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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 16, No. 17): October 30, 1862

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## DROUGHT.

THE hot days, coming one by one,  
Like fiery angels, tread the sun;  
From out the centre of the sun,  
Their burning wheels are on the leaves;  
The corn is scorched to husky bread,  
And sharply pipes its thirsty needs,  
And from the morning summer weeds  
The scorching wind a death-song weaves.

The rose, with forehead white and pale,  
Hard pressed between the palms of fire,  
Lies panting with the flame that burns,  
Fanned by a hot-winged fever-wind,  
The wailing lilies, hand in hand,  
Lay, drooping in their sorrow stand,  
Cuffed by the rude and brutal wind,  
Wherever the garden walks are lined.

The corymbis golden urns,  
Within whose golden centre burns  
A vestal flame, the beetle spurs  
As he they broken on the sand,  
The heart a heap of woe and pain,  
The rim a shattered, worthless crust,  
The pedestal all red with tears,  
And splintered like a shattered brand.

The pensive morning-glory tells  
Her hour of prayer on broken bells—  
On shattered, ear-distracting bells—  
That perfume a dismal din;  
Her eyelids creep, her garment tears,  
The perfumed fountain of her tears  
Is dry, her withered cheek appears  
As haggard as the cheek of sin.

The whippoorwill, with parching lip,  
Jerks out his voice with sudden clasp  
That cuts the air like a whip,  
And twangs an echo on the hill.  
The swallow leaves the dewless sky,  
And finding creek and covey dry,  
Sends up a weak and plaintive cry  
Responsive to the whippoorwill.

The bound lies panting by the wall,  
The steed is fainting in the stall,  
The kine with thirsting famine fall,  
And perish on the dusty hill.  
Men, not so patient in their pain,  
Mis-curses with their prayers, for rain,  
And thus blasphemously complain  
So weak or wicked in our vein.

## "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

BY W. K. CLARKE.

He is that worst of all characters for a husband, an idle man, May, and I fear he adds to that the baseness of a fortune hunter!

You shall not speak so of him! I will not listen to the slander! He loves me, of that I am convinced. I have not been an heiress so long, not to have learned when a man lies and feigns a passion for interest; when—

and her voice grew richer and lower, she speaks to me from his heart. I have tested him, weighed him well; he has faults, many of them, but deceit is not one. He loves me. Mr. Moore looked sadly at the agitated girl, as carried away by her own generous warmth, she left her seat and stood erect before him.

Uncle Lewis, trust me, trust him. Let me be his wife with your consent.

Of what avail will it be for me to refuse it, May? You are eighteen to-morrow, and by your father's will, free to choose your husband; your property becomes your own, and my office as your guardian ceases.

But not your position as my friend, my uncle, my second father. Can you think I am bound to obey you by none but legal ties, that my love, respect, and submission were paid only to my guardian? You wronged me, uncle, and in nothing more than this question of my marriage. I come to you, not as the guardian, whose power expires to-morrow, but as the friend, who, I trust, will stand by me through life, I come for counsel, affection, and advice; do not tell me, coldly, that I am free to choose my own lot. Speak to me now, as you have always done, as if I were your child!

May, May, how can I speak? If truly, I shall grieve you. But you are right; you come to a friend for counsel, and he will speak as a friend should. Review Arnold Cooke's life, and see if I am not justified in my fears. Brought up by parents whose means were just sufficient to give him a liberal education and support him independent of business. Their small fortune he inherited on their death, and lost in his first speculation, leaving him a mere pittance. He had studied law, and, with energy and industry, could have carved out a name and a fortune. What did he do? Absolutely nothing. With a fascinating manner and splendid education, he cultivated every refined taste, indulged in every extravagance, and lives a life of complete idleness, with means barely sufficient to support him. His office is a lounging place for young men of fashion, who repay his hospitality by inviting him to opera, rides or drives. To crown all, he woos an heiress, that her purse may supply him with his perfumes, kid gloves, and fast horses.

You are severe.

I fear I am just.

Take the reverse of the picture. Arnold was an only child, of fine talents, and the pride of both parents. From his birth every whim was indulged, every caprice met compliance; his profession was studied merely as a refuge in case of necessity, and he was launched an orphan upon the world with cultivated mind, refined tastes, extravagant desires, and an easy fortune. The roguery of a friend persuaded him to the speculations which ruined him. He stood alone. His income was sufficient for a single man; he was popular in society, courted by the men for his wit, his good humor, and his proficiency in athletic exercises; by ladies for his talent in conversation, music, and gallantry. Without any stimulus to exertion, he suffered his time to pass in floating lazily down the tide of time, content to let each day find its own occupation and resources. Then he met me, and his whole view of life changed. For my sake he will renew his studies, open his office for business, and begin a new life. Don't shake your head so mournfully, trust to a woman's heart and instinct. There is a mine of good in this spoiled child's heart, let me be the agent by which it is worked to produce good fruit. He stands now in a perilous position; my refusal will throw him back on his old life, with a heart ready to dare much evil, reckless and hard, to be wrecked in dissipation, or pour in misanthropy; my love will win him to nobler aims and higher aspirations.

