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Maxham & Wing

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THOUGHTS OF THE LOST.

The wind is talking with the trees;
The trees have lost their notes of gloom,
No more their summer voices sing,
As once they sang for you and me.

The earth lies still beneath the snow;
The skies have lost their olden light;
Of all the dreams of long ago,
The last has faded out to-night.

For thou, with whom I hoped to walk,
Along the dewy path of life,
With boyhood's bloom upon thy cheek,
Hast fallen in the war's red strife.

Henceforth in silence and alone,
Across the world my way must be;
No brother's hand to clasp in mine,
No brother's heart to turn for me.

My best-beloved, in that far land,
Canst thou look back to earth and me?
Oh! haste your flight, ye lagging years,
And bear me o'er this wide, wide sea.

But Winter's reign must cease at length,
And soon will come the month of flowers,
And all the happy world rejoice
In songs of birds, and summer bowers.

Oh! yearning heart; lie still to-night,
E'en as the earth beneath the snow;
For sweet assurance fills my soul,
That joy outlives the wildest woe.

And just as all things green and fair,
Spring forth from darkness and from gloom,
So shall the winter of my life
Break into fields of endless bloom.

A RAINY DAY,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

III.

Had any one told Rose—or Arthur—how perfect and how long their separation would be, how many years would pass before they met again, and how their meeting at last would be the meeting of strangers, both would have indignantly refused to believe it. In the glow and warmth of his boyish affection Arthur believed that Rose's sweet, childish face would be the ever-present image in his mind; that time and distance would make no change, only to bring him nearer to the future which his fancy painted, when Rose's unconscious girlhood should have blossomed into beautiful womanliness, and she herself as a man should be free to claim her for his wife. His heart beat fast with proud and glad anticipations of such a time, and he made innumerable plans and resolutions about writing to her, going to see her in vacations, and perhaps bringing her back some time to make a long visit at Oak Lawn. Rose's dreams were more innocent and unconscious, but she had as many as Arthur, and he was the hero of them all. So they parted one summer morning—with many tears and regrets it is true, but with a thousand hopeful anticipations as well, and no suspicion of change, forgetfulness, or indifference in the future.

For a time there was neither. Rose wrote long letters to Arthur and Marian, full of all the daily trifles of her life, and overflowing with girlish, confiding affection. Arthur wrote, too, but from the first he discovered that writing letters to Rose was not at all the same thing, or half so pleasant, as talking to her. He missed her bright face, her loving eyes, her sweet, merry voice rippling into song and laughter as easily as into speech, and the thousand winsome ways which had charmed him so when she was about him every day. Nothing of all this reached him through her letters, and answering them was an unsatisfactory thing always. He began to neglect it by-and-by, his entrance into college making the first long break in his correspondence; and afterward, when Rose's letters grew fewer also, he wrote less and less frequently. The new scenes and more absorbing interests of his college life occupied his attention, and their hardening influences made him half ashamed of what he began to call his "foolish" fondness for a little girl. As for Rose, the cares and anxieties of a straightened life, thickening about her as she grew older, put out of sight, by slow but sure degrees, her childish fancies and memories. She did not forget Oak Lawn and the Leightons, but time and distance, and engrossing duties which had no connection with them, deadened her interest in those once cherished recollections and left little leisure for dwelling upon them.

It was neither a sudden nor unnatural estrangement; only the gradual, inevitable consequence of such a separation, where there is no tie of relationship, and no common bond of interest to keep up that closeness of intercourse which can alone preserve familiar friendship. The names which had been household names at first in both families, daily remembered and repeated in a thousand connections, came to be less frequently spoken by-and-by, and at last, as time and change kept on their inexorable way, to be heard only at rare intervals. Arthur's college, his tutor, his travels abroad, Clara's marriage, and Marian's "coming out," were the all-absorbing interest at Oak Lawn; and Rose Murray, far away in an obscure village, teaching a little school to help out the minister's scanty salary, and watching, with "sorrow too deep for tears," the failing health of her parents, had as little time to think of her old friends as they of her.

It was now six years since they had left Edgely, and they had lived in three different places in the time. Mr. Murray, though a man of piety and ability, was an unpopular minister everywhere. The people over whom he had the misfortune to be placed were incapable of appreciating him, and all the eloquence of his sermons could not atone to them for his lack of what they called sociability. They did not want a pastor who spent so much time in his study, and was so indifferent to the attractions of their tea-drinkings and gossiping conversations. So he left one place after another, if not by the expressed, at least by the implied, wish of the parish; and with each change that he made his worldly prospects grew less and less bright.

The old story had its close at last. Trial, disappointment, and weary cares ended finally in a rest and peace never more to be disturbed.

Rose and her mother lived on in their bereavement, sorrowful, yet taking comfort in each other for a year. The little school supported them, after a humble fashion, and Rose was content to toil, with patience and thankfulness, so long as her mother remained to strengthen her hands, and cheer her heart, and bless all her life with her tenderest love. But the time came by-and-by when the mother was no longer there—when the lips that had spoken words of holy love and fervent faith to the last no longer gave back Rose's clinging kisses—when the young girl was orphaned and desolate, and life seemed a burden too heavy to be endured.

How she did endure it in that first agony of utter bereavement she could not tell. At first every faculty seemed paralyzed with a blank despair, and forgetting all hope and trust and promise alike, she only prayed to die. But she was young, and life and energy are strong in youth. She could not die, and the necessity for active exertion—a most merciful necessity to her—forced her to rise up from her despair. She had to live, and to work, and to find work to do. For she must give up the little school

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now—she could not stay in that place to be reminded forever of her sorrow and her loss. Where to go, and what to do, were anxious questions, pondered over wearily without any hopeful result. She dreaded to go alone among entire strangers seeking employment, and she would not go to any place where she had lived before, and where her father had been ill-treated and ill-spoken of. One plan after another suggested itself only to be rejected again; and day after day, passed by without bringing her any nearer to a decision.

One day, in ransacking an old desk, she came upon a package of letters with the Edgely postmark upon them. It had been one of her loneliest, dreariest days, when she had been tempted over and over again, to give up every effort and purpose in life—when nothing but continual, passionate supplications, and the very "grace of God" vouchsafed in answer, had kept her from utter hopelessness and despair. The sight of those almost forgotten letters called up a host of long-buried recollections, and brought back with strange vividness scenes and events unthought of for years. Like a picture rose up her first meeting with Arthur Leighton—the rainy day, the muddy stream, and the kind, boyish arms which had lifted her safely over, and innumerable memories of her happy childhood, made so glad and bright by the love and kindness of those new friends, followed fast one upon another. How good and dear the Leightons were—what a fairland of delight Oak Lawn had been—how merry and care-free those old childish times!

She read the letters, crying over them as she read; and when she had finished her resolution was made to go back to Edgely. It was a wild, impulsive decision, and Rose was more than half afraid, a very foolish one. For it was only to be near the Leightons that she wished to go, and she did not even know whether they were still in the village or not. The last of her letters was dated four years ago, while Arthur was still at college. What had become of him, since—what changes had happened in the family—whether their home continued to be at Oak Lawn—she had never heard. It was more than likely, she said to herself, that both Arthur and Clara were married by this time, and perhaps Marian also; and the whole family might be far away from Edgely for all she knew to the contrary. Nevertheless, after a woman's wilful fancy, she was determined to go; and the mere resolution, putting an end as it did to the perplexities and vexations of her undecided state, brought a certain degree of rest and hopefulness with it.

