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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 39): March 31, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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## ABSENCE.

BY MRS. FRANCES KEMBLE DUTLER.

What shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,  
Weary with longing—shall I flee away,  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?  
Shall I, these mists of memory looked within,  
Leave and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near;  
How may I teach my drooping heart to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou, art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenly duties, and high holy strains,  
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time, and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since you I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

## FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

## V. I.

When Nannie came to examine her affairs, she found them far from satisfactory. It was the summer of 1861, and her agent wrote her that the deed of a farm in the Shenandoah Valley would not be worth, at the North, the paper it was written upon. Nannie had cast in her lot with the North, her heart was in the cause, and she could do nothing to reclaim her property. Her purse ran low. She turned now to her beautiful art. Her pictures sold at remunerative prices. She was busy and content.

There were no remittances from the farm that fall. I think Nannie was glad. She liked better to live upon her own labor than upon the unpaid labor of others. She hoped Dinah, and Tom, and Harry, and the whole corps were at work on their own account.

But as cold weather came on the times grew stringent. People had not so much money to spare for elegancies. Nannie was not in connection with the best agents for the sale of her paintings. She was living in expensive rooms. It would never do. She determined to give them up, and called the landlady.

Mrs. Seymour considered a moment. "Suppose, Miss Nannie, you should rent the furniture along with the rooms. The allowance I can make you will go toward your own expenses, and when your circumstances improve, you can take the apartments again. For the present, I have a small room above, if you don't mind going into the next story."

Nannie was delighted. "You are such a nice manager, Mrs. Seymour! Then I shall not have to part with my dear round table, and the pretty book-case I took so much pains to ornament."

"You can remove what you need to your own room, you see," said Mrs. Seymour. "Thank you. But we must have a good tenant, Mrs. Seymour—some nice, careful body, who won't break the nose of my Clytie, nor ruin my beautiful bronzes."

"Certainly, my dear. We won't admit any rude Goth among your treasures."

So Nannie removed to the attic—small and hard of access, but not without its compensations. By so much nearer the blue sky, it was further from the earth, the city roofs lying below it, and the roar of its streets softened to a pleasant murmur. Troops of white doves swooped around the window, for sat upon the eaves just above, and cooed in sweet content.

Nannie set up her easel blithely. "We can be very happy here, pretty birds—you and I, and the blue sky. Never mind if the carpet is shabby, and the curtain doesn't quite cover the window. Nobody can look in upon us except the stars and the sun, and they are grand company. We'll make believe everything is just as we like it. That was Guy's way—dear Guy!"

An advertisement was sent to a newspaper, and Nannie set down to finish an order which she had promised for New Year's. She worked very steadily for many days. If the little fingers got cold—for she must economize her fire—she only put down the brush for a moment to rub them briskly, and then went on with her work, singing softly to herself, sometimes feeling very sad, and at such times singing a little lower.

The fire burned redly, and the crimson roses in the window, all in blossom, seemed to suffuse the room with color. Outside it was clear and cold—Christmas weather. Nannie, glancing out from time to time, saw the people passing along the streets, swinging their arms and along the streets, swinging their arms and blowing frosty fingers. Such a hurry as everybody was in—all but one gentleman, who came out of the house opposite every morning, and walked slowly down the street, a tall man in undress uniform, muffled to the eyes, and carrying his right arm in a sling. Some wounded soldier, Nannie guessed, undergoing his slow recovery. He did not look as if New Year's were anything to him—he did not walk back home as if anybody were expecting him. The lone body in the attic pined him.

By-and-by Nannie was going to take her pictures down to the shop. There was plenty of time yet. No need for her to hurry. No where in the wide world was anybody waiting for her. If she never went down from her sky chamber again, nobody would miss her. So she worked patiently, putting numberless delicate touches upon the wild flowers under her hand.

There was no need to look at the copy. They had grown in the dear old valley. Their colors were fixed in her memory, unalterably vivid. Seen through the mist of years those early days were glorified; all the desolation which pressed so heavily upon her young life; all the places where her feet had faltered; all the thorns that had lacerated her were forgotten. The heart clings with such touching loyalty to its treasures, though they are few and meagre.

At last she rose very pale and grave, and not sorrowful. One must not be sad on New Year's Eve. Nannie took her portfolio and went down to the shop. The face of the proprietor lighted up with a connoisseur's pleasure as he looked over the paintings.

"These colors are perfect, and there is meaning in the very drop of the flower-stalk. They are finer than anything you have done. Why not? She had put her life into them."

But Nannie only said "Thank you," as he put the price into her hand and turned away, too busy to care further for the quiet, shy-looking

ing artist. Had he not praised her, and paid her? The pictures were laid upon the counter, and the people gathered around to admire them as Nannie passed out, unnoticed.

The sun was still shining, but was hidden by the tall buildings, and there was that sombre, pallid atmosphere, which showed that the winter afternoon was closing in.

But in the street the throng had increased. There were bright, smiling gentlemen, with happy-faced women beside them; solitary men and women with furtive, half-smiles in their eyes, looking out some beautiful surprise for one at home; proud mothers leading little children; boys and girls, wild with excitement, some in gay attire, and others making the most of their plainness for the holidays; but everybody happy and charitable, and full of good will to all men—for was not Christmas the other day, and is not to-morrow New Year's?

But nobody minded the little, lone figure that threaded the busy crowd, and looked dæmily at the shop windows, and wistfully at the kind, pleasant faces that passed her every moment, and never minded her.

She went into a side street, and here were ruddy lights streaming from stately houses, and Christmas wreaths were in the windows, and children were laughing and shouting, and there were warmth, and delight, and love—but not for Nannie. And a little further on, a carriage drew up at a door, and faces that had been watching at the window disappeared, and the door was flung open, and some-stepped from the carriage, and were welcomed with kisses; and then the door was shut upon the lonely creature who had watched them with hungry eyes, wondering that there were no welcomes, no kisses for her—for her alone of all the world.

Out in a balcony a little child was playing, flourishing a tiny trumpet. Nannie lingered and smiled up at him, and the little fellow stopped in his play, and cried out, "I was on a happy-New-Year."

Nannie had some bon-bons in her pocket. If she could manage to give them to him—it would be so pleasant to make somebody happy; but a naughty lady swept out and drew the child away, throwing a scornful glance at the plain figure on the sidewalk, who might, perhaps, be a beggar.

The sun was down now, and great bars of steel-blue clouds walled the west. Suddenly the chimes rang out from the tower of the old stone church, a jubilant Christmas hymn. The church was open. Nannie went in as others were doing, and stood at the entrance of the great aisle. A wilderness of green, a world of sweet, resinous odors—green arch beyond green arch, leading the eye down a long vista to the great cross that overhung the altar.

Nannie sat down just beneath it. There was a soft glow all around her. Sweet ripples of melody flowing out from the organ hid in twilight darkness at the far end of the church, waivered about the air. Presently some one came behind her, a vivid light flashed out, and the altar and the cross were luminous.

