




6-24-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 51): June 24, 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. 51): June 24, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 43.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/43](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/43)

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.

WORDS.

BY T. G. HOLMES.

The robin repeats his two beautiful words.  
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;  
And steadily, over and over again,  
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bolshik, chickadee, blackbird, and jay,  
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,  
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then  
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,  
All there may be of its life must crowd;  
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,  
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,  
Chattering and singing with careless tongue;  
A thousand musical words are sung,  
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure time;  
Greater art thou in thy childish years  
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres;  
They are but little, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare  
Indefinite ranges of passion and thought  
Holds with the infinite only its lot,  
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy,  
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years  
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,  
So sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

"GEM" AGATHA.

BY ORACE GARDNER.

CONCLUDED.

It happened, one evening, that Squire Eastman was at the cottage, when two young people, Addie Bryant and her brother, called. The former was a bright, laughing girl, fat, fair, and dimpled, and a great favorite with every one. She chatted, and laughed, gossiped of their neighbors, but never maliciously; she rather monopolized the squire, for whom she felt a most enthusiastic admiration, resigning her brother, a somewhat bashful youth, to Agatha.

Something in their conversation proved a reminder, for she suddenly turned to Agatha. "O Agatha! you know, of course, that your old beau, the handsome schoolmaster, is engaged to teach here again this winter. Coming soon, too?"

Agatha flushed crimson, then paled as suddenly. The consciousness of this did not lessen her confusion. She felt the keen eyes of the squire upon her, and endeavored to look unconcerned. With a little forced laugh she said:

"My beau, indeed! You are very generous, Addie."

Addie laughed mischievously. "Well, then, there is no need to color up so terribly. Perhaps it was only a little flirting for the time, though it looked rather serious. If not, so much the better. He is going to board at our house, and I warn you, Aggie, that I shall do my best to captivate him."

There was a little pang of fear and dismay at this announcement, for Addie could count lovers by the dozen; but Agatha bore up bravely under the scrutiny of the squire's gray eyes, yet longed to be alone.

The squire departed with her visitors. His leave-taking was rather cold and formal, but Agatha was so much excited by what she had heard, and longed so much to be alone, that she did not mind it.

Addie was right. It had been rather a serious flirtation. It was the romance of Agatha's life, yet she and Philip Woodward had parted free from any engagement. He had returned to College, she remained quietly at home to think and dream of him. Each of the three letters she had received from him contained from sixteen to twenty pages, closely written, and then crossed and recrossed. They might have been considered rather boyish and sentimental, but the young girl read in secret every word over and over again with the most exquisite pleasure. How much meaning she gave to every chance word of tenderness! And so she had gone on these two years, generously investing the idol of her girlish fancy with every noble attribute. His memory had faded a little of late, and in one unfortunate moment, she had forgotten him, and now she had no right to think of him as of old; yet the mentioning of his name, the thought of again seeing him, brought back the charm, and the spell of the past was upon her.

Where, now, was the possibility she had but lately felt of being happy as the loving and beloved wife of Squire Eastman? With a shudder of dislike, that was almost hatred she endeavored to put him out of her thoughts.

She turned to a pleasant subject. Would Philip Woodward come to see her directly? Would meeting her give him any pleasure? Would he have any good reason for not writing? What if he had written, as she had some times imagined, and she had never received his letters? And he, in his turn, had wondered why she did not write, and feared she had forgotten him? If so, he would chide her when he came, but not harshly. And when she explained, told him she had waited and hoped in vain, and then thought herself forgotten—what would he have to say? The maiden's heart beat tumultuously, anticipating his answer. Then came the sudden thought. What if, in these two years she had changed, and not for the better? What if he should be disappointed in her? She took the not very brilliant oil lamp and stood before the small, square looking-glass, scanning herself closely and critically. Her romantic affection, and exalted idea of him, made her humble and self-distrustful. It was with a deep sigh that the fair girl turned from the looking-glass and thought of the attractions of Addie Bryant, with whom he would be domesticated, and which, in that moment she unconsciously magnified till they seemed irresistible.

Yet Agatha had no reason to fear disappointing her former lover, by her lack of beauty. Very beautiful she looked just then—the whole countenance brightened with expectation—the smile round the sweet mouth—the crimson lips just parted disclosing the pearly teeth—the dark eyes shining with a clear brilliancy—the glowing rounded cheeks! Surely Philip Woodward must have been overfastidious to have found any fault with this living, glowing beauty, which thoughts of him had awakened up into fullest life and warmth.

Philip Woodward did not arrive till the latter part of the next week, and in the meantime Agatha had seen the squire only once. She was too glad of his absence to find fault with it, and too engrossed to wonder at it. More than once or twice had the three letters been taken out and read over. Their very appearance, to an acute observer, would have told her secret—the edges worn by frequent unfolding, notwithstanding the care which they had received.

She knew when he came, Friday morning. All that day she was in a quiver of suspense. But he showed none of the eagerness she had hoped he would manifest to see her, and her heart began to beat more slowly and heavily. It gave a quick bound when, after tea, she heard a well-known knock—well known though it was years since she had heard it. Her color went and came as she greeted her visitor. He expressed eager delight at seeing her, and there was unaffected admiration in his blue eyes, as he said, addressing her by the old, familiar name—

"Why, Aggie, how handsome you have grown! You are ten times prettier! Did you know it? How did you manage it?"

VOL. XVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1864.

NO. 51.

Agatha blushed and smiled, but did not answer. Somehow she could not retort as she would have done to another. He made himself at home at once. He had pleasant off-hand manners, which made people feel at home with him directly. He was apparently about twenty, of a tall, slight figure, and had a boyish, handsome face. Though gay and free, he could, at will, assume dignity, and had given very general satisfaction in the parish as a teacher.

He had much to say; and Agatha, blushing, pleased, but shy, was very content to listen. He explained why he had not written oftener, and was very anxious to convince her that it was not his fault, and had proceeded from no diminution of interest, but from unavoidable circumstances.

"But circumstances be hanged!" he said, "before he would ever in future yield to them, to the neglect of writing to her—that is, if she would ever condescend to accept him as a correspondent again?"

Agatha looked up with an arch, demure smile, but meeting his tender, admiring gaze, dropped her eyes quickly.

"She would see about that some other time. Did he like his boarding-place?"

Squire Eastman came in, that evening, to find their two heads very close together, bending over some engravings Woodward had brought, his light hair almost mingling with her dark tresses. He stood at the door unnoticed for a moment. Their position was friendly and familiar as that of old acquaintances.

"Do you like the picture, Aggie?" he was saying.

"Very much. The face is beautiful."

"Yes. But I know of another face more beautiful!" he said, meaningly, looking down into her glowing face, and he lightly smoothed her glossy hair.