As to what she proposed to do after she got to Edgely, her ideas were exceedingly vague and undefined. She had certainly no intention of going to Oak Lawn, even if the Leightons were still there, to ask for sympathy and help in her difficulties. No, Rose Murray was proud, and romantic too; in spite of all her experience of the hard realities of life. It was her fancy to go back to Edgely as a stranger—as a stranger seeking employment, if possible, and to reveal herself to no one—especially not to the Leightons—until she should be satisfied that the recognition would be a welcome one. She would not make the intimacy of former years an excuse for thrusting herself in, in her homeless orphanhood, upon their notice now.

She said this to herself with a curve of her proud lip, as she looked down upon Arthur Leighton's little gold locket, searched out from some old trunk-box, and recalled the time when it had been given her, and the kiss which she had bestowed in return. "How much he must be changed now!" she thought, as she pondered over the bright, handsome, boyish features which the tiny gold circlet inclosed; and then a sudden impulse sent her to the glass to trace the changes time had made in her own appearance.

A pale oval face, with a serious thoughtfulness and dignity upon the brow, and in all the delicate lines of mouth and chin; brown liquid eyes, with grief and passion and tenderness in their shady depths; cheeks faintly tinged and softly rounded, brown hair just shading them with smooth, shining bands, and coiling in abundant rings round the small head—these made up the portrait which the mirror framed; a very different one, indeed, from the round, childish face whose shy prettiness had so attracted Arthur Leighton nine years ago, and even from the more matured and girlish one which he had seen last, two years later. There was little danger that he would recognize it now, for only a close and careful investigation would have identified it as the same. Rose turned away from the glass as she came to this conclusion, with a smile and flush, kindled partly by memory, partly, it must be confessed, by anticipation too. But both faded soon, as the sorrowful present, with all its dreary realities, came back again to her contemplation.

IV.

Two weeks after this Rose Murray was sitting in a little back room, whose one window looked out upon the well remembered playground of the old Edgely district schoolhouse. It was a humble little lodging, but it was clean and respectable; and she was thankful to have secured so good a one—though whether she could afford to keep it long was a question not yet decided to her satisfaction. For a whole week she had been trying in vain to procure some employment. There was no vacancy, or prospect of one, in the district school; no opening for a private school; nobody in want of a governess; no demand even for a dress-maker or seamstress; and utterly without friends and influence as she was, the prospect was certainly dark enough, and her heart it must be confessed, heavy in proportion. No one had looked upon her with a kindly face since she arrived; she had met old acquaintances in the street, but they had passed by without recognizing her; and even the men who had been elders in her father's church, and to whom she made application now for advice in procuring employment, never seemed to remember her name in connection with their former pastor. Indeed, they treated her so coldly—declining even to look at her testimonials and letters of recommendation, "because they knew of no opening for a teacher; none at all"—that Rose did not choose to make a claim upon their courtesy by explaining her antecedents.

As for the Leightons, she had learned from her landlady, Mrs. Lambert, that they were all at Oak Lawn, excepting Arthur, who was

travelling abroad still, but was expected home at Christmas; Marian's wedding with a gentleman from New York being fixed for that time, according to village rumor. Clara had been married years ago, but she was a widow now with two little children, and had come back to live with her mother. She learned, in addition, that there was a young lady, by name Miss Hartley, visiting at Oak Lawn—a very beautiful young lady, the sister of the gentleman to whom Miss Marian was engaged, and every body expected that Mr. Arthur would fall in love with her when he came home, and so make a double marriage in the families. Rose heard all these things with many mingled feelings. Such changes in her old companions, as well as in herself, seemed harder than ever to realize, here on the very scene of their former intimacy. Looking down from her window upon the noisy, romping children, playing the same old games in the same old playground, she could almost fancy herself a child again, eager for the long school-hours to be over that she might hurry away to spend a holiday hour at Oak Lawn, or go off on some delightful excursion after wild flowers and berries with Marian and Arthur.

The wide difference between then and now struck a chill to her heart when she came back to the reality, and made her shrink with a strange doubt and dread from every thought of making herself known to them. "What should I be?" she thought, sadly, "but an unwelcome intruder upon their family plans and pleasures? They are engrossed with interests in which I can have no share; and though they might spare some pity for me, for old times' sake, still I should be an interruption and a hindrance. No! It was a strange folly for me to come to this place, and the best way to amend it is to leave again as soon as possible, and go back to the work which God gave me to do. Human sympathy and affection are not absolute essentials of existence, and I suppose I can survive without them—even there, where the memory of what I have had and lost haunts every wind that blows."

She sat alone in her little room, one afternoon, full of these sad and hopeless thoughts, and feeling more utterly weary and dejected than at any time before. A knock at the door made her raise her head from the window-sill where it had dropped in pain and listlessness, and in answer to her permission, Mrs. Lambert entered the room—her good-natured, motherly face of one who had news to communicate or a proposal to make.

"You were saying to me the other day, Miss Murray," she began, "that you wouldn't object to do plain sewing until you could find something better. I told you then that I didn't know of any body that wanted any done, but to-day I've happened to hear of a chance for you."

Rose's face did not express much interest, but in gratitude to Mrs. Lambert she tried not to seem indifferent. "Have you? I had almost given up expecting a chance," she answered, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Oh, but you shouldn't do that," Mrs. Lambert said, cheerfully. "Never give up expecting things to mend. You always make a rainy day wetter by crying over it, you know—and if you wait long enough, and take it easy, something's sure to turn up almost always."

"Taking it easy is just the impossible thing, however," Rose returned. "What is it you have heard of to-day?"

"Well, it isn't plain sewing exactly, and I don't know as it'll suit you at all; but my daughter Jane—she does dress-making by the day, you know—was sent for to-day to do some work at Oak Lawn. It's Mrs. Leighton's place, down by the river—I don't know whether you've gone past the house or not."

"Yes, I have," Rose answered, eagerly. "What of it?"

"Well, it was a long job. They wanted a dress-maker to stay in the house for three or four weeks straight ahead, already, so she had to refuse, though she would have liked nothing better than making up Miss Marian's wedding things. She promised to find somebody else that could go, and the first one she thought of was you. If you like it, and can do it, you can get it. That's all." And Mrs. Lambert leaned back in her chair with the satisfied air of one who had made a good offer, and expected it to be duly appreciated. She was not disappointed either. Rose looked up with a grateful face, and said, earnestly,

"It was very kind in Jane to think of me. Mrs. Lambert, and I am very much obliged to you both. I will take the work, and be glad to get it."

"And you're sure you can do dress-making?" Mrs. Lambert asked.

"Oh yes; I have always made my own dresses and my mother's; I understand that part of it perfectly."

"Very well, then, you'll have work enough for a month, and maybe longer. A nice place too, and good pay. I'm glad it's Mrs. Leighton that wants you instead of any body else. She's a real lady, and you'll be sure to like Miss Marian."

