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Maxham & Wing

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THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—  
Whose magic joys we shall not see again!  
Bright haze of morning veils the glimmering shore,  
Ah, truly bleached we there  
Intoxicating air—  
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of  
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath  
Whose love has yielded since to change or death!  
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er,  
Alas! too soon have fled  
The irremediable dead!

We see them—visions strange—amid the  
Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—  
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling  
To temples long ago—cold! to the very core  
They strike our weary hearts,  
As some vexed memory starts  
From that long faded land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here  
Sadly we remember rivers clear,  
And herbals quivering on the meadow floor,  
For brighter days we see again!  
For tender hearts and true  
People that happy land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,  
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand!  
What realm lies yonder, with its happier store  
Of forest green and deep  
Of valleys hushed in sleep,  
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land  
Of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem  
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—  
The woods, rustled by the wild wind's roar:  
Yet does the turbulent surge  
Howl on its very verge.  
One moment—and we breathe within the  
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago  
Dwell in those cities far from mortal view  
Hunt these sweet woodlands, whose sweet carollings  
Sour.

Eternal peace have they;  
God wipes their tears away;  
They drink that river of life which flows for  
Avermore.

Thither we hasten through those regions dim;  
But by the wide wings of the Seraphim  
Shine in the sun! On that joyous shore  
Our lighted hearts shall know  
The life long day;  
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore.

THAT AUGUST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was along the first week in August—I can remember it by our having a blackberry pudding for dinner that day, and we hadn't had one before, and the blackberries always got ripe in the lot, back of the barn, the first week in August, just as regular as it came.

Maybe you'll think it seems sort of foolish for me to recollect the time Noel Fenton got to our house by such a thing as that; but I always do, and I can remember just how hearty he ate of it, in his dainty way, and how the great ring on his little finger sparkled and danced every time he lifted his spoon.

The stone in that ring was an emerald. I had read about the like in story books, and what had luck they brought to anybody who had a present of them; but I didn't think then what was to come, and—but I'm sure you can't make English, nor anything else out of what I wanted to tell, if I don't manage to do it plain than this.

Well, then, to begin a little straighter. Dauphin and I had been living a year here in the old house; and for all it was the first year we had been married, it hadn't been a year of ease nor roses either. I can tell you; for though the old house was comfortable enough, and the farm raised all we wanted to eat, with what Dauphin's ambition and mine to get rich—and mine more than his—he had started a steam saw-mill up in the woods, and though it was likely to prove a fortune, for the first it took all we could rake and scrape to keep it going.

I don't think I'd quite made up my mind whether I loved Dauphin Carrell or not when I married him. He was one of the best-hearted men in the world. I knew that; but you see I'd kept school a little, and I had read more story-books than there was any use of, and got all sorts of queer ideas in my head. I just knew enough to know I was ignorant and dissatisfied without knowing how to change it. I told Dauphin exactly how I felt about it all; how I was willing to work, and work hard if there was anything coming of it; but I didn't mean to dig, dig till I grew old and gray, with never time for a book or newspaper, like the folks round me did.

So we got married, and for awhile I worked with a will; but somehow I could not feel contented, and I never gave Dauphin any peace nor myself either. He was away a good deal that winter lumbering, and when I was alone, I used to sit up half the night reading every book I could lay my hands on. There was a library down at Kenford, and every week I'd send the books I'd read back by the stage-driver and get a new pile.

Well, the spring came on, and I was real unhappy. It appeared to me I'd made a mistake. I seemed to hate work, and hate the farm, and Dauphin petted me with his old-fashioned ways and I expect I scolded and worried him more than most men would have put up with; but he never talked back, only just sat and looked tired like, and worked harder than ever—oh! how he did work!

So the time got on to August, and that morning I had been out and picked the first blackberries, and made the pudding, because I knew it would please Dauphin, and I had been so on edge for two days past that I began to feel ashamed and wanted to come round a little.

The dinner was all ready, and pretty soon I heard him come up on the long stoop at the side of the house. He was talking to somebody, and I just peeped out to see who it was, because it wasn't a voice nor a way of speaking that belonged to anybody about there—and then I saw Noel Fenton.

He was dressed in such a pretty summer suit, he looked so pale and handsome with his light brown hair and long curly moustache; and before I could even wonder who he was, I remembered how I looked, and ran away into the bed-room and got into my pink muslin dress and smoothed my curls down.

When I got into the kitchen again, there they both were, and Dauphin introduced me to him, and told me how he'd come to look after a lot of land his father owned about there, and how there was timber on it that they thought could be managed to make money of for all hands.

I wasn't often very shy, though I felt so at first, and somehow Dauphin's countrified way of talking never struck me as it did then; but Noel Fenton kept chattering and laughing so pleasant, that pretty soon I couldn't do anything but listen.

Before dinner was over, Dauphin managed to tell him what a hand I was for books and all that, for he thought there never was a woman so smart as I, though, goodness, I should have supposed he'd have hated the sight of a book after the way I'd been going on.

Fenton told us how he'd been stopping at the tavern in the village, and had eaten boiled cabbage till he was afraid of growing into a

vegetable, and somehow—I can't tell how it came about—it was decided that he should stay a week with us; and Dauphin promised to send over and get black Lucy Johnson to come and help do the work.

I didn't know what ailed me that afternoon. I never was in such a flutter, but I flew round and put the house to rights, while Dauphin and Fenton went back to the mill, and Lucy got there, and we made up a lot of cake; and all the while I was ready to cry because I had to work so, and hated myself worse than ever.

I fixed a chamber for Mr. Fenton. I hung up white curtains, and put my Marseilles quilt on the bed, and twisted 'round pine over the glass, and did my best to make it pretty; but I thought all the while how bare and poor it looked, and wished he had never come near us, and yet wouldn't have had him go away for anything.

All that evening he sat and smoked his beautiful carved pipe, and talked about the places he had seen, the foreign countries he had visited, and the wonderful people whose books I had read, till I just had to shut my eyes to keep the tears from streaming down my cheeks; and Dauphin was pleased, with Fenton's ways and the delight he knew I'd have in hearing it all.

"It's like a new lease of life to Annis," said he. "Only think, Annis, you was dreaming, the other night, about going in a gondoly in Venice."

Those dreadful yawns that he would put at the end of words, and I couldn't break him of the habit.

"Oh! never mind my dreams," said I.

"But we do," Mr. Fenton put in; "tell it to us, Mrs. Carrell, it is sure to be a perfect little poem, I know."

And just then he was looking straight at me, and I knew he was thinking I was handsome—and that pleased me. If I was poor and learned to work, he saw I was meant for something else—now that was just my ridiculous idea.

So he and Dauphin teased me to tell my dream, and a bit of poetry I learned once came into my head, and I read it off—it was out of Rogers' Italy. I never saw the book, but that extract was in a story I had read.

"You never made that up," said Dauphin.

I was real mad at his stupid way of talking.

"At all events," said Fenton, "Mrs. Carrell has made the lines her own by her beautiful delivery of them."

