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Maxham & Wing

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

FATHER! in the battle fray,
Shelter his dear head I pray!
Nerve his young arm with the might
Of Justice, Liberty and Right.
Where the red hand doth lead,
Where stern duty loudly calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild,
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foe rush fierce and strong,
Madly striving for the wrong,
Where the clashing arms men wield
Ring above the battle-field,
Where the stifling air is hot,
With bursting shell and whistling shot—
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—
Faint and weak in every part—
Wanders from thy mercy seat,
After those dear roving feet,
Let thy tender, pitying grace,
Every selfish thought erase;
If this mother-love is strong—
Pardon, bless and make me strong.

For when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from sight—
When around the cheerful fire
Gather brothers, sisters, sire—
Then let his boy's brave face
From his old father's eyes arise,
And my old heart wander back
To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—
Waking—weeping to weep;
Often dreaming he is near,
Calmly every anxious fear,
Often started by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannon's smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream and hope and pray
All the weary hours away;
But I know his cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In thy goodness—As thy day
So shall thy strength be—always!
Yet I need thy guidance still!
Father! let me do thy will!

If new sorrow should befall—
If my noble boy should fall—
If the bright head I have blessed
On the cold earth find its rest—
Still with all the mother's heart
Torn and quivering with the smart,
I yield him 'neath thy chastening rod,
To his Country and his God!

FROTH.

CONCLUDED.

THERE are many who doubt the possibility of that phenomenon known as "love at first sight," while others think that all love must begin with the first meeting. For my own part, I believe that love takes all sorts of means and methods, sudden and slow. With Fanshawe it was the work of an hour, although he had felt an interest in the beautiful brunette he had so often seen on Broadway before he knew aught of her.

Every glance, every gesture, every word strengthened the favorable impression first created on both sides, until they both lost sight of the glare and glitter of the house—of sweet-voiced Piccolomini and strong-voiced Fornes; heard no word of vivacious Gassier or earnest Gazzaniga; saw no sign of mimic life, love, sorrow, and death upon the stage; but recognized themselves only, a human man and woman, with human passions, thoughts and feelings, yearning for human sympathy and human love!

Miss Dudley was a strange, eccentric girl. Having very few intimate friends, she made a confidante of herself, scornful self-deception as fervently as any other species of dishonesty. Two hours after parting from Thorpe Fanshawe she paused in her preparations for retiring, and leaning her dimpled elbows upon the marble of her dressing-table, gazed at the vision of dark magnificence she saw reflected in the mirror.

"He is very handsome," she said to this image of herself; "he seems noble at heart. I hope he may be what he seems, for, God help me, I love him!"

As for Fanshawe, he accompanied his sister and his betrothed to their homes; but the only time he opened his mouth, from the time he left the opera-house till he fell asleep, was just as he extinguished the gas-light in his chamber, when he gave vent to his feelings in a long-drawn "Heigh-ho!"

After this it was impossible for him to lead the life he had been leading. The stale forms and conventionalities of society sickened him more than ever. His "sense of duty" no longer stimulated him to visit people who cared nothing for him, and for whom he cared nothing, and a week was passed in hermit-like seclusion, interrupted only by a call or two upon Miss Dudley, which had no effect save to make matters worse and worse. He rose late, confined himself to his rooms, smoking the whole day through, reading Tennyson, and writing abortive stanzas, commencing:—

"Thy night-black hair
Is a silken snare,
And my heart is—"

when, finding that his rhymes were also a snare that had entangled him, he was fain to begin again:—

"Oh! mystery of love, so strange and fair!
How sweet thy influence, how soft thy charm!
The melting eye, the dewy lip, the hair
Of deepest ebony shade—"

and failing to make "arm," "alarm," "harm," or "farm" come in properly to end the line, the amateur poet would drop rhyming, and cover his paper with little pen-sketches of a female head, bearing more or less resemblance to Miss Dudley; that young lady's name also figuring prominently among the sketches, written in every imaginable style of hand.

Wearily at length of this form of lotus-eating, the young man began to long for sympathy, and naturally sought his nearest friend, Phil Rawstone.

Calling upon him one evening he found him filling a huge Turkish pipe, preparatory to going to work; for he had an unwholesome habit of writing altogether at night, aided by coffee (which he made himself, most expensively), and making up for lost sleep by afternoon naps.

"Ah!" said Phil, "is that you, mine Ancient? Come in, sit down, and take a pipe—unless you prefer the more aristocratic, and therefore inferior, cigar. Pipes here—tobacco there—cigars in that thing on the mantel."

"Give me a pipe—not a pet one; I am apt to be unlucky with them."
Be it known to such of my readers as are not familiar with that simple but powerful (often in more than one sense) instrument of pleasure to the brain-worker, that every smoker has his pet pipes, and woe to the stranger who smokes them without leave. The great art lies in coloring them black by smoking them in a peculiar and scientific manner; and when a nice French gay pipe, of Gambier's or Fiolet's make, graceful of form and smooth of texture, is properly colored, or *coulotte*, as the French term it, its value rises, in the smoker's estimation, from its original cost of ten cents to a fabulous sum.

So Phil gave his visitor a stout cutty, which, being already colored, could only be spoiled by breaking, and while Fanshawe smoked, with his feet elevated to a reasonable height, his body being buried in the capacious recesses of Sleepy Hollow chair, Phil busied himself over an alarmingly complicated apparatus of reservoirs, tubes, faucets, etc., with an alcohol lamp underneath. The machine being adjusted and the lamp lit, there soon arose that grateful aroma—doubly dear to the dreamy imaginative mind—the scent of fresh strong coffee.

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1864.

NO. 47.

All this time the silence had been unbroken, save by the rattling of the coffee-pot—the "infernal machine," as Phil's doctor called it—and the soft, unconscious "puh, puh!" that accompanies the action of smoking. Suddenly, however, Fanshawe broke out:—

"I say, Phil, where did you get acquainted with Miss Dudley?"

"At a reception at the house of Wilsey, the artist. I recognized her at once for the girl we saw on Broadway, and was quite surprised to meet her there."

"I wish you hadn't introduced me to her!"

"Why?" asked Phil, with a grimace approaching a sardonic smile; "isn't she rather a nice person?"

"Rather a nice person! Pretty term to apply to a splendid woman like her, lovely, lovable, and loving!"

"Ah, I see; your ideas have got a little shaken up, haven't they? How does Josie Dudley compare, now, with the thousand-and-one women you know? Do the gentle damsels of your lofty circle seem interesting after an evening with her?"

