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Maxham & Wing

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OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childhood's purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over her bosom tenderly
The poet's white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin—
Where the soft blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow, lovingly
Twine her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that love sent down,
From his heavenly gems, that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Like as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep, with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dearest breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death—
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight,
It is beaming now in a world of light,
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand,
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band
Over the starry way.

NORA AND I.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I have been telling Miss Nora," he said, addressing mother, "that it seems to me quite unnecessary for her to leave home. We are to have a new teacher in the academy next term, and there is a prospect of a number of new pupils; so many, in fact, that an assistant will be needed, and I understand, several weeks since, to procure one. I had not as yet been able to suit myself, and I have offered the situation to her. The pay is not large, but a small salary at home may be better than a larger one away. She thinks she will accept the post. I have also a proposition to make to you. The new preceptor is a connection of my own, and has commissioned me to procure him a boarding-place. I thought you might possibly be willing to take him. He would pay six dollars a week. That is what Mr. Gibson has been paying at the hotel. The new-comer, Mr. Aytoun, much prefers to become an inmate of some private family. I will leave you to consider the matter, and call again to-morrow to ascertain your decision."

After he was gone we discussed it pro and con. Mother was the *con*, and both of us girls were decidedly *pro*. We thought it would be pleasant. It would enable us to have a servant again—it would help us in so many ways. We should scarcely feel the difference in providing, so much of our living came from the farm. We brought mother round to our way of thinking after a while, and the next day when Squire Roscoe called we made the bargain.

There were only a few days in which to get ready. Next week the term would begin—Mr. Aytoun would make his appearance—Nora would commence her new work. She was in a flutter of excitement. She had never been of all difficulties and discouragements, and displayed a capacity to make old things look new quite beyond belief. Squire Roscoe seemed to take a real interest in our arrangements, for he came over a most every day. He got to be on such friendly and familiar footing that we did not mind when he caught us darning, and we even asked him to stay to tea, which he did, and moreover seemed to enjoy it. We began to like him very much, all of us. He was so thoroughly good and sensible, so truly a gentleman. To be sure he was no longer young. At twenty-five, perhaps, I was not youthful enough to have a right to consider a man of forty-two as altogether beyond the hopes and ambitions of youth—but I confess he did seem so to me. There was something, I thought, really paternal in his bland manner; and I admired the condescension with which he listened to and answered Nora's gay sallies, while I wondered at her audacity in talking to him so familiarly.

Punctually with the appointed day came Mr. Ralph Aytoun, the new teacher. As Squire Roscoe was an old friend of his we had invited him to accompany our new inmate and help us to make his acquaintance. I remember well the contrast between the two men as they sat that evening in our little parlor. Mr. Aytoun was about twenty-six, perhaps; of medium height, with form slender but well-knit, and full of muscular fibre and strength. His head was well-set, and cast in a mould of power and grace. He had dark eyes, full of a kindly brightness; clearly cut features; and a heavy brown beard. He was certainly fine-looking, if not altogether handsome, with a certain bright charm of buoyant life and ambitious youth, which made me think at the moment how well he would suit Nora, and wonder what would be the consequence of his coming to Home-nook.

From him I glanced to Squire Roscoe. I saw a strongly-built man, no longer young, or slender, or particularly graceful; but with a kind, manly face; steadfast, authoritative eyes; a slightly autocratic air—evidently a man of power. I recognized in him the triumph of a resolute will over the difficulties and perplexities of life—over the temptations of his own nature as well. I respected him thoroughly, but he did not seem to me fascinating. When I looked at him his eyes were fixed on Nora; and something in their expression made it occur to me for the first time that it was possible he might not be quite so insensible to her attractions as I thought his forty-two years demanded. "It was very injudicious of you, if you had any such idea, Mr. Roscoe, to bring that young man here by way of contrast," I said to myself.

Nora was bewitching that evening. Her spirits rose with the evening brightness, and the two guests she had to entertain. She sang, she talked, she flashed witty little speeches at Mr. Roscoe, and made us all, even my mother, merry and happy. What a blessing it was, I often thought, that the dear child could be so cheery always! In our darkest hours she had ever been hopeful, and I think her smiling front in gloomy times had done more to keep up heart of grace in us than all other things put together.

At last Squire Roscoe went away; Mr. Aytoun took possession of his own room; and we gathered round the fire, which it was our habit to have kindled for the early September evenings, to talk them over, women fashion. We were all agreed in heartily liking Mr. Aytoun, and thinking he would be a pleasant inmate. Altogether life had begun to look brighter than it had for a long time. Nora's salary, and the weekly stipend for our boarder, would put us quite in funds. A new merino dress apiece began to come into my calculations, and "yards

and yards" of pink and blue ribbons into Nora's first school-day, and she must get well rested in advance.

She must have had a natural gift for teaching, or else her natural gift for being agreeable every where stood her in good stead in the school-room, and made all her pupils love her. Quite unused to regular tasks though she was, it did not wear on her in the least. She seemed to grow brighter and more winsome every day. Indeed we were becoming a very cheerful household. For my mother's life, indeed, no sun could ever rise like the one that set above my father's grave; but she cherished her sorrow as an angel visitant, whose only outward grove was a fonder love, a care more tender for us who were left her. Her quiet, serene face, with its beauty pale and gracious as moonlight, never saddened or reproached us. Mr. Aytoun made himself genial and helpful as a son or brother. Squire Roscoe, either for our sake or our boarder's, continued to be a frequent visitor, and our long winter evenings, with mother sitting serenely in her corner by the household hearth, the two gentlemen talking, and Nora singing, laughing, jesting, galvanizing us all into new life, passed blissfully. It was a new experience to me. I took up the broken thread of youth where I had left it, and began to feel like a girl again.

At last came holiday-time. Mr. Aytoun was to stay with us through the two week's vacation, and we planned to have a merry Christmas-eve. We had a veritable pine-tree from the grove on the hill-top, and yew adorned it as gayly as we could. It was the first time for years that we had been able to make presents, and we enjoyed the luxury thoroughly. After the tree had been decorated with candles and boughs it fell to mother's lot to put on the gifts. We smuggled them in to her by Nancy—our own old Nancy, who had come back to us—and then awaited her summons. After a while she called us. The effect was beautiful. The little parlor was all aglow with warmth and brightness, and in one corner stood the tree, with all its candles lighted, and its boughs heavy with promise. Nora looked like a queen, I thought, as she walked in and stood in the bright glow. A wreath of holly, shaped like a coronet, with shining green leaves and bright red berries, crowned her stately head. She wore a crimson skirt, which gave out warm flashes of color where the light struck it, and a black velvet jacket fitting daintily to her slender waist. Of course Squire Roscoe was of our party—he was too much of a *habitué* to be left out on any festive occasion. I saw him look at Nora with undisguised admiration. After a while, when most of the gifts had been distributed, I saw him take from some secret repository a little box, a dainty, sparkling thing of pearl and silver, and hand it to her, under cover of the talking. I felt sure neither mother nor Mr. Aytoun observed the movement—they were occupied with a set of stereoscopic views just then. I watched the by-play. As Nora opened the box something glittered brilliantly, and I saw a burning flush rise to my sister's cheek. Then I heard Squire Roscoe say, in a low tone,

"If you wear it I shall know what it means."