Then the organ thundered a jubilate, and while Nannie sat hiding her face from the flood of white light that poured around her, the organ tones died away into liquid threads of sound, and a voice stole out of the gloom, sweet, clear, and steady. It was one of those grand old German hymns, written a thousand years ago by some sturdy monk, half-saint, half-warrior; but it bore along its music the sorrows, the despair, the faith, the hopes of to-day, and laid them all at His feet with a child's innocent trust. That was it. It was all clear now. She was one of Christ's little ones. And if alone and friendless, why—God knew. And surely there was a place waiting for her among the shining ones.

People were going out now—talking about effect, saying how fine it was—going out in twos and threes, and chatting sociably as they went—all but Nannie. She followed alone, out from the shadow of the cross, and the company of Christ into the world again—not quite out of His presence, trying to hold fast to His love, and not forgetting that she was one of His little ones, and saying that He knew.

It was growing dark now, and as she passed quickly along, something touched her dress—something in woman's shape, dressed in fluttering rags, innocence long gone from the shameless eyes, blowsy, loathsome, wicked. A red, gaunt hand was held out before her. "For Christ's sake!" muttered the creature.

Nannie put some money into that unsightly hand. Had it ever been fair and soft, full of loving suggestions, swift in good works, used to caresses?

"He pities us both!" said Nannie, and went her way.

On the other day they celebrated His birth in all the churches, yet only this wretched outcast had named His name to her.

Arrived at home, Mrs. Seymour met her in the hall. "The rooms are taken, Miss Nannie, by a gentleman who has been lodging opposite."

"Are they?" Nannie went up stairs wearily. The fire was low. Her room looked dull after the brightness out-of-doors. She took off her wraps, and began slowly and absently to dress for dinner. She stood at last before the mirror.

Such a wan, pale face looked out at her—whiter for contrast with the lustreless, black silk that swept around the small figure; a fold of delicate lace around the slender throat; no gleam of jewels or flash of gold, save in the threads of silken hair that crinkled and curled around the temples. The wistful, brown eyes were soft and patient—God's peace shining out of them. The face was childish and innocent still.

Once Guy had praised its beauty. "But that was long ago," Nannie said to herself—"eight years ago." It was faded now, and would soon be old and plain. The spring of life was long overpast, summer almost spent, and autumn would soon be nigh. Perhaps there were happier times coming—a late Indian summer brightness, that might atone for all. "But it did not matter. God knew best."

She fingered over the roses. "Was it worth while to gather some for her hair and bosom? There was nobody to mind them. There was nobody to whom it would be a pleasure to see her look pretty. But Guy had loved their warm, rich, crimson. Well, for his sake, she

twined a flower in her curls—half-smiling at her folly.

The dinner-bell rang. Nannie went down, passing the door of her old room. She knew the lodger had not come yet. She looked in. She was tempted to take away the Clytie, after all; the stranger might not care for it, and it was a shame that its beauty should be wasted.

The room was very pleasant and cozy. The lights burned dimly; a soft, red glow from the open grate shone over the walls and pictures. It was so homelike, and the place up stairs was bare and lonesome. Nannie went in. The pictures wooed her to stay; the great arm-chair beckoned her; she lingered—dropped on the carpet by the fire, and gazed at the rosy flame. It was very still; only the low ticking of the clock on the mantle to break in upon her thoughts.

"He knows best," she whispered; "but, oh! I wish I could see Guy once more!" The clock ticked on. The wind blew hard against the windows. Nannie did not hear Mrs. Seymour's voice in the entry until she threw open the door, and ushered in the new lodger.

"They are very quiet apartments, sir; an invalid can convalesce here very pleasantly. There is a lady in the room above, but she is a still person, who won't disturb you in the least." Nannie started to her feet. Her neighbor over the way. She knew him by the helpless arm. Mrs. Seymour turned on the gas, not noticing her. The white light flooded the room—shone full on the face, she turned in no small surprise toward the little figure by the fire.

"Why, Miss Nannie—" But, with a great cry, Nannie sprang forward.

"It was Guy!" I do not know if sudden joy be not a sharper strain upon the soul than even grief. When one is far down in the valley, a quick outpouring of light from the celestial heights must needs blind the eyes it blesses.

Nannie knew whose arms clasped her, whose tears fell upon her face, whose voice besought her; but all speech was impossible. She heard his tender words in a delicious trance of joy, so sweet, she feared to wake.

"My treasure-trove! How did you elude me so long? Are you really Nannie? Are you the little shy-faced girl that I knew in the Shenandoah—the little girl that loved me?"

"Yes!" said Nannie, with infinite difficulty. The hands that held her trembled. Nannie slipped away from him, and stood looking at him with swimming eyes—her handsome, stalwart Guy.

"Will you go away from me again, Nannie?"

"That is as you say," said Nannie, with a touch of her old girlish piquancy.

"It is time I had my way. What was I all these past years, Nannie, your jailer known to keep her secret. I have sought for you everywhere."

"Don't think hardly of her, dear. I knew all the time, Guy, that you would come. But to think of your passing before me every day all this last, lonely week, and I not knowing you."

It was a glorious New Year's—crystalline and cold. Nannie's heart sang a Te Deum. Was it for her that the sunrise chimes rang out their joyful peal upon the white, still, frosty air?

Never were merrier wedding bells. "We must be married this morning, Nannie. Why should we wait," said Guy.

They went to the old stone church, and, standing before the altar, in the sweet dusk of cool, embowering evergreens and waving, pendant wreaths of odorous pines, a ray of sunshine stealing in at a little round window far up in the massive wall of the old church, gilded across the flower-wreathed altar, swept the cross with a stream of golden light, and rested upon Nannie's head like a blessing. A joyful omen, after the cross of sorrow, the aureole of happiness.

And so they went out over the same ways where Nannie's lonely feet had trod only twelve hours ago. Never alone any more, never hungry for love's sweet life.

When Nannie a-ked about the disabled arm, Guy told her quietly that he had been in the army—passed through a thousand dangers unscathed—"Because God was keeping me for you, darling." He had been up the Shenandoah Valley—seen the farm-house, made by turns hospital and barracks, and fortification. The climbing rose by the veranda had been ruthlessly uprooted; the peach orchard felled to construct an abatis; everywhere the marks of war's rude effacing finger.

But the green sunny slopes remain; the smiling valley, the winding river, and the purple, withdrawing hills—and they talk of a home to be made there, when one day Peace shall wave her olive branch over the land.

The special correspondent of the Newbern Times relates the following incident:—Gen. Couch was applied to by a widow lady to protect her property during the march. The General replied, substantially, "I have protected a great deal of property in the South during our marches, but when the rebels burned my house at Chambersburg, last summer, I swore vengeance. I have not found it in my heart to take it, however, and I am afraid I will lose my chance. Your property shall be protected. I keep thinking that if ever I get into South Carolina I will take my vengeance there, but I guess it would be about the same there."