"That's just the trouble. I can't bear them; and since I saw her I have let everything go. Father thinks I'm a fool, and my sisters say I'm a bear."

"And Miss Gaynes?"

"Oh, she doesn't bother her head about it at all, bless her! I wish they would all let me alone as good-naturedly as she does."

"What a pity it is! what a shame, eh?"

"What is a pity?"

"That you can't worship God and mammon too!"

"What a pity that I was born with my hands and feet bound—fettered with golden chains!"

"Not so much your hands and feet as your heart."

"What are hearts to us poor conventional creatures of society? I never knew I had one till—"

"Till when?"

"Till I met Miss Dudley. I want try to be discreet with you, Phil. I am in love with that girl, if I know what love is, and, from present symptoms, I think I do."

"No use! no use! Your marriage was 'cut and dried'—dried, I fear, beyond all hope of freshness—years ago. 'Josephine Dudley is not of your set. She has but very little property, no position, and a great deal of mind—something that is awkward to have in fashionable circles, but of which she is neither afraid nor ashamed. She won't do for you!'"

"I know it. I have no right to love anybody except myself, or to believe that I love. What makes it still more exasperating is, that every one thinks I am so fortunate, so worthy of congratulation!"

"The sufferings of the poor are nothing compared with those of the rich, after all. You ought to have a placard hung on your breast, with the words, 'Pity a poor fellow who has lost the use of his heart!'"

"In position at the gates of Vanity Fair, like the blind men down by the Hospital fence."

"There are too many afflicted in the same way. But see here; my uncle, John Rooke, made a *marriage de convenance*, and is as happy as a bee in clover. I know very well that there was no love in that match, on either side."

"But is he happy?"

"He writes so—or did lately."

"Then he isn't the man I took him for. I may have mistaken him, though—he may be fond of life. I fancy you would make a poor thing of life with such a partner as his. Luckily, you are better provided for."

"It's all a muddle," as Stephen Blackpool says. I've a great mind to run away!"

"Who from? From yourself? You are the only man who can harm you that I know of."

"I don't know what to do!"

"Well, for the first thing, take some coffee. You'll find those little biscuit very nice, if well buttered and dipped in the cup. Glad to see you drop the absurd habit of putting sugar in your coffee. I agree with Tounesend, that pepper and salt would be quite as appropriate. See here, do you know what that is? That is real *bona fide*, genuine, simple pure country cream, sent me by a rustic friend, who knows my weakness for it. Now drink, and enjoy the beverage that brings wit to the tongue, brilliancy to the mind, gladness to the soul, and alas! torpidity to the liver!"

"Pshaw! what is that to torpidity of the heart?"

"It was late when the friends separated, Fanshawe going home to bed in a mood of pleasant melancholy, and Rawstone sitting down to turn off a dozen pages or so of dialogue for his new comedy—graceful as the smoke of his pipe—subtle and racy as the aroma of his coffee."

The following day Thorpe Fanshawe and his father had a long and earnest talk, opened by the young man, who was really in a state of great bewilderment concerning his position. Mr. Fanshawe was in an unusually good humor, and talked quite sensibly about the matter in the abstract. He agreed that it was unfortunate that one could not conform to the promptings of his heart and the laws of society too; he spoke highly of Miss Dudley, whom he had seen, and acknowledged her to be a superior woman, worthy of great admiration and respect.

"But she is no match for you, Thorpe," he said; "she has only a few hundred dollars income, and is not known at all in our circle. Edith Gaynes, on the contrary, is just the girl for you in every respect. The thing has been settled for years now, and to break it off would cause a great deal of talk very annoying to all parties. Now don't you think you had best try to get over this fancy? It will not be so hard, after all, if you make up your mind to it. Take a trip abroad, and occupy yourself with some study or amusement for a year. Depend upon it you will come back heart whole."

Thorpe sighed and looked incredulous; but the old gentleman continued putting such plausible arguments so coolly and clearly that he was again unsettled, and began to wonder if his duty was not clear in spite of his love. His father had ever been kind and indulgent, and he felt that the least he could do was to obey his wishes in this respect. So, for his father's sake, he promised to do his best to uproot the passion that was twining its tendrils about his heartstrings and giving promise of fair flowers and fairer fruit.

Again he plunged into society to drown his love in the whirligig dizziness of fashionable pleasure; but one cannot drown in froth; so he failed, of course, and was steadily miserable.

He sought Edith's companionship as much as possible, to see if love might not come to them yet; but there was no hope. She was resigned, accepting the future as a matter of course, but with no pretense of any joy in the anticipation.

This was the dark hour before dawn. While these poor children were still looking their blank destiny apathetically in the face, a blow fell that changed the whole tenor and current of their lives.

The Fanshaves were startled and horrified one day by the reception of a telegram from Washington announcing that John Rooke had killed himself!

Mr. Fan went to the capital at once, and found a rumor, based on papers left by the unfortunate man, that he had been subject to fits of partial insanity. The next day, however, Thorpe received a letter, written by his uncle the night of his self-murder, which told the whole sad story.

After frittering away the honeymoon in a round of excitement, the newly-wedded couple had settled in Washington, and then began the realities of their married life. Dissimilarities of taste, incompatibilities of temper, and other inharmonious circumstances, had made them at first cool—then bitter—then intolerable to each other. An old suitor of the bride's returned from abroad, and her conduct with him became the subject of scandal.

Very soon John Rooke found that the laws of society compelled him to take either his own life or that of this man, and he preferred the former alternative as demanding the fewest sacrifices—for life was but a sad thing to him then. The letter closed thus:—

"Never marry without love. Thorpe, if your wife does not love you she may soon love another; for the passion comes in spite of us, and you are equally liable to go astray—and then all depends on poor, frail human resolution. Be warned by my fate. Never take a woman to your home, to be its guardian angel, unless you know that she is your wife, not only by civil contract and priestly blessing, but by that love that is strong as life, and stronger than death.
When you read this I shall be at rest, Thorpe. May God bless you, and give you a happier lot than that of your Uncle,
JOHN ROOKE."

With a fine sense of unselfish honor he had shielded the woman who had driven him to this act by giving out a false reason for it. Mr. Fanshawe himself did not know the truth till he returned from Washington and read the letter.

Over this tragic ending to the farce of *marriage-a-la-mode* Thorpe and Edith held serious consultation, which led to a renunciation of their engagement, and a subsequent confession on both sides. They opened the innermost shrines of their hearts right honestly, and revealed to each other the image thus sainted by the benison of love.

In Fanshawe's shrine the saint was Josephine Dudley, as we have seen. Edith's deity was a stalwart figure, dark-haired and mustached, with merry hazel eyes and a cheery voice—a pleasant faced fellow, easy and graceful of speech and action—in short, Phil Rawstone!