It is a dangerous experiment, May.

Only one more argument, and I leave the decision in your hands. I love him! For his sake I could bear sorrow, poverty, anything but inconstancy. With him, life will be glad through any suffering; without him, the future looks mournful and dreary. If you so decide, I will dismiss him, but my heart will be in doing it, for I love him!

And so, by far last argument, May Lawson won her uncle's consent to her marriage.

The world shrugged its shoulders when the news came out. The men congratulated Arnold upon his success, and smiled knowingly to one another as they spoke; the women shook their heads and wondered how May could be so blind as not to see through that dandy's schemes.

They had been married one year, and May was beginning to wonder if Arnold had been seeking her fortune after all. He was devoted as ever, kind, loving, and fascinating; but not one client had placed a brief in his hands, and she knew that their expensive house, mode of living, and luxuries were drawn from her purse. She was speculating upon this, when a quick, merry, and cheerful voice made

every doubt vanish, and she looked up to greet her husband.

I have come up for you to ride, May, so don't you hush! The broad braids, little wife, you know my weakness. Nothing sets off such mignon little faces as yours, like heavy braids and drooping plumes.

Nonsense!

Sense, I assure you. When you tie that black beaver over those dark brown braids, and let the blood in your face, I defy the world to produce such an irresistible little female.

She was nimbly plaiting the rich profusion of hair while he spoke, and there was a long silence. Turning from the glass for his approving smile, she was surprised to see him sunk in a reverie, and to judge from his appearance, a painful one.

What is it, Arnold?

He raised his head, as he felt her soft hand on his shoulder.

The old story, May. Nobody trusts me but you; I cannot command one client. They think that my motive in marrying was a mercenary one, and they hold back from me. Let him live on his wife's money, and leave the profession open to those depending upon it for bread.

I am almost tempted to echo the wish!

No, May; there are temptations enough for me to live in luxurious indolence; let your influence bear where it has ever rested upon something noble if you can find it in such a wasted nature as mine!

If I had not found it, should I be your wife now? Who first led me to see where my wealth could bring me the blessings of the poor? Who pointed out to me the secret charities that make lonely hearts glad, and comfort proud poverty without the weight of obligation? Who told me of students struggling to support a widowed mother, for sister, or vainly trying to save the means of getting an education? Whose delicate searching and anonymous letters have sent relief to those tempted to curse the world and die, yet too proud to wear any but a smiling face over a wretched heart? How proudly, I say, my husband led me to such deeds, and taught me that wealth is lent to give an account of it at last, whether wasted or blessing others!

Ah! May, your own sweet face first made me look into my own heart, and find there only wasted opportunities and a useless life. What wonder if I turned from such a sight to try and aid you in your own loving schemes of charity, only bringing a man's frequent opportunities to assist you in your work?

The horses, sir, said a servant, and May sprang up from her seat beside her husband to get her hat.

Another year, and the crash of 1857 swept May Cooke's fortune away. Her uncle came to tell her the news, and left her stunned, sick with the prospect of poverty, and, spite of herself, shuddering at the thought of her husband's dismay. All the weary days passed and he came not. Had he left her to bear her cross alone? Stung, indignant at her own heart for such a thought, it would recur as the evening set in, and he came not. Wearied with waiting, sick with apprehension, she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed in bitterness and loneliness.

Hark! The well-known step on the stairs; but not slow, as of one disappointed, but springing and light.

He does not know, she thought; and I must tell him.

He came in with such a bright face, his cheek glowing, his eye bright, his lip smiling, that she turned faint at the thought that she must blast all this joyousness.

Crying, May? he said, coming to her side, with his face changing to a look of tender sympathy.

You are very late! she said, trying to steady her voice.

Oh! you must get used to that. I shall keep business hours now. Off in the morning—home for an hour at dinner—and then off again till tea time.

Have you heard? she whispered.

Yes. Do I seem hard and unfeeling, darling? Forgive me! But, May dear, you shall not feel any privation that my love can keep from you. We shall not be rich; many things must be spared; yet, trust me, I will work hard before you shall suffer. Oh! I cannot—I cannot help it, May! I am glad—glad of this! You are mine! Now I can prove to you, and to the world, that your fortune was nothing to me! I have seen your uncle to-day, and through his kindly exerted influence, I have secured the situation of book-keeper in a wholesale grocery store.

You—You, Arnold, with your refined tastes and luxurious habits?

Why, May, the salary is one thousand dollars a year. Think of earning that!

Oh! Arnold, my own love! And here the sob came too thick for words. His own voice was husky, as he said,

But for you, May, I should be now a miserable lounge—a gambler, perhaps, or worse. I feel that I am a man with a true heart and a willing energy, and the turning-point of my life, was in your words, 'I trust you, Arnold. You did trust me, and God willing, I will win the trust worthily.'

Nobly he kept his word. The luxurious home was sold, and in a quiet house they began life again humbly. There is one child, a second Arnold, to knit his parents' hearts in a yet closer bond; and May knows that between her and poverty there stands a true heart, a willing, strong arm. Every sorrow is lightened before it reaches her; for it comes told by sympathizing lips, softened by loving tones.

