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Maxham & Wing

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GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glimmers o'er the many stars
That gleam o'er the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flower,
Or stars that ever shone.

The stars may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much this world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

HOMELY ALICE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

[CONTINUED.]

August and September came and went, October drew near with her gorgeous forest drapery, and her blue, transparent skies, and by the middle of the month Leslie and Alice were to be married. The latter moved about with a soft light in her eyes and a bright smile upon her lip, that lent to her pale features a radiance dearer than beauty. The bridal dress, simple yet rich, both in material and fashion, was already prepared, and Mrs. Morrison's head and hands were busily engaged in arrangements for the wedding. Few guests were to be invited—only Mrs. Guernsey, Mr. Meredith and three or four friends from the village; but, as our lady readers are well aware, a wedding is a wedding, whether the guests are few or many. Leslie had not yet returned, but he was daily expected, and in his last letter had named the day for their bridal, with due deference, of course, to Alice's wishes in the matter.

"If you don't have a letter tonight, Alice, Sherman will surely be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Morrison. "There comes John from the post office, now; I'll go see what he has got."

She came back with her hands full of letters and papers.

"Here's one for you, Alice, and from Sherman. But it is mailed at St. Louis; she added glancing at the post-mark. 'That's queer! I thought he and Norris were to start for home a fortnight ago. Do open it.'"

Alice needed no second bidding. The envelope was quickly torn off, and her eye rapidly glanced over the first few lines; then she paused, turned the page and looked at the signature for a moment before she went on. Her cheek grew paler and paler as she read, and, as she finished the last line, the letter dropped from her nerveless hand.

Mrs. Morrison sprang up in alarm.

"What is it, Alice, my dear child? Is Sherman ill?"

"Read the letter," was the inarticulate response.

It was the old story—one that has been told ever since the world was made, and one that will be repeated as long as loving hearts and false ones move in the same dim sphere. Eloquent words and daintily written was that epistle, and it had undoubtedly occasioned its author a world of thought and pains. There were, to begin with, earnest protestations of regard, and bitter lamentations over the stern necessity he was under, of writing what would, he feared, occasion at least temporary sorrow to one whom he esteemed as highly as he did the friend he was addressing. But the truth must be told. He could not approach the altar with a lie upon his lips, and he was now confident that he had been mistaken in his feeling toward her. He had thought he loved, when in fact he only regarded her as a dear friend, a sister. There were hints of a newer and stronger passion, against which he had struggled with all the strength of his nature. And yet, he said, he did not ask to be released from his engagements with Alice. He wrote thus merely because he felt that she deserved to be treated with perfect frankness; and that he should have done so before, had he not hoped and prayed that he might yet teach his heart to love her as he ought.

This was the substance of the letter. Mrs. Morrison read it at least three times, before she could convince herself that she was not dreaming. She was still poring over it with a bewildered air, when Alice spoke.

"Give me the letter, please, mother."

"My poor Alice!"

Mrs. Morrison could say no more; but a hearty burst of tears—albeit angry and wounded pride helped to swell the flood—evinced her sympathy far more plainly than words; and she folded Alice to her heart, as if to shield her there from all that could distress or grieve her.

"Don't mind it, Alice, my darling! If he can treat you in this way he is not worth caring for."

Alice did not reply, but, taking the letter from her mother's hand, she glided up stairs to her own room.

I regret exceedingly that our Alice is not better fitted to adorn the pages of a romance—that there is not a little more of the melodramatic about her. She ought, unquestionably, to have gone from one fainting-fit to another, until the morning dawned, and then had a brain fever; or else, with 'flashing eyes,' and 'queeny brow,' and 'haughty tread,' she should have paced the floor for hours, refusing admittance to her dearest friend—written a few terribly strong, imperious words to Leslie, and—taken laudanum. But, as she was not a heroine, poor child! she did neither.

She was not a heroine; she was only a true and loving woman, whose strength lay far more in her heart than in her head, but whose affections and passions were yet under the control of reason.

She went up stairs to her room, as I said, and read the letter over again, carefully, from beginning to end. Perhaps there was still a faint hope lurking in some far corner of her heart, a hope that she had misconceived the tenor of Leslie's words; if so it was a vain one, and, suffering the paper to fall in her lap, she sat with her hands clasped over her eyes for many minutes; then drawing her portfolio to her side, she wrote to that false friend of hers, calmly, and, it may be, coldly, but with no unnatural attempt at stoicism, releasing him from his engagement, and sundering forever the ties that had bound them.

The letter was sealed and dispatched—and the dream was over. Was it any marvel that her tears rained through her clasped fingers, as she recalled the past? She reproached herself with her blindness, and wondered that she had not read her lover's heart better. Yet she could not do so, with any show of reason, for his letters had been frequent, and affectionate, and he had given such plausible excuses for his delay in returning home as would have deceived one far less generous and confiding.

"I want to go to the South as a teacher, mother," said Alice, one dark day in November. "Have I your permission, if I can find a situation that pleases me?"

"Go South, as a teacher! Why, Alice, what made you think of such a thing? You know well enough that there is no need of it; let those teach who are obliged to."

"I don't suppose there is any need of it, mother; that is, any need of my teaching as a means of support. But I must do something; I cannot stay here, with nothing but the little round of domestic duties to engage my thoughts. Do not attempt to dissuade me, dear mother; I must go!"

"I think I understand you, Alice. But if you are unhappy here, my dear child, will you not be far more so elsewhere? I doubt the wisdom of such a move, my love, and, as for the lack of employment, we can find business enough for you here."

Alice shook her head and smiled sadly.

"I need to go through a hardening process, mother, and for that reason I wish to go forth and battle with the world. Here, where your sheltering love interposes as a shield between your child and all little cares and trials, she has too much time to brood over her one great sorrow."

"You must not, Alice, you must not regard it as a sorrow," said Mrs. Morrison, wiping her eyes. "You should look upon it as a mercy, as a positive blessing, that Sherman Leslie's real character was revealed to you before you became his wife. He was not worthy of you, darling."

"Do not misunderstand me," was the earnest reply. "I bless God that this revelation was made before it was too late, and if I could recall him by the mere uplifting of my finger, I would not raise it. I mourn, mother, not for the lost lover, but for the unworthy love—hope for the blighted hopes, but because those hopes rested upon so frail a foundation. It is terrible to think that I have been thus deceived in one whom I trusted so entirely! I thought my idol was of purest gold, and lo! it is naught but clay."

Mrs. Morrison drew nearer to her daughter, and softly smoothed back the hair that had fallen over her forehead; but she did not speak, and Alice went on.

"I do not want to go to a convent now, mother, and a faint smile played round her mouth while she spoke, as I did years ago, when I thought I was in deep affliction. I do not wish to fly from sorrow, but to meet and conquer it; and in order to do that, I must act. With such a temperament as mine, action is the very best recipe for the cure of grief."

