



9-23-1864

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 12): September 23, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 12): September 23, 1864" (1864). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 56.

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By G. W. HOLMES.
Pier of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne thro' our battle-field's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and blazoned in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fate!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Fido of her children and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unscathed! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet, by madmen and traitors blighted
Dark the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us!
Trusting Thee always thro' shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, Oh, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY MISS MARY E. THOMPSON.
CHAPTER I.

Though modest, on his unembellished brow
Nature had written "gentleman"—Byron Foster.
"News, ladies, news!" said Frank Foster,
putting his head into my parlor window, where
a bevy of the young girls of the village had
collected, one pleasant June morning, to discuss
the events of the little party I had given them
the evening before.

"What is it, Frank: what is it?" cried all
in a breath. (Don't be shocked, my young
fashionables, at this want of ceremony; re-
member, the young people of our village grew
up together.) "Why, there came a letter by
mail, this morning, directed to—, the
distinguished American poet, at this place;
besides, I heard through my cousin, Fred Fos-
ter, formerly his college chum, now his corre-
spondent, that he intended spending a month in
our village, a week ago; so you see we may
expect him certainly—scarcely this week, as it
is now Saturday, but soon, as he is already
supposed to be here. Now, ladies, I happen
to know that he is young, single, good-looking,
amiable; and, if I were not disposable myself
(a prize, as you all know, well worth securing),
I should advise you to—set your caps; one and
all, without delay."

"Come in, Frank, do, and tell us all about
him."

"Not for the universe; I have but half a
second left to reach the cars; I shall miss them
if I remain here another moment. Oh, les
femmes! les femmes! he who lingers is lost:
let me resist temptation immediately. Au re-
voir, ladies, au revoir!" and, bowing grace-
fully, the gay young man turned away and
walked on down the street.

"O Aunt Debbie," said little Nell Thomp-
son, "what a pity we had our party so soon!
If he had only come this week, instead of
next!"

"Never mind, my dear; I will give you
another."

"You will! Oh, girls! did you hear that?
Aunt Debbie is going to give us another party."

"Is she? Are you, Aunt Debbie? Oh,
you darling woman! Thank you! I thank you!
and they crowded round in their glee, thank-
ing and caressing me.

"There, there, my children, that will do;
Nelly, my specs, dear, if you please; there, on
that table. Thank you. Lucy, will you gath-
er up my sewing; you have overturned my
work-basket. See what you have done, Maggie;
you have drawn the needles out of my
stocking."

"Oh, pardon, pardon, Aunt Debbie; but
when shall we have the party?"

"When? week after next; we will decide
on the evening between this and that time."

"You will invite the poet?"

"Oh, of course."

"Let me see; I'll wear my salmon-colored
silk; it is so becoming to me," said the hand-
some Helen Houston.

"I'll wear my blue barege," said little blonde
Lucy Nelson; "it's so delicate, it suits my
complexion exactly."

"We will order new dresses of pale pink
satin," said the elder of the two proud Sher-
wood sisters, "and brother Tom will make the
poet's acquaintance, and invite him home to
dinner."

"And what will the little Annie wear?"
said I, bending down to the sweet but silent
girl on the footstool at my feet; "you will wish
to captivate also?"

"As for clothes, my worldly effects are
something like Ichabod Crane's, portable in a
pocket handkerchief; and as I have no means
of enhancing their value at present, I must en-
deavor to make the best of matters; but as to captivat-
ing the poet, Aunt Debbie, would you have me
try?"

"I would have you try to fulfil your prom-
ise to spend a few weeks with me, now that I
shall have this party to get up; besides, I have
a country cousin coming to visit me next week,
whom I should like you to help me entertain."

"Oh, with pleasure; and I can come very
well, now that my aunt is staying with me.
Mother will not miss me while Aunt Ellison is
with her."

"That's a dear obliging girl! Now don't
disappoint me; I shall depend on you."

"Soon after, the girls left, and after arranging
the room, I set about taking up the dropped
stitches of my unfortunate stocking, thinking
the while of Annie Logan. You shall know
more about her, my reader; but first I must
promise that, although all the young folks of
the village, call me Aunt Debbie, I have no
earthly right to that title, as I was an only
child, and am now a "maiden lady," so far ad-
vanced in years that I do not like to publish
them. I have a cousin, however, a young
cousin, who is a "host in himself." Excuse
me, my reader, that neither you nor my young
friends in the village are to know more about
him at present; I never boast, my reader,
either of relations or acquaintances, never
knowing that where boasting is used, it is
needed; though I confess to being somewhat
egotistical just now; so let me return from the
snow of age to the bloom of youth; to one
elegant in manner, cultivated in intellect, noble
in principle, and beautiful in thought, feeling
and expression—my little favorite, Annie Lo-
gan. She was poor, in the estimation of the
world, being the only daughter of a widowed
mother, who was obliged to keep a boarding-
house, and having to teach music for her own
maintenance; nevertheless, in all that makes
a woman intrinsically valuable, she was rich,
abundantly wealthy.

I had taken up all the stitches, folded up my
nearly finished stocking, and run the needles
through the ball of yarn, when I heard the
long, shrill whistling whistle of the returning

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1864.

NO. 12.

cars. It reminded me of Mr. Cutter's "Song
of Steam," and, as I sat repeating to myself
that most beautiful lyric, I felt a slight tap on
my shoulder, and, turning round quickly, be-
held my cousin, carpet-bag in hand. My only
living relation! Did he appear as handsome
to any one as he did to me that morning, when,
the first greeting over, I had time to observe
him, to watch the ever-varying expression of
his fine eyes, and to admire the rich chestnut
hair waving over the white, magnificently-de-
veloped forehead! I had not seen him since
my removal from the country to this village ten
years ago, and he was then a quiet, diffident
youth, preparing for college. Now, as I sat
talking with him, I could not help mentally ex-
claiming, again and again—How much im-
proved he is! and what a splendid specimen of
manhood!

That evening, after he had drawn my easy-
chair to the centre-table and placed a footstool
under my feet, he seated himself opposite, re-
marking how home-like and peaceful my little
parlor seemed, with its bright light and cheer-
ful fire, to him, who had so long been deprived
of the blessings and comforts of home. I sent
for my knitting, and we spent a pleasant even-
ing together, my cousin and I, enjoying a con-
versation frank in character, cheerful in tone,
and rich in old memories.

CHAPTER II.
She to higher hopes
Was destined—ARKSABE.