For better, for worse, they took their path in life together, and the trust of their betrothal will make their life sunny, though sorrow may for a time shade the way.

SWEETENING CARPETS.—The art of sweeping a carpet well, is one requiring a good deal of practice and skill. Many never learn it properly. It is done in three different ways. First, by those who draw or thrust a broom over it, raise dust, and leave more than half the dirt behind to be ground into the fibre by careless feet. Secondly, by those who sweep clean, but who, driving the broom in flourishing semi-circles before them, breaking off the splints and raising suffocating clouds of dust. Thirdly, and rightly, by drawing, not pushing the broom, making short and rather quick strokes, and taking special care not to give an upward flourish at the end of each. Give a rather light touch, and not scrape the broom over the carpet. Unless a

carpet is very dirty, neither tea-leaves, nor wet fragments of paper, nor moist grass, are necessary, in gathering the dust. They often soil the carpet by forming minute portions of mud; and if the broom becomes moist, it disfigures the base-board unless carefully used. Do not begin at one side of the room and sweep the dirt over and over until it reaches the other side. This process will be sure to work a part into the clean portions of the carpet, if there is much dirt on either parts. But take up on a dust pan all the heavy portions as soon as swept up together. For the same reason, a dust pan should be used for each step of a set of stairs, instead of sweeping the whole from top to bottom. For the latter purpose, a short-handled broom is most convenient. —Country Gentleman.

CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature, but that may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get, when our will strains after a path we may not follow, we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair. We have but to seek another nourishment for the mind as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer, and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, it rougher than it. —Charlotte Brontë.

TEMPER IN A WOMAN.—Never marry a woman without a temper! That is strange advice, we know; but it is good advice. Temper is a good thing in a woman; for, with the spirit that accompanies temper, always come activity, energy, industry, a proper personal pride, and the self respect which induces honor and a sound reputation. A woman without temper may be a very amiable creature; she may be charming company for a time; but she must be deplorably insipid for a long intimacy. Without temper, she must be slow, dull, timid, and irresolute; piquant as dishwater, and palatable as stale beer. We could never endure the 'eternal blue' of a July sky. The climate of countries where the air is ever calm and the sun always bright, is detestable in its monotony, however delightful for a short experience. And just so it is with a woman. Give us smiles and tears; give us sunshine and storms; give us the busy, bustling restlessness which, perforce, uses itself up at one time, and is succeeded by a temporary calm, made all the more enjoyable by the previous disturbance. In short, give us temper in a wife; for you have only to study how to manage it, (and it can be managed), to make yourself alternately one of the happiest and most miserable dogs in existence. There's nothing like temper; it is the Worcestershire sauce in the human disposition, which bestows on it all its luxurious piquancy.

BOYHOOD.—Boys—when they are boys—are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who that does not remember when he would have sold his birthright for a rocking-horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet faced girl, older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned his head, and wept his grief away? Who but recollects when the thought of being a circus rider appeared greater than the thought of being President? and how jealously he watched the little fellows who wore spangled jackets and turned summersets, and wished for no happier lot than to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or some thing similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy vision they come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again!

REDEMPTION FROM SLAVERY.—REV. J. S. MARTIN, of Boston, once a slave but now a free man, and an intelligent and eloquent preacher, has just purchased his sister and her two children from slavery. This sister, named Caroline, was the property of Rev. John Dorton of Columbus, Georgia, whose unmarried son took her as his mistress. She bore him two children, a girl and a boy; the former is now 16 years old, the latter 9 years. Mr. Dorton sold Caroline and the two children for \$2000. Before sending her North, he wrote as follows to Mr. Martin, showing a deep interest in the 'Christian girl,' whom he had kept for his son's mistress for sixteen years. Hear the cunning hypocrite, whose soul slavery has stained:

From the beginning I have felt much reluctance in parting with Caroline, not only because she has been a faithful servant, but because I feared to place her, or allow her to be placed where her soul would be in danger. The city [Boston] from which you write, has always been known as a den of social monsters and abolition infidels; and as I know Caroline to be a Christian I have feared that God would hold me responsible for assisting to plunge her into moral and social ruin. May God save her! He alone can make her free from a blessing to her!

APOLOGISTS.—The Boston Transcript well remarks that the apologists for the rebellion and sympathizers with the rebels at home and abroad, are those who distrust the people, despise the people or deny the rights of the people. Aristocracy is of temperament and character, as well as of position in some social systems; and this aristocracy, of both kinds, has a natural affinity for the arrogant slave power in its treacherous attacks upon republican institutions. Hence it is that the staving operatives have, more than once, by the intelligence of their democratic instincts, rebuked the selfish nobility, mercenary millionaires and politicians of England; and hence it is, also, that here at the North the conspirators are so softly handled only by those who have a fellow feeling for the despotism that would sacrifice the well being of the many to the despotism of the dominating few.

RATBER COOL.—A Rebel newspaper in Maryland grows at the inequality and injustice of fixing the quota for drafting upon the basis of three fifths of the slave in addition to the whites, while at the same time the slaves are not reckoned in the militia, and are not subject to draft themselves. Ah! Wonder if that writer ever objected to slave representation in Congress. The shoe begins to pinch, does it? —[Bath Sentinel.]