Nora held it a moment thoughtfully—then flashed a sudden look at his face, and with a resolved air put on the jewel. It was a ring, a single diamond, glittering in solitary splendor in a quiet setting of black enamel. For an instant Mr. Roscoe's hand closed over hers with the ring on it; then quietly, as if nothing had happened, he crossed over to the table and began talking about the views.

The evening passed away merrily. We had a Christmas cake and some mullied wine. The presents were duly admired, and there was plenty of mirth and music and friendly warmth. But the time seemed long to me until I was in our own room, with Nora to my self.

"Well?" I said, inquiringly.
She flashed at me the Roscoe diamond.
"What does it mean?" I asked.
"Marriage, I suppose," she said, with composure.

"And you mean to marry Lloyd Roscoe?"
"Why not, if he does me the honor of asking me?"

I thought she was sacrificing herself. I was afflicted with a duty to do. I would be kind, cautious, gentle; but the duty must be done. As a preparatory step I put both arms round her and kissed her. Then I said, trying to be gently reproachful.

"I did not think you could be mercenary, Nora!"
She smiled that beaming, brilliant smile of hers. She always had the sweetest temper in the world.

"So you think, Mat, that I am going to marry Lloyd Roscoe because of the position and the wealth he can give me—that I am bitten with social ambition, and want to see myself reigning in state in the great gray-stone house?"

"I blushed for her, or myself, or both, but I did not answer her question. Then she smiled again and kissed me.

"Mat," she said, "you look tired. Let us go to sleep."

I read determination in her eyes, heard it in her tones. I knew I could have no influence just then, and I was tired.

The next afternoon Mr. Aytoun came into the parlor, where I happened to be sitting quite alone. Mother had gone out, and Nora was driving with Mr. Roscoe. I had a duty to do in Ralph Aytoun's behalf also, and now was my time. I felt sure that he had loved Nora, and in my heart I thought that Nora loved him also, and only was determined to be mistress of the Roscoe fortune. It was my duty clearly to let him know how things were going. Gently as I could I hinted at Nora's probable destiny. He kept his face turned away from me, so that I could not see its expression. But his voice sounded unnaturally clear and distinct, I thought as he asked—

"Then you really think she will marry Mr. Roscoe?"

"Yes," I cried, "unless some one has the will and the courage to prevent it."

"But why prevent it?" His tone was provokingly cool. "It seems to me matter of congratulation rather than of despair. I can imagine Miss Nora queening it royally in that old stone palace of his."

"A queen crowned with thorns," I cried, "driven to desperation. You know what Nora

is. Can you imagine her happy in a marriage without love?"

"No," very quietly; and then, a moment after, he said, "I hope she will teach with me next term, we get on so well together. If she will wait till spring I shall be through then, and the new preceptor can find himself a new assistant."

So he meant to leave us in the spring. The prospect was not cheerful. I could imagine Home-nook quite a different place without him, and, with Nora gone also, I did not care to picture it. Just then, interrupting my gloomy reverie, Mr. Roscoe's carriage stopped at the gate, and its owner handed my sister out and came in with her. Well he might be proud of her, that creature "of spirit, and fire, and dew," with the gem-like sparkle in her eyes, the vivid tints of cheek and lip. She made him send the carriage away, and kept him for the evening. Soon mother came back. Mr. Aytoun roused himself from his abstraction, for which I, guessing the effort it must have cost him, honored him proportionately, and we were a cheery company. That night, in our own room, Nora flashed the Roscoe diamond in my face again with a saucy, defiant smile.

"Your letter," I said, a little tartly; for her manner vexed me.

"Yes, my letter—worn willingly though."

Then she came up to me and laid her head against my shoulder, not laughing now, but with a sweet, serious, tender, almost heightening beauty of the face upturned to my own.

"I would not tell you last night, Mat," she whispered, "because I had not told him; but—love him!"

"Love him!" I cried, astounded; "love Lloyd Roscoe!"

"Yes. Is it so strange to you? To me he seems worthy of all love."

"And you are sure—sure it is not the stone-house, or the carriage, or the gold and silver?"

Her eyes were full of strange earnestness, almost reproachful, as she answered me:—"You must not misunderstand me, Mat. All the rest of the world may misjudge me, but not my sister. I love Lloyd Roscoe himself for himself. I honor him beyond any man I have ever known. If he were landless, penniless, I would marry him still. The nineteen years between his age and mine are no barrier; just as he is he suits me. He would not suit me the less if he were without a dollar; yet wealth is pleasant, and I shall like to be mistress of the stone-house: all the same."

I could not after that doubt or mistake her. There was truth in her eyes. I knew that her heart had chosen, and, if the choice seemed strange to me, it was none the less honest and genuine. I kissed her then with a real, heartfelt kiss of congratulation; and then I thought how I should miss her, and cried over her as heartily as I had kissed her.

The next day I saw Mr. Aytoun alone a moment, and I snatched it to do my sister justice in his estimation.

"She loves him," I said.

"So I supposed," he answered, imperturbably.

Certainly he bore his disappointment with heroic fortitude.

Nora declared her intention of teaching next term, as she had agreed. Mr. Roscoe remonstrated a little, but when he found she was resolved yielded the point with a good grace. I asked her why she persisted, and she told me she wanted to have time to grow familiar with the thought of her new position; to know her lover better, and understand his tastes and ways more thoroughly. Besides, she wanted her next term's wages to buy a fitting wardrobe; and she would not be married till the white roses blossomed—she meant to wear them in her hair.

So all things went on much as before, save that every evening brought Squire Roscoe with it. Nora was infinitely bewitching and full of variety. She showed her betrothed all sides of her nature. She jesting with him, teased him, laughed at him, and now and then sang him some tender song, that made his pulses thrill to a strange, delicious rhythm, or said some sentence to him so low that no one else heard it, or let him gaze through her dark eyes into the depths of her maiden heart. Mother was thoroughly pleased. Just at first, I confess, she had shared my apprehensions; but when she found how real Nora's love was, she was satisfied.

Mr. Aytoun alone seemed changed. At least he withdrew himself a little from our society. He was with us often, and always at such times as lively and pleasant as ever; but he passed a great deal of the time which he used to devote to us, alone. He accounted for this by the demands his legal studies made upon him. He was reading law diligently, and hoped to be admitted to the bar in the spring—whether he should practice in Eastbrook or elsewhere being an unsettled question. I accepted this reasonable excuse for his absence—it was true, doubtless—still I could not divest myself of the idea that this reluctance to see my sister and Mr. Roscoe together had something to do with his seclusion.

