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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 30): January 27, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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## THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,  
And, like a sunset down the sea,  
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold,  
Comes whistling sad and chilling;  
And looks are gray,  
And eyes of saddest blue behold  
The leaves all dreary drift away,  
And lips of faded coral ray.  
There comes a time when we grow old,  
And days are dim, and hours are long,  
And the heart is full of aching thought,  
And the soul is full of aching song.  
There comes a time when we grow old,  
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## NORA AND I.

There were only two of us—Nora and I.  
Our father had been dead five years, and we had been living all that time with our mother, on the farm—in the house which had been our home ever since we could remember. But life there had been different when father was alive. He was a lawyer, and, as country lawyers go, a successful one. Of course his profession, and not the farm, had supported us. When he was first married he had come to Eastbrook after having seen an advertisement of the farm for sale in the country paper. He had money enough to buy and stock it, to furnish his house prettily and substantially, and to live on, afterward, until he could get established in his profession. So the only question was whether they both liked it—he and my mother—for he had meant from the first to settle in the country, and he could practice law in Eastbrook as well as elsewhere.

He brought his bride with him to look at the place, and I like to think about them both so young and so happy, walking together in that sunshiny of youth and love, over the hill rising to the west, with the pine grove on its summit—the pleasant meadow-lands at the eastward, sloping down to the green and white New England village lying below—the farm-lands stretching out northward, at the back of the house—and at the south, across the road, the pretty, pastoral landscape, which did not belong to us, but was none the less pleasant to our eyes.

They both liked it. Father was unconsciously the master-spirit, and whatever pleased him was pretty sure to find favor with mother, though he really thought that he always gave her her own way. But, indeed, the place was pretty enough to please any one—was, and is still. Of course there are grander scenes, more elegant grounds, stater houses; but I think I have never seen a prettier or sunnier spot, or one more emphatically worthy of the name my mother gave it—"Home-nook." There they set up their household gods; and there, as time went on, in their own quiet way they prospered. Father did a good law-business, but neither from farm nor profession did he ever lay up much money. He had scholarly tastes. He loved art in a time when art was not fashionable; and he bought, now and then, a choice picture. He loved books; and he wanted his Coleridge, his Shelley, his gentle Elia, his genial Sir Walter, and the rest of his favorites, lying clad. To a man not over rich, pictures, carved book-cases, and Russia-leather bindings are expensive luxuries. Yet they paid him good interest, I think, in actual enjoyment, for is not what we do and what we enjoy the sum of our living?

Then came I—first, and two years afterward Nora; and as soon as we were old enough we must be educated. When we were through school, father said, he would begin to lay up money and make provision for old age; but in the mean while we must be well taught. So, when we were old enough, he sent us to the best schools. I liked study, and progressed rapidly enough in all solid acquirements. But Nora was the family genius. She learned music and drawing almost by instinct. Of course such gifts must be cultivated, and my father spent all the money he could spare to procure her the best masters. He felt paid when she returned to him at eighteen.

I had been at home for a year before, and had fallen into a habit of relieving my mother, who was growing delicate, of much of the household care. I was the good, solid practical daughter of the house. My name, Martha, bestowed on me in remembrance of my maternal grandmother, seemed to have been prophetic. I was not beautiful, or showy, or fascinating; though they loved me well at home, and I believe they saw no lack in me. I had arranged everything in honor of Nora's coming. I meant her arrival should be a little festival. How richly her thanks repaid me. In my life I have never seen anything more lovely than my sister Nora was that night. I wish some artist could have painted her, and made that loveliness immortal. No matter; for me it will live always. When I close my eyes I can see her as she was then, with the bloom on her cheeks, the chestnut hair waving in soft richness about the bright young face, the dark eyes so full of soul, the straight, delicate features, and the short, round chin with its pretty dimple. The best of all was her perfect unconsciousness of her attractions. I do not believe she had ever thought that she was handsomer than I. There was not one particle of vanity about her. She had no longing for a wider theatre in which to display her charms. She could not have been more bewitching in a ball-room than she was in our little home-circle. How well I remember the fond pride with which my father's eyes followed her! How he listened to her singing! how he watched her motions! how he rejoiced over her—as well he might—as over a pearl of great price! That night, I remember, he said, cheerfully,

"Now, girls, I have you both educated to my mind. Heaven has surely prospered me. Here is your mother, still by my side, as fair and as loving as when I brought her here first, twenty-three years ago. I have this sunny, happy home; my books and pictures; and you my two daughters, so dear and so different, cultivated so to my mind that, with you for my companions, I shall envy no man his society. I ought to be contented for I seem to have nothing left to wish for. Now I am going to turn economist. I shall be fifty next year, and I must provide in advance, for your

sakes, against the time when I shall be too old to work."

Thus he talked, with my mother sitting on one side of him, myself on the other, and Nora on a stool at his feet, looking up at him with those tender bright eyes, and that face bright with youth and hope. It was long before I saw it so bright again.

It was in the gray of the early dawning that something—no noise, but a vague impression of sorrow and terror—awoke me, where I lay with my arm round Nora. My mother stood in the door of our chamber, with a lamp in her hand, her face as white as the white robe she wore. Nora had awakened too, and we both looked at her in wordless apprehension.

"Girls," she said, in a voice so calm that its very stillness was unutterably frightful—"Girls, I think your father is dead."

Oh, Heaven! what a shriek that was of Nora's! I seem to hear it yet. My mother, as one whom death had frozen, looked at her silently, standing there, lamp in hand, waiting for us. We got up, both of us, and went with her.

"I woke," she whispered, as we crossed the hall, in tones as low as if she still feared to disturb him. "I woke, and oh he was so cold!"

We went into the room, and up to the bed. The lamplight flared across his set face. I felt at once that there was no hope. Yet we must try. I called to the girl, who slept in the attic, to come down and build a fire. Then I hurried on some clothes, and in five minutes more I had run down to the village and was knocking on Dr. Green's door.

"Who is it?" he asked, with head out of the window.

"It is I, Sir, Martha Thompson; and we fear father is dead."

I think it was not more than two minutes before he joined me; and I hurried him, frantically up to the house. The fire was burning brightly now, and more lamps were lit; but they shone upon a pale, dead face, and two women as still, almost as pale, as the form by which they sat so silently. Dr. Green bent for a few moments over the bed, touched the cold hands, the pulseless breast, the rigid limbs. Then he turned to us with pitying eyes.

"There is nothing I can do," he said. "I think he must have been dead for two hours or more. It was heart disease, probably."

We had all known and felt from the first that there was no hope, yet the assurance from Dr. Green's lips seemed to bring us a new pang. Only the night before and he had been so happy, looking forward so hopefully into the future, planning for the coming years, and rejoicing over the blessings with which he was surrounded. Now he was gone from us. We should never more hear his kindly voice or meet his approving smiles. Three lonely, sorrow-stricken women, we must go on, without our stay, our guide, our strong arm of defense. Did he know it? Was his soul standing by and looking at us with heavenly pity? Did he know it when, after Dr. Green was gone, my mother crept close to him, and laid her head down on that broad, loving breast, which had been her rest and shelter for so many years? Its icy coldness had no terror for her. "Oh, Mark, Mark!" we heard her cry; and then we stole out of the room, Nora and I, and left her alone with him. Her right there was nearer and more sacred than ours.