STATE RIGHTS.—The rebels do not find that their ultra-State Right doctrines work well and are very likely to go to the other extreme. Hear the Richmond Sentinel, of late date:—

"Has not State sovereignty been the weakness of our cause? Has it not continually obstructed itself, delayed and prevented the legislation necessary to the common defence, impaired the authority intrusted to the general government, and impeded the execution of the laws necessary to our success? Is it to be supposed that when peace comes this principle will permit the confederacy to exist one year? How long would Governor Brown permit the people of Georgia to be taxed to pay the debt of the country. The conduct of certain States, in their opposition to laws passed for the organization of the army and preservation of discipline, has caused many persons to reconsider their long-cherished doctrine of State sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that while true and beautiful in theory, it is utterly defective in fact and practice."

MY NEIGHBOR'S BLACK COW. I had achieved a success which was the promise of so much more, that I looked the future in the face with a defiant air, confident that now I could take care of myself. No matter what my work had been, whether wood-sawing, book-keeping, type-setting, or something else. It is sufficient that it was a job that I had taken from my brother's hands, finished to the satisfaction of the employers, and received my wages for the work—not the miserable half-pay usually doled out to a woman, but the honestly-earned remuneration which Ned would have received. I was in that delightful state of mind when all understand who have ever said triumphantly to themselves, "I've done it!" And so I started for a walk, to work off the effervescence of my spirits in the clear, crisp air of the winter morning.

As I lifted the latch of the gate I noticed my neighbor's black cow down the street, eyeing me rather suspiciously, but I was not in a mood to be easily frightened, so I walked resolutely out, still keeping a look in the direction of the cow. Her defiant attitude grew more fierce, she brandished her horns; yes, she was coming towards me faster and faster. Not relishing the prospect of being tilted on her horns in my best gown and velvet bonnet, there was no alternative but to beat a hasty retreat, with Brindle in full chase. Safe within the gate, I turned, shook my muff at her, and assumed a startlingly savage expression of countenance, with various would-be-effective menaces, but all to no purpose. The cow certainly had the best of it, for, though I was safe behind the barricade, she stood guard over the street, just where I wished to go. At this juncture of affairs a young man appeared on the scene, and seeing my dilemma, gallantly came to my rescue. With a slight figure and a face as smooth as my own, he certainly did not look very formidable, but as soon as the coat and boots appeared, the cow recognized a master, and, with a slight gesture and authoritative word from him, she walked quietly away, turning once to give me a parting look which made me glad to accept the protection of the beardless youth in my walk up the street. Alas for my visions of self reliance and independence. I must build a wider house. May there be no black cows in the streets when there are no longer any gentlemen to come to our rescue!

One thing made quite an impression upon me, even in my vexation and chagrin. The young man seemed to accept his part as a matter of course. He did not expect I could manage the cow. He took it for granted he could, and the cow seemed to think just as he did. Was it nature or instinct, or was it the habit and the state of society?

Speaking of Louis Napoleon's new work, the Life of Caesar, the Worcester Spy says he sets a new idol and calls it Caesar, and adds:—

But the world will not worship that idol, now or hereafter. It is exclusively for those who believe in absolute governments, and concentrated power. The sovereignty to which the masses of men are loyal is moral and not military. They have subjected the old idols, during the last two or three generations, to a fiery criticism, and very few have stood the test. Neither Caesar nor Napoleon are of that number. They left no memorials for which the world owes them honor. They attempted, by great example, and the force of surpassing genius, to subordinate moral obligations and all considerations of public right to passion for personal power. They recognized no law, no check, no honor when they crossed the path of their ambition, or conflicted with that of their duty. They are men of the past and not of the present or the future.

The following odd illustration is from a sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity church, Philadelphia: "There was an Arab once who had the devil for his servant. When his term of service had expired, the devil begged as his reward to kiss the shoulder of his master. This request was granted, but out of the spots where the devil's lips had touched sprang serpents, which ever darted their fangs into the breast of the unhappy man. He strove to tear them away, but could not for the agony. The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from her defiling lips and preyed upon her life. It is agony to tear them off, but it is death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we have taken courage to rid us of the abomination."

THE SEVENTIES OF WAR.—While Wade Hampton is complaining to Sherman of the orders given to make the inhabitants of the Carolinas responsible in person and property for the murder of our foragers, and while the rebel Congress are thanking Hampton for his rhetoric, somebody's untimely recollection has brought out the following passage from a speech made in February, 1861, by Jefferson Davis at Stevenson, Alabama:—

"Your border States will gladly come into the Southern confederacy within sixty days, as we will be your only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities where the pavements have been worn by the tread of commerce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch await the armies in the densely populated cities."

The moral of this is that the boot is now on the other leg. [Boston Advertiser.]

Speaking of the antiquity of the topic, "the weather," and the remoteness of time when people wrote about it, the Picaune says:—

"When the dove, the original news carrier, brought into the ark the first number of The Ararat Olive Branch, the very first item of news upon which the eye of Noah fell was a weather paragraph, notifying him and his family that the forty day storm was over, and that they could once more venture out of doors."

Many men dedicate business to the Devil and politics to the Devil, and show religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical out-crawling of their leisure and laziness.

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1865.

NO. 39.

## To the Citizens of Maine.

The Maine Freedmen's Relief Society, auxiliary to the National Freedmen's Relief Association, was organized in Representative's Hall, on the 24th of February last.

The Executive Committee takes the liberty of stating the objects of the Society, and of appealing for aid in behalf of distressed freedmen.

The objects of the Association are:—  
1. To relieve the sufferings of the freedmen, their women and children, as they come within our army lines, by clothing the ragged and naked; furnishing hospitals and medicine for the sick; asylums for the orphans and shelter for the homeless, by aiding in the erection of hundreds of cabins.

2. To aid in placing the freedmen in positions of self-sustenance, by procuring them employment; furnishing agricultural implements, and seeds suited to the soil and climate; giving them instruction in the best modes of cultivation and encouraging the mechanic, by furnishing tools and stock to the carpenter, blacksmith and shoemaker.

3. To establish and sustain schools at all points in the South, where it is safe to do so, for the education of the freedmen and their children. Day schools for children and youth, night schools for adults, industrial schools to teach the women to cut and make clothes for themselves and families, and Sunday schools for all. Such schools are in operation in the District of Columbia, in south-eastern Virginia and Maryland, along the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico, on both banks of the Mississippi river, to St. Louis, Cairo, etc.

The teachers are also the mediums of correspondence, designating the places the destitute collect their number and the extent of their sufferings. To the Superintendents the means of relief are consigned, and by them, with the aid of the teachers, distributed without additional compensation.

4. To furnish relief to suffering white refugees to the extent of the means contributed for this specific object, and upon this deserving class thousands of dollars have been expended.