So Mrs. Lambert bustled out of the room again, and was in a good humor for the rest of the day; while Rose sat alone in a strange excitement, full of a thousand busy thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and wonders; at one moment thrilling with pleasure at the prospect of being so soon among the Leightons, and having the opportunity which she had longed for, to see and know them without being recognized herself; at the next, dreading it with nervous terror, and wishing she had not given her promise to Mrs. Lambert; again, thankful for what seemed a providence of God, sent to her just when she was on the point of despondency; and, finally, quieting her troubled heart with the one specific for all ills—earnest, trustful prayer.

After this she felt assured and hopeful, and although it was not without some inward tremors that she started upon her errand the next morning, still she had no temptation to turn back or to shrink from whatever might await her in this new and strange experience of life. She had no intention of disclosing her previous acquaintance with the family unless (and she did not think this very probable) her name or her appearance should awaken suspicion, and they should question her upon her identity. She had told Jane Lambert to give her name as Margaret Murray, and to say

nothing about her being a stranger in the village, as the Lamberts believed her to be; and she thought this would be sufficient disguise, for the present at least. The surname was common enough, more than one family in Edgely bearing it; and they had never known her except by her first name, Rose; although she had the same baptismal right to the title of Margaret. So she did not fear an immediate recognition from any one at Oak Lawn, and she would have been still more sure of her disguise if she had known the old rendering of her name that had been received there. Whether from mistake or carelessness in Jane Lambert, I do not know, but Mrs. Leighton understood the name to be Murphy not Murray, and expected, as she afterward told Rose, to see some Libanian damsel as its proper owner.

There was little outward change to be seen as Rose drew near the place; house and grounds were just the same as of old, and even when she mounted the piazza steps and entered the hall she saw no change still. The handsome winding staircase, the polished oaken floor, the hunting scenes on the wall, even the heavy old chaise chairs and couches were all just as she remembered them, and for a second she almost looked to see Marian's light, childish figure spring out to meet her. Instead of which came a servant, who led her up stairs into a little sewing room, and then went to inform Mrs. Leighton of "the dress-maker's" arrival. Presently she came back with a parcel of work and the message that Mrs. Leighton would see her by-and-by. So Rose sat down quietly and busied herself with the work for two hours before any one else came near her.

She was glad of this quiet time for it gave her an opportunity to grow familiarized with her strange position, and enabled her, when Marian and her mother came in at last, to meet them without embarrassment; at least with less than she would have felt if she had had to meet them suddenly. Even as it was she could not check an involuntary start and flush when Mrs. Leighton first spoke to her. The voice struck such a familiar chord, and the face was so little changed! only grown a little older and more worn, but still so like to the face which Rose had loved so well once, which had always smiled so kindly upon her. Marian was much more altered, though even in her time had made far less change than in Rose. Rose thought she would have remembered her anywhere, in spite of her height, her fashionable dress, and stylish air. But neither of them recognized her; face to face as she stood with Marian, her hands busied in fitting the dress lining to her shoulders, and so near that she looked into her very eyes, and stirred her hair with her breath, Marian never saw any familiar resemblance or dreamed that she had ever met her dress-maker before. She did notice with admiration the pure, refined face and classic head bending so steadily over the needle; and both she and her mother wondered at the unusual dignity and grace of language and manner which characterized the sewing girl. But they did not look to find an old acquaintance in a new seamstress, and so Rose Murray's identity remained unsuspected.

She did not see Miss Hartley that first day. A vision of flounces and curls fluttered past the open door once, but it did not stay long enough to be fairly seen. The next morning, when Marian was "trying on" a half-finished basque, the vision flitted in, made a pretty little bow and smile to Rose, and established herself upon a couch to watch the process. She was not in flounces now, but in the most dainty and delicate of morning-dresses, with embroidered skirts, rosetted slippers, and all; and Rose, as she watched her lying in her careless graceful position, thought that she had never seen a lovelier creature. Her beauty was of the petite, fairy-like order; she had little light, flitting feet, and childish white hands, a cloud of auburn curls that danced and waved in unison with every graceful motion, and a face that was more bewitching for its sunny, piquant expression than even for its peachy bloom and sunny blue eyes. Altogether she was pleasant to look upon, a beautiful object that one would not soon weary of—at least through the eyes.

She lay upon the couch for an hour, chattering nonsense to Marian, who was sewing trimming upon a sleeve of the basque, and Rose, who could not help listening, grew more initiated into fashionable frivolities than she had ever been before. Miss Hartley's talk was all of bonnets and dresses, parties and operas, beaux and conquests—especially the latter. Rose's cheek glowed unconsciously with a most old-fashioned blush as she heard the young girl rattle on with such freedom about the sayings and doings of her various admirers, her "flirtation" with this one, "her horrid scrape" with another. She could not help thinking, and a quiet smile flitted over her face with the thought that Arthur Leighton must have changed very greatly from her old memory of him if he could ever be satisfied with such a butterfly, pretty and charming as it was, for a wife. Some way this feeling set her quite at her ease with Miss Hartley, and made her take degree of pleasure in her frequent visits to the sewing-room which she would not have felt had the young lady's conversation been of a more intellectual description. Whoever has dived deep enough into the "feminine element" to understand its contradictory currents may explain this disposition to her own satisfaction. Rose did not try to account for it to herself—indeed she did not even acknowledge it to herself, and would have been deeply indignant if the accusation of such a feeling had been brought against her!

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

POTATO YEAST.—To two-thirds of a cup of hops, add 1 quart of water; when boiling, pour it on one cup of raw potato, grated; to that add 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of salt, and when cool add 1 cup of yeast to raise it. The salt in the yeast seasons the bread enough.

[American Agriculturist.]

In the Executive office at Columbia, S. C., says the Providence Journal, was found a letter from D. M. Seymour, of Hartford, to Gov. Gist, dated Nov. 30, 1860, and inclosing \$1000, which Mr. Seymour begged the Governor to invest in South Carolina 6 percent stock, with which the State was raising funds to oppose the general government. Mr. Seymour writes at some length in defence of the position of South Carolina, and expressly states that he sends his money for the express purpose of aiding the State in her effort "to defend her rights."

[American Agriculturist.]

LOOK OUT FOR THE WEAK POINT.—The old fable of Achilles should be remembered by every boy and girl of whatever age. The ancients said that when he was a babe, his mother held him by one heel and plunged him into the river Styx, which made him invulnerable, except the small place on his heel which her hand kept from being wet. He became a noted warrior, and as no weapon could wound his body, he made great havoc among his enemies; no one could stand before him. But at last one of his foes finding out his weak point, shot him in the heel with a poisoned arrow, which caused his death. If Achilles had properly guarded his heel, he might have escaped such a fate. Every person has some weak point, very few have only one. Here are two illustrations. Thomas is a cheerful, sprightly, wide-awake boy, ready for any kind of work or play, a favorite with all his companions; but he is fond of change. He does not stick to a thing until it is finished. He is ready to run after every novelty. This is his weak point, which will prevent him from ever having much success in life. Susan is very pretty, very pleasant, neat as a pick, and a great help to her mother; yet she has a very weak place in her character. She is vain; she loves to display her good looks and accomplishments, and is always seeking a compliment. She is fond of showy dress and jewelry, and of whatever will attract attention to herself. This feeling may prove her ruin; thousands have lost honor and happiness by such a weakness. What is your weak point? Impatience? Angry passion? Indolence? Exaggeration? Stubbornness? Negligence? What ever it may be, give it special attention at once and try to correct the failing.—[Am. Agriculturist.]