There, that was the way people talked in books—it was what I had always wanted to hear. I sat and wondered about the great world beyond our narrow valley, where people were rich and educated; and oh! how something in my heart beat and tore because I could not be like them!

Well, that week got by very fast. Sometimes Fenton went out with Dauphin, sometimes he loitered about the house, and I hated so to have him see me at work, that what I couldn't leave to Lucy, I managed to get over before even Dauphin was out of bed.

Fenton was pleased with everything, and I don't suppose he made it either. I don't doubt that in his life of ease and luxury, yes, and of wickedness, this taste of nature was agreeable by way of a change.

I was so anxious he should feel the difference between me and things and people about me—and he did. He hadn't been there two days before he made me understand that, he did, and would look at me with a sort of wondering pity that gave me a queer feeling of satisfaction and anger.

The week of his visit was up; but whether he would have gone away, and our lives gone back to where he came across them, I can't tell for he met with an accident that made him a prisoner whether or no.

He had been over to the mill, and, coming home, he was climbing a cliff to get some wild clams, when he fell and sprained his ankle, and Dauphin had to get a wagon to bring him back in.

"But I have your clams safe," he said, when Dauphin had done explaining. Only those words, but I understood he had hurt himself in trying to please me, like men for the heroines in books! You can't tell how it came over me like a romance, and how much more wonderful it seemed to me than all the days and nights of coarse, hard labor Dauphin had spent in the hope of brightening the life I wasn't fit to enjoy.

I don't believe he suffered over much from his sprain; but he had to keep in the house—and for a week he lay all day on the lounge in the sitting-room, and I waited on him.

I can't tell you how pleasant those days were to me. I don't know what I was thinking of. I don't believe I thought at all. One thing you may believe, there wasn't in my mind one of the fancies, maybe you are thinking from what I have said, had a place there. It was only that it was like living in one of the stories I was so fond of—and so I just went on.

Dauphin was busy all day; and before that week was over he was less in the house than ever. But I didn't mind it. I didn't notice him much, except to be impatient and fretful when he wanted anything done; but the Lord knows he didn't trouble me much in that way.

So we went on, and, among other things, Fenton was going to teach me French—and he praised my accent, and told me how readily I should learn. I've hated the sight or sound of the mealy-mouthed stuff ever since.

So I waited on him and tended him, and learned French of him, and let him repeat poetry to me, and stood the fire of his great, dark eyes, and really thought an angel had come down to lighten the muddy river of my life a little—muddled and stained by my own bad tempers and discontent, while I was laying the blame on all creation, instead of looking at home for the real cause.

"This has been a fortunate accident," he said, one day.

I suppose I looked surprised—his way of putting things was so different from the talk of those who had lived by me all my life.

"You are pretending not to understand," he said. "If it had not been for this sprain, I should have had no excuse for encroaching further on your hospitality. You must have found me very troublesome, I fear?"

I told him I only wondered he had been able to content himself so long.

"Oh, how unjust to me you are!" he answered. "You cannot dream—you whose life

has passed in such blessed quiet—how delightful this rest is to a man as world-tired as I am."

"Do people ever get tired out in the world?" I asked.

"So weary!—oh, so weary! You cannot think—you cannot dream how stale and dreary it grows!"

"I thought if I could get away from here—get out of the shadow of these mountains—out into the world where there was life and change—I should never grow tired."

"And you ought to go," he said; "this is no place for you, poor prisoned bird! but not alone. You need some one to sympathize with you; to understand, without explanation, all the thoughts and dreams which oppress you."

"But I shall never go," I said, drearily—"never!"

"You shall not be sad to-day," he continued. "I will not allow it; your life has shadow enough. Into this pleasant room I will not have it intrude."

I got up and brought the French books. I thought he looked a little provoked, but I didn't know what at.

"You never will talk to me about yourself," he said.

"Bless me, there's nothing to talk about! I'd rather study French a good deal. I like to hear you tell about all those beautiful foreign countries, and the great cities you have been."

He put up his hand and stopped me.

"If I tell you something, will you believe it?"

"If it isn't too unlikely," I said, laughing.

"I have been happier during the past week than I have been for years. I have lain here in this shadowy room—heard the birds and the wind singing without—watched one beautiful face bending over my pillow, felt the light touch of a cool hand on my hot forehead—and I have been content to dream on. If it was not real, I never wished to wake."

His voice wasn't more than a whisper, but I could hear it plain enough, and somehow it held me as still as if I had been an iron weight—and there he was looking straight in my face with those great, sorrowful eyes, till I felt the tears coming into mine.

"I didn't try to speak—I was too bewildered and dizzy like; and just then black Lucy opened the door."

"Here, Miss Carrell," said she, "come 'long, please, and see what you think 'bout this ere bread raising."

I heard Fenton mutter something, but I started up. I think I was glad to get away, though I couldn't have given any reason if you had teased me till I was gray.

I flew round the kitchen and made a custard for tea, and then, while Lucy was setting the table, I went on the back porch, and stood looking across the fields, and saw Dauphin coming home from the mill, looking tired and hot, with his hat in his hand and his coat on his arm.

He didn't look pleasant to me. I wasn't glad to see him come. It brought me right down to the facts of my life again.

"You look as cool and cheery as can be," he said, coming up the stoop. "I don't believe anybody'd suppose you belonged to such a dusty, tired chap as I be."

Somehow, though he smiled, the corners of his mouth worked a little. He wanted me to contradict him, and I couldn't; so I said,

"Get washed and a clean coat on—tea is all ready."

He went off to fix himself without a word, and I went back to the sitting-room to call Mr. Fenton. There he sat, looking so like a picture—for he was a beautiful man—that the feeling I had, when I saw Dauphin come up hot and dusty, grew stronger, and I forgot who it was that he was talking to; for I forgot often he had worked all day, and then watched me all night when I had one of my nervous headaches, patient as my mother could have been; forgot everything that ought to have made him look handsomer than a king on his throne, even if he'd been in a beggar's rags.

But by the time we got to the table he came out, looking fresh and clean—for he was always very neat about the house; yet even then I couldn't see how his good, honest face, his strong, manly talk, was worth a dozen of the pale, helpless chaps who'd make so much more show in the world than he. How it'll be at the bar of God is another thing; but I'd not think of that in those days.

The time went on, and still Noel Fenton did not go away. His ankle troubled him yet, he said, and he couldn't walk very far, and used a cane that Dauphin cut and varnished for him.

I let things go as they would more and more, and wanted nothing, only to sit and hear him talk—such talk as I had never heard from anybody's lips, seeming to put in clear words of many ideas that had troubled my poor brain like shadows, giving me no quiet, only just as his voice went rippling on in my ears like a brook over the shiny white pebbles.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHO DID OUR MINISTER MEAN TO-DAY?  
—A minister preached a pointed sermon one day, with reference to a particular member of his church, whom he felt he could reach in no other way. The subject was important to all, but on this brother in particular the coat fitted remarkably well. It was not without some misgivings that the minister awaited the result. Would he resent with warmth, being thus rebuked, or would he accept it in meekness, and profit by it? As he walked down the pulpit steps he perceived that the man was waiting to speak with him. "The storm is coming," thought the young man, but he resolved to commit the case to the Lord. As he reached the brother he greeted him with great cordiality, and as they walked along together, he said, "I was very glad, indeed, you preached that sermon to-day."