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 30, 1862.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by this Office.

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

## QUERY: The Skowhegan Farmer mentions

(the arrest of a Frenchman for cruelty in saving a horse, which that paper says he left hitched under the tavern shed for ten days, without food or drink. Such stories always start queries. What kind of a tavern stand is that?—did the Frenchman patronize the same house, and thus become forgetful of his horse?—and if so, was the man who got him drunk and kept him so, to blame for the horse's suffering?—did the Frenchman feed his family while he starved his horse?—and if a drunken Frenchman is "an inhuman scoundrel" for such a deed, what would the sober Yankee be who aided in it? We don't look for answers to these questions, but we should like to know how it could be that a horse should actually starve in a tavern shed in the prosperous village of Skowhegan, and nobody lift a hand to save? Couldn't Moses chase a pumpkin with him?—or have all those golden trophies been wasted upon a greedy ruffian who gobbles them into his insatiable maw, and leaves his fellow creatures to starve?

AHA!—We are sorry we bothered the Anson Advocate about that paragraph. We really thought he wrote it, and think so yet. First he imputed it to the Mail, and now he says it was from "a republican paper," but forgets to tell what one! We say he wrote it himself!—and will give him a new hat and a clean shirt if he will show what republican paper he copied it from. "Please copy."

There is more talk of foreign intervention, and a recent speech by Gladstone, at Newcastle, excites considerable attention. His views are thus reported:—

It regards the ultimate success of the South as certain, and thought the slaves would be better off if the States were separated, as on the basis of the Union the laws against the slaves were enforced by the whole power of the Federal United Government. British neutrality had been more against the South than the North. We ought to judge the North tenderly; it had never drunk the cup of bitterness, and it exaggerated its feelings. Let us bear with them. Let us not forget the reception they gave the Prince of Wales; it was a proof of that settled good will of America to England. There could be no doubt that Jefferson Davis had made a nation of the South.

The London Times admits that the commercial classes are opposed to any formal recognition of the dissolution of the Union. The worth of it to the rebels, unaccompanied by material assistance, would not be great.

LOOK YE!—Through the generosity of Dr. Waters we are able to distribute among the subscribers to the Mail some cuttings of the Northern Muscadine Grape. This is one of the best kinds for this climate, and those of our subscribers who want a slip enough to plant and train it as well as they can, may have one without cost, by calling at our office. We have but few of this kind, and when they are distributed, another, perhaps less valuable, will be distributed instead.

MILITARY.—At a special meeting of Company A, at Town Hall, on Saturday last, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Capt. Bangs, the following officers were elected:—

Geo. Jewell, Captain.  
John Lasselle, 1st Lieut.  
Wm. A. Caffrey, 2d Lieut.  
James P. Hill, 3d  
Wm. Edwards, 4th  
Edmund F. Webb, Orderly.

The southern papers all hail with joy the recent election successes of the so called Democratic Union party at the North. Why? that they may be able to make favorable terms with the North and return to the Union as it was? Not a bit of it. They recognize in the opposition party of the North an enemy of the present Administration and an opponent of the war of redemption, and through its success they hope for a peaceable separation on their own terms, with their favorite institution, the cause of all our woes, undisturbed.

SUCCESSFUL.—The incessant demands of the Lewiston Journal, upon Gen. McClellan, that he should either rush upon the enemy or resign, have finally driven that too prudent officer to hazard a movement, and the great army of the Potomac are about to advance, either upon Richmond or Lewiston, we are not confident which. We have often thought to caution the Journal, but it is too late now.

ACCIDENT.—Chas. H. Preston, belonging in Benton, a private in the 17th infantry, stationed at Fort Preble, was drowned by the sinking of a boat in Portland Harbor, Tuesday of last week; and with him, at the same time, his wife, son, and two other persons.

NO. 17.

## OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY for November is truly a rich one in all its departments. In addition to its large handsomely colored fashion plate, and numerous wood engravings—illustrations of the various articles, patterns, designs, &c.—it contains a charming full length picture of Miss Kate Chase, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. This is one of a series of portraits of representative women of America, of which Mrs. President Lincoln was the first. The next one will be Mrs. G. B. McClellan.

The literature of this number is well up to the high mark attained by this work and embraces many of the best stories ever published in its pages. Much other good reading will also be found—some of it relating to the war, some of special interest to the man of science and lover of natural history, much to please and benefit the ladies, and all of interest to the general reader. Nobody will fail to find an abundance to suit his taste in the great variety offered in each issue of this Queen of the Monthlies.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.—The October issue has the following table of contents:—

Ten Days in Richmond. Caxtonia.—Part IX, containing 'On Essay writing in general and those Essays in particular,' and 'The Sanguine Temperament.' Germany and her prospects. Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel, part 8th. Iphigenia in Tauris. Gaster, the First M.A. Tickle II. again. Italy and France.