"Deborah," said my aristocratic old friend,
Mrs. Featherstonough, at the conclusion of her
last letter, "I have determined to let
Florence remain one more winter at the north,
in order to perfect herself in music and the lan-
guages; and, as it is neither pleasant nor desir-
able she should come so far south in midsum-
mer for a few weeks, I should like to have her
spend her vacation with you. You will take
good care of my daughter, my true friend, and
will be a watchful guardian, I trust. I do not
wish to have her make any new acquaintances.
You know well that, although an American, I
am no lover of democracy, and I particularly
dislike the present levelling system of society.
Besides, I have bestowed so much care and ex-
pense on Florence that I anticipate a brilliant
debut for her next winter in our own city. I
am confident that she will be the belle of the
season. Pardon a mother's ambitious view, De-
borah, and forgive me my 'illiberal' views, as
you used to do in 'auld lang syne.' If, as
Bulwer asserts, our opinions are the angel part
of our nature, I fear you will not give much
for mine. Nevertheless, I feel assured that,
for the sake of our old friendship, you will re-
gard the trust and value the attachment of
Your sincere friend,
FRANCES FEATHERSTONOUGH.

P.S. Please insist upon Florence
wearing a large sun-bonnet whenever she goes
out."

"Poor Fanny!" thought I, as I refolded the
letter; "as narrow-minded and conservative
as ever." But there are excuses for her, my
reader; though an American, as she says, by
birth, she was of English parentage and educa-
tion, and had married a wealthy friend and
countryman of her father's, who was as strenu-
ously a royalist as himself. I could not help
smiling at the postscript. Did she wish the
sunbonnet to protect her daughter's fair face
from the sun, or from the admiring gaze of our
village beaux?

This letter was soon followed by Miss
Featherstonough, who came a few days after
my cousin's arrival. I had never seen her
before, and when she threw back the long
thick green veil that almost enveloped her
whole person, I could not but acknowledge
that her appearance justified her mother's
worldly expectations. She was tall, slender,
and stately in figure; *distingue*, and at the
same time fascinating in manner; but when
she removed the close travelling bonnet, and
I saw the whole contour of her most perfect
Grecian features, her large lustrous eyes, and
her magnificent wealth of dark hair, parted
smoothly on the centre of her forehead, brushed
back, and gathered into soft shining folds at
the back of her head, I stood looking at her
like one entranced. Never in my life had I
seen any one so beautiful, so superb! Recov-
ering myself, I led the way to the apartment
prepared for her, and, as she employed herself
in various little matters, I could not help fol-
lowing her with my eyes. I was charmed.
Well might her proud fond mother say, "My
Florence moves like a queen!" Miss Feath-
erstonough was somewhat fatigued with her
journey, and I left her to rest awhile pre-
vious to preparing for dinner. My cousin was
out rambling in the woods when she came, but
I had the pleasure of presenting him at dinner.
I saw by his animated manner that he was
much pleased as myself with this new and de-
lightful acquisition to our family.

Miss Featherstonough was rather reserved
during the first and second days of her visit;
but, owing partly to the simple unceremonious
customs of my household, and much more to
the really polite and engaging deportment of
my cousin, she began to unbend, and soon ac-
commodated herself to our mode of living per-
fectly. Towards the close of the second even-
ing I opened the piano, and requested her to
play. She complied immediately, and played
skillfully and well, with taste, beauty and feel-
ing. She sang too; and, as the fine full tones
of her voice floated through the apartment, my
cousin joined in, and I, charmed and thrown
off my guard by the softening influence of the
music, commenced also; but as my poor old
cracked voice, did anything but add to the
melody, I soon desisted, not a little discomfited.
But my kind, thoughtful cousin insisted upon
my singing "Home, Sweet Home" with them,
and one or two other old tunes, before we re-
tired.

Next morning, as I had an engagement, my
cousin proposed a ride on horseback to Miss
Featherstonough, which she accepted with
pleasure, and soon made her appearance in an
elegant blue riding-habit, black velvet cap, and
white plumes. Miss Featherstonough certain-
ly understood the art of dressing well; she
could not have selected a more becoming cos-
tume. I saw my cousin regard her with evi-
dent admiration when he entered to say that
all was in readiness. I watched them mount
from the piazza, and as they rode off, grace-
fully bowing their adieux, I could not help
building an "air-castle" for them entirely at
variance with friend Fanny's injunctions.

During their absence, to my great delight, An-
nie Logan arrived. The sweet girl! there is
such an undefinable charm about her that her
presence is always desirable. I took great
pleasure in presenting Miss Featherstonough
and my cousin to my little favorite when they
returned. While the girls were changing their
dresses, my cousin embraced the opportunity
to ask me a few questions concerning Annie,
adding that he did not care how many more
ladies came, if they were all as charming and
agreeable as Miss Featherstonough. I was
about to sound him farther when the door
opened, and Annie and Miss Featherstonough
entered. My cousin arose and offered chairs;
but, before they had time to accept, the dinner-
bell rang. Never was there a pleasanter din-
ner-party, and never was there a happier
household than mine during the week following.
The girls drew or embroidered while my cousin
read to them, in the mornings; after dinner,
we walked, rode or sailed; and in the evenings
we had music, conversation, games, and very
often, visitors. I felt almost young again; my
heart warmed and expanded in the genial
spring-like influence around me, and there came
back over the waste of my existence a
breath from the far-off morning-time.

CHAPTER III.
Hers was the brow in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed.
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise.
CAMPBELL.

After breakfast one morning, when I had
sent my cousin to arrange a little matter of
business for me, left Miss Featherstonough
promising in the piazza, and seen Annie
seated in the parlor at her drawing. I went up
to my room to write a letter. The windows
were all open; and as I sat at my desk in the
corner between a front and side window, con-
sidering and arranging my thoughts, my eye
rested at intervals on the lovely landscape be-
low, and the blue river winding its solitary way
afar off, I heard little feet ascending the steps
of the piazza, and then a childish voice sup-
plicating in pitiful tones for a few pennies to
buy some bread.

"Run away," said Miss Featherstonough,
"run off home, little ragamuffin! no one en-
courages beggars here."

I hastened to the window to see who it was,
for I knew, from the boy's earnest sorrowful
tone, that he was in distress; and I knew, also,
that nothing but real necessity would induce
any one to beg in our village; but he was
gone. Just then I heard the side door open,
and, going to the other window, I saw Annie
come out and go to the child, who was crouch-
ing down close to the side of the house crying
bitterly.

"There, there, my little man, don't cry so;
here's something to buy some bread, run off
and get it as fast as you can. But wait; does
not your mother live in the little cottage by
the mill?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And how is it that you are in need of
bread?"

"Cos daddy got drunk, and Mr. Miller
wouldn't give him any more work, and mother
so sick she couldn't do any more washin'."

"What's your name, my man?"

"Tommy Dale."

"Very well, Tommy, run away now and get
the bread, and take it home to your mother."