As we stood in the next room, clinging to each other like two children, the September morning rose; the sun broke through the autumn haze, and bathed fields and trees, still glittering with the heavy dew, in prismatic splendor. Yesterday he had rejoiced in the glory of just such a morning and called me to look at it with him. Now I turned away from the scene, clanking with sudden tears. Should I ever be able to look again on any fair and pleasant sight without remembering him and quivering to the old pain, as a reed bent by the wind?

I must not linger over those days when the house was so deathly still—and he lay in the darkened room waiting for his burial. I have not strength even now to speak of them. All my mother sat beside him to the last. While he was there we could not persuade her to leave him. She would wet his forehead, brush back his hair, or arrange some fold of the drapery, as if it were a mournful satisfaction to feel herself still of use to him. Sometimes when she was alone with him we heard her talking to him as if he could hear her still. Her low voice would steal out to us from the darkness, and holding each other close we would weep to hear her call him her love, her darling, and tell him how good and tender he had been to her all the years of their life—saying thus to the dead those last words fate had not given her time to utter to the living.

At last he was buried. We thought then that mother would break down utterly. She went alone to her own room, where we came back from his grave—the room she had shared with him so many happy years. She would not let either of us go with her. We sat alone all through the twilight mingling our sorrow for our great loss with our anxiety about her. She had been so delicate of late—it had taken so little to exhaust her. Then her nature was so clinging and dependent—how could she bear being so alone? Would she not be stricken by this great blow? Would she not be stricken by it to the earth? At last we lit the lamps and tried to make the room cheerful. We heard Nancy getting tea out in the kitchen. Soon she would bring it in. I thought then I would call my mother. It could do no harm. So I went out into the entry; but I met her on the stairs.

"I was coming down, Matty," she said gently. "I did not mean to leave my children alone."

When she came into the sitting-room, and the lamplight shone upon her face, it seemed to me like the face of one who had been holding communion with Heaven. A strange, glorified look it wore, more exalted than sorrow, purer and brighter than joy. Just then tea came in, and she sat down with us to the table and tried to be cheerful. We all drank some tea, and made a pretense of eating; then we sent the things away, and gathered round the fire—three, so sorrowful and bereft, and so united in our woe. Mother was the first to speak.

"We have got to begin a new life, girls," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "Your

father has always taken such care of us that we have not known hitherto any of the sorrows or privations of life. But he is gone now, and we must learn to depend on ourselves. There is very little property besides the farm. When your educations were finished we meant to have laid up something; but it has been expensive living hitherto;—this she said with a deprecating air, as if she feared we might possibly blame him. Then with a pitiful sort of smile—

"If my two girls now were two boys, they could carry on the farm and perhaps make a nice living from it. As it is, I see no way but to let out the land on shares, and live as well as we can on the part we receive. Of course Nancy must go; we must be our own servants now, and we must do our best to bear little privations cheerfully."

She was right, of course. We began at once to follow her plans. Contrary to our expectations she did not give way. She seemed determined to live for our sakes. What she suffered in the long nights, during which she would never let either of us bear her company, we could not know; but through the daytime she was cheerful and bore every little inconvenience and deprivation with a fortitude that would have shamed us if we had ever been tempted to complain.

That was the beginning; and after that five years went on—five years of experimenting on the capacities of a very little money to make three full-grown human beings comfortable. There would be something ludicrous, if it were not pathetic, in the very memory of those years. Our income was barely enough to keep us warmed and fed. When things wore out we had no money with which to renew them. We darned our table-cloths as carefully, and when china broke we stuck the pieces together with white cement and tender care. We turned our dresses, and made them over; and after a year's wear turned them back, and made them over again.

At last it seemed as if five years had brought things to a crisis—as if some new resource must be discovered, or indeed, we could keep up appearances no longer. We said so to each other one day when the dear mother was up stairs taking her after-dinner nap. It began with Nora's saying that she must have a new dress this winter; she had made over, and made over, to the uttermost limit of possibility.

"And I am twenty-five," I said, "and you are twenty-three, and neither of us ever yet earned a dollar. If I had been John, instead of Martha, and you had been James instead of Nora, we should have been nicely in business by this time, and there would have been no lack of comforts at home."

"I wonder," Nora answered, thoughtfully, "why we never have done anything as it is."

"We have—you know—women's work. We have kept the house and made our clothes."

"Made over," she interrupted, "you know there hasn't been anything to make this many years. But all this has never brought a dollar into the exchequer. Now I think of it, Mat, I am ashamed. We must go to work."

"Yes, beyond a doubt we must; at least one of us. I have been coming to that conclusion myself. One of us, you know, would have to stay at home and manage affairs here. That, I think, should be you. You have never had much experience of the world's rough paths. Yes, you must be the one to stay at home, and I will go out into the world and seek our fortune."

"Don't make your plans so positively, Mat. I am just as capable of going out into the world as you. I could teach as well—for that is what it comes to—it is all either of us could do for a living. I am not sure that I should be good for as much here. You have always been housekeeper, you know. Still I won't be hard on you—you shall have your chance. We will draw lots, and that will be a fair way to decide it."

"But, Nora, you are so young."

"Twenty-three, Mat. No one but you would think that such a very juvenile epoch," she interrupted.

"And so pretty," I went on. "The fact is, Nora, I don't want to leave you. It will be no such pleasant thing as you seem to imagine for a girl used, as we are, to home love, and home retirement, to make her way among strangers."

"The fact is, Mat, we will, as I said, draw lots. It's the only fair way. Let fate settle it. Then I shall be satisfied, and you can't complain."

As usual she had her way. We drew lots, and it fell to her lot to go. She laughed, with a pretty air of triumph, and asked me if I had any more faith in her wisdom, now fate had endorsed it. She looked so young, and bright, and winsome that I felt more than ever vexed at the idea of letting her go alone into untried paths. But she called me Mother Hubbard, and teased me about being fussy and frumpy, and crying her head off about the world, until she made me laugh, and then I had to give up my point.

When mother came down we told her our intentions, or rather Nora did. She remonstrated at first, but Nora brought out what she called her best gown, and exhibited its deficiencies at seams and elbows in such a moving way that, by-and-by, mother was won over to her views, and admitted that, since old things would not last forever, and there was no money to buy new ones, she did not see what other course there was than to try and earn some. We all sat for a few moments after this conclusion in the grave silence of a Quaker meeting; each of us, I suppose, ruminating about ways and means. At last mother said, rather disconsolately,

"I don't see how you are going to make a beginning. You have no influential friends. How are you to get a situation if you are over so willing to take it?"

"I am going to make a beginning to-day," Nora answered, nothing daunted, "by going over to Squire Roscoe's."

