



6-3-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 48): June 3, 1864

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 48): June 3, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 40.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/40](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/40)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

[For the Mail.]

MY LOST YOUTH.

The years like ghosts have slowly passed,  
And each more bitter than the last  
Since my last youth.  
Oh! happy time, sweet, golden days,  
Through all the mist and mournful haze  
You still appear.

Oh! give me back my youth, Old Time,  
For life is harsh and hath no rhyme,  
When age comes on.  
Again I crave those blissful dreams,  
Once more I ask those thrilling streams  
That soothed my soul.

Ah! then was life a summer sea,  
Across it blew the zephyrs free,  
From manhood's shore;  
And I, a voyager on the brim,  
Was longing for this sea to skim  
Unknown to me.

I launched my bark; I sailed away,  
Bade happy youth farewell that day  
Forever more.  
Alas! no peaceful shore for me,  
Along upon the world's wide sea,  
I struggle on.

My bark, through night and wailing storm,  
Flies o'er the waves in terror form,  
A hopeless wreck.  
The dreams of early youth are dead,  
Together, Love and Truth are fled,  
I'm all alone.

One boon I ask of thee, Old Time:  
Oh! give me back my boyhood's prime,  
And building hopes,  
His gladness play, its wealth of love,  
When earth beneath and skies above  
Were dear to me.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

"ALMOST A HEROINE."

BY LESLIE WATSON.

Pretty Margaret Athole sat alone in the silent state of her mother's best parlor, dreaming over a book—"The Heroines of History." Sunk in the luxurious lap of a velvet arm-chair, her feet on an embroidered ottoman, her shoulders protected from any wandering draught by a brilliant little breakfast shawl—lighted by sunshine that streamed through lace curtains, warmed by glowing coal in a steel grate, her fair self becomingly and tastefully arrayed, as the mirror above the mantel-shelf was ready to show her, if she lifted her thoughtful eyes, it was not unpleasant to sit and muse over heroic deeds, or long to emulate them. She felt within her the stirring and prompting of wishes which she mistook for energies; and fancied she too might be a heroine, could occasion serve, like these she so much admired. Ardent she desired to attain to that dangerous eminence, deeply she lamented that Heaven had cast her lot in obscurely pleasant places, and denied her the power to influence the fate of nations by her wonderful deeds of heroism and self sacrifice; forgetting the many disagreeable incidents pertaining to the doing of such, of which she had but small experience. "I might have been a Joan of Arc, a Maid of Saragossa," she meditated, "and given my life to save my country. I am sure I should have been willing to do it; I don't see why such things can't happen now. But the world has grown so flat and prosaic, there really seems to be nothing worth living for! One has no chance to do good to one's fellow creatures! I wish I could be a heroine!"

She raised her eyes a moment, and blushed in spite of herself at the vanity and pleasure that led them to linger long on the reflection of the delicate face and figure in the glass before her. The room was a very pretty one, being the best parlor, into which were collected the choicest ornaments of the house, but she was the prettiest it contained. The painted heads of the pictures on the walls were not more graceful than hers, crowned with soft hair, that her mother had delighted to roll over her fingers in silken curls, all the years that she had been her only darling—the pink camellia in the window was not more bright than her blossom-like cheeks, nor the turquoises in her forget-me-not ring, bluer than her blue eyes. Her playmate, Dick Salisbury, had given her the keepsake when he went away to South America, and left her a mere budding Miss, a school-girl beauty seven years before—a token which she was to wear, he said, till he could put a bride's betrothal diamond in its place, and later, and better still perhaps, the plain gold ring of a wife. Was he right? she thought—was this to be her future, and this alone? Her father had frowned at this precocious love-making, her mother smiled at her childish nonsense, she herself had only cared to retain the gift for its beauty, and Dick Salisbury had been long ago forgotten in a host of newer conquests, till he lately reappeared, a grown man now, bronzed and bearded, a dark, grave, gentlemanly stranger, with whom she had nothing in common any more. The question, however, remained the same, was she fit only for the calm, domestic love of home and husband, with no hope of being a heroine?

She tried to fancy herself in the wreath and veil of a bride, with all the paraphernalia of silk and lace, and jewelry, wedding presents and bridal wishes—then the mistress of a pretty little house like Dolly Morton's—then a schoolmate, lately married—gently ordering, calmly directing, as her mother had done, gliding through life in the same tranquil ease and unexciting happiness that had always been her lot—but must this be all? Was there no sacrifice to be made, no heroic deed to be performed, which she alone could do, and gild the dull, common routine of existence with a brighter glory? Ah Margaret! you know little of the sacrifice that is often consummated in the flower crown of the bride, the stern duties that wait upon the wife whose domestic tasks you think so easy and so light—of the small heroisms of home, the silent, secret, unrecorded deeds of nobleness and goodness, performed by those whom you ignorantly imagine dismissed to a life of quiet repose and monotonous happiness! Her gaze, half dissatisfied, half pleased, still lingered on the mirror. "There it is," she thought, "my father's curly-headed pet, my mother's little daughter, my cousin Clement's 'Daisy,' a sort of doll-like creature that anybody may tease and spoil, and make a plaything of, and that nobody thinks has any higher aims or objects than to be dressed, and indulged, and flattered, and finally carried away perhaps to ornament another house instead of this! Oh, why have circumstances made me seem so trivial and unworthy? Surely I am fit for something better, and if I had but the opportunity could glory in striving and sacrifice for the good of others, and prove myself somehow a heroine!"

The door opened, and her heroic visions were dispelled by the kindly greeting and hearty Scotch accent of her Uncle John, a sensible, elderly bachelor, her chief confidant and counselor, since he mingled with the tender indulgence which she received from her parents, much wise advice and gentle admonition, that they had not the heart to bestow. It was not long before he was in the secret of the temporary discontent which clouded Margaret's fair face, and he had won her to tell him, between laughing and blushing, her aspiration to be made a heroine. Holding her dimpled, childish hand in his, he listened gravely to the end.

"And what would you do, bairnie," he tenderly asked, when she had finished, "had you your wish? Would you lead your legs to London, like Queen Boadicea, or sell your gown

to feed them like Elizabeth of Thuringia? Would you save men's lives, as Grace Darling did, or assassinate them, like Charlotte Corday? There seems little choice in your ambition, Maggie."

"I hardly know," faltered Margaret. "I—I think I want to do something good."  
"Lassie, is there naught that ye can do at home? I know we're a thriving race, God be thanked for it! and there is little need for you to stain your white hands with toil, or bend your fair brows into wrinkles with care and trouble. But, Margaret, are these all? There's a debt, my bonnie little girl, that we owe to others; that you can help to pay! There's heroism and self-sacrifice needed in even so happy a home as this, if you choose to seek a cause. Look for a chance to show these, my dear, and you will find it not far off! Watch and wait and you'll be a heroine yet!"

Mrs. Athole came in just as her brother-in-law ceased speaking, with her hand some merrily face a little overclouded by some unaccustomed care or annoyance. It was most unusual for her to bring any household matters before her family, her domestic affairs always moved on with the smoothness and regularity of machinery, and the petted daughter knew or thought as little of their mysteries as of those of the government under which she lived. But a momentous crisis had arrived, and her romantic dreams took flight with the first words of her mother's speech.

"My dear," she began, "I hardly know what to do. I gave Jane a week's leave of absence yesterday, and to-day Sarah's mother is so sick she has been obliged to go home. The new washer woman has come, and there is no one to attend to her, and see that she does things properly, while I am busy helping Amy up stairs. Could you go down for a little while?"