The roses grew deeper on Agatha's cheeks, but she showed no displeasure at his presumption. Not so the squire. His face darkened with wrath, and words of stinging rebuke to the bold youth were on his lips; but before he had time to utter them, he glanced at Agatha's young, expressive face. What he read there caused him to force back the words. It was a moment of fierce agony, of conflicting emotions; but Squire Eastman was a brave, firm, magnanimous man, and he really loved this young girl. He would not stand in the way of her happiness; but he must first see that it would be her happiness—he must first know something of this young man. If he should be found worthy he would release her. What suffering that determination cost him, who can tell?

He closed the door somewhat noisily to give them knowledge of his presence. With an embarrassed, guilty air, Agatha started from her chair.

"Good-evening," she stammered.

Her guilty air pained him. Not thus must his Agatha look, or feel, with regard to what was purely innocent, save for the bonds he had formed for her. He did not impose the restraint of his presence long upon the young people.

It was over a week before he found the opportunity he sought of seeing Agatha alone. Every evening, till now, the young schoolmaster had visited the cottage, but this evening he had an engagement elsewhere.

Agatha gave him her old cordial greeting, yet it was accompanied by a little embarrassment. She seemed like some naughty child, who has done wrong, but is trying to be good to avoid the chiding it knows it deserves. She attended closely to her knitting, that had not progressed much in the squire's absence—which even he noticed then, and with a pang—unlike her usual self, rattled away all sorts of nonsense, looking up at him smilingly, as if trying to win a smile from his gravity. At all events, if the scolding must come, she would not make it easy to begin.

It would have been hard at any other time, and with any other matter on his mind, to have withstood her witchery; but he had learned that there was nothing really objectionable in Philip Woodward, and he confessed to himself that there was no doubt but that she would gladly be released from her engagement to him. There was then nothing to excuse him from that resolve taken a former evening.

"Ag-tha," he said, quietly. There was a something in the tone that silenced and subdued her; it was ominous of something more than a scolding. "Agatha," he repeated, gently, "you love this young man, this Philip Woodward—and you do not love me! You regret our engagement!"

Agatha was overwhelmed, confused. She took refuge in anger.

"I do not know by what right you say this to me," she began, proudly.

"By the right you yourself gave me—that of your affianced husband," he answered, firmly.

She sat speechless, but a dozen conflicting emotions played over her face. Agitation became her. As he looked on the face, the most beautiful to him on earth, his resolution half gave way. It was not yet too late. This youth, this mere boy could not love and cherish her as he would do. It was on her part, perhaps, a mere fancy. Why should he yield his claim? She was to honorable not to fulfill her engagement, whenever he should request it, and she would love him when this fancy was past. He wavered only an instant.

"Agatha, my child, I have no wish to reproach you; but why did you allow me to think you loved me, or at least, that your heart was free to do so? You have pained me, but I forgive you. Always be frank and true in such matters, true to your own heart, true to the one who seeks it. I would never wish to marry a woman whose heart is another's."

Her color rose, and her eye flashed; but he continued. "And, knowing what I have told you, Agatha, I came to-night to say to you that you are free again."

She had not expected this. She had been acting thoughtlessly. She was not ready to give him up. After that first evening spent with Philip Woodward, when the charm of the past was upon her she had confessed to herself that the illusion was over, and had compared him with the squire; and she felt a proud pleasure in being compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the latter. She felt as if her rock of rest and safety was slipping from her, but she was not wanting in pride. He might have left it to her at least. Perhaps he was tired of their engagement.

"It shall be as you say," she said haughtily. "Do not say it in that way, my child," he returned, gently. "I wish always to be retained

as my—" he corrected himself, "as Agatha's friend." His voice faltered a little. The young girl was softened. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"God bless Agatha, now and always—the gem not for me, but for another!"

He did not kiss her—did not fold her to his heart. If he had she would have clung to him, and begged him not to cast her off, at least not yet, till she knew her own foolish, wavering heart. But he did not, and a moment later Agatha was free and alone.

The winter weeks passed on. The squire called seldom at the cottage, but often sent in books or magazines. Agatha missed him.

Mr. Woodward was there almost every evening. She would not own to herself how much she was disappointed in him the more she became acquainted. In the two years they had been separated, she had matured into a noble, intelligent woman. Her association with a superior, cultivated man like Squire Eastman, had improved her taste and intellect. She had generously given the object of her girlish fancy every manly and intellectual endowment. It was hard to find him wanting. He was kind, gay, agreeable, and well-informed, but his character wanted depth and force. A girl like Agatha could not fail to discover this. But she tried to keep up the old illusion; to treat his opinions with the respect and deference she had been accustomed to accord Squire Eastman's. His admiration was evident, his attentions were unremitting. It was only by her woman's tact and wit that she had avoided, thus far, a declaration of his feelings and wishes. If he perceived anything of her coolness, it only stimulated him to greater devotion; and too much devotion did not suit a girl like Agatha. She wanted one manly, reliant, self-respecting—not weakly, sentimental, officious, wearisome.

One evening, toward spring, Mr. Woodward was in as usual.

"I met the old squire as I was coming," he remarked.

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Why, who should I mean but Squire Eastman? What is the matter, Aggie?"

"Oh! I thought you referred to some one at least sixty!"

"Why, because I said old? A man thirty-five is old, I think. Don't look so put out about it."

"Well, you are so very young, you know." He assumed dignity. "Perhaps so, but I am six months older than you, if I am only twenty. But don't let's be cross, Aggie," he added, good-naturedly. "You know I've only three months longer to stay, and then you might be sorry you said anything unkind. Shouldn't you, Aggie?" he asked, tenderly. But Aggie was in a perverse mood. She did not reply to this question, but asked—

"Did you speak with the squire?"

"That reminds me—he said he was going away—to be gone some months, perhaps a year. He has some business in New York which will take him some time to attend to. The people here will miss the old—beg your pardon, Aggie—I mean the young squire."

"Going away!" she repeated. "When?"

"Very soon," he said, but did not mention the day.

"Going away!" she repeated to herself, with a sharp, keen pain at her heart. Woodward talked on, and was witty, brilliant, and tender by turns, but those were the only two words he had spoken of which she was conscious. She knew that there was a buzzing in her ears, which disturbed and annoyed her, and which she wearily hoped would cease, but which did not cease for an hour; and then Agatha was left to her wretched thoughts, and regrets, in peace. She knew that the squire loved her still, and she knew her own heart better than on that memorable evening; and that the affection she felt for him, founded on the most perfect respect and confidence, and largely mingled with reverence, was worth a world of sentiment, because founded on imaginary qualities, that she had felt for Philip Woodward. Yes, she knew that she was loved by that great, good heart still, yet his manner had been so guarded, so purely friendly, that in no way could her woman's wit, without compromising her pride and delicacy, devise means to convey to him an idea of any change in her feelings—and Agatha's pride and delicacy enfolded her closely. And now the opportunity for reconciliation was almost past. Would he go without coming to bid her farewell? Oh! he would not—must not!