We listened, mother and I, in profoundest wonder. Squire Roscoe was the great man of the town. No one knew how rich he was—we imagined it to be a sum past computation. In my father's day, however, he had come to see us not infrequently. He was a man past forty, and I suppose my sister and I had always seemed to us in our days of childhood and pinafores, himself a rich man of business even then. He

had never married, and rumor accounted for this in a dozen different ways. He was considered haughty; still every one gave him credit for being kind-hearted, and he was certainly influential. After all, Nora's plan of consulting him was not so bad.

She went up stairs, and came down presently in her well-preserved black silk, her sole dress for state occasions. She wore a bright-colored, fall-like shawl, and a simple straw-hat, with a black lace veil, through which dark eyes and bright cheeks shone bewitchingly. If she had had unlimited milliner's bills she could have looked no prettier. We watched her proudly, mother and I, as she walked down the path. She was the joy and grace of our lives, and no wonder.

Squire Roscoe's great, stately house was quite the other side of the village from ours. It also stood upon a hill, overlooking the village between us. It was built of gray stone, with a tower and high-arched windows—a gem of architectural beauty. It might have had a somewhat sombre effect, perhaps, but for the brilliant autumn flowers with which the lawn was gay. Nora was cool enough to pause and admire the vivid tints of the geraniums and verbenas as she walked up the avenue. She rang the bell, and inquired for Mr. Roscoe with as much self-possession as if her visit were a matter of everyday occurrence.

Fortunately he was at home, and she had not long to wait. He entered with interest into all her plans; and when they had discussed matters thoroughly, and she started to go, he walked back with her through the village to Homenook. He came into the sitting-room, with the cordial air of an old friend, without making any apologies for the length of time since he had been there before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "Uncle Johnson."

This was a familiar name given to a pious old slave of the family of President Harrison who was made free at the age of one hundred years. He was awakened in early life under the preaching of Wm. Tennent, and for nearly a century served the Lord with characteristic ardor and devotion. The New York Evangelist gives an account of him that shows a remarkable experience, which many Christians might covet.

"His Fridays, for more than seventy years, had been rigidly observed as a day of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, 'I say to my body, stand back, I'm going to feed de soul to-day.' Those are the days in which I spread de great things before de Lord and beg."

"He accounted for his long life in part, by saying he did not work very hard; that for about sixty years his master used to let him out about six months in each year; to blow de Gospel trumpet on the plantations round bout, to make them good and religious; and I tells yez, massa, when I was in prime—say about eighty—I could blow de old trumpet so dat dey could hear me for miles."

A Christian friend of his, for many years, related the following anecdote of "Uncle Johnson."

"Once I said to him, 'Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to church once in a while?' He answered, 'Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't have.'"

"You can't behave?"

"Well, massa, yez knows, late years, de flesh am weak; and when dey gins to talk and sing about Jesus, I gin to fill up, and pooty soon I has to holler, and den dey say, 'Carry dat man to de door, he sturb de meetin'."

"But you should hold in until you could get home."

"O massa, I can't hold in—I bust—if I don't holler."

"Once after hearing him sing and pray at midnight, when a thunder storm was passing, in the morning I said, 'Was that you shouting so last night?'"

"Yes, massa, so I sposed."

"Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without your hallowing."

He looked up in astonishment, and said: "Massa do you tink I'm going to lie dere on my back like a great pig, when de Lord com'd along shakin' de earth and de heavens? No, massa, when I hear de thunder comin' I says, 'Ellen, Ellen, wake up here, we is goin' to hear from home agin.'"

"Once after he had been ill for a few days, I said, 'Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had about come.' Oh, yes, massa, one day I thought I could see de dust of de chariot coming over de mountains, and den something said, 'Hold on, Johnson, a little longer; I'll come round directly.' Yez and I will hold on, if de Lord will, another hundred years, for I'm bound for Canaan! And then he broke out singing,

"But this I find, we two are so joined,  
(After not time to glory and leave me behind.)"

One day, Rev. Dr. H. called on him, with me. After a conversation which surely the Doctor will never forget, he said:

"Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go," and then taking him by the hand, said, "Good bye. I shall probably hear soon that you have passed over Jordan, but we will follow on."

The old man replied, "Yes, massa, a great many years ago young men like you tell me dat, and den after a bit, I'd hear dey ha' gone and I am a pilgrim yet, but I always manages to send word."

"Well, if I should die first, what word would you send?" said Dr. H.

"Oh, massa, if you should get home to glory afore I do, tell 'em to keep de table standin', for Johnson is holding on his way."

We dare not attempt to describe the scene we witnessed the evening of his wife died; but a few days after, we said to him, "Don't you feel very lonely since Ellen left you?"

He replied, Oh, yes, but de Lord come round every day, just as de puss would, and gives me a taste of de kingdom wid de spoon; but how I want to get hold ob de dish!"

H. G. Abbott of North Vassalboro, gives some humorous hints to wool-growers. He says: "I am aware that there is a sheep fever now prevailing in Maine, and it makes its appearance in two forms—one in coarse, and the other in fine wool, and that it first makes its appearance under the eyes, and then settles on the brain. Most of these cases are the extreme fine of coarse—but few have the mild or medium run. The few celebrated physicians

that prescribe in these forms are Edwin Hammond of Vermont, and Samuel Campbell of New York. Mr. Hammond would make you believe that nothing but the purchase of a Merino Buck at \$2,000 would relieve you, while Mr. Campbell would equally contend that nothing but the introduction of a Leicester at an equal cost would do."

## EDWARD EVERETT.

The last honors paid yesterday to Edward Everett were such as he only who is the acknowledged First Citizen can receive. No testimonial of public sorrow was wanting to those mournful rites. State and nation, and city, the legislature and the bench, the schools of learning and of piety, the army, the navy, the learned societies—all were represented in the sad procession which wound through our streets. The funeral march, the minute guns, and the tolling bells, all that could mark the sense of public loss, was there. The sharp cold of a January day could not thin the crowd of men and women who gathered silently in every street through which the honored dust was to borne. Government and citizens came forward alike to take their farewell of the great man who had finished his work, and to prove their gratitude for all that he did, and their respect for all that he was.

Such a tribute is not paid to public office alone, to learning, or eloquence, or uprightness. It could only be received by one who had risen above the mere honors of official station, and had taken the chief place among our citizens, where his strength could support the State and his eloquence and learning adorn it, where his counsel and example could mould its destinies, his wisdom could instruct, and his blameless life keep before all men the standard of honor and religion. Official station in his last years could have added nothing to his power for good, for he held an office which he had himself created. From its height he spoke with authority, and the nation to-day feels in every fibre the electric thrill which his voice shot through the body politic, and acknowledged by every organ of assent the glorious impulses of generous patriotism and of Christian virtue, which this man by his simple elevation of character and unapproached pre-eminence was able to impart. The First Citizen is gone; the place is vacant, and the whole people mourn their loss and look in vain for a successor.