Poor Fanny, thought I, as I ruminated over
this incident, I fear she has thought more of
the external than the internal, in forming her
child's character. I was sorry that this affair
had occurred. To be sure, it was trifling in
itself, and Florence was recently from a large
city, where there are so many mendicants.
Nevertheless, such a want of charity in one so
young impressed me unfavorably. I finished
my letter and went down-stairs. Miss Feath-
erstonough and my cousin were engaged in an
animated argument on the propriety and im-
propriety of acting from impulse, when I en-
tered the parlor, but Annie was absent. Some
time after, she came in, and I knew, from the
radiant expression of her ingenuous face, that
Annie had been acting from the impulse of her
own good heart, and that the family by the
"old mill" had been relieved and comforted.
Towards evening, as we wandered through the
cool shaded walks of my beautiful garden (I
am very proud of my garden, reader, and with
reason), Miss Featherstonough praised its plan-
ting, admired the arrangement of the beds, arbors,
and shrubbery in her own peculiarly happy
and graphic manner, which lent a charm to
everything described not entirely its own, till
I was quite delighted, and I felt thrilled
ashamed of myself for having harbored a
thought detrimental to the beautiful being be-
fore me. My cousin listened approvingly
while he busied himself in gathering and ar-
ranging bouquets for us. I noticed in the one
he gave to Annie white roses, violets, heart's-
ease, and forget-me-nots; but in Miss Feath-
erstonough's I saw, among other symbolical
flowers, myrtle, heliotrope, and red roses. As
the evening was so charming, and it wanted
still an hour of tea-time, we concluded to ex-
tend our walk, Annie and I leading the way
towards the river, my cousin and Miss Feath-
erstonough following. Indeed it always hap-
pened, I scarcely know how, that my cousin
was Miss Featherstonough's companion, whether
in riding, sailing or walking. As we sauntered
slowly along the banks of the river, enjoy-
ing the refreshing breeze and admiring the
sunset, we saw at a short distance, in front of
us two little boys, one fishing and the other
watching him. They were standing with their
backs toward us, and, as we neared them, every
word they uttered sounded distinctly over the
still water.

"Oh, Harry," said the little watcher, "if I
only had a line like that, I'd be happy."

"Well, Jim, why don't you get one? I only
give a sixpence for that Smith's."

"How can I when I haint got the money?"
I've been at mother to get me one for weeks,
and she says she haint got the money to spare."

"Wont your father?"

"He don't come back from work at farmer
Ripley's till Saturday night; but I don't be-
lieve he'd give it to me if he was home. I
must just go without. I never get anything I
want, anyhow."

"Come hither, my boy," said Miss Feath-
erstonough.

The child turned quickly round, somewhat
startled at the presence of strangers, blushed
and obeyed confusedly.

"Will you get me some of those white flow-
ers on the bank there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The little fellow ran to comply, and in a
few minutes returned with a quantity of the
flowers indicated. Miss Featherstonough took
them, and put the desired sixpence in his
hand.

"Oh, thankie! thankie, ma'am!" and the
delighted boy bounded away to his companion
to show his treasure.

"How easy it is to give happiness to a
child!" said Miss Featherstonough, her beau-
tiful face reflecting the pleasure she had be-
stowed; "would it were as easy to obtain it
for ourselves!"

The lovely girl, how I had wronged her! I
gave her my hand, contrived to get her away
from my cousin, walked with her, talked with
her best; but when I turned round to see
why she answered? Yes instead of No so often,
I found her intently regarding my cousin, who
was carefully putting the flower she had given
him into one of the buttonholes of his coat.
Simpleton! I might have known better; was
it natural that she should prefer the society of
an old woman to that of a young man? I re-
paired my error, of course. On our way home
we met Laura and Eleanor Sherwood, who in-
vited us to a party at their house for the even-
ing after next. Ah! this reminds me that I
had forgotten to mention that the evening for
our party came and went by unobserved some
time ago, as the poet had not made his appear-
ance.

As the girls and myself were sitting alone
in the parlor early next morning, we heard the
ever-welcome postman's ring. Annie flew to
the hall, and in a few minutes returned with a
couple of letters, which she held high above
her head, playfully exclaiming—

"Here they are, Miss Featherstonough,
bearing the motto of thine own true knight,
'God and my faire ladye.'"

Miss Featherstonough sprang eagerly for-
ward and snatched them from her hand; but,
on glancing at the superscriptions, and seeing
that neither was for her, her brow darkened
and with a sudden burst of passion she dashed
them on the floor; then, turning to the startled
Annie with anger glowing in every lineament
of her face, exclaimed—

"Do you consider that a joke, Miss? If
you do, let me tell you that I consider it an in-
sult."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons! I assure
you I did not mean to offend; I only did it in
fun." But without heeding, Miss Feath-
erstonough brushed past her and left the room.

"O Aunt Debbie, what have I done," said
the distressed girl.

"Nothing, my dear; at least, nothing to
merit such an ebullition as that; think no more
about it."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Debbie, it certainly was
very wrong in me, very; I must go and tell
her how sorry I am."

"Not now, my dear; do not go now; it will
not avail; besides, I have a commission for
you to attend to immediately, if you will so
that you may be back in time for breakfast."

What that commission was, my reader, poor
old bedridden Nancy, who lives in the cot in
the opening at the head of the glen, may tell
you herself, if she chooses; it is enough, for the
present, to know that it diverted Annie's mind
from the contemplation of a disagreeable sub-
ject, pleased Nancy, and left me to ponder un-
interrupted over Miss Featherstonough's sud-
den and surprising manifestation of ill-temper,
which I regretted, especially as my cousin's
eyes and manner had of late evinced some-
thing more than friendliness when directed
towards her, and unless my old eyes and specs
deceived me, that something was reciprocated
too.

If a lasting attachment should spring up
between them—Oh! I could not think of it;
my cousin, with his simple domestic habits and
warm heart, could never be happy with a
woman reared and educated solely for the
world of fashion, even though her temper were
serene and changeless as a summer sky. Had
I better make him the warder on the water-
tower of his own heart, by narrating to him the
incident of the letters when he came in? No I
could not do that. I had learned Pope's
verse—

"Teach me to hide the fault I see," etc.

too thoroughly in my youth to be able to vi-
olate its precepts in my old age. Right or
wrong, I must let things take their course.
But then such a thing might not occur again
until it was too late. My poor cousin—he
certainly was far too good for Florence Feath-
erstonough. Too good for Florence Feath-
erstonough! My country cousin! I almost for-
gave the spirit of the proud mother before me
in the loftiness of his avenging wrath. Rest
tranquil in thy ignorance of the fact, Fanny—
secure in thy fancied elevation. Be assured
that art not alone in thy error. I have met
many another in my walk through life, who,
like thee, chose to assume a superiority over
men who, in their calm pride, would not con-
descend to notice thee or thy airs, save by a
quiet smile of pity.