This is an eminently good number. To be sure the first article is strongly saced, but it won't hurt anybody. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 24 Colchester, New York. Terms of subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$2 per annum any two Reviews \$3; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; 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. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The November number of this old favorite contains no less than eighty-three engravings, including a charming double sized fashion plate, of six figures, a fine steel engraving—'Heavenly Consolation,' &c., &c. The reading department is also capitally well filled. Those who are acquainted with the merits of this work need no urging from us in its favor; those who know but little of it—and their number must be small—will do well to examine it before making up their list of magazines for 1863. The price is a little higher than some works of a similar character, but with no one do you get more value for the amount invested than by taking the Lady's Book. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLATINUM.—The Scholar's Court, in the September number of this nice little juvenile, will find hosts of interested readers among the little folks; so will the story of 'Old Ponto,' the fable of 'The Enchanted Pocket Knife,' and 'Attakulakulla,' a narrative of the old Indian wars. The number is prettily illustrated, as usual Published by William Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—There is every indication of a speedy advance of the army of the Potomac; indeed, it may be said to have already begun. Gen. Burnside has crossed the Potomac with the left wing, and taken position near Lovettsville, and a large force is massed in that vicinity. A force of cavalry and light artillery, under Gen. Pleasanton, are reported at Leesburg, the rebels having retired on his advance. Lee has fallen back beyond Winchester, and the rebels are not to be found at Charleston, Martinsburg or Sheperdstown. It is reported that Winchester has also been evacuated by the enemy, who are retreating toward Staunton.

The rebels recently made a dash on Manassas, driving out a small Union force stationed there. The attacking party was subsequently dispersed by Capt. Couger.

Gen. Buell has been relieved from the command of the Union army in Kentucky, and Gen. Rosecrans succeeds him, which change is thought to be a good one.

The rebels have evacuated Galveston, Texas, and the stars and stripes now float over the city. Sabine city has also been captured by our gunboats.

A rebel force is reported to be marching on Memphis. Eight hundred rebels were recently routed near Fort Donelson.

The rebels have possession of the Tennessee shore opposite Island No. 10.

Commodore Farragut is at Pensacola, awaiting orders for an attack on Mobile.

The accessionists are said to be arming their slaves. If they will trust the blacks with deadly weapons it does not become the North to object.

Negroes are flocking in at every point on the borders of the Southern Confederacy, showing that the news of the Proclamation is spreading, in spite of efforts to prevent it.

All accounts of the battle of Perryville, Ky., show that it was far from being a victory for us. The enemy did not lose more than one third the number we did, while our captures were of no account. Reflections on Gen. Buell are very severe on all hands.

An effort will be made to open the navigation of the Mississippi as soon as the water rises.

The evidence in the Harper's Ferry case tends strongly to exonerate Col. Miles and Gen. White.

A rebel force of five of six thousand under Gen. Hindman was recently attacked and routed at Mayville, Arkansas, by Gen. Schofield. They fled beyond the Boston mountain.

Com. Wilkes has been down to Bermuda to look after British vessels engaged in running the blockade, and the ugly Britishers grumble a little in consequence.

Gen. Wise is said to be threatening Yorktown with 20,000 men, but the report is considered doubtful.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Mr. A. W. Low, near Lyon's Mills, in Fairfield, with the woodshed, dairy house and hog pen connected, was burned on Monday morning.

Nearly all the furniture and clothing, together with the contents of the dairy house, wood shed and hog pen, were consumed. There was a small insurance on the buildings. The fire is supposed to have taken from the arch in the swell house.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Androscoggin and Kennebec and Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Companies have finally been consolidated with the title named above. At a meeting held in this village on Tuesday, the following Directors were chosen:—

Wm. Goodenow, Portland.  
Ira Crocker,  
Rufus Horton,  
Hollis Bowman, Bangor.  
T. W. Baldwin,  
S. P. Benson, Winthrop.  
Franklin Smith, Waterville.

Subsequently the Board made choice of the following officers:—

William Goodenow, President.  
S. P. Benson, Clerk.  
J. Nye, Treasurer.  
E. Noyes, Superintendent.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Henry Dodge, of Freedom, dropped dead on Saturday last, in a store in Unity, while transacting business. He was apparently in perfect health, though probably afflicted with disease of the heart. He was about 60 years old, a wealthy, influential and worthy man, and leaves a family to lament his loss.

## WHAT A DEMOCRATIC COLONEL SAYS.

A great meeting was held at Chicago recently to extend a welcome to Gen. Prentiss of Illinois, who has just returned home from a long imprisonment at the South. The General gave a long and interesting account of the sufferings of himself and his men in the Southern prisons. We will let our readers see what are the opinions of a Democratic Colonel, one of Gen. Prentiss's fellow prisoners at the South, and who spoke at the meeting—Col. Lynch of the 53th Illinois regiment. In the course of his remarks the Colonel said:

I hardly need tell you that I have always been a strong, uncompromising Democrat. I have been an apologist for the Southern people. I pronounced the stories of their cruelties to be gross fabrications. I considered the Abolitionists and Republicans the enemies of the Union. I will not say so now.