And after all has been done, after the best expression that can be given to the public regret, how little it seems! How inadequate were even these unaccustomed honors to the full exhibition of the feelings which oppress every circle in the community! From every side we hear it said that men grieve as if for some near friend; and this sorrow is no more to be set forth worthily by the funeral pageant and formal observance, than our domestic griefs, which refuse to find utterance in speech and which outward forms cannot satisfy. The end of fifty years of public service, of conscientious labor, of pure life, is not to be justly commemorated by such rites as can thus be paid. It is the unspoken grief in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, the absence of all party rancor which any uncharitableness in him might have left, the universal acknowledgement of his devotion to the great cause, the final confession of misjudgment—it is these, coupled with the old admiration of the choicest gifts of intellect and culture, that shows what a light has gone out, and what a place is now left void in the sight of this people.

[Boston Advertiser.]

WHAT SECESSION MEANS.—A British cavalry officer, who in 1863 slipped through the loyal States into Dixie, and participated in Lee's Gettysburg campaign, thus admirably writes to the last Blackwood's Magazine in regard to the people he encountered in one of the lower counties of Maryland, whose sympathy with secession is well known to our officers who have served on the Potomac:

"A company of Union soldiers was stationed there, but the 'citizens are all ardently Southern in their sentiments.' Last one evening with a party of them before the door of the hotel, and they were talking fed-bird secession politics. All regretted that the American colonies had ever separated from England; and though they professed to admire Washington, personally, yet they heartily wished that he had never been born. One went so far as to say—Christopher Columbus, 'What business on earth,' he said, 'had he to come and discover this God-forsaken country?'"

"Yes sir," said another, addressing himself to me, "it was a Yankee trick, sir; they cheated us, as they have done ever since. We didn't want to quarrel with England, but they did, because they had kicked out of the country, with their Mayflower and their Puritans. D— them! I wish they had all been drowned at the bottom of the sea. And they didn't like to fight, sir; Yankees never do, sir; and we Southerners, like fools, went and fought it out for them, just as they're making them Dutch and Irishmen fight for them now, sir! No Yankee is ever killed in battle, sir—none, at least to speak of," he added, in modification of this rather untenable proposition.

IMPORTANT LESSON.—Hon. E. P. Weston, in his eulogy on Edward Everett, in the House of Representatives, Wednesday, uttered this important truth:

"And this lesson I read most clearly, from the closing pages of that life which is opened to us with new significance to-day: that whatever of scholarly attainments a man may reach, whatever of intellectual stores he may gather, whatever graces of rhetoric he may have cultivated, he attains the highest power to sway the popular heart, and move it to generous purposes, only as his own heart is inspired with the best impulses of humanity and the highest patriotic devotion."

Some men talk too much and write too much, so that while in the long run they get off some good things, they are lost in a mass of concealing that in of disturbing drift. It is well to consider that in all the world's history the few only have been successful, eminently so, in any of the departments of life or learning. A very large number of men have injured themselves in what they have said, while very few have suffered from what they have not said. There is more virtue in reticence than in some people's

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suspect. The silent man is often more potential than one who carries all his thoughts, and all impressions and impulses.

UNITARIAN STATISTICS. The Monthly Journal gives the following information of the number of ministers and societies belonging to the Unitarian body:

The whole number of societies is 259, being an increase of three over last year's list. In 1880 there were 198 societies; the increase for thirty-five years has therefore been 61, or about 30 per cent. Of these 259 societies 87 have no pastors, last year 69. The whole number of ministers for 1885 is 826. This includes professors in colleges, chaplains, etc.; 186 of these are unsettled, 160 settled. Last year there were 348 ministers; loss 17.

There are two theological schools in the denomination; one in Cambridge, which last year graduated four; one in Meadville, Pa., which also graduated four.

The Confederates are coming to a better appreciation of President Lincoln. A Charleston paper, of recent date, comparing him with Davis, remarks as follows:—

"When Abraham Lincoln took the chair of the Presidency of the United States, he promised in his flat-boat lingo to 'run the machine as he found it.' Whether he has strictly kept his promise, those may doubt who choose to consider the subject. It is enough for us to know that, whether 'running his machine' in the pathway of his predecessors, or not, he has run it with a stern, inflexible purpose, a bold, steady hand, a vigilant, active eye, a sleepless energy, a fanatic spirit, and an eye single to his end—conquest—emancipation. He has called around him, in council, the ablest and most earnest men of his country. Where he has lacked in individual ability, learning, experience or statesmanship, he has sought it, and has found it in the able men about him, whose assistance he unhesitatingly accepts, whose powers he applies to the advancement of the cause he has undertaken. In the cabinet and in the field he has consistently and fearlessly pressed on the search for men who could advance his cause, and has as unhesitatingly cut off all those who clogged it with weakness, timidity, imbecility or failure. Abroad and at home, he has exercised alike the same ceaseless energy and consistency."

We turn our eyes to Richmond, and the contrast is appalling, sickening to the heart."

THE STAGNATION OF THE SOUTH. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives a carefully written narrative of Sherman's march through Georgia in which he says:—

"With the exception of the towns mentioned few deserve the name. Few had any buildings, either public or private, that could be considered creditable to a community. Throughout the entire march, as in other portions of the South, brick buildings are the rare exceptions. The hotels are miserable, the courthouses and jails old and hideous, and an air of shiftlessness is thrown over all things. Even the little elegance that does exist is blasted and marred by the withering influence of the great curse. Nothing has escaped the blight, and the South, which has been crossed over now by our army, everywhere presents the appearance of corruption and decay. The country has been developed up to the capacity of slave labor, no lapse of time could better its condition were the same elements to continue their work. A stranger might imagine that the land was settled and built up half a century ago, and that since that time the noise of hammer, ax or saw had not been heard."

It is even questionable whether the South is maintaining itself, and whether through the war she has not begun to sink in the horrible pit which slavery has been digging for her. Beyond all dispute the masters, and particularly the non-slaveholders, have been cursed by the system far more than the blacks, terribly though they have suffered. Masters and slaves are sinking together, and carrying down with them the fairest heritage of godly soil that blesses any portion of our land."

COMPLETION OF THE CAPITOL.—From present indications, the magnificent extensions of the capitol, and the massive dome which crowns it, will be completed by the 4th of March next. When President Lincoln was inaugurated he was surrounded by unfinished piles of masonry, blocks of marble, and piles of castings. Cronkers predicted that the work would be suspended, and that the building would gradually fall into decay, as the two confederacies would fix their respective capitals at interior cities. But the Administration knew no such word as fail. The military superintendence of the capitol, established by Jeff. Davis, was wisely abolished, and practical civilians took control of the work. Although the rebels in arms have been at times within sight of the dome, the work has been steadily carried on. Piece by piece the magnificent dome, which contains about eight million pounds of iron castings, was raised, and the whole was finally crowned by Crawford's gigantic statue of freedom. The eastern portion of the Senate wing is completed and ready for use; that of the House is nearly finished; the scaffolding will soon be removed from the interior of the dome, disclosing the noble proportions of the rotunda; and our diplomatic visitors can see that while conquering rebellion, the Government of the United States has continued to adorn and embellish its metropolis.