Margaret hesitated: she dreaded the encounter with the washing day confusion below, heretofore carefully avoided—the soap, the steam, the slop; the coarse brogue of the presiding genius; the pile of unwashed linen, the tubs, pails, and baskets, among which she must endeavor her delicate dress, and betake her fairy slippers. Such a life as hers has a tendency to foster selfishness and dainty fastidiousness. "I am afraid I could not do much good, mamma," she began, certain that at any sign of reluctance, her mother would instantly absolve her from the performance of the disagreeable duty; but stopped as she caught her uncle's eye: earnest, grave, inquiring. "These are the heroines of home," it seemed to say, "here are trials that may be encountered, sacrifices that may be made, from which you shrink, that seek to emulate more noisy deeds, and be a heroine!"

With a deep blush she rose up at once, and laying her unfinished book on the table, went away quickly, with a thoughtful look gradually gathering upon her pretty face. Down the dark winding servants' stairs, which she so dreaded, into the bare, narrow back kitchen, through the kitchen, redolent with the soapy steam she dreaded; mingling with the morning's smoke of fried fish and browned coffee; down a little breakneck step, slippery with suds, and thence into the washroom, littered with the pans, and pots, and pails she had expected, and the floor in damp confusion, above all which a large figure, dimly visible through a cloud of steam, was plying her task vigorously, and shaking the very windows with the powerful strokes of her strong arms.

Margaret's duties were to take charge of the collars, laces, and such fine articles when washed, and put them away for Sarah to starch after she returned; to find what the new-comer needed, and show her where it was kept, that she might remember hereafter; and to repeat the directions Mrs. Athole had intrusted to her, concerning the proper order in which the work should be done. To all that was said, the woman listened respectfully, and replied in a quiet, subdued manner, and with a correctness of speech that relieved Margaret from her fears of rudeness in her associate. She looked worn and weary, but worked on steadily in a dejected, taciturn way, with increasing difficulty, concentrating her strength resolutely upon her task till its completion gave her a right to rest.

It was time, for she was hardly able to walk to the chair that received her, and wiping the water from her sodden fingers, leaned her poor head upon them, utterly exhausted.

"What is the matter?" cried Margaret, frightened. "What shall I do?—you are sick; let me get you something—or, I'll call mamma."

The woman stopped her before she reached the door, with a quiet refusal—  
"I'm not sick, Miss, it isn't that, only weakness; I shall be better soon. If you'd give me a bit of bread and meat—I've had nothing to-day."

Margaret was horrified, perhaps it was customary for the washerwoman to come to breakfast, and this poor creature was starving through her fault. In great haste and agitation she went to the pantry and brought out the choicest things it contained, but her patient turned from these to the plain food she had requested, which she ate with the keen hunger of privation. The delicately-bred young lady looked on and listened in pitying amazement, while the refreshments were being devoured and the apologies made that followed.

"It's not often that I'm caught with nothing to eat in the house of a Saturday night, for I am strong and willing to work, if I could get it to do. But the times are hard, and I blame nobody. And it was better I should go without than the children; they need it and more, poor little souls! but I did not think my strength would have gone so."

"Do you mean to say," asked Margaret, slowly gathering her dismayed faculties, "that you suffer for want of food?"

"God help us, Miss, we do—sometimes—not often. There are many like us, you see, soldiers' widows or wives perhaps, beside the city poor. Not that we would ask charity or need it, if we could get our own. But the government is so slow, and it's nobody's business to attend to us, so unless we can get work it is hard to live. It's not your fault, though, Miss, and you shouldn't take it to heart so," finished the woman, alarmed by Margaret's looks of self-reproachful sorrow.

"It is my fault," thought the girl, "and the fault of all those who sit at home in ease and luxury, and forget how hard the world may be to others. Yet I fancied my vocation to bestow happiness, to relieve pain; and dreaming of impossible deeds, never looked for, or sought to help the real suffering so near! But I will try to do better, and put away my idle,

useless visions for something that does practical good. 'I'll give you food, and clothes, and money,' she said aloud. 'You shall not suffer again. Tell me what else to do?'

"I couldn't live on charity, Miss," the woman quietly replied; "I would rather work, and earn what I get."  
"Stop, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Athole, who coming down to see what delayed Margaret so long, had heard much of this conversation. She laid her hand upon her daughter's shoulder, and turning the flushed and eager young face to hers, prevented her reply with a kiss. "She is right, though you are not wrong—we may help her in many ways, yet regular employment is her greatest need, after all. What work have you been accustomed to do?"

"Making and getting up gentlemen's linen, ma'am. I can do it as well as most, though I say it; it was my business before I was married. I do go out to do laundry work, or sewing, or scrubbing by the day—anything that I can get to do, almost; but then my children are so small, I must pay some one to look after them, and that takes from the wages."

"It does indeed," thought Mrs. Athole, glancing at the sum she held in her hand—a poor pittance it seemed for such needs, though treble the amount she usually gave for the service rendered. "We must try to get you work to be done at home," was her conclusion. "though I hardly know how to apply for it."  
"But I do, mamma," cried Margaret, starting up, her blue eyes brightening, her fair cheeks, aflame. "There is Uncle John, and cousin Clement, and—yes—Dick Salisbury, and the young gentlemen that call here; they would all be willing to employ her, I know."

"And who will ask them?" suggested her mother.

"I will!"  
"I can't consent to it," returned Mrs. Athole hastily, but yet she did consent, for she was accustomed to refuse nothing to her petted daughter, and having visited the woman's house, ascertained her respectability and given her temporary assistance, she abandoned her unsuccessful attempts to obtain employment for her among her own friends, and gradually withdrew her opposition to Margaret's undertaking, forgetting that she had ever considered it undesirable. Poor Margaret on her own part, had many more misgivings to combat and much secret reluctance to bring to her unusual task. How was she to ask people for their washing? But she remembered the poor little scantily clothed children, and the empty cupboard, bare as old mother Hubbard's, for which she had promised to obtain that which would bring them steady supplies; and was ashamed of her shame. Her cousin Clement called, and she preferred her request, stoutly sustaining it with such arguments as she was able to bring. He sat quite transfixed by astonishment.

"The little puss is mad!" he declared, "if she'll do that, I'll do anything for my faithful linen—quite the town-talk, I assure you!—must take it away from the laundry in S—street, from whence it comes forth white, smooth, and shining as an Alpine glacier, and give it at her bidding to some unknown female in an inaccessible alley, who will send it back (if she sends it at all) stiff, stark, and sooty, and covered with bits of paste. Ugh! Ask half my fortune, little cousin, but don't demand this sacrifice, for if you command I must obey!"

"But the laundry on S—street doesn't need your custom."

"Oh, no, I suppose not."

"And this poor woman does; she is almost starving. Clement, think of that! Besides, she does work well, mamma says so! And at any rate let her sew for you, won't you, if you will not trust her with the rest?"

"No, Daisy, if I do anything, I'll go the whole figure. Has she any references?"

"I'm her reference."

"And you promise that she shall not starch in flour pudding, nor iron with the snuffer tray, nor cut down my garments for her deservings children, nor pawn them for rum?"

"I promise," Margaret answered, between laughing and crying.

"You are to be responsible for her keeping my wardrobe supplied with clean clothes? I don't hope much more."

"Always; and in return you must recommend her to all your friends."

"How can I do that, until I know how she does for me? No, I'll bring them here, and you shall ask them yourself."