A feeling of hope and thankfulness sprang up in the minister's heart, and he felt he should not hesitate to preach a pointed sermon again, if it was needed.

"I think the discourse exactly suited brother W.'s case, and I do hope he will apply it," continued the man. He had heard the sermon, as most of us do, for somebody else.

"Who did our minister mean to-day?" asked one friend of another, as they walked home from a church where the truth had been declared with great plainness.

"You and me," was the reply. That hearer relates that he never again asked who his minister meant when he was delivering God's message. Would we not all do well to remember this when we are listening to a discourse and applying it to others? Does not God's spirit say to us, "Thou art the man?" It is a striking truth which a good man noted down—"I find it easier to go six miles to hear a sermon, than to spend a quarter of an hour in meditating and praying over as I should when I get home."—[S. S. Times.]

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SPEAKING TO BUT ONCE.  
A STORY FOR BOYS.

Two gentlemen were riding together in a hack the other day, when the name of a young lawyer of good talents and promise was mentioned, upon which the elderly gentleman said: "That is one of my boys."

"Yes," was the reply, "I have understood so."

The elderly gentleman resumed: "Some twenty years ago, I was visiting my brother in Worcester county, and just as I was about returning home he said to me: 'Don't you want a boy?' 'Yes,' said I, 'if I can get a good one.' 'Well,' said my brother, 'I have got one if there ever was one. I've got a boy that doesn't need speaking to but once.'"

I took the boy; and after he had been with me three months, attending school, I asked him how he should like to come and live with me. He said he should like it well. I asked him if any one had any claim up on him—for he was an orphan. He replied, 'No.'"

Finding afterward that a gentleman in Worcester county pretended to have such a claim, I told the boy that he had better get and see him and have it settled. He went, and matters were all arranged, and he returned to live with me.

One day, at the examination of the school in our district, the committee, who was a clergyman, came to me with the inquiry, 'What I was going to do with that boy?' 'Oh,' said I, 'I suppose he will learn some trade.' 'He ought not to do that,' said the committee. 'He'll never be contented. He loves his books too well.'"

These few words set me to thinking, and I finally said to Johnnie: 'Wouldn't you like to fit for college? If you would, I would help you.' Johnnie said he would like it very much but he had no means after being fitted, to take him through. 'Well,' said I, 'if you do not wish to study, you had better learn some trade.' Johnnie selected a trade, and I found him a good master in L. with whom he served his time.

Finding that he kept at his books at the close of his apprenticeship, I said to his master, 'if you will take hold with me, we will send that boy through college.' My proposition was agreed to. After a year or two in the high school, Johnnie was admitted to college, and in due time, graduated with credit to himself and his friends, and I am not ashamed to call him my boy.

Boys, I have written these few lines so that this fact may not be lost—that at least one boy has become an educated, highly respected and promising young man, because he was known as a boy who didn't need speaking to but once! I know this young man well, and I regard him with great esteem. Nor do I believe he will be left to disgrace his benefactors. Will you not try to be like him?

HINTS ON HARD TIMES.—Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes. Now, if you have these things in your pocket, you see them as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eye. The lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that, and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes, you find that you have over-run the constant.

On every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay-day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together, and then struggle on again, with the cancer of care eating at their hearts, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning, instead of the end, they would save themselves all this misery. The great secret of being solvent and well to do, and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month—not what you are going to earn next month. There are, no doubt, many persons so uncomfortably situated that they can never accomplish this.

No man can guard against ill-health. No man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes. But, as a rule, these misfortunes are far less trouble to society than those in a better position who bring misfortune upon themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance. You may help poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose. But the utmost you can do for an unthrifty is thrown away. You give him money you have earned by hard labor—he spends it in pleasure which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy.

The best pleasures—those which sweeten life most, and leave no bitterness behind—are cheap pleasures. What greater pleasure can a man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? The man with his fine house, his glittering carriage, and his rich banquets, for which he is in debt, is a slave, a prisoner, forever dragging his chains behind him through all the grandeur of the false world through which he moves.

THE POWER OF ETERNITY.—The other day a fellow rushed madly into Assessor Fosdick's office on Third street. He seemed a good deal excited, and was considerably out of breath, so much so that he could not articulate for a moment. Business in the office was temporarily suspended, and the Assessor and his assistants waited in breathless interest to know what the excited individual desired. At last he spoke. "Give me," says he, "a dollar's worth of eternity stamps!" The Assessor stood aghast; his deputy stood aghast; those

at the counter stood aghast. "The 'power of eternity,'" murmured the unfortunate Assessor, "does he think that I figure in matters outside of this practical world of ours? Ah! I have it! (To the excited individual) 'You want a power of attorney stamp!' 'Yes, that's what I said isn't it?' The chap was accommodated, and quiet was restored.

EXCHANGE OF SEEDS. We do not fully comprehend, perhaps, the nature of those physiological principles which render the frequent change of seeds so important, but no one, we presume, will doubt that it is an excellent rule in agriculture to effect an exchange of seeds as often as once in three or four years.

Potatoes of every variety, which have been brought from a distance, do much better, and are more prolific and valuable when used as food, than the same kinds when grown continually for a long period on the same soil.

This remark applies with equal force to all vegetables. Hence it is that we observe judicious and intelligent agriculturists busy in effecting changes—obtaining corn, wheat, rye and other grains from remote localities to propagate from.

The long breeding from the same stock, in case of domestic animals, deteriorates the breed, and the same practice of "breeding-in-and-in," in the case of vegetables, may, and doubtless does, produce a similar result. That the practice, in itself, is highly pernicious, there is no manner of question.

If the long red potato, for instance, be cultivated for ten years on the same farm, and from the same stock, it is said that it will be found at the expiration of that period, to have degenerated, or "run out." The same fact is observable in the case of Indian corn, and this without the deteriorating effects of any intermixtures, or unfavorable influences of any extraneous kind. [New England Farmer.]

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt—a celebrated female physician—annually protests against taxation without the right of exercising the elective franchise, whereupon the Springfield Republican says the natural right of a woman to be a man is as clear as the right of a hen to crow. To this a correspondent of the Liberator responds, that the natural right of an editor, who has the necessary qualifications, to make a donkey of himself, is as clear as any other right. Now we insist that, though Dr. Hunt, being a woman is not allowed to vote—which may or may not be wise—Dr. Hunt as a woman is not taxed. Men and property are taxed. Women are neither men nor property, and for this reason are not taxed. If Dr. Hunt owns property, that property is rightfully taxed for its protection. [Portland Press.]