CHUBBY CHILDREN.—It should be kept before the people that babies ought to be plump. A letter from Berlin contains the following:—"To one who has just come from America, I think hardly anything is so striking as to see such multitudes of children from six years of age down to six weeks, all ruddy, plump and healthy. Look at the first five hundred you meet, and that universal American nuisance, a crying baby, is not to be seen. Why should they cry? They have plenty of simple food—no devouring of pound cake; if the child asks for bread they do not give him such a stone; have plenty of fresh air, and play, here, and sleep in their plump



## Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 27, 1865.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

We pass over quite a period, in which very much transpired in the vicinity of Fort Point, which is lost so far as records are concerned. The Fort buildings, after they ceased to be used for government purposes began to decay; and falling into the hands of private individuals were torn down and removed with the exception of one block house that still remains a monument of the French and Indian war. No one crosses the Sebastieok bridge without seeing a relic of a former age, now in a somewhat dilapidated condition. Is there not some one, who likes to preserve relics of the past, who will repair this block house for the eyes of future generations to look upon?

Gen. Pattee took down one of the other block houses and moved it to the farm now owned by James H. Chaffee. That portion of the Point was purchased by a Mr. Thomas, an Englishman, and a cooper by trade. He built the house now owned by Hiram Simpson. Mr. Thomas possessed many peculiarities. When he came to Winslow he was poor, and availed himself of such opportunities as the place afforded to gain something to lay by for old age. He made and repaired barrels, caught and cured fish, and kept the town tavern; and as everybody used liquor he sold and made a profitable business of it. His wife was a Miss Nichols and is spoken of as being a worthy woman. They had no children. Mrs. Thomas died with a cancer. Mr. Thomas survived her a number of years and when he died was buried beside his wife and her mother (who was the first person buried on Fort Hill, in 1807). Mr. Thomas composed his epitaph and enjoined it on his administrator to have it placed on his grave stone, which has already been noticed by very many lovers of the curious.

The Point has become much reduced by the annual washing of the two rivers. After the Fort was built there were several houses built near by and lower down on the Point. A Mr. Batty who married a sister of Mr. Thomas occupied one of them a number of years. Those houses are torn down or moved away, so that the present generation know nothing about them. Seventy-four years ago a regimental muster was held on the Point, and the line formed below the railroad crossing. On the death of Mr. Thomas this property fell by will, into the hands of Mrs. Freeman, (who is still living). Mrs. Freeman sold the house and farm about twenty-three years since to Mr. John Richards, who fitted up the house for a tavern and occupied it as such a number of years, and then sold to Mr. Hiram Simpson, who still owns it, but it is not occupied as a public house now.

Since the railroads were made, taverns in Winslow have been rather poor property. In selling, Mr. Richards reserved the most of the farm, on which he built and continues to live. His son-in-law, Mr. Beuel Gifford, built and lives near by. The "toll house" has been occupied by a number of families; the three last were, Widow Garland, Leonard Eaton, and Joseph Wood, the present incumbent.

In the corner stands the house of the late Col. Herbert Moor, who formerly traded in a store near the house; that has since been removed. Col. Moor and wife were much respected by their acquaintances, and were the parents of a large family of sons and daughters, all of them seeking homes abroad excepting two—Mrs. Evans, and Mrs. Daniel Moor—the former living in Fairfield and the latter in Waterville. The old house still remains occupied by Mr. Haley. The Oil-nut tree in front of the house, and noticed by all passers was planted by Col. Moor's son Charles, about forty years since.

As we continue towards the Ticonic bridge, we come to a fine school-house, built about five years since, and beyond this on the river side stood, till within a few years, a large, low dwelling-house, formerly owned and perhaps built by Capt. Nehemiah Getchell, who left a large family, the members of which settled in Winslow and Waterville. A number of families occupied this long after it was unfit for a human habitation. It was a beautiful situation, and I have often wondered that it was not kept in repair, and made a residence of comfort and pleasure. It is strange that men will tear down an old house, and move from a spot so beautiful, because there is a little inconvenience attached. I have often thought pleasant surroundings have a powerful influence in promoting

happiness with those who are confined within doors. A wife often can look with pleasure on cheap furniture and coarse food; if a pleasant prospect meets her gaze as she looks from her windows; while the sometimes stern face of the husband is made to relax as he looks upon so much of nature's beauty as is to be seen from pleasant locations. A site on the seashore could not be more beautiful than the site of this old house, only it is on a more magnificent scale.

There are but four farms in this district (viz) that of Mr. John Richards, (whose house has already been spoken of) lying on the Sebastieok river, and being that formerly owned by Mr. Thomas. As you go up the North side of the Sebastieok, this farm lies between the road and the river. In going up this road when you get on the top of Fort Hill you observe the Fort Hill Burying-ground, selected, I presume, for that purpose, from the same reason that in a school district if there is a cobbler hill, that is chosen as a site for a school-house.

Near this cemetery and nearer the river is the ancient burying-ground of the Indians, relics of whom have been frequently exhumed, such as bones and beads, arrowheads, etc. The steep hill and the blowing sand render this spot not so desirable as could be wished for a final resting place, though the oldest graves in town are found here. It has been enlarged within a few years, by an addition of an acre on the upper side, in which a number of lots have already been taken. There is one pleasant thought in connection, which is this; if the sleeping dead were permitted to look out of their graves, their eyes could fall on few more beautiful prospects than are seen from this location.

Above the graveyard we cross a deep, ugly brook, with an Indian name, which I am unable to spell correctly. It is spoken *Segus*. Mr. William Getchell and his brother Asa live on the two next farms—both old men and natives of Winslow. Mr. Tufon Simpson owns the only farm in this district on the Kennebec. These farms are all productive although that of Mr. Simpson is quite sandy. Mr. William Getchell's sons, I believe, own a portion of the Fort farm, which is mostly productive land. The privilege for mills at the Ticonic Falls is rarely surpassed and it is to be hoped will be occupied in a few years. In 1836 speculators purchased lots on the east shore of the "Bay" with the expectation that the privilege would soon be occupied; but it has not been yet and the water is undisturbed in its course, save by the logs that float on its surface. Some of these logs have changed hands a number of times, but a purchaser can be readily directed to them. A part of every summer is devoted to catching logs and rafting them for the mills down the river.

Much more might be written about this district, where much that is unwritten has transpired. A gradual improvement has been going on in the buildings in this district. As you go from Winslow to Waterville, we notice the houses of Messrs. Erastus Warren, Amariah Boulter, Andrew Warren, Mrs. Pollard, William Barton, William Partridge, Michael Tolley, Theodore Southard and Luke Barton; besides several other unpretending houses in other parts of the district and the names of the occupants not known to the writer. K\*\*\*\*.

