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Maxham & Wing

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THE NEW ARMY SONG.

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.
Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe.
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."
Then cheer upon cheer, for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our weary journey,
And we stormed the wild hills of Rosetta,
—God bless those who fell on that day—
Then Keneas frowned in his glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the foe,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.
Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said to the boys, "You are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and sea,
And the stars in our banners shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

A RAINY DAY,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Arthur Leighton was walking home from school one rainy October afternoon. A dreary northeast storm, for which the clouds had been gathering all day until the sky was veiled with their leaden hues, had swept down at last in gusts of wind and driving rain that whistled and blew up the long village streets, and howled around the black corners, as if they had taken lease of the premises and meant to keep possession for the full term. The school-boy was well protected against the weather with heavy overcoat and water-proof shoes, and a sturdy umbrella that defied all attempts of the wind to turn it inside out. He trudged along cheerfully enough, therefore, with a certain enjoyment of the storm in his own sense of security against it.

At the same time, on the other side of the street, a little girl was hurrying home also; not with Arthur's careless indifference, but with all the haste that her little feet so clogged and saturated with mud and water could make. She had neither overcoat nor umbrella, and the heavy rain was beating down pitilessly upon her head, covered only by a dingy sun-bonnet that was already wet through. Her shawl clung dripping about her shoulders, her pantaloons were splashed with the black mud of the crossings, and her shoes covered with the same; so that altogether she looked a most forlorn little creature, and doubtless felt very much as she looked, considering the circumstances! She had come to a crossing, and wanted to get over to the other side, but a swollen gutter stretched broad and deep between the pavement and the flagstones, and the child stood in dismay, neither daring to leap across it nor yet to plunge through the muddy water as it ran in a swift current down the street.

Arthur Leighton, half hidden in his coat-collar, and carrying his umbrella straight before his eyes, did not see any body or any thing, and never would have been conscious of the little girl's distress if a sudden blast fiercer than usual had not blown aside the umbrella and forced him to stop to take firmer hold of it. In doing this he caught a glimpse of the child's troubled face, and comprehending her difficulty in a moment, he obeyed his first impulse, which was to spring across and help her. He had almost thought her a beggar from his first sight of her dragged clothes; but he did not hesitate on that account to go to her assistance, and he was very glad afterward that he had not, for he saw his mistake as soon as he reached her, and felt more than repaid for his simple act of kindness by the sudden brightness that came over the sweet little face up-lifted in quick gratitude to his.

It was so pretty and delicate, so frank and trustful, with such a lovely little mouth and shy, brown eyes, that Arthur, who had a boyish weakness for pretty faces, was almost tempted to kiss her then and there. He did not do it, however, but took her up in his arms instead, and carried her not only over the gutter, but safe across the slippery flag-stones till he reached the opposite pavement. Then he set her down, but continued still to shelter her with his umbrella, though her way home was through a street in quite a different direction than that she had intended, and she gratefully thanked him, and she did not mind the rain at all, and she could get home by herself now.

"You don't mind the gutters either, do you?" asked Arthur, mischievously.

"But there are no more bad ones," the child answered. "I shan't have to cross the street again."

"So much the better; I shan't have to lift you again. But I am going home with you for all that, so you might as well take it easy. If you don't like my company, you must put up with it as a punishment for coming out with no umbrella."

"I couldn't help that," she returned, laughing, but at her ease by his good-natured bluntness. "The storm came up while I was at school, so I had to get home the best way I could."

"Why didn't you wait for somebody to come after you?"

"There was no one to come," was the frank reply. "We don't keep a servant, and I haven't any brother."

"Why couldn't your father come, then?"

"Oh! because—" and the child hesitated a moment as if she scarcely knew herself. "Why, don't you know father's a minister!"

"And what difference does that make, I should like to know?" Arthur persisted with a boy's bluntness. "He needn't let you walk home alone and get such a soaking, if he is a minister, need he?"

"I guess he doesn't know it's raining," she answered, merrily, "unless mother told him! He is always so busy in his study that he does not see what's going on anywhere else. Besides, he is not well. It would make him sick to be out in a storm, but it won't hurt me."

"What's your father's name?" asked Arthur. "Is he the Methodist, or the Baptist, or the Presbyterian Minister?"

"He is the Presbyterian—Mr. Murray; and my name is Rose," she added, shyly.

"Is it? I might have known that, for you look like the rose just washed in a shower that Mary to Anna conveyed. Don't you remember how the plentiful moisture ennobled the flower, and weighed down its beautiful head?"

"And Arthur laughed heartily at his own wit, but little Rose did not echo the laugh.

Her cheek grew red as she looked down upon her soiled dress, and she made an instinctive effort to straighten into shape the limp, dripping hood that clung like a wet rag to her head.

"Don't," said Arthur, laughing still—"that bonnet is perfectly picturesque as it is; you can't improve it possibly. What's the matter, though? Are you angry?"—for the little face, quick to express every shade of feeling, was clouded over with a look of mingled mortification and distress. "Say! what is it?" he persisted. "What have I done?"

"You—you're making fun of me!" the child exclaimed, with a quiver of indignation in her voice. "And I won't go any farther with you. There!"

"Let's see you help yourself, now!" and Arthur tucked her arm tightly under his. "Don't be a little goose, Rose Murray. You'd laugh at yourself if you had a looking-glass."

"I never could bear to be made fun of," said Rose, reproachfully; "and I never thought you would tease a little girl, if other boys did."

"Why not? What makes you think so? You don't know anything about me, not even my name."

"Don't I then?" and now Rose, forgetting her vexation, laughed gleefully. "Your name is Arthur Leighton, and I see you every day when you pass by our school-house," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Oh! said Arthur. "That's the way of it. But what made you think I was too good to tease a little girl?"

"Because you never tease us when we are at play. Lots of the Academy boys throw pebbles and peach-stones into our yard, and peep through the knot-holes in the fence to make faces at us, and call us names; but you never did, and I heard you scold Harry Wilcox for it one day. So I always liked you after that, but I can't bear him."

It was an artless, childlike confession, and Arthur's face glowed with pleasure at it, big boy as he was. "You thought right, Rose," he answered, warmly. "I never would tease a little girl to make her feel badly, and indeed I didn't mean to vex you just now. I couldn't help thinking of those verses that I used to speak in school—when I was a little shaver, no bigger than you—when you told me your name was Rose."

"I'm not such a very 'little shaver,' I'm sure," said the child, drawing up her small figure proudly—"and I learned those verses myself, ages ago. I don't mind, though, if you didn't mean to tease, and went to do so any more," she added, graciously, taking hold of his arm again in token of her forgiveness and acceptance of his apology.

