merchant; At the Source, a Poem, by Kate Putnam; Discipline, a Story of my life, concluded, by Miss S. R. Warren; Col. Robert G. Shaw, a Poem, by Miss Brown, of Florence; Law and Lawyers, by L. Weston; A Philosopher in a Smock Frock, by Toby Candor; Our State Policy, by Charles Holden; Lie-awakes, No. 2, by Parsons Gray; A Handful of Spring Flowers, by Geo. E. Brackett; The Study of Languages, Second paper, by Isaiah Dole; How to grow Peas; with a well filled Editorial Department.

Published by Bailey and Noyes, Portland, at \$2 a year, and for sale at Mathews's.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The April number of this able monthly has the following table of contents:—
Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other things in General, Part III.; McKnight's Reminiscences; Tony Butler, Part IV.; Our Neutrality; Past and Present Troubles in Herat and Afghanistan; Annie and her Master; A letter from Schleswig-Holstein, Part II.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 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 postpaid rate, will be but 65 cents a year.

War of Redemption.

The councils of the military authorities are kept remarkably secret. Heretofore on the eve of battles, some idea could be formed of the contemplated movements; but now they are matters of mere speculation, even among prominent officers and high officials. The utmost confidence, however, is placed in those having the direct conduct of affairs.

Our forces have evacuated Washington, N. C., and most of the rebel troops have been withdrawn from the State and sent to Virginia, to swell the ranks of Lee's army. The rebel rank, which so efficiently aided in the reduction of Plymouth, has mounted some of Uncle Sam's big guns captured at that post, and will be a dangerous antagonist.

Beauregard has come north, bringing quite a formidable force from Charleston.

Banks thought it prudent to retire to Alexandria, and the gunboats and transports followed. On their way down they had several battles with the rebels, in all of which we were victorious. At one place, two or three hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded, and Gen. Greene was killed.

New Orleans letters of the 26th confirm the statement that Gen. Banks has fallen back to Alexandria in consequence of the low water in the river. '800 rebel cavalry have reached Cherryville, 18 miles below Alexandria. The gunboats and transports are all down to or below the falls except the Eastport. She may be stripped and destroyed.

Six gunboats which went up the Black and Washita rivers to Monroe, had returned with 2900 bales of cotton and 900 contrabands, besides conveying down the river the steamer Ruby with 480 more contrabands. The Ruby had been in the employ of the rebels. Gen. Steele was at Camden April 17th.

Gen. Banks in official dispatches to the government relative to the Red River campaign, admits a surprise and reverse on the 8th, but claims that the battles on the 9th and 10th resulted in a terrible disaster to the rebels in killed and wounded, being greater proportionally than was ever suffered in any battle during the war.

The Port Royal New South of the 30th has Jacksonville, Fla., dates to the 24th which state that the rebels have sent nearly all their troops to Virginia, and their force in Florida does not now number more than 8,000 or 10,000 men.

Ohio mustered in 35,000 men on Monday for the short service.

A fire took place recently at Wilmington, N. C., destroying a cotton press, yard, oil works, 4400 bales of cotton, and other property, in all amounting to \$6,000,000, of which one-fifth belonged to the rebel government. This is the amount in "currency," in gold it would not make a very surprising figure.

Gen. Steele very skillfully manoeuvred Price and his army out of Camden, Ark., and then quietly manoeuvred himself in, 20,000

strong. Camden is strongly fortified, having nine forts.

The rebels betray a little uneasiness at the aspect of things in northern Georgia, and seem to fear that having weakened their forces in that quarter for the purpose of strengthening Lee, in Virginia, our army at Chattanooga may now advance and occupy Atlanta. Let us hope that their fears are not groundless.

From the Boston Advertiser's summary of the contents of late Richmond papers we extract the following.

The Richmond Enquirer of the 30th says information has been received that Burnside is moving. The intelligence is brought by a scout, who conjectures that he is going to Alexandria. The Enquirer thinks his destination more probably is Yorktown. His force is set down at seventeen thousand white and eight thousand negro soldiers.