And Margaret could obtain no further concession from him, and was obliged to make up her mind to perform this unpleasant duty, if she really wished to help her poor protégée. She thought of having cards written or printed that she might give her visitors with no further explanation or request; but a remembrance of the great competition for all such work, conceived that no mere advertisement, however circulated, would attain the end she desired. It needed all her personal influence, her earnest pleading, her heartfelt aid—and these she resolved to give.

Miss Athole was a belle in her own circle, and had among her callers many admirers, but she had never so carefully reckoned their number, as during the time of her canvass for the object of her sympathy; when every ring of the door bell, made her start with nervous anticipation. She succeeded however in procuring her case plainly and satisfactorily to most of these, and faced Clement's band of colleagues, like a heroine, when they came. She played and sang for them, she gave them refreshments, she made herself infinitely charming, and when at last they rose to go, told her story, and made her appeal.

Two or three smiled, the rest were politely serious in their reception of her request, though evidently dismayed by its strangeness and suddenness. One took out his pocket-book with an air of experience—  
"If it is in charity," he hinted, opening a roll of notes.

"But it is not," returned Margaret, rejecting with a motion of her hand, the proffered bank bill. "The person of whom I speak is not a beggar, nor am I for her; she is an industrious working woman, who will be glad of your custom, if you choose to give it, which I don't ask you to do, till my cousin can conscientiously recommend her."

Her voice did not falter, though her cheeks burnt hot, and they thought she had never looked more beautiful than while advocating this surprising cause. "Your recommendation will be quite sufficient, Miss Athole," they hastened to assure her, and good-naturedly adding their names to her list, went away.

Only Richard Salisbury remained to be asked, and he had come and gone once or twice, without her having found courage to speak to him on the subject. More than any other she was jealous of his good opinion, and his fear of risking it, postponed the dreaded task. Many a time, he had started from her in almost open disappointment, at some silly, trifling speech, some foolish bit of coquetry or vanity, some luckless symptom of the surface faults, that were the natural result of the spoiling she had received, and her own excessive prettiness. He evidently rated her only as a beautiful child, a toy, a plaything, whose fair outside but mocked him with the semblance of the jewel he had once hoped to win—and found more pain than pleasure in comparing the present reality with the image his mind had retained through years of absence, of his past childish love, his pet and playmate. Yet he continued to seek her society, and of late she had fancied that his manner was more tender and gentle, and that his dark expressive eyes, so often bent upon her in wondering scrutiny that seemed to seek in vain for a token of the free, frank nature he had loved in boyhood, mingled some softness with their keen regards. She was conscious of a change in her own mind since she had become more thoughtful for others' good, and less light-hearted in the ignorance of others' suffering, but she did not know what a true and tender charm it gave her beauty, and rated her own cowardice with bitter self-reproach and many tears. Surely she must be more selfish and weak than she had known, and the feeling must be conquered in behalf of the duty she had undertaken. So when next Dick Salisbury called he could not understand her fair, resolute face, nor the steady voice in which she broke upon the first pause in the conversation—  
"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Salisbury?"

"A thousand, Margaret, if I can," said Richard, with an echo of the old time tenderness in his voice: "what is it?"

"She wants to recommend you to a laundry, burst in Clement, who had run down opportunely for a twilight talk with his pretty cousin, and I'm the illustration to homestead. How does this look?" he continued, turning back his coat cuffs to show a pair of snowy wristbands, and throwing open his vest, for the better display of a dazzling shirt bosom and collar. "Are we satisfactory? do we shine?"

"Undoubtedly, dear fellow, but you are interrupting your cousin; I don't think that is what she was about to say."

"Yes," assented Margaret, secretly trembling but outwardly firm, "and I mean to ask you for your custom if you will let me. Will you give it to her?"

"And what interest have you in this woman?" he inquired.

"A very great one," she softly answered.  
Richard Salisbury looked at her with his dark penetrating eyes, as if he would read her heart, but he said nothing, and she seemed anxiously awaiting his reply. Before he could give it, Clement had again interrupted, and relieved the embarrassment she felt, though unconscious of the steady gaze fixed upon her.

"Aren't we resplendent?" he exclaimed. "I knew I was destined to be remarkable for something, and now I see it is wristbands! I shall be a second Brummel, only that his forte was cravats. Accept my eternal gratitude, Daisy, in return for the introduction to the unparalleled Schwartz."

"And did she really do that?" cried Margaret, delighted; "was it Mrs. Schwartz?"

"She did; she is a treasure, and I am her walking advertisement. I bore all my friends with her perfection—I go on the cricket ground with my sleeves rolled up à la Heenan, to show my cuffs, and challenge the other fellows to bring out their washwomen."

The evening passed rapidly away and the young men took their leave, but while Clement was fumbling for his overshoes in the hall, Salisbury stepped quickly back to the room where he had left his pretty hostess, and bending over her, took her hand in his with more warmth of manner than he had yet displayed towards her.

"I came back to ask," he rapidly articulated, "if you were sincere in the request you made to-night. Do you really wish to help this poor woman? Shall I obey you in earnest?"

"Yes," she answered.

"God bless you, Margaret," he whispered, and lifting her hand to his lips, was gone.

One bright spring morning a few months later, Margaret was sitting in her favorite place in the pretty parlor, dreaming in the same old way and almost in the same graceful attitude. But her thoughts were not now with the "Heroines of History," and their record lay undisturbed on the table where she had placed it, yet unfinished. In this short time she had learnt much of labor and self-sacrifice and care for others; the "small heroisms of home" had grown important; not less so, the future of her ties of love and duty; "her castles in the air" had been replaced by practical plans of usefulness and kindness; heroic visions were laid to rest forever; and idle aspirations troubled her no more. A bouquet stood near, with which her mind seemed much more happily engaged, for she often turned to touch the flowers caressingly or refreshed her face with their fragrant petals. A note which had accompanied them lay on her lap, and she might be excused for musing long over it, for in it Richard Salisbury asked her to drive with him that afternoon, and hear a long delayed confession. She could hardly be mistaken in guessing its meaning, for his manner had been more and more lover-like, and she had learned to be fonder of him than even in the old school days, when she was a little curly-headed girl, and he her tall boy-lover, who varied off from her the troublesome attentions of others. The future seemed very bright to-day, and the world very happy; she might have dreamed away all the hours of the sunny morning, but that upon her meditations, burst in, as usual, her cousin Clement—  
"She is faithless!" he cried, "after all. She has taken us in!"

"Oh, who?" asked Margaret, startled.

"That woman of yours, that laundry."

"What has she done?"

"With my clothes, do you mean? I don't know, I wish I did. All my class are in the same boat, there isn't a clean handkerchief among us; I suppose she has stolen them at last, not being able to resist temptation any longer. Pshaw! larceny you may call it, but I say Grand."

"But why?"

"She is faithless!" he cried, "after all. She has taken us in!"

"Oh, who?" asked Margaret, startled.

"That woman of yours, that laundry."

"What has she done?"

"With my clothes, do you mean? I don't know, I wish I did. All my class are in the same boat, there isn't a clean handkerchief among us; I suppose she has stolen them at last, not being able to resist temptation any longer. Pshaw! larceny you may call it, but I say Grand."

"But why?"

"Why tell you? because you are responsible for her, you know," and having thrown his shot, mischief-loving Clement rushed out as rapidly as he had rushed in, while poor Margaret, sighing deeply, arose and went to the house of her protégée.