Being assured that there are tens of thousands of freedmen in the Union army, who have had no bounty for themselves or aid for their families, whose wives children and other dependents are in an utterly destitute condition, suffering and dying for the want of food, clothing and medicine, we propose, as a duty, systematic and immediate efforts for their relief. And we beseech all the good people of this State, waiving all sectarian and political considerations, to unite in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and administering to the necessities of the sick among God's specially afflicted children. This do in remembrance of Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done to one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

All moneys contributed should be sent without delay to the Treasurer, Hon. Nathan G. Hichborn, State House, Augusta.

Any kind of cast-off clothing for men, women or children, which one would wear for comfort or decency, provided nothing better could be had, is earnestly solicited. Common school and Sabbath school books are also wanted.

Goods should be directed to Hon. C. G. Leigh, Nos. 1 & 3 Mercer street, New York, care of George R. Davis, Portland.

The places from which goods are sent should be marked on each case, barrel or package; and notice should be sent by mail to Mr. Davis.

Rev. Dexter S. King has been appointed General Agent for Maine, with power to appoint sub-agents and to receive donations. He is at this time engaged in visiting the cities and larger towns of the State.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.  
President, His Excellency Samuel Cony.  
Secretary, Hon. Ephraim Flint, of Augusta.  
Treasurer, Hon. Nathan G. Hichborn, of Augusta.

Managers, Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Gardiner, Eben Steel, Esq., of Portland, Rev. Charles Munger, Portland, John L. Stevens, Esq., Portland, Rev. Henry W. Brown, Portland, John Durr, Esq., Portland, Rev. C. F. Penney, Portland, Charles Brown, Esq., of Augusta.

Ex-Senator Foote has issued an address, dated London, Feb. 24, to the "Sovereign People of Tennessee," in which he explains the reasons which led him to disconnect himself from the rebel Legislature and seek a refuge in England. He reiterates his denunciations against the rebel government.

"POOR WHITE TRASH."—The correspondent of the New York Evening Post with Sherman's army, in his notes written when twenty miles out from Pocotaligo, gives this account of a conversation with a good specimen of the poor whites of the South:—

"Agriculturally speaking, this is a miserable country we are passing through. We have gained some forage and provisions, but of trivial importance compared to the amount we could use. The inhabitants were rich land owners, with all the pride, ignorance and arrogance of feudal barons; the balance, a few poor whites. The former have all run away, and I met a family of the latter occupying the house of the escaped magnate (I came near writing convict). The head of this poor family, which consisted of himself, a weak-looking creature with pale face, pale eyes and a pale beard; his wife, a woman of thirty, bowed, crooked and yellow, with a child in her arms, a dirty boy of three years old, and a frightened young girl of thirteen, the daughter of the man by a former marriage."

"This man entered into a long conversation upon the subject of the war. He seemed to understand but little of its merits, but that the success of the rebels was certain to fix more securely the bondage of his own class to the aristocrats, and that our victories were to result in freedom to the slaves, (the black ones) which he said, 'I think would be a damned shame; but I don't pretend to understand these questions; I don't know much anyhow.' A remark to which I mentally gave my direct assent. He continued:—

"The poor whites are not allowed to live here in South Carolina; the rich folks all charges us with selling things to the nigger, so they won't let us own land, but drives us about from place to place. I never owned a foot of land all my life, and I was born and raised in this State. It was only a little while ago that they cot a man 'a sellin' to the nigs, so they tarred and feathered him, and put him into

Georgia across Sister's Ferry. They hate the sight of us poor whites.' And yet, said I, 'you are the class that are now furnishing the rank and file of their armies. How absurd is that fact.' The man answered with a vacant, listless stare, and remarked, 'It might be so.'"

THE RETURNED PRISONERS.—The Wilmington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes as follows concerning the sufferings of the returned Union prisoners:—

"The most absorbing sight in the streets is the returned prisoners. They go hobbling and crawling along as best they can. These who go crawling along the streets, skeletons, breathing, living skeletons as they are, are strong in comparison with those who are in and about the hospitals, too weak to move about. It may seem that we are returning too often to these wretched men. But half of their misery has not yet been told. If the free press of our republic is silent as to these poor victims of the worst barbarity ever practised by fiends incarnate, the stones of the streets would indeed cry out against us."

"Fifteen hundred and sixty four of these poor creatures are prostrate in hospitals. Many of these men must die. Many of them are maniacs; their terrible sufferings have driven reason from their throne. Never before, perhaps, were human beings seen so utterly deplorable a condition as these men. All the ills that human flesh is heir to, which can be engendered and aggravated by prolonged want and exposure, these poor fellows are afflicted with."

"The names of many who have died and are dying can never be known; being unable, in many instances, to speak or comprehend a question. They are buried, and on their unpretending head-boards is marked 'Unknown,' a returned Union prisoner.' Papers or letters they have none; they had not garments sufficient to hold a pocket, in which to carry papers."

"Even the aristocratic rebel ladies, we have a few of that ilk here, are horror stricken as they walk along the streets and see these poor victims of barbarity. I noticed Mrs. General Whiting yesterday, passing down Main street, a look of mingled pity and horror overspreading her face as she passed a group of breathing skeletons. She knew full well what these wrecks of humanity meant, and knew, too, who and what had reduced them to their present condition. Did she think of her husband, now a prisoner in the hands of the same government, of which these men were once the defenders?"

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR NEIGHBORS.—Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves and family a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else that you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself, or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like Heaven for this mundane sphere. If after all your watchful care you cannot see any thing out of the way in any one you may be sure it is not because they have not done any thing bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if the people found out what they were after awhile, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one may take the hint and begin to help you after a while—then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

A STRONG TEST.—A Charleston correspondent of the Washington Republican makes the following statement respecting one of the few Unionists of South Carolina:—

"Ex-Gov. Aiken is another bright and shining light, of manly and fearless integrity, one of the largest slave-holders and wealthiest men of the South. Since the occupation of the city by our forces, he has reported the names of all his slaves, seven hundred and fifty in number, to the commandant of the post, and given each family a farm on one of the most fertile and productive islands on the coast, placed them on it, and all are well started in life. Such a deed deserves to be recorded. Such a man deserves double honors."



## Waterville Mail.

PUBLISHED BY DANIEL H. WING, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 31, 1865.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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## EQUAL TAXATION.

Since the annual town meetings, the several towns in this vicinity have found an increased interest in the subject of taxation. The large debts contracted by towns in consequence of the war, and the increased rate of State taxation, in connection with the immense amount of capital withdrawn from the list by investment in government bonds and in national banking, have combined to raise the rate of assessment to a point never before reached, and that seems to some of the more timid almost to threaten ruin. In proportion to the increase of taxation, is the interest given to the principle and manner of levying taxes. The man who finds his own taxes increased from one to five cents on the dollar, naturally looks about him to see if his neighbors are used in the same way; and in the course of his investigations he is likely to discover many of the wrongs that are always supposed to exist. If he has been accustomed to conceal from the Assessors a portion of his property, he will be sharp to spy out those who are doing the same thing; and if his property is of the tangible and exposed kind that cannot be concealed, he will be equally shrewd in hunting up such as throw their own legal burdens upon his shoulders. Men who are simply honest, at such times cry out for equalization. If men are to be taxed in proportion to the property they possess, they ask if this is the true principle of taxation; and if satisfied it is, they of course wonder that any honest man should find fault with it or try to avoid it. They cannot see how any honest man, with the pledges he has assumed to the town in which he lives, can conceal his property from taxation, and thus compel his neighbors to pay his debts. They ask where is the difference between this fraud and that of concealing property and discounting with creditors? Who can answer?

