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Maxham & Wing

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WAR-TIME.

BY PHRASE CARY.

O my bird, my beautiful bird!
Sing no more to-day;
The saddest maiden under the sun
I must be, till this war is done;
For my lover has gone away.

Ah! your voice could never drop as it does
Down through those slender bars;
If you ever loved a soldier lad,
And he was all the friend you had,
And was gone away to the wars.

You are quiet now! too quiet, my bird,
To suit my restless mood;
'Tis fearful to feel the house so still;
Sing out again till you sing your fill;
I shall die with solitude!

Ye low! sing low, while he is gone
To fight for the stripes and stars;
I would not hear your voice ring out,
Till it blends itself with the nation's shout,
When my lover comes from the wars.

You must sing for us both in that blessed day
When I welcome my soldier boy;
For my eyes will be dim with the happy tear,
And my heart will come to my lip so near,
That I cannot speak for joy!

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

BY CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"She is proud and she is noble,"
said the crimson carpet, and she breathes the
And a kindly blood sends glances up her princely eye to
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is sweeping in
her hair.—Mrs. Browning.

Mildred St. John sat in her boudoir, planning her costume for Mrs. Morgan's party, which was to come off on Wednesday week. A rose-colored cashmere morning dress with its swan's down trimmings, brightened her peerless beauty, and the heavy tresses of her dark hair were wound round her haughty head, forming of themselves a most superb head-dress. A dress of amber moire antique lay over a lounge. She had just tried it on for the first time since it came from the modistes, and it did not please her. You saw it in the scornful curve of the full pouting lips, and the slight frown between her arched eyebrows, shading so darkly the full lustrous eyes.

"It will never do, Finnette," she said, at last, to the little French waiting-maid who was laying costly trimmings of gossamer lace over it in the vain attempt to soften the obnoxious shade which had proved so poor an ally to the charms of the brilliant belle. "It will never do, I am determined upon outvieing all rivals, and the more I think of it, the more I am satisfied that this dress will never answer. It is not suited to the style I mean to adopt. I want something queenly; something quite in the Cleopatra order. Philip Le Moyne has traveled so much, he has seen so much of beauty and rank and fashion, that I know he deems himself quite invulnerable. If he is ever captivated, it must be by some sudden coup d'ail, something novel, unique, dazzling. But what shall it be?"

Finnette knew too well the humor of her mistress to disturb her with suggestions. Mildred was aware that her own taste was faultless, and she seldom consulted that of another, nor did her proud nature brook suggestions very quietly.

"Velvet would answer admirably, only that it is almost too matronly," she continued. "My mother wears velvet better; but there is nothing else so regal. Besides, I am not in my teens, and now that I think of it, he is probably weary by this time of the dawdling, sentimental masses, who fill up the drawing rooms of the present day, and would prefer a ripe, high-minded and peerless beautiful woman to them all. Yes, I think it must be velvet—maroon velvet—with my new set of pearls. I'll take them to Beele & Black's and have the pendants of my diamonds added to them. Then, I think I shall be splendidly equipped. Finnette, put away all these things, at once, and dress my hair, I'm going to Beele's immediately. I saw a superb piece of velvet there, the other day, which I think would answer admirably."

At this moment, the heavy door of the apartment swung on its hinges, and Mrs. Mortimer St. John entered. She was a tall, dark woman, with little beauty remaining to her thirty years of fashionable dissipation. But, in fault of it, placing her claim to distinction upon her wealth, and a certain *au distingué*, which half the girls of twenty in her set, would have given their fortunes to have successfully imitated. Her hair was still *en papillote*, and her sallowness as yet unrouged—she has not dressed since breakfast—and her lowering brow portended grave intelligence.

"What do you think has happened, Mildred?" she exclaimed, with a look of annoyance.

"I'm sure I can't imagine. Nothing serious I hope," said Mildred, with a twinge of the face, as Finnette pulled her hair. "Do, pray, be more careful Finnette, you torture me."