It was too true that Mrs. Schwartz's work had not been done as usual, for she was sick in bed with a sudden attack of rheumatism, and crying bitterly to think that her customers must soon desert her: for though none had complained as yet, she was sadly in arrears, and no one could be found to supply her place. Margaret comforted her as well as she could, inspected the mighty basket of clean clothes, which stood ready for ironing, saw to the children's breakfast, and then promising to return soon, went quickly home. Going up stairs at once, she changed her dress for a plainer one, and put her head into her mother's room—  
"I am going away to be gone all day, mamma."

"Very well, my dear, but what about your drive with Mr. Salisbury?"

"Beg him to excuse me, and tell him I was suddenly called away."

She came down stairs with a slower step, and sighing in spite of herself; this message the only one she could send, might be misconstrued—after the tone of his own letter—into an intentional rebuff. Then the pleasure she had anticipated was too sweet, too precious to miss! But the contest was short, and the victory certain, and when Margaret arrived at the widow's house again, her step was light, and her face serene.

"I am going to be laundress to-day," was her announcement, as she took off her bonnet, and proceeded to her task. Mrs. Schwartz remonstrated, but her visitor was firm. "I'm responsible for Daisy and to them, you recollect. Hereafter I'll get somebody to-day there is no time; I know how, and what I don't you can show me."

Fortunately there was not very much to be done, for the clothes were all ready to be ironed, and Margaret had only to do this with what skill she possessed. All that long bright spring day, she toiled unwearyingly, her fair hair pushed back from her heated temples, her feverish cheeks glowing in the stifling atmosphere, her sleeves rolled up on her white arms, to give her hands free play. Two gentlemen, the one brought there by curiosity, the other by a deeper feeling, beheld this spectacle through the open window, from afar, and walked away, and made no sign. But that night, as Margaret, tired in limbs, but sweet in face and serene in spirit, having seen her work duly distributed, and received the widow's thanks and blessings, took her leave, some one met her at the corner of the street, in the dusky twilight, and walking slowly home by her side, made the proposed confession. How he had long fancied her but a heartless beauty, how long ago, a bright, cheerful, and almost grown to despise the love he had cherished for so many years—till he suddenly found his mistake, and learned the worth of a lovely character, for distrusting which he could never do penance enough. And then Margaret, laughing, but with tears in her happy eyes, had her confession too; that she had forgotten her childish love, and been but the vain trifler he fancied her, while believing herself capable of heroic virtues. That she had fallen suddenly from these vague, visionary heights to her proper level, and discovered her own selfishness, folly and cowardice, by the actual test of experience; since which she had tried to do better. But she does not dream in her sweet humility, that the ideal she so admired, she has almost realized, in the beauty of her daily life at home; nor will her husband's adoration, or the praise of friends, convince her innocent heart how near she has come to being a heroine.

**HOSPITAL SCENES.** A correspondent of the World thus affecting describes a scene in one of the field hospitals near Spottsylvania battle field, after the battle of Sunday, May 8th.

In one corner of a hospital tent, as in many others that night, lay a dying man, a Lieutenant of the Massachusetts regiments engaged during the afternoon. Type of a thousand officers, who like him, have been thus stricken and have thus died, his last moments demanded the hush and pause rendered by all feet and voices in that tent. His face, turned away from the battle-field, looked toward the North. A handsome, noble face it was, shadowed by dark hair and saddened by the drop of a dark moustache. His breast was bare; a bandage was drawn across it, covering a wound, the pain of which disturbed him no more. He lay quietly breathing, as if asleep. He was not asleep, however, for presently, as two or three standing by began to say among themselves that it would soon be over, he put a pale hand that trembled like an aspen down beneath his shirt upon the other side, and drew forth a velvet anastrop case, which he held a few moments without attempting to open. One who stood there felt instinctively that this dying man wished but could not ask him to stoop over where he lay. That one bent to hear a faint, broken whisper, beseeching him to take the velvet case and find the one who wore the face within it and give it back with the blessing of a lover.

It would have been well, perhaps, had the one who thus accepted this trust unclasped the case before the hand from which he took it had grown quite cold and motionless. Else, having looked, he might have whispered in the dull ear of the dying lieutenant promise of a surer and speedier meeting with the girl he loved than he could have had but for this day's dark fate. For it happened that he, the living, knew that she too had died and awaited some where the coming of what had just departed.

The following, also, is a very affecting incident:

A rebel prisoner asked a clean shirt for his young comrade whose fresh but blood-stained bandages told of a recent amputation just above the knee. One of the Sanitary Commission gave the shirt, but said the boy must first be washed. "Who will do that?" "Oh, any of those women yonder." A kind looking woman from Philadelphia was asked if she was willing to wash a rebel prisoner. "Certainly," was her prompt reply, "I have a son in the Union army, and I would like to have somebody wash him."

With a towel and water and a tin basin, she

cheerfully walked through the mud to the tent. Careful not to disturb his amputated leg, she gently removed the old shirt and began to wash him, saying that she imagined she was washing her own son. This was more than she could bear. He, too, began to weep, and to ask God to bless her for kindness to him. The scene was too much for the bystanders, and they left the Northern mother and Southern son to their sacred grief, wishing that tears could blot out the sin of this rebellion, and the blood of this unnatural war."

**GOOD MILKERS.**—It is an easy matter to distinguish a good milkster. The farthest removed from the bull the better. As the male has no milking properties, and the female is devoted to them; and none so much as the cow; so we are to judge from this principle.

No person of ordinary intelligence would select a cow with a thick neck, heavy bones and a bull-like disposition. On the other hand, the true cow, the good milkster, is easily known by its thin neck, sometimes almost amounting to deformity (the case with one of ours); small bones; thin, sensitive hide; thin tail; and (most of all) a mild, placid disposition, showing absence of any heart which consumes, or prevents milk from forming. A quiet, motherly face, denoting intelligence and domesticity, is what is wanted. The reservoir of milk, of course, must be large, or there cannot be stored a large quantity. A large, well-formed bag, therefore is a necessity. A small udder is an unfavorable sign of a poor milkster. The form and size of a cow are not always to be depended upon. The disposition is perhaps as much, if not more, than any other one point; some say that on all other points, "We remember a heavy-headed, coarse bodied cow, but with the mildest of dispositions, as one of the best butter makers we know. A good eater, always healthy. She made during the month of June, 15 lbs. of the best butter a week; and gave a good flow of milk nearly the year round. Avoid the bull and seek the farthest opposite qualities for the best milkster."

It is related that when Humboldt was asked, "Why the male of the human species offered an exception to the rule so general among all other animals, that the male is handsomer than the female?" he answered, after a moment's reflection, "I deny the fact! It is our natural gallantry that makes us think women more beautiful than men. The women do not concur in the opinion." Humboldt was a philosopher, and it wouldn't be modest to contradict him, on the main point; while, as to the last proposition—that women think men handsomer than themselves—if it be true, the dear creatures' want thank us for agreeing with them. In this double dilemma, we say—nothing.

**REAPPEARANCE OF THE FEET.**—We are very glad to see that the Ladies are adopting a mode of gathering their garments in festoons, by an elastic cord, which relieves them not only from dragging their skirts over the dirty pavements, but restores to mankind the civilizing influences of their feet. The American ladies have the handsomest feet of any ladies in the world; and having deprived of them through an absurd fashion, for at least five years, we naturally welcome their return with joy. We, therefore, declare permanently for festoons instead of trails.—[Wilkes' Spirit.]

**GIVE HIM A TRADE.**—The advice of Franklin, to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living, if necessary, comes of a human experience older than the sage of our Revolution. In some countries, this has been the law; in others, a common custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law, at the feast of Pentecost, also exhorted the important oriental handicraft of a tent-maker, by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission.