I never suffered so much during my whole imprisonment, as I did when I arrived at Washington and found that there were men in the North sympathizing with the rebels. The rebels are our open enemies. We know where to find them. These Northern enemies are vipers. They sting us and we cannot find them to crush them. My only platform is, 'I love my country.' As you all know, have never been an abolitionist. I have turned negroes who came into my camp over to their rebel masters. I cannot say that I like a negro now; but if it should be necessary to save this glorious Union I would take a regiment of negroes and march into Dixie. (Immense applause.) Every party now should be merged into one. There should be no Republicans, no Democrats. Every man should sacrifice his personal feelings. I was opposed to Abraham Lincoln; I am now opposed to every man who opposes Abraham Lincoln.

You may talk about the unconstitutionality of the President's proclamation. I tell you it that proclamation is lived up to, it will prove the hardest blow this rebellion has ever received. But to make this proclamation effective, it must have the support of the people, and no loyal man will refuse it his support.

The Southern people are not going to give up until they are thoroughly whipped, and they never will be whipped while every slave is equal to one of our soldiers. The negroes are the best friends we have. You cannot depend much upon the Union feeling in the South. The white trash are against us. They have been made to believe that the negroes would become their equals if the South were conquered, and in many instances they are their equals if not their superiors. When we elevate these men, when they fill the places of the vaunted aristocracy of the South, then they will be Union men. They fight mighty hard and with the energy of desperation, while our soldiers cannot fight well, because there are men here throwing cold water upon their efforts. We must sustain our Government and the Administration, and if there are men here who will not support them, they had better go to Dixie. He who does not support the Government, right or wrong, is not my friend. (Prolonged applause.)

A class, representatives of which are found in every community, get the following back-handed compliment in the published card of the Pacific Engine Co., of Augusta:—

'Last, and by all means least, we would desire to be profoundly grateful for the valuable assistance rendered us during five hours' hard labor by those gentlemanly, noble-hearted citizens of Augusta, who, utterly regardless of all personal danger, rushed fearlessly upon the sidewalks and heroically stood there, with coat collars turned up and umbrellas spread, without lifting a finger to stay the progress of the flames. Their self-sacrificing conduct in venturing from their homes and quiet firesides on a stormy night, and their veteran-like calmness under fire, won the praise of all. As a grateful people should always honor their benefactors, we hope our city authorities will recognize, in an official manner, the services of these our fellow-citizens.'

It is reported that the Agricultural Department at Washington has received gratifying accounts from various sections of the country of the success attending the culture of cotton. Those from Southern Illinois are especially encouraging.

The following note is brief, but explains itself:

WASHINGTON, OCT. 14, 1862. To James Parker and others, Mott Haven, N. Y. You ask for words to encourage enlistments. I give them: The United States, the greatest of all nations if they stand together—the most miserable if they fall asunder.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The new Congregational Church on the Island, at Skowhegan, says the Farmer, was struck by lightning during the shower of Wednesday of last week and slightly damaged.

Our whole public debt is said to be only six hundred and sixty millions.

Massachusetts follows the lead of Maine and appoints Thanksgiving on the 27th of Nov. also.

S. F. Shaw, Esq. of Portland, formerly of Waterville, is about to remove to Cambridge, Mass.



THE EASTERN MAIL,  
An Independent Family Newspaper,  
Published every Thursday,  
By  
MAXHAM AND WING,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,  
At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.  
E. H. MAXHAM. DAN L. R. WING.

TERMS.  
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50  
paid within six months, 1.75  
paid within the year, 2.00  
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.  
DEPARTURE OF MAIL.  
Western Mail leaves daily at 10:00 A.M. Clarendon 4:45 A.M.  
Augusta 10:00 P.M. 9:45  
Portland 10:00 P.M. 9:45  
Bangor 10:00 P.M. 9:45  
Norridgewick, &c. 6:00 A.M. 4:45  
Belfast Mail leaves  
Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 A.M. 8:40 A.M.  
Office hours from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The miser hides his savings, but the early school boy saves his hidings.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

Vanity Fair suggests that the cause of the shingles turning red at this season of the year, is modesty. They blush because they must so soon expose their nude limbs to the gaze of man.

'I want a safeguard,' said a violent rebel to Gen. Negley, the other day. 'Hang out the American flag,' replied the General; 'that is the best safeguard I know of.'

Very great were the wars of Caesar, Alexander, and Napoleon, but we shall probably conclude, after a little talk with the tax gatherer, that this is the war for our money.

Queen Charlotte asked Dr. Samuel Clarke what he knew of Butler, at that time a neglected author. Dr. Clarke told her he was residing with some of his family upon a small living in Kent. The Queen expressed her surprise, and said she thought he was dead. 'No, madam,' said Dr. Clarke, 'he is not dead; but he is cured.'

Many persons are never capable of hard thinking except when they think hard of their neighbors.

At a late meeting the following 'dry' toast was given, (the author of which was believed to have been reached home). The toast was 'The Pulpit and the Petticoat—the three ruling powers of the day.' The first spread knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spreads all over the sidewalk.

'Ovid was right,' ejaculated Hopkins, endeavoring solemnly to take in the whole compass of a mass of dress goods coming down the whole side of the mill, 'right in saying: this young lady is the least part of herself!'