Robert Small, who took the "Planter" out of Charleston harbor, came with his steamer, of which he was captain in the place of a white craven, to the navy yard in Philadelphia for repairs. Having occasion to enter a street car he was ordered to leave his seat and "go forward." "I am accustomed to go forward, but why?" "We allow no man of your color in the cars; you must go forward." "No," said he, "I can't obey that order. I will remain at it. Is it the law?" he added. "Yes." "Then I will not disobey the law; I will leave the car." Which he did. His white pilot, who accompanied him, refused to proceed without him, indignantly saying, "I will follow my captain."—[Independent.]

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. The quarterly session of the Sons of Temperance of Maine, was held in Ellsworth this week, commencing on Tuesday and continuing until Friday forenoon. The severe storm on Monday prevented as general an attendance as would otherwise have been the case; still, the order was very fairly represented. The reports of the officers spoke in very encouraging terms of the condition of the order, and despite the great interest in National matters, and the drawing off from the State of large numbers of members, that the Divisions were holding on, keeping up their regular meetings, and in many places increasing their ranks. The session was very harmonious, the right spirit being prevalent. Resolutions of thanks were passed to the officers of the Maine Central, and Portland and Kennebec Railroads, and the proprietors of the Ellsworth and Bangor stage line, in returning the members over their routes, free; also to the good people of Ellsworth for their courtesy and hospitality to the members, and to Mr. Call and his choir of Ellsworth, for their excellent music, which added much to the interest of the session.

Wednesday evening a public meeting was held in the Baptist Church, which was attended by the public generally. The seats were all occupied and the exercises quite interesting. Mr. Oliver of Ellsworth presided. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Wilson of Surry, brief, pertinent, and practical addresses were made by Messrs. Vincent and Kimball of Bangor, J. M. Lincoln of Bath, Rev. Messrs. Drinkwater of Waterville, Williams of Hampden and Williams of Ellsworth. The singing was very fine. The meeting was a success.

We cannot question the good work which this organization is doing in our State. We are pleased to note its success. We trust that the influence of the meetings will be for the general good in encouraging the friends of the cause, and inciting them to greater zeal. [Bath Times.]

HOW TO END THE WAR.—A recent letter from Savannah represents General Sherman as speaking some wholesome truths as to the proper method of ending the war speedily and well:—

"General Sherman says that if the people in the North will provide the necessary men and money to carry on the war for four years, that it will not last four months longer; but if they fail to do so there is no telling how long it may be prolonged. He is seriously opposed to offering peace to the enemy before their armies are annihilated."

BAD FOR BOUNTY JUMPERS.—The Lewiston Journal says that orders have been received by the Provost Marshal of this District, requiring a deposit of \$300 or the town bounty belonging to substitutes, with the Board of Enrollment, until the substitute has reached Galloppe Island, Boston Harbor, when it will be paid over.

How Butter and Cheese are made.  
The following statements of their method of making butter and cheese were submitted by the successful competitors at the last Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society:—

The butter which I presented to your Fair was made the last of August and first of September. I set my milk in the cellar in tin pans, each about half full, and let it set two days, then put the cream in a stone jar placed upon ice. Churn once in three days; wash the butter in cold water until the water becomes clear, then pour off the water and add one ounce of salt to a lb. of butter and work it in thoroughly, and place it upon ice 24 hours; then work it into square lumps and place it in a jar upon ice until it hardens. (Our dairy consists of three cows.)

Mrs. F. A. DAVIS, N. Sidney.

My mode of making butter is simple. I set my milk in a clean cellar where it will have all the cool breezes. Skim and churn as often as possible, or before the cream gets sour, as that is the surest way to get nice sweet butter.

Mrs. W. B. HAMLEN, Sidney.

My mode of making cheese is this; I strain the milk in a tub as soon as convenient after milking, then I put in rennet sufficient to bring it in fifteen or twenty minutes. After it comes I let it stand from three quarters of an hour to an hour, then break the curd and let it stand until morning. I then turn it into the cheese-basket to drain; then proceed with morning's milk the same way. I then put both curds together and drain them dry, and when drained perfectly dry add twelve ounces of salt to twenty pounds of curd. I then put it in press, pressing it two days. After it is pressed I turn it twice a day.

Mrs. NATHAN PERRY, Waterville.

CONFIRMED.—A despatch from San Francisco confirms the report of the transfer of several of the northern States of Mexico to France by Maximilian to be held in trust by that power until the debt due from Mexico to France is paid. Dr. Gwin, the ex-Senator of California, who has been appointed by Napoleon Governor-General of these States, invites immigration from California and from the United States generally. Dr. Gwin was formerly U. S. Marshal in Mississippi.

Admiral Porter's report upon recent events near Wilmington contains the noticeable feature that several Armstrong guns having the mark of the broad arrow (The King's Own) upon them, fell into our hands with Fort Caswell and other works. The British government is supposed to have secured the exclusive use of these guns, and the Admiral thinks this circumstance requires explanation. An enormous quantity of stores and provisions, and clothing for sixty thousand troops, all English, was also abandoned by the enemy. Another circumstance mentioned is the finding of a despatch from Lee informing the commanders of the works that unless they could be held he should be compelled to evacuate Richmond.

A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times, the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb; grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man or strange dog, can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the sheep regularly to the fold at 7 1/2 o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour.

The fortification appropriation bill for the next fiscal year reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, contains the following items for Maine: Fort Knox, Penobscot river, \$150,000; Fort Popham, mouth of the Kennebec, \$150,000; Fort Preble, Portland harbor, \$150,000; Fort Scammel do, \$100,000; Fort Gorges on Hog Island Ledge do, \$150,000. Total \$700,000.

Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., in a recent lecture in Portland, according to a report in the Press of that city, said:—

"The two great fanatics of this country are John C. Calhoun and John Brown, and every man or woman is following after one or the other. One dies in his bed honored by his country, and wept by a nation—the other dies on the scaffold, and tenderly lifting a child of the despised race, beneath the winter's sun, sinks to his rest! His soul is marching on! It has been a fire fighting fire, and by God's grace the fire of Heaven is being triumphant over the fire of hell!"

TO START A BAULKY HORSE. Fill his mouth with dirt or gravel from the road and he'll go. Don't laugh at this but try it. The plain philosophy of the thing is—it gives him something else to think of. We have seen it tried a hundred times, and it has never failed.

THE CONFLICT. While old Mr. Blair is travelling between Washington and Richmond nursing the delusion that he carries the issues of the conflict in his own foolish hands, Jefferson Davis sits unmoved at the head of his pet oligarchy, sustained by a powerful army which up to this time we have been powerless to dislodge. There has not been a more grotesque spectacle since this long war began than that of an old politician planning to relieve the army of all further service, and by an adroit stroke to lead Richmond captive back to Washington. Like the Bourbons, of whom it is a tradition that they learned nothing and forgot nothing, Mr. Blair, still true to the instincts of a unfruitful life, imagines that he can settle the conflict by a trick, and make an artful speech effectual against the civil and military power of the rebel leaders, who have no more thought of yielding at this time than they have of going to the moon. [Worcester Spy.]