She had hardly spoken his name before Fanshawe was off like a shot, out of the room, out of the house, and down the street at racehorse speed, much to the gentle girl's alarm, for she feared a sudden attack of jealousy might have seized upon her quondam betrothed, even though he did not love her.

It was nearly eleven o'clock—perhaps later—but Phil Rawstone, fatigued by an extra amount of work overnight, was quietly asleep in bed, with a stray sunbeam falling through the imperfectly-closed window shutter upon the tip of his nose. Just conscious enough to take cognizance of this nasal illumination, he wove it, somehow, into his dreams, and made it seem a sunlit head of golden hair, crowning a charming maiden very like to Edith Gaynes. He dreamed of a mutual confession of love between them—rather an unwarrantable thing to dream about, considering she was engaged to his best friend, but such visions will not heed the proprieties of life—and just as they were about to ratify the confession with the same good old-fashioned osculatory seal that lovers have used ever since Adam and Eve first kissed in the garden, a thundering knock at the parlor door drove him dream to Hades, and awoke him with a suddenness that left him quite dazed for a moment.

At length, recovering himself, he called to his awakeners to enter, mentally anathematizing him for not having postponed his knock for a second or two longer.

In came Fanshawe, with cheeks aglow, eyes sparkling, and his whole nervous system on a tremble; each nerve having a private little shake on its own account, and a grand combined shake in harmony with all the others.

"Hallo, Phil! Wake up! She loves you! Do you hear? Heaven bless you! She loves you!"

These words Thorpe discharged like so many pellets from a pop-gun. What with them and his appearance, his friend had a serious idea of throwing him down, binding him with towels, and sending for somebody to take him straight to the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. Wishing to hear something further, however, he swallowed his astonishment to leave a passage for loves.

"Who loves me? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am crazy! Edith loves you—we've talked it all over, and it is all right. She knows everything—and uncle John has killed himself, and I want marry her, and she don't want to, and—"

"Here, hold on—be quiet—there's a good fellow! Now then, go into the parlor and smoke a pipe or two while I dress—hush! not a word. Think over what you want to say, and say it in a Christianly manner!"

Obedient to this sound advice, Fanshawe sought the front room and smoked himself into a cooler frame of mind while Phil was dressing. Then while the late riser breakfasted, Thorpe read him John Rooke's letter, and finally detailed the conversation between himself and Edith. Just as he came to the confession Phil's blood all left his heart and mounted to his face, which assumed the appearance of a rather handsome pickled beet with a mustache. He tried to keep it down and to seem unconcerned, but nature triumphed, and after making a miserable failure in attempting to speak, the poor fellow gave in, and dropping his favorite pipe, which he was filling for his after-breakfast smoke, he hid his face in his hands, and bent forward upon the mantle-piece, unheeding the downfall and destruction of his beautifully colored Gambier—the choicest pipe of his whole collection.

Fanshawe arose, and going to his friend,

laid his hand gently between his broad shoulders.

"Do you love her, old boy?" he said.

"As my life!" gasped Phil, with a Herculean effort.

"I might have seen it if I hadn't been so blind; but why didn't you tell me of it? I ought to have known, though, that your good counsels and philosophy were not entirely disinterested."

"Oh, but they were, Thorpe," said Phil, raising his head and taking both of Fanshawe's hands in his own; "I wished you to be happy, and I did not know whether—whether Edith loved me or not—I dared not try to find out, you know; but I knew that if you married her it would be a sorry day for us three."

"All is well now though. Come, dress yourself and go home with me. After poor uncle John's illustration of marrying from a sense of duty, nobody in the family will object to a general righting of the affair. Will you come? Edith is here."

Phil had been growing a little less florid, but he colored up again at this.

"No, I think I had rather not meet her there just yet," he said, hesitatingly; but you will do me a favor if you will ask her to let me know when I can have a little talk with her. Put it as delicately as you can, please."

The next wedding-party that occupied the church where John Rooke had expired his conventional duties to society was a double affair, consisting of a dark bridegroom with a fair bride, and a fair bridegroom with a dark bride, accompanied by a double allowance of bridesmaids and groomsmen. The company was certainly no more stylish than at the first wedding—perhaps not quite so select—the costumes may not have been altogether so expensive, nor the appointments so elegant; but there was an expression on the faces, a sincerity in the responses, and an emotion in the hearts of both couples that lit up the ceremony and ritual with the spirit of vitality, which is love.

And the lives of these wedded pairs proved and still prove, that where there is truth and earnestness, and a freedom from form for form's sake, there alone is real happiness. Not the fictitious happiness of the select few—the froth on the cup—but the pure and wholesome wine of life, that maketh glad the heart forever.

MANAGING A HUSBAND. "How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twelveth backward, when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a lot of cake to make."

"Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pantry room my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while."

"Now Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the middle of my sweet thoughts by asking me the price of sugar I am using."

"Well, you see it drives me frantic, and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right, so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out and I hid his umbrella and India-rubbers.—Well of course he was right up; just as I expected! and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour."

"You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE. Mr. Daniel Leach, who has accepted the position of Superintendent of Public Schools in Rhode Island for several years, in his annual report makes the following excellent suggestions in relation to school discipline:—

The besetting sin of many teachers is their proneness to ridicule their pupils, to make injurious comparisons, and to provoke them to wrath by bitter sarcasms and vulgar epithets. To succeed, a teacher must gain the confidence and affection of his pupils. He may have the most splendid talents, the most profound and exact knowledge, and may be earnestly devoted to his work, but without this, the most vital element to success will be wanting. And this can be secured only by a kind, urbane, and courteous manner in the schoolroom. There must be some sunshine in a teacher's soul, a warm and glowing sympathy that will excite corresponding feelings in his pupils. If he is cold, distant and repulsive, he can never reach the heart. And if he would enkindle any enthusiasm or enforce any zeal into his pupils, there must go forth a kind of magnetic influence to every member of the school; and the tones of his voice and the expression of his countenance must indicate the kind and sympathetic spirit within. An irritable, nervous teacher, who is ever fretting and scolding at every omission or neglect of duty, has no moral power whatever in his school. The most successful disciplinarians are those who are calm, equitable in temper, kind and dignified in their intercourse with their pupils, firm and decided in maintaining the right, and who can administer reproof and correction without giving offence. This should be the constant aim and study of every teacher.

EATING WHEN SICK.—It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now what can you eat? Every one has heard the old story of the man who ate eighteen dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion when engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, 'Pa, give me a piece!'"