At last the winter term was out—spring came—Nora and Mr. Aytoun alike hung their shepherd's crooks upon the willows, and abandoned to their own devices the young lambs of the Eastbrook academy. In the month of roses Nora was to become Mrs. Roscoe, and preparations were going on with all diligence. In the mean time Mr. Aytoun passed his legal Rubicon, and was ready to commence practice. One day he asked me to walk out with him. I tied on my hat with a vague foreboding. He could bear his grief no longer in silence, I imagined; at last it must find expression. As we walked along under the trees, odorous with May-time blossoms, he began the subject.

"I have not been insensible to your sympathy for me, Martha. You have been very sorry for me all winter. I know. I have read it every day in those kind eyes of yours. But I want you to tell me what first made you think I loved Nora."

I tried to think, but the chief reason I could call to mind was the inevitable necessity, as it seemed to me, that any one brought within the sphere of Nora's attractions must be subdued by them. He went on, gravely:—

"Was it any special attention to her, or was it loss of appetite, or did I keep you awake nights by restless pinnings to and fro? Those are the symptoms, are they not?"

I saw he was laughing, and it vexed me.

"As if I could give you a reason," I cried. "Do not women always know things by intuition? I'm sure I can't tell how I knew it—I only know—"

"That Nora is irresistible?" he interrupted me. "To most perhaps, but not to me, Martha. I never saw one moment in which I wanted to marry your sister Nora."

So I had been wasting my sympathy all winter!

"Why not?" I said, a little sharply; "isn't she lovely and winning? Don't you like her?"

"Yes, but I don't love her. Did it ever occur to you as possible that any one should love you?"

"Not where Nora was," I answered, honestly.

"And yet, Martha, seeing you both, it was you I loved, and not Nora. She might dazzle me, but she never would suit me as you could. She is too high-pitched. I am commonplace, perhaps. At any rate, I understand myself and my own wants. I want you. It is for you to determine whether you can love me. You must decide whether I settle here, in Eastbrook, or go away, never to see any of you again."

I stood still a moment and tried to understand myself. Never until then had the first thought of his loving me crossed my mind. What did I feel for him? Why had I thought it so impossible that Nora should not have chosen him? Did I want him to stay or go? With the thought of not seeing him any more—of never again hearing that cheery voice or meeting those kindly eyes—a strange pang pierced me, a thrust which brought self-knowledge.

"Stay in Eastbrook," I said. "Mother would miss you sadly."

He smiled. I presume it was as much of an admission as he expected.

So we were married on the same day, Nora and I. I do not know which bride was the happier. We were both suited entirely. Our differing destinies were just what they should have been. It suited Nora to reign in her stately mansion, to wear diamonds, and glisten in silken raiment. Those things seemed to belong to her, as the bright tints to a hummingbird. They never detracted one particle from the true womanliness of her nature, or mingled one grain of alloy with the pure gold of her love for her husband.

But it pleased me better to live with Ralph on the farm—just such a quiet life as my father and mother had lived before us. Only Ralph is a more practical man than my father ever was. At fifty his future will not be unprovided for. My mother lives with us. Nora and I, dearly as we love her, are no longer in need of her; and sometimes I think she is getting ready to leave us—to go where he waits whose presence makes her home.

JOSH BILLINGS, REAL ESTATE AGENT.—I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a palatial, a sweet and pension retirement, looking on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously cultivated by the hand of nature, into pasture and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness, and the dalliance of moss-tufted molder; strems or sparkling gladness (think with trout) dance thro' this wilderness of buty, few the low musk of the kriket and the grasshopper. The evergreen sigh as the evening zephyr flits thro' its shadowy bizzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv smitten heart of a dam el. Fruits of the tropics, in their golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The mansion is of Parian marble, the porch is a single diamond, set with rubies and mother of pearl; the floors are of rose-wood, and the ceilings are more beautiful than the starry vault of heavin. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in every apartment, and nothin is wantin that poits cood pra for or art portrayv.

The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the suds of Akilles, and its henery was built expressly for the birds of paradise; while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets have cum and worbled their haze, here sculptors have cut, here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landscapes, and here the filosofor discovered the stun, which made him the alkimist of natur. Nex northwain of this thing of buty, sleeps the residence of a domain on the Duke John Smith; while southward and nearer the spice-breathing tropiks, may be seen the baronial villa of Earl Brown and the Duchess, and Widdier Betsey Stevens. Wall or primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eve catches far away, the magesta and slow grandeur of the Hudson. As the yung horn bangs like a curtin of silver from the bla brest of the sky, an angel may be seen eue nite dainsin with golden tips on the green. (N. B. This angel goes with the place.)

Diagrams can be seen at the ofiss of the broker. Terms flatterin. None but principel dealt with. Title as pure as the broth of a white male infant, and possession given with the lark. For more full deskriphun read Ovid's Art of Luv, or kall (in your karriage) on Josh Billings, Real Estate Agent.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—A lady or gentleman, having made up his or her mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an unimportant matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is, photographically, black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light-blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark-blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, dark, cerise, megenite, yellow-green, dark brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dead-black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded

against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue eye," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer, for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair, is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan and freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the seaside, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though perhaps not very becoming, will be found more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.

[All the Year Round.]

WIVES THAT ARE STRANGERS.—Husbands do not talk to their wives. If a neighbor is married, they tell of it. If a battle is fought, or a village burnt down, they communicate the fact; but for any interchange of thought or sentiment or emotion, for any conversation that is invigorating, inspiring, that causes a thrill or leaves a glow, how often does such a thing occur between husband and wife? What intellectual meeting is there, what shock of electricities? When a definite domestic question is to be decided, the wife's judgment is sought, and that is better than a solitary stumbling on, regardless of her views or feelings; but this sort of broad and butter discussion of ways and means is not the gentle, animated play of conversation, not that pleasant sparkle which enlivens the hours, that trustful confidence which lightens the heart, that welding of weapons which strengthens the arm, that sweet, instinctive half-unvoicing which increases respect and deepens love and fills the heart with inexpressible tenderness. Yet there is nobody in the world with whom it is so important for a man to be intimately acquainted as his own wife, while such intimate acquaintance is the exception rather than the rule. Every one sees them going on each in his own path, each with his own inner world of opinions and hopes and memories, one in name, miserably two in all else. Men often have too much confidence in their measuring-lines. They fancy they have fathomed a soul's depths when they have only paddled in a cove. They trim their sails for other seas, leaving the priceless gems of their own undiscovered. To many a man no voyage of exploration would bring such rich returns as a persevering and affectionate search into the resources of the heart which he calls his own. Many and many a man would be amazed at learning that in the time household drudge, in the meek, timid, apologetic recipient of his caprices, in the worn and fretful invalid, in the common-place, insipid, domestic weakling he scorned an enemy unwarmed. Many a wife is wearied and neglected into moral shabbiness, who, rightly treated would have walked sister and wife of the gods. Human nature in certain directions is as infinite as the Divine nature, and when a man turns away from his wife, under the impression that he has exhausted her capabilities, and must seek elsewhere the sympathy and companionship he craves, or go without it altogether, let him reflect that the chances are at least even that he has but exhausted himself, and that the soil which seems to him fallow might in other lands or with a wiser culture yield most plenteous harvests. —[Gail Hamilton.]