The voters of Waterville had long seen this wrong on the part of many of their prominent townsmen, and when their assessments worked up to five cents on the dollar, they thought it no more than right to correct it. They had seen "honorable men" concealing two-thirds of their property from taxation, while those of smaller opportunities followed the example as far as they were able, till it had become an honorable thing to compel honest men to pay the taxes of dishonest ones. At the late town meeting they voted to instruct the Assessors to hold every tax payer to the prescribed legal oath that he gave a true and not a false list of his property. The frauds of dishonest men had rendered such a vote necessary in the present emergency of taxation. A permanent tax of four or five per cent., looked like ruin, and something must be done to equalize the burden. "Why," says one, "you will drive all the men of large property out of the town!" And are the several towns to buy and sell our rich men at auction, and hand them from one town to another, according to the rate they can bargain for taxation? How then is integrity sold out to the best bid, and the rich man tempted to go deeper and deeper in dishonesty in proportion as the several towns compete more or less sharply to tax the property he is unable to conceal! His fate is worse than that of a Methodist minister "on circuit," who can stay but a year in a place unless nobody else wants him! "Is it right," asks another, "for Mr. A. to pay ten times as much tax as Mr. B?" Why not, if he is worth ten times as much? "Or, is it right for Mr. A. to pay half the taxes in town?" Why not, if he owns half the taxable property?—say, why not? "Is it judicious," they further ask, "to drive capitalists out of town by this course, even if it is fair?" If other towns act with the same justice, will they not drive them back again?

We believe, as do the voters, that Waterville has tolerated this system of dishonesty long enough. It is an outrage upon all honest tax payers; and if other towns will bid for our men of capital, while we are trying to correct the evil, strike them off, we say, to the best bid! In time we shall triumph, and our burdens will be lighter without them than with them. Equality in taxation is as essential to prosperity as it is to integrity; and though we may seem to suffer in applying the remedy, the result, like that of good medicine, will more than pay for the heaviness and gripings of the operation.

The Skowhegan Clarion says that Mr. Alonzo Turner, of Madison, was shot in the leg, while in the Post Office at Norridgewock, on Wednesday of last week. The shooting was by a pistol in the pocket of a Mr. Blackwell, and it is a mooted question whether it was accidental or otherwise. Blackwell was arrested.

## KEY WEST.

U. S. Steamer "Glaucon," Key West, March 6, 1865.

Messrs. Editors:—This climate is quite enurable in the winter season, and many days are as pleasant, and remind one very forcibly of the Indian Summers in New England, but the air seems to lack that invigorating quality which it possesses at the North; instead of feeling refreshed by exercise in the air, as at home, one feels enervated and languid, and very much disposed to find fault with the weather pleasant as it is.

A residence here in summer is far from desirable, when the thermometer stands above ninety degrees in the daytime and the heavy dews at night fill your room and clothing so full of dampness that it would make the firmest believer in Hydropathy turn pale.

The city of Key West is a scattering of cheap shanties with an occasional good-looking house where some foreign consul, or wealthy citizen lives, but many of those with some claim to respectability, like some in and around Waterville appear to have been built expressly for a surface to spread paint upon: totally wanting in architectural beauty, comfort or convenience.

There are several substantial brick warehouses, most of them used by the government, a few large wooden stores, and many small shops engaged in the retail fruit and cigar trade. The place supports one hotel, or rather a most miserable apology for one, where "turtle" is a standard article of diet; one fort completed and two in process of construction; four churches whose pastors, we believe, annually desert their flocks in the summer season; four schools, three private and one public; one jail, one lighthouse, and two hospitals. It has a population of twenty-five hundred, and a well-filled cemetery.

Having become thoroughly disgusted with the place we will not dwell more upon it, for we may do it injustice. To add to our disagreeable recollections, we witnessed the execution of a man here a short time since, and though we do not possess shoddy sentimentality enough to forbid our seeing the like again, if it came in line of duty, yet we are quite sure that we should rather witness an exhibition of the theatrical talent of the Dramatic Club of Waterville, and see a man stabbed with a paper siletto, than to be present at a real tragedy where he was jerked into eternity by the hangman's rope.

The man we saw hung was a son of a colored preacher of Baltimore, about twenty-three years old, but appeared much younger; quite small in stature and a very intelligent looking fellow. He belonged to the 2d regiment of colored Infantry, a portion of which garrisoned Fort Taylor. While the company of which he was a member was stationed on Ship Island, he went on parade one afternoon and when the line was fully formed and dressed, stepped deliberately out in front, faced about and shot the Orderly Sergeant through the body. They had had a quarrel previously, it is said. He was tried before a court martial and condemned to the gallows, and bore his sentence with perfect equanimity, merely remarking that "a man couldn't die but once, anyhow."

He rode down to the gallows in an ambulance, sitting on his coffin, chewing tobacco and spitting over the side quite nonchalantly, and smiled rather grimly while passing through the motly crowd assembled to witness the execution. The ambulance was driven behind the gallows when he got out, mounted the scaffold and took a good look around, then knelt upon one knee while the pastor of the Episcopal church read the prayer for criminals, and as it was quite lengthy, changed knees during the time; after the service was over he took his place upon the trap, and looked inquisitively down upon the colored Sergeant tying his legs together; when an opportunity was given him to speak, he merely said to his regiment drawn up on one side of the square, "Farewell, boys; we will meet in a better land." As they were adjusting the rope after the white cap was drawn over his face, it happened to get across his mouth, and he said jocosely, "Do not put it there;" and as they were about to leave him he told them the rope was not tight enough around his neck, and asked to have it drawn tighter, which was done; he then said "all right," and in twenty minutes afterwards was lying in his coffin at the foot of the gallows.

There is a large amount of poor whiskey drunk in this place but it has not sunk so low in the scale of morality but that Speer's Sambuci wine can be obtained.

WHY DO YOU?—Many persons buy "shorts," or wheat bran, for feed to various kinds of animals. Of course they think it economy to do so. Now, according to the most scientific tests, one hundred pounds of good hay is equal in nutriment to one hundred and six pounds of this bran or shorts. The retail price of shorts in this market is from two to two and a half dollars a hundred, or from forty to fifty dollars a ton. So that those who feed shorts are paying at the best calculation, double the price of hay for feed that lacks some six per cent. of being as good or going as far. Now look at the matter, will you, and answer our question—why do you feed shorts?

GENEROUS.—The Ladies of the Unitarian Society of Waterville have contributed thirty dollars to make their pastor, Rev. Dr. Sheldon, a life member of the National Unitarian society, about to be organized in New York. Hon. John Ware has given one hundred dollars for life memberships for himself and Mrs. Ware, and for Mrs. Sheldon—the balance for other uses.