A GOOD HINT FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.—Miss "Hattie" writes to the American Agriculturist:—"Sweeping is unpleasant and unhealthful work. Dust was not made to be breathed. Now, nearly or quite half the usual amount of sweeping can be avoided. How? Keep the litter and mud out of the house. Do not bring it in on your shoes; then it will not have to be pushed out with a broom. The next time you go to a neighbor's keep your shoes as clean as possible, but if you get them muddy, look for a scraper and mat to wipe them, and if you can find one, don't go into the house unless it is necessary; do your errand at the door, and say, 'my shoes are muddy, I will not go in.' If you are particular to clean your shoes, other boys and men will be so, when they come to your house. And as the price of brooms is now very high, you may save as much as three cents a week on the wear of them, just by keeping your shoes clean; I think you will save more than that on your shoes, for the cleaner they are kept the longer they last. The mud takes the oil from them, renders them very hard and unpleasant to the wearer, they will soon crack, and you must have a new pair. Now, instead of all this trouble you cause your mother, in removing dirt by sweeping, show her that you can do something to lessen her labors by learning to be always neat and tidy."

[American Agriculturist.]

NEWSPAPERS IN THE FAMILY.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with newspapers, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in a family one year is worth half a year's schooling to the children, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of a family having more immediate charge of a family, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for its emergencies. Children amused by reading or study, are of course considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a grog shop, who ought to have been reading. How many parents who have never spent twenty dollars for books or papers for their families would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

At a private meeting in New York, of capitalists and secessionists, held in the secession year, one of the leading men proposed that the terms of Southern men should be accepted in advance. And one of the largest merchants in that city, I grieve to say he was born in New England, sprang to his feet as the politician sat down, and said: "O, gentlemen, how beautiful is peace. I say amen. I say amen." While another merchant of that city, not born in New England, but in Scotland, landing on these shores a penniless boy, now the second richest man in this country, rose as his fellow-merchant sat down. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am a merchant. I am a trader, and trade requires peace; the South owes me at least \$1,000,000; I wish like all merchants that the debt should be paid to me; but should the South raise its hand against the Union and the Government which has made me what I am and given me all that I have, I will gladly lose that million, I will gladly lose every dollar and cent I have in the world to vindicate and maintain the Government of the United States." And yet, noble as his words were, they were not the words of public sentiment.

WHOM TO APPLAUD.—Once when Prof. Agassiz was unfolding in a Boston lecture the theory that the trees grow by the law of numbers, and that there is perfect balance between the proportions of the Parthenon and the stem of the pine or some other tree, the vast assembly listened with breathless interest until the lecturer paused, when he was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause. He listened, smiling for a moment, then with a gesture before which the applause sank into silence, he reverently said: "Applaud in your hearts the great Author of this harmony! If you please, we will now go on with our subject."

[Gospel Banner.]

The Putnam Machine Company have completed at their manufactory in Fitchburg a couple of 11-inch cannon, of the Blakely pattern, which weigh upwards of 43,000 pounds apiece. The breech is clad with a thick steel jacket, and this jacket is encircled with steel rings, making a thickness of about twelve inches of solid steel around the castings. They are for the defence of Boston harbor, and cost about \$2500 each.

SCHOOL SUGGESTIONS.—We have before us a copy of the report of the schools in New Castle, and copy a few paragraphs as applicable to other localities as well as that for which they were written. Says the report:—"Our schools suffer more from parental neglect, than from any other cause. When other laborers are employed, we do not depend upon the report of the children, but visit them often at their work, advise with them, and make suggestions. Shall we be less wise in a work which involves the happiness and the success of our children, their social influence, and the future political condition of the country? Parents should remember that the scholar does not always improve most who passes over the greatest number of pages. The majority of children are using books too difficult for them. Reading should receive more attention. It is impossible for the pupils to bring out the idea or express the sentiment of a piece, when he cannot pronounce more than half the words. It is gratifying to find the mental arithmetic so generally used in the schools, and only to be regretted that it is so soon laid aside. For mental discipline and after practice in life, it is the first study. We want more thinking and less ciphering. Some young ladies are using the Algebra who know but little of mental or written arithmetic. Will parents and teachers permit a course so foreign to true education? In this way, nothing is learned well; and when school-days close, the mind consumes many doubts and few certainties. What we do, must be well done."—[Bath Times.]

CARDING COWS.—When cows are turned out of their stalls they quite often go directly to some post or fence corner and rub themselves and when this is done they commence licking the parts which they can reach with their tongues. It would seem from this that there is some irritation of the skin, and that rubbing and scratching is very grateful to them. This is often evinced by their turning the neck to the person carding them, and sometimes following him about the yard for more of the same good thing. Carding allays irritation, or if there is a want of proper action in the skin, gently excites it and makes it soft, pliable and healthy. When the skin is in this condition, the hair is also soft, bright and elastic. Cattle will gain more for being carded, other things being equal. Perhaps some of our correspondents will tell us how many hours' proper carding are equal to a bushel of Indian meal. We do not know. In a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of animals, the celebrated Dr. Rush stated that currying the cow will cause an improvement in the quality of the milk and an increase in the quantity. We have no doubt of it. Now that grain is so high, would it not be economy to use a little more currying of the elbow and the card, and a little less grain?—[N. E. Farmer.]

The London Star, in reviewing the "situation" in our country, has the following commendation of the working of our democratic institutions:—"The upholders of aristocratic privileges fondly imagined that free institutions in America were about to prove a failure, and they rejoiced in those infractions of our neutrality which favored the aristocratic faction of the South in the prosecution of the war; but the result has emphatically shown the irresistible power of a Government sustained by the combined efforts of a free people. Soldiers have been found in numbers greater than the sternest despots could have commanded; money has been found in profusion; the art of war has received a new impetus from the free scope offered to inventors; Generals have sprung up masters of tactics and strategy; and more than all, no victims have perished on the scaffold. If these are the victims of free institutions, imagination would strive in vain to picture their triumphs."

Among the many anecdotes told by Rev. W. H. Channing is one of a boy, not eighteen, whom in his office of chaplain, he found dying. "My boy, what shall I do for you?" "Take my pocket book out," he said. Mr. Channing did so, and the boy opened it and took out three photographs. "At one he looked and said 'My mother, you did not so soon expect to meet me.' (His mother was evidently dead.) He then took out another and said, 'Dear sister Elsie, you did not think I would die so far from you.' He kissed this, as he had done that of his mother, with more loving words to both. He then took out the third, and looked up into Mr. Channing's face and smiled. It was his betrothed. Mr. C. said: 'It is hard to die when life is so sweet.' 'Oh, no, no, no,' said the boy; 'I thank God that I have a life to give for my dear country.'"

VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—A friend of ours who at one time resided in Tennessee and had a personal acquaintance with Andy Johnson, writes us as follows:—"Now a few words about Andy Johnson. I do not wish to excuse him if he did become intoxicated on the 4th of March, and in that state presign himself to take the oath of office. If such was the case, it was a shame and disgrace. But I do not believe that he is an habitual drunkard. When I was in Tennessee, I never heard him accused of it by his bitterest opponents. All through his Congressional career he never betrayed such bad habits, nor did he when Governor of Tennessee. I believe him to be a great and patriotic man; and I trust he will prove to the country and to the world, that he is above that low and degrading vice. I trust he will prove to be a man every way worthy the high position to which he has been called. That he will be faithful to his duties, I have not the least doubt. He has never failed in the past. As Representative and Senator in Congress, and both as civil and military Governor of Tennessee, he has always been true to the trusts committed to him. If on the 4th of March, he was overtaken by a fault, I trust he will apologize to the Senate, the country, and sin no more in this respect. It is very difficult for me, who have known him so long to believe that he was intoxicated on that day."—[Bath Times.]