"No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away, pa's sick." When a young man has surfeited, in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something. People can't live without food." Then come toast and tea, &c. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food than the jaded horse needs the whip. What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days starvation, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete

abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink.

If such a policy was generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession.

[Dr. Dio Lewis.]

CULTIVATE ENERGY.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of the system, languor, and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power, and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect, earnest exercise of the moral powers, the enlargement of the mind, by the acquirement of knowledge and the strengthening of its capability for effort, the firmness for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as may be overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; weakness, if met by indulgence, will not only remain weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be elicited forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor, both of mind and body, will be the result. Better, a million times better, to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession. By work of industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry, is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law of mortal existence.

THE RIGHT PRINCIPLE.—A colored sentinel was recently marching on his beat in the streets of Norfolk, Va., when a white man passing by, shouldered him insolently off the sidewalk, quite into the street. The soldier, on recovering himself, called out:—

"White man, halt!"

"The white man, southerner-like, went straight on. The sentinel brought his musket to a present, cocked it, and hailed again:—

"White man, halt, or I'll fire!"

The white man hearing shot in the tone, halted and faced about.

"White man," continued the sentry, peremptorily, "come here!"

He did so.

"White man," said the soldier, again, "me no care one cent 'bout this partiklar Coffee; but white man bound to respect dis uniform (striking his breast). White man move on!"

[Independent.]

NEW TACTICAL INVENTION.—The correspondent of the New York Times gives the following account of an extraordinary and successful contrivance, used in repelling the attack of the enemy on General Butler's lines recently:—

"The attack was not confined to the extreme right, although it was there most determined. It was simultaneously undertaken along our entire line of two miles and a half in length. On the left, however, it was scarcely more than a faint compared with the fury which characterized it on the other end. Wistar and Burnham's brigades, also of Weitzel's division, were set upon with the same impetuosity exhibited toward Heckman. The rebel plan of massing brigade after brigade in line of battle, and hurling them in rotation against us, was here tried with very bad result."

Gen. Smith, with that forethought which is characteristic of him, anticipating some such move on the part of the enemy, had ordered a large quantity of telegraph wire to be inter-twined among the trees and undergrowth which lay in front of our position. Wistar and Burnham received the order and obeyed it. Heckman failed unfortunately to get it. When therefore, the rebels charged upon our outposts in the dull light, hundreds of them were tripped down and unable to tell the cause. As they lay upon the ground our musketry fire kept many of them from ever rising more. As with the first line so with the second. They met the same fate. The third line fared no better, and this simple agency of a telegraphic wire, interlaced among the trees, played more havoc in the rebel ranks than anything else. The dead lay like autumn leaves before the front of Wistar and Burnham."

ECHO MEN.—There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumb-founded. On the contrary, a sententious "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but whose opinion is as bad as being caged with a macaw. If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you perhaps that he hates controversy, hates controversy? He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies! The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.—A person who recently made his escape from Richmond, writes to the New York Tribune a letter, from which we make the following extract:—

"The rebels are bound to stake everything on their capital. If they lose it, they know their cause is irreparably lost. The army of Virginia could not, in such a case, be kept together a day. A great battle between Grant and Lee must soon be fought, compared with which battles of last week and week before will appear like skirmishes. Jeff Davis is to take the field in person—not to command the army but by his presence to endeavor to inspire the despairing soldiers with enthusiasm. Since the battles with Grant, Davis has reviewed a portion of Lee's army, and is reported to have said in an address to them that the time had arrived, when, by putting forth all their energies,

they could crush the enemy in almost a single blow, and put an end to the war, and that it was his intention to be with them and share their dangers in the next great conflict."

PATRIOTIC BOBOLINKS.—Swaying to and fro in the soft wind, sits that merry monarch of the meadows, the bobolink. His manifests exquisite taste by selecting the most picturesque and weird scenery for his summer residence. His pleasant nest is surrounded by buttercups and white daisies, and violets as blue as maiden's eyes. His quiet Quaker wife hops through the still grass, and seems to listen in rapture to the strains of the meadow minstrel. The bobolink sings the song of the Union in our free Northern meadows: at the South he never sings at all. Hear him: "Robert Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln—is no se-se-secessionist. Beauregard and Davis are reb-reb-reb-rebels and traitors. Hang em—hang em—hang em—hang the traitors. Hurrah for Scott—Scott—Scott, give em three cheers and a tiger! Butler—Butler—Butler is a Yankee—brick-brick—a tip—tip—tip—tip-top Yankee. Go it—go it—go it Zouaves—Zouaves and regulars—go it while you're young. Abe Lincoln—Lincoln—Lincoln is a cousin—cous—cous—cousin to me—me—me. Seward—Seward—Seward—stick—stick—stick for our rights—rights—rights. We shall whip the se-se-secessionists—Stars and Stripes—Stars and Stripes shall wave—wave—wave over all the South. Shame—shame—shame on se-se-secessionists." [Rural New Yorker.]

SECESSION MEDITATED EARLY.—Mr. John C. Hamilton, in his new edition of the Federalist, gives the following extract from a letter written by the grandfather of the rebel General Lee, a few months after the adoption of the Constitution:—

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 27, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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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.

How to do it.—One of the smartest of the dailies complains of the difficulty of getting reliable news from the seat of war! What a wonder!—but we, who read that daily very closely, easily see whence the trouble comes. The editor reads his own headings instead of the dispatches;—so he finds a bundle of contradictions, and a considerable sprinkling of what hasn't happened up to the very last accounts! His readers have no faith in the headings, and but little in the dispatches; so they guess their way along with proper suspicion. They find the headings taking Richmond, while the dispatches compel our forces to fall back! The headings set Lee in full retreat for Richmond, with "Grant in full chase," while the dispatches allow neither party to travel more than four miles in a week. The headings are caught breaking the back-bone of the rebellion every three months, while the dispatches mend it up again just as often. The dispatches are driven in due time to admit the truth, while the headings never do any such thing. The public used to blame the reporters; now they blame the editors,—for if they preferred the truth they would not turn so much of it into falsehood. The reporters are supposed to do the bidding of their employers in the work of making newspapers sell, and when they find all their extravagances magnified, why should they not themselves endeavor to magnify them? Now the editors of the daily papers are astonished at the difficulty of obtaining true reports! They convert truth by thousands into falsehood, and wonder that the supply is diminished! Our counsel is, that they have more faith in the reporters and less in themselves,—thus bringing their views into better harmony with those of their readers. The latter have long since set down the headings of the war news as the chalk-marks that score the veracity of the editor. The army that "swore terribly in Flanders," would have surrendered to half their number of the readers of the daily papers. If, as Orpheus C. Kerr says, "lying is a travelling sin," certainly swearing has its daily assistance in trying to keep up.