A quarter of an hour later, when we all met
at breakfast, Annie was reconciling to Miss
Featherstonough, and Miss F. was in return—
shall I say it?—sulky. My cousin soon per-
ceived that something was wrong, and with a
tact and delicacy that I could not but admire,
introduced such interesting topics of conver-
sation, and in spite of monosyllabic answers at
first, maintained so perfectly his own even, kind
and agreeable manner, that we soon yielded to
his influence, and the delightful tone of our in-
tercourse, so rudely dashed aside for the mo-
ment, flowed back into its accustomed channel
again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REBEL OFFICERS PLACED UNDER
FIRE AT CHARLESTON. The six hundred
rebel officers on Morris Island have been placed
under fire in retaliation for that number of
Union prisoners exposed to our fire in Charle-
ston. The quarters of these officers are on
Cummings Point, directly between forts Gregg
and Wagner, and are commanded by the bat-
teries of both forts and an enfilade from the
fleet. A stockade has been built of pine logs,
sharpened at the top, and inside this stockade,
which is some fourteen feet high, the officers
are quartered in shelter tents. A plank way
runs round the work, on which sentinels are
stationed. The fare furnished the prisoners is
as near like that which the rebels give our men

in Charleston as it is possible to obtain. The
rebels are certainly in a bad fix. Whenever
their friends open fire on Cummings Point, in
reply to our guns, they will be exposed to im-
minent danger of life and limb. Gen. Foster
determined to bring the rebels to their senses in
this matter.

PUERILITY OF GOSSIP.—It is humiliating
to think on what a thin intellectual diet some
people live in so-called society. We have lis-
tened to an hour's conversation between young
or older ladies, and have wondered that the in-
tellect did not die from sheer starvation. E.
P. Whipple, in one of his essays, has some
good hints on this point:

"But of all the expedients to make the head
weak, the brain giddy, and bring life down to
the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the
most successful is the little talk and tattle which,
in some charmed circles, is courteously styled
'conversation.' How human beings can live
on such meagre fare—how continue existence
in such a famine of topics—is a great question,
if philosophy could search it out. All we know
is, that such men and women there are, who
will go on dawdling in this way from fifteen to
four score, and never hint on their tombstones
that they died at last of consumption of the
head and marasmus of the heart. The whole
universe of God spreading out its splendors
and terrors and pleading for their attention, and
they wondering where Mrs. Somebody got that
divine ribbon to her bonnet!" The whole
world of literature, through its triumphs of fame,
adjoining them to regard its garnered stores,
both of thought and emotion, and they thinking,
'It's high time, if John intends to marry our
Sarah, for him to pop the question!' To be
sure, when this frippery is spiced with a little
envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes
of scandal with nice bits of detraction, it be-
comes endowed with a slight venomous vitality,
which does pretty well, in the absence of soul,
to carry on the machinery of living if not the
reality of life."

MAID AND WIFE.—Marriage is to a woman
at once the happiest and saddest event of her
life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on
the death of present enjoyment. She quits her
home, her parents, her companions, her amuse-
ments—everything on which she has hitherto
depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness
and for pleasure. The parents by whose ad-
vice she has been guided, the sister to whom
she has dared to impart every embryo of
thought and feeling, the brother who has played
with her, by turns the counsellor and the coun-
sellee, and the younger children to whom she
has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all
are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every
former tie is loosened, the spring of every ac-
tion is changed, and she flies with joy in the
untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the
confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and
grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns
with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to
the happiness to come. Then woe to the man
who can blight such fair hopes—who can treach-
erously lure such a heart from its peaceful en-
joyments and watchful protection of home, who
can, coward-like, break the illusions which have
won her, and destroy the confidence which love
has inspired. Woe to him who has too early
withdrawn the tender plant from the props and
stays of moral discipline in which she has
been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to sup-
ply their places, for on him is first taught her, by
his example, to grow careless of her duty, and
then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and
unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the
wily temptations of a sinful world.

PAYING DEAR FOR INDULGENCE.—Young
man, young woman, if you are yielding to any
bad habit, know that you will pay for it! You
will be sorry for it, sometime. The excesses of
youth, as one says, are drafts upon age. It is
easy, I know, to do wrong now; but it will not
be so easy to suffer for it afterward, as long as
you live. Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer,
said in one of his speeches, "I tell you in all
sincerity, not as in the excitement of a speech,
but as I would confess and have confessed be-
fore God, I would give my right hand tonight
if I could forget that which I have learned in
evil society; if I could tear from my remem-
brance the scenes which I have witnessed, the
transactions which have taken place before me.
You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of
a single impure thought which has lodged and
harbored in the heart. You may pray against
it, and by God's grace you may conquer it, but
it will, through life, cause you bitterness and
anguish."

Hearken to this testimony! The Bible
promises "length of days" to those who keep
God's commandments. Be so temperate, so pure,
so prudent, that, if your life is spared, you may
at length come to your end like the man de-
scribed by Nathaniel Lee, nearly two hundred
years ago:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that withered long;
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner;
Rare seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly he ran on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,
The wheels of seventy life at last stood still."

RELATIVE DUTIES.—Robert Philip has ob-
served that every man's character is to be
estimated by the measure of his fidelity in
meeting the several relations of life. What one
is as a husband, father, brother, friend, citizen,
must fix his character. There is no such thing
as abstract virtue. As all duties are concrete
and actual, so no one is at liberty to substitute
a theory of rectitude for the practice of the
same. Both in its spirit and in its precepts
Christianity demands a recognition of this great
truth. Religion consists in an obligation to per-
form certain relative duties and to abstain from
the commission of certain relative wrongs.
Thus piety is morality, animated by love, guided
by faith, and controlled by truth. Long as the
gospel has been preached, there are yet vast
masses of nominal Christians who need to learn
what are the first principles of true religion.
Creeds, ceremonies, rites, forms, and all the
pomps of external worship can never take the
place of the simple duties we owe to God and
to each other. Still there are those who, intent
upon becoming very religious, adore and value
more the forms of worship, than they do the
living spirit of holiness in the heart. Hence it
is that while many are at times very devout,
they are also found to be very ungodly. They

are precise conformists in matters external, and
reckless non-conformists in matters internal.
They have boundless faith in ordinances and
rites, and but little love for the less conspicuous
duties of private life. Against this perversion
of the spirit of Christianity there should be a
constant protest. For protestantism itself de-
rived its origin, and now owes its existence, to
the distinction, which it recognized between a
religionism of rites and a religion which takes
possession of the individual heart, and fills it
with right motives and correct principles of
conduct.—[Intelligencer.]

SOME THINGS WHICH WE BELIEVE.

We care nothing about any reputation for
foresight or discernment relative to the present
condition of affairs in this country. But there
are certain things which we believe, and which
we have firmly held thus far through every
change and in every state of the struggle.

We believe there is soundness and health
enough among the American people to carry
the nation successfully through this time of
trial.

We believe that in this public virtue and
true love of country among the masses of the
people lies

Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1864.



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.

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Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ELECTORS—J. B. BROWN, Portland.

ABNER STANTON, Damariscotta.

3d Dist.—GOING HATHORN, Pittsfield.