SOUTH CAROLINA WILL NOT ABANDON SLAVERY TO SAVE THE CONFEDERACY.—The Charleston Mercury makes bitter opposition to the proposition in Richmond to abandon slavery if necessary to the success of the rebellion. It says:—

It was on account of the encroachments upon the institution of slavery by the sectional party of the old Union that South Carolina seceded from that Union. It is not at this late date, after the loss of thirty thousand of her best and bravest men in battle, that she will suffer it to be bartered away, or ground between the upper and nether mill stones by the madness of Congress or the counsels of shallow men elsewhere. She stands upon her institutions, and there she will fall in her defence. We want no Confederate Government without our institutions. The soldiers of South Carolina will not fight beside a nigger; to talk of emancipation is to disband our army. The straight and narrow path of our deliverance is in the reform of our government, and the discipline of our armies. Will Virginia stand by us in this rugged path? We will not fail her, in the shadow of a hair. But South Carolina will fight upon no other platform than that she laid down in 1860.

Forty-three wives lately abandoned their husbands in Utah, but were pursued by their exasperated better half, and brought back.



# Waterville Mail.

SPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 10, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PRATT & 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 Beal's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

**THE TALKED-OF PEACE.**—No doubt the tendency of the late negotiations relating to peace, though intended by the rebels for evil, resulted in marked benefit to the country. They have proved the confederates to be opposed to any peace not based on separation, and shown the absurdity of any efforts to this end except by the instrumentality of the army. To this point it has opened the eyes of many who did not see it before; and the tendency is to union and harmony, and consequently strength, in measures intended for the preservation of the good old American Union. Even such men as Fernando Wood, of New York, and Mr. Cox of Ohio, have availed themselves of the opportunity offered, and have taken a position more in harmony with what is fast becoming a united public sentiment. The latter at once offered a resolution of thanks to the president "for his endeavors to ascertain the disposition of the rebels." Mr. Wood made a speech in the house, in the course of which he said, that if these negotiations had failed in consequence of the indisposition of the rebel authorities to return to their allegiance and duty, on the basis of our common constitution, they might as well know that so far as he represented the peace sentiment, he would not sustain them in their position. If the door for propositions of peace had been thrown open by the president, and the answer of the rebels was that they would accept recognition and separation, and nothing else, then he desired to say that he should aid the conquering armies of his country in obtaining by force what it had been unable to obtain by negotiation. Mr. W. afterwards offered a resolution, which was adopted, protesting against any negotiations admitting, in the remotest degree, the existence of any government, within the old national boundaries, but that of the federal Union.

**GEN. BUTLER.**—Real gold grows brighter by rubbing; and the bold and frank patriotism of Gen. Butler is just adapted to a similar process. We can't help thinking that somebody, somewhere, and in some way, is desirous of breaking the old cast iron hero to pieces. It will never be done—the American people have him too much in their honest hearts. He came up to the rescue at a great crisis—not with more merit, to be sure, than other men, but, like Mr. Everett, at a later period, under circumstances calculated to bring the greatest help to the country. His bold and manly course was appreciated by Mr. Lincoln—we will not doubt it—as it was by all men; and the result must show that these two greatest men in the nation are fast friends. Such friendship is but a just demand of Union men, as a necessity of the cause to which both are pledged; and the determined manner in which Gen. Butler persists in his devotion to the extreme measures of the government proves that the hopes of the people are safely based. He did not take Fort Fisher, but in what else has failure ever marked him? Let him stand among the scores of faithful and strong men who have done what they could, though they could not do all that a struggling people hoped they might do. Gen. Butler is one of the strong pillars of the Union, and his reputation should be sacred to all men who love their country.

**THE WINSLOW contested election** case has finally been reported upon by the legislative committee, and the election of the representative goes back to the people. Henry Hedge, Esq., the democratic candidate, was officially returned as elected by only one or two votes, and his election has been contested by Chas. Drummond, Esq., the republican candidate. Another election is to be held on Saturday of next week—some two or three days before the session of the legislature closes. Clinton and Benton are classed with Winslow. Both candidates have been in attendance since the session began, though but one, Mr. Hedge, could vote. The contest will probably be a sharp one, as both parties have had time to get thoroughly warmed for the struggle.

**ADMIRAL PORTER** has made over the prize money due him for the capture of the ram Albatross by a force under him, to Lieut. Cushing, in recognition of the heroism of the brave young officer who effected the capture.

**THE crew of the pirate Florida** have been liberated by order of the government and sent to Halifax. Brazil has closed her ports to the rebel pirate Shenandoah.

## A "SUNNY SIDE."

**Messrs Editors:**—It is very pleasing and gratifying to know, in this time when "prices rule so high," that ministers, living upon small salaries, the real value of which is not half what it was before the war, are not permitted by their people to struggle under a burden they can not well bear, with no prospect of relief; while almost all other classes are receiving compensation for their labor adequate to their support.

Perhaps it is known to many of your readers that since last May, at the earnest solicitation of individuals at North Vassalboro, and by consent of the Congregational Church and society of Winslow, I have been laboring as a minister of the gospel in both places, preaching half the day on the Sabbath in each. I am happy to state that I have been very cordially received by the people of the former place, and I find them very pleasant and appreciative of all efforts to do them good. The congregation on the Sabbath has been respectable and attentive; and the Sabbath School, which has usually been suspended the last of October, has been continued through the winter with unabated interest. Two weeks ago last Saturday evening, the 21st of January, myself and wife were invited to a social gathering of the people of that place, at the residence of Mr. Howard G. Abbott, who very kindly offered the use of his house for the occasion. All denominations were represented in the gathering, and the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. The interview was one that all seemed to enjoy very much, and at the close, Dr. Barrows, in a eloquent and appropriate speech presented us, in behalf of the people, a roll of bills amounting to sixty-three dollars, which was increased the next day to sixty-seven. We had previously received from individuals in that place, presents in money and other articles of value, eleven dollars, making the whole amount seventy-eight dollars, which was most freely and cheerfully given, and for which we tender them our warmest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. After the presentation and reply that evening, interesting remarks were made by Mr. Abbott and Dr. Barrows, and several beautiful pieces of music were sung by the choir.

But while we have divided our labors between the two places, the people of Winslow have not exhibited any abatement of interest in their minister. They have subscribed about the same amount for his support that they paid when he was with them all of the time. And then last Thursday evening they came in large numbers to the parsonage, together with quite a delegation from North Vassalboro, and greeted him and his family with great cordiality, presenting them in money and articles of household comfort, seventy-five dollars; at which time appropriate remarks were made by Dea. Keith and Mr. Haines Crosby upon the value of the gospel in a place, and the importance of giving it a liberal support. The above sum has since been increased to ninety-eight dollars, and we have constantly been receiving during the past year little tokens of respect and esteem from our people, which would exceed in value at the least calculation twenty-five dollars, swelling the whole amount we have received from both places to two hundred dollars over and above the regular salary. Ought not this to be regarded as a "sunny side?" We think it is, and deeply feel our obligations to our people for this noble and generous appreciation of our labors among them. May the Lord abundantly reward them for their kind regard for our welfare. And may they know by experience the blessedness of a liberal support of the gospel.