The Portland Courier is excepted from the above remarks, as he says he don't like our "dings" at the daily papers. We can't live without the Courier, any-how. It is full of spice and piquancy, and well posted in the news of the day. We don't read its headings, but dive right into its facts.

CLERICAL.—On Sunday last, Dr. Sheldon being in Portland, the Unitarian desk was supplied by Rev. Mr. Drinkwater, of the Baptist church—who closed an excellent discourse on confidence in the promises of God with some highly patriotic remarks upon the condition of the country; showing that the venerable man's whitened locks were no symptom of declining love of country. Rev. Mr. Hawes being away, in the service of the Christian Commission, his place was filled by Rev. Dr. Shepard, of Bangor. The Baptist pulpit failed of supply, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Pepper, who is attending the anniversary at Philadelphia. Rev. Mr. Dillingham's church enjoyed the established supply—which happened to be so curiously rare in our village on that day.

LIBERAL.—On Sunday week, at the Congregational church in this place, after voting permission to their pastor to go for three months more into the service of the Christian Commission, the society made a subscription for the payment of his salary and other expenses. The sum of twelve hundred and forty dollars was subscribed on the spot. Those who know the ability of that society will admit this to be a case of marked generosity—an example rarely reached by any society, unless in emergencies. Its match would build a splendid new church somewhere in our village. The pastor, Mr. Hawes, had already spent six months of the year in the Christian Commission. When a people make such efforts for such an object, Christianity and patriotism have joined hands indeed. "By their works," &c.

Brother Thorndike, of the Temperance Journal, (the man who frightens Moses so), has been in Waterville, looking very much as if he had something to say. Don't believe the story about new clothes—we don't.

P. S.—The Journal is looking up—and we are glad of it.

Fruit trees everywhere make a promising show for a good crop. So may it prove.

War of Redemption.

We resume our record of the operations of the army of the Potomac at the point where we left it last week.

On Thursday, the rebels under Ewell made a demonstration on our extreme right, hoping, no doubt, to capture a portion of our supply train; but in this, as in all previous attempts, they were signally defeated. In this campaign we have not, as heretofore, fed, armed and clothed the rebels from our commissary department. The following is an account of the battle of Thursday, in which it will be seen, the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, armed with Springfield muskets, and sent to the front recently, though under fire for the first time, covered themselves with glory, and drove Ewell's veterans before them like chaff.

The enemy left the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House about 1 p. m., made a detour by the west, crossed the N. river, and at about 5 o'clock struck the Fredericksburg road on the rear of our right flank, breaking out within three-quarters of a mile of the headquarters of Gen. Mead and Grant.

Long trains loaded with ordnance and commissary stores had been passing all day, but fortunately none were within reach at the moment. A gap in a train coming to the front was all that saved some of the wagons from capture. The train was completely cut in two by the rebel column. Part came into camp at full speed, and the remainder turned hastily in the road and drove furiously to the rear out of range.

The only troops we had on the ground at the time were a couple of regiments of Tyler's division of heavy artillery, which has lately been brought from Washington and is composed of troops that were never before under fire. Tyler soon brought up the remainder of his force and met the rebel attack, driving the enemy back into the woods. Here the rebels had formed their line of battle in single line with skirmishers in front.

Gen. Tyler felt rather apprehensive at the work before him, considering the rawness of his troops, and he experienced some difficulty in getting them into formation. When once fairly under fire, however, they showed the utmost bravery and an audacity surpassing even that of old troops, and after a sharp skirmish the rebels were driven from the ground with severe loss. The First Maine heavy artillery regiment, eighteen hundred strong, and fighting as infantry, charged on the rebel line gallantly, and swept everything before them after a sharp contest. Our loss has not been ascertained but this regiment appears to have suffered most.

The confusion of the rebels appears to have been very great, the major portion of Rhode's division scattering in the woods. 350 of them were picked up in the woods during the night and have just been brought into headquarters.

The division of raw troops feel immensely tickled at their success, and although their loss has been heavy, it is felt that the diminution of numbers is fully made up by the increase of morale.

The order was already given to abandon this road to Fredericksburg, and no teams ought to have been in transit over it. Hereafter the Massaponax Church and Childsburg dirt road will be used as our line of communication until the location of the army is substantially changed.

The losses in the fight are estimated at between five and six hundred, and are confined mainly to a few regiments. The 8th Maryland veteran regiment were returning from their furlough home, and found themselves under fire before they suspected the presence of an enemy.

The Colonel supposed the fire came from a regiment of our own troops, who had mistaken him for a rebel command, and called frantically on them to stop firing on their friends. One or two volleys undeciphered him and revealed the character of his concealed foe. The veterans were soon engaged with the enemy, and assisted materially in breaking the rebel line and clearing the woods.

Finding Lee strongly entrenched where it would require a great sacrifice of life to dislodge him, on Friday night Grant commenced a flank movement to the left. Gen. Hancock's corps, by a forced march of 24 miles, made with great alacrity and good order, reached Bowling Green about 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and pushing immediately six miles further south to Milford, secured the bridge across the Mattaponi at that point, took up a strong position, intrenched himself in it without delay, and has held it undisturbed since. The 5th, 6th and 9th corps continued in their position on the south bank of the N. river before Spottsylvania Court House until about the time the 2d had made Bowling Green. The 2d corps thus became separated a whole day's march from the main body of the army, but the enemy was completely deceived, and the well planned movement was carried out as intended.

Secretary Stanton says of this movement under date of the 24th.—

A dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated 11 o'clock last night, states that the army moved from its position to the Anna, followed closely by Lee's army. The 5th and 6th corps marched by way Harris's store to Jericho Ford, and the 5th corps succeeded in effecting a crossing and getting a position without much trouble or opposition. Shortly after, however, they were violently attacked and handsomely repulsed the assault without much trouble to us. We captured some prisoners.

Another despatch giving in detail the movements of corps, and speaking of the rebel assault on Warren's position, says he was attacked with great vehemence. I never heard more rapid or massive firing, either of artillery or musketry. The attack resulted in a destructive repulse of the enemy.

At the position attacked by Hancock, the rebels were entrenched and in considerable force between the creek he had crossed the river, and made pertinacious resistance to his onset but before dark he had forced them from their works and drove them across the stream. It is also said that in these engagements the slaughter of the enemy was very great, and our losses considerable. The rebels charged against our artillery and suffered especially from canister.