In aid of the labors of our correspondent, we take the liberty to print the following letter which recently came into our possession, trusting it will be read with interest, especially by our older citizens:—

Winslow, Aug. 27, 1862.

Sir;—The following is a brief statement of the transactions relative to that gore of land in dispute between Capt. Getchell and Fuller, viz In the year 1766, the Plymouth Company made a grant to Gamaliel Bradford Esq., and five others, of what is the principal part of the land contained in the now Town of Winslow; in this grant a reservation was made of 400 acres around Fort Halifax, the closing line of the bound of this 400 acres, which stretched across from the Kennebec to the Sebastieok river, as to the point where it met the latter was indefinite, and not ascertained when the proprietors allotted their lands, which made it impossible for them to be exact; not knowing the course of the above line, they were obliged to begin the adjoining lot on the westerly side of Sebastieok, which was No. 35, on their plan at random. The course of these lots was E. S. E. and W. N. W., differing so much from the course of the Fort farm line, that when that came to be ascertained, it left a piece between said line, Sebastieok river, and the aforesaid lot No. 35, of a triangular figure, containing about 72 acres. This piece the proprietors did not think proper to dispose of until they knew the quantity, which they could not, until the bound of the Fort farm was established and made certain. Not long after the date of the above said grant, Joshua Dawes took up and entered upon the said lot, 35, but soon left it to one Goodnough, and Goodnough to Ambrose Dawes. Dawes it appears was considered as the first settler on said lot, the Grant or Deed from the proprietors being made to him. Meanwhile, about 25 years since, John McGrath went on and erected a hut or camp on the said gore; perhaps made some small improvements five or six, perhaps six or seven years after, McGrath purchased the adjoining lot, 35, of Dawes, and not long after that McGrath quit his right and title, both the lot he purchased and the gore, to E. Fuller, the present possessor. About five or six years ago the proprietors surveyed, and established the bound of the Fort Farm, so called. As soon after as circumstances would permit, the Bradford proprietors proceeded to ascertain the quantity of said gore, and gave orders to their agents to sell it, which they have done, to Capt. Getchell. If you wish for any further information respecting the affair I will endeavor to furnish it in my power.

Your humble servant, JOSIAH HAYDEN. REUBEN KIDDER, Esq.

THE QUOTA OF WATERVILLE has not yet been definitely ascertained, but it is expected that we have men enough already enlisted to clear our town from a draft.

## OUR TABLE.

The following is a list of the contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* for February:—  
Our First Great Painter and his Works, by Sarah Clarke, Doster John, by Donald G. Mitchell, Roger Brooks Tancy; The Mantle of St. John de Matha, by John G. Whitier; Needle and Garden, II; Notes of a Pianist, by L. M. Gotschall; Garnet Hall, by T. B. Aldrich; The Getchells, by F. Sheldon; Lee and Equimanz, III, by D. A. Wasson; The Old House, by Alice Cary; Memories of Authors, Coleridge, by S. C. Hall; The Chimney Corner, II, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Pro Patria, by Epes Sargent; A Fort-night with the Sanitary, by G. Reynolds; Art, Harriet Hosmer's Zenobia, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey does not like many publishers, exhaust his efforts with the first number of the volume, but gives eleven more, quite as good, during the year. The February number contains a beautiful steel plate engraving, a charming colored double fashion plate, and about sixty other engravings, among which will be found a Valentine, and a Slipper, printed in colors, an amusing subject. The literary contents are excellent, as usual, for Godey never fails in this or any other department. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3.00 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for February, has a fine steel engraving entitled "Walking Dreams," with several pages of wood engravings, most of which are patterns and designs of fashionable novelties in dress and ornament. The reading matter is of the usual interest, and embraces a continuation of T. S. Arthur's new serial, "Not anything for Peace."

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—"The Prisoner's Cell," in the February number, is a touching picture and is a story in itself. The number also contains a double fashion plate, beautifully colored, with numerous patterns and designs for articles of ladies' and children's wear. The literary contents are of the usual interest and variety.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The February number of this new juvenile periodical is at hand with an attractive bill of fare for its readers, both old and young. The favor with which this work has been received is shown by the fact that it was found necessary to issue an edition of forty thousand copies of this number to meet the demand for it, and no one will wonder at this popularity who will examine the two numbers which have appeared.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2.00 a year, with liberal allowance to clubs.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January has for illustrated articles, Grier's Raid, A Tour through Arizona, and The King of the Amazons, with continuations of "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, and "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens. There is also much other good reading, including a very interesting biographical sketch of John Jacob Astor.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE WATERVILLE DRAMATIC CLUB are making arrangements for an entertainment at Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, at which time they will present Sheridan's celebrated play of "The Rivals," to be followed by some good farce. At considerable expense they have procured some good scenery, and in their efforts to entertain the audience they will be aided by an efficient orchestra. On this occasion they will play nominally for their own benefit, but really, as they have hitherto done, with no selfish end in view—only to meet incidental expenses, and pay for the scenery which they have bought, and which will be held here for the public good. We trust that our people, in whose behalf they are laboring, will properly appreciate their efforts, and see that they are greeted by a full house.

"CALICO BALL.—The ladies of W. Waterville, who, by the way, have from the very beginning of the war shown marked and well directed interest for the soldiers—have arranged for a "Calico Ball" at Wheeler's Hall, on Monday evening next. The following names of committee of arrangements and managers are a warrant for the success of the enterprise:—

Committee of Arrangements.—Mrs. J. U. Hubbard, Mrs. Charles Stevens, Mrs. H. Morrill, Mrs. W. D. Breck, Mrs. O. A. Bates, Mrs. B. F. Otis, Mrs. Joseph Harris, Mrs. F. P. Goulding, Mrs. F. Belanger, Mrs. Charles Folsom.

Floor Managers.—Mrs. A. Hallet, Mrs. Charles Stevens, Mrs. L. Belanger, Miss Lottie Ricker, Miss Allen Conforth, Mrs. W. D. Breck.

A PLEASANT EVENING.—Some of the friends of Rev. Dr. Sheldon and family, wishing to give them an expression of their kind feelings, made a social call at the parsonage, on Church street, Tuesday evening. The company was not large, on account of the deep snow, but the visit was highly gratifying to both parties. Some sixty dollars in money, and a variety of articles equally as useful to the family, gave good evidence of this fact on the one hand; and if giving is better than receiving, there needs no proof on the other. We are permitted to express the hearty thanks of the family, in place of a formal card.

A NATIONAL LOSS.—The burning of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, from a defective flue, may be regarded as a serious loss to the nation. The main building, in which was the picture gallery, the lecture room and philosophical apparatus, and the records and archives of the Institute were a total loss. The library was saved.

RIGHT.—In his estimates to parliament, the Governor General of Canada sets down \$50,000 in gold to satisfy the claim of the United States for money wrongfully surrendered to the St. Albans raiders. This is right, and looks like an intention to do right.

TOWN OFFICERS will do well to remember that by a law of the State, passed last winter, a printed statement of the financial condition of the several towns must be prepared and placed in the hands of the voters at least seven days before the annual meeting in the Spring.