CRACKERS.—Take 3 teaspoonfuls of sweet milk, 1 of butter, 13 of flour, 4 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda. Dissolve the soda and a little salt in the milk, put the cream of tartar into the flour, and also rub the butter into the flour, then mix with the milk. Roll very thin, prick very thickly, cut into squares, and bake in a quick oven.

[American Agriculturist.]

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—It is said that the application of half a peck of salt in the spring around a plum tree, will be found very efficacious in promoting its growth and fruitfulness, and also, in protecting it from disease. Salt is an essential ingredient in all compost manures intended for plum trees, and is highly promotive of health and fruitfulness.

HARD PUTTY around broken window panes is quickly softened by pouring kerosene oil on it.

Waterville Mail.

R. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... APR. 14, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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. P. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southwicks 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 departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

HOW THEY TAKE IT.—We wait with much curiosity to hear the first response from England and France to the news just sent from this country. The London Times, that felt so sure of the fall of the American government, now sees the hoped for weakness magnified into double strength, and its own government beginning to tremble for the retribution so consciously merited. What will that paper now say to cover the blundering predictions it has put on record?—and how will it endeavor to disguise the chagrin and disappointment that ought to overwhelm it? Now has the day of its humiliation come, and our triumph is the more glorious for the weak self-conceit with which that organ of English aristocracy has aided secession. But it should never be forgotten that there is a natural and deep antagonism between the democracy of our government and the aristocracy of all the European nations; a mutual hostility, as bitter on the one part as it is determined on the other. Occasions like this rebellion should mark this antagonism upon the public mind, that it may not be forgotten in the rubbish of diplomacy. In England there is an earnest and powerful democratic interest that sympathizes in and hopes for the democracy of our government; but the ruling interest is the very gall of hostility to this country, and hopes for nothing more than its failure to demonstrate the possibility of maintaining a republican form of government. This is in the very nature of things, and the arts of diplomacy should never blind us to a truth so essential to our safety. From motives of policy we may meet occasional tokens of sympathy, but they are false. England, Russia, France, Austria, as they fear or hate each other, or as the principles of democracy are more or less obvious among their subjects, may profess either love or hatred for us; but their "normal condition" is that of bitter and unqualified hostility to our government, and to its principles and institutions. Our strength as one of the powers of the earth must be our reliance for influence or favor with the nations of Europe. While aristocracy rules them and democracy us, we are natural enemies, and the safety and permanency of our government rests in our full knowledge of the political relation in which we stand to the rest of the world.

MRS. LOUISE S. MARRINER.—formerly Miss Lyford—one of the sweetest of the many sweet singers Waterville has produced, is in California winning fresh laurels in her adopted home. She sung on two evenings recently, in Stockton, and of the first performance the *Daily Independent* said:—

"Mrs. Marriner followed by singing a solo—"Ave Maria," which received the profound attention of every auditor, and was heartily applauded. Nothing less than a repetition of the piece would satisfy the listeners, which was done by the lady in a style of extraordinary excellence. Mrs. Marriner has a voice as sweet as the tones of a flute, yet of wonderful power and thoroughly under her command. She sings apparently, with the utmost ease, and every note is full of the sweetest melody. The various pieces sung throughout the evening by Mrs. Marriner were received with the greatest delight by the audience; and her superior talents will undoubtedly be appreciated by an equally large audience this evening."

Her share of the next evening's performance, was thus noticed:—

"Mrs. Marriner was heard to much better advantage than on the previous evening, being accompanied by the piano instead of the organ, and the notes of the instruments were no sweeter to the ear than the voice of the lady. She sang three Scottish songs; and Templeton or Professor Wilson, the two best songsters Scotland ever produced, never sang John Anderson; with finer effect, than it was done by Mrs. Marriner last evening. Every one in the audience will undoubtedly admit that she is a lady who possesses great musical talent."

NEW MUSIC.—The Dying Soldier's Request, or take me to your arms, dear brother," is the title of a piece of music recently published for the author by Henry Tolman & Co., Boston. The lines—which were written by W. Smith Knowlton, a last year's graduate of Waterville College, and originally published in our paper—were suggested by reading the dying words of Capt. Wm. A. Stevens, of the 16th Maine Regt., to his brother Edwin C. Stevens, "Tell them all I died thinking of them." The music was arranged by our townsman, Mr. R. S. Boulter. Copies can be had of music dealers.

THE JUBILEE.—As in all other places, so in Waterville, there was one continual shout of joy through the days of Monday and Tuesday. Boys, as well as men and women, were generous as well as noisy in their patriotism; and the munitions needful for incitement were forthcoming as fast as wanted. Even men who have meekly (and deservedly) borne that most odious of all games, "Cop," thrust their hands deep in their pockets, and put on looks so different from those they wore on the last election day, that they might have passed for strangers—or even friends. They were pretty generally forgiven, and allowed a fair start in the process of atonement for the sin of ignorance. Cannon, powder, music—all which were lacking—were forthwith obtained from Augusta and elsewhere, and General Jubilee made a formidable entry into our village, with all his forces.

The ball was tangibly set in motion by the college students, who came down in procession, with abundance of the music in which they are so well skilled. They were joined by the Home Guards, academy students, and a formidable line of volunteer attendants—and the remainder of the day had no lack of voices in its praise.

In the evening there was a crammed meeting at Town Hall, at which there was much good talk, some good music, and plenty of good feeling. President Champlin presided. The speeches were all brief, off-hand and hearty, as the inspiration of the occasion prompted. After the president, followed Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Hendley and Maguire, Joshua Nye, Prof. Lyford, E. F. Webb, Rev. Mr. Pepper, E. R. Drummond, C. F. Hathaway, and C. V. Hanson of the college. Several gentlemen of W. Waterville were called, but only Capt. John U. Hubbard responded, and in a spirit worthy of his last battle at Port Hudson.

Well intermingled with the other good things was the excellent music of the West Waterville Band; and when 10 o'clock suggested an adjournment it was preceded by three rousing cheers for the Army of Potomac—three for President Lincoln—three for Gen. Grant—three for all our officers and soldiers—and the singing of Old Hundred in full chorus.

THE OLD FLAG was in its glory every where on Monday, and even rebels and copperheads were compelled to come under its folds and bow down to its majesty. Here in Waterville it greeted the eye everywhere—on flag-staff and house-top, in window and doorway; while miniature editions of it were borne upon the hats of the ladies, and flourished frantically by all the young Yankee Doodles as they went careering joyfully around the streets, firing crackers and pistols and yelling at the top of their lungs. Among flags displayed was the old battle ensign of the Eleventh Maine, with the following memorable inscriptions upon it by authority:—Lee's Mills, Williamsburg, Chickahominy, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Bottom's Bridge, White Oak Swamp, Carter's Hill, Matthews's County, Gloucester, Yorktown; and its proud record was but half told by the names of these well known battle-fields, for it had also accompanied the regiment in its campaign in North and South Carolina and Florida, and also under glorious old Ben Butler on the James River. Its tattered and perforated folds bore eloquent testimony to the heroic daring of the regiment. "Three cheers for the gallant Colonel Plaisted," now Brigadier General, were given with a will by the students, as they passed the residence of the late Mr. C. P. Mason, the present home of Gen. P.'s wife and child, where the flag was suspended.

