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Maxham & Wing

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BROKEN TOYS.

I have bowed beneath the stroke, and the storm is passing o'er;
I will walk and will not mourn, though my lips may smile no more.
The world is quite forsaken—
My beautiful is taken
To the dim eternal shore.
I have learned to watch the little spot of earth that is my boy's—
But scarcely yet I dare to touch his broken toys.
Mid the shadows of the evening, in the blackness of the night
That struggle and that piteous look come back upon my sight!
Until I cry, "Thank Heaven,
Short was thy fearful levin—
Not longer was the fight."
And I recall the resting limbs, the peaceful smiling face,
Sunlit, as if of pain it ne'er had known a trace.

I have gathered up his few small books—they stand beside my bed;
I have folded up for treasures the clothes from which he fled:
The cambric shirt with stain
Of blood from the blue vein
Of his arm when he was blind.
I can hear these suffering tokens—but not those of his joys—
A mother's heart is broken by these broken toys.

How weak I am! how changeable, how desolate, how lone!
Bear with my faithless grief, O Thou, to whom all grief is known!
I will think upon Thy story;
I will think upon his glory;
From whom my arms is flown;
I agree to myself the bliss that is my boy's;
But my heart is well-nigh broken by these broken toys!

SWEET INFLUENCES.

(From the Student and Schoolmate for May.)
BY HEATHER BELL.

"DELIGHTFUL—Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed a young girl gazing at the entrance of a gravel walk that led to one of those homes that betoken peace and comfort. A moment before, the face beneath that faded sunbonnet betokened care and reminded one of flowers that know more of shade than sunshine.
"Hello! Carrie," and with a bound, another girl of thirteen summers appeared on the walk. "It's so pretty, come in and enjoy it then," and she threw the gate wide open.

"No, Gertrude, not now," replied Carrie, for at a glance she saw the pretty wrapper, the cambric collar, and nicely kept hair of her friend; and she felt, as girls can feel, the contrast.

"Yes, you must," said Gertrude, seizing her hand and drawing her along; "come, tell me what it is so pretty."

"Why, I was looking at that basket swinging off that little tree—it is so white and holds such pretty scarlet flowers."

"Yes, that is mamma's work; she beautifies everything she touches."

"Your mother, why, I thought she was dead!" exclaimed Carrie.

"So she is, my own mamma; but didn't you know I had this new one? Come in, I want you to see her."

"Oh, no," said Carrie, drawing her hand away.

"Yes, come just till I place these flowers in the vase; I like to surprise mamma with flowers; then you shall hear me play."

The promise of music drew Carrie in, but she lingered shy and bashful.

"There," cried Gertrude, as she disposed of the last blossom, "now to the piano. Do you think that pretty, too?" she added, noticing Carrie's eyes fixed on a large Bible.

It was a beautiful Bible in velvet and gold, and it rested on a silken cushion upheld by a slab of marble.

"This is the Bible stand," said Gertrude. "Mamma placed it near the door so that every one should know at first, the guide of our home. She reads in it mornings when we have prayers."

"Who prays?" asked Carrie.

"All of us, mamma first."
"And your father?"

"Goes away very early, before we are up."
"Gertrude!" called a pleasant voice from the stairs, "get all the practice first; you will enjoy the ride the better."

"Now, you shall see her," whispered Gertrude. "Mamma," she called, in spite of Carrie's entreaties, "can you come down?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," and light steps were heard upon the stairs.

"One of your friends, Gertrude," said the lady, greeting Carrie, and reaching one hand under her sunbonnet to pat her cheek.

"Not quite so plump as my little girl," she added, giving Gertrude's cheek a pinch. The lady had doubtless learned from her beautiful Bible that, "The rich and poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all," for she spoke very kindly to Carrie, all the while performing some pleasant duty about the room. "Oh, I see," she exclaimed, as her eye rested on the flowers, "some little fairy has filled my vase again; please give her my thanks, Gertrude; and she drew out a crimson petunia and placed it in a small Nineveh pitcher. Carrie noted the pleasing effect.

The lady's next movement was to throw up a shade in the back parlor, letting in more light and revealing a figure before unnoticed—a young girl silently bending over a book, with thin, pale fingers gliding over the pages.

"Why, Allie," said the lady; "how quiet you are."

"I wanted to finish a whole chapter this morning, mamma."

"That is my blind-sister, Allie," whispered Gertrude. "She is at home now from the Asylum."

"Blind!" said Carrie, "why, her eyes are wide open and rolling all around."

"That is true, but she cannot tell night from morning. See how good mamma is to her."

The lady was taking some sprigs of mignonette from her belt, and placing them in Allie's hair. A glad smile lighted the face of the blind girl as she smelled their fragrance.

"You must excuse me now," said the lady, coming towards the door, "but perhaps your little friend would like to see the baby."

"Oh, yes," replied Gertrude, delighted, "the baby is the prettiest thing in the house; she must go in the nursery."

Carrie was used to babies at home, and had always considered them as little troubles rather than otherwise; but she followed Gertrude upstairs. It was a pleasant, sunny room with pictures on the walls, but the chief attraction was the rosewood crib and its contents. The young mother lifted baby out amid baby-talk and kisses. It was fresh and rosy from slumber. Carrie admired the soft lace of its sleeves, caught with delicate bands of gold—the long flowing skirt revealing another of white merino, heavily wrought.

"What do you call it?" asked Carrie, timidly.

"We can't find a name pretty enough, so we call it Robin till we do," said Gertrude. "See, isn't its mouth just like a robin's?" she added, pressing its two fat cheeks with thumb and finger.

At that moment blind Allie came in, with almost noiseless steps, and passed her hand over baby's face.

"Oh, mamma, Robin's wide awake! let me have her in the carriage; the air is delightful."

"And the exercise will do your pale cheeks good, won't it, Allie?" said Mrs. Yale fondly. So they passed out under the green elms, blind Allie reaching the spot first, for she knew every bit of that gravelled walk as well as

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THE FRENCH JOCKEY.

BY JOHN SEEZER, QUERRETT, 1864.

the raised letters of her alphabet. Baby was placed in her silver-mounted chaise, and a beautiful flag of stars and stripes thrown around her.

"Now you will be careful, Allie, while I look after Jennette a little," said Mrs. Yale lightly in.

"Isn't she a darling mother?" said Gertrude. "She makes us all so happy, and does so much to amuse us. Only think, yesterday at dinner Jennette brought in for dessert, a large covered dish, and father thought it was one of his favorite puddings, but when the cover was taken off, there were the two Guinea pigs that brother Alf had teased for so long."

Carrie laughed, and then said, thoughtfully, "I wish my mother was so—so happy."

"Perhaps she is not so well," said Gertrude; "that makes a great difference."

"She has to work hard," replied Carrie; "there are six of us children, besides grandmother, and she has terrible fits. Father goes to sea, so mother has all the care."

"Then you must be very good to her; mamma says when she is troubled and feels cloudy, we must bring the sunshine. I know a little verse that my own mamma taught me; I wish you would learn it, Carrie."

"I ought to love my mother,
She loved me long ago;
There's not on earth another
That ever loved me so."

Carrie repeated it over. "I'm glad you called me in," she said; "I shall go away happier. But how long I'm staying. I'll run home now and tend baby for mother."

In a few minutes, with a lighter heart and step, Carrie reached the door of her home, a pretty large house, but the family to which she belonged lived in the upper story.

"Caroline Williams," called her mother from the top of the stairs. "What in time kept you so long? Here I've held this crying baby every minute you've been gone—late enough to-night before my work is done, I'm thinking."

"I didn't mean to, mother," began Carrie. "What made you then?" interrupted her mother; "you know every moment of daylight is money to me. I can't afford to tend babies."