She waited day after day with sickening anxiety, and at last one evening he came. He greeted both herself and Mr. Woodward, who was present, in his usual friendly, but quiet manner, and said nothing of going away, till Mr. Woodward asked him if he intended it.

"Yes," he was to leave the next morning, early, at about five o'clock, in order to take the first train from the next town," he replied.

Agatha's heart good still. Then she should not see him again. She appeared unlike herself from the moment of his entrance—agitated, blushing, and embarrassed. She made a comment or two upon the weather, and then was totally silent, leaving the conversation to the two gentlemen. This was so unlike the gay, spirited Agatha, that the squire noticed it, and looked at her searchingly and anxiously. Was she ill?—or was it the timidity, perhaps, of a new engagement? He puzzled himself trying to make it out, and also subsided into silence. And the precious moments were passing.

Mr. Woodward began to feel the restraint of this silence, when his eye fell upon the plate of apples which Agatha had placed there.

"They are to eat, are they not, Aggie? Have one, Aggie—squire? I am always ready to do the honors. Name my apple, please—somebody that I like, and the squire's too," he said, in his gay way, holding out his apple to Agatha.

She looked up at the squire. He smiled, though a little sadly, and held out his apple. She formed a sudden resolution—yes, she would. She would lay aside her foolish pride for once. He had told her, on that evening never to be forgotten, to be true to her own heart. She would not let him go without one effort for her own happiness and his, even though he should despise her for it. Mr. Woodward did them both good service by his gay rattle. "Six seeds!" he announced.

"Six—he loves. Humph! I can tell my own feelings without the seeds pretty well. Who did you name it?"

"Addie Bryant," she replied. He looked disappointed.

"I wish you didn't like to tease quite so well,

Aggie," he said, a little reproachfully. "Who did you name the squire's?"

Hot blushes burned in Agatha's cheek, but, laughing, she replied,—

"Only present company—Agatha Homer."

A deep flush passed over the manly face of the squire, and the deep gray eyes flashed with sudden light.

"Ah! that was because you are going."

"Was it, Agatha?" he asked, gravely.

She did not look up as she answered, "Not that alone."

It was not so much her words as her manner that raised strange hopes in the squire's breast. He would know what this meant.

After waiting in vain for the squire to leave, as was his custom, Woodward rose. "Do you go my way, squire?"

"Not just yet. Don't wait for me, I wish to see Miss Agatha a few moments."

The young man left in a pet, but it was not noticed by the two whom he left.

Agatha's blushes came and went as she sat there with a beating heart. She did not look up when some one sat quietly down beside her. The voice was very low, very gentle, that asked, "Do you care that I am going, Agatha?"

She struggled to speak, but no words came—to command herself, but in vain. She buried her head in her hands and wept passionately.

Squire Eastman was deeply moved.

"Agatha, my child," and the beautiful head was drawn to his shoulder, where it rested passively, "why this distress? What does it mean? Is it that you regret anything that is past? That you would decide anything differently now?"

She only wept the more passionately.

"Agatha," and the whisper was lower, deeper, "does it—does it mean that you love me?"

He drew her close to him, for he read the answer in the glowing, tear-stained face.

"Oh! Agatha, my gem! that was lost, and is returned to me again."

GERRITT SMITH ON THE PRESIDENCY.—A letter from Gerritt Smith to Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, dated Peterboro, June 7, says:

"My concern whether it shall be Lincoln, Fremont, or Chase, or Butler, or Grant, who shall reach the Presidential chair, is comparatively slight. But my concern to keep out of it a man who would make any other terms with the rebels than their absolute submission, is overwhelming; for any other terms would not only destroy our nation, but lessen the sacredness of nationality everywhere, and sadly damage the most precious interests of all mankind."

Since the rebellion broke out I have been nothing but an anti-rebellion man. So unconditionally have I gone for putting it down unconditionally, as to make no stipulations in behalf of my most cherished objects and dearest interests. And so shall I continue to go. I love the anti-slavery cause. Nevertheless, I would have the rebellion put down at whatever an essay expense to that cause. I love this constitution, and deprecate the making of any, even the slightest, change in it. Nevertheless, I make infinitely less account of saving it than of destroying the rebellion. I love my country. But sooner than see her compromise with the rebels I would see her exhaust herself and perish in her endeavors to defeat their crime—the greatest crime of all the ages and all the world. I do not forget that many of my old fellow-Abolitionists accuse me of having been unfaithful to the anti-slavery cause during the rebellion. My first answer to them is—that to help suppress the rebellion is the duty which stands nearest to me; and my second answer—that in no way so well adapted to suppressing it, can the anti-slavery cause, or any other good cause, be promoted. There is not a good cause on the earth that has not an enemy in the unmixed and mighty wickedness of this rebellion."

Another instance of meddling with things before their time is this slapping of the face of France with the "Monroe Doctrine." I was about to say that doing so served but to provoke the enmity of France. There is, however, one thing more which it provokes—and that is the ridicule of the world. For whilst the rebels are at the throat of the nation, and may be at her funeral, to be resolving that we will protect the whole Western Continent from the designs of the whole Eastern Continent, is as ludicrous a piece of impotent bravado as ever the world laughed at.

And still another instance of our foolish prematureness are the big words in which we threaten to punish the leaders of the rebellion. It would be time enough for these big words when we had subdued the rebellion and captured the leaders. In the meantime there should be only big blows. Moreover, if we shall succeed in getting these leaders into our hands, it will be a question for the gravest consideration whether we should not beg their pardon instead of punishing them. What was that stirred up the rebellion? The spirit of slavery. That alone is the spirit by means of which Southern treason can build up a fire in the Southern heart, whose flames shall burst out in rebellion. Slavery gone from the South, and there will never more be rebellions to disturb the peace and prosperity in which North and South will ever after dwell together.

Rev. Mr. H— was stationed at Appleton, Wisconsin, and was very much annoyed on the first Sabbath by the whispering and other improper conduct of some young gentlemen present. He stopped his discourse, and fixing his eyes on his offenders, said: "I very much dislike to reproach any one in a congregation where I am not acquainted; as I am afraid of making a great mistake as Brother R— once made at F—." While preaching his first sermon he was very much disturbed by the misconduct of an individual in the congregation, who, though several times reproved by Brother R—, only behaved the worse for it through the whole sermon. As Brother R— was leaving the church after the services one of the brethren accosted him with, "Brother R—, didn't you know that man you reproved to-day was a fool?" It is needless to say the nuisance was abated.