THE weather continues fine, with no frost to this time, though the cold nights have caused some apprehension. There was a slight touch on Wednesday night, of what is called a "black frost," which left its mark on the squash leaves, but did no further harm hereabout. Fall feed promises well for butter, which, as near as we can learn by the papers, is about ten cents higher in Waterville than elsewhere, and potatoes are everywhere proving a much better crop than was looked for; so that while our grocers continue to hold butter at half a dollar, potatoes ought to be cheap in order to make "tater and butter" a proper dish for the poor. It must be safe counsel to advise farmers to bring it in, at present prices, as fast as made; calculating that with such a season, and gold and everything else tending downward, it stands but little chance to rise. Apples are hardly a medium crop, and come to market slowly—of course bearing good prices. "All things considered," the season and harvest may be set down as "fair to middling," and the sharpest dealers in the rare commodity called gratitude may venture, as usual, to thank God accordingly.

THE TROT, given by the Horse Association for the benefit of the Agricultural Society, took place at the Park on Wednesday, as advertised. The weather was fine, but as the wind blew a young colt, it prevented the horses making their best time.

There was a large number of entries, and considering the wind and the condition of the track, they made good time. The first premium (\$40) was trotted for by Pollywog, Skowhegan, owned by Amos Garland; Ned Davis, owned by T. S. Lang; and Triphammer, a Waterville horse, driven by A. Savage. The race, which was a close one, was awarded to Pollywog. Ned Davis showed a very fine gait, and one hard to beat, but from some cause did not stick to his work as well as usual—probably on account of the recent absence of his driver with Gen. Knox.

The second premium (\$30) was contended for by a roan gelding, owned by Mr. May, of Belgrade, and a bay mare owned in Chester.

There seemed to be a difference of opinion in regard to this race, which we understand was given to the bay mare.

The third premium (\$20) was awarded to a bay mare owned at Kendall's Mills, her best time being 2:53. Four horses started for this race—a black horse owned in Belgrade, White Man from Vassalboro', the bay mare owned at Kendall's Mills, and another. They were put in two classes, and made a very pretty trot.

While the trotting was going on the now famous horse Gen. Knox was brought out, and showed his speed in short sections, surprising his most ardent friends by his improved appearance and speed—which the world cannot beat.

The attendance was fair, and we trust the sum received will make its mark upon the Society's debt.

The excursion train, over the K. & P. Railroad to Portland, on Thursday, got off the track at Gardiner, and was delayed some two hours; so that they arrived in Portland at 1:30 instead of 10:30. Returning, the train passed Waterville about 10 P. M. With this exception the excursion is reported a pleasant one.

Arrangements are in progress at this place for an excursion of the Sabbath Schools to the city of Gardiner, as soon as a train can be obtained; probably in season for a general notice on Sunday.

THE ELECTION.—Returns as far as received, embracing 400 towns and plantations, bring the Union majority up to 17,000. The Houlton Times says the Union ticket carried in that county by about 100 majority. This leaves the senate without a single democrat, copperhead or other opponent of the government. The house will be about 124 to 27. The vote of the soldiers is variously estimated from three to six thousand.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday a little daughter of Conductor Bodge, some two years old, fell out of a crib and broke her arm.

THE RIGHT KIND.—The following letter from a Kendall's Mills soldier to Daniel Allen, Esq., of that place, shows about the right spirit:—

Co. G, 17th Reg't Me. Vols.
Before Petersburg, Va., Sept. 6, 1864.

Mr. Allen:—Your letter of August 31st was received with much pleasure, and I am happy to say that I found me in good health, and perfectly contented with my lot as a soldier, although sometimes we are not very comfortably situated, but our situation is growing better every day, and our prospects brighter. I have been in the army of the Potomac ever since its organization, and I have never seen the time when I thought our prospects were half so good as at the present time. Why, sir, I believe that a man can see the right side of anything can see clear through this rebellion, and see perfect subjugation of the South, and not have to look ahead more than three months at that, that is three fighting months, for I honestly believe that we can subjugate them this fall, and if they want extermination they can have that in one more summer's campaign with Grant, and Sherman.

But give us 100,000 more men by the first of October and we will whip them in six weeks, for we have got them where we can handle them with what men we have got, but we could not do it this fall. Now if the folks at home want a speedy and permanent peace, just send along your conscripts, your substitutes, and your volunteers, and we will win a peace in a short time, that will be as lasting as the peace of heaven. But we can not do it by staying at home and crying cruel war.

Even out here in the army we have some men that will whine about this cruel war, and curse honest old Abraham for tearing them away from their wives and children, but I think if the women were as well acquainted with his kind of men as we are, they would say blessed be Abraham. But these men were nobly at home, and of course they do not improve much by entering the army. But it is a certain fact that a man can be a gentleman and christian, and still be a soldier. But I do not wish you to understand that I am one of this kind, for I must admit that I am not a christian, and but a small part of a gentleman, but I do claim to be a soldier, and shall remain as such just as long as there is a rebel with a gun in his hands, which I do not think will be a great while.

I see by your letter that you make a distinction between a traitor and a copperhead. Now all the way I can make any difference in the two is, a traitor is a bold fearless rebel, who takes his musket and goes forth to fight for what he thinks is for his interest, while a copperhead advocates the same thing as the rebel, but will fight for nothing. Now for my part I would just as soon shoot one of those copperheads in Maine, as a rebel here in Virginia. And as for those fellows that skeddaddle in to Canada, I would like to see a law passed that would deprive them of the privilege of ever casting a vote in the United States again.

I hear that good loyal men of Kendall's Mills are letting their boys come out here as substitutes for copperheads. Why, sir, before I would be a substitute for a copperhead, for a few dollars, I would see him sunk deeper into hell than ever old Tom Paine went, and if there is such a place, there is no doubt he is at the very bottom. It must be pleasant for a man out here to know that the man he came for is doing all in his power against him, and the cause he is fighting for, and ever rejoicing when he is defeated on the battle-field. Give my respects to all good union-loving people, and lick the first man that cries peace through democratic party principles.

In Winslow, on the 13th inst., a house and barn, belonging to William Flagg, together with ten tons of hay, threshing machine, harnesses, &c., belonging to others, was set on fire by an incendiary and was consumed. There was no insurance. The house was unoccupied.

SEND TO THE HALL, on Tuesday, whatever you have that is pretty or curious, the sight of which will please and benefit those who may come in. A single article from each individual able to contribute would make a very attractive exhibition.

The ultra Peace men are coming into the support of McClellan, being satisfied that their candidate will eventually make everything satisfactory. The Woods have given in their adhesion, and even Vallandigham is silenced.

The democratic Convention of Massachusetts endorsed both the Chicago platform and McClellan's letter of acceptance, irreconcilable as they appear to honest men. They renominated Hon. H. W. Paine for Governor.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Cyrus Williams, a well known citizen of Waterville, died suddenly Friday night of last week, at the age of 68 years. He had been suffering from dropsy for some time, and died quietly in his chair. He was for many years proprietor of the Williams House.

BENEFIT CONCERT.—We invite attention to the advertised concert for the benefit of the Agricultural Society. The matter is in good hands, and we predict an entertainment worthy of patronage.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Miss Barney is preparing for another of her Juvenile Concerts, and that it will be presented some evening week after next.