"Serious. Yes, quite sufficiently so. I'm excessively annoyed, and the lady drew her soiled negligé about her, and seating herself in a luxurious fauteuil, watched the progress of her daughter's toilet.

"Finnette, don't brush the hair quite so much off the forehead. It gives a bold expression to the face, which is not quite becoming."

"Don't alter it, Finnette," said Mildred quickly. "It's a fairy of mine, mamma. I mean to change my style a little. I am tired of my role. But what is this grave intelligence you have to communicate?"

"It's hazardous, Mildred, to change your style. It says so plainly, you know, that the old one has not been quite successful."

Mildred's lip curled in scorn.

"But the news, continued Mrs. St. John. 'You've heard me speak, perhaps, of Mrs. Norman, your father's sister, who resides somewhere in the country. I'm sure I don't know where, for when I married Mr. St. John, I, of course, insisted upon his giving up all these old-fashioned acquaintances of his.'

"I don't know indeed," said Mildred. "Yes, I think I have heard of them. But what of them now, I'm sure they are nothing to us."

"They are likely to become so then. It seems Mr. Norman has died, leaving his estate insolvent. He was supposed to be worth a pittance, a few thousands, or so, and Mrs. Norman and her daughter Eva, are left quite poor. Well, as soon as your father heard of it, he took one of his unaccountable freaks, and with out even consulting me, wrote and asked them to make their home with us until some further arrangements could be decided upon."

"Ah! said Mildred, rising and surveying herself in a mirror, and they are coming, of course."

"Yes, they will probably spend the remainder of the winter here. It is very unfortunate."

"Rather, to be sure; but then I don't see that they need to interfere with our arrangements to any considerable degree. Of course, as they are in mourning they will not go into society, and if they can be made either companionable, which is, I suppose doubtful, or which is more probable, useful, we can tolerate them for two months."

"Well, you always had an easier way of getting along with such things than I, Mildred. But people will make remarks, I'm sure. It is so annoying to have poor relations round. I am thankful we have no more of them."

Mildred laughed carelessly. "What people say gives me very little trouble, mamma, provided they admire me sufficiently, and accord

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me my due rank in society, and that I take very good care they shall do. As to their being poor, why I suppose they regret that as much as we do. But how old is this Miss Eva, the new cousin?"

"Seventeen, I believe, and your father says very pretty. It is fortunate we have so good an excuse for not taking her into society. It might prove a disadvantage to you."

"Pardon, mamma," returned Miss St. John, haughtily, "but indeed I don't see how it could in the least affect me."

"Why, of course she couldn't for a moment be considered as a rival, but then her awkward, contrived ways would be very perplexing. Besides there is something extremely elegant in the very idea of poor relations, especially if they are from the country."

"Well," was the reply, as Finnette brought out a handsome carriage dress, and assisted her mistress in donning it. "I see nothing but to make the best of it. When they are once here, we can tell better what to do with them. I'm going to Broadway now, mamma, will you go with me?"

"Mildred, you very narrowly escaped your father's easy disposition. It is a mercy that you took enough of the De Vege pride to make you presentable. You owe all your staidness of manner to your mother, Mildred."

"Thank you, mamma, thank you," laughed Miss St. John. "I hope I am duly sensible of all my obligations to the De Vege in general, and to you in particular. But about going to Broadway, shall I wait for you?"

"I don't know indeed. It will take me some time to dress," said Mrs. St. John, taking a languid survey of herself in the mirror.

"Well, I'm in no particular haste. I've not much shopping to do this morning."

"If you can wait, I don't know but I will go. I want to look for something in the way of laces," and Mrs. St. John turned slowly away from the mirror, and left the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

"A brain that's full
Of plots and plans, and selfish scheming thoughts."
"Oh, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, with blending with my
thoughts. Yes, with my life."—Coleridge.