"I do not doubt it, my child. You are the best judge of your own strength or weakness, and I will not try to influence your judgment. But what are your plans?"

With these, however, we have nothing to do. Suffice it to say, that in six weeks from that time Alice was in Virginia, acting as assistant teacher in one of the first seminaries in the state.

Two days before she left home, she chanced to take up a newspaper that had found its way into the house with some packages sent her from a distance. A familiar name caught her eye as she turned it over. Leslie was married to a sister of his friend Norris; and, according to the date, the ceremony must have taken place before Alice's last letter could possibly have reached him.

More than one year, or even two, rolled away before Alice could re-read this chapter of her life without deep and poignant sorrow. But she was gradually 'struggling into the light.'

Slowly but surely the deep wound was healing, and as it closed it left no hateful scar behind it.

"You will not go back again, Alice?" said Mrs. Morrison. "You will not leave me again?"

This question was asked at the commencement of one of the long summer vacations, which Alice invariably spent with her mother.

"Not unless you grow tired of my company, after having had the house to yourself for so long a time," was the cheerful answer. "I've had enough of teaching for the present, and shall stay with my dear mother until she sends me off again."

"Or until some one carries you off, Alice? Was that what you meant to have said?"

"By no means. I made no conquests at the South—none that ever came to my knowledge, at least. If I did, my victims were the yoke silently. I am a predestined old maid, mother, and shall live here to take care of you, and crimp your cap borders for you when you are old—provided you will trust me with such delicate articles."

"When I am old! Oh, but you wrote me that you had seen Sherman Leslie. How was it?"

"Yes; I met him at a party, one evening last winter, very unexpectedly to me, and to him also, if I may judge from his appearance. And, mother, you don't know how glad I am that I have seen him again!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Morrison.

"Because I had previously had a sort of undefined fear that if I were to meet him I should find myself less wrong than I supposed—a fear that it would revive olden recollections, and make me unhappy again."

"But it did not?"

"No, mother. On the contrary, it proved to me that I was entirely heart-whole. There was not a tone of his voice that could quicken its throbbings."

"Yes. She must have been very beautiful once; but she is far from being that now. I do not think they are happy together, mother. Her face wears a look of querulous discontent, and his—oh, he looks fifteen years older than when I last saw him."

"What kind of a person did you take her to be?"

"I thought—but you will consider me a harsh judge, mother."

"I shall do no such thing, my dear child. Go on."

"I thought she had neither mind nor character. She talked incessantly, but it all amounted to nothing; and I could see very plainly that some of her remarks were exceedingly mortifying to Leslie. She was very much over-dressed, too, and you know he used to be so fastidious in that respect."

"I wonder if she knew any thing of your past relations to her husband?"

"I conclude so, for I heard her tell him that 'his old flame was a perfect fright,' said Alice, laughing merrily."

"Polite, at all events. Did you hear his reply?"

"No, mother; but, whatever it was, she colored to the roots of her hair, and turned her back to him, shrugging her shoulders like a spoiled child. I did not mean to be censorious, she added, placing her hand upon that of her mother as she spoke; 'I could not help noticing these things.'"

Alice's judgment was perfectly correct. Leslie

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lie had first met his wife at a time when his pride was wounded, his vanity galled, and his temper irritated—when he was beginning to regard Alice's want of beauty as a most serious thing—when, overlooking or undervaluing the spiritual loveliness of her life and character, and forgetting that it was by the beauty of her heart and mind that she first won his affections, he was growing dissatisfied with and almost ashamed of his choice. He was extremely sensitive with regard to the opinion of the world—its praise was what he most coveted, its censure what he most dreaded; and in many respects he regarded Norris as the representative of that world upon whose fiat so much was depending. Norris evidently wondered at and derided his choice—evidently regarded him with a pitying eye, as one who had thrown himself away. What then would not others say? Gradually his affection for Alice wasted away; he began to think himself the injured party, and to whisper to himself that he had been over-hasty—rash—swayed by the impulses of the moment.

It was just then that he was thrown daily and hourly into the presence of Clara Norris. She was surpassingly beautiful; was always surrounded by a throng of admirers; and turned from them all to court the attentions of the only one who held himself aloof—Sherman Leslie. A hasty wedding and a hurried bride were the result; and he awoke from his bewildering dream to find himself companionless—incapable of sympathizing with his humblest aspirations; unloved, for his affections (if she had any to begin with) had been frittered away by the flirtations of her girlhood, and she had none to bestow upon her husband; homeless—for it is sacrilege to apply the sacred name of home to any dwelling beside whose hearthstone the angels of Love and Faith do not fold their white wings, and abide continually.

"And you have loved her so long, Ralph? I didn't even dream of it," said Mrs. Guernsey, as she leaned her head against her brother's shoulder. "I thought—and her eye turned toward the ebony box that still maintained its old position upon the table."

"You thought my heart was buried in the grave of this dear one," replied Mr. Meredith, lifting the cover and taking from it the precious miniature of which we have before spoken, and that it could have no second love. I thought so too, Jane, and I cannot tell you, even now, how it was brought about. Alice stole into my heart ere I was aware of it, and I never thought of loving her until the news of her engagement with Leslie startled me into a knowledge of the fact. Startled me, I say, for the thought was at first terrible. My conscience charged me with unfaithfulness, and these mournful eyes haunted me continually. I have been untrue to my first love—a love that I had so often vowed should be my last. I was glad that this second was a hopeless love, that Alice was soon to be the wife of another; for then I thought the barrier of duty would be raised between us, and my heart would return to its allegiance here. But it was not so to be; and during these years, while I have cherished Mary's memory as sacredly as ever, Alice has been growing dearer and dearer. I have ceased to struggle against it, Jane, and I have ceased to regard its indulgence as wrong, or, as faithfulness to her who has for so many years lain in her early grave, for I know that she is not forgotten. Yet I dare not think that Alice returns my affection. I am so much older than herself that it seems impossible, and like the merest folly for me to indulge the thought for a moment. See here!"

He touched a spring and a secret drawer flew out. "Do you know this?" he asked, opening a small enameled case of exquisite workmanship.

"It is Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Guernsey. "Why, Ralph, how came you in possession of this?"

"I painted it from memory, two years since. What do you think of the likeness?"

"It is excellent," said his sister, examining it carefully. "But, after all, Ralph, you must admit that it is far prettier than Alice."

"Prettier than she seems to strangers, perhaps, but no fairer than she appears to me. I see her soul in her face, Jane. It is lighted from within—illuminated by her heart and her intellect; and I care for no other beauty. But I did not mean to tell you all this, mine sister; it is such folly, and I had kept my secret so long and so well. I betrayed myself unawares and then thought I might as well tell you the whole story. But it must go no farther."

"Certainly not from me, dear Ralph. Yet—"

"Yet what?"

"You should tell Alice this tale. She will not give her love unsought, and I am sure she does not dream of this. Yet I think she may be won, and the prize is surely worth the effort."

"But my gray hairs, Jane!"