Arthur was much amused, but he kept a grave face and promised never to offend again; so they went on amicably, Rose clinging to her companion with a tighter grasp as the wind rushed against them, and talking merrily all the while, full of childish enjoyment of her adventure, and not at all concealing her pleasure in the fact of Arthur's company and protection. The truth was, he had been a hero to the little girl's imagination for months. She had singled him out from the whole crowd of boys who passed by her play-ground every day—first, in simple admiration of his handsome, pleasant face; afterward, with the involuntary respect which all women feel for chivalric conduct in a man. She saw how he not only refrained from all rudeness and unkindness to the little girls with whom he came in contact, but he checked and reproved others who were less considerate; and more than once she had seen him rescue some timid child from the rough sport of one of his schoolmates. His bold rebuke to Harry Wilcox—a big, burly fellow, who could have flogged Arthur without making an effort—produced a deep effect; and from that time Rose liked and admired him with all her little heart.

The walk was a pleasant one to both of them, in spite of wind and weather, and Arthur was almost sorry when it came to an end at Mr. Murray's little corner-cottage. The child had interested him so much with her ingenuous revelations that he was half tempted to yield to her urging and go in for a while; but then came a fear of being in the way, perhaps, or worse still, of having to be thanked for bringing Rose home. So he refused, but promised as he said good-by to come and see her some day after school and help her with her Latin syntax, which, as she had confided to him, was the greatest trouble she had in the world.

"How Harry Wilcox would laugh at that!" he said to himself as the door closed upon Rose's little figure and he fronted the storm again by his homeward walk. "Who cares, though, for Harry Wilcox, or any rough fellow like him? Not I, I guess. I'd rather help a little girl with her lessons any day than tease her out of her senses, as he thinks it such fun to do. He'd better take care, though, how he teases her in future. If I catch him at it I'll give him a lesson, big as he is!" And Arthur thrust his sturdy old umbrella against a blast of wind that came careering round a corner, sweeping a small catarnet of rain before it, as if he were fighting an imaginary battle with that impudent Harry Wilcox.

This was the first "adventure" little Rose Murray had ever met with, and it was a very great one to her, little as she guessed the influence it would have over all her future life. To think that she should get acquainted with Arthur Leighton in such a funny way—so often as she had thought of him, and wished she could know him! and to think he had really promised to come to see her! Her mother wondered at the child's excitement and delight over such a simple thing, and seeing the eager expectation with which she waited day after day for the promised visit, was much afraid of a sore disappointment for her. For she knew better than Rose how carelessly such a promise might have been made and forgotten; and, moreover, it was quite likely that his mother, whose worldly rank was so far above their own, might object to her son forming any acquaintance with a poor minister's family.

She did not say this to Rose, however, and she was glad afterward that she had not, for Rose's simple confidence was not misplaced after all. Arthur fulfilled his promise not

many days after it had been made, and the two hours to which his call lengthened itself were among the happiest Rose had ever spent. He made himself so perfectly at home in the little cottage parlor, talking with boyish frankness to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, but devoting himself chiefly to Rose, making her bring out her syntax and her grammar, and going over her lessons with her, just as naturally as if he had been her brother and done it always.

Mrs. Murray did not wonder so much at the little girl's enthusiasm after this, for Arthur quite won his way to her heart in that visit. She was his mother pleased when he came again a few days afterward bringing his little sister Marian, a child of Rose's own age, with him. Rose had so few companions, so few pleasures, that it gladdened the mother's heart to see any addition made to them; and Marian Leighton was just as frank, unaffected, and enjoyable as her brother.

The children grew intimate immediately, as all children can, and at parting kissed each other with all the ardor of a new friendship—Marian urging Rose for a return visit, at which Rose looked appealingly to her mother, and Mrs. Murray smiled a little doubtfully; but Marian spoke eagerly, "Mamma and sister are coming to call on you to-morrow, Mrs. Murray—she told me to tell you so—and you will let Rose come to see me then, won't you?"

This was a new surprise, and a distinction that Mrs. Murray had not looked for at all. Mrs. Leighton was at the very head of Edgell-hill aristocracy; Oak Lawn was the most elegant residence in the village, and there was not a member of Mr. Murray's congregation who was honored with her acquaintance. She attended the Episcopal services only, and was the centre of a circle into which Mrs. Murray, true lady as she was in refinement and cultivation, had never been admitted. It is true she had never cared to be. She had the rare gift of contentment with a humble position in connection with capacities for an elevated one; and it never troubled her, for herself at least, that her sphere was so narrow and filled with such lowly duties. Her wife's pride made her desire better things for her husband, whose talents were so little appreciated, so poorly compensated; and she sighed sometimes to think that she could command so few advantages for her child. But she did not repine, even for her sake; for she was of the number of those to whom "it is meat and drink to do my Father's will," and to her the burdens and disappointments of life were but simple expressions of that will to which she submitted without a murmur.

It must be confessed, notwithstanding all this, that she grew a little nervous as the hour for Mrs. Leighton's call drew near, and when she heard the door-bell ring at last, in warning of the arrival, almost wished that there was any way of escape from the embarrassing honor. Rose had no such feeling, happily. She ran forward eagerly to open the door, and got a smile and a kiss in return, for there was a charm in the little bright face which Mrs. Leighton could no more resist than Arthur. Mrs. Murray heard the affectionate greeting given to her daughter, and her uncomfortable feeling gave way instantly to one of pleasure and interest. Before her visitors had reached the parlor she felt as much at her ease as if she were waiting to receive the most common-place of her acquaintances, and five minutes after she was entertaining the great lady with a simple self-possession, a quiet grace and dignity, which could not have been improved upon had the cottage parlor been a stately drawing-room and herself its mistress.

Mrs. Leighton's visit to the Murphys created far more excitement outside of the parsonage than in it. There was no little gossip about it in the different circles to which the two ladies respectively belonged, especially when it was perceived that it was no mere ceremonious call, made once for all, but the beginning of an actual intimacy. Mrs. Murray's friends accused her of pride and ambition, and a desire to push herself into high places; and Mrs. Leighton's associates wondered and sneered at her strange tastes, and determined that they would not be drawn into noticing a creature who did her own work, if Mrs. Leighton did set the fashion.

But Edgell-hill gossip had little power to disturb either of the parties most concerned. Mrs. Murray suffered most—a minister's wife being always at the mercy of the congregation—but she survived open censures and secret innuendoes, and enjoyed her new friend in spite of them. At her hands she met with sympathy, appreciation, delicate and thoughtful kindness, such as she had rarely received before, and it is not easy to estimate the value of such things in a life so full of care and privation as hers necessarily was. As for Mrs. Leighton, she received as much as she gave, and going first merely to gratify Arthur, found she had discovered a source of perennial gratification for herself. She was enthusiastic and warm-hearted, but also discriminating and clear-headed; admirable faculties all of them, especially in combination; and taking their united verdict upon Mrs. Murray, she determined that she had never bestowed the title of friend upon one more worthy. Henceforward, "friends" they were, in the fullest sense of the term. The outward demonstrations were all her own, of course. It was impossible for Mrs. Murray to return in kind the drives in Oak Lawn carriages, the flowers from Oak Lawn gardens, the fruit and game and other substantial tokens that continually attested Mrs. Leighton's remembrance. But there were hours of sympathetic intercourse in which Mrs. Leighton felt with gladness, and acknowledged with humility, that her friend had attained heights beyond her own climbing, and that she must sit as a learner at her feet. Very happy hours these were to both, cherishing the one in the midst of thickening cares, and keeping fresh the heart of the other in spite of counteracting worldly influences.