See advertisement of Mr. Wescott—"Blacksmithing." This has been a good shop in the hands of Mr. Aberton, and promises to continue such in present hands.

## West Waterville Items.

TEMPERANCE.—The good people of this village are determined to use all lawful means to prevent the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It has long been our boast that the article could not be sold openly nor to any great extent secretly. Several persons choosing to act in opposition to public opinion in this matter, have found that public opinion is stronger than they. They were recently brought before Justice Drummond on complaint, and clearly convicted. Two of them lived in the outskirts of the town. Let the work go on.

MASONIC FUNERAL.—Edward B. Herbert son of Andrew Herbert, was buried with Masonic honors last week. He died in Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C., Jan. 3d, of wounds received in battle during the attack on the Weldon R. R., Dec. 10th. Previous to entering the army, over three years ago, he followed the seas, and while in that occupation was distinguished for his bravery and disinterested benevolence. He was ever ready to sacrifice his own interests, and even to risk his own life to succor and save those in distress. In the army he evinced the same traits of character and endeared himself to comrades and superiors. He experienced religion about two years ago, and died in the triumphs of christian faith.

BODY RECOVERED.—William Marston, son of C. B. Marston of this town, a member of a Mass. Regiment, was instantly killed at Winchester, Va., in one of the battles between Sheridan and Early. It was supposed that he was buried by strangers, and that his grave could not be identified; but Mr. Marston has recently been informed by the officers of the company that William's body was found and recognized by his own tent-mate and other friends, and that his grave is clearly marked. Mr. M. proposes to have the remains exhumed and brought home if possible.

ADJUTANT SMALL.—The many friends of this officer will be interested to know that letters have recently been received from him, dated as late as Nov. 27th. At that time he was a prisoner at Danville, Va., having been removed to that place from Libby Prison, Richmond.

FISHERIES ON THE KENNEBEC.—The movement in the Legislature to abolish the penalty for obstructing the fishways on the Kennebec, we hope will not be successful; but that instead, public attention will be turned to the matter and a rigid enforcement of the law now on our statute books—which, through the fault of our Fish Wardens, has remained a dead letter—will be demanded. Trusting in the provisions of that law, certain persons, with a good deal of labor and expense, took measures to see if the theory upon which it was based, and see if the fisheries on the river could not be improved. Fish were transported to the ponds and streams above the Augusta Dam, and a return of their progeny is confidently looked for during the coming Spring. Where is the fishway—a good and sufficient—for their passage through the Augusta Dam? Let the Fish Wardens—M. B. Bliss, Esq., and his associates—who had all the power to compel a large corporation to do its duty, answer. No fishway worth a button has ever been provided; and the penalties of the violated law have been enforced only upon humble sinners. The editors of the *Maine Farmer*, who have devoted columns to other enterprises of the kind, have never a word for this; though the scene of this rascally outrage of law and obligations immediately under their office windows. It happens to be their bull goring the ox of their neighbors—and "that's what's the matter." Though Augusta-born, we trust that our representative will remember that his constituents reside above the Dam, and act accordingly.

ANOTHER foot of snow fell on Monday night, which, with the quantity already on the ground, gives us all we wish to see for awhile. The storm extended, very impartially as near as we can learn, all over the State, blocking the roads in all directions. The trains on the Portland and Kennebec railroad went through very nearly on time, on Tuesday; but on the Maine Central road they were a long way behind time—the morning passenger train not reaching here until about eight o'clock in the evening. A special train over this road, however, brought in the mails from the west about the same time.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Messrs. Blunt and Coffin have disposed of their Stove and Hardware establishment to Mr. J. Farish, (late of the firm of Farish & Drummond) and Mr. J. R. Pitman, book-keeper to the same firm for several years. With their capacity and aptitude for business, we have no doubt that these gentlemen will "whittle their way" in any business in which they choose to embark; but we confess to a feeling of disappointment that they have not found employment in some new manufacturing enterprise, for which their past experience and success rendered them eminently well fitted.

THE ROAD COMMISSIONERS deserve great credit for the promptness with which they have run the snow plow through the streets of our village this winter, and we are pleased to see that they have made more thorough work than ever before, not neglecting the by-roads. The condition of our walks in the winter has an important bearing upon the health of this community, particularly the female portion of it.

GEN. KNOX AGAIN.—J. S. Carr, of Boston, bought a Knox Colt 8 months old, of Peter Williams, of Vassalboro, a day or two since, for five hundred dollars. It was raised by Mr. Lang.

OLD PAPERS AND RAGS are still bought at the Mail office, and cash and the highest market price paid for them.

## Maine Legislature.

The order directing inquiry into the expediency of taxing national securities and shares in National Banks has been indefinitely postponed; but a bill has been reported which renders shares of National Banks liable to taxation as the personal property of the holder, but forbids taxation to any greater extent than is imposed on State Banks.

A bill has been reported raising the poll tax to three dollars.

Josiah W. Smith petitioner for alteration of the town lines of Norridgewock, had leave to withdraw.

Resolves in favor of so amending the Constitution of the United States as to abolish slavery, passed the House, on Tuesday, without a division.

Resolve in relation to the Reciprocity Treaty favoring its abrogation, passed the House finally on Saturday.

On Monday Mr. True, in the Senate, reported a bill "setting off W. W. Edwards and others from Ticonic village corporation." It seems to be a question "in equity" whether some persons who reside so extremely in the "suburbs" of the corporation as to have little or no profit from it, should be compelled to remain in it. Property above the brick-yard, on Main-st., above the railroad on College street, and on the street from the Crommett Mills to the paper mill, west of the Messalonskee, is affected by this question. We hear of no opposition to the measures taken by the petitioners, and presume the act will pass.

## War of Redemption.

Since the capture of Fort Fisher our gunboats have made their way slowly up Cape Fear river, removing torpedoes and shelling out the rebels on the banks. Blockade running is effectually stopped and several blockade runners that ventured in recently have been captured. The rebels have blown up Forts Caswell and Campbell, destroyed the rebel steamers Tallahassee and Chickamauga, and have evacuated Fort Johns and the town of Smithville. Com. Porter is confident of the speedy capture of Wilmington.

Important movements are understood to be in progress against Charleston and Mobile, but we get only hints of their progress, and the people will wait patiently, confident in the ability of our armies to cope with the rebels at all points and break the military power of the Confederacy sooner or later.

A formidable expedition, we are told, recently left Fort Morgan and Gaines and has gone up East Pascagoula river to Lake Justine, in rear of Mobile.

The rebel fleet at Richmond recently came down and attacked our works at City Point, but met with a warm reception. One vessel was blown up, two others badly damaged, and the attack was abandoned in a hurry.

A rebel pirate is operating off the coast of Brazil.