Carrie sat down on a low chair and took the little one on her knee; her mother began to sew shoes with all her might. In a minute Carrie said softly, "Gertrude Yale called me in, and 'twas so pleasant there, I—"

"What! you been in to see those proud, starched-up people with those old clothes on?"

"They didn't mind that, they were very kind to me," said Carrie.

"Kind! well, they can afford to be, nothing else to do. I could be kind, too, if I didn't have to work from dawn till midnight."

Carrie hummed softly to the baby, hushing it to sleep. Her poor old grandmother sat in the rocking-chair, away back and forth.

"Oh, dear!" said she, looking out of the window. "I don't believe he'll come—will rain to-morrow. There, it's all light over the sea; that's a sure sign of rain, sartin'. It's too bad! one prayer would do me more good than medicine."

"Mercy on me!" broke in Mrs. Williams, "it's nothing but minister, minister, from morning till night."

"Well, don't you think he's a good man?" said the grandmother.

"What if he is, I don't want him for breakfast, dinner, and supper. I declare, mother, if I should wake you up some dark night and ask you made you, you would say, 'my minister.'"

The old lady's hand went up to her face; her mind was weak as a child's, and she sighed heavily.

Carrie laid the baby in the cradle and took up the wee tottling boy, Jamie. Almost unconsciously she began to sing—

"I ought to love my mother," etc.

It was very still; even Sammy laid his head and molasses and begged to hear it again.

"There, mother," said Mrs. Williams, "don't cry, you may like your minister as much as you please."

She was not cross, naturally, but the cares of life were withering the sweet feelings of youth.

Carrie drew her chair closer to her grandmother, and continued—

"Oh, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend," &c.

She had learned it at Sabbath school. The tears dried on the old lady's cheek. "That is beautiful, child; most as good as the minister. You better lay Jam down," she added; "he'll make your arms ache."

Carrie obeyed, and then applied herself to render the room more cheerful. There is not time to tell all the little things she did, in imitation of the pleasant home she had visited. A bud of hope and happiness had awakened in her heart, and sweet influences never die.

A PRESCRIPTION. Very mysterious reading to some people are physicians' recipes, with their queer Latin abbreviations. But there is occasionally a would-be disciple of Galen who strikes out of the beaten path and writes his prescriptions in the mother tongue.

Of this kind is a chap who "doctors" some, and is a "particular friend" of a family on the hill that called for assistance on City Marshal Pease, in his capacity as overseer of the poor. One of the family was sick, and this particular friend gave him the following lucid recipe of something they could get at any druggist's, and which he was sure would effect an immediate cure:—

"Take that botel of botel and put it into a big botel and put to lid botels off water in it and sweten it put a botel of gin in it and take a tee spoonful off it every half hour before eating." Mr. Pease thought that so many "botels" taken so often would hardly agree with the patient's department of the interior, and candidly advised him not to try it.—[Springfield Republican.]

MORE GOOD BREAD. Mrs. E. M. Palmer, Susquehanna Co., Pa., sends to the *American Agriculturist* the following direction for making good bread: "Boil enough nice white potatoes to thicken one quart of water like thick gruel. Stir 1-2 teaspoonful of sugar into it, then dissolve your yeast cake, and add all the salt that is necessary for the bread. Let this compound stand for twelve hours; then knead in all the flour that is necessary for the bread. If there be not enough to wet what flour is required, add a little warm water. Be particular to knead it until it will not stick to the board or pan. Let it stand until morning in a moderately warm place. Then mould it into loaves, let it rise a little, and bake 1 to 1-1/2 hours, according to the heat of the oven."

THE FRENCH JOCKEY.

BY JOHN SEEZER, QUERRETT, 1864.

Old Simon Briggs was in the neighborhood "making up a drove of horses for the Eastern market," as he has done every summer for years. He invariably "puts up" at the "Traveler's Home," a house of promiscuous entertainment, at "Smith's Corners," propelled by one of the "Smith's." Wishing to purchase a "work animal," I had ridden over to the Corners, and was engaged in looking over the stock on sale, when a little old, dried up Frenchman came up, riding a small, wicked-looking bay pony. He dismounted and immediately commenced operations, as follows:

"Looksee 'ere, Meestair Brig, you vant a buy von mighltee vine ponce? You find een zees countra so good ponce nevair."

"How much do yer ax fur 'im?" inquired Briggs.

"Have me got von ax? Yes, zar, Meestair Brig, me 'ye got von zee bes' ax zat avair cote zee vood; he cote zee fife cord a voot een zee von day, be gar! Meestair Brig."

"No, no! how much money do yer want for your pony?"

"O! Ah! je comprends—vell, Meestair Brig, me vant not zee moche larshe quantities, me sal take zee ver' small, quite leetle sums."

"Well, well! blast it, set your price, say what's the least ye'll take—there's no use a foolin'."

"Vell, Meestair Brig, sair, me vant zee monies bad—ver' moche. Me let-a you 'ave zee ponce, Meestair Brig, sair, for presque rien—for one leetle eight dollar. Par dieu! he is vort zee hoond dollar—bote me shall vant zee monies ver' moche."

"What gaites has he?" asked Briggs.

"Vat gaites ave me? Me ave von zee bes' gaites round me stabil een zeas contrees—tres haut—he is more zan ze von, ze fife, ze seavan feet high. All zee horse, zee cow, zee sheep in zis contra navair shunt zat gaites."

"No, no! I mean how does he go?"

"Ze go like ze rouzair; he zeest so fas—"

"No, hold on! does he trot, race or gallop?"

"O, mon 'ami, Meestair Brig, sair! he go zeest so fas, he trot, he pace, he gallope like tam-nashe, ver' fas ven he run."

"How old is he?" asked the dealer.

"O, he ver' small ashe—ver' leetle old."

"Well, blast it, how old can yer tell?"

"Be shure, Meestair Brig! sartin! he be zee two, zee tree, zee fife," said Frenchy, counting on his fingers.

Another Frenchman, who came with the owner of the pony, now came forward to recommend the pony for gentleness, etc.; said he—

"Meestair Briggs, me bin know dees pona—he bin de ver' good pona. He good a ride, he good a-work; he bin zeest so tame like von dogs—me ave know zee pona zeas ten year—"

"Look here, you old French rascal! what made you lie to me about that pony's age?"

"Me lie, Meestair Briggs? Nevair! Meestair Briggs! Nevair! sair, Meestair Briggs, sair! nevair!"

"You said he was but five years old, didn't yer?"

"No, sair, nevair! me say ze ponce be ze two, ze tree, ze fife."

"Well, and this fellow says he's know'd him ten years."

"Vell, vell! so he have—so he have, Meestair Briggs."

"Well, then, what made you lie to me, you old French mummy?"

"Stop, stop! Meestair Briggs, arrétez vous la! and you tell me zat I lie—me not lie; me say ze ponce be ze two, ze three, ze fife year old. Now don't ze two, ze three make fife, and don't ze fife make ten? You say some more times to me zat I lie, Meestair Briggs, sair—sacre cochon! I knock you nose, you face, you tees all down you mout, begar sair! Meestair Briggs, you no sal ave zeas pones! You be von gran shack-as! You be von ver' larshe raskale, horse steal begaire!"

Now, zen, Meestair Briggs, sair, now zen! You say von leetle vord, me fight you—me vip you, sacre d—nashe! Meestair Briggs, you gits zeas tam ole ponce not any—Now, zen! He vill keek, he vill pite, he vill zeest be so all over so very pat as can be, all ze zeas—he vill pull no ze poim! Now, zen, Meestair Briggs, you see ze leetle Frenchman be ze est so smart like von gran Yankee shack-as, diable, dam raskale!"