## OUR TABLE.

MAINE IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION: A History of the part borne by Maine troops in the suppression of the American Rebellion. By William E. S. Whitman and Charles H. Lewis. Lewiston: Nelson, Doubleday, Jr. & Co., 1865.

This work, which has already been noticed at some length in our columns, is now ready for delivery. It makes a handsome volume of six hundred pages octavo, well printed, substantially bound, and contains lifelike portraits on steel of Generals Howard and Berry. The authors have been favorably situated for collecting materials for a work of this kind, and proofs of their industry and faithfulness are abundant in the volume before us. The complete history of each regiment is given to the present time, compiled from the official reports and other authentic sources; and as there is scarcely a man, woman or child in the State, that is not immediately interested in one or more of these organizations, the popularity of the work can be easily foretold. The few who are not so immediately interested, but whose hearts are in the great work of national redemption, and who love the old Pine Tree State, will find a proud gratification in scanning the record of the history of Maine in the War for the Union.

The work may be obtained of the publishers or of agents. The price is \$2.75; and for \$3 it will be sent post paid to any part of the country. Agents are wanted for the sale of this work, to whom liberal terms will be given.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April, is an excellent number. The following is a list of its contents: Adventures of a Lone Woman, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; The Spaniards' Graves at the Isles of Shoals; Grit, by E. P. Whipple; The Pettibone Lineage; Up the St. Mary's, by T. W. Higginson; Robin Badfellow, by T. B. Aldrich; Ice and Esquimaux, IV, by D. A. Wasson; Doctor John, III, by Donald G. Mitchell; Our First Citizen, by O. W. Holmes; Needle and Garden, IV; Memories of Authors—Theodore Hook and his Friends, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; The Chimney Corner, IV, by Mrs. H. B. Shaw; Mr. House, Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, by J. R. Lowell; "If Massa put guns into our hands," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

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

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Two charming pictures grace the April number of this excellent literary and religious magazine—"Sunset after a fog," and a portrait of Lady Rachel Russell. The reading of the number is well up to the usual high mark of this work. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 per annum.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April, has a continuation of Winning his Way, by Carleton; Our Dogs, No. 2, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Farming for Boys, No. 3, by the author of "Ten Acres Enough"; The Little Prisoner, No. 2, by Edmund Kirk; A Half Holiday, by Gail Hamilton; Three Days at Camp Douglas, by Edmund Kirk; Lessons in Magic, No. 2, by P. H. C.; The book that ran into the sea, by Lucy Larcom; Nelly's Hospital, by Louisa M. Alcott; Adrift in the Forest, No. 4, by Mayne Reid; And the Evening Lamp, a treasury of charades, puzzles, problems, and funny things. The number contains several spirited engravings. Published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for April, contains an interesting account of Where the Watercress was; The Petroleum Region of America; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men, by John S. C. Abbott; Wall Street in War Time; with contributions of "Armada," by Wilkie Collins; and "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens, and much other good reading including a special Editors' Table. As usual, there is a liberal supply of embellishments. Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for April, has a fine steel engraving, entitled "Grandmother's Story," a colored double fashion plate, and a variety of other engravings of the fashions, work table, &c. The music in this number is a song, "I built a bridge of fancies." We will not attempt to enumerate the literary contents of the number, which include a host of good stories. Published by Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW.—The March number of this work contains able articles on Martin Luther and his times; Our American Sylvan-Coniferous Trees; American History; Caricature and Grotesque; The new doctrine of forces, with full departments relative to Finance, Mining, Insurance, Railways, Manufactures, Patents, Trade, Economic Science, &c. Published by Fowler & Moon, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces of music have just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers: "I've Struck It," Comic Song; companion to "Oil on the Brain," by Frank Wilder; "The Fall of Summer," Words and music by J. W. Turner; "The Name of Him I Love," Words by Geo. Linley; music by Irene Favarger; "My Heart is with the North," Song and chorus. Composed by Dr. J. H. Haynes; arranged by J. W. Turner; "Jenny Gray," A Ballad, by E. S. Hime; "Maj. Gen. Sheridan's Grand March," by Gungl; "The Whip-poor-will Polka," As performed at the Concerts of the Swiss Bell Ringers. Composed by J. F. Spaulding; "Reminiscence," One of "six mornings," composed expressly for Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organ, by L. H. Southard; "God grant our Soldiers safe return," Solo and chorus; Music by Ossian E. Dodge; words by Miss Mary W. Richardson. For sale by all dealers in music.

TAXES ON DOGS.—The proposition to tax dogs always acts upon a mean chord in human nature. Every man who is the unlucky owner of a cur, however worthless and ugly, at once concludes the design is to get a dollar of his money into the State treasury, and is ready to vote and grumble against the cruel project. He don't stop to consider that dogs cost the people of Maine annually from half a million to a million of dollars, and that the return they make is little more than that made by the rum-seller for the pestiferous mischief he is permitted to work. [This comparison is aimed only at the sheep-killing dogs, which we are willing to offend.] They have not noted that from fifty to seventy five thousand dollars worth of sheep are annually destroyed by dogs in Maine. It has been shown by actual statistics in the State of Ohio, that the total loss of sheep by the ravages of dogs, in five years ending in 1862, was \$588,738, or over \$100,000 a year. And yet, strange as it may seem, the strongest effort against taxing dogs, so as partly to pay this loss, comes from farmers. No matter if "the scraps for the dog would fatten a hog"—this is a trifle compared to a dollar in tax, and they are willing to see one of the leading branches of farming suffer to an enormous amount rather than pay this petty sum.

The dog tax is a two-fold benefit; it not only gives an income to repair damages, but it tends materially to reduce the number of dogs, and thus benefit the community. Not one dog in ten thousand earns his living. The "vagrant act" provides work houses for men and women, but the "dog law" permits the laziest dog to play the loafer just so long as his owner is fool enough to pay his bills. Why should not a tax bill be one of these?

We hope the selectmen of Waterville, who

are earnestly committed to the equalization of taxes, will see to it that the dogs are made to do their part. Let "your dollar or your life!" be the terms offered to every one; and instruct the collector to see to it that none escape into other towns where dogs are not taxed.

FUNERAL.—The funeral of Rev. Calvin Gardner, whose sudden death we announced last week, took place on Sunday afternoon, at the Universalist church. Rev. Mr. Drew, of Augusta, conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sheldon. Waterville Lodge of Free Masons attended in a body, with their usual ceremonies. Mr. Drew preached a sermon, in which he alluded to the long and useful clerical services of the deceased in Waterville—to his own intimate acquaintance with him, in various relations, and his consequent high estimation of the various excellencies of character for which he was widely known. The audience was large, beyond the capacity of the house; indicating a kind and enduring memory of one who for more than thirty years has been closely associated with the religious, political and social interests of the town.