It was the morning after Mrs. Morgan's party. The pale winter sunshine streamed in through the uncurtained windows of a little room in the third story of Mr. St. John's elegant mansion. It was early, the rising bell had not rung yet, but Mrs. Norman was used to fashionable hours, so she rose and looked out upon the sunny streets and the occasional passers-by—for Mr. St. John's house was far up town, where the world doesn't wake up as early as it does down among the thronging, hurrying masses of the laboring poor. She saw the smoke rise gradually from the chimneys which surrounded the great, gray masses of buildings, and marked how the embourgeoisement of their pale gold, the tall church spires, until it seemed as if they had stretched themselves up and caught a glory from the soft amber clouds which floated through the pure azure sky; and she listened to the clear swelling tones of the early bells, which were ringing out their loud alarm to the mechanic and the day laborer; and then all the varied sights and sounds, mingled in her brain, and grew dim, and faded away like the morning mist; and she saw only the dear home at Glen Cottage, with its tall trees, and the sheltering hills around, and the homelike comfort and ease enshrined within its lonely walls. And from the turf mound beneath the garden seat, where she had seen him buried, seemed to rise up her husband's form, proud, manly, and protecting, and again as of old, she felt the dear arms around her form, the dear eyes looking down into her own, and the dear voice falling on her ear. He was saying once again, the last words she had ever heard him speak.

"Amy, darling, do not weep. God will take care of you—you and Eva. I know that he will for he has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them; and let thy widow trust in me.' I have committed you solemnly to his care and keeping, and I know, darling, that he will never leave you, nor forsake you." And she remembered how he had kissed her, and then gone to sleep, so calmly, so sweetly. What wonder that she wept!

"It was not her mother's weeping that awakened Eva, for the tears fell noiselessly. But very soon the child opened her great blue eyes, and pushing back the soot curls which had fallen over her sweet, sunny face, she stretched out her arms, and said:

"Good morning, dear mamma. Is it very late yet? I'm afraid I have slept too long."

"There is no one stirring in the house yet, my child," said the mother, bending over and kissing her daughter's cheek. "You know your aunt and cousin were out late last evening, and they will not rise early. Dress yourself quickly, and sit down by me, and we shall have a little time for conversation. I want to talk to you, my child; you are all the comfort I have now."

And the mother folded the sweet, warm-hearted girl to her breast, and gently stroking the soft hair and the blooming peach-like cheeks. She dropped a tear upon the face, as she thought how like the father's it was.

It was late. In the down-town world the business of the day was well under way, when Mrs. St. John and her daughter appeared at the breakfast table. Mortimer St. John, Esq., had taken his cup of coffee and his roll long since, and had gone down town.

Mrs. St. John was decidedly *en dishabille*. She had lived so long only for society, that she was learning to forget even the respect due to herself in her own home. But Mildred's faultless taste, and the native pride of character which all the conventionalities of her station could prevent, but not destroy, led her to be always even in her own room studiously neat in her personal appearance. This morning a robe de chambre of rich dark cashmere, finished with elaborate muslin; set off to good advantage her superb figure. But her cheeks were pale, her eyes dull and listless, and as she drew a capacious velvet covered arm-chair to the table, and seating herself comfortably in it, sipped her coffee and broke and buttered the warm roll, one would scarcely have dreamed of all the slumbering pride and tropical fire and fervor which burned along her veins.

Mrs. Norman and Eva, in their simple robes of mourning, ate silently, and with downcast eyes. They did not feel at home amid the splendid surroundings of Mr. St. John's elegant mansion, or in the presence of this superb wife and daughter, and, in truth, they were out

of place—quite as much so, as a pot of meek-eyed violets would be, despoiled of all their cool, fresh greenery, and placed alone and unprotected beneath the hot sun, which brings out all the lurid glory of the regal Egyptian lealla.

At last, Mildred raised her eyes to her mother, and her countenance brightened with a languid smile. "Well, mamma, I think last evening proved a tolerable success. Did the mirror and a host of gallant gentlemen say falsely, or was I really outshining myself."