It is said that the overland mail service will be resumed forthwith from the other side, the reports of the Indian troubles on the Plains having been greatly exaggerated.

OUR TABLE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The October number of this old favorite is very handsomely embellished, as usual. The price of this work is to be raised immediately, and our wonder is that it has not been done before. It would be cheap with a dollar added to its subscription price.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for September, is embellished with a view of an Oriental City and Semory, and a portrait of Madame de Staël. The contents are of the usual variety and excellence, making it one of the best Family magazines in the country.

Published by Poe and Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY AND MIRROR OF FASHION.—Is an oracle with the ladies, we believe, from whose decision there is no appeal. The September number, which is before us, contains a large double page fashion plate of six figures, splendidly colored; another single page engraving of four figures showing the Fall styles of cloaks; numerous smaller engravings of the latest novelties in various articles of dress and ornament; two sheets of full sized patterns for cutting, of the Adelaide Jacket waist, the Juliette Bodice, and a Lace Collar, Cuff, Miss's Jacket, and Coat Sleeve. There is also a piece of music—"O Sweetest when I left my home," with several illustrated stories and other interesting reading.

Published by W. J. Demorest, New York, at \$3 a year with a liberal discount to clubs.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.—The embellishments in the October number of this rising favorite with the ladies are a fine steel engraving entitled "Peep!" a double page fashion plate, prettily colored; and numerous patterns and designs. A piece of music is also given, entitled "I love thee, dearly loved one," with stories and other good reading in profusion.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—"The Mithraic Balm" is the title of a touching picture, in the October number of this excellent monthly, which is also embellished with "The Hour Glass," a full page wood engraving; and several choice patterns and designs. Miss Townsend continues her story of "The Way Through," and Mrs. Demorest contributes a few more chapters of "Rachel: or Was it Fate or Providence?" There are several other good stories, with much choice miscellaneous reading.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"Master Michael" is the suggestive title of a fine steel engraving in the October number of this favorite magazine; and there will also be found a handsome colored fashion plate, and numerous patterns and designs, as usual. The number is full of good stories, such as Peterson always provides for his readers.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The July number of this English Review has the following table of contents:—

Words and Places; Ludwig Uhland; Freethinking; its History and Tendencies; The Christianian Exodus; Lacerdaire; Christian Art; Public Schools; Travelling in England; The House of Commons.

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 \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$5; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

Now 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 56 cents a year.

THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will occur on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Tuesday will be devoted to the exhibition of cattle at the Society's grounds, with a drawing match in the afternoon, and a Farmers' Levee at Town Hall in the evening. On Wednesday there will be a Drawing Match at 9 o'clock A. M. to be followed by trotting, which will commence at 10 o'clock. The Hall will be open during the whole of Wednesday, the reports being made in the afternoon, commencing about 2 o'clock. We shall endeavor to present our readers with a full account of the Show, with the reports of the committees and a list of the members.

THE SOCIAL LEVEE, at Town Hall, on Tuesday evening next, we trust will be fully attended. Everybody is invited and we hope will be there—bringing the children; and all must come prepared to contribute their fair share of the entertainment. There will be some instrumental and vocal music, but the main source of enjoyment ought to be found in the pleasant intercourse of old and young, in a hall handsomely ornamented and well-lighted. Come, then, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, lads and lasses; let us see what can be done towards successfully inaugurating a new and pleasant feature of the Farmers' festival.

P. S.—We have searched the records carefully, but can find nothing, either in the constitution or by-laws of the Society forbidding any whole-souled farmer bringing in a liberal donation of good eating apples with which to treat the boys and girls, on that evening.

THE DRAFT has commenced in this State, and below we present the result in our own and a few of the adjoining towns:—

WATERVILLE.—14 to be Drafted.—George Jewell, E. G. Coffin, C. G. Carleton, Chas. J. Davis, John Menden, A. W. Lewis, Asa R. Clifford, Joseph F. Eldon, B. F. Herson, M. P. Corson, George Soule, John B. Britt, W. B. Smith, Geo. H. Boardman.

CLINTON.—60 to be Drafted.—Appleton Dixon, Amos L. Eldridge, Nathan Burton, Reuel W. Gerald, Benj. Hunter, John Hall, Milford Nye, Retire Webster, Albert Morrison, Horatio Colcord, Lyman Chaney, Moses A. Leavitt, M. Nye, Foster Brown, Orrin A. Smith, Zebulon Newell, Martin Jewell, Morrill Peavey, Warren Bunker Harrison Chase, David Lancaster, Henry M. Fish, Marshall Pratt, Truett A. Ricker, Richard Monson, Jas. L. Bushar, Burley Palmer, Albion D. Washburn, Chas. T. Simpson, Noah Cain, Benj. F. Eaton, Arthur McNelly, Nath'l Jaquith, Orlando Y. Gerald, Elbridge G. Hodgdon, Dan'l Thurston, Sylvester Powell, Oren Holt, Chas. A. Brown, Edmund Parkman, David L. Hunter, James A. Dickey, Jos. Wood, Chas. Rurill, Isaac Chase, Alonzo Richardson, Simon Gerald, Daniel Dyer, Dan'l Flye, Alton Richardson, Warren Gerald, Stephen R. Gould, Grinnell A. Goodwin, Wm. H. Leavitt, Albert Getchell, Philander Hunter, Jesse Kimball.

CANAN.—50 to be Drafted.—John S. Man, Sam'l L. Fowler, Joseph Buzzell, Joseph M. Washburn, Hiram B. Keene, Willard Brown, Jas. T. Booker, Alexander B. Penney, Wm. C. Elliott, Joseph Adams, James H. Sturdivant, Miller R. Ricker, David A. Ramsdell, Adrastus Warren, Geo. H. Nason, Lysander H. Corson, Geo. H. Fitzgerald, Henry Morton, Mark Gerald, 2d, Perley Tilton, Drow Goodridge, Nath'l E. Blake, Alfred L. Maxwell, Scammon Burill, Thaddeus Brock, Geo. W. Robinson, Henry Hasey, Phineas S. Rolf, Sam'l Nason, Jr., Randall H. Nye, Luther F. Rolf, Orrin T. Morrow, Milford Keene, Howard Ricker, Wm. Church, Gideon S. Davis, Jason Hodgdon, James M. Foster, Chas. F. Huzzey, Nath'l Weymouth, Warren Goodridge, H. Goodridge, Mark Whitton, Darius Kray, Jos. M. Booker, Joseph L. Fisher, Jos. Weymouth, Asa H. Tozier, Augustus Barrett, Wm. H. Dunlap.