And now I have a sad picture to present in contrast with the bright. That very night, when our people were gathered here at the parsonage, making our hearts glad and enjoying such a pleasant interview, a young man, who had been a soldier in the service of our country for more than three years, came home on a furlough to visit his parents. He left the cars about dark to travel on foot five miles through the drifting snow and the piercing cold, to his home in the east part of our town. He called at two houses on the way and warmed himself, and left the last one about nine o'clock, being about half-way to his father's house, to reach which he was obliged to cross a meadow where there was only a foot path. In this path, when within twenty rods of his home, from some cause he became bewildered or benumbed so much that he gave up all effort to go further, beat down the snow for a bed, and lay down to sleep, placing his hat beside him and his hand on his breast, and there he perished. His father, starting early the next morning to go to his work, was the first to discover him, and the scene in that family for a little while was heart-rending. The affliction was overwhelming, in that, having already lost two sons in the army, this one should be spared to get almost home, and perish with the cold within a few rods of his father's door. I was called to attend his funeral last Sabbath at twelve o'clock. A large and deeply sympathizing audience was present. The young man's name was William T. Preble, aged 32 years. He entered the service of our country June 1, 1861, in the 3d Maine, re-enlisted in February, 1865, had been sick in the hospital in Vermont for several months, and was expecting soon to get his discharge.

J. DINAMORE.

**Winslow, Feb. 7, 1865.**  
The friends of Hon. Joseph Eaton will be pained to hear that he has been for some weeks dangerously ill at his home in Winslow. We hear within a few days that he is gaining a little, with improved symptoms.

The legislative committee to whom was referred the petition of Joseph Eaton and others for the renewal of the charter of Winslow bridge, have reported unanimously that the petitioner have leave to withdraw his petition.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—The engraving in the February number is "The Stepping Stone," and a portrait of Queen Elizabeth—two very good pictures. There is no lack of able and interesting articles in the number, which embraces the usual variety of reading.

**THE ELECTIC.**—The February number has a fine portrait of Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent British Geologist, and interesting articles from the leading foreign newspapers, magazines and reviews. Among these will be found—State-manship in Constitutional Countries; Politeness, Insular and Continental; Times of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette; Modern Phases of Jurisprudence in England; Madame Roland; William of Normandy; Edmund Spenser as a Sacred Poet; Catharine Comaro; The Style of Balzac and Thackeray; French Anti-Clerical Novels; The Model's Story, etc., with much excellent poetry.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE** for February has the usual handsomely colored double-page fashion plate; with another sheet of four pages, filled with full length figures in various styles of dress; and scores of other engravings of patterns and designs of fashionable novelties. There is also a full sized pattern of the Foresters' Palette, for cutting. The reading is of the usual interest, and includes the conclusion of "The Doctor's Wife," by Miss Braidon, and a continuation of "Armada," Wilkie Collins's new story. This portion of the work is also profusely illustrated.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE** for January has the following table of contents:—  
"Tony Butler—Conclusion: A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States, 1863-64—Part II; Italian Portraits; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part XII; Life in an Island; Day and Night; The Man and the Monkey; Nile Basin and Nile Explorers; The European Situation." For terms, &c., see advertisement in another column.

**THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.**—"Out in the World, or Paul Clifford on a Cruise," Oliver Optic's new story, is continued in the February number of this juvenile magazine, giving a little of the hard side of a sailor's life. There is also another chapter of Campaigning, and interesting account of that odd fish the Lobster, with many other useful and entertaining articles, a piece for declamation and a school dialogue.

**THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.**—The November number of this able foreign quarterly has the following table of contents:—  
Commercial Philanthropy; Latham's Johnson's Dictionary; Liturgical Reform; Early Roman Tragedy and Epic Poetry; Witland and its Water; Giuseppe Giusti and his Times; The late John Richardson.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM.**—The February number of this magazine for youth, has a continuation of an interesting story by "Sophie May," entitled "Elva Seeking her Fortune," with much other interesting and valuable reading prettily illustrated, and several pages of epicy "Chit-Chat."

**NEAT STOCK SALE.**—Mr. Lang has sold some two thousand dollars worth of his Durham stock to Messrs. Gilman and Daniel Wells. The sale embraces only animals for beef,—among them the cow "Lallah Rookh" and the large oxen exhibited at the September fair. "Lallah Rookh" is soon to be slaughtered in this place by our enterprising neighbors Tozer and Doolittle; and offered in nice bits to their liberal and dainty customers. Let those who taste the luxury remember that it is only a few years since she was purchased for a few thousand dollars of John Bull.

It will be seen by the advertisement that Mr. Lang now offers to sell a few of his best young bulls to enterprising stock breeders. The well known bull "Matador," being no longer needed in his herd, is offered among others. None of these choice animals have before been offered, and no doubt the opportunity will be promptly improved by enterprising farmers.

**CHASTE AND BEAUTIFUL VALENTINES** of a humorous character, from the publishing house of L. Prang & Co. 119 Washington St., Boston, may be had of all dealers in those articles, or can be obtained direct of the publishers.

**POSTPONEMENT.**—Owing to the unfavorable weather of Wednesday, the entertainment of the Young People's Soldier's Aid Society will be postponed until to-morrow, Saturday, evening. Admission 10 cents.

**A NEW STEAMER.**—The New England Screw Steamship Company, ever ready to anticipate the wants of the public, have purchased the steamer Franconia to take the place of the Potomac. The Franconia was built at Kennebec last season and has recently been running from Boston to Halifax. She is a little over 800 tons and is well adapted for the route—carries a good cargo and has fine accommodations for seventy-five passengers. See advertisement of this company's line between Portland and New York, in another column.

**MR. JAMES FELLOWS,** whom many of our readers remember as a Waterville boy, has recently been appointed Cashier of the Second National Bank of Skowhegan, in place of R. Kidder, Esq., who resigned. The *Chronicle* says truly, that "Mr. F. is a gentleman of sterling integrity and will fill the position to which he has been appointed with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the public."

**THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK** of this village, was organized on Monday last by the choice of the following officers: John Webber, President; T. W. Herrick, Vice President; Wm. Conner, J. P. Blunt, Wm. Dyer, Luke Brown, 2d, and L. E. Thayer, Directors; Homer Percival, Cashier.

**GEN. THOMAS,** learning that his friends and admirers were about to present him with a valuable testimonial for his services in behalf of the country, begs them to appropriate the sum to the founding of a fund for the relief of disabled soldiers, and of the indigent widows and orphans of officers and soldiers who have lost their lives in defence of their country.

**REV. P. C. HEADLEY,** who has been invited to the pastorate of the Congregationalist Church of this village, will preach here next Sabbath.