With this the leetle Frenchman mounted his pony; gave him a cut with his switche, which was only resented by the aforesaid pony throwing his hind feet high in the air, and the jockey was soon lost in a cloud of dust.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR. One of the most curious and interesting of the recent discoveries of science is, that it is to the presence of a very small proportion of a watery vapor in our atmosphere—less than one-half of one per cent.—that much of the beneficent effect of heat is due. The rays of heat sent forth from the earth after it has been warmed by the sun, would soon be lost in space, but for the wonderful absorbent properties of these molecules of aqueous vapor, which act with many thousand times the power of the atoms of the oxygen and nitrogen, of which the air is composed. By this means the heat, instead of being transmitted into infinitude as fast as produced, is stopped or dammed up, or held back on its rapid course, to furnish the necessary conditions of life and growth. Let this moisture be taken from the air but for a single summer night, and the world would rise next morning upon a "world held fast in the iron grip of frost."

COUGHING HORSES—CAUSE AND CURE.—It is well known that feeding horses on clover hay often makes them cough, but the why and wherefore may not be so generally known. From observation, I have become fully satisfied that the manner of feeding hay to horses is the cause. The usual custom is to let them draw it through a rack, thus stripping off the fine dust which adheres to the stalk, which being drawn into the lungs in respiration produces the cough. The cure consists in removing the cause—that is, the racks—and allowing the animals to take their food in the natural way. I have removed all of mine, and now feed my horses on the barn floor, having a breastwork sufficiently high for them to eat over. In this way they can be fed hay without raising a dust, they get none under their feet, and the labor of cleaning out mangers is saved. Whatever is left is easily pushed up with a rake into the yard for the cattle. The dust on the hay will do no harm if taken into the stomach. Since

making the improvement above mentioned in my feeding apparatus I am not troubled with coughing horses. There is no patent on my invention; my brethren can use it freely.
[Correspondent Country Gentleman.]

QUEER ESTIMATES.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

"How much did it weigh?"
"Is it possible?"
"I never!"
"You don't say it!"

Thousand of times has this question been asked, and thousands of times has it been wondered at and "I neverd."

And what commodity it is that is "great at ten pounds, and a marvel at thirteen." Don't mind the price current, for it isn't to be found there. It was something bundled in a flannel blanket—the blanket securely pinned and knotted at the corners—the something, in an active state of "unrest," as the transcendentalists have it. The steelyards had been called into requisition, and its banded iron was indeed "hooks to hang a hope on."

The little bundle was swung up; the weight clicked along the bar. "That's the notch. Eight and a half!" Eight and a half of what? Why, of humanity. By the memory of Malibus, there's a baby in the blanket! So there is—a little vort, or it not that, as Shakespeare says, "a child." Something that may cut a figure in the world, break heads or hearts—have a great name, and be a man or a woman. Eight pounds and a half of a hero or a heroine, a monster or a minister. Piety and patriotism by the pound. Beauty and baseness by the blanketful. Queer measurement, isn't it? But there are queerer still.

Time wears on apace with us all, and the something in the blanket, too. He is a boy of five. He stands erect as God made him, "that he may look," as a writer finely says, "upon the stars." They are talking again, but the steelyards hang undisturbed in the cellar-way. No use for them now. But they are talking, and we are not listening.

"Tall of his age, isn't he? He looks over the table like a man: the 'high chair' was put away months ago!"

Tall, is he? Three feet and an inch high, and this is the altitude of humanity. Weight is out of the question; estimates all run to height. Ambition is but another name for altitude, and suggests a synonym for "getting higher." The boy is a man; the man climbs rostrums to get higher; thrones, to get higher; mountains, to get higher. Monuments go up; shouts go up; favorites go up to court; conquerors go up to glory. Height, height, everywhere height. Six feet of glory; six feet two of honor and dignity. Queer again—don't you think so?

By and by—melancholy trio—the form is bent a little, and there goes an inch or two from stature. He or she is looking at something in the dust. What can it be? Surely it is not a grave, they look at. Eyes grow dim, and they bend lower to see. To see? what is there to be seen, we wonder?

By and by, they weary, and throw themselves along the bosom of the dusky mother of us all. They sleep—sleep, but they do not dream! Where are your altitudes now, your mountains, monuments, and thrones? Men take up the sleeper, carefully, slowly, as if it were a treasure. And so it is—a treasure of dust. The old estimate is resumed; and weight has come again; 'tis "a dead weight"—nothing more.

And this would be queer, too, if only it were not sad.

But they are talking again. "She had three names, hadn't she?" "Indeed, but I can remember but two."

Remember but two, can they? Names of what? Why, of all that weight and height of fame and love, and hope and fear, and thought and passion.

And two words—two breaths of air—two murmurs, are all that is left of what once was a man, a woman.

Years elapse, and Age is talking again:—"There was—was—I cannot remember the name now—well, well, it's what we are all coming to," and the old man sighs sadly.

The last syllable of all has died on the lip, is listened from memory, ripples on the still and lustrous air; is lost; not a murmur of it lingers in "the fearful hollow" of a human ear! "Puh! how the dust flies!" Dust, do you say? Listen, and we will whisper just a word; that dust was warm once, loved once, beauty once.

"Imperious Caesar, dead, and tump'd to clay,
Night sooth a hole to keep the wind away!
Oh! that the earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

What more significant comment upon the vanity of royalty could be given, than Hamlet's next words? There is a meaning in them beyond speech:

"But soft! but soft! aside; Here comes the KING." That dust again! There goes a king, may be.

HOW AGE CHANGES US.—Those who have approached nearest a mature age, and have seen much of the world, will attest the truthfulness of the following paragraph written by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. It occurs in one of his essays.

"There was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of the capital, as time wasted—when with exhilarated spirits, I would return from my transient loitering, under summer trees, to the smoke and din of London thoroughfares. I loved to hear the ring of my own tread on the hard pavement. The desire to compete and combat—the thirst for excitement opening one upon the other in the upward march of an opposing career—the study of man in his thickest haunts—the heart's warm share in the passions which the mind, clear from inebriety, pauses to analyze—these gave to me, as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth, a delight in the vista of gas lamps and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas—But now I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. It is partly, that those trees never remind us that we are growing old. Older than we are, their hollow stems are covered with rejoicing leaves. The birds build amid their bowing branches rather than in the higher shade of the sapling. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same face in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet council, we have left in the crowd a stranger—perhaps

a foe! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid brow.—She wore rough and false hair. But those wild flowers under the hedge-row—those sparklings in the happy waters—no friendship has gone from them! Their beauty has no stimulated freshness—their smile has no fraudulent deceit."

"THE FLOWER IN THE DESERT. I know an old Dutch woman whose soul is all avarice. She has lived in one spot, with her husband, for twenty years, and there in that spot has she daily counted her gains, until she can place her fingers upon her thousands. She commenced business by opening a very small 'grocery,' the main business of which was the retailing of beer and whiskey. This she attended while her husband carried the hod. She made money, and saved every cent of it. Finally she purchased the property, and soon she purchased more, and more, until she now counts her houses by the dozens. Still she attends the grocery, and her husband carries the hod. Her children have grown up around her but she has had no time to devote to their training. They grew up mostly in the streets, and the girls have long since gone to destruction and the boys to ruin for want of parental love, instruction and example. The old woman seemed glad they were out of her way—it reduced her expenditures and added to her gains! She is a wretched looking old woman. Her garments are always soiled, her hair, apparently never combed, is always flaunting over her face, and avarice, avarice, is the continual expression of her countenance. She loves gold, and nothing else.