THE CHORAL FESTIVAL AT BANGOR.—This event, which is announced in another column, will be one of the most important and attractive musical occasions in the annals of our State. The attractions offered are unusually fine and we are sure that every singer who desires an opportunity for practice and improvement will attend. The Chorus will number as many as 400 or 500. The instrumental part, and greatest attraction, will be the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, the finest association of instrumental performers in America. This Club will furnish the orchestral accompaniment to the choruses, and will also play at the rehearsals and concerts a large number of choice pieces of both classical and popular character.

This Club has a reputation quite unequalled in America and their performances will be a treat very seldom possible to enjoy in this State. We believe that they have not visited Bangor for five or six years. At their last visit their concerts were crammed for three or four successive evenings. We rejoice to learn of this opportunity for the social gathering of our musical people, and we are sure that it will be a great success, and a credit to our State.

By the liberality of Superintendent Morse, singers can pass over the Maine Central Railroad for half fare during the week of the Festival.

MAJ. A. R. SMALL, of the 16th Maine regiment, who was taken prisoner in August last, and has been in rebel prisons at Richmond and Danville, is at the West Village, his former residence. He confirms the stories we hear of the cruel treatment of our prisoners; while his inside view of the rebellion confirms him in the faith that the cause of the Union will speedily triumph. With unflinching patriotism and fresh courage for the conflict, he will leave for the front in a few days.

Among the casualties in the fight on Saturday, are the following in the list of killed:—

Capt. W. Crosby, 1st Me.; Lieut. F. Hunter, 1st Me.; Lieut. A. A. Dwinell, 1st Me.; Lieut. J. Whippley, 1st Me.; Capt. J. Goldthwait, 1st Me.

Capt. Goldthwait, was the son of Rev. T. Goldthwait, formerly of Waterville, now a resident of Jefferson. He was a student in Waterville College; enlisted originally in the 5th Maine; re-enlisted when his time had expired, and was transferred to the 1st Maine Veterans; and winning his way, step by step, by meritorious services, he had advanced from the position of private to the honorable one he held at his death. [Since reported severely wounded.]

THE DRAFT.—The following is the result of the draft in a few of the neighboring towns:—

Clinton Gore.—Wm. McNelly, Almon R. Spaulding, Edwin H. Rolf, Hardy Libby.

Clinton.—John W. Davis, Warren Burrill, Thomas M. Galu-ha, Stephen R. Gordon, Uri Goodwin, D. G. Richard, Samuel Lewis, John Jay, David Brackett, David Burns, Sylvester Rowell, Asa Holt, Granville A. Goodwin, Chas. W. Hunter.

Canaan.—Noah Ricker, Franklin W. Weymouth, Tillson H. Whitten, Eben B. Richards, Geo. F. Jewell, Benson Peavey, Darius Key, Jackson F. Weeks, Hiram Patten, Charles Lewis, Preston Eldridge, Horace Hall, John L. Woodbury, Oliver W. Davis, Geo. Goodridge, Elijah Buzzel, F. W. Crummett, Rufus S. Holt, Charles Fitzgerald, J. W. Starbird, O. Scammon, David Brock, E. S. Foster, Jos. H. Jacobs, A. J. Dunlap, Hamilton Marston, Orrington Meader, Darius Whitten.

Our friends of the copperhead persuasion, who have been clinging to that last plank in their political platform—love of slavery and hatred of the negro—will be obliged to discard their Southern brethren, now that they have put arms into the black man's hands and promised him freedom as a reward for military services. A parade of those first enlisted in Richmond was recently attended by the elite of the rebel capital—the Southern ladies, who couldn't abide a northern mudsill, you know, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering their brave black defenders, the last hope of the chivalry. There was also talk of presenting them with a banner. Fudge! what a dose for our Northern copperheads!

SHERMAN has made a flying visit to City Point, and was in consultation with Generals Grant, Sheridan, and others. He returned to his army the next day, and as soon as his men are rested and supplied, they will recommence their march toward Richmond. It is confidently asserted that Sherman's army now numbers more men than Johnston's and Lee's combined forces. The end is drawing nigh.

E. F. WEBB, Esq., of our village, has been appointed Assistant Collector of this district, in place of A. A. Plaisted, resigned.

## "FENIAN BROTHERHOOD."

To the Editors of the Mail:—

The sons of Erin in Waterville and vicinity being not unmindful of the great effort that is going on in this country and elsewhere to regenerate our own beautiful Isle of the Ocean, and wishing to enroll ourselves under their glorious banner to participate in the grand achievement of our country's independence, held a meeting on the 13th of March, for the purpose of organizing a circle of the Fenian Brotherhood. A list was opened and twenty stalwart Irishmen came forward and registered their names to aid the good work. An election of officers resulted in the choice of Richard I. Barry, Centre; Timothy O'Connell, Jr., Secretary; Patrick O'Sullivan, Treasurer. Committee of Safety, David Goggin, Timothy O'Connell, Patrick McLaughlin.

Although it is nearly seven hundred years since the Anglo-Norman invader first contaminated our sacred soil, landed on the coast of Wexford, in the month of May, 1170, yet the Sons of Erin have not forgotten the many wrongs endured by their down-trodden country. Perfidious England has not only robbed us of our nationality and firmly riveted their galling chains around us; she has also acquired the genius of Ireland's sons, such as Burke, Curran, Grattan, Flood, Phillips, O'Connell, Sheridan, Shiels, Goldsmith, Moore, Davis, Wellington, Wolfstone, Fitzgerald, Sarsfield, and Emmet.

Her hireling writers too, have misrepresented us before the world as unfit for society save as vassals for mankind, and so it will ever be until Erin's sons rise up in their majesty and hurl the usurpers from our home, that Island of Saints, that was once called the School of the West, where men from all parts of Europe flocked to our hospitable shores to partake of her instructions, where dwelled the page, the poet, and the warrior.

But alas! how changed the scene is now. Her ruined castles and monasteries, her dilapidated tower towers show too plainly that the polluted hands of the destroyer have reigned there. Her gallant sons, her fair and virtuous daughters are outcasts from the home of their fathers, wandering exiles in the land of the stranger; whilst the begging-box goes round the world craving alms for her starving children, who are dying by the wayside; whilst the English despot and the unscrupulous Irish landlord lives in luxury, extravagance on the fat of our land, which belongs to us and only to us, if we were but united and true to each other; and what is more lamentable still, while our gallant sons are displaying the valor of their arms on every battle field throughout the globe, our own dear island of sorrow is left to weep and mourn in bondage. But the wolf-dog of Erin begins to show his teeth: England sees it: she is getting alarmed already; she is remodeling her garrison at Athlone, reinforcing her garrison at Canada. She knows too well that the bone and sinew of her army and navy are Irishmen, who have not forgotten the memorable words of the great O'Connell, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." They are watching, and the Fenians are preparing to strike home and rescue our suffering country from the tyrant's grasp, elevate her to her place among the nations of the earth. Then Emmet's epitaph will be written. Henceforth Irishmen's motto will be "Ireland shall and must be free."