Mildred wasn't given to courting compliments. She usually held herself above them; but now she had so fully set her heart upon the accomplishment of an object, that she was more keenly alive to the prospect of success than she was wont to be.

"I was never so proud of you, my daughter. I can't tell the number of persons who remarked your wonderful attractiveness. Everybody pronounced you the belle of the evening."

"Yes," she returned, smiling, and tapping the spoon upon the rim of the delicate china cup. "I fancy I made quite an impression upon him. He seemed really charmed."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Manchester, Mildred?"

The lips dropped in scorn. "No, indeed, mamma; as if I did not know a month ago that he only waited an opportunity to make the dreaded declaration. Bah! he is simply a fool."

"But, Mildred, he is wealthy, and of excellent family."

"Nonsense! mamma. I don't count myself quite a piece of merchandise, to be bartered away for so many acres of city lots, or so many broad pieces of gold. And while, of course, I never shall marry a man who is not my equal in rank and station, neither will I marry one simply because he is an eligible *pari*. I'm unmarried at twenty-five, and I'll be unmarried at thirty-five, before I will make such a sacrifice of myself as that."

"Why, Mildred, how you talk?" said Mrs. St. John, started at this heterodox declaration.

"Well, mamma, I'm quite in earnest; but you needn't look so horror-stricken; I've no fears of any such catastrophe. Philip Le Moyne is a man whom I should make no sacrifice in marrying, and in two months time, mamma, I shall have him at my feet. So you can commence the wedding preparations as soon as it pleases you."

She drew the damask napkin, through the heavy silver ring, and laying it beside her plate, she rolled her chair back from the table, and leaning her elbow upon its arm, and resting her head upon her hand, looked out from beneath her long eye-lashes, at her little cousin Eva.

Meanwhile, Mrs. St. John took the last sip of her coffee, and left the table. If Mrs. St. John reigned as the acknowledged queen of her set, which was certainly in the highest rounds of upper tondom, she owed the enviable position no more to her wealth and family connections, than to the strength and a power of shrewd and farseeing calculation; and this same spirit she carried out in all the details of her domestic economy. If she was extravagant in dress, she was not thoughtlessly so. She laid out just so much money as was necessary to maintain her position as a leader of the ton, and she showed no small degree of financial skill in the choice of her investments. Her household economy was regulated upon precisely the same system, and she had quite as shrewd an eye to saving, as if she were not a millionaire's wife.

Neither was she altogether of a hard and merciless disposition, although I certainly do not think she ever went out of her way to find an opening for charity. When Mrs. Norman and Eva had first come to her house, she had been much annoyed by the circumstance, but her husband's will, circumscribed as were the limits of its action, always made a point of being absolute when it was anything at all. If Mr. St. John's will had not decreed that his sister and her child should share his home, so long as they needed its shelter, she still would not ruthlessly have refused them an entrance there. She would not, it is true, receive them upon an equality with her own family; but, if they chose to remain in the state of vassalage which she had assigned them, although she could not welcome them heartily, even to that, she still would not object. Moreover, she saw no reason why she should not avail herself of their capacities, and as they increased her expenses in one way, make them help to lighten them in another. So this morning her calculating propensities, sharpened, perhaps, by the prospective and very interesting event to which Mildred had alluded in terms of such positive prediction, she said to Mrs. Norman: "How do you contrive to amuse yourself, Amy, all the long hours which you pass in your own room?"

Mrs. Norman replied, "That she had been engaged in sewing for herself and her daughter, but that as she had nearly finished the work she had on hand, she had thought of asking Mrs. St. John if she had not something of a similar kind, upon which she might be employed."

"Your proposal comes very apropos," was the reply. "There is a quantity of table linen requiring to be finished, which has been lying in the housekeeper's basket this long time; so, if you have no objection, I will look it over, and send it to your room during the morning."