"A fig for your gray hairs! Buy a wig, if you prefer it."

Her brother smiled as he turned away, and replaced both miniatures in the ebony box.

Six months from that time Alice Morrison became the loved and honored wife of Ralph Meredith.

"Do you remember a conversation we had many years ago, my daughter, when you said you were so homely that even your teacher and schoolmates were unable to love you?" whispered Mrs. Morrison, as she stood with her arm around Alice's waist, while the party were waiting for the carriage that was to bear them to the beautiful home Mr. Meredith had prepared for his bride.

"Remember it? Indeed I do. What have you not been to me, mother? Few daughters are so blessed!"

"Few mothers have such a daughter," was the fond response.

"And few husbands such a wife," chimed in Mr. Meredith, who approached in time to hear the last remark. "I think we all ought to be contented; I am, certainly!"

"And you take it for granted that your wife is, said Mrs. Guernsey, laughing. 'He is quite too vain, Alice. You must teach him better.'"

"THE THREE SIEVES. 'Oh mamma! cried little Blanche Philpott, 'I heard such a tale about Edith Howard. I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—'

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, 'before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves.'"

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place it is true."

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you cannot prove it is true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking, and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." [Children's Friend.]

The Month Malign.

September gives rise to more disease in town and country together than any other month of the year. It is fruitful in diarrhea, dysentery and fevers of every grade, from common fever and ague to the most malignant form of bilious, congestive and yellow fever. The immediate causes of these maladies are the hot days and cool nights, in conjunction with the habits of the people. Few persons have hearty appetites in hot weather—our instincts are too wide awake for that; but we too often drown our wise and steady and gentle moods, in the clamor of the animal nature for stimulants, to whet the appetite to purling and destructive activities. The proprietors of the most fashionable hotels in New York have asserted that, if it were not for the 'profits of the bar' they would have to close their doors. Doubtless, in almost all cases, these 'profits of the bar,' are a very important source of income to all taverns. We have certainly noticed that a number of temperance hotels succeed in collapsing in a very short time. When the stomach is taxed beyond its ability for work, by eating to the fill of a stimulated appetite, one pernicious result always follows, and a different one is impossible in any single case in a century of centuries; the food is not perfectly assimilated—cannot be made into good blood; and, being mixed with what was already in the system, makes 'a bad blood' of the whole. The entire mass is a vitiated article, and becomes more so by each act of over-eating, by every mouthful swallowed to 'get up an appetite.' The whole mass of blood being thus corrupted, it is no wonder that persons living so are liable to complaints in all parts of the body; for this vitiated blood goes everywhere; and, never feeling well, they are always 'taking something.' In this way the body soon loses its vigor, its capability of resisting causes of disease, and warding off sickness; a state of things plainly proven and unwittingly acknowledged in the now every common expression: 'The slightest thing in the world gives me cold.'"

When such is the case, it is always because he who speaks has not much stamina; in other words, is full of 'bad blood'—whatever may have been the cause; whether from taking tonics, stimulants, or bitters, to wake up an unnatural appetite, or whether from 'forcing' food; eating without an appetite; or merely from a vicious indulgence of the animal nature. When persons have for some time eaten more than the system requires, they lose their appetite; have a bad taste in the mouth on waking up in the morning; are more or less uncomfortable, chilly, and are fit subjects for any cause of disease which may exist in the atmosphere. They are the very first victims to any epidemic malady; if anybody is sick they are sure to be among the number. This general cause of disease existing in the atmosphere is always generated in the latter part of August and during September; it is called miasma—an emanation from decaying vegetable matter, mud, leaves, plants, roots, &c.; it is distilled death, literally, because the heat of the noonday sun, acting upon matters like these, causes the deleterious agency to rise up, like alcohol or whiskey from a still. When the cool of the evening comes, this air is condensed, becomes heavy, falls to the surface, and is breathed by whole communities, sometimes breaking out in a night and destroying hundreds before the morning. In such cases the temperate, plain-living and industrious, are the very last to suffer, if at all, because they have good blood, which has a 'power' to resist disease. The lesson is, never attempt to 'whet up' the appetite, except by creditable labor, or moderate, steady, continuous out-door activities. [Scientific American.]

COLORED TROOPS IN HOT CLIMATES.

The comparative liability of white and colored troops to diseases of a malarious origin, has long since attracted the attention of the English authorities, and has doubtless greatly influenced the composition of their forces serving in malarious countries. From the annual report of the British army for 1859, it appears that in Jamaica the ratio of mortality is as follows:—White 10.9, black 8.2; Bahamas, white 15.9, black 5.6; Sierra Leone, white 41.0, black 2.4. These facts have an important bearing on the present policy of our Government, in organizing negro regiments for service in the malarious regions of the South. Already Surgeon-General Hammond has been able to contribute an item of statistical information bearing on this point. In a recent communication to the Secretary of War, he states that Medical Inspector Townsend reports that, in the Department of the Gulf, white and colored troops are found serving together, and equally subjected to malarious influences. The ratio of sick of diarrhea, dysentery, remittent, intermittent, typhoid fevers, &c., is white, 10.8 and colored 0.8 per cent. The argument in favor of the employment of colored troops at the South, is based on their comparative immunity from the diseases peculiar to that region, is conclusive.

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.—A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of this city, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly, "I wouldn't."

expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a damned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for twelve months.—[Buffalo Courier.]

AN UNCONVINCING SPEAKER.—The late Bishop of London (Dr. Bloomfield) was a fine Greek scholar, but an indifferent speaker. It is related of him, in a volume of memoirs just published in London, that when the living of Great and Little Chesterford, and of Tyddenham, in his native county, had fallen into his lap, he preached at Chesterford on the text: 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God!' He preached extempore for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation on his way home, how he liked the discourse. "Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there *be* a God!"

It is added that in later life his speeches in the House of Lords were remarkable for what this discourse wanted—clearness; but in that assembly the Bishop never spoke without great previous preparation, the manuscript notes for his harangues having been made with the utmost care.