OVEREATING.—All men agree that a glutton and a drunkard are obnoxious and ignominious. All men join in deprecating them and in veiling against them; and we are perhaps not in danger of becoming drunkards and gluttons. But there are excesses from overeating this side of gluttony, and excesses from overdrinking this side of drunkenness. There are many men who eat beyond the necessities of nature. They obscure their minds. You must take your choice between your brain and your stomach. The two together cannot be popular. If you fill the one, you must relieve the

other. If you will work your head, you must carry temperance into your diet. Full-feeding and full-thinking never go hand in hand. There are hundreds of men, who, being of a vigorous physical frame, and of an active appetite, unconsciously eat to repletion, and then, through fevers, and indigestion, and the disturbed functions of their whole system, they labor through the day to discharge their duties, toiling, fretting, and troubled, and do not know that the cause of the mischief is a slight excess in eating. There are many men who, by this simple act of taking too much food, twice or three times a day repeated, keep all their feelings upon an edge, so that they are irritable and quick, or make themselves stupid and slow. There are many persons who, by mere over-eating, take from sleep its refreshment, and from their waking hours their peace, by the gnawing of the worm of appetite.

This is a little thing. Your physician does not say much about it. Your parents hardly ever speak of it. It is a thing for every man to consider for himself. But it is a serious fact that two-thirds of the men who live a sedentary life impair their strength by the simple act of injudicious feeding—overeating.

THE BANKING SYSTEM.—Senator Fessenden defined his position a day or two since in the Senate upon the controversy in reference to the state and national banks. He said:

"What I meant to say was—and I repeat it for fear of being misunderstood—that at present I see no occasion to exercise the discriminating power, and at present I think it would be unwise to do it to any considerable extent because I think too great stringency would affect injuriously the business of the country. I will say, moreover, that I agree with the honorable senator from Ohio that these two systems cannot long exist together; one must yield to the other for the good of the community and the good of the currency of the country; but you cannot make violent changes. At present the national bank system has hardly gone into operation; the capital is very small; we must give some time for the community to accommodate itself to it. I would give the time necessary; and if it shall be found, after giving that time, that the national bank system, as it is called, is a success, succeeds well; if it is found to be good and strong and that it has assisted itself upon the confidence of the community, then will be the time to act with reference to the other question, and we shall not have acted hastily."

COOL SOLDIERS.—The perfect coolness and sang froid with which old soldiers, in some cases, come to regard those matters and occurrences which make the blood of a novice suddenly grow thick in the region of his heart, is one of the most noticeable features of the army. Some instances are related which are decidedly refrigerating. A soldier was carrying to his tent for domestic use a plate of flour which he had very lately confiscated, and from which he was forming pleasing anticipations of being able to make an interregnum in the region of hard tack, when a wandering fragment of shell suddenly descended upon the plate, scattering the flour into dust. The fellow merely looked at the piece of fractured crockery remaining in his hand for a few moments, and then, as he observed, "No more of that on my plate if you please." Another one of the boys was saluted in the same way by a shell travelling with its peculiar infernal yell a few inches above his head while he was walking close along the line of battle, when he came to a halt, and without winking an eye, looked in the direction of the flying shell with a quiet "good morning!"—[Cor. Cn. Commercial.]

MISSION OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Southern papers often speak of the war as one for Southern independence, and the North is disgraced by some sheets which have compared the struggle of the rebels to that of the colonies for their independence of Great Britain in 1776. The following extract from the Richmond Examiner may aid such copperheads in carrying out their false parallel:

"The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. For Liberty, Equity, Fraternity, we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government. Those social and political problems which rack and torture modern society we have undertaken to solve for ourselves, in our own way, and upon our own principles. That among equals equality is right; among those who are naturally unequal equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern. Such are the fundamental principles which we inherit from the ancient world, which we lifted up in the face of a perverse generation that has forgotten the wisdom of its fathers; by those principles we live, and in their defence we have shown ourselves ready to die. Recently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly, and whose hath ears to hear, let him hear."

A PREVENTIVE OF BOTS IN HORSES.—I will give you a remedy for bots which I have used, and known others to use for twenty years with entire success. Get some salt from a fish barrel and feed the horse once a week, and he will never be troubled with bots so long as the treatment is continued. My way of feeding is to mix with clean salt in the proportion of about two parts of the latter to one of the former, and give a small handful once a week. If this is done from the 1st of January to the 1st of July, there is not much danger of bots.

[Cor. Iowa Homestead.]

WHILE we were thus employed, two Indians in a canoe hove in sight round the bushes coming down the stream. Our Indian knew one of them, an old man, and fell into conversation with him in Indian. He belonged to the foot of Moosehead. The other was of another tribe. They were returning from hunting. I asked the younger if they had seen any moose, to which he said no; but I seeing the moose hides sticking out from a great bundle made with their blankets in the middle of their canoe, he added "Only these hides." As he was a foreigner, he may have wished to deceive me for it is against the law for white men or foreigners to kill moose in Maine at this season. But, perhaps he need not have been alarmed, for the moose wardens are not very particular. I heard, quite directly, of one who being asked by a white man going into the

woods, what he would say if he killed a moose, answered, "If you bring me a quarter of it I guess you won't be troubled;" his duty being, to prevent the "indiscriminate" slaughter of them for their hides. I suppose he would consider it indiscriminate slaughter when a quarter was not reserved for himself. Such are the perquisites of office.

[Thoreau's Maine Woods.]

SOMETHING of an idea of the difficulties attending the march of our army may possibly be gathered from the following extract, taken from a letter to the Tribune, dated, "With the Army of the Potomac, June 12:"

"The heat and dust of to-day's marching are terrible. Dirt, dust, pulverization of earth into infinitesimal particles of concreted nastiness. Dirt, dust, soil no longer soil but ashes. Powder worse than that of guns, worse than that prescribed by physicians. Dirt, dust, ashes, powder. Alluvium—crushed, ground, pulverized, and powdered. Fine dirt, knee-deep, to wade through. A hundred thousand shirts, uncomfortable as the shirt of Nessus. A hundred thousand skins, uncomfortable as the skin of Haman after the leprosy of Naaman cleaved unto him. Dirt, dust, ashes, as we go marching on."

Why, I have this week been all the way to Washington that I might achieve the novel sensation of cleanliness, and now this march makes my last days worse than my first. I suspect the army has picked itself up and journeyed to the James river at the dictation of no strictly military necessity. It will doubtless further the purpose of taking Richmond, but I believe this to be a subordinate consideration. The paramount reason is to have a grand army Washing Day! and no stream of less ablutionary capacity than the James will suffice. There are more than 100,000 men marching by, and they are like unto me, only more abundant is their dust and misery.

Calculate the aggregate and credit it to the Army of the Potomac.