## SYSTEMATIC LIBERALITY.

It was my intention to give another "talk" this week; but after reading a book called "Hidden Treasure," by Miss Sarah A. Babcock, I turned my thoughts in another direction, viz: Liberty—systematic liberty. It is an answer often given when individuals are requested to contribute to a benevolent object, "I give now more than I am able." Sometimes no doubt this is truth; while in many instances his veracity is doubted. But have we a good reason to doubt a man who makes such an assertion? or does the man who says he gives as much as he is able fully realize what he says? or does he know how much he is able to contribute? or has this answer been given so often that it is stereotyped? In the days of Moses, the children of Israel were required to give one-tenth of their increase for the use of the Priests. In later days an individual has occasionally been found who followed this systematic course by giving a tenth for a while, and then increasing till he gave all his income. Many will say, he is truly a wise man if his capital is large enough; while perhaps his heirs say he has no right to give away property that might in a few years be theirs. Here I would say, if a man in his sane mind has no right to contribute to a benevolent object, how has he a right to accumulate for heirs to quarrel about when he is gone. The reason of my writing as I do, is to come at some rational conclusion as to how men are to decide how they can give systematically. I mean men of different pursuits. The professional man may receive a salary of a thousand dollars a year. Shall he give away one hundred? or the day laborer with but two hundred, shall he give twenty? St. Paul tells one of the Asiatic churches to give as the Lord has prospered them. No doubt this is the true instruction, but men won't follow it. If this rule of giving one-tenth of one's net income was strictly followed, all the benevolent operations in the world would receive aid sufficient to advance much faster than they have ever yet done. In the United States contributions have been made for benevolent objects during the last three years of a gigantic character. But has one-tenth been given? Has the man whose income is \$365,000, given \$36,500?

At the present time we have a great many objects of charity. Let us enumerate them, or a part of them. First, contributions have to be made everywhere for the support of gospel preaching at home. If this is not done, Sabbath worship would not be sustained, and very soon it might be here written, as was once on the gates of Paris, "Death is an eternal sleep." Then farewell to our free institutions and our good government! We too have contributions to aid missionaries in our own country and heathen lands. The condition of our soldiers, both sick and well, call largely on our sympathies; while the poor and destitute, whose buildings have been burned, or families have been sick, or they wish to raise money for a monument, bring the corpse of a deceased friend from the army, endow a college or academy, raise money for the infirm of both sexes, besides a thousand other objects worth the attention of philanthropists, each in turn are urged upon us. We cannot give to all these objects, neither is it expected that we should; but all agree that it is our duty to be benevolent. A. asks, How much shall I give? saying at the same time, his income is but \$400 a year, and it costs him every cent of that to support his family. B. says his income is a thousand, and he lays by nothing. C. pleads in the same way, with an income of two thousand. I would ask those persons if they have kept an exact account of all the money they have spent which goes to make up the several amounts. If you have, how much of it was unnecessary? If you have not done this, will you try this year, and set down every expense correctly, examine it at the close of the year, and single out the unnecessary, if any. Then you can decide whether you can give a tenth or more. I have known men contract debts, who apparently had no income, but determined to pay at the appointed time. The old coat and hat and carriage answered just as well; no unnecessary car rides taken, and the debt was paid. Just so with charitable objects; they are debts which our heavenly Father imposes upon us, and we must pay them; and if it is by some self-denial, so much the better.

I have not written all I intended at the commencement, but if the readers of this will follow my advice, I am confident each will be able to contribute one-tenth of his income.

**PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.**—The reports of the officers, just published, exhibit this company as in a very flourishing state, and determined to spare no expense in putting their road in the best possible condition. Among the items of expenditure recommended in the estimates for the present year are the following:—

For repairs of the road, relaying sleepers, rolling and relaying rails, rebuilding bridges and fencing, \$115,700; for four new passenger cars, \$20,000; two mail cars, thirty covered merchandise cars, ten cattle cars and a steam car, \$77,000; for passenger depot at Augusta, \$10,000; for freight house at Augusta, \$5,000; for improvements at Bath, \$18,000; at Brunswick, \$2,500; at Waterville, \$5,000; at Kendall's Mills, \$3,000; at Skowhegan, \$3,000.

**MR. BLAINE.**—The papers are reporting a very marked defeat of the effort in Congress to fix censure upon the navy, and Mr. Blaine, of our district, is set down for a share. We trust that the marked success of our representative in former contests will not encourage him to run a tilt against the "Hearts of Oak." The hearts of the people are behind those ribs.

**BURLEY,** the Lake Erie rebel pirate, has been surrendered to the U. S. authorities.

**THE LEGISLATURE** will probably adjourn by the 22d, according to vote. The bill legalizing the action of towns in voting bounties, will pass. The poll tax will probably be fixed at \$3. The Agricultural College will not be connected with any existing institution. The committee on Agriculture have reported an act to tax dogs.

An amendment to the liquor law of the State, has passed both branches, making any person convicted of being a common seller, punishable by a fine of \$100 and stand committed until it is forthcoming. This is a reenactment of a clause in one of sections of the liquor law of 1858. An old section of the law of 1846 has also been incorporated into the present law, which provides that all forfeitures and penalties may be recovered by an action of debt, or by complaint before any justice of the peace, or judge of any municipal or police court, in the county where the offence has been committed. The action may be brought in the name of the person prosecuting, or the town where the offence was committed. One-half of the forfeiture to go to the prosecutor or complainant who shall be admitted as a witness at the trial; the other half to the town.

The following is from an acknowledgement of the second box sent to the hospital at Augusta, received by the President of the Soldier's Aid Society, of this village.

"I have just received your box, for which you will please accept the heartfelt thanks of the recipients. The pillows are very acceptable, and much needed. The handkerchiefs, bandages, lint and old cloth were also much wanted."

**THE PORTLAND PRESS,** we are pleased to notice, is steadily gaining in popular favor, and the weekly edition has now the largest circulation of any political paper in the State. The *Bangor Times* attributes this popularity to a happy mixture of loyalty, independence and combativeness, and all who read the *Press* we think will endorse the opinion. The *Press* is a bold and able champion of freedom and right, and the loyal people of the State do well in giving it a cordial support.

Bring in your old paper to the Mail office, before gold falls any lower, carrying with it the price of all marketable commodities.

**DARLING BEAUTIES** is the term applied by the ladies to those charming album pictures of leaves, birds, flowers, etc., issued by L. Prang & Co., 119 Washington St., Boston. They are the admiration and delight of all lovers of the beautiful, and one never tires of looking at them. Examine them at the bookstore, and buy a few to please your wife and children; or if you have no wife and children, then for "any other woman" or children in whom you have an interest.

**ANOTHER CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT** is proposed by Mr. Sumner, who offered the following joint resolution in the Senate, on Monday, which was referred to the judiciary committee:—

"Representatives to Congress shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to the number of male citizens of age having in each State the qualifications requisite for electors for the most numerous branch of the State legislature. The actual enumeration of such citizens shall be made by the census of the United States."