It is a good and wise thing to do. You may be able to leave your children for uncles, but "riches take to themselves wings."—You may give to them finished education, and they may be gifted with extraordinary genius; but they may be placed in situations where no education and no talent may be so available as some humble, honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.

It need not take seven years. Several months of earnest work are in some cases, sufficient to learn an ordinary business. If every young person, male and female, were obliged, in the intervals of study, preparatory or professional, to learn farming, gardening, shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, or, if ladies, millinery or dressmaking, or one of twenty kinds of work or business, it would always give them a feeling of security and independence. It is well for every one to have something to fall back upon. We do not know what revolutions may come in our time. There is no harm in being able to take care of ourselves in any possible emergency.

**JUNE THE TIME TO PRUNE FRUIT TREES.**—E. D. Wright, in the *Genesee Farmer*, contends that June is the proper season to prune fruit trees, offering as the ground of his faith the following reasons, which we put in a condensed form.

1. A limb being cut off before the growing season, both wood and bark will dry and heal where the cut is made. What it thus loses while waiting for the growing season must be made up by the growth of new wood when that season arrives. Nature undertakes to heal the wound by growing it over with this new wood, but much time is lost before it will grow up from the point where life still remains, between the bark and the wood, to the place where it would be if the cut were made in May or June, instead of February or March

has never had a personal controversy in his life with boy or man, never made a speech, led a faction, or engaged in idle sport; never sad, yet always cordial and cheerful, yet always reserved. If he cannot be perfectly sincere he is perfectly silent. Tolerant yet enthusiastic, he is always moderate, always earnest. He seems destitute of ostentation, and totally unqualified to display himself even to gratify reasonable curiosity, yet is not ashamed of himself, and appears to contemplate his early and his late career with equal and with simple satisfaction."

## Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 3, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the **WATERVILLE MAIL**, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. H. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS. Relating to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or" "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

**PATIENCE!**—The prolonged period of foggy and cloudy weather, which has now been but little interrupted for almost four weeks, is a serious calamity to farmers, and in the highest degree trying to their patience. Help is scarce—so scarce and high as to be beyond the reach of many—and on wet and late land hardly anything has yet been done. The grain crop of the State must be reduced immensely by this singular weather—such as Mr. Oldest Inhabitant knows nothing of in all the history of Down East. To some small farmers, with no help or means of hiring, it seems almost to threaten ruin. To such, an exhortation to patience needs to be supported by pretty conclusive arguments in favor of "all for the best." They "don't see it," through all this fog; and if driven to accept it, they are in danger of carrying it too far. But whether, like matrimony, it is for better or for worse, treading will only magnify the trouble. Men swear out of jail, but not out of fog. Even the sunshine, its final conqueror, only attacks it with smiles. So, be patient, ye who plow and plant under clouds. In learning to bear the ills of life you reap a reward of contentment—if not of corn. Both are good crops, and you are sure of one or the other.

**PHILOSOPHY.**—"Now I know, papa," said a little girl yesterday, with a most brilliant sparkle of delight in her face, as she raised it from a cup of ice-water, "Now I know, papa, why God made the weather so cold last winter; it was to make ice for us to cool water in the summer." The little philosopher had thus early found the key that reveals more wisdom than a thousand volumes of theology. When old enough to apply it wisely she will need no long sermons to convince her that God does all things with an object in view, and that object a good one. With the ten thousand evidences that surround us, we live long lives without learning this simple lesson. We hear it from the pulpit, and read it in every line and letter of nature; we give it our amen, and pass it to our neighbor for truth and wisdom; and we go down to the grave wondering whether we were created for something or nothing! We have heard it, but have not lived it. We have taken it upon our lips, but not into our hearts.

**BEES.**—It is a fact worth bearing in mind, that while the manufacturer has risen on his goods, the farmer on his produce, and the laborer on his wages, the industrious little bee continues to work on the old terms. Those who keep bees can eat honey at former prices. This little servant is no Yankee, and adopts no system of speculation. He has not heard of the war, and will not while the flowers continue to bloom. And strange it is, isn't it, that his very carelessness of all gains should be an appeal to the shameless cupidity of poor money getting Yankeeedom! Now is the time, says Yank, to make something on honey, before the bees get their eyes open. With butter at 30 cts. and sugar at 25, honey has a value to the producer, independent of the market. One pound of it will save two of butter. Every farmer can keep one or more hives of bees with but trifling care and no actual expense. It is both easy and pleasant to learn their habits so as to take care of them; and many have managed them to profit without knowing much about them—for the bee has a good knack at being his own overseer.

Mr. Quinby, a writer of good authority in the Am. Agriculturist for June, has some profitable hints in regard to bees and honey.

"When the weather through May has been favorable the best hives will be full, and the bees ready to go into the surplus boxes. Occasionally a box or two may be filled before clover blossoms, but it is then sure to be stained with pollen from dandelions. Those who want honey for the table or market, of the purest quality, would do well not to put on boxes till these latter flowers are gone. Whenever the hives become full of bees the boxes may be added without waiting for them to appear on

the outside. Boxes should not be over five inches deep.

**THIRD MAINE REGIMENT.**—This gallant old regiment, the first sent from the valley of the Kennebec, will be discharged from service on Saturday, its three years expiring on that day. These war-worn heroes should be welcomed home with an ovation, for, true and faithful, they have been among the foremost in every movement and battle of the army of the Potomac.

The following incident during the recent battles, is told by an army correspondent:

The 3d Maine made a gallant charge on the 23d inst. over Taylor's Bridge, on the North Anna, sweeping everything before them. Gen. Hancock personally congratulated the regiment on the gallant deed. It was of this bridge and position that Grant is reported to have said "It was worth fighting three battles for." Among the losses in the 3d Maine are Maj. Morgan, killed, Col. Lakeman and Capt. G. S. Moore, wounded. The gallant 3d has rendered Taylor's Bridge as immortal as Lodi itself.

The following incident of Friday's fight is related by Capt. Worcester:

The N. Y. 40th led ahead of the Maine 3d, and their Colonel (Riley) approached Col. Lakeman, and said, "Col. Lakeman, I cannot get my men to fire a rifle; will you charge over them?" "Maine Third, forward!" shouted Col. Lakeman, and over the prostrate carcasses of the N. Y. 40th went the gallant 3d, and away went the rebels ahead of them! Then the 40th N. Y., taking courage from them, went in and fought well.

**DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER!**—Probably no machine of equal expense has given so much relief to the hardest kind of work as the Clothes Wringer; and it is no compliment to any husband that he has not one in his house. Whether used by hired help, or by his own wife and daughters, it is a real money saver, as well as labor saver. It has saved many a doctor's bill, and rendered many a home pleasant on wash-day. The main point is to get the right kind. Probably the most complete and satisfactory machine now in use, considered in all respects, is "Sherman's Improved." A child can work it, and it works most completely, and without injury to the finest fabrics. Those who would surprise their wives with a valuable present will be sure of the best if they get this kind. We have seen them at Arnold & Mendenhall—they have the exclusive agency.

**LECTURE.**—We rarely hear, at this late day, much that is new in a temperance lecture; but occasionally we meet old and important truths and principles in a new garb, that commands them to revived welcome and renewed effort. Such a lecture we had on Thursday evening, from Mr. White, of Portland. The speaker is a young man, but well educated for his mission, having acquired the literary elements at Waterville College, and the rudiments of other essential lessons at Waterville rum shops. He took his first glass, he said, at one of our village hotels, and had industriously made it the stepping stone to several years of dissipation and wretchedness. Having come to his senses before it was too late to cherish earthly hopes, he seems to have the essential qualifications for a laborer in the temperance field. He is earnest and eloquent, and if not heartily devoted to the cause, with such training, he is indeed a new sample of humanity. We commend him to temperance men, as worthy of their encouragement, and his enterprise, (with his associate in it,) to all who are willing to lend a hand in promoting temperance.

**DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.**—The Democratic State Convention, which assembled at Portland on Wednesday, numbered two hundred and sixty-six delegates and was presided over by Gen. Thompson of Brunswick. Among the speakers who addressed the convention were Hon. F. O. J. Smith and Dr. Mann, of Strippings and Molasses notoriety. Both, according to the report of the Portland Press, were for peace at any price. Smith said, "We are for peace. We say not to the angel of peace you must come to us through any particular window. All the windows are open, and let Peace enter from any quarter and we will hail it and welcome it." Dr. Mann said he was a peace man and a copperhead. He was for peace at all events. Said he, "The only way for Peace and Union is DISUNION. Let them make the line where they please so that we have peace." We do not learn that these gentlemen ever figured prominently in the old Peace Society, or that they ever raised their voices for peace until this particular war commenced.

The following delegates were chosen to attend the National Convention at Chicago: Gorham L. Boynton, Bangor; Wm. P. Haines, Biddeford; John W. Dana, Fryeburg; Richard D. Rice, Augusta.

"This delegation," says the Press, "is a half-and-half affair, supposed to consist of two intense copperheads, and two of a slightly softer stripe."

**CAPT. CHANNING.**—We find the following gratifying announcement in the Portland Daily Press of yesterday:

Capt. Geo. M. Gingley, Co. I, 7th Maine, informs us that Capt. John W. Channing of Co. K, in the same regiment, is not dead as has been reported. Capt. Channing is now in command of the regiment. Capt. Gingley is direct from Grant's army, was wounded in the arm by a bullet at Spotsylvania Court House.

The Bangor Whig, speaking of the Portland Press, which has recently been enlarged, says, that its success is owing to the enterprise and energy of its publishers, and the politeness of F. O. J. Smith in conducting the Advertiser in such a manner as to drive off all loyal patronage.

**UNION PRISONERS.**—The Baltimore American makes the following statement, almost too good to believe:

General Butler's loss in prisoners, taken with General Hiskman, was but 460 instead of 1500 as reported, and all the prisoners taken from General Butler and the army of the Potomac does not exceed 800.

### OUR TABLE.

**THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.**—The June number is an excellent one, with several articles of new merit. The following is a list of the contents: Ernest Renan's Theory, by Hugh Miller Thompson; Enone, Chapter VII.; The Dove, by Martha Walker Cook; The Mississippi River and its Peculiarities, by De B. R. Keim; Sketches of American Life and Scenery, No. IV., by L. D. Pichowsky; The March of Life, by Clarence Frederick Buhler; Thomas De Quincey and his Writings, by L. W. Spring; "Feed My Lambs," An Hour at the National Academy of Design; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa Colton; The Unkind Word; Language a Type, of the Universe, by S. P. Andrews; An Army: Its Organization and Movements, by Lieut-Col C. W. Tolles; A Q. M.: Sleeping, by Hugh Miller Thompson; Dr. Fox's Prescription, by Edwin R. Johnson; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

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

**YOUTH'S CASSET AND PLAYMATE.**—The May number is unusually interesting and contains a great variety of stories for the young, with other nice reading and spicy chat, embellishments, &c.

Published by Wm. Gould and Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM FOR JUNE** has another chapter of "Go-ahead and the Flying Dutchman," and a score of other good stories for young, with other interesting reading in prose and verse, and the usual Monthly Chat. As usual, it is prettily embellished.

Published by J. N. Stearns and Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

**HOWARD THE FORGER.** The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser states "on the best authority" that Howard was not a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church, nor a contributor to the Independent, nor the President of the first Republican Association ever formed in Brooklyn, nor was he ever a prominent member of any party. He was not friendly to the present administration, but was an advocate and adherent of Gen. Fremont."

The Round Table, one of the most high-minded and honorable literary journals in the country, while disclaiming any design to screen the author of the forged document from just censure and punishment, enters for him the following charitable plea:

His crime is great, and he deserves severe punishment for it. We know his life, and understand whence comes this last development. It is simply a deep-seated love of mischief-making, without any thought of consequences. And not a few who are pressing the yoke upon him to-day have compromised at some time with him for the sake of a well-turned newspaper puff. We have in mind one notable instance in the city of Brooklyn. We scarcely wonder that he lost his faith in men. One well-known man whom he had lampooned and berated as best he could day after day, actually admitted him to a long and friendly council upon being informed that he (Howard) was willing to turn about and advocate his claims for the mayoralty. Howard had no intention of doing any such thing, and afterward boasted that he could thus hoodwink a reputed good man by appealing to his desire for public office. It were well that some who have stooped to carry newspaper favor of this facile though dangerous writer should now remember that disaster has touched him most grievously. It is useless to say that a man thus prostrated has no deserts. It is the rather strange that the cries of the people for a wild and reckless style of journalism do not ruin more young men, and drive them to such desperate measures. Howard would while he could account of some great crime, and he could see that too many would read and like it. Did he "do up" some political caucus, men patted him on the shoulder, and the papers would sell most rapidly. The very men who would plant their foot upon him now are those who once cheered him on in his reckless and unguarded course.

We do not wish to enter any plea for Mr. Howard. We merely desire to express our disgust at the means which are employed to injure a family and the cause of religion. He was a reporter and newsman, and his opinions of no account. It is the height of stupidity to attempt to saddle any clique or party with the blame. He took advantage of his position to inflict injury, and in no small part the people who hunger for sensation despatches and an inflated journalism are blamable for the crime he has committed. While for the sake of the press which he duped, for the sake of the public which he tried to deceive, and for the sake of sound morality, we trust he will receive as severe punishment as the law meets out for such a grave offence as his, we claim that some charity is due to him and some consideration to his friends, who, though innocent of his guilt, have to share his shame.

The fishing bounties are not to be abolished at present—the vote stood in the Senate, yeas eleven to twenty-four nays. "Perley" of the Boston Journal, has the following in regard to the contest in the Senate:

Senator Morrill's eloquent defence of the fishing bounties, which were lugged into the debate on the tax bill was spiced by a merited castigation of copperhead assailants of New England. It was a well-timed and admirable speech. This evening Garrett Davis replied to Gov. Morrill in one of his long, rambling harangues, in which he denounced New England in general and codfish in particular. Senator McDougal made an eloquent and effective defence of the fisheries as a nursery for seamen, who might soon be needed for the protection of our national honor against European interference on this continent. The bounties were saved by the concluding remarks of Senator Wilkinson, who took ground that as under the so-called Reciprocity Treaty Colonial fishermen had the advantage of ours, bounties should be paid till that treaty should be abrogated.

Our readers and they are many, who have claims of any nature against Government, should know that they will save trouble and delay by employing an attorney of experience, as many claims are suspended by reason of the inexperience of Agents. We would call the attention of all thus interested to the advertisement in our columns headed P. \$100 B.

Mr. Manly is highly recommended and is well acquainted with the rules and decisions of the various departments of Government.

The arrangement of the commanders in the West Mississippi Division is at last definitely made and officially announced. General Canby commands the Division, and Generals Banks, Steele, and Rosecrans respectively the departments of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, reporting to General Canby.

O, the clouds, clouds, clouds! Yes, but O, the grass, grass, grass!—how it grows, grows, grows! Such a crop of hay has never been hoped for these many years. Never mind a few clouds.