Little Rose had the sunniest time of all. For her there was neither remembrance of past sorrow nor dread of future change to cloud the present joy. Her acquaintance with Arthur Leighton was the beginning of a long holiday of delight to her, the opening of an entire new range of enjoyments. She had known little about the wonders which wealth and taste devise until she had the freedom of

Oak Lawn; and her mind, sensitive to all forms of beauty, was enraptured when she beheld the variety and profusion of beautiful objects collected there. She was like a butterfly in a walled garden, to whom every flower is a delight, though he has no right of possession in one. It was small matter to the child that Oak Lawn and its luxuries were not her own, so long as she could enjoy them all.

These were nothing in comparison, however, to the companionship with Arthur and Marian and Clara; the first two especially, for Clara, though a year younger than her brother, preferred much older society. She used to laugh at him for spending so much time with the two little girls; but it did not effect any change in his habits. Rose and Marian were perfect little worshippers at his shrine, besieging him with flatteries and attentions of every description. They monopolized him from the time he entered their presence, waiting upon him, humoring all his whims, appealing to him for help and advice in every childish plan or undertaking, and deferring to his will as if he were a very sun to them. And Arthur liked it. There is no flattery so delicious as a child's spontaneous admiration and affection; and he in accepting them from Rose, soon began to grow very fond of her, for her own sake as well as for her devotion to him. He might never have thought of her again, after their first meeting, if it had not been for her artless confession of liking for him. When that had led the way he perceived how lovable she was in herself, and as her character unfolded more and more, developing capacities for all womanly perfections, he began to have strange dreams and fancies about her, which would have called forth Clara's most unmerciful ridicule if she could have guessed them. He was wise enough not to let her, but he thought in secret many a time, with a thrill of boyish shame, how pleasant it would be if one were a man, and had sole proprietorship in such a loving and winsome little woman as Rose would make.

Of course Rose had no such fancies. She lived, like all children, upon her present happiness, without thinking of change; and for two years—two wholly unshadowed years for her—there came no change except that of natural growth and progress. She grew taller and more womanlike, left off some childish plays and ways, and by degrees approached somewhat nearer to an intellectual equality with Arthur by trying to read the books he liked in preference to her own juvenile literature. But there was no other difference in her relations with him. She was still his firm champion, his loyal subject, his devoted admirer, as innocently as from the first; and so happy in his affection, and in her companionship with the whole family, that she never dreamed it might not last forever.

We may imagine the shock when she learned suddenly one day that there was to be an abrupt and complete breaking off from it all. Her father was going away. Troubles in the church, misapprehension and prejudice, and a series of petty persecutions arising therefrom, were brought to a close finally by a formal resignation of his pastorate on Mr. Murray's part. Mrs. Murray had anticipated it for months, as Mrs. Leighton knew; but Rose, who had known little or nothing of her father's troubles, was completely astonished and overwhelmed with the intelligence. How could she ever live away from Edgell-hill—or rather, from Oak Lawn and the Leightons? She could not, would not go! She should never be happy again if she had to be separated from her dearest friends! These were the passionate thoughts which swept through her mind in the first rebelliousness of this her first real grief; and although she did not give expression to all she felt, she said enough to make her mother feel a deeper regret than Rose appreciated, in her somewhat selfish distress. It was hard to put an end to so happy and good a period of the child's life—hard to take her away from friends and influences that might be so much to her in the future; and yet the mother could not help a little jealous pang in seeing her daughter grieve so much for them, and forget, apparently, how much more real need she had of her, who was still left to her.

It all came to an end soon, however—the mutual astonishment and indignation between the young people, the spoken and unspoken regrets between the elders, the pledges of unforgetting, unflinching affection all round, and the final sorrowful parting. Mr. Murray had accepted a call to a far distant parish, and every thing was hurried for the earliest possible departure.

The two households were almost thrown into one for a time. Rose spent every minute that she could be spared from home at Oak Lawn, and when she could not be there Marian was sure to be at the cottage. Mrs. Leighton went to and fro, continually thinking of something new to do for her friend, and even Clara joined in the general interest by preparing presents to be given at the parting. Arthur gave himself up to helping Mr. Murray in his packing of books, etc., but it was chiefly for the sake of being near Rose all the time. He had not acknowledged even to himself before how strong a hold she had upon his heart, and it was only owing to Mrs. Murray's prudent watchfulness that he was kept from saying and doing many a foolish thing in that time of excitement and impulse. But she saw the boyish fancy, and she did not want "foolish notions, put into Rose's head." So she wisely kept guard over both, without ever suffering them to see that she did, or ever really interfering with their enjoyment of each other's society, but simply preventing nonsense.

She did not forbid Arthur's parting gift—a gold locket enclosing his daguerreotype and a curl of his hair—nor yet Rose's frank kiss in return for the treasure which made her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush with unspeakable delight. But she thought with a sigh as she looked on, that this parting might be a happy thing for the child after all, and save her, perhaps, from a far greater sorrow in the future.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The editor of the Gardiner Journal packed a lot of Isabella grapes in cotton last fall and placed them in the cellar, and now finds them free from mould, and sweeter than in the fall. He sees no reason why grapes may not be kept in this way till they come again, if the hot weather does not destroy them.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1865.

NO. 40.

HOW TO PAPER A WALL.—Hanging wall-paper is light and easy work, which may be done by females, as well as males, and as females are usually neater than the other sex in performing such manipulations, they should have the privilege of doing this work instead of calling men from their urgent business. The materials necessary for papering are: a papering-board, ten or twelve feet long, and about two feet wide, planed smooth; a large paste-brush, a pan of paste, a pair of long shears, a light, straight-edged pole, and a soft brush-broom. Now take a roll of paper, and measure around the room, to ascertain how many whole strips are required for the walls. Cut the desired number of strips of the right length, so that the edges will match, and lay them all on the board, with the wrong side up. If the wall has been whitewashed, sweep it thoroughly, and wash it with vinegar and water. If the vinegar be strong, mingle three quarts of water with one of vinegar. When the wall is dry, sweep it again. Previous to putting on the paper, paste the wall. Then apply paste to a strip of paper, and turn up the lower end about two feet, the pasted sides together, and hang the strip as quickly as possible. As paste expands paper, and renders it tender, it must not be put on until the wall is ready to receive it. When the paper is so tender that it will hardly hold itself together, double the upper end of a strip over a smooth stick. Begin in one corner of the room, and let the strip hang perpendicularly, and as soon as it is right stick the top fast to the wall. Instead of using a bunch of cloth to rub it on with, sweep it on with a soft brush-broom, by commencing at the top, and sweep downwards and outwards from the middle of the strip. A bunch of cloth will sometimes blot the colors, but a soft broom will not. Run the back of the shears along the upper edge of the base, or mop-board, and pull the lower end of the paper away from the wall and cut it off, and afterwards sweep it on. When a strip does not hang exactly plumb, take hold of the bottom and pull it from the wall, until it hangs only by an inch or so at the top. Then adjust it, and sweep it on again. When there are uneven places in the wall, so that the paper will not adhere without a blister, or wrinkle, cut through the long way of the blister, and sweep it on again. When turning a corner of a room, it will be more convenient to cut a strip of paper in two, lengthways, so that the joint will come exactly in the corner, than to attempt to put on a whole strip by bending it in the corner. After all the whole strips have been put on, the piecing can be done around the doors and windows. New paper can be pasted over the old, if that be on fire. Otherwise, it should be pulled off. Sometimes, by washing old paper with soap suds, two or three times, it will peel off with little labor. New walls need not be pasted previous to papering. It is better to apply the paste to the paper than to the wall only, as dry paper is elastic, and will not adhere until it has become wet.