Passing her filthy grocery the other day, we were startled at seeing a beautiful rose blooming in the doorway. It was the only thing that had ever observed about the place that had the appearance of beauty, and as we looked at the blushing bud, the old woman came out, actually gazed smilingly at the pretty rose, and heightened its loveliness with a welcome shower of water! What could all this mean? Was the old woman, now that riches lay in her lap, returning to the enjoyments of life? Were those tender feelings of her heart, so long crushed by a love of gain, being revived? Was her husband about to give up the hod, and she the grocery, and both retiring, live happily, as their income would enable them to do? That rose, emblem of taste, representative of beauty so tenderly smiled upon, was evidence of a change of some kind. We determined to satisfy ourselves, and so, approaching the old woman, who still looked like a hag, as she stood smiling over the flower, we said:

"That is a pretty rose."

"Yes, it is mighty poorly," was the reply. "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Nem—I dinks not'in of dem."

"What are you doing with this rose, then?"

"O! I sells him. My brudder sens him to me as a present from der country, but I sells him and makes half a tollar!"

The old woman, in your miserly soul, was the expression we could not resist making, when we found that this 'flower in the desert' was shedding innocently forth its fragrance to aid the old sinner in her sordid designs.

When this old woman dies will there be any Miss Longtongues to calumniate her character? No—she will leave a fortune behind, and die respected! So moves the world—such is human nature."

RATHER WINDY. Our friend in Bartlett, New Hampshire, sends another mountain joke, which is acceptable. Here it is:

On one occasion Crawford, the guide, was ascending the white mountains,

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.
WATERVILLE, MAY 12, 1864.



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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DUTY ON WOOL.—No doubt our Maine farmers, who are just opening their eyes to the fact that wool growing is a better business than any other branch of their calling, will be more than astonished to see a movement for an almost prohibitory duty on foreign wool. Such a measure has become a necessity. It is proposed by the committee on manufactures to lay a duty on all foreign wool which at the port where the duty is paid is worth 18 cts. per lb. of 3 cts. per pound and 20 per ct. ad valorem; on wool worth from 18 to 24 cts., 6 cts. per lb. and 20 per ct. ad valorem; on wool costing over 24 cts., 9 cts. per lb. and 20 per ct. ad valorem. This high tariff will completely exclude foreign wool from our market, and put into the pockets of our farmers, in increased profits on wool, not less than 16,000,000 dollars. The adoption of this measure, whether a judicious one or not, would cause a marked revival in the business of raising sheep and wool.

MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.—A part of the Doolittle farm, including the buildings, on the Kendall's Mills road, has recently been sold to Mr. Taylor, of Bangor, who makes it his residence. Solyman Heath, Esq., has sold his place on Elm Street, to Capt. Bickford, who is to make it his residence. Joshua Nye, Esq., has purchased the house on Elm Street known as the Widow Paine place. Ira R. Doolittle has purchased the house on Silver Street known as the Bilkam house—also, for his family residence, lately owned by Paul Chandler, Esq. Hon. W. B. S. Moor has bought the Pusifer farm (the Blair farm), near the Emerson Bridge. The sale of George Gilman's property, in the west part of the village, known as "Brookside," is advertised in our paper this week.

A PROUD RECORD.—Jeremiah D. Estes, Esq., of Vassalboro', has furnished five sons for the army, who enlisted as follows:—

Jerrie A. Co. H., Capt. Heath, 3d Maine Regiment, April, 1861; discharged for physical disability, Dec. 1862; re-enlisted in Co. I, Baker's D. C. Cavalry, Feb. 1864. Redford M., and John H. Co. H. 19th Maine Regiment, Sept. 1862. John was supposed to have been killed by the explosion of a shell at the battle of Gettysburg. Caleb F., Co. G. 7th Maine Regiment, Jan. 1864. Gustavus K. Co. I, Baker's D. C. Cavalry, Feb. 1864. The husband of his only daughter, also, Mr. A. J. Bastard, of this village, is a member of the 19th Maine Regiment.

"NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION."—In response to a call of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, a meeting of delegates from the several New England States, at Worcester, on the 2d of March, organized the "New England Agricultural Association." Its object, as set forth, is the encouragement of agriculture in all its branches, both by the application of the intellectual efforts, and by exhibitions of animals, products and machinery. The president is Geo. B. Loring of Salem, Mass., with a vice president and three trustees for each State. The vice president for Maine, is Dr. Eschell Holmes, of Winthrop; trustees, Samuel F. Perley, John F. Anderson, Calvin Chamberlain, T. S. Lang, and Wm. D. Dana. The annual exhibitions are to be held in the six States alternately, commencing with Massachusetts—probably at Springfield. A large sum—over \$20,000—has been appropriated to premiums, and the first annual fair, probably in October, promises to be one of the best ever held in New England.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO PLANT CORN. Wait till the ground is warm and in good condition. Let other matters have your attention till the proper time comes, and then rush it! If you would have a little early corn, prepare the hills by covering the dressing, and put in the seed by and by. This gives the dressing time to combine with the surrounding soil, and when the seed sprouts the proper nourishment will be ready. If this was done last autumn so much the better. This is what we call the "Bunker system," having been practised for several years with eminent success by Daniel Bunker, Esq., of Fairfield. He invariably gets better and earlier corn than his neighbors, and in this way.

PLANT AND SOW, all ye who have a foot of land that will bear any kind of crop. Thus you will not only save buying at enormously

high prices, but render a favor to your country in the way of helping to feed her population. Put the spade closely into the corners of the garden, and waste no time on fancies that don't pay. Time is money now if ever—and will continue so for this year at least. We say, plant and sow!

WATERVILLE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—The annual exhibition of Waterville Academy, which occurred on Friday evening of last week, was a very pleasant occasion to the large audience in attendance, and must have proved a source of proud gratification to the Principal, Mr. J. W. Lamb, and the friends and patrons of the institution. The young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves remarkably well in their various parts. Without particularizing, which we do not care to do, we may say with truth, that many of the original pieces showed skill in composition, and vigor and maturity of thought; much of the reading (a rare, but desirable accomplishment) was very good; while some of the elocution would have done credit to the advanced pupils of institutions of a higher grade. A detachment from the "Village Musical Club" sang several pieces during the evening, varying and heightening the enjoyment of the occasion, which will no doubt long be remembered with pleasure especially by all the active participants.

We copy the Order of Exercises below:—

GEORGE L. CHANDLER, WATERVILLE.—"The Greek and Turkish War."

S. LIZIE BLAISDELL, WATERVILLE.—"Remember—He is thy brother!" (Original.)

WILLIAM C. CLARK, BERTWICK.—"Glorious New England."

KATE M. CROSBY, WINSLOW.—"Over the River."

ELIZA M. NASON, WATERVILLE. Selections from the "Iris."

ELKAEZ MCGILVER, STOCKTON.—"Political Parables."

LOIS GUTHRIE, WINSLOW.—"The Pearl of Great Price." (Original.)

EDWIN S. SMALL, WATERVILLE.—"No Excellence without Labor."

ELIA M. WILDER, CUTLER.—"Temperance." (Original.)

GEORGE W. DAVIS, ALFRED.—"Compromise."

ROSE E. AYERS, DERRY.—"Barbara Frietschie."

JAMES P. STOWERS, STOCKTON.—"Our Civil War."

NELLIE M. STUART, WINSLOW.—Selections from the "Ivy."

ELMER SMALL, VASSALBORO'.—"Democracy."

PHILIP A. FLAGG, BERTON.—"Ode for the Times."

OLIVIA MCGILVER, STOCKTON.—"The Voyage of Life." (Original.)

ABBI J. FLAGG, BERTON.—"The Signal Gun." (Original.)

JULIAN D. TAYLOR, WINSLOW.—"Slavery is not dead."

VESTA W. FLAGG, BERTON.—Valedictory.