### War of Redemption.

Again has Lee been found in a very strong position and again he has been flanked by Grant, who keeps steadily pushing for Richmond. Our army, it seems proceeded only a short distance after crossing the North Anna on Tuesday, for the purpose of covering the destruction of the Virginia Central railroad. This work was done very thoroughly by three divisions of the 5th and 6th corps, the road being in a blaze for about ten miles. Reconnoissances showed the enemy to be occupying in large force a very strong position in our front, and vigorous demonstrations kept him employed there. The principal skirmish took place on Wednesday, between portions of Burnside's and Hill's corps, in which we lost about 250 killed and wounded. On Thursday morning a portion of Sheridan's cavalry went to the right, in the direction of Beaver Dam, to continue the destruction of the railroad, and the remainder preceded the army, which took up a movement to the left, withdrawing to the north bank of the North Anna. Going by the Bowling Green road direct to Hanover Town, on the south side of the Pamunkey river, which point was occupied without a contest on Friday morning. The infantry and artillery of the 5th corps followed closely after the cavalry, and soon occupied the town in force.

On Sunday Gen. Grant had established his headquarters at Hanover town, our entire army having crossed the Pamunkey, and advanced about three miles beyond it. Soon after crossing our cavalry had a severe engagement with the enemy which was most creditable to our arms.

The enemy, it seems, were fighting to retain possession of a cross road leading to the Hanover Court House and Richmond road, over which it is now known that the rear of Lee's army was moving at the time of the engagement. The enemy were posted in thick woods bordering on an open field, and fortified on their right by a swamp. Gregg's brigade dismounted, formed in line, and attacked them on the front, covered by the fire of our batteries, but they were found so well covered by the woods and swamp that they could not be dislodged until Merritt's brigade was sent to flank them on their left, when they beat a precipitate retreat, leaving Fitz Hugh Lee's headquarters, tents and nearly 200 killed and 100 wounded besides 50 prisoners in our hands. Our own loss will be about 400 including 40 killed. The rebels admit a loss of 1000 in this fight.

Our forces continued pushing forward slowly, with occasional skirmishing, and on Monday afternoon, quite a severe engagement ensued, resulting in driving the enemy, who left part of their dead and wounded in our hands with a number of prisoners. Simultaneously with this engagement the enemy's cavalry attacked a division of our cavalry, but were immediately driven back in confusion and pursued to the vicinity of Cold Harbor, leaving about 100 killed and wounded on the field. Our loss was about 80.

At midnight the rebels attempted to regain the ground they had lost during the day, but they were repulsed with great slaughter, leaving 500 prisoners in our hands.

Lee's army which has been largely reinforced, holds a strong position on the hills skirting the north bank of the Chickahominy, which will be defended with the usual persistency. Grant has opened communication with West Point on the York River, from which he now draws his supplies, and he has been joined by heavy reinforcements from Butler.

On Wednesday afternoon our left was advanced and the enemy's works were carried at Cold Harbor.

The troops having been drawn in from Fairfax Station, to take the place of those forwarded to the front, the guerrillas under Mosby had presented to them a good opportunity to exhibit their destructive proclivities, and accordingly they set to work to destroy all the buildings in the vicinity, consisting of blockhouses, warehouses, &c., which they accomplished most effectually by firing them. All the stores were brought in so nothing of the kind fell into the hands of the marauders.

Despatches from General Butler's department announce that our garrison at Wilson's landing, on the James river, was attacked on Tuesday by a body of rebel cavalry under Fitz Hugh Lee. A contest of much severity ensued, lasting five hours. The advantage was at first with the enemy, but Union reinforcements arriving the rebels were finally driven off in disorder, leaving their wounded on the field. The rebels are in full force in Butler's front.

Gen. Sherman is pushing forward steadily toward Atlanta. In his flank movement he was met at Dallas by the rebels who were driven back with heavy loss, leaving 300 prisoners in our hands, besides 2000 killed and wounded. At last accounts our army had reached Marietta, a city of some importance on the railroad, only 20 miles north of Atlanta. The rebels were repulsed in an attack on Gen. Sherman's army on Tuesday morning, after a three hour's engagement.

**THE LEVEE.**—The amount of money raised by the levee of Ticonic Division last week, for the use of the Christian Commission, was something over two hundred dollars. The weather was rainy and the audience unusually small; but the sum raised shows marked liberality.

**LATEST EUROPEAN** advices report no progress in the pacification of the Danish question.

**THE RENDITION OF ARGUELLES.**—The case of Arguelles, the Spanish Slave Pirate, recently delivered up to the Cuban authorities by the United States, has attracted considerable attention. The Washington Chronicle in remarking upon this subject says:

The Copperheads are little less grieved at the rendition of the fugitive pirate Arguelles than they were by the exile of Vallandigham. If it were of a slave to be returned to his

Southern master they would find no fault with the most flagrant violation of law, which might be necessary to accomplish the foul deed. The public has not yet been made acquainted with the grounds upon which the Cuban slave-trader was delivered up to the Government of his country, but we presume it was on the principle that this country should not become the refuge of pirates. The laws of the United States have branded the slave-trade as piracy, and about two years ago a man was hung for the crime in New York. Treaties for the rendition of fugitives from justice are made to carry out and make binding, the duties of international comity. The treaties cannot be said to create those duties so much as to enforce them. Arguelles committed the highest crime against society and humanity. He has been guilty of wholesale man-stealing. He was not merely an offender against Spanish law, but against the law of nature and nations. It was his duty, as a Spanish official, to protect the outraged negroes, who had been torn from their native land by pirates, and shipped like live stock to the Cuban market. But, instead of doing so, he, by fraud and perjury, spirited off one hundred and forty-one of them, and sold them into slavery. It is difficult to imagine a higher crime, and its perpetrator could be nothing less than a villain of the deepest dye. Yet this guilty wretch has become the latest hero and martyr of the Northern Copperheads. They will no doubt awaken echoes from Richmond and Charleston, but they will fail in the attempt to arouse the sympathies of a free people in behalf of the slave pirate, who will, we trust, be doomed to spend the remainder of his guilty life in the Cuban chain gang.

[Washington Chronicle.]

### Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle reported at market last week was double that of the week previous, while the number of sheep was about 300 larger. The very best beef sold about as well as the previous week, but in poorer qualities there was a little falling off. In sheep the trade was brisk and prices rated high.

We quote from the *New England Farmer* as follows:

First quality beefs, \$12.75 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—6 to 9 cts. per lb. on live weight, sheared; 10 and 11 unshorn.

The Farmer remarks upon one branch of business at Brighton as follows: "This calf dicker is the hardest looking traffic of the market. In nearly every lot are one or more dead ones—often four to six—trodden flat upon the floor of the dirty car; sad stomachers for all thoughts of real pies and other real things. Besides, the live ones reach the yards nearly famished with hunger; and instead of a nice warm breakfast, as at home, poor bossey is doomed to prolong his fast until the demand at the market will permit the butcher to put an end to his misery. Can such food be healthy?"

The Cleveland Convention met on Tuesday with about three hundred delegates present. Gen. John B. Cochrane of New York presided and fourteen States were represented. Resolutions were unanimously adopted favoring the preservation of the Union, and suppression of the rebellion by force of arms, the abolition of slavery by Constitutional amendment, the sanctity of free speech, press, and the habeas corpus, condemning violations of the right of asylum and re-asserting the Monroe doctrine. The platform also includes the one term policy for the presidency, and the confiscation of rebel property. General John C. Fremont was nominated for the presidency by acclamation, and General Cochrane was nominated for vice president.