[American Agriculturist.

TALLOW CANDLES.—If people must use tallow candles, in these days (nights rather) of bright kerosene, the following directions will teach them how to make good ones: "In return for hints about hard soap, I will suggest an improvement in making 'tallow candles.' Double the wicks as is usually done, and twist until tolerably tight, then wax them with beeswax, so they will not untwist. They are then ready for the mould. I claim that the candles will last much longer, and will give a brighter and better light, resembling sperm candles. Impurities in the tallow will not affect the light, as is usual."—[American Agriculturist.

MANAGEMENT OF CARPETS.—All kinds of carpets will wear much longer if fine straw be spread evenly on the floor, about half an inch thick, before they are fastened down. When they lie on the bare floor, the gritty dust works through them to the floor, and as they are pressed down on and among it, they will be worn out much more than when kept up from it by straw. To aid in drawing carpets close up to the base board, preparatory to nailing them, drive eight or ten small nails into a piece of wood, allowing them to extend about three-eighths of an inch beyond the surface, similar to a weaver's stretcher, and file them to a sharp point. With such an instrument as this, having a long handle, one person can thrust the side of a carpet up close to the base board, and hold it with ease, till it is nailed. There is some science also in the manner of sweeping carpets correctly. Instead of inclining the handle of the broom forward, and rolling the dirt along and pressing it into the carpet, by bearing down on the broom, the handle should be held nearly erect, and the dirt brushed along, by touching the carpet very lightly. In this way, both broom and carpet will be worn less, and the sweeping be done better.

[American Agriculturist.

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie says: "I have heard a man with a bottle of whiskey before him have the impudence and assurance to say—'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;' and he would persuade me that what was made in the still pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, so is prussic acid. Think of a person toasting off a glass of vitriol, and excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God! He would not use many such creatures, that's all I say. Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey, if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral, when they put him in a rum punch-bowl, but it was a bad thing for the sailors when they tipped the cask and drank the liquor till they left admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry."

Some twenty years ago, when a bill presented in Congress by John Quincy Adams had just been defeated, one of the Southern members said to him: "So, sir, you are in a minority again, when do you think it will be otherwise with you Yankees?" "I don't know I'm sure," replied Adams, "probably when the votes are weighed instead of counted."

THE CEMENT used to fasten glass lamp burners in place, is made of calcined plaster and water. Mix them thin and apply quickly, as it "sets" soon. This plaster is the same as used by masons, stonemasons, etc.

TO PREVENT FLANNEL SHRINKING.—Put it into cold water, place over the fire, and boil half an hour.

HOW TO WHITEWASH.—Procure fresh-burnt lime, not that partly air-slacked. The fine portions and small lumps will not make a wash that will stick well. For this reason, lime that has been burned several months is not as good as that just from the kiln. Put a pound or two into a vessel, and pour on boiling water slowly, until it is all slacked, and is about as thick as cream. Then add cold rain water until it will flow well from the brush. Stir often when using it. A few drops of blueing added will give it a more lively color. One or two table-spoonfuls of clean salt, and one-fourth pound of clean sugar to a gallon of the wash, will make it more adhesive. If the walls have been whitewashed, let them be swept thoroughly, and if colored with smoke, wash them clean with soap suds. A brush with long, thick hair, will hold fluid best, when applying it overhead. If a person has the wash of the right consistence, and a good brush, he can whitewash a large parlor without allowing a drop to fall. When it appears streaked after drying, it is too thick, and needs diluting with cold water. Apply the wash back and forth in one direction, and then go cross-wise, using a paint-brush at the corners, and a thin piece of board to keep the brush from the wood work, or the border of the paper. Coloring matter may be mingled with the wash, to give it any desired tint. To make a light peach-blow color, mingle a small quantity of Venetian-red. For a sky-blue, add any kind of dry, blue paint, stirring it well while mixing. To make a wash of a light straw-color, mingle a few ounces of yellow ochre, or chrome yellow. The coloring matter should be quite fine to prevent its settling to the bottom of the vessel. [American Agriculturist.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"After staying eighteen years in this country," said Prof. Angessiz, "I have repeatedly asked myself what the difference between the institutions of the old world and those of America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe everything is done to preserve and maintain the rights of the few; in America, everything is done to make a man of him who has the elements of manhood in him."

CHILDREN. When a child is hurt never hush it. It is an inexcusable barbarity, it is fighting against nature; it is repressing her instincts; and for this reason, if physical punishment is inflicted on a child, it is perfect brutality. Cases are on record where children have been thrown into convulsions in their efforts to silence. A thousand-fold better is it to soothe by kindly words and acts, and divert the mind by telling stories or by explaining pictures, or by providing with new toys. We have many a time in our professional experience as to sick children, found more benefit to be derived from a beautiful or interesting toy, than from a dose of physic. The greatest humanity a mother can exhibit in respect to her sick child is to divert it, divert it, divert it, in all pleasing ways possible, as we ourselves who are larger children, feel sometimes really sick, when a cheerful face and much-loved friend has come in, and before we know it we have forgotten what was the matter with us.—[Ha's Journal.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION. Despatches from Halifax say that the government of Nova Scotia, in abandoning the hope of an early union of the provinces, will submit the scheme for federation to the maritime provinces only, and proceed with certain public works left in abeyance while the larger scheme was pending. The Toronto Globe says that the result of the action of Nova Scotia will be that the Canadian government will be speedily called on to adopt a new policy on the whole subject.

HOW TO CATCH CURCULIOS. Mrs. H. Weir, of Johnsonville, New York, writes to the Rural New Yorker as follows:—

In May last, we had occasion to use some lumber. It was laid down in the vicinity of the plum yard, and on taking up a piece of it one cold morning we discovered a number of curculios huddled together on the under side. On examining other boards we found more, so we spread it out to see if we could catch more, and we continued to find more or less every day for two weeks. We caught in all an old hundred and sixty-one. So I think it people would take a little pains they might destroy a great many such pests. These were caught before the plum trees were in flower. What is most singular is, that we never found a curculio on a piece of old lumber, although we put several pieces down to try them. They seemed come out of the ground, as we could find them several times a day by turning over the boards.