Mrs. Norman replied very much as if she were receiving an obligation from her haughty sister-in-law, instead of the contrary, and soon after left the room.

All this time Mildred had not once taken her eyes from her cousin Eva's countenance.

The child, or girl, rather—for she was seventeen—though looking on her fair, sweet face, with its sunny curls, its laughing spirit of eyes, its dimples, and its rosebud mouth, and pearly teeth, one would scarce believe it—the child was a new revelation to her. Mildred had an eye for beauty, and at first she had been not a little pleased with the sweet, winning, little creature. She had watched her as one would watch the gambols of some playful pet—had wondered where she learned the sweet, unstudied grace, which made every movement beautiful; how she came by the clear, merry ringing laughter, and if she were conscious of the depth of changing, radiant light which flashed out incessantly from her eyes when speaking, or the transparent softness of the bird which railed them when in repose. She had called Eva frequently to her room, and there she had studied her as one studies some rare old painting, or exquisite piece of sculpture, weighing her beauties in the nicely

poised scales of artistic taste; not judging her so much by old rules, as forming from her perfect and novel beauty, a new criterion of taste.

Hitherto Mildred had judged grace and symmetry and beauty to be more of art than nature. In Eva she had learned how utterly unapproachable by art, is nature's unalloyed handiwork; and the knowledge surprised her.

This morning, however, the light of a new truth fell athwart her meditations; or rather one of those mysterious intuitions which dwell so strangely within us, began to lift its shadowy form before her. It was not yet so well defined, as to be immediately recognized, and yet it was so strong as to infuse itself into all her musings.

She had been thinking of Philip Le Moyne; not of his houses and lands, and his scrip of bank stock, but of himself; his nature, his capacities, his wants. She felt that he had a deep, strong, earnest soul; and incomprehensible as the thing seemed to her—for she had not yet learned the fullness of satiety—she knew that he was world-weary. She had heard him say it, and she knew that it was the voice of his heart; and fully conscious of her own power as she was, she had a secret suspicion that in regard to him, it was neither deep nor lasting.

But now, as she looked upon Eva, it seemed that in this sweet, soulful outgushing nature, so unschooled by art, the embodiment of one of nature's purest inspirations, lay the very spell which might have power to bind him for a lifetime. Here was the life, which, mingling with the world, would round it into perfect symmetry and beauty.

All this came to her in a dim, vague way. She could not have embodied the thought in language, for her knowledge of the spiritual was only the undeveloped germ which is the bright light of every strong, earnest soul. Trained from her cradle for society, the discipline of her life had never given it culture, and I doubt if she herself, ever prized it more fully than she did its offspring, this shadowy, undefined idea, which moved within her. But it haunted her, painfully, this same idea, and it cast its baleful shadow over the just budding affection which Eva's beauty and sweetness had called forth. And so it was, that, as she rose from her chair, and walked out of the room, her eye dwelt longingly upon her little cousin, and she didn't ask the child to come into her boudoir, and read to her the last new novel, as had been her wont of late. And so it was, too, that as she bent over her embroidery frame, a sensation that was less fondly, self-conscious, and more strongly tinged with perilous fear than anything she had before experienced, crept around her heart.

Had it been spoken—had the faintest whisper from without, but breathed it in her ear, her pride would have been startled. *Eva a rival!* it was absurd. But secretly, unavowedly, perhaps, the heart quivered before the same suspicion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little Things, or a Walk in my Garden.

While looking with a friend at a handsome bed of cucumbers in my garden, I remarked that I did not succeed in salting down cucumbers for pickles. "Oh," said he, "there is one little thing you omit. Wet your cucumbers before you pack them in salt and then pickle enough will form to preserve them." I suppose everybody else knew this little thing about salting down cucumbers, but I did not. This reminds me of another question he put to me. "Do you not find that the paint wears off from your kitchen floors very quick?" I replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "there is a little thing worth remembering about."