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES. The currant is one of our most reliable fruits, and we refer to it at this time, because we desire every reader of the *American Agriculturist* to be thoroughly impressed with the importance of the small fruits, both as a matter of health and economy. We hope every one of them will have a constant and full supply of strawberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc., as long as the season lasts. A currant patch is easily started; if neglected it will bear tolerably for years, and with a little care in pruning it will continue to yield abundant crops of fine fruit which is excellent fresh, dried, made into jelly, or preserved in bottles. The time that fruits are in perfection is the one in which to talk about growing them. All our plans, whether for the farm or garden should be laid well in advance. Let every farmer who is without small fruits determine to have at least a patch of currants, and strawberries; grapes, and other fruit will soon follow. Currants are raised with the utmost ease. Good rooted plants from the nursery get this fall will give some fruit next season. Those who cannot afford to send to nurseries or are not in reach of them, can always get cuttings of some neighbor. Cuttings of this year's wood, about a foot long, are to be taken as soon as the leaves have fallen; cut out with a sharp knife all the buds except three or four of the upper ones, and then plant in rows 6 to 12 inches apart, burying them for two-thirds of their length. If set into good soil, not ten in a hundred will fail to make plants which next year may be set out where they are to stand. In after culture the currant is grown upon a single stalk in the form of a tree; it may be trained upon a wall, fence or trellis; or it may be grown upon a sort of renewal plan. According to the last method, the eyes or buds which go below ground are not taken out, but the plant is allowed to shoot up from the root, and the branches which come up are cut out after they have borne one crop of fruit. If the plants become crowded, a portion of the new wood should be cut out. This manner of growing currants is, by many cultivators, preferred to the tree form. A hoop is sometimes put over the bush, to which the branches are trained, thus giving all an equal chance at the light and air. We have seen such fine crops grown with both methods of cultivation, that we hardly know which to recommend. When the bushes are trained upon a fence or trellis, they should be encouraged to make only two stout branches the first year. These are to be laid horizontally, and the limbs which they throw out are to be trained in an upright position. Currants may be made to give a large crop and take up little room, by training them against a fence; they may be planted within six inches of it. With regard to varieties there is considerable choice. We say, grow currants at any rate, and take the common red, if nothing better is within reach. Where they can be had, the Cherry currant and the White grape are to be preferred. Even the common sorts will yield larger fruit by good culture and close pruning. The gooseberry is very much neglected of late for the reason that the varieties most celebrated in Europe are rendered worthless in our country by mildew. Of late, two American sorts, Houghton's seedling and the American seedling have been introduced, which are quite free from this defect. They are pretty sure to give a crop, though the berries are small. [American Agriculturist.]

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS. The President was interrogated recently upon the subject of the exchange of prisoners, by the father of a New York officer of one of the colored regiments, who is a prisoner in Richmond. Mr. Lincoln said he would do all in his power to effect the release of these officers, and all others now prisoners, but he was not prepared, nor would he consent to make the release of officers of colored regiments an indispensable condition to a renewal of exchanges. The government was prepared to exchange man for man with the rebels, even should they refuse to release the officers of colored regiments. This would be done, because the government considered it unfair to make the case of a few officers a test question, when a much larger number would be benefited by a resumption of exchanges, and the question of exchanging these officers left open for future consideration. He wished sincerely that they could be released speedily, but Jeff. Davis was a party to be consulted, and they could not be exchanged unless by some agreement with the rebel authorities. The question arising in regard to these officers was not covered by the cartel, and the officers of these regiments knew when they entered the service the peculiar risks incidental to their position, and for the present must endure the consequences. The President, however, assured the gentleman that any unusual or barbarous treatment of such officers, or of colored soldiers, would cause retaliation.

QUEER MISPRONUNCIATION.

It is a striking fact that names of places are often mispronounced by the inhabitants or people of the neighborhood. Some of these distortions are amusing enough for their wide departure from the true pronunciation. In 'La Salle, half the

people call their city 'La Sell,' (and a 'dead sell' it is to the reluctant wayfarer, compelled to wait half a day for the train). Bellfontaine is pronounced 'Bellfontain,' and everybody in or about Indianapolis call it 'Indianapolis,' without scruple or apparent remorse. Evansville-goes often by the name of 'Jeansville,' and Terre Haute (a pretty French name for a fine Yankee town in Indiana—and signifying 'High land'), what do you think they call that? 'Terry Hunt,' to be sure—a sound which seems portentously indicative of mud cabins; instead of the civilized and even elegant architecture which adorns the city. But the vice is not peculiar to the West. The older natives of Hartford, Conn., speak of it as 'Harford,' to this day; many citizens of Brunswick, Maine, continue to shock the ears of the Bowdoin boys by allusion to 'Brunswick'; while half the inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., calls it—what do you suppose? You couldn't guess it in a month of Sundays. You give it up?—of course you do; what can they call it but Portsmouth? Why 'Porchmouth,' by all that is ridiculous! [Historical Magazine.]

A countryman of ours, of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand in London, early in May, saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carelessly called for a bowl—to the marked surprise of several persons present, who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed that the American was ignorant at what cost he was gratifying himself. He had not finished his repast before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake, and aroused all his latent pride.

"What's to pay?" inquired he, as he laid down the dish, not without a glowering side-glance at the triumphant wisecracker who waited for his chop-fallen aspect when the victuals' reply should fall upon his ear.

"A guinea, sir."

"Tossing down the coin from a not over-full purse, and bridling up, with an air of assumed indifference, 'I'll take another,' was the American's only rejoinder. How many American travellers cover their ignorance and pride at a similar expense!"

Ten chances to one, ladies, you will be tempted some of these fine days to put out the flower-pots in the sun; and by the same token, you will be tempted 'out to tea,' and of course to spend the evening, trusting that some one will take in the flower-pots out of the freezing evening air. Vain hope! You return home and find a dozen of the choicest and most tender frozen to a crisp. Now don't get into a passion hot enough to thaw them, if you do you will kill them; and that is not all that is killed by passion, either, in many a family. Order a tub of water deep enough to immerse the whole plant; bring the pots out of the cold, one at a time, and put them in water about five minutes. Take them out and drain off the water, and dry them in a dark room, and keep the temperature of fifty or sixty degrees for a few days, and your sick patients will recover.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then flex the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process, by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased by

sion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a 'nice girl' with curls—but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that 'coaxers' or 'c-o-s,' those funny little curls which it has been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline, are totally inconsistent with the character of the 'nice girl.' And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a 'nice girl' were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I should cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed to allow to my *beau idéal*—or should it be in this case, *belle idéal*?—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which I believe the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot and a well shaped ankle, in conjunction with a clean white petticoat and tight stocking, will make amends for a squint. Young men, is it not so? Yes, you confess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous—but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

Farmer Garrulous Talks

ABOUT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS, PREMIUMS, &c.

Did you say that Peter Pinchpenny is going to the Fair, John? He is, eh? Well I'm glad of it; and yet I must say there are too many of that class of people who do go to Fairs. Why did you ask? I'll tell you. They don't go to give; they go to receive. They are not willing to tell how they grow a big, crisp, juicy, sweet turnip, but simply to show that they did it and take the prize. If they do get any ideas that might benefit anybody else without in the least affecting their own interests, they are too supremely selfish to make them current.

Now there's Pinchpenny. What do you suppose he is going to the Fair for? To take the premium on that sow and pig, is he? Well, they are worthy a premium, but they are not the result of his skill in breeding. And he don't go to show them because he has any pride in the matter; but because he is morally certain that he can win the twenty-five dollars. Now there is justice for you! Here is my neighbor Struggle-lard, a hard-working, thinking, reading chap, who has skillfully bred his stock until they are nearly perfect. And his theories of breeding have been repeated again and again to his neighbors, and the stock of the whole neighborhood is better because of his study, practice and teachings. But here is Pinchpenny who never bred a good hog in his life; but finding he could buy, at an administrator's sale, a sow with pig at half her value, he purchased, and now he proposes to take the purchase money out of the Agricultural Society by exhibiting her.