GOOD AND BAD APPLES.—One day Robert's father saw him plying with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful, rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert.

"You must lay them aside for a few days that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert placed the plate with the apples in the store-room.

But as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples make the rotten ones fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Some days after he asked his son to take out the apples. But the apples which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked, were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Oh, father, did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? Yet you did not listen to me!"

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad boys will make you bad, yet you do not listen to me? See in the condition of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF TROUSERS.—A young New England mother, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at the first sight of the baggy garments, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the little fellow won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

[Little Pilgrim.]

CORNELIUS O'DOWD, in the last Blackwood indulges in a humorous protest against popularizing science, especially as it affects Mrs. O'Dowd. He comes home and finds that estimable lady in tears because she has learned at the Scientific Congress that the "coal fields

cannot last over twelve thousand years, and that the earth's crust is a seventeenth of an inch thinner than it was at the time of Moses. And then he asks, "What right has Sir David Brewster or Prof. Farrady to fill my wife's head with speculations about the first man? I am, or at least ought to be, the first man to her." But even this is not so bad as the dismal information thrust upon him regarding the constituents of which both are composed. "I do not desire to have it impressed on me so forcibly that I am only a compound of neutral salts, gelatine fibrine and adipose matter. It is no pleasure to me to regard Mrs. O'Dowd as a vehicle for phosphate of lime, various carbonates and an appreciable portion of arsenic."

TOO SANGUINE HOPES OF PEACE.—Despite the favorable military position, the good news of a disension between two parties in the rebel Government, and Mr. Blair's mission to Richmond, we warn our readers against too sanguine hopes of a speedy peace. The constant advance of our armies, the fearfully chaotic condition of the insurgent States themselves, and the apparent signs of a peace-party in the rebel Congress, are all tokens of that great event which is surely coming, and which will gladden every right-thinking man—the restoration of peace. But they are not necessarily tokens of its speedy advent. A powerful army, hardened in a hundred battles and numbering probably 60,000 men, still holds Richmond and defies the utmost power of the Union. It is commanded by two men of great determination of character, of intense pride and remarkable ability—Lee and Davis. We have no reason to suppose these two leaders of different purpose, or with any less firm resolve than ever, to fight out the war to the end.

It is not in human nature, for men who have won so much, to sacrifice it all now. If they succeed, they gain some of the highest positions in the history of the world. They become the founders of a State, the *Patres* of a new Republic, the heroes of a "War of Independence." If they fail, their names will be the curse and scorn of mankind; and they will either hang on the gallows, or spend the remainder of their days among the dingy boarding-houses of Leicester-square, or the seely tenement-houses of the Latin quarters, or in some other miserable position of a European capital.

They strike for empire or the gallows. However much they may appear to their people to negotiate, they do not want any peace, but the peace of recognition and victory. They mean to fight out the contest to the desperate end. It is true, the dark clouds of approaching destruction are gathering over the doomed Confederacy, and one by one, its supports are breaking beneath it. No doubt Davis looks forth at the storm thickening around him, with the stern desperation with which a bold and bad man faces the inevitable. Probably not unfrequently Lee forecasts in the future, that great and terrible battle in which he and his comrades and the accursed Confederacy shall be trampled to atoms in the last shock between the vast armies gathering around him. But they are both men whom terrors of the imagination do not afflict. They hold the army absolutely in hand, and probably will to the last. They know that even in the apparently final throw, war may offer its lucky dice. They understand the uncertainties of war, and the power of talent and daring to make the most of the condition of reconstruction, or any condition except absolute independence, there will be a battle on the James of the most gigantic character, or there will be a last frantic and desperate rush at the Upper Potomac and the fertile fields and rich cities of the North, with the gambler's hope of something lucky turning up, or with the proud resolve that the Confederacy, if perch it must, shall come to its end on the blackened soil of its enemies.

It is true that these discussions in the rebel Congress may loosen the hold of Lee and Davis over their army, and that the increasing despondency and discontent of the people may at length reach the soldiers. But we do not much believe in such a happy result. The army is a thoroughly military body, under excellent discipline, and has thrown all its fortunes into the struggle. The memories of four years of battle, of victories and disasters, will keep it true, for much time yet, to its evil cause. Many of its officers will, like their General, choose the last struggle rather than submission.

[N. Y. Times.]

"THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED."—The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summer-sault over the seat in front, and her handbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured." "La me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

TO CURE A "FELON."—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with cloth, saturate it thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon will soon "die"—poisoned instead of hung, as all felons ought to be. An old physician informs us that he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

TO PETRIFFY WOODEN OBJECTS. Take equal quantities of gem-salt, rock-alum, white vinegar, chalk, and pebbles powdered. Mix all these ingredients. There will happen an ebullition. If, after it has ceased, you throw some wooden objects into this liquid, and leave them soaking for four or five days, they will be transformed into petrifications.

TO MAKE WATER SOFT.—If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it. A gallon of strong lye, put into a great kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearl-ash or potash; but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

It is said that sometime since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to President Lincoln, in which he was styled "a pillar of the church," he quietly and perhaps truthfully remarked that "they would have done much better to have called him a steeple."

The reason why a good many men don't get married is, they are afraid to come to the altar; and the reason why so many suffer from long-standing colds, is because they don't take

Waterville Mail.

BPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 3, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERS & 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. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

GLORY TO GOD!—AMEN!—The great event of the war—of which will crown an era in the world's history—is the passage by Congress of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, totally and forever, on all the territory of the United States. The question is to be submitted to the several states for their vote, and if sustained, the amendment takes effect. The magnitude of this measure will only be appreciated in the ages of freedom it inaugurates. From any stand point of the past—the fall of Sumter or even the Emancipation proclamation—the event could hardly have been predicted, even by the sanguine few to whose hopes such things are revealed. It could only have been foreseen by Him whose plan it has been from the beginning to make the wrath of man to praise him. From the strangest and most wicked measures, and from the basest and foulest of human passions, overruled by His hand, has emanated this glorious development of progressive liberty. We thank God for it, and have not a doubt that an emphatic "amen" will come from every state not now ranked in the rebellion. Maryland has already endorsed it, and a late record of the public sentiment of Missouri renders the voice of that State almost equally certain. With such leaders, what state shall refuse its assent to so glorious a measure? What a shout of glory to God should ascend from every city and town of this great nation for an event which promises forever to hold its place as the keystone in the arch of human freedom!