There was a unique and very pretty display of flags on the premises of the old Elmwood Hotel, the artistic work of Mr. Geo. L. Scavay.

A secesh flag, captured by Capt. Albert Bradley, of the 1st Maine Battery, was brought out by his grandfather, (Col. J. Williams), a staunch war democrat of the Boston Post school) to be placed upside down under the stars and stripes. Col. W.'s house was among those brilliantly lighted up in the evening.

COMING!—The fields are already brightening with green grass, and the habiliments of May-day are worn a fortnight before their time. It must be the genial breath of hope, coming from the fair prospect of peace, that thus warms nature into precocious beauty. The roads are drying and settling, and spring still promises to begin her work earlier than usual. Who objects?

BENTON TRIUMPHANT AT LAST!—After a hard struggle, and against odds, the true men of Benton are at last triumphant! The good news of Monday was properly celebrated; and illuminations, bonfires, bells, and a good time generally, gave notice to the blind sympathizers in rebellion, if any remained, that their mischievous work was ended.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. William Redington, one of our oldest native residents, died very suddenly, of apoplexy, on Sunday night. During a long life of usefulness he has ever had the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens, who know, especially those who have had his intimate acquaintance, that a good man has fallen. He was the fourth son of the late Asa Redington, Esq., and his age was 70 years.

MR. LATHAM, train dispatcher on the Grand Trunk Railroad, was put through a pretty severe course of sprouts on Tuesday for tearing down the American flag from a car on which it had been placed by some loyal officer of the road.

Topknot Onions are much inquired for in our market. Those who have them will do well to bring them in.

OUR TABLE.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET AND PLAYMATE for March completes another volume of this nice little juvenile magazine. It is full of very pleasant reading for the young people, from which they cannot fail to derive much profit. Like the other numbers of the volume, it is prettily illustrated.

Published by Wm. Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

ESCAPE.—Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Cyrus Howard, of Winslow, were thrown violently from a buggy at the corner of Main and Temple streets, on Tuesday, by "colliding" with the carriage of a two-forty team that couldn't wait for them to get out of the way. They were not injured—a point the driver of the other horse forgot to inquire about. If the "Village By-Laws," so much talked about lately, should take a few fast horses by the bit on Main street, it might help tame some of the propulsive boys, young and old, that "can't stop for trifles." They are carrying their sport too far, besides defrauding the trotting park of its just patronage. The Chief of Police would no doubt be well approved if he should interfere with this sport.

ANOTHER FESTIVAL. Saturday afternoon will witness another feature in the celebration of our victories. A public procession of the children and youth of Waterville and vicinity, bearing flags, banners, devices and mottoes, led by a band of music, will march through the principal streets, and give such entertainment to spectators as circumstances will permit. One hundred and fifty banners have been ordered from abroad, and with those that may be found at home, a fair show at least may be made in this department. There will be a show worth seeing, and probably something worth hearing,—for all which promises Mr. Nye and his Cadets are our vouchers to the public.

HENRY S. FOOTE, late rebel senator, who was allowed to go to Europe, has returned, but his funds being low he was compelled to take steerage passage. He has been provided with board at Fort Lafayette, the government not consenting to his visiting Tennessee, as he desired.

The rebel steamer *Stonewall* recently sailed from Lisbon, and the U. S. steamers *Sacramento* and *Niagara*, which arrived in port soon after, were forbidden to leave for twenty-four hours. A movement to shift their anchorage was taken to be an attempt to leave in defiance of the Portuguese authorities, and they were fired upon and one seaman killed.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—The Ellsworth American announces the death of Hon. Charles Jarvis, widely known throughout this State, in former years as an active public man and politician, which took place at Geneva, Ill., whither he had gone on a visit. His age was seventy-seven.

The Vermont raiders have all been discharged by our Canadian neighbors. If hereafter some of the Fenian brotherhood should make a raid over their border, and after robbing and murdering, should retreat into our territory, they must not complain if we refuse to punish or deliver them up.

Hon. J. G. Blaine telegraphs from Washington as follows, under date of April 10: "I have just returned from Richmond. There is great need of continued aid to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. They are both doing incalculable good to our suffering soldiers, and every effort should be made to replenish their treasures."

CHARLES P. BALDWIN has been commissioned Lt. Colonel of the Eleventh Maine regiment, and Sanford Hanscom, of Altison, Adjutant. In the First Regiment Veteran Infantry, Foster D. Goodrich, of Waterville, has been commissioned as 1st Lieut. of Co. G.

MR. D. FRANCIS TOZIER, of Anson, a printer, (whom we take to be a son of our old friend and fellow craftsman, B. F. Tozier, formerly of Waterville) has received the appointment of 3d Lieutenant in the U. S. Revenue Service.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS will find in this week's paper an extra containing the laws passed by our last legislature. Very provokingly they arrived just one day too late for our last week's issue.

All rumors of negotiations for peace between the President and rebel leaders in Virginia have no foundation in truth, and Mr. Lincoln has not authorized the re-assembling of the Virginia legislature.

SOUTHERN BEAUTIES. A large number of "poor whites" followed Sherman's army as it swept through South Carolina. An eye witness says of these people:—

Many of the females in their appearance give unmistakable signs of a parentage higher than the pure corn-cracker. Women with hands and eyes and foreheads which an oil princess would give a moiety of her fortune to possess, turned their heads to take from their mouths cups of tobacco of such size as to interfere with their enunciation. They all chew incessantly. Even little girls of eight years of age were chewing and spitting forth the tobacco juice like old tars. They are utterly ignorant, have a confused idea of christianity, and as to the way to free the niggers, the accomplishment of which laudable endeavor they have been taught to regard as the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the human family."

The London Spectator, referring to President Lincoln's inaugural address, says:—

No statesman ever uttered words stamped at once with the seal of so deep a wisdom and so true a simplicity. The "village attorney" of whom Sir G. C. Lewis and many other wise men wrote with so much scorn in 1861, seems destined to be one of those "foolish things of the world" which are destined to confound the wise, one of those weak things which shall "confound the things which are mighty."

A day of National Thanksgiving will be immediately appointed by the President.

War of Redemption.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory," the War of Redemption is rapidly approaching its close; and this record, begun four years ago in gloom and doubt, will soon end most gloriously. We have a country, redeemed and purified; and we have a government, strong and stable, the hope and protection of the oppressed everywhere, and a terror to all who would trample upon the inalienable rights of man, white or black.

The good news of last week—the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the capture of Ewell and his force—was followed by the announcement of the surrender of Lee's whole army on Sunday last. This, as all allow, both friend and foe, practically ends the rebellion, and re-establishes the authority of the government over the whole country. Armed resistance will not much longer be maintained in any quarter, though it will probably be necessary, for some years it may be, to continue a large military force in the Southern States, for the maintenance of rightful authority and the protection of loyal men.