John, I think there ought to be some distinction made in such cases. Why should I be allowed to go into another State and purchase an animal to compete with one that is the result of skillful breeding at home. It seems to me that there ought to be distinct classes made, and premiums given to animals bred by the person exhibiting the same; and then, if you choose, a sweepstakes for the best animal, no matter where bred. I believe in crowding out these perambulating prize animals that take advantage of some little pretentious County Agricultural Society, that throws its premium list open to the world, thinking thereby to impress the world with its greatness, its magnitude. I am half inclined to think that such a society distrusts its ability to make any show at all from its own county. At any rate it is the right way to prevent there being a fair representation of its industrial resources. There should be a little effort made to foster county pride and encourage home productions.

But most of all, John, we want to go to these Fairs with the right spirit—willing to learn what others know, and impart what our experience has taught us. We should not go and commence laying pipe to secure the premium. What is a premium worth to an honest, conscientious man, when he knows it is unworthily bestowed? Of what use is it? A real friend of progress would rather see the premium go to his rival, if he merits it, ten thousand times, than take it himself. And then he would like to know why it was so given. And the Committee ought to let him and all his competitors know. An award is good for nothing, it seems to me, unless some reason is given for the disposition of it other than that it is given to the best animal. A comparison should be made on paper. How is the animal best? What are the points of superior merit? How were they obtained? If my animal is inferior, I want to be told in what respect; for my partiality may prevent my seeing it.

In short, John, this Fair business needs elaborate study. We go to the Fair and rush around, and gaze at the mass of objects with mouth open, when we ought to study thoroughly the features that most affect our interest. We go away bewildered with the thousand objects that have passed before our vision, when we should have certain well developed ideas and aims clearly diffused in our minds, ready to be incorporated in practice the moment we get home. I remember I asked Sarah Jane, the first time she attended a Fair, what she saw there? She replied, 'I can't tell, I saw so many things; I really don't know what I did see!' And the thoughtless Miss told the truth. And many older people might have said the same thing with equal truth after attending a Fair. Now it is better for child and adult to see only one thing, and get one new and practical idea, and enjoy the pleasure of its acquisition, than to see a thousand things and know nothing about any of them when one gets home.

[Rural New Yorker.]

MAINE SOLDIERS. Mr. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, in the last number of the Maine Teacher, giving an account of a visit to Minnesota speaks of Maine soldiers as follows: 'I saw at Fort Snelling and elsewhere, officers and soldiers of Minnesota and Iowa regiments, formerly from Maine. One officer said that half of his company and nearly as many of other companies in the same regiment—8th Minnesota—were from Maine. He added 'The Maine boys never falter in battle.' It is only when the bravery of these north western troops is quoted, that we should remember that the East, and Maine more than any other New England State, has furnished to these new States the muscle and brain which are conquering on so many battle-fields of the South.'

Gen. Gilmore has addressed a letter to Gov. Coburn, dated Aug. 25th informing him that he had forwarded by Adams Express, two rebel flags captured in the action of the 10th of July, on Morris Island, S. C., by Moses Goodwin and David C. Hoyt, privates in Co. C, 9th Maine Regiment Volunteers. The former has since died of wounds received in the discharge of his duty in the trenches on Morris Island. Gen. Gilmore says: 'It will be, I am sure, a source of gratification and pride to

yourself and the citizens of your State, to receive these trophies of the gallantry of her sons who are struggling in this distant field for the vindication of our cause.' The trophies, when received, will be placed in the rotunda of the State House.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY RETURNING TO ITS ALLEGIANCE. A letter from Leavenworth to the Cincinnati Enquirer, states that the latest intelligence from the Indian country gives additional significance to the victories of Blunt at Perryville and Fort Smith. 'Chille' McIntosh and Uri McIntosh have come to our side, bringing with them the entire Creek nation, of which they were the leaders and chiefs. Contrabands from the Red river report that the Chickasaw Indians have also declared their allegiance to the National Government. Briefly, the entire Indian territory is now under control, and will remain so, unless Schofield again orders Blunt to retreat.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 18, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Vote of Waterville.

The following is the result of the balloting in this town, on Monday last.

For Governor—Samuel Cony 568; Bion Bradbury 192; John Ware 1; Ether Shepley 1;

For Senators—Dennis L. Milliken 563; Joseph A. Sanborn 562; Josiah True 563; Andrew Masters 190; Phillip C. Bradford 191; E. L. Gitchell 190; John Lang 1; Joseph Percival 1.

For County Commissioner—Nath'l Chase 565; Daniel H. Bowman 190.

For County Treasurer—Daniel Pike 566; Stephen Young 190.

For Rep. to Legislature—Wm. A. P. Dillingham 560; George E. Shores 190; Solomon Heath 1.

A DOUBLE POINTED ANECDOTE.—Some of the listeners to Mr. Moor's caucus speech thought he 'cut his fingers' with the anecdote he told of Mr. Hamlin,—namely, that at a time of special excitement in Congress upon the subject of slavery, Mr. Moor went to Mr. Hamlin with an expression of well feigned apprehension that the agitation was going to split the Union; when that gentleman very coolly comforted him with the assurance that 'if it did split' it would not hurt him provided he kept his fingers out! Mr. Moor thought this anecdote very deeply impeached the integrity of the vice-president; but some of those who heard it smiled when they saw how sharply Mr. Hamlin had pointed at and rebuked the frailest spot in the frail political character of his friend. They saw what the speaker failed to see—that Mr. Hamlin knew that in any danger that might occur to the country, it was more likely to risk his neck against her than his fingers for her. They remembered how carefully, when the Union finally did split, he managed to keep his fingers where they could make the most out of the calamity without sharing in the danger. They looked back to a period before the rebellion, and saw him snugly stowed away in Canada, where any disclosure of the brewing treason could not harm him; fleeing the public by exorbitant duties with one hand, while the other was busily packing away tobacco for speculation when the treason he was helping to hatch should burst forth. They heard him saying to friends who urged him, on the fall of Sumpter, to meet them in counsel for the safety of the nation, that 'the country was in a transition state, and he didn't wish to take any part in the meeting.' He would not risk his fingers in the split, while there was a possibility they might get pinched. Then, when the young men of our State rushed forward to see who should first fill the volunteer regiments, he was found intriguing for the colony of the patriotic Maine 3d, against the noble Howard, as the handiest place from which to deal his secret blows at the heart of his country—a scheme no doubt extensively incorporated into the rebellion, but mainly defeated by the singular vigilance of the government. They saw him, after the war had made some progress, carefully feeling for government contracts; by which, in little more than a year, he so far left his fingers to the dishonesty which he says rules in that department, that he retired to the luxury of a fortune clutched by one hand at the throat and the other in the pocket of his country. From this unhalloved retirement he now creeps forth, in the bitterness of his own political ruin, to smear his filthy fingers in the blood of his country.