A despatch from Gen. Grant, dated this morning at eight o'clock, has also been received. It states that the enemy have fallen back from the North Anna and are in pursuit. Negroes who have come in say that Lee is falling back to Richmond.

Other official dispatches from headquarters say that Warren, Burnside, and Hancock are pushing forward after the retreating army. Warren captured a good number of prisoners last evening, but has not had time to count them or ascertain his loss. Hancock is storm-

ing the rifle pits this side of the river. Last evening he also took between 100 and 200 prisoners, and drove many rebels into the river, where they were drowned.

Warren also captured some official papers amongst them an order calling out all boys 17 years of age to garrison Richmond. Ambulance men and musicians are also ordered the ranks.

These flanking marches, says the army correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, "form the finest movement of this campaign. It entirely turns the enemy's formidable position in front of Spottsylvania Court House, places the army south of the Mattaponi without a battle, and gives us command of a good and direct route Richmond, being that originally fixed upon by General Grant, and for the control of which all the fighting of the last two weeks was done. The army will continue its march today. General Grant has no thought of a race with Lee for Richmond, but is making a deliberate advance ready and prepared at any moment to win his way to the rebel capital by another great battle. The army is now in a well settled and improved country. There is a good foraging and excellent pasture."

Where Lee will take up his next line of defence is of course not yet known; but one thing is pretty certain; the great battle of the war is yet to be fought. Says the correspondent of the New York Times:—

I should misrepresent the conviction of the soundest heads in this army if I should convey the impression that our progress is to be now only a triumphal march. We shall be met by the most obstinate resistance which skill and courage on the part of the enemy can command. But Gen. Grant has given up the key-note of the sentiment of this army; we shall go through with this business, "If it takes all summer to do it."

From Secretary Stanton we had the following gratifying announcement under date of May 23d:—

Official reports of this Department show that within eight days after the great battle of Spottsylvania Court House many thousand veteran troops had been forwarded to Gen. Grant. The whole army is amply supplied with full rations of subsistence, upwards of 20,000 sick and wounded have been transported from the fields of battle to the Washington hospital and placed under surgical care. Over 8,000 prisoners have been transported from the field to prisoners' depots, and a large amount of artillery and other implements of an active campaign brought away. Several thousand fresh cavalry troops have also been forwarded to the army, and the grand army of the Potomac is now fully as strong in numbers and better equipped, supplied and furnished than when the campaign opened. Several thousand reinforcements have also been forwarded to other armies in the field and ample supplies to all. During the same time over 30,000 volunteers for 100 days have been mustered into the service; clothed, armed and equipped and transported to their position.

Gen. Sheridan's cavalry corps, which left our lines on the James river last week, has crossed the Chickahominy, Pamunkey and Mattaponi rivers, and rejoined Grant.

In Butler's department there have been several severe engagements with a large force of rebels under Beauregard; in the last of which on the 21st, a night attack, the enemy suffered severely. They left 360 dead on the field. The losses in this department have been large, but reports have exaggerated them. Up to the 23d, 3,400 wounded had been received at Fortress Monroe. At last accounts all was quiet, a large share of the rebel force having gone to the assistance of Lee. On the morning of the 24th Gen. Gilmore went out on a reconnaissance, found the enemy, and after an engagement of an hour, compelled them to retreat.

Gen. Sherman, at last accounts was resting his troops and replenishing his supplies preparatory to an immediate advance. A heavy fight is counted upon at Atlanta.

The monitors and batteries, at last accounts, were still pounding away at Forts Sumter, and Moultrie. Both are considerably damaged.

The War Department has dispatches from General Grant up to Tuesday noon, at which time our forces were pushing on as rapidly as the fatigue of the men would allow, for the South Anna river. Our advance corps would reach the stream that evening, thus penetrating within twenty miles of Richmond. About a thousand prisoners were taken by the Union army in the skirmishes beyond the North Anna while our loss was comparatively small. They appeared greatly dispirited, and in this respect differ entirely from those captured near Spottsylvania Court House. They say that the retreat of Lee's army has greatly impaired its morale.

Sixty citizens of Fredericksburg, retained as hostages for a like number of our wounded men sent to Richmond from that place by civilians, have been committed to the old Capitol Prison. Mayor Slaughter escaped.

Our forces in Florida have recently achieved important successes in Florida, on the St. John's river. Valuable salt works near Murillo Inlet, South Carolina, have been destroyed.

Several valuable captures have recently been made by our blockading fleet. A rebel iron-clad which came out of Wilmington, N. C., and attacked our gunboats, was pursued and run ashore, breaking in twain amidships.

From Gen. Canby's department we have the gratifying intelligence that Admiral Porter's fleet has been rescued from the perilous position in which it has been held for several weeks.

This result was accomplished as was originally reported by the erection of a dam which enabled the vessels to pass the shoals and obstructions. The army is also officially reported to be safe at Semmesport at the mouth of the Red river.

The latest reliable report from Virginia informs us that the rebel army is strongly posted between the North and South Anna rivers.

Sherman is said to be making a flanking movement on Albion.

John W. Andrews, one of the New York rioters, has been convicted and sentenced to

three years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary.

MR. LANG'S DURHAM STOCK, which we recently took an opportunity to look at, are just now in excellent condition to be examined by such farmers as have faith in improving neat stock. They are just "between hay and grass," when their bad points, if they have them, are not concealed. They will now "show their keep," in flesh, hair and eyes, as every farmer knows, or ought to, how to look for it. They also show the contrast, if there be any, between themselves and common stock. The latter are now "spring poor," in proportion to their tendency to be so and the care they have had, while the former are exhibiting the same traits if they have them. We advise all men interested in the improvement of neat stock to go and examine Mr. Lang's Short Horns, and be convinced that it is much better economy to raise choice animals than poor ones. This is the time to examine them, instead of waiting till they are prepared for exhibition at the fair. A visit will 'pay'.

CLOUDY.—Several days of cloudy weather, mixed with occasional rain, since Sunday, have retarded the work of planting; but grass is getting in most promising condition.

COL. CONNER.—The papers report that Col. Conner has been removed from Fredericksburg, without saying to what place. His wound is reported to be in the thigh, from a rifle ball, shattering the bone so that a section of it has been entirely removed. It is so high that amputation, which would otherwise have been resorted to, must be at the hip joint,—so we hear. Of course he is in a very critical condition. The casualty to this excellent and very popular young officer has excited deep interest in this community. His father, Hon. Wm. Conner, of Kendall's Mills, is now with him.

AHEM!—The Portland Courier calls the Mail a "staid and puritanical cotemporary!" Will somebody lend us a theological and historical encyclopedia? If the Courier has said anything against us we ought to know it.