A decision was given in the United States Court at Albany, N. Y., on Tuesday last, that the law of Congress prohibiting the issue of 'ship plasters' in the States is unconstitutional.

A certain writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's rule—to let the gate when the grist is out.

John Tansh, who has been Gen. O. H. Howard's body servant ever since he left this State as Colonel, has been detected in robbing the army mails.

No party!—Whenever you will show me a man with the words 'no party' in his mouth, I will show you the man that figures at the head or dangles at the tail of the most inveterate party that ever existed.

A young lady, on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushing replied that she wished him to be a husband man.

The Cavalry regiment has unanimously made choice of Rev. A. K. P. Small of Bangor, as their Chaplain, in place of Dr. Jeff. resigned.

LATER.—The enemy are threatening Nashville, and Buell's army is marching to its relief.

Hill, Jackson and Hampton, are said to be still encamped between Martinsburg and Bunker Hill.

The famous Grant Place, at Farmingdale, was sold at Auction on Tuesday, J. Carr, of Lewiston, was the purchaser, at \$5,300—the house alone having originally cost over \$10,000.

All of the Maine regiments have left the State. It is hinted that several of them will go south—to Texas, perhaps—under Gen. Banks.

A Kerosene Burner—that can be easily applied to an ordinary fluid lamp, requires no chimney, is just the thing for a hand or night lamp, costs but a trifle and runs with great economy—can be seen at Higgins & Lewis's, under the Mail office.

COL. HAMILTON ON THE PROCLAMATION.—It is certainly a striking fact that, while party conventions in Massachusetts are openly or implicitly condemning the President's proclamation, and men like Judge Parker and Judge Abbott are either sneering at it as a thing of no consequence or styling it a mere 'promissory declaration of opinion,' a Southern Union man, who has felt in his own person the real character of the rebellion, not only accepts but absolutely rejoices over the proclamation with the utmost enthusiasm. Said Col. Hamilton of Texas, in a recent speech in Brooklyn:—

'If they ask me whether I am in favor of the President's proclamation—it seems to be a stumbling block in the minds of some of the faithful in this part of the country—and whether I am a Union man accept it? Yes, gentlemen, I do. (Enthusiastic applause.) I not only accept it, but I know that it is the handwriting on the wall which makes every rebel in the South tremble in his shoes or boots this evening. It is like the handwriting which one of old saw on the wall, 'This is the dread of the unseen body which moves the hand that causes fear and trembling. That is the great body of the American people, who are thoroughly convinced that liberty must triumph over slavery, and that slavery must perish in order that liberty may live. The fight has begun, and it will never end until the one or the other shall succumb. Although my own mind is from time to time enveloped in dread, in doubt, in uncertainty and gloom, still my faith is stronger than that gloom and that doubt, I do realize that the victory will perch on the standard of freedom.'

For freedom's battle once begun, Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, Though baffled oft it is ever won.

Yes, I accept the President's proclamation, and I hail it with gratitude and joy. (Cheers.) It is the only step during this war in the right direction, and in the only direction to put down the cause of the war. We owe it to ourselves, to our children and to posterity to see to it that when this rebellion is crushed, the same cause shall not again involve us in the same troubles.'

The granting of a free pass does not, it seems, exonerate a railway company from responsibility for damage to a passenger on their train. The wife of William H. Perkins has recovered from the New York Central Railroad Company five thousand dollars damages for the death of her husband, which occurred by the accident at Sagout Creek in May, 1862. The defence was that Mr. Perkins was travelling on a free pass when the accident occurred.

If we would end the war in the shortest possible time, we should prepare for it upon as grand a scale as if we supposed it would last ten years. To gather up all the energies of the nation for a long war is the true way to make a short one.

Hon. J. R. Giddings, who from his consular position in Canada, has opportunity of observing the current of public sentiment there, says that since the President's proclamation appeared the people of the province have turned around in favor of the North, with the exception of the small cliques of secession sympathizers in a few of the principal towns and cities.

NO LIQUOR FOR SOLDIERS.—A Harper's Ferry letter says the military authorities are very rigid with those who sell liquor to the soldiers. All hotels have guards in or near the bar rooms to stop the sale of liquor to those in Government employ. Some very amusing incidents occur daily, especially when the sentries intercept colonels and those of higher grade. It is no use to parley with the sentry, as they are inexorable. The higher the rank of the officer, the less are his chances of getting a nip.

TAX ITEMS.—The Tax Commissioner says that silver plate owned by churches and kept for communion service is exempt from tax. Nursery men are required to take out licenses as wholesalers or retail dealers in the case may be, and free dealers who buy to sell again, if they peddle their trees, must take out licenses as such, and also as dealers if they have a place of business.

VALUE OF NEATNESS.—If young ladies only knew how disgusting to men slovenliness is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, they would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the lilacs of the field; or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colors which Nature exhibits in all her works. A girl of good taste and habits of neatness, can make a more fascinating toilet with a shilling calico dress, a few cheap ribbons and laces, and such ornaments as she can gather from the garden, than a vulgar, tawdry creature who is worth millions and has the jewelry and wardrobe of a princess.