The people of Rockland are moving with enthusiasm in the matter of the "Paine testimonial," to which we have already alluded. Contributions may be addressed to the "Treasurer of the Paine Testimonial Fund," at that place; and it is hoped that many besides Mr. Paine's former pupils will be glad to aid in the good work, for he is a deserving man and is held in high esteem wherever he is known.

THE CALICO BALL, at West Waterville, was a very successful measure in the good work of raising money for the soldiers. The result, as we are told, was over a hundred dollars; besides the good time so highly enjoyed by the lovers of this kind of amusement. The patriotic ladies who moved and managed the enterprise are entitled to hearty thanks. Well done, good and faithful servants of a good cause.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD CO.—At the annual meeting of this corporation held at Brunswick on Monday last, the old board of directors was unanimously re-elected, with the exception of Judge Shepley who declined. H. N. Jose, Esq. of Portland, was chosen in his stead. The reports not being ready had not been published, but it was stated that the earnings of the road for the past year were \$516,000 in round numbers, exclusive of the military business. It was voted to accept the charter, recently granted, for extending the road from Morrill's Corner to Portland. It was also voted to appropriate the sum of \$300,000 for the improvement and equipment of the road and for building the new line, it being determined by the owners to make this a first class road in all its appointments. To this end they have recently contracted for four passenger cars, with all the latest improvements, monitor tops, patent ventilators, etc., and they have also provided for sixty additional freight cars. Under its present energetic management this road is winning an enviable reputation.

TICONIC NATIONAL BANK OF WATERVILLE is the first one of our village banks to receive its charter under the new organization, and will have its bills for circulation in a few weeks. The following are the officers for the present year: Jos. Eaton, President; Solyman Heath, Vice President; Sam'l Doolittle, Edward G. Meader, Chas. K. Mathews, Directors; A. A. Plaisted, Cashier.

"Firemen's Ball," at North Vassalboro', on Thursday evening next. A good time is promised, in good management. Firemen are always such.

The regular entertainment of the Young People's Society will occur on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 8. Admission 10 cents.

See advertisement of British Reviews, in another column, of which we shall make further notice hereafter.

A PRISONER'S NARRATIVE.

Messrs. Editors:—Having but recently effected my escape from the Southern Conspiracy, I propose, (if you can spare me room in your paper) to give a short account of my capture and imprisonment.

I was captured at Aldie, Va., on the 20th day of June, 1863, by a detachment of the advance guard of the Southern army, and pending those movements of the two hostile armies resulting in the battle of Gettysburg. I then had an opportunity of observing the lively demonstrations of the rebel army as its several columns filed away towards the Potomac. The whole army seemed to be animated with the utmost confidence that before many days had elapsed, it would have broken and routed the army of the Potomac, captured Washington and Baltimore, and dictated terms of peace to the North in the squares of Philadelphia. Passing to the rear of their army and "On to Richmond," I found that the great mass of the citizens seemed to share in the same confidence that so greatly animated the army.

On arriving in Richmond I was accommodated with rooms at "The Hotel de Libby," where I found some three hundred officers belonging principally to the commands of Gen. Milroy and Col. Streight, having been captured but a few days before, and who were anxiously waiting intelligence of the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania; but we had not long to wait, for a rumor calculated to be as depressing to us as it was enlivening to the rebels, for one morning, glancing from the windows of the prison, we noticed that the bulletin boards of the city were flaming with the announcement of a great Confederate victory in Pennsylvania. "Great and glorious victory of our arms over the vandal Yankees in Pennsylvania," "Forty thousand prisoners and two hundred pieces of artillery captured," "Harrisburg in our possession," "The army of the Potomac under Meade broken, routed and fleeing in wild dismay before our victorious troops." However much we may have doubted these wild rumors, we could but fear that some great and crowning disaster had befallen our arms.

It was evident that the Richmond authorities placed almost implicit confidence in the report, for an order was at once issued by Gen. Winder commanding Confederate forces in the department of Henrico "that two Federal captains from the number of officers confined in Libby Prison, should be selected by lot, and executed in retaliation for two Confederate officers of like rank who had been hung some time before by our authorities, for recruiting rebel soldiers within our lines; as far as we could see the order was to have been immediately executed; at least, a scene was enacted in the prison the like of which I never wish to see repeated.

Seventy-four officers drawn up in hollow square around a little table in the reception room of Libby Prison, drawing lots for their lives! Men who had enlisted in their country's service, to meet death cheerfully if need be on the battle-field in honorable warfare, might well have been excused for a want of anxiety to meet death upon the gallows. A little box was placed upon the table, containing seventy-four slips of paper, upon which were written the names of the seventy-four captains; it was then determined that the first two slips drawn from the box should be those of the two officers coming under the order. The lots, as is well known, fell upon Capt. Flinn of Indiana and Capt. Sawyer of New Jersey. The ceremony was then dismissed and the two unfortunate men hurried into the dungeons below, with the instruction to prepare for execution.

My only purpose in referring to this incident is to show your readers how evident it is that the rebels fondly imagined that the long wished for time and opportunity had at last arrived, when, in view of the supposed large excess of Federal prisoners then held in the South, they might give free license to all their schemes of retaliation; and I have never had the least doubt that had those first wild rumors been confirmed by the official despatches of Gen. Lee, twelve hours had not elapsed before the bodies of Sawyer and Flinn had been dangling in "Camp Lee," and a reign of terror inaugurated, that would have astonished the world; but it was indeed fortunate for both sections of our country, that the execution of those two officers was delayed. The next day the official despatches of Gen. Lee were received in Richmond, which changed the aspect of affairs exceedingly; instead of having gained a great and glorious victory, his army was in rapid retreat, recrossing the Potomac, having lost in prisoners far more men than he had captured.

The heavy loss of Virginians in the great battle of Gettysburg, clad Richmond in mourning. Virginia has poured out her blood freely and so great has been the slaughter of her troops that many sections of her soil have become almost depopulated. Virginia has ever been the great battle ground of the two Eastern armies, and as a consequence, in whatever direction you may turn little else but havoc and desolation meet the eye.

The defeat of the rebel army at Gettysburg was a heavy blow to the South. Especially humiliating was it, because every incentive and resource were concentrated in this movement with the avowed purpose of conquering a peace by invasion. They had signally failed; and I would here remark that Capt. Sawyer and Flinn were immediately released from their dungeons and again treated as prisoners of war. The Richmond authorities no doubt came to the very wise conclusion, that as hemp was cheaper in the North than in the South, it would cost our government but little more to string up forty thousand prisoners than it would for them to dispose of fifteen thousand in the same way, for I think at that time the North

held an excess, in prisoners, of about twenty-five thousand.