PITTSBURG.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from Cleveland:—"It is a charming journey here, barring heat and dust, which, upon the Cleveland and Pittsburgh road, first try and then pepper the traveller; barring the exasperating sight of Pittsburgh, which, on a hot day, is in the murkiest martyrdom, the gloomiest phrensy. Philadelphia must be a heaven to Pittsburghers; what must Pittsburgh be to Philadelphia? Pennsylvania seems to begin with Paradise and end with Avernus, and if Philadelphia is the finest city in the land, Pittsburgh is not the finest, by whatever degree your amount of visual affection may tempt you to reckon. Soldiers near Pittsburgh look as if they had come out of a battle, yet they have only passed through the town. On a hot day a man who laughs outright is hideous. There is a torrid insanity in the air, mixed with muck and soot. The hard-fisted smiths, who have been working like devils all day, poke out their faces like demons, and after swallowing fire, blow out cinders. A mild simoom breaths passes over the dry, yellow, and ashy hills, blows in the complex; and immitigable plague of all sorts of infernal dry dust—sand, marl, clay, coal, coke, charcoal, cinders, and infinite soot—and the traveller wails in his heart and gnashes his teeth. It is a city to be seen only at cost of one's eyes, and therefore, has been rarely described. Superficially, it is, without doubt, a place terrible to the sense. It is dirty, but not diseased. Fat men grow fatter upon the carbon, and there, or thereabout, I saw one of the healthiest editors it has ever been my envy to gaze upon. But even after getting fatter or richer, his dark doom sits upon the moody burgher like an incubus."

## Waterville Mail.

R. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 24, 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. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bealy's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

CORRECTED.—A correspondent who spells his name "Albion," and who claims to know something about the town whose name he honors, makes objection to some of our notes on matters and things connected with the catching of a few perch from Lovejoy Pond. We trust he did not grudge us the fish, which seemed to be appropriated to no other use. We confess to being reminded, by his criticism, of a very wicked anecdote of a Jew, who was startled by a clap of thunder just as he was secretly tasting a bit of pork contrary to the law of Moses. Hastily spitting out what he had not swallowed, he went off muttering, "Confounded fuss about a little scrap of pork!"

We only noted such things as we saw and what were told us. "There," said our companion, "is Albion Corner, and there Puddle Dock." Our critic says we saw Albion Corner, but did not see Puddle Dock, from our position. If he had said we saw the buildings and not the Corner, in one case, and the Dock and not the Puddle, in the other, we should have no reply. We confess we only saw the locality where our friend said Puddle Dock was—though we soon afterwards got near enough to see the houses and some of the people. "Albion" doubts our "piscatory experience," of which we said nothing, and he knows nothing; and so we leave him to discuss the point with the doubters we read of. "A barrel of pickled in a day," is just as it was told us. "He thinks the story a 'little fishy'; we think him a little wormy, in a critical sense.

We copy the remainder of his article, for all which we thank him, setting his veracity on equal terms against that of our first informant; presuming his assertions are carefully made.

"The statement that the Lovejoy farm was first settled by Rev. Daniel Lovejoy is incorrect. Mr. Francis Lovejoy, the father of Daniel, was the first settler of the Lovejoy farm, from whom both the farm and the pond took their name. Rev. Daniel Lovejoy committed suicide, as was stated, but was not buried in the highway; nor was he removed to the orchard after his interment. He was buried in a small enclosure about one fourth of a mile from his house, and three or four rods from the shore of the pond. In the same yard by his side repose the remains of his father and mother. There is also another grave in the enclosure, the head-stone of which bears the name of Owen Lovejoy, a son of Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, and brother of the late Hon. Owen Lovejoy. This small grave-yard is now within the limits of Jacob Shaw's farm. The expense of keeping the fence around the graves in repair was paid, a few years since, by Rev. Joseph Lovejoy, of Cambridgeport, Mass., a son of Rev. Daniel Lovejoy."

"We give 'Albion' a week's time in which to thank us, over his own name, for having permitted him to doubt our veracity over an anonymous signature. Till then, how can we do less than trust our first authority?"

"BY THEIR FRUITS."—All the employees of the Dunn Edge Tool Co., at W. Waterville, with three exceptions, recently appropriated the proceeds of a day's work to the sick and wounded soldiers; the result being a purse of seventy-four dollars. It was committed to the care of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society. We look for just such things from that concern, from head to foot, "boss and all hands."

WELCOME.—We hear with pleasure of the safe arrival, at his pleasant home, of our venerable young friend Wm. H. Hatch, Esq., of W. Waterville. He spent the winter at N. Orleans, for the benefit of his health, and has probably come to join the annual excursion of the Perch Association to North Pond—of which honorable body we assisted to make him the first president;—in return for which we expect to receive the gold watch he brought from N. York last year.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of this road will occur at Town Hall, in this village, on Wednesday next. It promises to be a warm one.

Crops of all kinds, under the genial sky of the past ten days, have come forward with rapid strides. Night and day they progress, with an industry of which nature never tires. Grass is more than excellent, and the preliminaries of mowing are already arranged. The horses are to do most of the work. The mowing machine and horse rake are everywhere taking the field—as they should have done years ago. The scarcity of laborers makes them

a necessity, and the farmer who this year sells hay cut and raked by hand will lose a considerable slice of the profit. All kinds of fruit promise a good harvest.

Shipwreck of the Pocahontas.

The following account of the loss of steamer Pocahontas, on her way from N. Orleans to N. York, is from a reliable gentleman of Waterville, who, as he signs himself, a passenger in the lost boat.

WATERVILLE, June 22.

FRIEND MAIL:

Thinking some of your readers may feel an interest in the shipwreck of the U. S. steam transport Pocahontas, off Cape May, on the night of June 1st, I send you the following account.

"We left N. Orleans Tuesday morning, May 24, having on board 64 passengers and a crew numbering 37. Nearly all the passengers were discharged and furloughed soldiers, there being a few officers among them. There was also the dead body of a captain, in charge of his brother, who had been to N. Orleans expressly for it. We had no cargo.

The Captain, Ira Baxter, was sick, and put the boat in charge of his brother, Captain John Baxter. We had a very pleasant passage, and many of the passengers were looking forward with great pleasure to their anticipated arrival home; many having been away since the commencement of the war. There were at least a dozen Maine men aboard, perhaps more.

We expected to arrive in N. York Wednesday noon, June 1st; but Monday noon, on leaving the lead, it was found that we were in only eight fathoms of water. Our course was immediately changed, and we ran directly back for eight hours in our old track. I think the Captain said we were in the vicinity of Frying-pan Shoals. This had a tendency to diminish our confidence in our officers.

Tuesday night the acting captain played poker all night with one of the passengers, winning some money, I believe. Wednesday night they commenced the game again.

I will now give you what I saw of the matter, and then what I afterwards learned.