VASSALBORO'.—48 to be Drafted.—Chas. Maguire, Theodore B. Lombard, John Q. Collins, James Young, Nathan Stanley, Luther S. Rackliff, Nathan T. Hall, Elias D. Willey, Henry A. Brown, Benj. F. Bourne, John McCormick, Geo. H. Gibson, Gustavus B. Webster, Orrin Farnham, Geo. W. Brown, Simon Bragg, Edwin F. Taber, Geo. H. Emery, John F. Wyof, Chas. H. Jepson, Patrick Ryley, Benj. K. Wood, John Seales, Joseph C. Gardiner, Wm. H. Cates, Sullivan B. Priest, D. Leonard Hartley, John H. Getchell, Henry A. Priest, Luther Morrison, Edward J. Roberts, Edward Priest, Alexander Ricker, Alfred Wilbury, Nathan Lawrence, Alpheus Webb, Michael McCabe, John A. Nelson, Elijah Cook, Jr., Frank Haler, Nath'l Watts, Wm. I. Rowe, Thomas Buchanan, Thomas Clark, 2d, Joshua Robbins, Henry C. Chidbourne, Jeremiah A. Estes, Bainbridge Brown.

WINSLOW.—12 to be Drafted.—Geo. L. Drummond, Wm. Gullifer, Chas. Eaton, Thos. McKinney, Lemuel Buhier, E. R. Bragg, W. B. Barton, Albion Osborne, Simon B. Reynolds, John Harris, A. R. Smiley, Augustine Crowell.

CLINTON GORE.—8 to be Drafted.—Chas. H. Weymouth, Sam'l A. Hobbs, Hawker Spandy, James F. Herm, Patrick Sullivan, John A. Chandler, Hartly B. Libby, Ephraim Hatch.

Sherman to Hood.

The following is the reply of Gen. Sherman to Gen. Hood's charge of studied and ungenerous cruelty, which was received in Washington:—

To GEN. J. R. HOOD:—General—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Orr Esq., consenting to the arrangement I had proposed to facilitate the removal South of the people of Atlanta who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my order, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the measure proposed "unprecedented," and appeal to the dark history of the war for its parallel, as an act of "studied and ungenerous cruelty." It is not unprecedented, for General Johnson himself very wisely and properly removed families all the way from Dalton down, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted. Nor is it necessary to appeal to the dark history of the war, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You yourself burned dwellings along your parapet, and I have seen to-day fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable, because they stood in the way of your forts; and then you defended Atlanta on a line so close to the town that every cannon shot and many musket shots from our line of investment, that overshoot their mark, went into habitations of women and children.

Gen. Hardee did the same thing at Jonesboro', and Gen. Johnston did the same thing last summer at Jackson, Miss. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely insinuated these cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others, and challenge any one to judge which of us has a heart of pity for the families of a brave people.

I say it is kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and a brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to rude barbarians, who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history.

In the name of common sense I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner. You who in the midst of peace and prosperity have plunged a nation into civil war—dark and cruel war—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of peaceful ordnance sergeants—seized and made prisoners of war the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians long before any overt act was committed by them; to you, hateful Lincoln government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by thousands; burned their houses, and declared by an act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due northern men for goods had and received—talk thus to the marines, but not me who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity.

God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with the town full of women and the families of a brave people at our backs, or to remove them in time to a place of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS. Good news for the Soldiers! By reference to an advertisement in our columns, it will be seen that Government is supplying the celebrated "Palmer Leg" and the "Lincoln Arm" free of all charge, to all who need them. The legs and arms are the best that are made by this popular Company. Let every soldier be informed of these important facts.

Hon. E. P. Weston has resigned the office of Superintendent of Common Schools, to take effect as soon as the business of the office can be properly transferred.

Among the prisoners at Richmond is Lieut. H. M. Beards.

War of Redemption.

Another brilliant victory has crowned the Union arms. Sheridan has defeated Early, and after a prolonged and bloody struggle, put him to rout with great loss. The attack was made on Monday morning. Sheridan moving his main force against the enemy near Berryville, while our cavalry under Averill and Merritt engaged Breckenridge's corps at Darksville. The fighting lasted from early in the morning until five in the evening, and was marked by a most stubborn resistance on the part of the enemy and a determination to conquer on the part of our soldiers. The enemy were, in the end, driven beyond Winchester and fled up the valley. We captured twenty-five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and nineteen army flags, the rebel Generals Rhodes and Gordon were killed and three others of their general officers were wounded. On our side, also, the losses were severe. Gen. David A. Russell of New York, commanding a division of the Fifth corps, was killed, and Generals McIntosh, Upton, and Chapman were wounded, the former losing a leg. This seems to have been one of the most stoutly contested battles of the war.

Later advices increase the magnitude of Sheridan's victory. The prisoners taken are now said to number nearly or quite seven thousand, and the enemy is still retreating, closely pursued by our forces, who drive them from every stand they take. They were driven from a strong position at Flint's Hill on the 22d.

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary all has been comparatively quiet with the army in front of Petersburg, but by a daring movement of a body of the enemy's cavalry, covered by an attack on our pickets, 2,500 head of cattle were captured on Friday morning at a station on the James river, together with 250 of the cavalry who were guarding them. The enemy were pursued, but got safe off with most of their booty.

A gang of rebel adventurers recently seized two small steamers on Lake Erie one of which was immediately recaptured with a portion of the crew, and the other was destroyed to prevent recapture.

It is stated the Federal prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., have been removed to Savannah and Augusta.

A QUADRANGULAR FIGHT.—We have a queer report from the Mexican border. It seems that on the 6th the French advanced on Matamoros. Cortina, the Mexican commander, met them and "drove them." Thereupon, Col. Ford the rebel commander at Brownsville, pitched into Cortina in the rear, and our boys of the 1st Illinois, hearing the scrimmage, pitched into Ford. After driving the French, Cortina crossed the Rio Grande, drove the rebels out of Brownsville, hoisted the American flag, and offered through the American commander at Brazos, his services and those of his command, to the United States Government. Altogether, this is what might be called "a queer concatenation of events."

The furlough of the 15th Maine, re-enlisted veterans, having expired, the regiment will leave Augusta on Friday next, being attached to the 19th Corps, now with Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley. A large number of recruits have joined the regiment during its visit to Maine, and will accompany it to the field. Col. Isaac Dyer is in command.

FAMILY DYES.—Somebody left a package on our table, probably by mistake.

Gen. Fremont declines in a letter just published, and the Presidential track is now left to Lincoln and McClellan—a clear issue, and every man's duty ought to be plain.

ADMITTED.—On motion of E. F. Webb, Esq., Mr. Everett W. Pattison was admitted to practice in all the Courts of this State, at Norridgewock, on Tuesday, 20th inst.

The Cunard steamship Persia, from Liverpool 10th instant, and Queenstown 11th, reached New York last evening. Her news is two days later. The British government has declined to interfere especially in the case of the Georgia, but leaves the matter to be adjudicated by our courts. A special order has been issued forbidding any vessel belonging either to the United States or to the rebels from entering an English port for the purpose of being dismantled or sold. Difficulties seem to have arisen in the negotiations for peace between Denmark and the allies and it is alleged that France, England, and Russia are in league to save North Schleswig for Denmark. There is a report that a large and swift steamer was affloat, commanded by Semmes, and carrying forty guns and manned by 300 men.