Immediately following the defeat of the rebel army at Gettysburg, and in quick succession, fell Vicksburg and Port Hudson. These latter events cast a gloom through the Confederacy, that all the efforts of the Southern leaders failed to dispel. From that day forward, the great mass of the Southern people have regarded their cause as hopeless, and all the promises of their leaders as 'hopelessly beyond redemption.' Since then they have seen our great Western Gunboat, Flotilla, sweeping the waters of the Mississippi, rendering each of the two parts of the Confederacy of no mutual support to the other.

But it may seem strange to many, that the Southern leaders under so many discouraging aspects have been able to keep their armies in the field, but as far as my own observations extend the press of the South has done more to keep up the delusion than anything and everything else combined. To the press has ever been assigned the imperative duty of keeping constantly before the people revised editions of Yankee cruelty and outrage, claiming that Southern Chivalry is a branch of the great Latin race, while the Yankees of the North are of low Saxon origin, and compose a nation of horse thieves and peddlers; that our armies have invaded their territory to sack and burn their cities and villages, dishonor their homes, and fire their, and reduce all classes to a servitude a thousand times more degrading than that of the Saxons under the conquest of the Normans; in fact, until very recently, it has succeeded beyond all precedent in keeping up the delusion.

We sometimes wonder that the rebels, with comparatively limited resources, have been able to so successfully meet our armies in the field. For this there are many causes, some of which are very obvious. Except in a very few instances, acting purely upon the defensive, and consequently moving their armies upon interior lines, it has always been in their power to effect rapid combinations, and to reinforce any given point with the utmost rapidity. From this cause we experienced the first great disaster to our arms: the first great battle of the war, which for many hours wrestled over Manassas' plains at 12 o'clock that day, promised victory to the Union arms; the rebel lines were breaking and falling back at all points. It was at this time, when victory was almost within our grasp, that a thick rising cloud of dust in the direction of Manassas Junction told plainly that Gen. Johnston had succeeded in eluding Gen. Patterson, on the Upper Potomac, and the advance guard of his army under Stonewall Jackson, fresh from the cars, had now arrived upon the battle plain: but, with the story of the rout and consequent panic of our army all your readers are familiar.

But many are undoubtedly tired and sick at heart of the daily rehearsals of conflict in which so many thousands of our countrymen have fallen and for which almost a countless number of once happy homes are clouded in grief and mourning. Almost four years of bloody conflict have rolled away and yet the rebel armies are to-day confronting our own, in numbers and power by no means to be despised. Rebellion is still a fact in our land, although I know from my own observations, that events of the past eighteen months have exceedingly modified the expectations of the Southern people.

But, there is a feature of the war to which I would refer—a feature hitherto unheard of in modern warfare, and from which humanity may well shrink in terror and shame! I refer to that policy by which so many thousands of our soldiers taken prisoners of war in battle, in honorable warfare, have been compelled to drag away a miserable existence; many thousands of them closing their lives amid the loathsome scenes of their prisons and dungeons.

Since the opening spring campaign of 1864, at Andersonville, in Georgia, thirty-five thousands of our enlisted men have been left to die of starvation and exposure. Could you have looked in upon that camp any time during the past summer, and noted there the scenes of misery and suffering, you would have turned away in pity, wondering why those many thousands of wretched men should thus be obliged to call and call in vain for protection. Of those thirty-five thousand men, but some nine thousand were provided with any kind of shelter from the rain, or from what was worse still, the burning heat of the sun; destitute of clothing, as our men generally were after their long and difficult marches, hundreds of them without hats and shoes, the consequences may easily be imagined. During the day, from exposure to the sun, their limbs would become swollen to twice their ordinary size, and when death at last in mercy relieved them of their suffering, their bodies were shapeless masses of sores and putrefaction. The father and mother never could have recognized their son in his bloated form as it was hurried into the same common grave with those of two or three hundred others that the ravages of a single day had swept from that camp. This is no fiction. I have it from the report of the rebel medical department, that, for the two months of July and August, the mortality of that single camp alone amounted to nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-four; and when we add to these figures the many thousands that died before and have perished since, we naturally inquire what principle in human justice calls for all this vast and fearful sacrifice of human life.

I effected my escape from the rebels at Columbia, S. C., on the 9th day of November last and entered our lines at Cleveland, Tenn., after a journey of thirty-eight days, having traversed more than five hundred miles of the most strictly guarded portions of the South. At some future time I propose to give some

particulars of my escape from prison, with an abridgement of my adventures while traversing the States of South Carolina and Georgia. Yours truly, G. S. BLAKE.

West Waterville Items.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL.—Rev. A. Rollon, late pastor of the Free Will Baptist church in this place, leaves soon for the army of the James to labor as a delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission. Mr. R. during his residence here has earned a good degree as a citizen and as a minister. He leaves behind him many warm friends, and carries with him the esteem and sympathy and kind wishes of the community generally. With his piety, geniality and warm sympathies, he can hardly fail to be useful in the work to which he now gives himself for a season. Shortly before he closed his pastoral labors with the church here he received a substantial token of the good will of his people in the form of a generous donation.

The pastor of the Baptist church also, Rev. Mr. Kelton, recently received from his parishioners and friends a donation of between \$90 and \$100, \$85, of which was in money. This donation—which by the way is a donation in fact, not to be accounted for as part of the salary, as is sometimes done in other places—is all the more noticeable since it comes directly upon, and in addition to a substantial increase of salary. Such testimonials of esteem and affection are good for both pastor and people.

The Methodist Society, having liquidated the debt upon their meeting-house, are now moving to sustain public worship. For the present they have preaching every alternate Sabbath.

A PUBLIC WANT. The Maine Central R. R. Co. would materially enhance their reputation in this community if they would furnish their depot here with more ample platform accommodations. Those wishing to take or leave the cars, especially the westward bound trains, are now often subjected to great inconveniences.

GEN. BUTLER addressed the citizens of Lowell, on the night of his return, and while endeavoring to relieve himself from his unfortunate position before the country, dealt some heavy blows upon officers of the army and navy. That portion of the speech devoted to "the situation," the bounty question and peace prospects, will be found below.

And now passing from that which is personal to my own actions, you would perhaps desire that I should say something upon the prospects of the country in the future. Mark me, my friends, whatever happens to me will only incite me to renewed efforts in behalf of my country. If she wants my services, at any and all times, in any capacity however humble, they shall be as freely rendered in the future as in the past. And whatever mistakes I may have made, whatever mistakes other generals have made, whatever mistakes the Administration has made, it is not for us to remember these, or allow them for a moment to affect our action; it is the country we serve, it is the Union to which our allegiance is due; and however men in power to-day may make mistakes, it is no reason why we should hold back a single effort in support of the war. If all men had been perfect, this rebellion had not existed. It was the imperfection of men that brought it upon us, and through imperfect men it must be brought to an end. Therefore let every man give himself for still greater efforts. Do not be pained by any delusive cry of peace! Peace! for the time of peace is not yet come. All attempts to get peace by negotiations until the army of General Lee either capitulates or is whipped, is as useless as to attempt to break down the stubborn spirit of the child who successfully resists your authority. Therefore this cry of "peace" should lure no man into security. See to it that the armies are filled up, see to it that recruiting goes on—of good men too—men who will stay in the army after they get there—such men as you send from Lowell, good men, true men.