THE "VACILLATING SHERMAN."—The Army and Navy Journal makes the following statement as to the present march of the General whom the rebels have sometimes accused of vacillation:—

The conquest of the Carolinas was deliberately planned. It was no experiment, no lucky hit, no sequel of the enemy's plan of concentration. The opening of the base at Newbern, and the line of supply by way of the Neuse and the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, and even the advance on Kingston and Goldsboro, were projected before Sherman set foot from Savannah. He himself distinctly declared at Fayetteville that his astonishing 600-mile march had been conducted almost without swerving along the path sketched out by him at the outset."

FACTORIES IN MAINE.—The Calais Advertiser states that a company is preparing to build a woollen factory at Baring as soon as the ice is out of the river, and that Messrs. Peabody & R. H. at Princeton, have a building nearly ready and the machinery purchased for a woollen factory in that place, which they expect to have in operation in May. 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 the 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.

A good thing is attributed to Hugh McCulloch, the new Secretary of the Treasury. A frightened speculator was asking him to arrest the downward tendency of gold. "Well, my good friend," was the Secretary's reply, "if you can get Grant, Sherman and Sheridan to let the rebels whip them, you will be gratified; but I am afraid they won't oblige you."

A PUTTY is made by mixing "whiting" with linseed oil, to the consistence of dough. Every farmer should keep a supply.

THE CEMENT used to fasten glass lamp burners in place, is made of calcined plaster and water. Mix them thin and apply quickly, as it "sets" soon. This plaster is the same as used by masons, stonemasons, etc.

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Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, PUBLISHER. D. A. R. WING, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE, APR. 7, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 10 State Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

SCHOOL MEETING.—The good attendance and harmony of plans and views that marked our village school meeting, on Monday evening, should bring out even a larger gathering at the adjourned meeting a week from Monday next. Joseph Percival was re-elected Agent. H. B. White, Clerk, and Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Prof. M. Lyford, and the Agent were chosen a Classifying Committee. Economy, and in some respects retrenchment, seemed to be in the minds of a large majority; and so, after the report of the Agent had exhibited an expenditure of about three hundred and twenty-five dollars more than the treasury was competent to meet, a vote passed instructing him to pay the deficiency from the appropriations of this year, and not expend a balance against the treasury. The vote was nearly unanimous. There was talk about a new schoolhouse, or some mode of enlarging the present accommodations, but the subject went over to the adjourned meeting. The question of continuing the present arrangement with the Waterville Academy, as a substitute for our high school, was but partially disposed of, and also left for the next meeting.

At the adjourned meeting it will doubtless be proposed to build a schoolhouse, purchase the Institute building, or in some other way provide additional schoolroom, if the committee should fail to make a satisfactory arrangement with the Trustees of the Academy.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting on Friday, promised to be a warm one; but although there was considerable feeling manifested, everything passed off quietly, and none of the radical measures proposed by those who called it were carried, though there was evidently a majority in their favor at the commencement. After some discussion, however, the sober second thought of our citizens prevailed, and it was decided not to disturb the vote, passed at the annual meeting, which provided for raising \$20,000 this year, and applying it to our war debt; and the proposal to sell our town farm was also negative. The meeting was a full one, and we do not believe the result will be regretted by any who have the true interest of our town at heart.

A committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Jos. Percival, E. R. Drummond, Samuel Kimball, and Rev. Mr. Kelton, was chosen to make a report at the next meeting, in relation to truants growing up in ignorance in our midst.

EARLY, OR LATE?—Is this to be an early or a late Spring? To-day, the 6th of April, the snow has nearly disappeared, and the ground is nearly clear of frost, so that there is a fair prospect that in a short time we shall have what we call "good settled going." One month ago the quantity of snow on the ground was unusual—packed down in solid drifts that had been growing ever since November. Rarely does Winter bury the earth so deep, and rarely uncover it so early. The more hopeful look for an early Spring, but the croakers mutter, "We shall take it yet!" We'll wait and see.

Good butter is advertised for sale in Bangor for 25 cents. In New York it is quoted at 12 to 21. In Waterville it retails for 40 cents. Guess our grocers didn't expect gold to fall when they bought in their present stock.

RIGHT.—Said Gen. Butler, in a congratulatory speech in Washington, on the reception of the news of the fall of Richmond—"In the hour of triumph let us remember that the deduced masses of the South are, and must be a portion of our countrymen, and of ourselves, but let us also pledge ourselves that the leaders of the rebellion, who have cost the country all this blood and treasure, shall never hereafter have any political privileges or power again to tear down the glorious flag which waves over us."

AN INQUIRY.—In a muddy time like this, by what route would Street Commissioner Dow advise the senior editor of the Mail to pass from his office on Main Street to his house on Temple Street? In the course of the coming season, we will not doubt, Commissioner Dow will give a satisfactory answer to this very fair question.

It is much safer, and every way more preferable, to extinguish a kerosene lamp from below than by blowing in at the top of the chimney.

VICTORY AT HOME.—While rejoicing over the victories of our brave soldiers in the field, we hope the more peaceable but hardly less important labors of our home guard will not be overlooked. Aided by the efficient Chief of Police, our Selectmen have recently commenced a vigorous campaign upon the liquor sellers in our village; and like the persistent and indomitable Grant they promise to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. The results of their labors thus far have been highly gratifying to the friends of temperance and good order.

Four individuals have been prosecuted, each on several cases, and convicted on every case. Some have paid up, and others have appealed; all penitently promise "never to do so any more," while two or more seriously threaten to leave town. We hope—and we say it in all kindness—that mercy will be shown them by the authorities when they are known to deserve it, and not before. A liquor seller's promise is about as valuable as the oath of a secessionist. For twenty years the men engaged in the liquor traffic here have always been ready to promise well when they have been driven to the wall, and just as ready to break their promise when they have been let up. An outraged community demand that this child's play should now cease, and that sterner measures be adopted. We have law enough, if properly enforced, to stop the traffic in Waterville, and our officials are all ready and willing to do their whole duty. If they do persevere in what they have so well begun, when our soldier boys triumphantly ride to our redeemed town for proof that we have not been idle at home while they have been doing so much abroad, that we have labored to crush the work of the still while they have been squeezing the life out of the serpent of rebellion.