The pursuit of Lee was continued with wonderful alacrity and persistence until Saturday, with occasional encounters, in which the rebels were invariably worsted, losing heavily in men and material, when Gen. Grant sent a line to Gen. Lee, suggesting the propriety of a surrender to save further loss of life, for surrounded as he was it must come to that at last. This led to an interchange of notes, during which our forces were not idle but kept pressing the enemy, resulting in the surrender of the remainder of the once formidable army of Northern Virginia. This included one General in Chief, three Major Generals, over sixty Brigadier Generals, and about thirty thousand men. At first Lee professed to be unable to see the hopelessness of his condition, and wished to negotiate for terms of peace. Ulysses told him he had no authority to treat for peace, but that the cessation of armed resistance to the government was one of the indispensable steps to peace, and the only conditions he would insist upon were that the men should be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. These liberal terms were finally agreed to, and after being paroled the men are to be allowed to depart to their homes—all the material being turned over to our possession.

We get but few further particulars beyond the subsequent capture of Lynchburg, and the announcement that Grant will immediately turn his attention to Johnston, if Sherman shall not sooner make an end of him. All of our commanders, we are told, have been instructed to accept the surrender of the rebel forces in their front on the same terms accorded to Lee.

The latest intelligence from Sherman places Johnston's army about 15 miles Northeast of Goldsboro'. Our forces had heard of the surrender of Richmond, and were eager to be again led to the conflict.

The attack upon Mobile, we learn, is continued, with obstinate resistance on the part of the rebels, but it may be in our possession ere this.

Jeff. Davis is believed to be in the vicinity of Danville.

We get news of the capture of Forrest and Roddy at Selma, Alabama, with their forces, by Thomas.

The Washington dispatch of the New York Post of April 11th, says a severe fight took place in Fairfax County, Va., between some guerillas and a portion of our troops in that vicinity. The rebels were defeated and dispersed.

The march from Petersburg to Burkesville by Grant is considered one of the swiftest of the war. The distance is 53 miles, and the march was accomplished in two days and a half. There have been larger marches of small commands, like that of Gen. Anger's brigade, in April, 1862, which in one day marched from Catlett's Station to within sight of Fredericksburg, a distance of 30 miles, and captured the city next morning before breakfast, and like that of the 93d New York Regiment, which, on the way to Gettysburg, marched through deep mud 32 miles in 12 hours.

The President has recently issued two important proclamations. One closes all the ports of the Confederate States, with the exception of New Orleans, Norfolk, Alexandria, Port Royal, Pensacola, and Fernandina—a measure which four years ago France and England declared they would not submit to. The other protests against the discrimination in foreign ports against our vessels, and notifies foreign powers that after a reasonable time elapses, their vessels will be entitled to exactly the same privileges in the ports of the United States which American vessels receive in their ports.

We are under obligations to our Portland correspondent, "W. G. S." and regret that we have not room for his favor. We hope however, to hear from him again.

SECRETARY SEWARD was quite seriously injured recently by being thrown from his carriage; but he is recovering rapidly.

The books of the Assistant Assessor of this district, open for public inspection at his office, are eloquent in their revelations of some phases of human nature.

Money ought to be plenty with us immediately. The National Bank and Waterville National Bank have each received \$20,000 worth of their bills.

BETTER THAN PORT.—Speer's Sambuci Wine is better than pure port, and since the adulteration of the latter it must take its place. It is pure and really excellent and health-giving.—[Troy Times.]

Get Speer's Wine only.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle at market last week, was 1503, about four hundred larger than the previous week; and the number of sheep was more than twice as large. Prices consequently fell off, and the buyers had the advantage of the market. Further particulars, found below, are from the full report of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and bone: A few single pairs of extra and premium, 17 1/2 to 18 cts. per lb.; that commonly called extra, 16 to 17 cts.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 15 to 16 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 14 to 15 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 12 to 13 cts.; Fourth grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 10 to 11 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for shorn 5 to 9c per lb; unshorn, 7 to 12 1/2 c. per lb.

STORE CATTLE.—Working oxen \$130 to \$300; handy steers, \$100 to \$150, or much according to value as beef. Milch cows, \$40 to \$70; extra, \$85 to \$90; farmers, &c., \$25 to \$40.

Working oxen in good flesh, such as farmers think they may use carefully about their work, feed well, and then are possible beef after planting time, are in demand, but poor and thin workers sell hard.

The milk cow department is all in the dumps. Since the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, people have been looking to see what is to come next, and seem to be anxious in preparing the purchase of milk cows till a more convenient season, if not to a cheaper time. One drover sold a cow after working long to get more, for \$75, which he said would have brought about \$100 a few weeks ago. The yards are pretty full this afternoon, and the dealers say there is just about no trade at all.

VEAL CALVES.—There is the usual supply for the season. They are sold by the head, at prices varying widely according to quality—say from \$2 to \$20 per head, or in lots from \$8 to \$16 for good veals.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shoes, 12 to 15c per lb; Hides, best Brighton, 9 to 10c per lb; country lots 7 to 8c; tallow, 8 to 10c; calf skins, 17 to 20c; pelts, \$2.00 to 2.50; country lots \$1.25 to \$1.50.

The late fall in the comparative value of gold, has greatly unsettled the market for hides, pelts, tallow and calf skins. Prices have gone down materially, and dealers are afraid to purchase at any price.

The supply this week was short, and prices stiffened accordingly.

ALMOST A FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Monday night came from the blacksmith shop of Mr. Wescott, on Main St., which was discovered to be on fire about midnight. The building was considerably injured, and at one time seemed to be nearly enveloped in flames. It was finally extinguished, with damage of perhaps fifty dollars to the building and twenty to tools. The building belongs to Mr. Alfred Burleigh.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.—"Carleton," of the Boston Journal, in describing a hospital scene, and contrasting the kindness shown by our nurses to the rebel wounded who have come into our hands, says:—

I recall in this connection the testimony of a citizen of Savannah, who said to me: "I went to the stockade where your prisoners were confined, with a basket of oranges to give to those who were dying; but was told by the officer in charge that his orders were imperative—to allow no one to give anything to the prisoners."

The scene of every day—as witnessed here in the hospital, will stand always in contrast to the scenes of Andersonville and Salisbury. Here, good beds, nourishing food, the best facilities of the stores of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, the kindest care which christian men can give. The other picture is a crowd of wretches clothed in rags, sleeping in holes in the ground, with no blanket, no house to shelter them from the heat of summer or the snows of winter, eating corn meal and water, and meat alive with maggots, stunted till starved, held in duress till hope died, till the mind turned in upon itself and passed from sensibility to idiocy, and stout-hearted men of iron nerve became drivelling imbeciles or walking skeletons, and greeted death as their friend!

The rebels have fought bravely, but forever against them on the pages of history will be the damning stain, which can never be forgotten or lost to sight—the crimes which savages scorn—of unparalleled inhumanity to prisoners of war.

THE PURSUIT OF LEE.—The New York Herald's correspondence recounts the pursuit of Lee's army. The twenty-fourth Corps reached near Black's and White's Station, on the South Side Railroad on the morning of the 5th, with Gens. Grant and Ord. The Fifth Corps and cavalry pushed on to Jetersville on the Danville Railroad, and arrived there without any fighting until the night of the 4th. The Second, Sixth and Ninth were following closely in their rear. By the night of the 5th they were all up on the Danville road, and the Twenty-fourth up to Burkesville Junction.