BULLY FOR YOU.—The New York World, by no means a warm supporter of the administration, gave utterance to the following many words on Friday last:—

"There is no use of offering any counsel as to what the country should do if we are victorious. Success is competent to take care of itself. But if, contrary to our expectations, we should be beaten, we trust that every man of position and influence, who loves his country, will set his face like a flint against any talk or intimation of succumbing to fortune. We are in a crisis where posterity cannot overlook us, and since we are certain to go into history, let us sit for our picture in a decent and manly attitude."

NEW.—"Chandler's Patent Horse Hoe," which may be seen at Blunt and Coffin's, is one of the new things that seems to be worthy the special attention of farmers. It looks to us as though it might take the place of half a dozen laborers; and in the present scarcity and high prices, the introduction of labor-saving implements is highly important. We advise farmers to examine this Horse Hoe, and try it too, as they will be permitted to do before buying. "If it works" it is worth buying.

BRUSHING UP.—The coat of pure white, just put upon the Continental Horse, we trust is but typical of the renovation and purification it has undergone since the re-opening last winter; and now we hope that—all white without and Brown within, ye Continental will begin with knightly courtesy to win public favor and lots of 'tin'; and never try, with rum or gin, to lure the thirsty soul within—geared drinker, 'neat as pin,' or rowdy with his dirt and din—for that would be a grievous sin.

THE YOUNG IDEA TAUGHT TO SHOOT.—The students of the College—inspired no doubt by reports of the warlike deeds of their brethren in arms, which reach them daily—are employing their vacation in learning the noble art of gunnery; and evidences of their precision of aim and effective execution may be seen upon the College grounds. They seem to be qualifying themselves for night service; and as they do it at a great sacrifice of time and much expense for targets, it is to be hoped that the slight disturbance to the repose of the citizens will be overlooked, for who knows but what some unfledged military hero may in this way be starting his pinfeathers.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE GREAT BLUE HERON, or Crane (*Ardea herodias*), was secured for Agassiz, on Monday last, by Prof. Hannlin. It measured as follows: Length, 46 inches; to end of toes, 60 in.; wing (folded), 19 in.; tail, 7 1/2 in.; tarsus, 7 1/2 in.; bill, to gape, 7 3/8 in.; bill, to feathers of forehead, 5 7/8 in.; stretch of wings, 69 1/2 in.; mid toe, 5 5/8 in.; hind toe, 2 3/4 in.; outer toe, longest; length of leg, from knee, 23 1/4 in.; sternum to bill, 80. It was shot on the Messalonskee by the same sportsman who brought down the large Osprey last week.

THE TEN-FORTY BONDS.—Over fifty millions have already been taken. On Monday, with the undecided battle pending, over a million were sold. Like all of Uncle Sam's paper, these bonds will bear a good premium the moment the loan is completed. Every man who has money should buy them, not only because the investment is one of the best they can find, but because it is as much a duty to aid the country with money as with soldiers.

ROSES.—Look at those roses in Wendall's greenhouse. Don't hanker for them, for these are times of awful extravagance.

RIGHT.—The publishers of the *Maine Farmer* give notice that they have advanced their rates of advertising 25 per cent.

OUR TABLE.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.—Being a History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in the year 1862. With an account of the Capture of New Orleans, and a sketch of the previous career of the General, civil and military. By James Parton, author of the Life of Aaron Burr, Life of Andrew Jackson, etc. New York: Mason Brothers, 1864.

Parton's biographies are the most attractive kind of books, and never fail to chain the attention of the reader until they are finished. This volume forms no exception; and the most inveterate old hunker will find himself charmed into good humor as he follows the story. No man, we think, whatever his prejudices, can rise from the perusal of this book, without an increased feeling of respect for Gen. Butler. Several costly editions of the work have already been sold. The present is a cheap one for the million, selling at 75 cents, and can probably be procured at all the bookstores.

We have marked some passages for which we shall find room soon.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for May is a superb number, and will not disappoint the expectations of those who have known it longest. In addition to the elegantly colored double-page fashion plate, and four-page engraving of the newest fashions, there will be found scores of engraved patterns and designs, and patterns of the new Centaure Parisienne, low Bodice for Evening Dresses, and little Girl's Gored Dress, Bodice and Skirt in one, all of full size for cutting and making. In this department Frank Leslie has no competitors. The number abounds in good stories, among which is a continuation of Miss Draddon's story, "The Doctor's Wife."

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYMATE for April, commences a new volume; and boys and girls who get a sight of it must have a strong desire for a further acquaintance with this nice little juvenile. It is full of good reading and prettily embellished.

Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—"Trials and Triumphs, or Paul Clifford in Trouble." Oliver Optic's new story, is continued in the May number, which contains many other interesting stories and sketches, a piece of declamation, a lively and humorous dialogue, piece of music, etc.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1 a year.

LET THE OLD FLAG STILL WAVE.

Written for his little Daughter.

BY A. J. B., 19TH ME. REG'T.

Let the old flag still wave, give its folds to the breeze,
Let it float o'er our people, no foe from without,
Let no traitors within and no foes from without,
Come between, our connections to sever.

Let the old flag still wave, 'tis our glory and pride,
'Tis a symbol all nations should see;
That the poor and oppressed if they liberty seek,
Should find them are equal and free.

Let the old flag still wave, o'er a nation whose might
Other nations astonished can see;
Let it float o'er a people who seem to be slaves,
And strike that all men may be free.

Let the old flag still wave, 'tis the flag that we love,
And we'll never diminish its stars;
But we'll cling to the breezes our red, white, and blue,
While we tear down the stars and the bars.

Let the old flag still wave, although tattered and torn
By bullets 'mid battle's fierce fray;
Let us cling to it ever, still trusting in God,
That to victory it leadeth the way.

War of Redemption.

On Wednesday last week our large and well appointed army crossed the Rapidan, and commenced its march toward Richmond, this time destined, we trust, to enter that rebel capital in triumph.

On Thursday last, after our army had crossed the Rapidan, with the exception of Burnside's corps, Lee made a most determined attempt to shatter and destroy our line before it had fully got into position. Twice he hurled his entire army upon different positions of ours, and though each time being temporarily successful in driving back our advance divisions, he was in both finally handsomely repulsed.

On Friday Lee's whole force, including Longstreet's corps, was thrown successively upon every portion of our line from before sunrise until darkness put an end to the carnage. In several instances the rebels were gallantly repulsed, while in others our line was forced back so far as to put our army in imminent danger of being completely flanked. During the day Burnside's corps came up and reinforced the weakest portion of our line. Toward the close of the battle the advantage appeared to be with the enemy, who had crushed our extreme right, and captured a large portion of two brigades, but he failed to flow up his success, and during the night his forces were withdrawn from the field. Our loss was most severe, and is estimated at twelve thousand men.

The battle of Friday is pronounced by veterans of Gettysburg to have surpassed that engagement in fury and in the valor displayed by contestants of ground on both sides. The battles of Thursday and Friday were a succession of attacks and repulses, the musket only being employed, owing to the nature of the ground which forbade the use of artillery. The Richmond papers claim that Lee captured a thousand prisoners in the engagement of Thursday, and confirm the report that Gen. Longstreet was severely wounded in Friday's battle.

On Saturday no movement of importance was made on either side. Gen. Grant's scouts were unable to discover the enemy. On Sunday morning our gallant army resumed its southward march, but appears to have come to a halt before reaching Spotsylvania Court House, though the accounts of this, as well as every other day's operations, are somewhat contradictory. There was no engagement in force, but some severe skirmishing in the course of which the gallant General Sedgwick, commander of the 6th corps, was killed by a rebel sharpshooter.