SUCCESS OF THE 7-30 LOAN.—Our readers will notice that subscriptions to the popular 7-30 Loan are still continued in the most liberal manner. To the Old World the success of these Peoples' Loans is one of the wonders of a Republic. The Government does not seek to borrow in foreign markets; it offers no premiums to bankers, but appeals directly to the people, and with what success is sufficiently shown by the fact that during forty-three days they subscribed and paid the cash down for one hundred and sixty-one million dollars of the 7-30 Loan. There can be no stronger evidence of public confidence in Government securities. While nearly all other stocks have gone down from twenty to fifty, and even a greater per cent. within a few weeks, all forms of U. S. bonds and stocks have remained firm except the slight fluctuations that are incident to all rapid changes in the money market. Our readers will remember that the subscribers to the 7-30 Loan receive semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum in currency, and at the end of three years from June 15th, 1865, they will have the option of receiving payment in full, or converting their notes into a 5-20 six per cent. gold interest bond. The late great decline in the premium on gold makes these notes more desirable than ever as an investment, and it should not be forgotten that their exemption from state or municipal taxation adds largely to their value. There is no interruption in the receipt of subscriptions or the delivery of the notes. All banks, bankers, and others acting as Loan Agents, will pay subscribers the interest in advance from the day of subscription until June 15th.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following are the officers of Waterville Section No. 5 for the current quarter:—

Pitt Dillingham, W. A.
Tinnie Merrifield, V. A.
Relle C. Merrifield, S.
Nette L. Wheeler, A. S.
Shedrick Cooper, T.
James Thatcher Wentworth, A. T.
Thos. M. Dillingham, P. W. A.
E. S. Sheldon, Chaplain.
Laura E. Drummond, 1st Visitor.
Caddie E. Dyer, 2d Visitor.
C. H. Percival, G.
L. S. Getchell, U.
A. S. Maxwell, W.
J. A. Boulter, S.

HOPEFUL.—Those who have been eating corn meal at \$2.25 a bushel, and pork at 25 to 28 cents a pound, will be glad to hear that the former is now quoted in N. York at \$1.40 a bushel, and the latter at \$2.7 a barrel. Everything falls with Richmond—and dull at that.

NOW'S THE TIME!—Special efforts are everywhere in progress to raise supplies for the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, preparatory for the great draft to be made upon them by the progressing battles. Now is the time to be generous if ever.

FESTIVE.—To-night, Friday, Ticonic Division of the Sons of Temperance celebrate, as usual, the anniversary of their organization. A social time, aided by refreshments and a few other et-ceteras, is all we know beforehand.

"A TIME TO DANCE."—There was a ball last night at Hogan's Hall, Kendall's Mills, for the benefit of the Soldiers. The "time to dance" that we read of must be when everybody feels like it—and that is now. No lack of patriotism in the Kendall's Mills boys.

ACCIDENTAL.—Charley Hill, son of deputy marshal James P. Hill, severely injured last week by being thrown from a colt which he had been imprudently induced by an older boy to mount. The colt ran and threw him off, striking him with a foot as he fell, and cutting a gash some inches in length from the top of the head quite down through the eyebrow. The wound was dressed by Dr. Porter, and is now doing well.

OUR TABLE.
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for March, is received from the American publishers, L. Scott & Co., New York. The contents are:—The Right Honorable William Gladstone, M. P.; Part II; William Blake; Miss Marjoribanks; Part II; Sir J. Bulwer Lytton's Poems; Guy Rieu's Ghost; Fiction; Ancient and Modern; Part II; The Taft Hunt; Piccadilly: an Episode of Contemporary Autobiography—Part I.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for March, has the following table of contents:—The Rise and Progress of the Scottish Tourist; Epigrams; Spain; Tests in the English Universities; Topography of the Chain of Mont Blanc; Essays in Criticism; The Holy Roman Empire; John Leech.

For 1865 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st., New York. **Terms of Subscription:** For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 66 cents a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March, is received. It contains thirty-two quarto pages, and has a number of portraits of prominent men besides articles of value. This periodical is receiving a large patronage, and though the readers may not fully endorse the peculiar doctrines of phrenology, yet they can always find much profitable reading in the pages of this journal.

The April number of this work has also come to hand, full freighted with interesting reading.

[For the Mail.]
TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

I must conclude this series of letters by giving some account of the Sabbath Schools. The first Sabbath School in Winslow was gathered by Miss Polly Wilson, about the year 1824. This was simply a school on the sabbath, at which the few pupils who attended, gathered from indigent families, read and spelled easy lessons in easy books. It was a commendable undertaking, and no doubt did some good though few knew of its existence. Like Robert Raikes, Miss Wilson felt desirous of doing good in the same way. This school was in the north east part of the town, in what was called the "Abbott neighborhood," and Miss Wilson was the daughter of Ephraim Wilson, one of the first settlers. Probably there was no library there.

The next school (and this was more like a Sabbath School) was gathered in 1825, by a Mr. Medbury—then a student of Waterville College. This school met in a barn then owned by Hampden Keith, and now by Dea. Williams Bassett. From forty to sixty scholars met in that barn a few sabbaths during the summer, and recited portions of scripture and hymns. This school was always opened by prayer and usually a short speech was made by some one present.

Not many years after this, and it may be the next year, another student from Waterville succeeded, with the help of some neighbors, in getting up a Sabbath School in District No. 3. It was kept in a schoolhouse near Col. Drummond's, and conducted in much the same manner as the one last mentioned. I believe a Sabbath School was taught here several years, afterwards.

About the year 1830, a Sabbath School was gathered at the Congregational meeting-house. The pupils who gathered there, many of them, walked from one to four miles; so that the smaller schools now met as one. A Sabbath School has been kept here ever since, with an average (I should think) of about eighty members. A cheap library was furnished when this school first went into operation, but the little books were soon read and used up, and then the managers thought it impolitic to get another, for the reason, as they said, that the scholars read their books during afternoon service, instead of listening to important truths. It was very impolitic and should never be allowed—reading during service; but was there not some excuse for those children who walked three or four miles, and some of them having labored hard during the week? Their little Sabbath School books were easily understood by them and the simple story prevented them from sleeping; while the long sermon, too often prosy, was to them unintelligible. But this was not always to be the situation, for the managers perceived a decrease in numbers and set about procuring another library and furnishing the scholars with Sabbath School papers. Since then several additions have been made, and the school has very much increased and is now the only Sabbath School in town kept the whole year.

A Sabbath School was organized at the Methodist meeting-house, about the same time of the one last named, and has been in a flourishing condition ever since. This is composed of pupils from the South part of Winslow and the North part of Vassalboro'. They have a very good library, which was enlarged the past season, by a present from Mr. J. L. Bailey, who has lately left for Pennsylvania. About twenty of these Sabbath School members belong in Winslow.

The students of Waterville College have done much good, it is believed, in keeping up a Sabbath School, for a number of years, in the school-house near Mr. James Wall's. Another Sabbath School has been tolerably successful in the school-house in District No. 6, near Mr. Prentiss Flagg's. In District No. 9 near Mr. Thomas Reynolds's, a Sabbath School has been in operation during the summer, for a number of years, though it has not been kept every summer. A Sabbath School has been kept in the school-house in District No. 8, near Luther H. Lamb's, a part of the time for a good many years. The late Dea. T. L. Garland first organized it. In the Baptist meeting-house there has been a Sabbath School a number of years, consisting of about thirty scholars and reported in a prosperous condition. A

Sabbath School has been kept in the school-house in District No. 18, near Mr. John Richards, the past few years; and I believe in two or three other places schools have been kept though I have no positive information.