I see no desire for peace on the part of the rebels, in the appointing of Gen. Lee generalissimo, nor in the recent raid by the rebel iron-clads down the James river, upon the communications of Gen. Grant. These are not peaceful movements, they mean war, and bitter war, for another, and I trust a last campaign. But though I speak thus of the cry of peace, I have no doubt of our ultimate success. Neither have I any doubt that the rebel masters will arm their slaves. Let me tell you the negro makes a very excellent soldier. There is little doubt on the other hand, that the negro soldier of the rebels will not fight the negro soldier on our side, and we have the advantage of being first in the field. Even discipline will not bring him to this, although it may bring him to fight the white soldiers of our side. This movement will be the last, the final blow struck by the rebellion, and in my judgment, that blow will be unsuccessful, and from this we shall have a lasting peace, provided we deal justly by all men, white and black. [Loud applause.] And upon no other terms, my friends, can you have peace. Fair play, justice, equality before the law for black and white; a peace on that basis will stand; without that basis it will never stand. Therefore, my friends, I say again, not looking to peace but to the ultimate result of the next campaign, gird on your armor, do everything you can to sustain the government, and to sustain the President as the head of the government. He is honest, patriotic, capable and able, and will do all he can in his position for the country, [loud and long continued applause] and if his officers execute as well as he conceives, we shall have no difficulty. Now, then, one thing further. I would oppose in every way, so far as my voice and vote would go, the present method of filling up our armies by offering very large bounties. This is universal rule. The expenditure for these bounties is putting a load of taxation upon every laboring man, that he will feel deeply and strongly hereafter, and his children's children after him.

We have swung away from the Constitution and the laws as established by the fathers in raising our armies. The constitution provides that every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall be enrolled, and that as many as are necessary should be drafted for the defence of the country, precisely as the law drafts as many as are necessary to serve on juries, and for other purposes of government. And when we swing away from that, we give up the doctrines of the fathers. We are beginning now to reap the fruits of this policy in the piling up of debts which will greatly embarrass us hereafter. Therefore let us look to it, that in filling up our armies, we get away

from this system of bounties. Therefore, my friends, it was, that on this occasion, and in connection with another bloodless expedition of the James, to which I did not call your attention, I had the honor, to make a proposition to the country. Three thousand men of the Army of the James went to New York about the first of November last, where they said to the mob of that city, "Peace, be still!" and everything was as quiet there in the heat of an excited election as it is here and now in this peaceful meeting. [Applause.] Then and there, fellow-citizens, I had the honor to say that I would offer to the rebels full and free pardon and amnesty for the past, if they would lay down their arms and submit to the laws. Even that proposition was misunderstood. I proposed to give them a full and free pardon, if they would submit to the laws. Why? Because whatever the result of the war may be, you will never catch the leaders of the rebellion, and the country will never come to the point of punishing those who are not leaders; and therefore you may as well make a virtue of necessity. But it has been said, you put in your proposition nothing looking to the emancipation of the negro. But when I said, "submit to the laws," I believed slavery dead, and assumed, as a lawyer, and believed then, as I believe now, that the Proclamation of President Lincoln, in the circumstances under which it was issued, declaring the negro free, is the law of the land and those who doubted and cavilled upon that point were men who were not as strong in the faith as I, and who, therefore, did not understand it.

I said, further, if these men do not submit to the laws and come back to take their places under the government, in a given time they forfeit all rights. If they would submit, all necessity of raising any more men, by draft or by bounty, and burdening the people with heavy taxes and debt was obviated. If they would not submit, my proposition was, instead, of taxing ourselves any more to give bounties for men to take and then run away with—to say to the South, "These lands of yours shall be the bounties of our soldiers, when they shall have earned them, to be enjoyed by them as an inheritance to them and their heirs forever." Such a proposition would save us from future trouble. It would give a loyalty to the South which would rebel no more forever." The who object to confiscating the property of the rebels for the benefit of loyal soldiers wish to see the war go on and have no desire for a sterling and lasting peace. But give the rebel land and property to the loyal soldier, whether white, black or gray, as a reward for taking it from those who have made it a curse to the nation instead of a blessing which God intended it to be, and you will be crowded with soldiers to end the war at once. Thus, my friends, I may be radical, I may be in advance on this question, but again I repeat it, that every man may ponder upon it, let us, instead of giving bounties which may make every man we send to the army cost a thousand dollars, and every regiment cost a million, besides their arms and equipments, let us take that which we are fighting for, and make the property and lands of the South the bounties of our soldiers, instead of paying them ourselves.

DRAMATIC. The exhibition of the Waterville Dramatic Club, on Wednesday evening, secured a good house—the occasion being a benefit to the Club, to aid in paying for their new scenery. The two excellent plays, "The Rivals," and "Box and Cox," were arranged in good taste, with very proper assignment of parts; and except that the kindness of the audience was occasionally taxed to excuse imperfect commitment of the dialogue, the best of satisfaction was given. With the apology, known to most of the audience, that the plays had been too long to admit of proper rehearsals, in the brief time allowed, all faults were overlooked; and another exhibition, with more time for preparation, will no doubt be well patronized.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY is close at hand, and to those who are looking for something neat and pretty for the occasion, or for something, which while humorous does not offend good taste, we commend the recent publications of Messrs. L. Prang and Co., No. 159 Washington St., Boston. Those in extension book form—"A Wife Wanted," and "A Husband Wanted," are perfect gems—novel, original and exquisite. They will be found with all dealers in valentines, and booksellers generally.

The weather, up to the present time, continues sharply cold, with clear sunny days. Snow is very deep—dry and light—and of course the roads are heavy—rough, menly, and full of pitches. Wood comes in slowly and continues high.

Seventy loaded cars went into Portland on Monday, over the Portland and Kennebec railroad, thirty-five of which went through to Boston.

PENNY-WISE AND POUND-FOOLISH.—The recent delay of the arrival of the western mail over the Maine Central Railroad, is for the most part chargeable to the Grand Trunk, on which road, we are told, the engineer gets a dollar a cord for all the wood he saves. This may be good John Bull economy, but it is certainly very different from the management of the Yankees, who generally regards time of more value than wood.