The Richmond Examiner of Saturday has a long leading article applauding Forrest's atrocities at Port Pillow. It says: "They diffused a warm and soothing glow through the veins of every good Confederate. The whole country will approve and applaud his action, and so, it is hoped, will the Confederate government."

The Enquirer says "The great fire at Wilmington has fallen heavily on blockade operations, indeed it may be considered to have put an effectual stop to running the blockade for some time. The difficulty of procuring transportation for cotton will prevent for several months the accumulation of a sufficient supply. The destruction of property is estimated at from three to five millions of dollars in gold."

The Enquirer has quite a long article on the Fort Pillow massacre, sneering at the indignation of the Northern press and saying if any Confederate prisoners are executed double the number of Federals will be immediately put to death.

The Examiner of April 29th concludes an article on the military situation in Virginia as follows: "If we hold our own in Virginia till this summer is ended, the North's power of mischief everywhere will be gone. If we lose, the South's capacity for resistance will be broken. The Confederacy has ample power to keep its place in Virginia, if employed with energy and consistency, and this is the last year of the war whichever wins."

The same paper says the most serious scarcity of provisions exists in Virginia, both north and south of James river, and not only in cities and towns but throughout the interior.

The gunboat Petrel was captured by rebel cavalry, on the 23d ult, two miles above Yazoo City.

We have a report of disaster to our forces in Arkansas. Gen. Marmaduke is said to have attacked and captured a train with an escort—securing 1000 prisoners, 240 wagons, and 7 pieces of artillery.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BATES' decision says that colored soldiers are entitled to the same pay as white soldiers, under the act of 1862. The ten dollars per month was intended to be the pay for blacks employed as laborers. So that it appears that the law as it has stood for two years past entitles the black soldier to equal pay. They will now be paid the balance to which they are entitled.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—We this week send out an extra sheet containing the laws passed by the Legislature of this State at its late session.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Duppel was captured by the German allies April 18th. The Danes had only evacuated the place, and over 2000 prisoners and 90 pieces of artillery were taken by the Prussians. The advance into Jutland was being pushed forward, and it was thought that the siege of Fredericia would be resumed. Some members of the Conference met in London on the 28th and adjourned to the 25th. There were many surmises as to the cause of his proposed departure. Maximilian left Rome on the 20th on the way to Mexico.

MIRROR OF THE REBELLION.—We again invite attention to the advertisement of Perham's great exhibition, which is to visit us next week. It is a pity that our Hall is no larger, for this show always draws a crowd.

ATTENTION, TEACHERS!—Those designing to teach in this town are requested to heed the notice of the Superintendent School Committee in our advertising columns.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.—One of the great difficulties encountered by our government in prosecuting the war, is the apprehension by a large class of timid men, that we are contracting a ruinous public debt. Another class of men, less honest, openly or secretly opposed to the war, have taken advantage of this prevalent error, and are using it to injure the country. Upon this subject the New Yorker has the following excellent and candid remarks:—

Let us examine the whole subject fairly and see if we are not only able to pay our present, but any reasonable further debt that the exigencies of war may compel us to incur, and that the payment will neither be difficult or excessively onerous. Let us see what are the facts. Unlike an individual who is unable to count with certainty upon increased ability to pay in the future the debt he contracts in the present—this country is sure to increase in wealth and population. It appears from the census returns, that the increase in the value of real and personal property in the United States from 1840 to 1850, was from three thousand seven hundred and sixty-four millions (\$3,764,000,000) in 1840 to six thousand one hundred and seventy-four millions (\$6,174,000,000) in 1850, or 64 per cent. The next decade shows a still greater advance in general prosperity and riches. For in that period, the yield of our gold mines, the extension of our railroad system and consequent opening of new fields for agriculture, our large immigration, and the stimulus given to every branch of manufactures and the mechanic arts raised the national wealth from six thousand one hundred and seventy-four millions (\$6,174,000,000) in 1850 to ten thousand one hundred and eighty-three millions (\$10,183,000,000) in 1860, or 127 per cent, of which ten thousand seven hundred and sixteen millions (\$10,716,000,000) was owned in the loyal States. Is there any good reason to believe that we shall not continue to prosper as we have done—(except from the chances of war, which can only modify and not change the character of the answer to the question), that the nation will not continue to nearly, if not quite, double its wealth every ten years for

several decades to come? We have but just begun to work our gold mines, and the vast body of our other mineral wealth is still undeveloped. We have fertile lands enough for an empire, that the plow has never touched, and it is only in this generation that science and art have fairly begun to open the doors, and show the way towards our future material greatness.