From such information as I can gather, I think there have been not far from an average of between three and four hundred persons connected with the different Sabbath Schools in town since 1835. Perhaps my estimate is high; but it will be recollected that there are many adults in the schools, and besides some attend Sabbath School in Benton, China, N. Vassalboro', and Waterville. A large proportion of the members of churches in Winslow have been or are now members of some of the Sabbath Schools. One of these Sabbath School scholars has been a missionary, two have gone forth as ministers of the gospel, two as lawyers and one as a physician, while a great many have or are now doing their duty at other important posts, not in the least forgetting those who have perilled their lives in their country's cause—a number of whom have fallen.

I now submit this with my previous letters to the readers of the Mail, and ask them to look back less than one hundred years and notice the changes that have taken place. Not only has the wilderness of the forest disappeared, but the wilderness of the inhabitants has changed. But little was known of the sabbath in the early history of the town; there were no religious meetings, no Sabbath School and no week-day schools; rum was plenty, and while the glass went round it was accompanied by the vulgar jest and awful oath; wrestling and boxing were common and frequently ended with fighting; no newspapers were taken, and but few books were in the possession of the people. But few men had education enough to do town business and those few did the whole. Now, religious worship is held regularly in three churches in town every sabbath, and occasionally at several schoolhouses; no rum is sold in town, while profanity is discountenanced as low, vulgar and wicked; by a large proportion of the inhabitants: wrestling and boxing is out of fashion, and a fight is rarely known; the old fashioned parties, huskings and quiltings, once so common, have all past and given place to more rational enjoyment, especially when at the close of an evening of social conversation, a levy is made for the sick and wounded soldiers.

K****.

War of Redemption.

Richmond is ours, at last, and the great rebel army that so long withstood the advance of our troops, is broken and scattered. Three days of severe fighting, with the advantage continually upon our side, no doubt convinced the rebel leaders of their inability to longer hold possession of their capital, and anxious to save the remnant of the once powerful Army of Virginia, they evacuated Petersburg and Richmond on Sunday night, and moved off toward Lynchburg. With but a few hours start of a triumphant enemy, who is following swiftly after, ready to strike heavy blows and pick up all stragglers, the retreat of Lee bids fair to become a rout. The country is full of stragglers; every farm-house is a hospital; the roads are encumbered with abandoned war material, guns, wagons, &c.; and our troops are closing around the remnant with a good prospect of taking them all prisoners.

The following details will show the successive steps in the closing drama of the rebellion:—

The advance movement was begun on Wednesday morning, Sheridan's cavalry taking the lead, supported by infantry. Our line, which had been massed on the left, was pushed out around the enemy's defenses towards the South Side Railroad. At the same time a sufficient force was left along our old lines on the east side of Petersburg and on the north side of the James, to maintain them against the enemy. Then came a series of battles, at first with varying success, although our men always managed in the end to regain their ground and push the enemy back beyond their former rallying point. On Thursday, a heavy rain promised to retard our movements, but the next day the weather seems to have cleared, although the roads must still have been very bad. On Saturday, Sheridan appears to have routed the enemy, capturing three brigades of infantry, with artillery. Sunday morning an attack was made along the whole line. Wright and Parke both penetrated the rebel lines, while Sheridan, having flanked or broken up the enemy on the left, swept up from the westward, driving everything before him. Ord, commanding our right wing, broke through the enemy's lines at a late hour, and thus their discomfiture appears to have been complete.

Twelve thousand prisoners and fifty guns had been secured up to Sunday night, and the South Side railroad was destroyed for a considerable distance.

Early on Monday morning it was discovered that Petersburg and Richmond had been evacuated and our troops marched in and took possession. Gen. Weitzel with his colored troops first entered Richmond, which he found on fire in several places, the rebel leaders having burned most of the public buildings. The General reports that he found in Richmond a large number of locomotives and cars, and that a great destruction by the rebels of wagons, ambulances and other military vehicles had taken place. He also reports some seventeen hundred more rebel prisoners taken, besides five thousand wounded.

The rebels, before evacuating Petersburg, set fire to the city and blew up their iron-clads and forts in and on the river. The fire, however, was extinguished. There was an embarrassing number of prisoners taken.

Such was the haste of the rebels in bringing Union prisoners through Richmond on Sunday

that in many cases many of them were not even paroled. Five hundred of seven hundred on board the Cossack never signed a parole. These released prisoners say that in coming through Richmond Sunday they saw manifest indications of evacuation of the city. The streets were alive with people of all classes, conditions and ages, manifesting intense excitement. All the Union prisoners in Libby Prison were ordered to be exchanged by the rebels, and were hurried through the city of Richmond toward Vanna landing, in the greatest haste.

The rebels managed to take away the most of their guns at Petersburg, but at Richmond we captured 500 pieces of artillery and 5000 stand of arms. Libby prison and Castle Thunder were found uninjured and are now filled with rebel prisoners. The editors of all the newspapers escaped, and some wag adds, especially John Mitchell; but a Union paper has already made its appearance, and the theatre has been re-opened. The headquarters of the army are at the Senate chamber, and Gen. Weitzel stops in Jeff. Davis's house. Mrs. Lee remained behind, and the present number of inhabitants is set at 20,000, one half of whom are colored. At 3 o'clock on Sunday Lee telegraphed to Davis that he could no longer hold the city, and the evacuation was therefore a hurried one. Brigadier General George F. Shepley has been appointed Military Governor of the city of Richmond, and martial law reigns at the present. More Unionism was discovered at Richmond than at Petersburg.

It is supposed that Davis went to Danville, and Lee is evidently trying to get to Lynchburg; but whatever his plans were they have been seriously disturbed by Sheridan, who has worked around to the left and intercepted his march. Wednesday night Lee was at or near Amelia Court House, while Sheridan, who had captured Burksville, the junction of the South Side Railroad, had advanced along the line of the Richmond and Danville road to Jettersville, where he confronted the retreating rebels. He sent word to Grant that if he could have the proper support the whole rebel army might be secured, and reinforcements were close at hand and reached him in a few hours.

On Tuesday, President Lincoln gave a public reception in Richmond at the late residence of Jeff. Davis.

Among the rebels killed in the late battles before Petersburg was Gen. A. P. Hill.

Grant reports that in all the fighting since March 28th, our whole losses in killed, wounded and prisoners will not exceed 7000, and that of these about 2000 are or were prisoners, and that a large number of the wounded are only slightly injured.

Stoneman was reported at Boone, N. C., on the 27th of March, at which place a small rebel force was routed. He would push straight into the heart of rebellion.

A messenger from Goldsboro states that Johnston has swung around to a new position between Goldsboro and Weldon. Let him swing his army which way he pleases; he and his condottieri will soon be swinging on a string, if they get their honest deserts.