Skirmishing and severe fighting occurred on Monday, and on Tuesday there was the most terrific battle of the war. Our lines stretched six miles northeast of the Po, the rebels occupying the south-west bank, and the village of Spotsylvania. At one time, it is said, Grant had 400 cannon massed, playing upon the rebel works, and it is significantly added that when afterward charged upon but feeble resistance was made. Burnside on that day captured five guns and two or three thousand prisoners.

Our losses are large—nearly or quite 40,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, but we have not lost a gun since the second day's battle, and not a wagon since the commencement of the campaign. We have taken 5000 prisoners and the enemy has 2000. We have lost twelve Generals—Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Stevenson, Hays, and Rice, killed; Bartlett, Getty, Robinson, Morris and Baxter, wounded; Seymour and Shaler, missing. Col. Conner, of the 19th Maine is reported badly wounded in the leg; also Col West of the 17th; N. Mayo, 19th, severely, side; Henry Pollard, 3d Maine, wounded.

Our wounded, which are numerous, nearly or quite 20,000, have been taken to Fredericksburg, and a portion of them transported from thence to Washington. When the first party of 300 wounded came into Fredericksburg, Mayor Slaughter and Mr. Mayer, a prominent citizen, rallied a few guerrillas and marched them into the rebel lines as prisoners of war. Mayor Slaughter and his friends are now in the guard house. Between two and three thousand of the rebel wounded are said to have been also left with ours.

Gen. Sedgwick was shot through the head, while superintending the mounting of some heavy guns. There was no skirmishing at the time, but an occasional shot from a sharp shooter, which caused the men to be on the alert. Gen. Sedgwick was smiling at the nervousness of the men, when a ball struck him in the forehead and he fell back dead.

Since the onward movement of the Army of the Potomac, the rebel guerrilla bands, under Mosby and White, are said to be lurking in its rear, picking up abandoned forage and destroying such government property as it was found inexpedient to remove.

Of Gen. Butler's doings we have the following account in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*:—On Monday, the 2d instant, our forces being encamped from Yorktown to Williamsburg, General Butler took a fleet of transports up York river to West Point with a large quantity of timber and a body of workmen to construct a wharf. The enemy's scouts filled the country watching our movements and could be seen scampering off towards Richmond with intelligence doubtless of this supposed attempt to land our forces there. On Wednesday morning our troops embarked at Yorktown and in twenty-four hours our troops were being landed at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, on the James.

The negro troops were commanded by Gen. Hicks. On our way up the river two brigades were left under General Weitzel at Wilson's landing. General Hicks landed his negro troops at City Point on Thursday night. They marched up the hill with a cheer, pulled down the rebel flag, and tearing it into fragments divided the pieces among themselves. They took about forty prisoners here and held the point unmolested. Our white troops were landed at Bermuda Hundred, a long and narrow peninsula on the south side of the river, three miles above City Point. A reconnaissance was immediately made by General Butler in person, in which he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. His orderly only a short distance from him was captured.

On Friday the peninsula was fortified at its narrowest part, some five miles out towards the Railroad. On Saturday a strong force was ordered to advance to the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, to break the communication. A fight of six or eight hours ensued, at the end of which our forces had captured the railroad and torn up two or three miles of track.

The wooden gunboat Commodore Jones was blown up in James river on Friday by a submarine battery operated from the shore by a galvanic apparatus. The boat was blown to fragments. The operator of the battery was shot while attempting to escape. On Saturday the rebels came down to the river with a battery and fired into our gunboats. The second shot struck the boiler of the Suwanee and exploded it. A cavalry expedition was sent out simultaneously with the expedition up the river in a direction which need not be mentioned. On Saturday night our scouts brought intelligence that there was great commotion in Petersburg in consequence of information that there was a large cavalry force tearing up the railroads leading south and southeast. General Beauregard is in command at Petersburg. His force is estimated at not over six thousand men. Gen. Baldy Smith and General Gilmore are with General Butler. Two regiments of colored cavalry were sent up the Peninsula from Williamsburg to Bottom's Bridge under Colonel West. At the latter place they met the enemy, dismounted, and had a sharp fight with carbines. They drove the rebels off and brought back forty-eight horses and saddles but no prisoners.

On Monday, in an engagement with troops under Beauregard the rebels were driven back nearly to Petersburg, and we held the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. General Kautz's cavalry succeeded in destroying some portions of the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at Hicksford, and captured many rebel prisoners.

A Charleston despatch states that 395 mortar shells were thrown at Fort Sumter between Friday morning and Saturday night. Twelve shells were thrown into Charleston on Saturday and ten on Sunday. Several heavily laden vessels passed Charleston bar Saturday morning southward.

The Pittsburg papers report the marching of 22,000 men under General Crook, from Charleston, West Virginia, up the Kanawha Valley. Lynchburg, an important railway position, is understood to be the point aimed at. A wounded officer reports that in one of the recent engagements the colored brigade in General Burnside's corps displayed great valor and took very few prisoners, going into action with the cry "Remember Fort Pillow." One prisoner who was captured on Tuesday with great difficulty, stated that it was currently reported in the rebel army that we would massacre all our prisoners in revenge for the slaughter of our negro soldiers.

Two rebel spies were captured within the fortifications of Washington on Monday. One was shot dead while attempting to escape. We have official authority for the statement that up to Tuesday night Gen. Sherman had made no attack upon Johnston, in northern Georgia, but that the Union commander was concentrating his forces in front of Buzzard's Roost Gap.

There is nothing later from Butler, but he had sent 300 prisoners to Fortress Monroe. Rumors have been afloat of a fight between

our iron-clads and the rebel rams from Richmond.

The following dispatch from the Secretary of War tells the whole story in few words of the doings and condition of our army up to date:—

WASHINGTON, 11th, 11.30 P. M.

To Maj. Gen. Dix.
Dispatches from Gen. Grant dated 8 o'clock this morning, have just reached this department. He says:—

"We have ended the 6th day of very hard fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater.

We have taken over 5000 prisoners in battle, whilst he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer."

The government is sparing no pains to support him.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON
Secretary War.

A bearer of dispatches from Admiral Porter, whose character for intelligence and truthfulness is established who arrived recently, gives an even more deplorable account of General Banks' trans-Mississippi campaign than any heretofore published. Besides confirming in all essential respects the statements in private letters telegraphed a week ago, he adds facts calculated to dispel whatever hopes the friends of General Banks may still entertain of a satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Gen. Steele has fallen back to Little Rock. It appears that he had less than eight thousand men when he left, and was joined by Gen. Thayer with about six thousand more. Banks was so certain of a pleasant march through the country, and with forming a junction with Steele, and had such supplies that Steele moved with the expectation of drawing from him at an early day. The disaster to Banks put Steele's forces on short rations, and he was obliged to return to Little Rock for supplies. He was much harassed by Price on his return march, and some of his regiments are badly cut up.

The rebels made a demonstration on Newburn, N. C., on Friday last, cutting off railroad communication between that place and Beaufort. A cavalry force, with a battery, which appeared on the river below Newburn, was shelled out by gunboats.

On Saturday, the rebel ram Albermarle, accompanied by its satellites, the Cotton Plant and gunboat Bombshell, captured by them at Plymouth—appeared at the mouth of the Roanoke and were attacked by our gunboats, seven in number. A terrific engagement ensued, the result of which was that the Bombshell was re-captured with all on board and the ram was compelled to retire up the Roanoke where our boats could not follow.

Later and Better.—Gen. Sheridan reports that he has cut Lee's communications with Richmond, destroyed from eight to ten miles of railroad, two locomotives and three trains, with a large quantity of supplies, which confirms the report of prisoners to that effect. He had also re-captured 600 of our men, two of them colored. On Wednesday Gen. Lee is reported to have asked for a cessation of hostilities, to bury his dead. General Grant replied that he has not time to bury his own dead, and that he proposes to advance immediately. The woods were shelled, and Gen. Lee turned up missing in front.