NOTICES.

PRIZE POETRY.

Let Chieftains boast of deeds in war, And minstrels tell their sweet guitar, Of valorous deeds and noble life, In praise of HENRIETTA MATCHLESS FILLS. Their cures are found in every land—Mid Russia's snows, and Africa's sand; Their wondrous work the paper fills. Produced by HENRIETTA MATCHLESS FILLS.

Does disease afflict you? do not doubt This charming compound will cure it out, And health again your system fills, If you lay off at once to HENRIETTA'S FILLS. They are safe for all, both old and young—Their praises live on every tongue—Disease, disarmed, no longer kills, And you are blest with HENRIETTA'S FILLS.

Put up with English, Spanish, German, and French. Price 25 cents per box. SUGAR COATED. See advertisement in another column. 1-17

COURAGE, INVALIDS!

Clem's Summer Cure & Howes' Cough Pills.

By the concurrent testimony of many sufferers, the fact has been established, That for the cure of Diarrhea or Dysentery in persons of all ages, no medicine has ever done so much good as the public have already rendered their grateful verdict in favor of

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE. That for Children Cuttish Teeth, if troubled with Diarrhea or any irregularities of the Bowels, all other remedies are indicated as compared with

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE. That for Children troubled with Canker in the mouth or stomach, or mothers suffering from nursing sore mouth, a safe and speedy cure is effected by the use of

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE. That for Coughs, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections, there is no remedy so potent as this universally affords relief as

HOWES' COUGH PILLS. That for a Tightness or Wheezing on the Chest, Pains in the Side, or a long standing Cough, the best known remedy is

HOWES' COUGH PILLS. That, an expectorant and ameliorating agent in cases of Chronic Whooping Cough, and confirmed Croup, the public have already rendered their grateful verdict in favor of

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Coming, Father Abraham!

The Parlor Shoe Store in Full Blast!—Greater Sales than ever before!

It is now fully admitted by all that the Parlor Shoe Store is the most popular institution of the kind in Waterville—the best Boots and Shoes, the greatest variety, and kept in the most manner. "The BEST work at reasonable prices" is the motto of the concern.

GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD, Opp. Eldon & Herrick's, Main St.

GOOD NEWS!

Has just returned from Boston with a large assortment of Boots & Shoes, Leading Styles, in great variety.

A FULL, TRUTHFUL AND THRILLING HISTORY of the most glorious of human struggles, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, written with historical accuracy and all the vividness and brilliancy of description that the most powerful pen can command. Embellished with over 200 first class engravings. Sold only by subscription. Price \$2.50 per volume. Good as new—securely packed in every territory, and commences their canvass at once. Such a chance for Agents is rarely offered, as good history of the War cannot be obtained elsewhere. For terms and full particulars address JOHN G. WELLS, 105 Wall Street, New York.

Notice.

WHEREAS Caroline H. Brown, my wife, has left my bed and board without any cause, I shall pay no debt for her contracting after this date.

CHARLES H. BROWN, Clinton, Oct. 27.

SOAPS. J. R. Robinson's Industrial Toilet, Dental, and large assortment of Toilet Soaps of foreign manufacture, for sale at GRAY'S.

HAIR. Superior Hair Preparations. Robinson's "Cream of Lilies" and "Phosphoric Acid" at GRAY'S.

REPAIRING. Repairing done at short notice. Harness cleaned and oiled in a thorough manner. All charges reasonable. Corner of Main and Silver Sts. — WATERVILLE, Me. J. W. WESCOTT, July 22, 1862.

FAMILY DYE COLORS.

Dyeing Silks, Woolens and Cotton Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, & all kinds of Wearing Apparel, WITH PERFECT FAST COLORS.

LIST OF COLORS.—Black, Dark Brown, Snuff Brown, Light Brown, &c. Blue, Light Blue, Dark Green, Pink, Purple, Slate, Crimson, Salmon, Scarlet, Dark Blue, Light Blue, Yellow, Light Yellow, Orange, Magenta, Saffron, French Blue, Royal Purple, Violet.

These Dye Colors are expressly for family use, having been perfected, at great expense, after many years of study and experiment. The goods are dyed in from one to three hours' time. The process is simple, and any one can use the dyes with perfect success.

In every family there is to be found more or less of wearing apparel which could be dyed, and made to look as new. Many articles that become old, worn, faded, or out of style, may be renewed by using these Dyes. They can be changed to any color or shade in a very short time, at a small expense. You can have a number of shades from the same dye, from the lightest shade to the full color, by following the directions on the inside of the package.

At every store where these Dyes are sold, can be seen samples of color, and of the work done.

All who have used these Family Dye Colors pronounce them to be a useful, economical and most valuable article.

Numerous testimonials could be given from ladies who have used these Dyes; but in this case it is not required, as its real value and usefulness can be seen by the goods dyed.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, Practical Chemists, 253 Broadway, Boston.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

Geo. A. L. Merrifield, DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER.

Multi-st. — Waterville.

KEENE COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, held at Augusta on the second Monday of October, 1862.

TRISTRAM HIGGINS, Administrator on the Estate of ELIZAB