Onward the green Banner waving go,  
Flesh every sword to the hilt;  
On our side is virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.  
Very truly yours, A FENIAN.

We very cheerfully insert the above communication of our Irish fellow citizens. Civil and religious freedom throughout the world—in Ireland as well as in America—is the great principle of democracy. It gives freedom to an Irishman as willingly as to a negro, and would no more exclude one for his double and twisted hair than the other for his double and twisted brogue. When a people can distinguish freedom from slavery, and know how to hunger for and fight for the former against the latter, it is their right to struggle for it like men. When they recognize civil freedom as the right of others as well as themselves, and are willing to take the golden rule and do unto others as they would be done by, they deserve the sympathy of all true republicans. But when an oppressed Irishman breaks his yoke, and comes to our free country to enjoy the liberty he could not have at home, we very naturally watch him a little to see how he uses the freedom we have given him. If he proves a true man, and goes in with true men to defend the freedom he so professes to love, we pronounce him worthy to be counted a freeman; but if, when the battle between freedom and slavery wages hot, we hear his canting tongue and see his treacherous shillalah in the ranks of the oppressor, we tell him to go back to the land that made him worthy to be a slave and bear the oppressor's heel upon his neck. Let him talk no more of democracy that he can't comprehend, and freedom to which he is a traitor. For all true and intelligent Irishmen who hanker for the freedom of their beloved Erin, and who are willing that all men should be blessed with the liberty they so covet, we have a warm heart and a cordial hand; but for all who, while they are protected by our free constitution, strike hands with the English aristocrat, and join their own oppressors in efforts to sustain oppression in America, we have as hearty contempt as they deserve.

We have a highly worthy class of Irishmen in Waterville, and no doubt the twenty who have struck hands here in favor of Erin's freedom are worthy to consecrate themselves to so good a cause; but we are sorry to add that most of them, in the great war for freedom now so near its glorious triumph, have taken sides with the oppressor and given their votes and their voices to uphold slavery and put down freedom. Such men may fight for freedom, but they cannot know what it is, as we truly believe that in the present war "they know not what they do."

TOWN MEETING.—The voters of Waterville will assemble at Town Hall, at 2 o'clock, P.M., to-day, mainly to decide whether they will rescind the vote raising \$20,000 toward liquidating our war debt, passed at the annual meeting.

MAJ. GEN. ANDERSON is to raise over Fort Sumter, at noon, on the 14th of April next, the

same United States flag that floated over it at the time of the rebel assault, at which time it will be saluted by a hundred guns from every fort and rebel battery that then fired upon the stars and stripes. Wont that be something to see and hear.

## War of Redemption.

We hardly expected the rebels to commence offensive operations in front of Petersburg; but they did, on Saturday morning last, by attacking Fort Steadman, near the centre of our lines. Massing a heavy force in front of this position, where the lines are less than one hundred yards apart, by a sudden rush they secured the line at the foot of the hill, on the right of Fort Steadman, and then wheeled and overpowered the garrison and took possession of the fort. Having established themselves upon the hill they turned the captured guns upon our troops, but they stood firm upon either flank, and an attack on Fort Haskell was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy. After several abortive attempts by the force at hand to dislodge the enemy, reinforcements were brought up and the fort speedily retaken, and the whole line re-occupied. The lost guns were recovered uninjured, and several battle-flags and a large number of prisoners taken. The enemy lost heavily, too, in killed and wounded. Soon after this affair, an advance was made on our left by the Sixth and Second Corps, in which two or three hundred prisoners were taken without material loss on our part—making the whole number of prisoners captured during the day about 2700. Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was about 2000. The rebel officers captured complain that their men did not fight as formerly, and that many of them were only too willing to be taken prisoners.

Gen. Sheridan has moved his force down from White House, crossed the James River, and joined Grant. His men are being re-mounted and recuperated, preparatory to further service.

Sherman's report of his operations since leaving Fayetteville shows a good deal of hard fighting, with severe loss to the enemy who has been constantly driven. Up to the 23d he had taken over 2000 prisoners, while his whole loss since leaving Savannah was less than 2500, many of whom are but slightly wounded. The Boston Advertiser says:—

Full reports are received from Goldsborough up to Wednesday evening, giving details of General Schofield's advance from Kinston. He met no serious opposition on the way, and was warmly welcomed by many of the inhabitants of Goldsborough. It was known that our prisoners, when passing this place, were very kindly treated, and friendly relations were therefore at once established between the people and our troops. The rebel works around Goldsborough were neither of great magnitude nor strength. General Sherman's forces had another engagement with the rebels on Tuesday, which lasted about three hours. It took place at a point north of west from Goldsborough. Portions of the Fourteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps were engaged. No estimates are given of the losses, but ours are stated to be not heavy. The rebels were driven from the field, leaving their killed, severely wounded and some prisoners in our hands. They retreated in the direction of Raleigh. Gen. Sherman pushed on after them and occupied Smithfield on Wednesday. The junction of the forces under Sherman, Schofield and Terry is reported complete. The rebel forces in North Carolina are estimated by Slocum, Kilpatrick and others at about forty thousand, all told. It was not thought that further active operations would immediately follow Sherman's occupation of Smithfield.

The bog talked of cavalry expedition of General Wilson is reported to have started for Alabama. The despatch says that the next we hear of it will be by way of Mobile. The Fourth Army Corps is also reported as having joined General Stoneman in his expedition to Virginia.

The rebels find the work of arming the slaves a difficult matter, both master and slave decidedly objecting. Notwithstanding a strong guard is placed around their camp of instruction, many of the latter make their escape.

WILSON & COLE'S THEATRICAL TROUPE closed their performances here last week with a crowded house, on Saturday evening. To fulfil a prior engagement they were obliged to leave, though urgently solicited to remain; but they announced that they would return this week, and on Thursday and Friday evenings, March 30th and 31st, renew their acquaintance with a Waterville audience. No doubt they will be greeted by full houses, as before.

SUCCESSFUL.—The levee of the Universalist society at Kendall's Mills, last week, resulted in raising the net sum of one hundred dollars. The weather was rainy on both evenings, and the travelling bad, but there was a genuine good time at the hall, as everybody said.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION is out of funds, and the officers of this philanthropic association send out a cry for help—for immediate help, now that great battles seem to be close at hand. They suggest collections on the coming Fast Day.

We have had occasion to test the merits of Speer's Sambuci Wine in one of those complaints for which it is recommended, and are convinced that it must eventually take the place of port and the adulterated stimulants prescribed heretofore in cases of debility. Our druggists have just received a large invoice of the wine direct from the vineyard.

PORTLAND ADVERTISER.

THE DAM AT LEWISTON.—The Lewiston Journal says the last section of the great stone dam across the Androscoggin at that place is finished, ready for the gates. The dam is 160 feet in length to the gates. Some parts of it are 20 feet high. The width of stone work about the gateway is 23 feet. The work will be completed, probably, after the spring freshet. The water now flows through the gateway of the dam.