Beauregard is reported in Petersburg with 25,000 men, his railroad communications cut all around him.

The rebels are again threatening Newbern. The rebels have a report that Gen. Averill has concentrated a force of 8000 cavalry and infantry at Kanawha valley with the intention of making a raid on the salt works of Washington county.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—Late arrivals give us the following items of European news:—

The Alexandria has been given up to her owners. The Alabama was at Cape Town on March 20th, having destroyed seven ships in the Indian sea cruise. Garibaldi arrived at Plymouth on the 26th ult. The conference on the Danish question assembled on the 25th ult, but had arrived at no definite result. The temperate language of copperheads in the United States Congress had advanced the rebel loan two per cent, and stock in securities in the loyal States had declined in proportion. Jutland was occupied by the allied forces.

PERHAM'S GREAT EXHIBITION.—The Mirror of the Rebellion will be open to the public at our Town Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week. A large share of the proceeds of this exhibition are promised to the cause of the country, so that duty and pleasure both call upon you to attend.

Col. Francis Fessenden, of the 30th Maine, son of Senator Fessenden, has been made a Brigadier General.

GOOD!—At the solicitation of Gov. Cony, Dr. Boutelle, of this place, starts to-day for Washington, to aid in assisting the wounded Maine soldiers now in the hospitals there.

We are happy to learn that Rev. Dr. Sheldon has so far recovered his health as to resume his pastoral labors. He will be expected to preach to his congregation on Sunday.

GRASS, both in meadows and pastures, is looking unusually well, and the fine weather is bringing it forward with great rapidity. Winter grain is also looking remarkably well. An earlier and more promising spring can hardly be remembered.

REAL ESTATE.—The Portland *Press* records extensive sales of real estate in that city, some at least for investment. Among the largest purchasers is John B. Brown, the sugar manufacturer.

REV. MR. HAWES, of this place, is again to go forth to labor for the Christian Commission, very soon.

Cattle Markets.

THERE were but 844 cattle and 4,856 sheep at market last week—our State contributing 82 cattle and no sheep. The short supply did not raise the price of the best cattle, but enabled the owners of an inferior article to sell at a little higher figure. Good veals sold well; but sheep, especially the poorer ones, found a dull market.

The *New England Farmer* reports prices as follows:—

First quality beefs, \$11.50 to \$12.00; second do., \$10.75 to \$11.25; third quality, \$10.00 to \$10.50; extra, \$12.50 to \$13.00.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$275, 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 3/4 to 10.

This week the supply was short again and prices advanced.

GRATIFYING.—We learn that the small pox has so far abated at Skowhegan as to give hope that it will soon disappear. Report states the number of cases at thirty or more, of which several have proved fatal. Probably the citizens of that place have learned the lesson that generally requires two or three sieges of this disease—namely, to tell the whole truth, and thus permit the public to protect themselves; instead of denying facts and leaving everybody liable to aid in spreading the contagion.

ON FRIDAY last, as we learn from the *Maine Farmer*, a frightful accident occurred at Mount Megunticook, in Camden. A young lady, Miss French of Lincolnville, one of a party ascending the mountain, stumbled and fell down its almost perpendicular side, striking but once in a distance of over three hundred feet. She was taken up mutilated and insensible and died the same night.

Henry E. Tozier, of Waterville, has been commissioned as 1st Lieut, of Co. I, 8th Maine Regiment.

THE Augusta correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* says:—

Two companies of "State Guards" have lately been mustered into the service of the United States, to relieve a portion of the 1st Maine heavy artillery, which has been garrisoning some of the forts on our coast but is now ordered to the front. These companies are under the command of Captain Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the famous blood-and-thunder novelist.

DAVIS'S MESSAGE. Jefferson Davis has sent in a message to the rebel Congress, in which, as appears from the comments of the Richmond Whig, he says that every avenue of negotiation in Europe is closed against the Confederacy, and he leaves the matter of finance in disgust, to be dealt with by the Secretary of the rebel Treasury.

The Bangor Whig and Courier says:—"A woman came through to this city on the western train night before last, who had been twenty-two months in the United States Cavalry service in the western army. She was with her husband until he was killed, but that did not drive her from the service. She continued until she was wounded, when her sex was discovered. She was a faithful soldier and has regular discharge made out in form, signed by the fighting Rosecrans. To spoil the romance, the Whig adds that the woman uses tobacco."

Major-General Canby, has been appointed to the command of a new department comprising all the trans-Mississippi States except Kansas and Missouri, thus practically superseding Gen. Banks. He has left Washington already for the Southwest.

THE REBEL ABUSE OF OUR PRISONERS.—Washington, May 9.—Mr. Wade from the committee on the Conduct of the War, in the Senate, and Mr. Gough from the same committee in the House, today submitted a report upon the condition of the returned prisoners at Annapolis. From an examination made at the request of the Secretary of War it is proved beyond all doubt in the estimation of the committee, that the rebel authorities have determined to subject our soldiers and officers who fall into their hands, to physical and mental suffering impossible to describe, many presenting now the appearance of living skeletons—literally skin and bones; some maimed for life and some frozen by lying without tent or covering on the bare ground at Belle Isle. The general practice is shown to be the robbery of prisoners as soon as taken, of all money, valuables and good clothing. The food allowed was totally insufficient to preserve the

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by

MAHAM & WING,

Editors and Proprietors.

At Fry's Building, Main St., Waterville.

FR. M. MAHAM. DANIEL WING.

TERMS.

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Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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We leave Mail leaves daily at 9 A.M. Closest 9:30 A.M.

Augusta 9:45 10:00

Eastern 10:10 10:25

South 10:30 10:45

North 10:50 11:05

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Monday Wednesday and Friday 8:00 A.M.

Office hours—from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

NOTICES.

IF you are troubled with a Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pain in the Side, or any affection of throat or lungs, go to your apothecary or nearest grocery store and get a Box of BOWEN'S COUGH PILLS. They are safe, reliable, and always do good. Excellent for Whooping Cough. Try them, everybody.

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3055

V.L. DR. TOBIAS'S V.L.

A CANDID STATEMENT. You can procure any of our Drugs in this city and vicinity, Dr. Tobias's Venereal Liniment. It is a cure and speedy cure for sore throat, headache, toothache, chronic rheumatism, cold, croup, and pains in the limbs. We advise every one to give it a trial. The expense is a mere trifle—25 cents—and we are confident no person will ever be cured of such ailments, such as colds, burns, scalds, &c. Its pain-relieving qualities are miraculous. As for croup, it has saved hundreds; we have the certificates to prove it.

Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

BE WISE BY TIMES.

Do not trifle with your health, constitution and character.

If you are suffering with any diseases for which

HELMHOLD'S EXTRA BLOOD

is recommended.

TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!

It will cure you, Save Long Suffering, alleviating Pain and Inflammation, and will restore you to

HEALTH AND PURITY.

At little expense, and no exposure. Cut out the Ad-

vertisement in another column, and call or send for it.

Be aware of Counterfeits!

Ask for Helmhold's. Take no other.

CURES GUARANTEED. 1044

Marriages.

In Waterville, May 7th, by E. R. Drummond, Esq.,

Mr. Christopher Mullen and Miss Ann Johnson, both of

Waterville.

In Winslow, May 8th, by Rev. J. Dinmore, Mr. Albert

Fuller, of Winslow, and Miss Mary A. Webster, of Fair-

field.

In this city, May 11th, by Rev. Mr. Dillingham, Sum-

ner A. Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Eliza A. Hill, both of Water-

ville.

In West Waterville, 7th inst., by Rev. W. H. Kelton,

Mr. B. E. Robinson, of Clinton, and Miss Ella A. Gibbs, of

Fairfield.