Truly, Hannibal Hamlin knew Wyman B. S. Moor with most pointed accuracy, and rebuked him with most cutting pungency, when he thus hinted that he was not likely to endanger his fingers for the rescue of his country, in

any emergency that could threaten her. Let Mr. Moor look at the anecdote in the light of this brief commentary, and if he ever relates it again it will not be to an audience who know, better than he does, how to understand it.

Letter from the Army.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., Sept. 8, 1863.

Dear Mail:—You of the cool, and perchance, by this time frosty-eved North, are doubtless, like summer birds, flocking home from pleasant jaunts to summer haunts—gathering again round pleasant home firesides from rambles among the White Mountains; from trips to Kineo and Katahdin; from tramps about the Moosehead, and fishing excursions along its tributaries; from pleasure voyages among the charming island-dotted bays of that 'wild and wonderful sea-coast,' whose variety and beauty are nowhere excelled, and rarely equalled. Your summer linens are giving place to autumnal woollens and the coming of fires and overcoats is suggestively heralded by chilly nights and frosty mornings.

We of the 'sunny South' still linger lazily loitering through the hot mid-days in the shady groves, artificial and natural, which surround this once most *recherché* of Southern watering places. It is not what it was. The iron hand of war has touched it and left its beautiful palace in ruins. Tottering walls, ragged and fire-stained towering columns, half-undermined and threatening the passer, show where three years ago stood one of the most expensive and luxurious of Southern summer resorts,—the haunt of beauty and chivalry of the chivalrous southland. 'Ichabod' is written, in characters appealingly legible, here, as elsewhere, in this doomed State. The 'glory is departed' from the 'Old Dominion,' the 'Mother of Presidents;' her pleasant homes are deserted, and the owl and the bat are in her pleasant places; her fields, steeped in the blood of her sons, are barren and desolate; her hillsides are dotted with graves; her groves are cut down; and a horror of desolation and death broods over the once fair and pleasant land. And we, who linger here amid the groves where the gay and brilliant throng of pleasure seekers revelled three short years ago, come not like them, seeking health from the waters, or pleasure from the gayeties of society. We have music, but its calls are answered by the heavy tramp of armed men, and not by the airy tread of light-footed and light-hearted dancers; cantering cavaliers, but as they pass you hear the clank of sabres instead of the rustle of silks—you see waving pennons instead of dancing plumes—trains of carriages, but they are provision trains or artillery,—promoters of life or death,—and not glittering coaches with living freights of 'beauty and chivalry.'

Virginia,—though in the boasted 'sunny South,' and possessing a soil above the average for fertility, and a climate equally removed from the extreme cold of the North and the burning heat of the more southern States,—has never yet enjoyed, and will not, cannot, for years to come, enjoy the substantial material prosperity which has for years past blessed even cold, rocky, iron-bound Maine. Her rich men have been richer and more aristocratic than their northern brethren—their mansions more stately, their servants more numerous and more obsequious; but to balance the account, her poor men have been poorer—their dwellings less neat and less comfortable, their share of the comforts and commoner luxuries of life much smaller—than the corresponding class in Maine. Her scholars may have been as erudite, her philosophers and statesmen as able as those of any State; but she has been far outstripped in the education of the masses, in the intelligence of the large class constituting the very framework of society, by any and all of the New England States. And slavery and the spirit of aristocracy fostered and kept alive by it, have been the drawbacks to her prosperity which have kept her behind her sister States.

Virginia, ruined and desolated as she has been by this war, will find in this war the greatest blessing of centuries, if it shall result in removing these evils, and in infusing into the effete and luxury-corrupted blood of the F.F.V.'s, a spice of Yankee energy and vigor and enterprise and ingenuity. Under the old regime of slavery and aristocracy, she could not recover in a hundred years from the damage of the war. Under the hoped-for new regime of enterprise, thrift, and free industry, she will, in a quarter of that time, outstrip her former progress and obtain a position of solid influence and material prosperity far in advance of that which she occupied at the commencement of the war. But will the 'new regime' follow the war? Most assuredly, unless Virginia shall be left to become a howling wilderness; for the old is extinct. Slavery is extinct here; for the freedmen of two years, especially those who have worn the uniform of 'defenders of the flag' cannot be again reduced to the abject condition of servitude; and the aristocracy, from their sympathy with treason and traitors, are exiles from their homes. Their mansions are in ruins; their plantations barren, or overrun with weeds; the landmarks destroyed; their human riches, though without 'wings,' have made such use of the means of locomotion in their possession that they are 'non est incertus;' their money, has been swallowed by the insatiable dragon of secession; they will be hardly better than paupers, with little power for good or evil. Indeed, the question, so often mooted, 'What shall be done with the slave?' is equalled in importance by this—'What shall be done with the masters?' The slave has the advantage in position, as they can and will work for pay—which the masters neither can nor will. But after all, the main question for us to settle is 'the war,' leaving peace, when it comes, to dispose of its own difficulties.

And 'the war' is of course, here, as at home, the great subject of thought and conversation, as it is the entire business of all. When

will it end? The question is anxiously asked again and again, not only in northern homes made lonely by the absence of soldier husbands and fathers, sons and brothers, but in many and many a white-roofed shelter in this fated Virginia. How gladly would the return of peace be hailed by all, be that peace honorable,—the result of the complete restoration of the authority of the Government. The soldier will hear with patience of no other. He hates the rebel in front, but adds to this feeling the deepest detestation and contempt for the rebel in the rear—the 'copperhead!' Let the sneaking traitors of the North hope for no sympathy from the soldier in the field, for they will receive none! And we are hoping for the speedy termination of the war through the suppression of the rebellion—hoping that another spring will scatter its flowers over a land in quiet—hoping that the coming May shall be ushered in, not like the last, with booming of hostile cannon and rattle of death-dealing musketry, and the shock of contending hosts,—but, in the old time, with wreath and song and joyfulness,—though with the chaplet of flowers we weave the willow—though in our joy we drop a silent tear for those who shall never again share with us the brightness of the year's morning—

'Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that their graves are green.'

But who slumber, as

'Sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,'

though their graves are scattered over Virginia hillsides, or by the Mississippi's tide, or amid the rocky hills and trampled wheat-fields of bloody Gettysburg, or swift-flowing Antietam.

We are lingering at 'the Springs'—drinking the sulphur-impregnated waters and waiting, not for returning health, but for recruited ranks, not for doctor's prescriptions but for provost's conscriptions, and for orders to move. When will they come? Who can tell? But it grows late and my rhapsody is long. Good-night. Your's as ever, T.