But experience of what others have done will best tell us what we may rightfully expect to do. Let us compare our position with that of Great Britain during one of the gloomiest periods of her financial history. At the end of her great wars in 1816, her wealth was estimated at ten thousand four hundred millions (\$10,400,000,000) and her national debt at that time was four thousand three hundred millions (\$4,300,000,000) or more than 41 per cent of her entire property. In 1861 her property was stated at thirty-one thousand five hundred millions (\$31,500,000,000) while her debt was three thousand eight hundred and ninety millions (\$3,890,000,000) or was a charge on the property of the country of only about 12 1-2 per cent. It needs no argument to show that the weight of the burden of this debt is now, but one third what it was when contracted.

We do not wish to deceive ourselves on either side of this question. Debt is always bad enough but we should look the facts squarely in the face, and accept whatever deductions we have a right to draw from them as truth. In spite of the war, we believe the Northern States are as rich today as they were three years ago. Such a demand for labor was never before known, and never before was it so well paid. War destroys, but our hand of industry has never for a moment ceased to create, and the creation will more than balance the destruction. Large as our losses of brave and gallant men have been, the population of the country has steadily increased; and unless some scourge such as never visited a nation should come upon us,—unless we should be utterly destroyed, or dismembered and broken to pieces by yielding to this demon of secession,—there is no human power that can arrest our continued progress and development. All wars have ended, as will ours. Let us hope that it may be soon; but when it is ended, and triumphantly as it must be, this country is bound to take a position in population, wealth, and vigor that will make its debt so small in proportion to its wealth that the most timid man will laugh at the fear that may have once overclouded his vision.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T. met at Skowhegan on Tuesday last. John J. Bell, of Carmel, G. W. P. presided. His quarterly report shows the Order to be in good working condition:

Whole number of Divisions in the State,	104
" " members initiated during the quarter,	778
Whole number of members in the army,	1866
" " " Lady visitors admitted,	545
" " " members in the State,	5114
" " " Lady visitors,	9012

Two spirited public meetings were held, one of which was addressed by Rev. Dr. Smythe, of England, and the other by members of the Order in different parts of the State. As usual, the citizens of Skowhegan were hospitable.

[Bangor Whig.]

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.—The English correspondent of the New York Times says: "War feeds war, and has its own prosperity. When England was engaged in the war with Napoleon, the Bank of England suspended specie payments for twenty years. But money was plentiful, wages were high, there was work for everybody, and though England came out of the war with a debt of \$4,000,000,000 it has never impeded, but rather increased her prosperity. A great debt at home is an element of that prosperity. Owed abroad it would be a constant drain upon the country. Owed at home, it is a stimulus to industry. Not a penny of it is lost. It is like taking money from one pocket and putting it into the other. Those who pay the interest on this debt must work a little harder, and those who receive it have more capital to invest and more money to spend. The effect upon the nation has been a constant and vast accumulation of wealth. It is not debt, but capital. There can be no doubt that the wealth, power and security of England have been immensely increased by this so-called national debt; and where is there any reason to apprehend that like causes will not produce like effects on the other side the Atlantic?"

BIRDS OF CENTRAL MAINE. We learn from one of our exchanges that at the suggestion of Agassiz, Prof. E. C. Hamlin, of Waterville College, is making a collection of the birds in the vicinity of that College, as representing those of central Maine, which had never been catalogued. Beginning in March, 1862, Prof. Hamlin had collected, up to the beginning of the present year, in a circle of two and a half miles radius, 110 distinct species, some so rare as never to have been found by Wilson and Audubon but once or twice. He has discovered one species not before found by naturalists from the State, and one species not before found in New England.