Mr. George H. Ward, of Skowhegan, a brakeman on the freight train of the Portland and Kennebec railroad, accidentally fell from the cars in Hallowell on Saturday, and three cars went over one leg mutilating it horribly. His leg was amputated on Sunday, by Drs. Hill and Hawes; on which day Superintendent Noyes sent the man's wife down to him on board of a special train, and he was taken home to Skowhegan. It is understood that he is now doing well.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last Miss L. E. Ingalls, of this place, while crossing Main-st. from her shop to the postoffice, slipped and fell, breaking her arm in a severe manner.

See advertisement of East Maine Conference Seminary, in another column, an excellent institution, located at Bucksport.

In the libel suit of the Portland Argus against the Portland Press the jury failed to agree.

MASONIC.

At a meeting of the brethren of Mesnonian Lodge, the following preamble and resolves were accepted, and ordered to be published in the Waterville Mail: Whereas, It has pleased the All-wise Disposer of human events, to remove from our midst a brother Master Mason, in the person of Bro. Edward B. Herbert—who fell bravely in battle, and soon after died in hospital at Washington—a martyr in the cause of our country's redemption—whose event has brought upon the members of this lodge mourning, deep and lasting, therefore Resolved, That we the members of Mesnonian Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, at West Waterville, heartily sympathize with our brother, Andrew Herbert, the father of the deceased, and his family, in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That the brethren at Washington, are richly deserving, and do have our most heartfelt thanks for the generous and friendly manner with which they received and entertained our worthy brother and chaplain, whilst on his mournful errand, the removal of the remains of his son to his own home for interment.

Resolved, That it is highly important that we improve every means of preparation afforded us for the eternal and happy discharge of all duties devolving upon us as Masons, that when we may be called upon to exchange worlds we may be admitted into that celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides.

War of Redemption.

Rumors of peace have been more plentiful than rumors of war the past week, the most of them mere rumors, however. It is pretty certain, though, that three rebel commissioners—Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell—are on their way to Washington, having passed through our army lines some days ago. There may be more in this movement than meets the eye, but we are utterly faithless in regard to any sincere desire on the part of the rebel leaders to come back into the Union. We hope they will be closely watched for we believe they mean mischief.

Sherman's army is in motion again in three columns, the main body moving towards Charleston, and the others, in light marching order moving by separate roads towards Branchville. Further news from this quarter will be looked for with interest.

The rebel Senator Foote has made his way through our lines.

Incendiary fires, the work of sulky rebels, have recently destroyed considerable property in Savannah.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle at market last week was about the same as the week previous while the number of sheep was increased about twelve hundred. The cattle trade was brisk and prices advanced a little, while in sheep trade was dull and prices declined. We quote as follows from the full report of the New England Farmer:—

Beef Cattle.—Prices on total weight of hide tallow and beef. Extra, 15 to 15 1/2c; first quality, good oxen, best steers 12 to 14c; second quality, or good fair beef, 12 to 13c; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, etc., 9 to 11; poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, etc., 9 to 10c.

Daniel Wells sold thirty-five Maine oxen at 14c per lb.; two at 13 1/2c, and eight at 13c per lb. These oxen were selected from 250 cattle picked up by him, and considering their good quality, he thinks the sale shows that the market is not what it is cracked up to be.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prices 8 to 10 for ordinary and fair lots; 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 for better lots; by the head, all the way from \$3 to \$15 each.

Store Cattle.—Working Oxen \$130 to 250; Milch Cows \$50 to 75; extra \$80 to \$100; farrow, etc., \$28 to \$40.

Miscellaneous Prices.—Shotes 14 to 15; fat hogs, 14 to 14 1/2 live weight.

Hides, Brighton 11c. per lb.; country lots, 10 to 10 1/2c; tallow 10 to 12c. per lb.; calf skins 18 to 20; pelts \$3 to 3.25; country lots 1.50 to 2.00.

L. PRANG & Co., of Boston, are public benefactors, if any deserving that title are to be found in the land. Their charming publications are truly "things of beauty," of each one of which it may well be said that it is "a joy forever," being good for all time, and bringing summer sunshine and happiness to the heart, however bleak and dark may be the winter surroundings. Says the New York Evening Post:—

PRANG & Co., of Boston, are bringing out a series of exquisite little pictures, of the Carte-de-visite style, which deservedly attract the attention of lovers of art. They represent summer and winter landscapes, flowers, American birds, autumn leaves, butterflies and moths, in short, animate and inanimate nature, with a degree of truth, fulness and a delicacy of touch which are hardly excelled by the finished pencil of the best artists; yet the process by which they are made is the common one of lithographic printing in colors, but it is refined with such exact skill as to bear the likeness of painstaking-labor upon the easel. It is less than two months since the introduction of these wonderful little works of art into this city, but they have already taken a fast hold of the admirers of the beautiful. To re-produce the gorgeous tints of autumn-foliage, the splendors of a brilliant plumage, the features of a landscape, the hues of a butterfly, upon the plain surface of a white card, and to do all this with a rigid regard to the exigencies of nature as well as of art, required an artistic mind and a practised hand. The success of Prang's artists is a marvel of patient application and poetic instinct. Ten series of these pictures have been produced, and it is hard to say which is the best of the collection, where all are so good.

They may be found with all booksellers. By a resolution which has just been passed by Congress the President is authorized and directed to inaugurate such retaliatory measures for their cruel treatment of our prisoners as will bring the rebels to a proper regard of the law of civilized warfare.

Jeff Davis has issued a proclamation appointing Friday, the 10th day of March next, as a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer, and for thanksgiving, and for the favor and guidance of the Almighty God, and he earnestly invites all soldiers and citizens to observe the same in a spirit of reverence, penitence and prayer.

Dr. E. B. Foote, 1130 Broadway, New York, reads his advertisement in another column of this paper.

P. \$100. B.

MANLEY & HINDS.

States War Claim Agency for Maine.

SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,

her claims against the State or United States, prompt
nd. Pension and PAY money obtained. Bills for
l transportation made and collected. Overruled de-
th Ombuds yes. Chancery suits, and TAXES set-
tled. Stoppages of pay renewed. Certificates of
entitled obtained. All claims against the Govern-
ment settled with dispatch. No charge unless successful.

ads, the junior member of the firm, has been for the years in Washington, connected with the different departments, the experience of which makes him thoroughly conversant with the rules adopted in the settlement of the claims by the different bureaus. For the last year he has been State Agent at Washington. The senior member of the firm continues to devote his attention to the business.

Office—No. 273 F Street, Washington, D. C.

COR. OF BRIDGE AND CHURCH STS. ACQUITTANCE, ME.

—Hon. Samuel Cony, Governor of Maine; Hon. J. W. Adams, Adj. Gen'l of Maine; and over 4,000 Officers for whom business has been done for the past

HANLEY, B. H. HINDS.
 a, Dec 1st, 1864. 25

NEW GOODS
 JUST OPENING
 At Maxwell's
 which he will sell as low as
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 C A S H .

A lot more of those splendid
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