DRUNKEN AND INCOMPETENT OFFICERS. How much our army has suffered from incompetent leaders we may never know, but we are confident that our Maine troops have had less to complain of in this direction than those of other States. Hear what a Maine boy in a New York regiment, says:—

From what sister said in her letter, I infer that you desire to know my standing in the line of promotion. It is natural enough that you should wish this information, as you will probably regard my present position as the true index of my life during the past two years, as also of my personal merits. There are many, who, knowing nothing of the manner in which promotions are made in some regiments, deem it highly creditable, if not quite disgraceful to one who serves his country so long, and attains no higher position than that of private. Indeed, I think the idea very prevalent among the people, that promotion depends wholly upon one's own individual efforts, and that officers have earned their positions by their devoted loyalty to the Union cause, and by their deeds of valor and bravery on the battlefield. Let me give you a few reasons why it has been impossible for worthy men in the ranks of their regiment, to get positions.

Our Colonel, for the first year and a half of our service, filled all vacancies with his friends of that regiment. This was a source of much discouragement to all non-commissioned officers. Our new Col. has made one batch of officers from the non-com's, most of whom are drunkards like himself. One of them has deserted and two are dismissed from the service for cowardice and drunkenness. Others are too deficient in learning to keep their own company's books. A private of our regiment, who had been court-martialed for cowardice and disrespectful language, &c., a few days ago received a commission from Gov. Seymour of N. Y. His father was a good Copperhead and voted for Gov. S. This, of course, was sufficient proof of his son's merit.

Our old Captain was a coward and a drunkard. He always deserted us when there was danger of an engagement. Am sorry to say he has got out of the army *honourably*, he having resigned, a short time ago. When the company was organized, he sold the positions to those who had the most money. Thus you see this accursed trinity—money, whiskey and copperhead influence, has had full sway, thus far, in making our officers. We have a new Captain now, the only honorable officer in the regiment, and he promises, so far as he can, to do justice to all. I belong to the color guard now, and am exempt from all fatigue, camp-guard, and picket duty.

Do not think that I am disappointed, for I never entertained the hope, or even the desire to gain distinction. I left home, and all, to do my part in preserving the unity and dignity of our Republic. The Love of Country cannot be held too sacred, for it is second only to the Love of God, and he is the freest and best defender of his country, who has the loftiest and clearest perceptions of his duty, and whose heart is actuated by the most perfect Christian and Godlike Spirit. The present time demands men brave, true, devoted and sacrificing, and it certainly affords all young men an opportunity to develop every noble, manly and heroic quality of their natures, and such truly has ever been my sole endeavor.

GOOD AND WHOLESOME.—Among a score or two of different kinds of coffee that have been put in the market since the price of the 'real old Java' got so high as to be above the reach of wholesome economy, we have found nothing that excels 'Chase's English Breakfast Coffee.' It is for sale at all our stores; and while the price is moderate, it makes a beverage both delicious and wholesome. There is at least some genuine coffee in the composition, and this is more than we are sure of in those compounds which claim to be genuine coffee, and yet sell for 25 to 30 cents, while the raw coffee is worth 40 cts. Coffee drinkers have been most sadly cheated in their beverage, in having to pay high prices for cheap compounds, and as 'Chase's English Breakfast Coffee' is sold at a moderate price, and we know it to be good and wholesome, we advise everybody to buy it in preference to other mixtures.

DEMOCRATIC TOWN COMMITTEE.—The following Town Committee was selected at the Democratic Caucus on Saturday evening: Joseph Hasty, Nathan Morrill, Johnson Williams, 2d, R. R. Clifford, and John Moore.

LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS.

No. 2.

'SOLDIER BROTHER' TO 'UNION SISTER.'

[Instead of our regular letter to the soldiers, we this week give the following letter received by a young lady of this village, in response to one of the little 'Comfort Bags,' of which so many thousands have been sent to the soldiers of the Union from this vicinity.]

BRALTON, VA., Sept. 9, '63.

Dear Sister in the Union Cause:—

I take the liberty of addressing you by this title, as you have the kindness to address us soldiers by the endearing name of brother.

The articles you have sent us are well selected, and just what a soldier needs. I thank you on behalf of the soldiers generally for the kind wishes expressed on our behalf. Your description of the copperheads is but too true; and when we 'Three-years Boys' get home next Spring, or those who do, we be to them then if they dare open their heads against the government! My State, (N. Jersey,) swarms with them, and I would be very glad if some measures were taken by the administration to lessen their number. A few of them have been sent to Fort Lafayette, but not enough to deter the remainder from expressing their treasonable sentiments.

I have a request to make of you, and the ladies of your acquaintance—To use your influence, in the election to take place next Tuesday, for Judge Cony and the Union ticket generally. The election of Mr. Bradbury would be one of the greatest calamities that could happen to Maine, at the present time. Vermont and California are true to the Union cause, and why should the 'Pine Tree State' be behind them?

Perhaps you will be disappointed when I tell you that I am not shouldering a rifle at the present time. I was in the ranks nearly two years, and engaged in eleven battles during that time: but just before the battle of Chancellorsville was placed in the telegraph department of the signal corps, and am serving my country to the best of my ability in that branch of the service. I am stationed at . . .

Our hearts will be cheered and our arms nerved in future contests with the enemy, to deeds of greater valor than any yet accomplished, by the knowledge that we have the sympathies and prayers of our mothers, sisters and cousins in the far distant North. Pray for us, that the blessing of the Almighty may descend on our armies and navy, and bring about an honorable peace, in which all shall be free.

I will close by saying, 'God bless Abraham Lincoln and the Ladies of Maine!'

From your soldier brother,

AUGUSTUS C. LINDSEY.

U. S. Signal Corps.

Public Lectures.

THE REBELLION.—Rev. James W. Huncutt, of Virginia, who lectured at Town Hall on Friday evening, will preach at the Baptist Church, Sunday forenoon. At 7 1-2 P.M. of the same day, he will deliver a lecture in the same church. Subject—'The Bright and Dark Side of African Slavery.' Next Monday evening he will speak again at the Town Hall, upon the trickery and deception of the originators of the rebellion.

Mr. Huncutt was editor of the Fredericksburg (Va.) Christian Banner for twelve years, and is now a refugee from his home and family and all the sacred and endearing ties and associations which make life desirable, because of his devotion to his country and love of the Union. He has lectured in a number of the important towns in New England, and the papers all speak highly of him, as an eloquent and forcible lecturer. Having been familiar with the rebellion from its beginning, he is prepared to give an inside view of the trickery, villany, and rascality of the leading spirits of the rebellion, which cannot fail to interest any intelligent and patriotic audience. We bespeak for Mr. Huncutt, large audiences.

On Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., at 7 1-2 P.M., Mr. Huncutt will deliver a lecture in Skowhegan, on the subject of the rebellion. On Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., at 7 1-2 P.M., he will deliver a lecture in Norridgewock. Subject—'The Past, Present, and Future of Virginia.' On Thursday evening, the 24th inst., at 7 1-2 P.M., he will deliver a lecture in Smithfield. Subject—'How Virginia was taken (or said to be taken) out of the Union, and the terrible retribution she has received; and is receiving.'