"Painted Floors.—Just mix varnish with your paint and it will last as long again." I have since found it so. A final coat of varnish will make it look finished. A word more about

"CABBAGES.—My practice has been for many years to break off the loose leaves of the cabbage as soon as they begin to head and give them to the cows. Young pigs are very fond of them. They will head full better for it, especially if they are close together. But I must say a word here about

"KEEPING APPLES.—Many persons complain that their apples rot badly. No wonder. They will barrel them up, keep them in an old shed till they are as cold as November can make them without freezing them; and then place them in a cellar where they condense all the moisture, and call it apple sweating. Then they will set the barrels on the damp ground or floor to gather moisture all winter. Perhaps they are barreled up tight which will help them to rot all the sooner.

Now for a different plan. Barrel them up in the orchard, but not perfectly tight; take advantage of a warm day early in October, and put them into the cellar warm, and they will not sweat. Place your barrels on shelves as high in the cellar as you can get them. If your cellar is properly ventilated they will keep well. I preserved a barrel of winter sweets last year into June, with scarcely an affected apple. Squashes should be placed in the same position. A shelf in the highest part of the cellar will be found much the best for this purpose. Other methods for keeping apples are valuable, but this course is recommended for its simplicity and efficiency. An exception may be made to this mode where a furnace for warming the house is kept in the cellar.

"NEED OF SUNSHINE ON TOMATOES.—I have tomatoes which blossomed the middle of June, and yet they are perfectly green the first week in September. So much wet has fallen and so little sun has shone upon them they cannot ripen. While heading them in, one of my boys came along and said that he could not understand his lesson. This set me to thinking how to manage

"DULL BOYS.—A boy may be dull and yet have a superior mind. There is all the difference possible between a dull boy and a dunce. The latter can never know much; on the contrary, a dull boy only requires that the instruction given should be slowly communicated, and in greater division and subdivision. Many a clever boy is ruined by being hurried over subjects more rapidly than he can comprehend. So I sat down with the boy, and taking a tomato in my hand, used it for illustration, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that my lecture was just as valuable to him as one from a scientific professor to a learned audience.

[N. T. T., in N. E. Farmer.]

GRAND LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS. At the session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in Baltimore, on Wednesday, the Grand

Secretary reported a tabular statement of the statistics of the order as far as could be ascertained. There are no reports from the Grand Lodges of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, New Mexico and the British North American Provinces. The reports from other States and territories show that they contain 2,750 subordinate lodges, with 132,170 members.

During the year ending on the 30th day of June last, the aggregate amount expended for the relief of widows was \$288,166.46, and for the relief of widowed families \$50,949.63, and for the education of orphans \$8,038.06.

SICKNESS NOT CAUSELESS.—There never can be disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item, is that sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; it seldom does it this way, as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark, a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which, after awhile passes off, and the parents feel relieved; the second night the cough is more decided; the third, it is croup, and in a few hours more, the darling is dead!

Had the child been kept warm in bed the whole of day after the first coughing was noticed, been fed lightly, and got abundant warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the cause of it, and avoid that cause ever after. Second, use means at once to remove the symptom; and among these, the best, those which are most universally available and applicable, are rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person, and a pure air.

When animals are ill, they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to 'keep up,' when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment. Some persons attempt to 'harden their constitutions' by exposing themselves to the causes which induced their sufferings, as if they could, by so doing, get accustomed to the exposure, and ever thereafter endure it with impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If the finger has been burned by putting it in the fire, and is cured never so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable. There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the causes of disease. What gives a man a cold to-day will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to-day, will do the same to-morrow; not in a less degree, but a greater; and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so that the older we get, the greater need is there for increased efforts to favor ourselves, to avoid hardships and exposures, and more prompt in rectifying any 'symptom,' by rest, warmth, and abstinence.—[Hall's Journal.]

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY. I wish I knew where to get a cent. Bless if I don't emigrate to Kamtschatka, to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by either, at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, and went home as rich as a lord.