Deaths.

In Athens, April 29th, Mary, wife of Hon. C. Leavel,

aged 65 years.

In Augusta, May 7th, Thomas Farnham, aged 61

years.

In Belgrade, May 2d, Mrs. Rhoda Helen, wife of Josiah

M. Hallet, aged 71 years; April 20th, of consumption.

Mrs. Judith, wife of George H. Foster, aged 60 years, 10

months.

In Markleeville, Cal., Feb. 31, Samuel C. Ramsdell, son

of Edward and Maria Ramsdell, formerly of Canaan, Me.,

aged 30 years.

PERHAM'S

MIRROR OF THE REBELLION.

A GIANTIC illustrated history of the War, exhibited for

more than three months in the city of Boston, with a suc-

cess unprecedented in the annals of amusements, and

Devoted to the aid of Invalid Soldiers,

IN CONNECTION WITH PERHAM'S

NATIONAL HOME ENTERPRISE,

which has received every endorsement and cordial

support of the Press and People, will be exhibited at

TOWN HALL, WATERVILLE,

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, May 16th

and 17th.

And at Hogan's Hall, KENDALL'S MILLS, Wednesday

Evening, May 18th.

For further particulars, see small bills.

Cutlery.

WE have just received the largest variety of Table Cutlery

Shavers, Razors, Pocket Knives, Butcher Knives, and

Plated Forks and Spoons, ever offered in this vicinity, with

our offer at great bargains. ARNOLD & MEADER.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER TERM will commence Tuesday, May 17th,

and continue eight weeks.

A detailed catalogue will be made from the usual rates

of tuition. J. W. LAMB, Principal.

Waterville, May 14th, 1864.

Masonic Notice.

THERE will be a meeting of Waterville Lodge, next

Monday evening.

E. F. WEBB, Sec'y.

Freedom Notice.

THIS is to give notice that I have this day given to my son,

George Stanley, the remainder of his time till he is twenty

years of age and shall pay no debts of his contracting nor

claim any of his creditors. WILLIAM STANLEY.

Knobtown, April 28th, 1864.

THE "EASTMAN" HORSE,

CALLED "DON JUAN,"

Sired by the "Old Drive" Dam, the well

known "Kenyon" mare of English Stock.

THE HORSE is nine years old, weighs 1400 lbs.; Color, Bay;

gait, smooth and easy; and is a great performer, having trotted

a mile two years ago in 2:45, will stand the coming season

at the leading from Waterville to Kendall's Mills.

TERMS: Five Dollars for a season. Five Dollars for a season.

Season to commence on May 1st, 1864. Note or money required

at the time of service. All mares disposed of will be consid-

ered sold. Call up the North or West side of the river.

Mares kept at pasture at the usual rates. F. A. DORE,

Waterville, May 14th, 1864.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March

8th, 1854, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act

shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any state

or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are re-

ceived in United States notes or notes of National Banks.

They are to BE REDEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the

Government, at any period not less than TEN NOR MORE

THAN FORTY YEARS from their date, and until their redemption

PAY PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on

Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all

other Bonds semi-annually. The interest is payable on the

first days of March and September in each year.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds

as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the

books of the U. S. Treasury, and can be transferred on by the

owners order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are

more convenient for commercial use.

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their

Bonds drawn interest from March 1st, by paying the accept

interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of

National Banks, adding fifty percent for premium), or receive

their drawing interest from the date of subscription and de-

posit. As these Bonds are

Exempt from Municipal or State Taxation,

their value is increased from one to three percent per annum,

according to the rate of tax levied in various parts of the

country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay

Over eight Per Cent Interest.

In currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or

temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements

to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all

forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private par-

ties or stock companies or separate communities is placed

for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole

property of the country is held to secure the payment of both

principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from \$50 up to

any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally

available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist.

They can be converted into money at any moment, and the

holder will have the benefit of the interest.

It may be as well to state in this connection that the total

Subscribed Debt of the United States on which interest is pay-

able, on the 31st day of March, 1864, was \$799,950,000.

The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be \$45,

\$37,125, while the entire revenue in gold for the current

fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate

of over \$100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the

Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury

for the payment of gold interest, while the recent increase

of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from customs

on the same amount of imports, to \$150,000,000 per

annum.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents

were not issued from the United States Treasury until March

25th, but in the first three weeks of April the subscription

averaged more than TEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

Subscriptions will be received by the

First National Bank of Bangor, Me.

First National Bank of Bath, Me.

First National Bank of Brunswick, Me.

First National Bank of Portland, Me.

AND BY ALL NATIONAL BANKS

which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National De-

positary Banks) will furnish further information on applica-

tion and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

2m 14-44

I'm looking for a pair!

You are looking for the Parlor Shoe Store.

1864 SUMMER CAMPAIGN. 1864

The Parlor Shoe Store Alive!

Merrill is at Home Again!!

The Elephant in Good Condition!!!

Boots and Shoes for the People!!!!

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Maine (more particularly of

Waterville, Augusta, Bangor, and towns adjoining)

Greeting.

With my usual motto, I would like to say to you the fact that

I have now in store, and am receiving every week, one

of the best styles of Boots and Shoes to be found in the State,

comprising all the new and late styles, made of the best stock,

and in a workmanlike manner. My stock, such as

Men's, Boys', and Youth's Boots and Shoes, for every-day

wear, are unsurpassed in quality, made in our own state, of good

material and done by hand. Leather goods of all kinds are

advancing every day, and I shall sell at the lowest prices,

for Cash. Call at

GEO. A. L. MERRILL'S, Main Street, Waterville.

Fish's Lamp Heating Apparatus.

BOILING - FRYING - STEWING - STEERING -

WITH THE FLAME THAT LIGHTS THE ROOM.

By the flame of a common lamp, at the cost of

a cent's worth of oil, a very comfortable breakfast can be

cooked.

Simple in construction, easily kept in order,

ready for use in a moment, convenient to use in any

place.

This lamp is one of the most popular novelties

of the day. Its utility is unquestionable; a

great saving is made in heating and cooking small articles, and

can be used to cook any of our great many persons, which

is actually done on the ambulance cars which carry the sick

soldiers.

For family use, hospital tent, barracks, vessels,

trading, nursery, or farm use, it is an article of comfort be-

yond all proportion to its cost. -Halls' Journal of

Health.

I have tried the apparatus, and my wife and I

proclaim the same a most valuable and indispensable article,

and we would have no one else use one so long without it.

-N. Y. Evening Post.

Prices from TWO to SIX DOLLARS.

CAPACITY FROM ONE TO FOUR QUARTS.

Three Articles Cooked at one Time with one Burner.

Arranged for Kerosene or Coal oil, or Gas.

A Descriptive Pamphlet of thirty pages furnished gratis.

THE UNION ATTACHMENT.

Price 50 Cents.

To be attached to Common Kerosene Lamp or Gas Burner

by which Water may be Boiled, and Food cooked;

and arranged to support any kind of Food.

Every Family Needs One.

W. D. HUSSELL, Agent.

No. 200 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

MILLINERY.

MISS L. E. INGALLS.

Having just added to her stock of MILLINERY, from the

Boston and New York Markets,

would thank her patrons for favors received, and request a

continuance of the same, at her old stand, No. 100 Pearl St.,

Waterville, April 22d, 1864.

A FULL ASSORTMENT

OF

Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers.

Net, Buttons,

Jets, and Straw Ornaments,

for sale by

THE MISSES FISHER.

NEW GOODS

At Maxwell's Book and Shoe Store.

A NEW and Splendid Assort-

ment of Goods to be found in

no other place; too good to be

helped. Customers will have

them, and will be glad to see

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SEWING MACHINES.