Secretary Stanton was four days in Savannah, and found a very gratifying condition of affairs, both in the army and among the people. While there, Mayor Arnold asked that he should meet the Alderman of the city for a conference on the peace question. He answered that he was not empowered to express the views of the President on that question, but that they could be found in his last message; that General Sherman was in command of the city and the State of Georgia, and would see peace sustained as soon as the people laid down their arms, and would be a very good man to consult on peace questions.

Official reports are received from Rear-Admiral Dahlgren relative to the loss of the iron-clad Patapsco in Charleston Harbor. She was dragged for torpedoes. She had been up abreast of Fort Sumter and returned, and was on her way up again, drifting in with the tide and apparently going where she had already twice been, when she struck the torpedo, and in five minutes was out of sight. She sunk about eight hundred yards from the fort, carrying down 72 persons.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mrs. Rachel Buck, wife of Mr. William M. Buck, of this village, died very suddenly on Tuesday evening. She had been suffering from neuralgia in her arm and head, and retired between 5 and 6 o'clock. She soon after called to her daughter and requested her to raise the window, as she was distressed for breath. Dr. Boutelle was called immediately, but she expired before he arrived, which was but a few moments. Her age was 63 years.

We call attention to Miss Barney's advertisement. Her excellent qualifications for interesting the juveniles in music are too well known to need praise. The opportunity is a rare one.

THANKS.—Mr. P. C. Conway, formerly of Waterville, now in the Massachusetts Adjutant General's office, will please accept our thanks for copies of the Massachusetts Militia Law, and Gov. Andrews Address. We were already under obligations for similar favors.

We commence sending bills this week to some of our subscribers, and trust they will receive immediate attention. The larger the bill, the louder the call.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK, in this village, voted to surrender its charter on Saturday last. A national bank will take its place, with a capital of \$100,000, and nearly that amount has already been subscribed.

Fifty-six loaded cars went into Portland on Monday, over the Portland and Kennebec Railroad.

Although the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature has, on a test vote, declared against the anti-slavery constitutional amendment, the vote showed a gain of twelve members in its favor since last winter, and half a dozen more votes would secure a majority.

## Missouri Constitutional Convention.

The Convention passed on Friday, in a committee of the whole, by nearly a unanimous vote, the 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th sections of the Bill of Rights, as follows:—

The 4th section asserts that all political power rested in, and was served from, the people. All government of right originates from the people, founded on their will only and instituted for the good of the whole.

The 6th section, that this State shall ever remain a member of the American Union, and all attempts from whatever source, upon whatever pretext, to dissolve said nation ought to be resisted with the whole power of the State.

The 7th section, that every citizen of this State owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and the Government of the United States, and no law, or ordinance of this State in contravention thereof can have any binding force.

An ordinance has been introduced confiscating property of rebels engaged in overt acts, and asking Congress to release the claim of the United States to confiscate rebel property to the State of Missouri.

Four of the New York hotel burners, including their chief, Capt. Bell, have been arrested by Gen. Dix's detectives and are now awaiting trial in Fort Lafayette. The proof against them is said to be very strong, and they are therefore very promising candidates for the gallows—a fate they will richly merit.

VOLUNTEER PEACE MAKERS. We believe that all thinking men see that any real propositions of peace should first proceed from the confederates—that no peace can be made with rebels in arms, and that any peace made while they have an army capable of continuing war against us would be one unsatisfactory to the people, disgraceful to the nation, and leaving open for future controversy and war the old causes of rebellion. We regret that our government should let men, whether of small or large ability, go on such errands, on any pretext, to Richmond. Surely the action of the Confederate authorities, after all their reverses, is, in this regard, in dignified contrast to ours. It is equally ridiculous to the country whether an enthusiast like Col. Jaquess, or a veteran politician like Francis P. Blair, labors under the mental delusion that he was born to settle this great controversy. [Boston Transcript]

IMPORTANT DECISION. The Supreme Court at Washington, on Wednesday, declared an opinion in the case of Hathorn, *vs. error*, *vs. Culef*, in which they held that the liability of a stockholder in the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company is a contract within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and that the act of 1856, by which the Legislature of the State undertook to repeal that liability is void.

In the case above mentioned, Hathorn brought his action against Culef, one of the stockholders in the K. & P. Company and our State Court decided that under the law of 1856 the defendant was not liable. This decision has been over-ruled, and it is said to be the first time a decision of our Supreme Court has been reversed by the Supreme Court at Washington. The decision is an important one in its bearing on the original stockholders of the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company. [Press.]

A SQUADRON FOR EUROPE.—The heavy work of our great navy is now over, Fort Fisher having fallen; for it is expected, that Charleston will be taken by the land forces. We hear with pleasure, therefore, that the department designs at once to strengthen our distant squadrons, to re-establish those of the Brazilian and East Indian stations, and to organize a large squadron under command of Rear Admiral Goldsborough, to visit the European waters. A fleet of one or two hundred vessels, sailing under the American flag, many of them showing scars of battle received below New Orleans, in Mobile Bay, off Charleston, at Fort Fisher, and at other places would make a sensation abroad.

It would have a wholesome effect, and would do more to teach foreign powers the propriety of non-intervention in our affairs, than years of negotiation and volumes of diplomatic discussion. The vessels might also pick up such stray rebel craft as might be found on the high seas. We are not sure that Rear Admiral Goldsborough has done such signal service as to entitle him to the honor of being chosen to command the proposed great squadron. It would seem most proper to give it to our only Vice Admiral—Farragut, the greatest naval hero of this or any other age. [Phil. Bulletin.]

THE WINTER IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. A letter from Madrid, dated the 26th ult., says: Madrid is at the present moment literally blocked up with snow. The mails are all behindhand, and I do not know when this letter will reach you. The letters dispatched yesterday did not get further than Escorial.

A good story is told of a Yankee hackman who was engaged to convey two Englishmen about the environs of Boston, including, of course, Bunker Hill. After going up and inspecting the monument, the Englishmen returned to the hack, where the driver was quietly waiting for them. "I say, driver," says one of the Englishmen, "this is the place where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a don't thrashing about eighty years since." "Well," says the driver, "don't know as I ever heard tell about that; but who owns the land now?"

Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) is writing from the oil regions to the Springfield *Republican*, cautioning eastern people not to invest in Petroleum companies without knowing what they are paying for. He says the grossest swindles are being perpetrated.

Postmasters are obliged to receive all Treasury notes for stamps and postages, if clearly genuine, no matter how torn or defaced they may be, provided one-twentieth part thereof be not missing; and fractional currency, if not one-tenth part be missing. Such notes and currency, received as aid and unit for re-issue, should be kept separate and distinct, and returned, as occasion requires, to the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, in sums of not less than three dollars, to be exchanged for new.

Between irresponsible substitute brokers and bounty jumpers, the government is defrauded of men and money. Thirty-eight enlisted men escaped from camp at Augusta on Friday night of last week, but a number of them were retaken on Saturday. Great care should be taken by town authorities to enlist good men and true, if they would strengthen the army and shorten the war.

ZEMRO A. SMITH has been made Lieut. Col. of the First Maine Regiment Heavy Artillery.