A WORD FOR "FATHER WELLES."—The old toper was reeling home: "If my wife has gone to bed I'll lick her. What business has she to be in bed snoozing, when I'm out on business, and she ought to be waiting for me? And if she's sitting up, I'll lick her. What business has she to be burning out wood and candles, staying up till this time o'night, when she ought to be in bed?" This is just about the reasoning of the dear public toward the much abused Secretary Welles. I don't know but he is a fossil; I don't know but he is asleep, but, like the toper's wife, he is bound to be licked anyway. If there is a ship in harbor, which is not in use, which is not sent off before it is ready, then he is letting our vessels idle in the harbors, when they are needed for the service, and for the defence of the nation. And if a pirate comes near, and he has not half a dozen ironclads ready to run after her at the first alarm, if he cannot telegraph to every man-of-war in port or at sea to catch the shark that is preying upon our commerce, then he is "asleep and incompetent, and anything that is stupid." It would be amusing, if it were not such very sober business, to see how unreasonable our people are, and how a man, trying to fulfill their behests, would but realize the fable of "The old man, his son and the ape," and please nobody, while he himself went to destruction. Does a man know what he undertakes when he goes into public life?

[Springfield Republican.]

The Newbern Times says there is no doubt but that the interior of North Carolina, is in a

complete uproar over the conscripts and deserters. On the 18th of August, a collision took place in Moor county between the deserters, some seven hundred in number, and the State Guards, in which the latter were repulsed with a loss of four killed and one wounded. A continued stream of refugees is constantly pouring into the "Yankee wigwag at Newbern." There is evidently a deep seated feeling of enmity to the Confederates, or the swelling tide of refugees would cease.

A Very Pretty Quarrel as it Stands.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, in his speech at Dayton, giving his account of the Chicago Convention, said: "That convention has met every expectation of mine. The promises have all been realized." It seems the martyr was a little too fast. He finds that the promises have not all been realized; and on seeing McClellan's letter of acceptance, he discarded him on the instant.

The "promises" referred to are no mystery. Vallandigham went to Chicago the admirer of all Copperhead admirers, and master of the situation. His mere nod ruled two-thirds of the convention. He was put on the Committee on Resolutions, and had the absolute shaping of the platform. Then came the making of the candidates. Here, too, Vallandigham's power was supreme. He could have given the nomination to either of the Seymours, or to any man of his own stripe. But there was a hard pressure for McClellan on the ground that he was the most available man. The Copperhead chief yielded to that pressure on the strength of positive stipulations that McClellan should plant himself squarely on the platform; and when the vote was taken it was Vallandigham who moved that the nomination be unanimous. He went home, as his Dayton speech shows, with the complete assurance that these stipulations would be faithfully observed.

Of course it is plain enough why they were not observed. The fall of Atlanta was heard of just three days from the adjournment of the convention. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It kindled war spirit everywhere into new life. It was felt by McClellan, or rather by those who have him in charge, that in these altered circumstances it would be simply courting destruction to stick to the platform. McClellan, therefore, in his letter of acceptance, shifted his position, but in such a fashion that he thought Vallandigham would not complain of it. He kept his left leg on, while he put his right leg off. It was a very awkward position; loyal men indeed, thought it a very ridiculous one; but he hoped that, considering the emergency, it would be accounted a sufficient sticking to promise, especially as he found words to tell the committee that he believed the attitude of the convention. It was a mistake. Mr. Vallandigham, on seeing how McClellan had placed himself, angrily turned on his heel, and is now understood to be after a rod left in a pickle. Lieutenant Ben. Wood, less able to restrain himself, fell foul at once, with kicks and blows. "The world, brimful of wrath, flies to the rescue, and falls pell-mell upon the man of the New York Herald. New combatants are pouring in on each side, fast and furious; and, as we look out this morning upon the peace party, we see nothing but one confused thud, thud, thud, cut and hack, helter-skelter, liggledly-piggledly, burly-burly, splitter-splatter, head over heels, tough and mail, rough and tumble.

It is a sorry spectacle. Gen. McClellan is a man of personal respectability, and never should have got himself into this miserable position. It was a fatal mistake for him ever to have allowed his friends at Chicago to commit him to the platform. If they did it without his permission, he should have telegraphed to Chicago forthwith that he could not take the nomination on such a basis. Or if he then had no opportunity to reflect, he should have improved the time that passed before the arrival of the committee which brought the nomination; and have been prepared to say, "Gentlemen, these are peace resolutions, I cannot accept them. I believe this to be a righteous war. In favor of Washington or out of favor, I go for crushing this rebellion. You must seek some other man to represent you, I cannot." Had General McClellan thus played the man he would have won every loyal heart in the land. All of his former shortcomings and errors would have been cast into oblivion at once, and, though opposed to the Administration, he would have challenged its homage. To be sure he could not have obtained the presidency thereby; but neither can he gain it now. Such noble self-assertion would have cost him nothing, and yet given him a glory beyond all price. But he yielded to the politicians about him, and was deluded into the belief that a few juggling words would enable him to keep the nomination, and yet, in some sort at least, disconnect himself from the odious platform. It was a pitiable weakness in a soldier to baste himself to such a shift, for a true soldier is of all men the most frank, downright and independent. But it was weaker yet to imagine that any such half-commital to that platform would satisfy either the ruling spirits of that convention, or the body of the people whose support alone could make him President. It could not satisfy the men who governed the convention, for they had been identified with an out-and-out peace policy all through the war; and it could not satisfy the people, for when mighty issues are at stake the people never recognize, and infinitely less follow, a half-way course between.

The peace policy of the Chicago convention was no sham; it meant exactly the "cessation of hostilities" set forth. The war spirit of the people is just as genuine. It is a spirit that means to continue hostilities until the rebellion is conquered—nothing more, nothing less. A presidential candidate must side with one or the other of these. It is sheer infatuation in him to think to escape it. It is idle to speculate what the final upshot of this quarrel will be. It may result in the nomination of a new candidate by the Vallandigham wing of the party; and may not. Practically it is of very little consequence. The copperheads, whether united or divided, whether following one path or two, will alike be swept out of sight in the floods of November. —[N. Y. Times.]

The Midawaska plantations, settled mainly by French Canadians who can neither read nor write, voted almost unanimously against the soldiers in the field having the privilege of voting. It must be mortifying to the soldiers to know that such men have the right to vote on such a question.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR. The Portland Press says that Mrs. Abba Quincy Adams, wife of Gideon Adams, of Denmark, in a fit of mental derangement, drowned her two children, Harry and Frank, aged 5 and 5 1/2 years, and then finished up the horrible tragedy by drowning herself. She had been afflicted before, but was now thought to be sane.