CASUALTIES.—Among the various lists of casualties in the late battles, which appear in the papers from day to day, no doubt are many names of soldiers from this vicinity that we fail to recognize. Here are a few more:

Capt. Z. A. Smith, of the 1st Maine heavy artillery, a college boy, was slightly wounded in the leg on Thursday.

Capt. W. T. Parker, of Ellsworth, a graduate of '58, was mortally wounded.

Capt. J. W. Channing, 7th reg't, of Kendall's Mills, a fearless officer, who had participated in numerous battles, was mortally wounded, and has since died. [We are since informed that Capt. C. has been heard from, and is not seriously wounded,—which we earnestly hope may prove true.]

LI. CHS. W. LOW, of this village, Co. G, 3d reg't, is reported to have received a bad bayonet wound in the bowels.

Alonzo Goff and Daniel Blackstone, reported missing, are safe. James West, of this place, was badly wounded in the right arm, which has been amputated above the elbow.

The following a c. officially reported in the Me. 3d.—In Co. G, sergt. Charles A. Selden, wounded in leg; Geo. Drummond, hip; corp. Chs. Desrocher, leg; Wm. E. Brown, leg; Henry Pollard, face; corporal Simon Grover, arm.

In Co. H, sergt. J. R. Emery, killed; Lewis Bragg, wounded in the arm; J. W. McKay, arm.

NOW IS THE TIME—not to set trees, fruit or ornamental—but to repent that you have not done so, and to promise to atone for the neglect next autumn. Very few trees have been added to our village stock this spring. Owners of vacant lots, especially, have forgotten to add the amount of taxes to the value of their lots, by adorning them with trees. We are happy to hear it hinted that the Selectmen will probably do something for the benefit of the trees on the Common. (?)

Cabbage plants, Tomato plants, Cauliflower plants, &c. in any quantity or variety, may be had at low prices, at Wendell's greenhouse, near the lower depot.

Easy, easy! brother Somerset Farmer; nobody says you have got the small pox, or can ever catch it, with your present habits;—but if you should, wouldn't you have it awful!

SOLD.—The horse "Hiram Drew," so well known in Maine, has been sold to parties in Boston, report putting the price at \$2,000. Hiram was once partly owned in this place, by Mr. S. S. Parker, and till Mr. Lang's young horse "Gen. Knox" took his laurels, was the most popular horse in the State—probably the best in the State. His stock is in high reputation for all the characteristics of a good horse. His last owner was O. M. Shaw, Esq., of Bangor House. Very few horses in this country would bear his price at his age.

SPEECHES.—We are under obligations to Hon. Sidney Perham, of the second Congressional District, for a copy of his able speech on "The Slaveholder's Rebellion and Modern Democracy;" and to Hon. J. G. Blaine, of our own district, for his effective speech on "The War debts of Loyal States."

We see it stated that Generals Beauregard and Forrest and Ex-Governor I. G. Harris have paid the direct tax upon their real estate in Tennessee, through their agents or attorneys. We should like to know why these persons are permitted to own any property within our lines.

CORN AND FLOUR.—See advertisement of A. W. Hedge & Co., Augusta, who deal in Corn and Flour, and Groceries.

THE report from the crops at the west are more favorable than we were led to expect from the discouraging appearance in the early spring.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The June number of this best of American monthlies is at hand, full of good things, the titles of which we will not enumerate. The following is a list of the contributors:—H. W. Longfellow, Prof. Agassiz, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, O. W. Holmes, Geo. Augustus Sala, Edward E. Hale, Bayard Taylor, Robert Browning, Maria S. Cummins, Donald G. Mitchell, Harriet E. Prescott, Fitz Hugh Ludlow. The next number, which will begin a new volume, will contain, among other articles, contributions in prose and verse from R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, Gail Hamilton, J. K. Marvel, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and the author of "Life in the Iron Mills." It makes one's mouth water in anticipation.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The April number of this British Quarterly has the following table of contents:

The Basin of the Upper Nile and its Inhabitants; Strikes and Industrial Co-operation; The Abolition of Religious Tests; The Prerogative of Pardon and the Punishment of Death; New Zealand; Taine's History of English Literature; The Philosophy of Roger Bacon; Contemporary Literature.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—We find the following table of contents in the April number of this Review:—

Diary of a Lady of Quality; The History of Highways; The Basque Country; Human Sacrifices and Infanticide in India; Charles-Victor de Bonstetten; British North America; Riffed Ordnance in England and France; Kirk's Charles the Bold; Renan's Life of Jesus.

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 new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.—Godey's, Arthur's, and Peterson's—are out—each attractive in its own good way. They all appear well, and are as good as they look. New volumes of each will commence with the next number.

The U. S. Senate and House are at a dead lock on the question of bank taxation. A committee of conference, however, may arrange the matter.

GEN. Butler's military capacity begins to be questioned, whether with good reason remains to be seen. The leadership of our armies is gradually falling into the hands of West Pointers.

THE PROSPECT.—The last number of the Army and Navy Journal takes a calm view of our military prospects in Virginia, as follows:—

"It will be well, therefore, to dispose ourselves to a longer and a harder campaign this summer than the popular desire would wish. The further we advance into Virginia, the more difficult will operations become, and the longer our line of communications, provided the enemy falls back in full strength. Some annoying reverses must be contemplated,—some weak link in the chain, like Sigel's,—some temporary severing of communications,—some doubtful days of battle, like those in the Wilderness."

If, also, the suspicion should steal over the army, that the rebel attack weakens him in disastrous proportion to the injury he inflicts on us, his aim will be to protract our conquest, though he yield its necessity. He will seek to gain time, hoping that some new shift in the wheel of fortune may be more favorable. He will at least, exchange Richmond, if it must be yielded up, for the delay of a long and hard summer's campaign. While, therefore, the enemy may at any time break suddenly down from apparent vigor to exhaustion, the true temper for the North is to act as if there were many days and weeks of labor yet before us. Our confidence does not rest on the issue of any brilliant day, but on that of many days conjoined."

Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle at market last week, was only 750, or about 300 less than the week previous; the number of sheep 1700, or about 100 less. With this light stock the market was very brisk and everything went off with a rush at high prices.

We quote from the New England Farmer as follows:—

First quality beefs, \$12.65 to \$13.25; second do., \$12.00 to \$12.50; third quality, \$11.00 to \$11.75; extra, \$13.00 to \$13.50.

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

Sheep and Lambs—8 to 9 cts. per lb. on live weight, sheared; 10 and 11 unshorn.