I went to sleep a quarter past 10, leaving them playing. At a quarter past 11 I was awakened by a shock and in a minute it was repeated, with less force. I at first did not realize the importance of it, but my room-mate, an old sea captain, instantly jumped up and began dressing himself. He said he thought we were aground. I followed his example and went on deck. There everything was in the utmost confusion; both captains were in command at once. A strange steamer had struck us just astern the fore rigging, and the waves were separating us, and then dashing us together, and her anchors were catching in our rigging and tearing everything to pieces generally. It was quite rough, and both vessels were pitching badly. Our boat being higher, many of the men on the other boat rushed on our deck. Capt. John Baxter cried out, "Our boat is sinking, get on the other!" Quite a number rushed on board, when Capt. Ira Baxter cried out, "Stay where you are—this boat is the safest!" In the mean time the other boat was alternately separating from us and then crushing into us, bow on, staving us more and more. I saw one poor fellow crushed flat between the boats, and I think this was the fate of others. Our real captain was so excited he did more hurt than good.

When the boats separated we cried to the other steamer to lay by us; but she moved off half a mile. I went below to find something to float on. There were life-preservers aboard, but they were all locked up. I routed up the steward and made him get me one. He laughed at me when I told him we were sinking. He was drowned,—probably never came on deck. I went to where they were lowering a boat. The real captain sat on the rail and would let no one get in. A poor fellow with one arm wanted to get in, but was refused, and the captain got in himself and ordered to push off. I slid down a rope and lit on somebody's head. I believe there was some swearing. The boat began to sink, and the captain ordered all back, going himself. Seven of us remained. We cut the boat loose with our knives, and paddled away with our hands, having no oars. We picked up two buckets, and by stuffing shirts into the holes which had been stove in the bottom, kept her afloat.

When a dozen rods distant the steamer went down. There was an awful yell, and at least thirty were in the water swimming round and crying for help. We were almost sinking ourselves, and could help them none.

We split a seat board for paddles, and made for the other boat; but she appeared to act so strangely that some of us were afraid to approach her. Then each one in our boat wanted to be captain and to have his own way. One thought she was a rebel, and was afraid to approach her; another thought she was sinking, and proposed that we make for the nearest land, 17 miles. Another wanted to remain where we were till morning; and still another said he had rather go down than bail any more.

We perceived the water to be covered with boxes, and discovered that the steamer was throwing over her cargo. They did not answer our hail. Finally we heard them blow off steam, and then strike eight bells—12 o'clock—so we thought they could not be sinking. We approached them and succeeded in getting on board. The sailor part of our boat's crew took the steamer's boats and went back to pick up the swimmers, and the rest assisted in throwing out the cargo.

We found her to be the U. S. steam transport City of Bath, Capt. Lincoln, from N. York to Alexandria, with commissary stores. She had a bad hole in her bows, but by throwing over the forward cargo we raised the leak out of water, and after passing a sail over it, got along very well.

We found quite a number on board her who had jumped on at the moment of collision, and

who had come over in another boat. They treated us very kindly, and did all they could for us. The reason they had not sent their boats was because they feared they might go down themselves any minute.

The next morning we found one poor fellow floating on a hatch; it must have been a long night to him. There were four of them on it at first, but three had dropped off, one by one, and were lost. The other steamer, of course, returned to New York for repairs, and we arrived there Thursday night.

When morning came we found that forty-one of our number were missing, and one died on the way to New York. The list of passengers on board the Pocahontas was lost, so that it was impossible to tell their names. I think there were eight men lost—one from the 29th regiment, and one from the 30th. Capt. Ira Baxter, the second engineer, the wheelman, the fireman, and three more of the crew were lost. Two of the cabin passengers were not seen on deck, and it is supposed they went down in their rooms. The man with only one arm was picked up by a boat. Only one man saved his baggage.

It was a clear starlight night. The watchman saw the boat when it was two miles off, and notified the mate; he told the steerage passengers, and most of them were on deck before the collision. The officer in charge of the deck, the first mate, did not dare take the responsibility to order the course to be changed, so he called the acting captain, ten or fifteen minutes before they struck. He was too busy to leave his cards. The mate called him again. He went on deck, but said she would pass astern of us. Both captains were on deck before the collision. When they struck, the mate jumped on the "City of Bath" and was the first to desert the deck. The second mate, Mr. Duncan, was very cool, and had been in charge, probably but few lives would have been lost.

It was about twenty minutes from the time of the collision before the Pocahontas sank.

PASSENGER.

CHILDREN'S GATHERING.—The meeting on Wednesday, under direction of the Worthy Patron of the Waterville Section of Cadets of Temperance, J. Nye, Esq., was a pleasant occasion, especially to the children, over four hundred, of whom gathered at the Baptist Church, forming a procession at the Congregational Church and marching to the place of meeting under escort of the West Waterville Band. Mr. Revell has a nice faculty for interesting children, and his addresses both afternoon and evening were well received, and we trust will in time be productive of much good.

The express train east from New York, on Monday, met with a disastrous accident, about 11 miles south of Hartford, C. Two or three cars were thrown from the track by defective rails, and rolled down an embankment. About 30 persons were injured, two fatally. A wounded Maine soldier on his way home, had his leg and finger broken, and another had his arm smashed. Several of our citizens were on the train.

The dummy car, so popular and jaunty, running between this city and Gardiner, carried over four thousand passengers during the month of May last. It has proved so far a good financial investment, and is daily proving itself a social refiner and civilizer.

Kennebec Journal.

"What sort of a people is that whose God is a monkey!" said some one; and what must be the condition of people to whom a donkey car comes as a social refiner and civilizer?

FURTHER RECORD.—S. D. Savage, of the Maine 19th, wounded in his thigh in one of the early battles in the recent movement, is at his home in this village, very comfortable but unable to move about much.

A. J. Basford, of this village, of the same regiment, was wounded in the arm in one of the recent engagements.

Lieut. Henrie E. Tozier, of this village, is reported in the Chesapeake Hospital, near Fortress Monroe, wounded.

Martin B. Soule, 16th Maine reg't wounded in the arm at Gettysburg, and who has since been in hospital, has arrived home with the promise of being discharged immediately.

Fred T. Mason, son of the late C. P. Mason, of this village, has been promoted to be 1st Lieut. of Co. C, 11th Maine reg't. Lieut. Mason who was called home by the death of his father, leaves for the army this morning. He has been recently acting upon the Colonel's staff.

The rebels have placed a number of our captured officers under the fire of the Federal guns at Charleston, and among them is Maj. C. P. Baldwin, former teacher in our high school. Our authorities will retaliate.

DEATH OF CAPT. WM. A. STEVENS.—We are deeply pained to learn that Capt. William A. Stevens, son of Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, of this place, was killed near Petersburg, Sunday morning. His body is expected to arrive here to-night. We shall give further particulars hereafter.

GEN. CONNER is not dead; though the papers have killed him off several times, and the Maine Farmer of this week gives him a lengthy obituary notice. His father, who returned home on Wednesday, reports him doing well, with a fair prospect of permanent recovery.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the existence of slavery in any State of the Union, which had passed the Senate, was defeated in the House on Wednesday of last week, lacking 13 votes of the requisite two-thirds.