It appears that Lee ordered that portion of the army cut off by our piercing line on Sunday to join him at Amelia Court House, fearing to have them attempt to reach Burkesville Junction, and so on to Danville.

When Gen. Grant reached Nottaway Court House, a staff officer arrived stating that Sheridan had encountered the enemy in small force at Jetersville, driving him and making important captures. Our column had intended to go into camp, but Gen. Grant thought Lee's only hope lay in forced marches; he therefore ordered the advance continued. The men, who had already tramped twenty miles, on being informed of the stirring news from Sheridan, clamored to march all night and started off with cheers. Wherever Grant was recognized as he rode along the line, the delight of the troops was expressed in the most enthusiastic manner. As one division exhausted itself in cheering another would take it up, and so it went along the whole line.

Soon another dispatch was received from Sheridan, and its contents was such as to cause Grant to leave the road and cut across the country to Sheridan's headquarters. On the night of the 5th the army lay in line of battle stretching across three or four miles of country and facing northward at Jetersville. Custar's division of cavalry lay on the right flank, and McKenzie on the left. The infantry was formed with the Sixth Corps on the right, Fifth in the centre, and Second on the left. During the night Lee moved off many of his trains. It was feared he would elude this column. Gen. Ord was to march in the morning toward Lynchburg to cut off his retreat to any point south of that. The whole army in the morning moved five miles on the road to Danville.

In the forenoon the Second and Sixth Corps proceeded and fell upon Gordon's corps; the rear guard of Lee's army in the vicinity of Deatonville, stampeding portions of it and making many captures of men and material. Gordon took up one position after another on the hill tops, and succeeded in retarding our pursuit to a limited extent. Refugees and deserters stated that the rebel army was falling to pieces.

The Herald's correspondence with the cavalry recounts the movements of this arm of the service in pursuit of Lee. Their rear guard was overtaken on the morning of the 3d, strongly entrenched across the Nagawine Creek, having destroyed the bridge and felled trees across the ford to impede the pursuit. On advancing the enemy opened fire, which was returned with vigor. They were finally shelled from their position. A number of men were at once dismounted and the obstructions removed, and the command crossed. Evidence of demoralization on the part of the enemy were at once met with. The road was strewn with all sorts of munitions; cannon and ammunition were discovered secreted in the woods. Pushing on, Barringer's brigade of cavalry was soon encountered by one brigade, Col. Wells commanding, when the rebels scattered like a flock of sheep on being fired upon. In this charge Lieut. Custar, brother of the General, got detached from his command, but came in with a rebel battle flag and fourteen "Johnnies." Col. Capelhart's Third Brigade about the same time overtook the rebels near Denmansville, and drove them, gathering much ammunition and many prisoners and guns. Finally the rebels rallied to make a stand, when our cavalry formed for a charge. A strong force of rebel infantry was discovered in the rear, when our men commenced to fall back slowly, disputing every inch of ground, until they were reinforced, and the rebels driven again. We followed them closely until night set in. The rebels have been driven twenty-two miles, routed at every point, losing men, artillery, wagons, etc. Our whole loss was not fifty. On the 4th the march was resumed and continued until afternoon, when the enemy were overtaken and skirmishing ensued, which continued until night.

The total vote of New England in the recent Presidential election was 513,231—about one eighth the entire vote cast in the loyal States. Yet New England has about one quarter of the members of the Federal Senate and furnishes a chairman for every important committee in that body.—[Democratic Exchange.]

Quoting the above paragraph, the editor of the *Solano County Herald*, of California, himself a born Yankee, comments as follows:—

"And New England can furnish fit material for the government of the world. What would the Nation be without the vitalizing force of long despised and condemned New England? For the physical valor, intellectual worth, resplendent genius and moral integrity of her citizens, New England stands to-day upon her sandy shores and rocky mountain-tops, peerless among the countries of earth. Over the rolling prairies of the 'Far West,' throughout the sunny glades, the sterile plains and the dense forests diversifying the Continent, millions of New England's sons are felling the sturdy woods, delving in the rich mines, garnering the wealth of nature in a thousand forms, civilizing the otherwise semi-barbarous societies into which they penetrate, energizing communities, building high walks of literature, and doing more than all besides to raise the people to the most elevated standard of life. A million of her sons in distant lands hold New England's honor dear to their hearts, and yearning with filial affection toward the home of their youth, stand ready to do battle against her foes. The 'New England Idea' has vitalized the Nation into 'newness of life'; and when her power ceases to be felt—when the ambassadors she has sent to every clime no longer give her cause to be proud of her offspring—when the chords connecting her to the country are severed—then, and not till then, will this Republic Empire cease to be among the Powers of earth."

DIVES AND LAZARUS.—At a meeting in Boston on Tuesday night, Frederick Douglass thus facetiously spoke of Dives and Lazarus: "I tell you, the negro is coming up—he is rising—rising. Why, only a little while ago we were the Lazaruses of the South; the Dives were the slaveholders; and how singular it is that we have here another illustration of that Scripture! Once there was a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day, and was arrayed in purple and fine linen. He came North, clothed in silk and in satin, shining with gold, and his breast sparkling with diamonds—his table loaded with the good things of this world. And a certain Lazarus sat at his gate, desiring the crumbs that fell from his table. Such was the record. But now a change has taken place. That rich man is lifting up his eyes in torment down there, and seeing Lazarus afar off, in Abraham's bosom, is all the time calling on Father Abraham to send Lazarus back. But Father Abraham says, 'If they hear not Grant nor Sherman, neither will they be persuaded though I send Lazarus unto them.'"

Says Theodore Tilton to the Missouri Constitutional Convention: "A few days ago Gratz Brown told you truly that, except for the negro vote in New York, the calamity called Horatio Seymour would have been repeated at the last election. I believe with Fred Douglass that, if a negro knows as much when sober as an Irishman when drunk, he knows enough to vote."

The members already chosen to the Thirty-ninth Congress now stand: Union, 144; Democrat, 35. Kentucky, Tennessee, and perhaps other Southern States will swell the Union number. In the last Congress there were three Democrats from New England—one each from Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut. They have all had leave to stay at home, and in the next Congress New England will be a unit.

GLORY!—"Perley," the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, closes a dispatch to that paper with these words:—

"Honor to Lieutenant General Grant, who has planned the campaign which has terminated in the overthrow of the rebellion! Honor to the generals who have obeyed orders, regarding success as a duty, and honor to the brave boys, white and black, who have won the victories!"

The Richmond *Whig*, now loyal, publishes in the same typographical style as deaths are usually printed:—

"DEAD, CONFEDERACY—SOUTHERN. At the late residence of his father, J. Davis, Richmond, Virginia, Southern Confederacy, aged four years. No funeral."

GEN. BUTLER'S VIEWS.—Among those who delivered speeches on Monday was General Butler. His remarks were principally directed to the subject of the future disposition by the government of the participants in the rebellion. He recommended that all the leaders should be disfranchised and disqualified from holding any office under the government, but that the masses, including the negroes, should have the rights of citizenship.

Charleston, sure enough, is being sown with salt—the "salt of the earth"—salt that has not lost its savor. Yankee school teachers are thick as blackberries, and already fifteen hundred children have been gathered into the schools of the city.—[Port Press.]