**"GEN. KNOX."**—Reference to the advertisement of this famous horse shows that Mr. Lang will keep him at his stables in North Vassalboro' the coming summer. No horse in the United States now stands ahead of Gen. Knox in reputation for the various qualities which are prized in a stock horse; and a higher price has been refused for him than was ever paid for any horse in this country. His stock is gaining a reputation never equalled by that of any horse in the country, and never rivalled by any but his own Black Hawk and Morgan ancestors. Farmers will do well to consider carefully whether he offers an opportunity worthy of their attention.

**CONCERT.**—A large company of our most accomplished singers, ladies and gentlemen, embracing members of several of the choirs in this place, are advertised for a Concert at N. Vassalboro' this evening, Friday, in the Union Church. The programme is a very good one, and the company have ability to give satisfaction to the best audience.

**RICHMOND PAPERS** say that during a discussion in the rebel House on arming slaves, Mr. Wigfall, in reply to those who said they were not fighting for slavery, declared he was fighting for slavery and nothing else. The Whig says that Gen. Hindman and Mr. Foote are on their way to Sonora, Mexico.

**QUOTAS OF THE THIRD DISTRICT.**—The following are the quotas of a few of the towns in the Third Congressional District of the State, under the call of Dec. 19th, 1864, and including all credits up to Dec. 31st, 1865. The towns will be credited for all further enlistments since that date:—

Albion, 4; Augusta, 66; Belgrade, 29; Rome, 16; Benton, 14; China, 49; Clinton, 19; Clinton Gore, 2; Gardiner, 45; Halliwell, 17; Sidney, 7; Vassalboro', 48; Waterville, 60; Winslow, 26; Anson, 19; Stars, 21; Athens, 3; Solon, 32; Bingham, 16; Brighton, 16; Cornville, 2; Madison, 16; Detroit, 9; Pittsfield, 21; Fairfield, 25; Hartland, 12; Canaan, 25; Mercer, 9; Smithfield, 10; New Portland, 1; Embden, 16; Norridgewock, 11; Palmyra, 19; St. Albans, 14; Skowhegan, 52; Unity Plantation, 2.

**THE Richmond Whig** of Feb. 3d, says that the report that a large number of Federal transports had passed down the Mississippi, and that an expedition of 15,000 strong was fitting out in New Orleans to be landed at Pascagoula, excites some apprehension in Mobile.

A dispatch to the Boston Herald says the tenor of the debate on the Conscription bill in the Senate Monday, indicated that there will be no radical change in the present law.

## War of Redemption.

Another movement by the army of the Potomac commenced on Sunday last, and of that day's operations we have the following account:—

"At three o'clock, the Fifth Corps, preceded by Gregg's cavalry, commenced its march towards Reams Station. It was necessary to construct a bridge over a creek, which occupied several hours. The 2d and 3d Divisions of the Second Corps had gone up the Vaughan road to Hatcher's Run to demonstrate in that direction, and a line of rifle pits were there taken. After crossing the run a strong line of breastworks were erected. The 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry were fired upon by a force of rebels in ambush, who were driven off, as were all others who were encountered. The 2d division of the 2d corps had turned to the right before reaching the run, and had advanced in a northwesterly direction, and at half-past four in the afternoon were attacked in the breastworks which they had thrown up, by the rebels, who were handsomely repulsed. They repeated the attempt at another point, and were again driven back and retired to their works. Our loss was not over one hundred. The enemy lost heavily, and we captured about 200 prisoners and a train of wagons and mules with their drivers."

On the 6th, quite a severe engagement took place between the 5th corps and the enemy on Dabney's Mill road, west of Hatcher's Run, in which our troops were forced back in some disorder upon the breastworks of the 3d division of the 2d corps, where they rallied and checked the further advance of the enemy. An attack on the 2d corps, near the Armstrong House on the Duncan road was easily repulsed with severe loss to the rebels. Our loss on this day was from 300 to 500 men, that of the enemy being full as large. About 150 prisoners were taken from the enemy during the day. Col. Elden, of the 20th Maine, was wounded in the leg.

Reports have been in circulation lately of the evacuation of Mobile, but as yet they lack confirmation.

Gen. Kelley reports that a cavalry scout of Gen. Sheridan's encountered the force of the rebel Major Harry Gilmore, near Morrisfield and whipped it handsomely, capturing upwards of 20 officers and men. Among the officers captured was Gilmore himself.

Of Sherman's movements we get little intelligence, but the rebel papers show that he is steadily advancing, and though they seem confident that Branchville is the point he aims at he is evidently threatening other points.

The rebel fleet started down James river again, a few days ago, but turned about before reaching the limit of their former advance.

The New York World's Washington despatch says that it is reported that the rebels have adopted a new war policy. Richmond is to be evacuated and the whole Atlantic coast abandoned, and a stand made inland.

The rebel papers contradict the report of the destruction of the Tallahassee, and say that she put to sea immediately after the destruction of Fort Fisher.

**THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT**, abolishing slavery, has been ratified by our Legislature, the vote in the House standing 103 yeas to 95 nays, and the Senate going unanimously for it.

**SANITARY LECTURES.**—The Rev. Dr. Marks—who was suddenly called away from previous appointments by the sickness and death of his son—has returned to resume his work, and will lecture on behalf of the Sanitary Commission, at the Town Hall in Waterville, on Monday evening next. Lecture to commence at seven o'clock. No collection.

Dr. Marks will lecture in West Waterville, Tuesday evening, 14th inst; in Readfield, Wednesday evening, 15th; in Winthrop, Thursday evening, 16th; in Monmouth, Friday evening, 17th.

**THE London Globe** authoritatively denies that troops are to be sent to Canada to meet the contingency of a possible war.

The Military Committee in the Legislature have reported a bill which is substantially the same as the Massachusetts law of 1864. It will be a voluminous affair comprising at least one hundred and seventy sections. It enrolls all able-bodied men between eighteen and forty-five years of age, makes a new enrollment of all between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, constituting them the active militia of the State, which arms and equips them. The remainder, those between twenty-four and fifty-five years of age, will constitute the reserve militia, liable only to perform duty in the usual cases of invasion, etc. Spring trainings are ordered to take place in May, and three hours monthly during the year. During the months of August and October, a muster will take place of four days, during which soldiers will receive \$1 per diem. A vigorous effort will be made to pass the bill.

"Far-fetched and dear-bought" is not always proof of value. The medical world is becoming alive to the fact that our common Dock Root of the fields, is an important remedial agent, and one of the most effectual alternatives known. It has always been a favorite medicine of the wise mothers of this country for ulcers and sores, and for purifying the blood. This root which grows so abundantly around us everywhere, is now known to be one of the ingredients of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is attracting public attention by its extraordinary cures of cutaneous and ulcerous diseases. Each country produces the antidotes for its own disorders, as was said of old, "and upon the banks thereof shall grow all trees for meat, whose flower shall not fade, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

[Northfield, (Vt. Herald.)]

Annapolis correspondents hint at the passage through that town of large bodies of troops on their way to join Sherman.

In the United States Senate on Saturday, a resolution was offered and ordered printed, prohibiting the proprietors of any passenger conveyances from refusing to convey any person on account of color.