The lectures are all free. Collections, however, will be taken up in all the congregations, to aid in defraying the expenses of the lecturer, and to enable him to prosecute his patriotic mission.

Waterville Academy.

Meas. Editors:—Fearing that the article, on the Village Schools, in your last issue, may lead to some misapprehension on the part of those beyond the precincts of the village, I wish to say—what has already been said—that the admission of the High School scholars into the Academy has not altered its relations to the public.

RATHER ASSUMING.—According to public notice, Hon. W. B. S. Moor addressed the democratic caucus Saturday evening. It had been announced that the address was accessible to all, and so the Unionists contributed full two-thirds of an audience that filled two-thirds of the house. They listened patiently and quietly, even when the speaker said, 'Gentlemen, I'm a copperhead, I suppose—I am called one—and if Jesus Christ was now on earth he would be a copperhead!' It required some stretch of credulity for the Unionists to 'see it in that light,' but the bare assertion raised quite a dusty approval from democratic heels.

THE DRAFT.—Capt. A. Davis, Provost Marshal of the Third District, reports that the whole number drafted was 3,540; of which 732 paid commutation money; 273 furnished substitutes; 158 are held for service; 1,048 were exempted for physical disability; 634 for other causes; 700 failed to report. Of this last number, a large share, doubtless, were enrolled wrongfully.

The Kennebec Baptist Association.

The Kennebec Baptist Association held its thirty-fourth annual session with the Baptist Church in this village, commencing Tuesday, the 15th inst. Rev. C. Miller was chosen moderator, and Rev. W. H. Kelton, clerk. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. C. H. Rowe, of Augusta. Other sermons were preached during the session by Rev. Messrs. N. J. Wheeler, S. W. Avery, L. Jewett, and E. Cox. Reports were received from fifteen of the twenty Churches composing the Association, indicating an average degree of success and prosperity during the year. The various objects of Christian benevolence and activity received their due share of attention, and the reports of the several committees called forth many warm expressions of earnest interest in whatever tends to aid the progress of religious truth.

The state of the country, also, occupied a prominent place in the deliberations of the Association, and the resolutions which were presented, and cordially endorsed by the body, breathe a spirit of pure Christian patriotism. As this subject is of more general interest to all our readers, we give, in full, the report of the committee, which was adopted and ordered to be printed in the Minutes.

'The committee on the state of the country, present, as their report, the following resolutions:—

'1st. Resolved, That, in the events connected with the great conflict now going on in our beloved country, we clearly recognize the hand of an all-wise Ruler, who sees, not as man sees, but who is able to bring light out of darkness, good out of evil, and cause even the wrath of man to praise him,—that the progress of this conflict since the last anniversary of this body, affords abundant ground for humble gratitude to God, and a firmer reliance upon his guiding hand.

'2d. Resolved, That among the measures adopted by our Government for crushing this infamous rebellion, we hail with special pleasure, the inauguration and progress of a policy, which has already broken the shackles from so many limbs; and since we recognize in the result, so far as it goes, an answer to the prayers, not only of the oppressed themselves, but of the friends of the oppressed everywhere, we pledge ourselves to continue to pray, as well as to labor in every way consistent with our profession as Christians, that all the millions of chattered human beings in our own land may soon be permitted to stand up, in the presence of their fellow-men, in the full enjoyment of all their God-given rights.

'3d. Resolved, That the intellectual and moral qualities of the colored man, as displayed upon the battlefield, and elsewhere, during the progress of this war, are such as to challenge the admiration of his enemies, and justify the fullest confidence of his friends in his ability to provide for himself, when the yoke of oppression shall be broken from his neck; while the strength of his Christian faith, and the ardor of his piety, administer a humbling rebuke to the coldness and despondency so often witnessed among Christians of the more favored races.

'4th. Resolved, That, to our brave soldiers in the field and in the hospitals; to those who are laboring for their temporal and spiritual good; to all who are toiling or suffering in this great contest for human rights, we again pledge our warmest sympathies, our fervent prayers, and our generous contributions.'

Next year the Association will meet with the church in East Madison, and Rev. E. Nugent was chosen as preacher and Rev. N. J. Wheeler, of Skowhegan, alternate.

WHO IS THOMAS MACKELLAR?—We will tell you. He is the oldest member of the firm of L. Johnson & Co. the renowned type foundry of Philadelphia. He is also editor of the *Typographic Advertiser*, a monthly paper published by this house—a model of neatness and elegance—and 'sets up' the beautiful specimens of type displayed in its pages. It was here that we first found him out, as a humorist, for it is revealed in every line, and many a hearty laugh have we enjoyed over his unique witticisms. Like all men of true humor, however, he has a pathetic side, and his heart is warm and true. Read the poem on our last page and see if you do not agree with us.

Sergeant Edwin C. Stevens, son of Den. W. A. F. Stevens, of our village, who was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and has recently been exchanged, is at home on a short furlough. The hard march from the battle-field to Richmond, the confined prison life, and the short fare have told upon him somewhat, but his patriotism and pluck remain unabated. He promises us an account of his Richmond trip—what he saw and heard and experienced—for the benefit of our readers.

With him came B. F. Wilkins, of Fairfield, and William Balantine of Waterville.

AGED VOTERS.—Among the venerable fathers who came to the ballot box in Waterville, it gives us pleasure to mention with great respect, Gen. Jesse Robinson, aged 90; Capt. E. Barrows, aged 87, and Dea. Constant Bates, aged 81. It is pleasant to see men of exemplary purity of life and character, at so advanced age, meeting so promptly and cheerfully the few duties that remain for them. It is not necessary to say that they all voted the Union ticket; men whose childhood dates back to the revolution not being likely to enroll themselves among modern Tories.

CORRECTION.—The Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, and not on Wednesday and Thursday, as stated last week. We had the days of the month right, but erred in naming the days of the week.

At the Union caucus, on Saturday last, Prof. M. Lyford was first nominated as Representative, but declined, and Rev. Mr. Dillingham was then selected. The following gentlemen were chosen as a Union Town Committee: E. G. Meader, J. P. Hill, Samuel Kimball, F. P. Haviland, and George Rice.

Mr. Nelson J. Wheeler, a member of the last graduating class of Newton Theological Institution, was ordained, as pastor of the Bloomfield Baptist Church in Skowhegan on Wednesday of last week. Rev. Mr. Pepper, of this village, made the Charge to the Candidate.

DAT'S DE QUESTION.—An anxious correspondent of the *Ladies' Repository* asks the following question in homilies:—

Whether is a subjective evolution or an objective presentation the more eligible consociatory prizes?

TALL CORN.—A stalk of corn from the farm of Gen. Jesse Robinson, now standing at the door of Tozier and Redington's store, measures twelve feet in height.

Capt. Baker, of the 9th Maine Regiment, was recently struck by a shot while standing on Fort Wagner, and instantly killed.