SHELLING OF CHARLESTON.—A Morris Island letter states that "the thirty pound Parrot gun which did such admirable execution in shelling Charleston, and which exploded on the forty-six hundred and fifteenth round, has been replaced by a gun equally as effective. Shells are now tossed into the city at points the rebels supposed we would not be able to reach. The inhabitants, who supposed themselves comparatively safe in the middle of the city, have been compelled to take another journey toward the northern limits."

HOME TRUTH. Says a writer, Economy leads to virtue. Self-denial leads to thought; the sight of money leads to charity. Begin with the great virtue of Christian self-denial, and you will find all the graces and charities of human life springing up, spontaneously and beautifully around your feet. You cannot revel in luxury and extravagance, and balance the account by a large subscription to a Sanitary Fair.

A complete remedy for inflation the people have in their own hands. "Let them," says the New York Tribune, "stop dissipating their money in all manner of moonshine ventures and lend it to their Government—that is, to themselves. Five hundred millions so lent between this and the 1st of July would contract the currency by nearly that amount, appreciating the greenbacks nearly to a par with gold, reducing importations to a fraction of their present amount, and the prices of all the necessities of life to little more than half their present average."

Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made meaty.

GREEN PICKLES.—Dr. Gerard Avink publishes in the Rochester Democrat and American a very sensible article, upon the folly of the common practice of greening pickles, and tells how to detect the copper, which he says is "a beautiful and simple experiment, within reach of everybody." It may be conducted thus:—Cut a green pickle into small pieces, and put them in a glass of rain water, adding ten to fourteen drops of sulphuric acid; put the bright blade of a knife or any bright steel surface in the liquid for twenty-four hours, and if the pickle contains copper it will be found upon the steel blade, as though it had been coated by the galvanic process. All pickles greened in brass or copper kettles show this result. The green color comes from verdigris, which is a deadly poison. The quantity usually taken with pickles does not often kill, but it produces disease. Such pickles are furnished to our soldiers in large quantities. Why are they colored? Only to please the eye and make them represent green cucumbers. A poisonous pickle may be eaten upon a full stomach, it never should be upon an empty one. They never should be allowed among sanitary stores.

Few persons would have supposed that the King of Dahomey was a reader of the London Times. But M. Jules Gerard, the great hunter, discovered the contrary and moreover found that newspapers are dangerous weapons to handle. M. Gerard wrote a letter, last year, to the Times, describing the atrocities perpetrated in Dahomey. More than this, he dated it from the capital, where he was at the time enjoying the hospitality of his Majesty. M. Gerard was some time afterwards civilly shown the door of the palace and requested to write nothing more about the king. So Nimrod is now hunting for a lodging.

A SICK BACHELOR.—A sick bachelor! A dying camel in the desert! A sailor on a hencoop in the middle of the Atlantic! All the same. The same incident from different points of view. The same subject with varied accessories. If there is preponderance of misery on any side, it is on the side of the sick bachelor. The camel, however intelligent it may be, is scarcely as sensitive as the human sufferer, and the sailor floating on a hencoop a thousand miles from land, is at least spared the misery of knowing that there is help within call. The sick bachelor is the *no plus ultra* of human misery.

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

SORE THROAT.—Those afflicted with Coughs, Hoarseness, Irritation and Soreness of the Throat, will find nothing so effectual as a Throat Remedy, as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold by all Druggists.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other while the ladies kiss a world of them on the female face?" said a fourth year student of the day. The young lady answered: "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The gent saw it immediately.

A man in Connecticut got very angry at a telegraph operator because he would not let a dispatch off at his house, saying that the wires run right by it.

The First National Bank of Bath has declared its first dividend of seven per cent, payable on and after the second day of May.

To an application to allow a rebel crinoline sympathizer to go South, Maj. General Sherman replied: "We haven't enough transportation now to supply the army as rapidly as we could wish. Two hundred pounds of oats at Chattanooga are worth more than any rebel woman and her baggage. She can't go."

If you wish to know whether a man will cheat you if you can, sound him as to his willingness to cheat somebody else.

Among the "signs