This week the supply was better but prices were well sustained.

AN armistice between the contending parties in Denmark has been agreed upon for a month—the blockade of the German ports to be raised in the mean time. It is confidently thought that there will be no more fighting.

It is said that the death warrant of Spencer, the murderer of the warden of the Maine State Prison, has been signed, and that the execution will take place June 24th.

RAILROAD MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad Co. will be held at Augusta, on the first day of June next.

GEN. ISAAC HOBSDON, of Corinth, who served as a captain in the war of 1812, and has held many important offices, both civil and military, died in Corinth on Tuesday morning last, at the age of 82 years.

THE PORTLAND DAILY PRESS, a staunch republican paper, managed with great ability and liberal enterprise, is to be enlarged on the 1st day of June and its price raised to \$8 a year. It deserves a liberal support.

THE three culprits who were recently tried at Farmington, were sentenced as follows:—Doyle, for the murder of a little girl upon whom he had perpetrated a horrid outrage, one year's imprisonment and death; Richardson, convicted of murder, death; Thompson, the burglar, 20 years imprisonment.

FRANK SIMMONS, our talented Maine artist, has completed a model for a statue of the late Dr. Judson, the distinguished missionary. It is highly complimented by good judges.

MAINE 16TH REGIMENT.—Capt. Wm. A. Stevens, under date of May 15th, sends the following list of casualties in Co. E., 16th Me. Reg't:—

Missing.—Lieut. L. K. Plummer, Privates, Amasa Cobb, Benj. W. Chambers.

Wounded.—Serg't, Wm. Balentine, Thigh; Privates, Seth H. Alden, hand, Daniel O. Bickmore, hand, Greenleaf E. Decker, arm, Wm. Dickey, hand, Henry F. Judkins, leg, Benj. F. Jewell, leg, Alex. W. Pulsifer, hand, Thomas D. Staples, arm, Ezra W. Trask, thigh, Jerry W. Riggs, hand.

The wounds are all fortunate ones. The missing we fear were all killed, though we hope they may prove to be prisoners. The chance of that, however, is small. They were lost in a charge on the enemy's breast-works, in which we were repulsed. The regiment has lost eleven officers—eight wounded—three missing. Only five line officers are left.

The annual exhibition and commencement of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College will take place June 8 and 9. Prize Declamation and Reading, June 8, at 10 o'clock P. M.; Anniversary of Callopoen Society, June 9, at 10 o'clock A. M.; Address by Rev. Geo. M. Steele, of Massachusetts; Commencement exercises, June 9, at 1 o'clock P. M.; Levee, Wednesday evening; Concert by the Augusta Band, Thursday evening.

"PERLEY" says Gov. Cony has adjusted the quotas of this State at the Provost Marshal General's office, and finds that the State has now to her credit seven hundred men above all calls.

REV. D. N. Sheldon, D. D., formerly President of Waterville College, preached in the First Parish Church yesterday. This clergyman is a man of extraordinary intellectual powers, of high culture and of great logical force. As a writer he has but few equals, and his manner of speaking is earnest and forcible. We would not wish to dictate to any religious society, but if Dr. Sheldon should become the occupant of that pulpit we venture the opinion that very respectable congregation would hear many things new and old which would greatly interest and instruct them.

[Portland Press.]

THE DRAFT.—It is the design of the Government to keep up the national forces until the rebellion is crushed out root and branch, and in order to provide against any reduction when the services of the hundred days' men go out a draft to fill their place and all other reductions will be ordered the first of July.—At that time the new enrollments will be completed and the draft can easily be made, and with much less expense than attended the first.

The author of the forged proclamation has been discovered. His name is Joseph Howard, formerly writer for the New York Times, and chiefly distinguished for his assiduity in dogging the Prince of Wales when in this country. He was also author of the story about President Lincoln disguising himself in a Scotch cap while passing through Baltimore three years ago. He has made a full confession to Gen. Dix, and has been committed to Fort Lafayette.

At a Presbyterian convention in Newark, N. J., recently, Dr. Candee in an address said, "I have three sons in the service of the country and I know how a soldier feels while the people are praying. I have just received a letter with this sentence in it from one of my sons. It shows how they prize this interest: 'Dear Father, do not cease to pray for me and for our soldiers. I feel your prayers every day.'"

NOT WICKED ENOUGH FOR THAT. Last week the Farmington Chronicle accused Thompson, who has just been sentenced to 20 years in the State Prison for house breaking and attempt to murder, of being a subscriber to the Patriot, a copperhead sheet. He indignantly denied it by letter, writing "I acknowledge that my past conduct has been such as to merit the condemnation of every honest man, but I assure you that I have not become so utterly fallen as to become a reader of that miserable sheet."

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, MILITARY OFFICERS and SINGERS can use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, as freely as requisite,—containing nothing that can injure the system. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, clearing and strengthening the voice.

Quantrell is butchering on the Mississippi river between Vicksburg and Natchez. Opposite Jeff Davis's plantation he and his men have murdered Professor Winchell and 80 of his negroes. The villain means to stop and murder on all the leased plantations.

The tax on banks, reported by the Senate Finance Committee as an amendment to the internal revenue bill is as follows:—One-half of one per cent. each half year on the average amount of notes in circulation, one-quarter of one per cent. each half year on the average amount of deposits, and one quarter of one per cent. each half year on the average amount of capital stock beyond the amount invested in United States bonds. This scale is the same as that adopted by the Senate as an amendment to the National currency bill.

Jeff Davis announces to the British government that if they speak of his machine as the "so-called confederacy again," he will return all documents so directed, unopened. The Hartford Post thinks that would probably put an end to the British government.

We learn that a few days since a Mrs. Verplast, who lives in Bakerville, took the cars to go to Pittsfield, having an infant of about four months old in her arms. Fearing the cars would not stop at the station she jumped from the cars while they were yet in motion, dislocating her shoulder, and sad to relate, the car wheels running over the foot of the infant, crushing it so badly that amputation above the ankle was rendered necessary.—[Bangor Times.]

THE REBEL FORREST.—Forrest, the rebel General, whose name will be execrated in the future for his barbarous and savage deeds at Fort Pillow, was, with his three brothers, a slave trader. He was regarded in that business as a brute, and his deeds of cruelty against the poor blacks whom he had in his pen, are enough to cause the blood to run cold.

GEN. SIGEL RELIEVED.—Gen. Sigel is relieved from command in the Shenandoah, in conformity with the recommendation of the Senate, conveyed in executive session. Gen. Sigel's campaign has been severely criticised by all military men in Washington.—[Washington Correspondence.]