Told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room in the house. Insulted me by saying the attic was much too good for me.

I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society any harm as I know on; I don't rob widows' houses. I don't know widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no neighbors, and the fact is, I don't own any bottle. Couldn't fill 'em if I did.

I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head upon. My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay and I left. 'Cause why—aint it better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a bawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got a house-top; and if I had a corner wouldn't be safe, would it?

I'm a desp'rate man. I'd go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afraid of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides, wisdom is the principal thing; don't the book say so? What's money to wisdom? Aint I studying character? If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my liquor aint I getting understanding?—aint it a lesson to human nature? I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm tired waiting.

REBELS WILL NOT HAVE PEACE. Voorhies, the notorious rebel sympathizer, said a few days ago at a meeting in Ohio:

"This war must be brought to a close with honor to the country. It might be brought to a close this hour. The wisest policy would be by an armistice—a cessation of hostilities."

About the same time the rebel legislature of Virginia unanimously voted down a series of resolutions proposing an address to the Northern States in favor of a conference with the view to arranging a peace. And on the 16th inst. Col. R. C. Hill of the 49th North Carolina regiment, who was reported to have assured Gen. Custer at Fredericksburg that there would soon be a peace, denies the statement and adds:

"I am opposed to peace on any terms short of a submission of the Federals to such terms as we may dictate; which, in my opinion, should be Mason's and Dixon's line as boundary, the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi below Cairo, full indemnification for all the negroes stolen and properly destroyed, the restoration of Forts Monroe, Jefferson, Key West and all other strongholds which may have fallen into their possession during the war. If they are unwilling to accede to these terms, I propose an indefinite continuance of the war until the now existing fragments of the old Union break to pieces from mere rottenness and want of cohesion, when we will step in as the only first-class power on the Western hemisphere, and take possession of the pieces as subjugated and conquered provinces."

These are the people who are to be conciliated by soft words, and who would at once lay down their arms upon the withdrawal of our armies from among them.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION IN REBELDOM.—Peter Cooper, the well-known Southern millionaire, in a letter to Gov. Seymour defending the policy of the Government, thus speaks of the emancipation proclamation:

"I learn direct from Mr. Dem, the Provost Marshal of St. Louis, that the proclamation of freedom has done more to weaken the rebellion and prevent the foreign recognition than any other measure that could have been adopted. On his late visit to my house he informed me that he had brought on a large number of rebel officers and men to be exchanged at Fortress Monroe. During their passage he took the opportunity to ask the officers in a body what effect the President's proclamation of freedom had produced in the South. Their reply was (to use their own vulgar mode of expression), 'that it had played hell with them.' Mr. Dem then asked them how that could be possible, since the negroes cannot read? To which one of them replied that one of his negroes had told him of the proclamation five days before he heard it in any other way. Others said their negroes gave them their first intimation of the proclamation. One of these officers said, with a defiant air, that if we would only leave them their corn, their bacon, and their homespun, which their negroes produced, they would fight us twenty years."

WHAT WINES ARE MADE OF. Hiram Cox, M. D., of Cincinnati, has made the following startling statement: "During the summer of 1856 I analyzed a lot of liquors for some conscientious gentlemen of our own city, who would not permit me to take samples to my office, but insisted on my bringing my chemicals and apparatus to their store, that they might see the operations. I accordingly repaired to their store, and analyzed samples of sixteen different lots. Among them were port wine, sherry wine, and Madeira wine. The distilled liquors were some pure, and some vile and pernicious imitations; but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape. The basis of the port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with the elderberry juice, with alum, sugar, and neutral spirits. The basis of the sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, flavored from the bitter almond oil, with a percentage of alcoholic spirits. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c. The same week after analyzing the above, and exhibiting the quality and character of the liquors to the proprietors, a section of one of our churches informed me that he had purchased a gallon of the above port wine to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for sacramental purposes, and that for this mixture of sulphuric acid, alum, and elderberry juice, he paid \$2.75 a gallon."