A powerful attack on Mobile is in progress, and we shall soon hear of its capture.

The country went almost wild with joy over the fall of Richmond, which, so long hoped for, came at last quite unexpectedly. Bells were rung cannon fired, processions formed flags displayed; buildings illuminated, &c.—Here in Waterville, we contented ourselves with a display of all the available bunting in town, and a vigorous ringing of the bells, while every true heart was full of joy and gratitude.

RELEASE OF THE ST. ALBANS RAIDERS.—In Montreal, on Wednesday last, Judge Smith of the Superior Court, gave his decision in the case of Young and other rebel raiders and murderers at St. Albans, releasing them from arrest, on the ground that the prisoners were engaged in warfare on entitled to the rights of belligerents by international law. A pronouncement of neutrality, even admitting that the prisoners of making war upon American Territory, would not change their status as belligerents. The Court not having jurisdiction in the case, the prisoners were discharged, but were again arrested for an attempt to murder Mr. Huntington of St. Albans on the 13th of Oct. last.

In this connection it may be well to state that an official document, recently issued offers a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of persons who "come from countries where they are tolerated," and attempt to take the lives and property of American citizens. Half that sum is offered for those who aid and abet them.

PROMOTION.—Capt. Richard Shannon, one of "our College boys," formerly of the 5th Maine, and who has for two years been on staff duty in New York, has been promoted to a Colonelcy on Gen. Weitzel's staff, in the army of the James, and was no doubt among the first to enter the rebel capital.

The Portland papers speak in flattering terms of the singing of Miss Bates, at the concert in that city on Tuesday evening.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT has been enlarged and improved, though we cannot quite see the superiority of the new heading over the old one. If that is Portland taste, though, it must be all right.

FAST DAY occurs on the 20th inst., by appointment of Gov. Cony.

WOUNDED.—Maj. Charles P. Baldwin is reported wounded in the shoulder; J. H. Thorne of our village, is at one of the Washington hospitals, wounded; Capt. John Goldthwait has had his leg amputated.

Geo. M. DELANEY, the Augusta substitute broker, is on trial at Washington before a military commission.

Examination for Cadet Appointment in the West Point Military Academy.

I am authorized by law to appoint a Cadet in the West Point Military Academy prior to the first of June, *proximo*. I have had numerous applications for the position, but have not sufficient knowledge of the relative qualifications of the applicants to enable me to determine between them.

The Faculty of Waterville College have kindly consented to examine all applicants that may present themselves at the College on Thursday, the 4th day of May next, between the hours of nine A. M. to five P. M.

Any young man who is an actual resident of the Third Congressional District, and who can bring satisfactory evidence as to loyal principles and moral character, is authorized without further warrant, to appear before the Examining Board. I shall be guided, without further inquiry, by the award of the Board, and shall appoint the young man, recommended by them. My object is to secure the appointment of a Cadet who will do honor to the service.

The following extract from the "qualifications" as officially defined, is published for the benefit of the applicants:

"Candidates must be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age at the time of entrance into the Military Academy; must be at least five feet in height, and free from any deformity, disease or infirmity, which would render them unfit for the military service, and from any disorder of an infectious or immoral character. They must be able to read and write well, and perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of Arithmetic, of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. The Arithmetic is to be studied understandingly, and not merely committed to memory."

It must be understood that a full compliance with the above conditions will be insisted on; that is to say: the candidate must write in a fair and legible hand and without any material mistakes in spelling, such sentences as shall be dictated by the examiners; and he must answer promptly and without errors all their questions in the above mentioned rules of Arithmetic; failing in any of these particulars, he will be rejected.

It must be also understood that every candidate will, soon after his arrival at West Point, be subjected to a rigid examination by an experienced Medical Board, and should there be found to exist in him any causes of disqualification, to such a degree as will immediately, or in all probability may, at no very distant period, impair his efficiency, he will be rejected."

An experienced Surgeon will be present at Waterville to determine the physical qualifications of the applicants.

J. G. BLAINE,
Member of Congress 3d District of Maine,
Augusta, March 27, 1865.

GEN. CONNER.—It gives us pleasure to announce that this young officer, though still in hospital at Washington, is constantly improving, and has good promise of being again able to walk. He might now return home with safety, but remains in hospital for better surgical treatment.

"MAINE IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION."—This new book, which everybody wants, will be found at Carter's.

CONNECTICUT.—This State, in the recent election, has gone Union by a large majority.

The pulpit of the First Baptist Church in this city is being temporarily supplied by Rev. Professor Smith of Waterville College—an eloquent and earnest preacher.—[Maine Farmer.]

STAMP DUTIES.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, have published on a sheet very convenient for the business man, an official edition of the new stamp duties which went into effect on the first of this month, which they sell for fifteen cents.

THE CLARION reports that gold bearing quartz has been found at Baker Mountain in Moscow. It remains to be seen whether it will pay for working, but the experiment will soon be made.

The Portland Press says that grapes packed in newspapers by Mr. Gilbert S. Bailey of that city, kept in good order through the winter, and came out this spring, fresh and nice, with their flavor improved by their preservation.

They have a nice little girl over at Ellsworth not quite 13 years old, who weighs 260 pounds, and is only 53 inches in height. Around her arm she measures 20 inches, her waist 46 inches, and she is 23 inches across the shoulder.

THE VENGEANCE OF A BETRAYED PEOPLE.—John W. Forney writes to his paper, the Press, to the following effect:—

We have seen a private letter from one of the most illustrious military men of the times in which, after speaking with much humanity of the betrayed Southern masses, he says: "Now, mark me! Davis, Hunter, Cobb, and the rest, will call upon our armies, the Union armies, when peace has been conquered, to save them from their people."

The Missouri State Convention, in committee of the whole, adopted an article, that after the 1st of January, 1876, no person shall be allowed to vote in the State who is unable to read, except through physical causes. Another article was adopted—that foreigners may vote one year after declaring their intention to become citizens.

A white slave named De Roach joined our army at Fayetteville. He is of French and Indian descent, without a particle of negro blood in his veins, with long sandy hair and whiskers, and has been held as a slave all his life.

The Lewiston Journal regrets to learn that Judge Redington of that city, in attempting to get upon the platform of the cars, Monday at Winthrop, fell and received a severe shock which rendered him insensible. He was able to reach his home on the train, but his situation is regarded as very critical.

Hon. Charles S. Davies, L. L. D., a well known scholar of Portland, died a few days since, of paralysis. He was an able lawyer, a graduate of Bowdoin, and has been one of the Trustees of that College since 1836. He was in 1861 a member of the Maine Senate.

Speaking of Knox colts, the Maine Farmer says that W. Cates, of East Vassalboro, recently sold a four year old Knox colt for \$420; that Abraham Woodward, Esq., of Bangor, has refused \$2000 for a three year old Knox colt known as the "Seaway Colt," which won the first prize at the Waterville Horse Fair last summer.