On Monday last about 1,000 contrabands, two-thirds of them children, arrived in Washington from the neighborhood of the recent battle fields, bringing with them bedding and large bundles of clothing.

**FINANCIAL.**—Gold goes up, up, up, notwithstanding the favorable war news, and has been as high as 194, from which it has fallen off a little, only to take a new start. The Boston Daily Advertiser says, in explanation:

The foreign demand, the call for customs, together with what speculation may be continued, will prevent any material falling off in the premium for the present, whatever successes our armies may achieve.

The annual meeting of the "Somerset Conference of Congregational Churches" for the year 1864, will be held at the Congregational church in Norridgewood, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th days of June.

The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in Orono, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d inst. Arrangements have been made for the conveyance of delegates and visitors to the convention by railroad, at half fare.

Hon. J. R. Giddings, U. S. Consul General to Canada, died suddenly in Montreal on Friday. His age was 69.

**THE NEW CALL.** The anticipated call for 300,000 troops, imposes a duty upon the municipal authorities and upon all citizens to do everything in their power to raise the required quotas of the several towns without a resort to the draft. A recent circular issued by Adjutant General Hodson places the probable number to be called for from Maine at 7,500. The enrolment lists are being corrected by the several Provost Marshals of the State, and it is incumbent upon municipal officers that the enrolments of the several cities and towns should be made as accurate and complete as possible, as after the 10th of June no further correction of the lists will be allowed. The work of filling the quotas of the towns by volunteering must be completed by the 1st of July. On and after that date all deficiencies will be made up by draft. A State bounty of \$300 is paid to volunteers only. Three years enlistments in the Navy, of enrolled men, secures the State bounty of \$300, and the same proportion for shorter periods of service, and each recruit for a term however short, is credited to the quota of the town in which he is enrolled. [Maine Farmer.]

**MONITORS UNDER FIRE AT FORT SUMNER.** The monitors have been under fire again at Fort Sumter; the rebels have recent-

ly mounted fourteen mortars and four heavy guns, and it was desirable to destroy their preparations for offense. It is stated there is a Blakely fifteen-inch gun mounted there, but this is a matter of some doubt. At all events our fifteen inch guns were not idle and on striking the wall which remained standing made holes as large as the turrets themselves.

The correspondent of the Tribune says that he had formed a poor opinion of their merits in regard to accuracy and rapidity of firing, but that during this attack they proved themselves extremely formidable. The rebel batteries opened upon the monitors but our vessels paid no attention to them whatever. The shot had no effect upon them.

[Scientific American.]

**A FORTUNATE SOLDIER.**—Frederick S. Bradbury, of the 90th Penn. Vols., a brother of Hon. Bion Bradbury, of this State, after having been in twenty-two battles without receiving a scratch, was taken prisoner at Spotsylvania, and while on the way to Richmond was recaptured by Gen. Sheridan. He proceeded with Sheridan's command to City Point, immediately embarked on board a steamer for Washington, and is now back again with his regiment under Gen. Grant.

**STOP PROPHECYING BY TELEGRAPH.** A great amount of worthless trash is sent over the telegraph wires under the name of news, but the poorest and most disgusting of all is the brag and the predictions of future victories. The people have learned to suspect that disaster is concealed or expected when they read such despatches. Yesterday the country was told by telegraph how cheerful and confident Gen. Meade and Gen. Grant are—how almost certain it is that their present plans will succeed; and in such extravagant language that everybody will naturally be looking for news of a masterly retreat to-day. There is no doubt that Gen. Grant means to do his best and hopes thus to win; and the country does not need to be told so by telegraph every half day. The thing is altogether overdone and run into the ground. Let the wires be relieved of all such nonsense.

Of the same sort, only more so, and more provoking, are the despatches now given out from headquarters at Bermuda Hundreds, that "Gen. Butler has accomplished all and more than all that he intended," that all his maneuvering and fighting has been meant merely to give Kaut's cavalry a chance to cut the railroads and also to detain a rebel force in his front that it might not reach Lee. The public has not so soon forgotten Gen. Butler's assurance on the 9th that "Gen. Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard." Beauregard very soon and easily walked around Butler, and has now driven him back to the shelter of his gunboats, with the loss of nearly all of Heckman's brigade of 5,000 men; and the rebels hold the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. No doubt Gens. Gilmore and Smith and their troops have done their duty, and are not to be blamed for inevitable disaster. The point is, that it is not well to halloo till you are out of the woods, and that a little reticence is an excellent quality in a soldier. We get no exaggeration of what is achieved and no brag about what is to be done from Grant. He is a man of facts and of deeds, not words, and that is why the army and the people trust him. The trash that is sent from his lines and telegraphed over the country he knows nothing about, and would stop it if he could. We say again, let the newsmen give us the facts, and nothing more—not a word of prophecy or brag.

**WINE.**—A new wine is just coming into popular favor, but by no means intoxicating in its nature. We refer to Speer's Sambuci wine, which has been introduced into the hospitals and among the first families of New York, and in London and Paris, by Alfred Speer of Passaic, N. J., who has devoted himself for several years to the study of fermentations and producing an article, the medicinal properties of which are said to be unsurpassed by gentlemen of reputation. Mr. Speer ferments his wine by a new process, peculiar to himself, without the addition of sugar or spirits. We doubt whether there is a vineyard in the old or new world that can yield a wine at all comparable to this in richness or delicacy of flavor. All first-class druggists keep it. [N. Y. Herald.]

The above extract from the N. Y. Herald shows the appreciation in which Speer's wine is held abroad. We have drunk the wine, and can truthfully indorse what the above extract says concerning its good qualities. The way in which it is prepared by Mr. Speer gives a finer flavor than any wine we ever drank before. We recommend our readers to try it. [Bost. Traveller.]

**WHAT DOCTORS, MINISTERS, AND PROFESSORS THINK OF THEM.**—"I have never changed my mind respecting Brown's Bronchial Troches from the first, excepting to think better of that which I began thinking well of." *Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* "Great service in subduing hoarseness." *Rev. Daniel Wist, New York.* "The Troches are a staff of life to me." *Prof. Edward North, President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.* "A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c." *Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.* "I recommend their use to public speakers." *Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

**HARD FIGHTING.**—"Carlton," a correspondent of the Boston Journal, who is with the army of the Potomac, and who has also been in the western army, speaking of the recent battles in Virginia, says:

"I have seen some of the hardships of the soldiers in other campaigns, but during the war there has been no such fighting, suffering, endurance, patience and determination."

The Springfield Republican gives the following description of a new and well executed \$20 dollar legal tender note which has been put in circulation in that city: "The green is of a lighter shade than on the genuine, and the engraving coarser. In the centre of the bill the foot of the female figure is not seen, while in the genuine it is quite visible. In the printing just below the figure in the word 'the' there is no cross line in the letter 'H' while it is plain in the genuine."

**DEATH OF MAJOR LEAVITT.**—Among the recent deaths of wounded officers in Washington Hospital is Major A. D. Leavitt, of Maine 16th. Major Leavitt was a native of Turner, and at the time of entering the service, a member of Waterville College.

**THE TEN-FORTY LOAN.**—Of this new loan, which is very popular with the people, the Boston Daily Advertiser says: "The success of the ten-forty loan affords an encouraging feature at the present time; the subscriptions continue at the rate of nearly a million a day, which will be much increased after next week, when the 5 per cent. Treasury notes will be converted into currency. This steady influx of the people's money at the public Treasury cannot but be highly satisfactory to the Government."