Harry Homan, aged about 16 years, son of Joseph A. Homan, Esq., was drowned at Augusta on Wednesday, while bathing.

By an explosion at the Arsenal in Washington, on the 17th inst., about 25 persons were killed and nearly as many more injured.

## OUR TABLE.

THE TANNER BOY, and how he became Lieutenant-General. By Major Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a book for boys, but not for boys alone, as it may be profitably read by adults. It is the story of the life of our great military leader, whose name is now in everybody's mouth. "The great aim of this volume," says the author, "is to inspire and diffuse among our people a love of country, a devotion to the Union, a courage in danger, a hope in trial, a fertility of invention a perseverance of purpose, a faith in the superintending providence of the Almighty, that have distinguished the career and made illustrious the name of Grant." Truly a worthy object.

For sale at Mathews's.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following list shows the contents of the July number of this magazine, with the names of the contributors:

The Wife's Story, by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills"; Palingenesis, by Henry W. Longfellow; Glorying in the Good, by Gail Hamilton; Saadi, by Ralph Waldo Emerson; The Return of the Birds, by William Cullen Bryant; Wet-Weather Work, by Donald G. Mitchell; Mexico, by G. Reynolds; The Rim—Part III, conclusion, by Harriet E. Prescott; Watching; On Horseback into Oregon, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Ice Period in America, by Louis Agassiz; House and Home Papers, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Hawthorne, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; A Scene from the Dolliver Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; In Memory of J. W. and R. W., by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Currency, by George S. Lang; Key-berber, by Francis Williams; The May Campaign in Virginia, by "Carleton"; Reviews and Literary Notices.

This number commences a new volume, and the present, therefore, is a good time to commence subscriptions. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The April number has come to hand from the American republication office of L. Scott and Co., New York. It has the following table of contents:

The Prospects of the Confederates; Pompeii; The Empire of Mexico; Life of General Sir William Napier; Shakespeare and his Sonnets; Foreign Policy of England; The Privy Council Judgment.

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 \$5; any three \$7; any four \$9; any five \$11; any six \$13; any seven \$15; any eight \$17; any nine \$19; any ten \$21; any eleven \$23; any twelve \$25.

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, 56 cents a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of this quarterly magazine is a beauty, but that is true of this work twelve times in a year. The fashion department, very appropriately at this season of the year, is gorgeous, and embraces new and attractive styles of all sorts of articles that ladies and children wear. A full sized pattern of the Marquise Basque, for cutting, is given. The literary department is rich and varied, and includes several stories of thrilling interest. "The Doctor's Wife," by Miss Bradton, is continued.

Published by Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, at \$3 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The July number of this magazine is one of the best yet issued. It opens with a beautiful and elegant engraving, called "How they caught fish," which represents a couple of young lovers earnestly engaged in conversation, apparently much to the astonishment of a party of ladies, who have just come to the edge of the woods. Then follows a very handsome fashion plate, such as this magazine is becoming noted for. Then an engraving of the Empress Eugenie, and a large number of others, devoted to the illustration of the latest styles of dress, &c. The number in this number is a Grand March from the opera of Faust.

The literary department includes a number of good stories, as usual.

Published by Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The July number is embellished with a steel engraving entitled "Scandal!"; a wood engraving entitled "Grandpapa's Watch"; and several pages of patterns and designs. "The Way Through," Miss V. F. Townsend's new story, is continued, and the number is full of excellent reading.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"Going Home from the Fancy Ball," and "Taking the First Steps," are the embellishments in the July number, with a colored fashion plate and a host of patterns and designs, and a piece of music.

The number is full of good stories, of which this magazine always has a supply.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces have just been issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston:—

Down by the River, lied a Maiden, Song and Chorus. By R. S. Thompson.

Order Redoubt, one of a collection of popular compositions, arranged by J. Bell, entitled "Now and Then."

"Kind Words can never Die," from "The Leaflets, Fifty Pleasant Duets for the Piano," by James Ballou.

Faust and Marguerite's Duet—one of the "Gems of Gounod's Faust."

All the above with the other publications of the same house, will be found with all music dealers.

CIRCUS.—All the good boys, and some of the bad ones, if there are any, will be glad to learn that there is to be a circus exhibition in this village on the 5th day of July. It is one of the very best of all the circus companies, and has many of the most distinguished performers in the country.

MRS. PEARSON'S SCHOOL.—We are glad to learn that Mrs. Pearson will resume her school, which has been suspended on account of her illness, at the regular period of the fall term. Her school has given very good satisfaction, and her friends will be pleased to hear that it is to continue.

CHANGE OF TIME.—A change of the running time of the passenger trains on the Maine Central Railroad will be made on Monday next, the particulars of which may be learned by referring to advertisement.

Capt. Dumont Bunker, son of Daniel Bunker, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, is now in command of the 19th Maine regiment, and is reported a brave and efficient officer.

Col. Chamberlain, of the Maine 20th, who was recently severely wounded, is reported at Annapolis, doing well.

There is an immense jam of logs opposite our village. It reaches far up the river from the foot of College Rapids and is several acres in extent.

The proposition to abolish commutation under the draft has been defeated in the House.

Hon. J. G. Blain, our Representative, made an able speech against the proposed change.

Gold is thrown out of the brokers' report, but the street rates are all the way from 200 up to 225.

## War of Redemption.

THE SITUATION.—The Army and Navy Journal, an able military work, gives the following opinion of the "situation" since the crossing of the James:—

Once more in the shifting fortunes of the rebellion, the fields of the Chickahominy have been fought out, and abandoned. The old battle plains, trampled and incriminated by a hundred thousand gallant soldiers, in that by-gone day whose memory is still so strangely commingled with the sad and the glorious, have now witnessed the beginning and the end of a second campaign of battles, no less illustrious and no less heroic.

In the conduct of the campaign, thus far, the leader of the Nation's arms has been equal to his word. He "purposed to fight it out on this line, though it should take all summer." The line he indicated was that overland from Fredericksburg to Richmond. He has fought it out, and there is still a summer left wherewith to complete the campaign. The work has been skillfully and gallantly done. The marching has been of remarkable celerity; the fighting bloody and sometimes terrific; the changes of position to meet the exigencies of the moment, promptly conceived and executed. If the first series of operations against the enemy's capital have proved immediately indecisive, this results only from his Herculean and desperate efforts to drag his last man and his last gun into the serried line of Virginia breastworks. It was Grant's first intention to fall upon the enemy again and again from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy, till at last, weakened and distressed, he reached his capital, the city would prove an easy conquest for our legions, flashed and buoyant with victory. The scheme failed, not from lack of incessant marches or of desperate battles, but simply from the numerical strength of the enemy, aided by impregnable positions. He was driven back and back from Mine Run to Mechanicsville, but when our forces surged up against his farthest entrenchments, he was strong enough still to dash us from them. All this the momentous reconnaissance at Cold Harbor revealed. It was our battle; and it was enough, as this journal then intimated, to control the future conduct of the campaign. It was our battle, and proved not only tentative but decisive. So much we felt privileged to say, but no more, of the course of events, which was clearly inferable to the thoughtful spectator of the campaign. Now, at length, the new movement is accomplished, and already made known wherever telegraphic wires run.

The transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the southerly side of the James, is so judicious a movement, that it can be regarded only with entire satisfaction. This journal has so uniformly and repeatedly urged the adoption of the route on the south side of the James, as certainly the best, and probably the only practicable aggressive avenue to Richmond, that its occupation is most cheering to us, as the augury of future success. In December of last year, in January of this year, and on many subsequent occasions, this view was explained, accompanied by reasons which it will not be necessary to repeat.

A fortnight since, before the affair south of the Pamunkey,—when the brilliancy of the preceding maneuvers had lent confidence to the notion that Richmond might be seized at once by a coup de main from the northeast, this journal stated its conviction that the proper routes to Richmond in the order of their advantages, were first the one from Bermuda Landing on the south side of the James; next, that from Harrison's Landing on the north side of the James; next, that from White House on the Pamunkey. These opinions are reviewed, lest it may be surmised that a pardonable impulse to sustain the courage and to advocate the new change of military base. This movement is not the dernier resort of a defeated general, but the disposition of skillful and judicious strategy.

The execution of the new movement was no less brilliant than successful. Four times now, in the brief Virginia campaign, has a great army been coolly and deliberately marched across the right flank of an enemy strong and vigilant. If on its first two exhibitions, the manoeuvre partook of the character of a pursuit, from the timely interposition of the enemy's presence in front of our advance, on the last two, at least, its execution has been so swift and energetic as to claim the merit of a surprise. That the column on the march has not been attacked in either of these two cases is not a little noteworthy. Its wide detour, its remarkable celerity, and the perfect lubricity, as of mechanism, in all parts and details of its movement, will furnish some explanation of its success. And perhaps the obvious inferiority in condition and strength of the enemy in open field, may account for his sluggishness to attack and thwart us. In either event the bold and skillful generalship of Grant has been made thoroughly manifest.

The second move in front of Richmond will soon be undertaken by the National Army, strong as ever in numbers and as admirable in spirit. Six veteran corps threaten the long-harassed capital from a new and comparatively untried quarter. With faith in the cause and the Army, let us await the unfolding of events.

The Army of the Potomac did not delay on the south bank of the James river after the passage of the stream was safely effected, but pushed swiftly on towards Petersburg. Gen. Smith's corps, assisted by Kautz's cavalry, formed the advance and reached the intrenchments which surround the city on Wednesday morning. He immediately attacked with vigor, and there was severe fighting through the remainder of the week, which resulted in capturing several lines of fortifications from the rebels, so that, at last accounts our forces were within one mile of Petersburg which can easily be reached by our shells. We have taken nearly 80 guns and about 1200 prisoners, with colors, &c. A division of negro troops was engaged and have fought admirably, so well, indeed, that Major General Smith complimented them in a general order. Says a newspaper correspondent:—

"The success has a peculiar value and significance from the thorough test it has given of the efficiency of negro troops. Their losses were heavy. In the thickest of fight and under the most trying circumstances they never flinched. The old army of the Potomac, so long prejudiced and so obstinately heretical on this subject, stand amazed as they look on the works captured by the negroes and are now loud and unreserved in their praise. As near as I can make it out, the negroes alone took six redoubts or redans with their connecting rifle pits and captured seven pieces of artillery. General Smith, speaking of their conduct, said, 'no nobler effort has been put forth today and no greater success achieved than that of the colored troops.'"

An attempt to carry the remaining line of rebel earthworks on Saturday afternoon, failed, with severe loss to us. The 1st Maine Heavy

Artillery, alone, lost 450 men. Our whole losses since crossing the James are said to be about 8,000.

Our guns now command the bridge over the Appomattox on the north side of Petersburg. General Lee's army is supposed to be on the line of Swift Creek, about an equal distance between Petersburg and Richmond. Large rebel reinforcements have arrived in Petersburg from the Carolinas.

On Sunday there was but little fighting, but at night the rebels made an attack which was easily repulsed. It is said that Butler has succeeded in destroying several miles of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. It was thought that Petersburg would be vigorously shelled during the present week.

Gen. Sheridan has returned from his raid, meeting so much opposition that he was unable to join Hunter, if indeed that was down to the programme. He had several severe engagements with the enemy, whose loss was heavy. More prisoners were taken than our forces could bring away, and the railroad from Trevilian Station to Louisa Court House was thoroughly destroyed. Sheridan sums up as follows:—

"My loss in killed and wounded will be about 575; of this number 490 were wounded. I brought off in my ambulances 377, all that could be transported. The remainder were with a number of the enemy that fell into my hands, left behind. Surgeons and attendants were detailed and remained in charge of them. I captured, and have now with me, 470 prisoners of war, including 20 commissioned officers. My loss in captured will not exceed 160."

Rebel papers of late dates have despatches announcing that General Hunter's column, sixteen thousand strong by their estimate, entered Lexington, Va., on the 11th inst., and that General Crook's cavalry, numbering eight thousand, had penetrated to Amherst Court House, within twelve miles of Lynchburg.

Later dates say that Hunter was repulsed in an attack on Lynchburg.

Of Gen. Sherman it can simply be said that he is pushing the enemy slowly, who fight obstinately. Important advantages have been recently gained by our forces.

Another flank movement by Grant is hinted at for Stanton announces that army intelligence is withheld for good reason.

A recent expedition into Westmoreland Co., Virginia, from Point Lookout, Md., captured several prisoners and destroyed considerable rebel property.

A rebel attack on White House, on the 20th, was repulsed with the aid of the gunboats.

Cattle Markets.

THERE were about 400 more cattle at market last week than the week previous, and about 200 more sheep. Prices declined, not so much from an overstocked market as from a depreciation in the quality. The drovers found a hard market and many of them did a losing business.

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

First quality beefs, \$12.00 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$10.00 to \$11.00; extra, \$13.50 to \$14.00.

Working oxen—\$100 to \$275, or according to their value as beef.

Sheep and Lambs—5 to 8 cts. per lb. on live weight, sheared.

Veals \$6 to \$9 each.

Among the graduates of the Maine Medical School, at the close of its recent session, were Atwood Crosby, of Benton, and Frank Bodfish, A. B. of Waterville.

Considerable damage was done in Anson, by hail during the shower on Monday.

The Denmark armistice was extended a fortnight, terminating on the 26th, but so little progress has