Speaking of the bombardment of Charleston, and the destruction of Sumter by our guns the while Wagner lay between our batteries and that fort, and the shelling of Charleston from five miles' distance, the London Telegraph says:

"If the Americans are vain of being 'big,' why not do them the justice of confessing that they attain that adjective, in their contentions, their sufferings and their engines and methods of warfare? Twice in the course of this two years' struggle they have altered the complexion of the science of destruction—once on the water and once by land."

A GOOD REASON FOR GETTING MAD.—Capt. John J. Geer, of Ohio, being taken prisoner just before the battle of Shiloh, had a long experience among the rebels, and wrote a book relating his adventures. Among other things he says:—

"Our soldiers were treated barbarously everywhere. At Columbus, Mississippi, we were placed in a back room and fed on scanty rations of corn bread minus salt, and an indifferent supply of tainted meat, which emitted a very disagreeable effluvia. While in this condition and lying on the bare floor a citizen entered and informed us that his brother-in-law was then a prisoner in Columbus Ohio. He said he had been taken at Fort Donelson, and that his wife had that day received a letter from him, and that he was walking about the streets of Columbus carrying side arms and boarding at the American House? This statement aroused my indignation. I never before felt so keenly our condition, and

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.
WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 2, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

We call the attention of the young folks this week to our first page story. They will find it a good one.

'Notes from a Note Book,' which will continue some weeks longer, will prove a lively and well drawn picture of the observations of a young gentleman of this place, just returned from the theater he describes.

Sergt. Stevens' "Experience in the Hands of the Rebels," will prove a reliable sketch of the actual condition of those soldiers who become prisoners of war to the rebels. It will occupy several more numbers of our paper—but it is deferred for this week on account of the absence of the writer.

Our History of Waterville will commence as soon as the writer can find a little leisure to arrange some of its first chapters.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR. With as good weather next week as we have had this, the annual festival of the farmers of North Kennebec, this year, can hardly fail to surpass any former display. Tuesday will be devoted to the exhibition of stock at the grounds, with the usual drawing match in the afternoon. There will be a plowing match at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, after which will come the trotting; and as the track has been put in extra condition, and a large number of fast horses with a good reputation will be present, the attendance ought to be large. The Hall will be open Tuesday evening and through Wednesday, and on the afternoon of the last day, the reports of the committees will be read. We hope there will be no failure at the Hall, but that all will come up to the work—our own citizens as well as the farmers—and make a display worthy of the occasion.

We hope, too, that an unusually large number will this year enroll themselves as members of the society. For one dollar you entitle yourself and family to all the privileges of the Society for a year—admission to the exhibitions, the use of the library, a share of the seed distributed, &c. And while you receive a full dollar's worth in return, you at the same time contribute your share to relieve the Society from debt and enable it to enter upon a broader field of usefulness. The citizens of the village have always been liberal towards the Society, justly regarding it as a Waterville institution which pride and self-interest both prompted them to aid; and they need no prompting of ours to do their whole duty this year. Let us show a list of members, in next week's Mail of which we shall all be proud.

ONE AMONG THOUSANDS. Just passing our door, as we stepped out upon the walk yesterday, was one of the sweetest little rosy-faced, some three summers old, that ever gave light and love to a household. Our look of loving admiration, as it must have been, held her sweet blue eyes for a moment, while we took her hand and inquired whose child she was—for our first thought had been that somebody was blest beyond the common lot. She gave a name that we did not recognize among our neighbors, and we added the inquiry, "Where does your papa live?" A little shadow flitted over her face, and she looked up inquiringly as if get sympathy from the effect of her words, as she replied with childish solemnity, "Papa dead in the war!" The sweet darling of a dead soldier! God forgive us, if we forgot our sympathy in unuttered maledictions upon the wicked men whose consuming ambition has sent desolation to so many millions of hearts. If he forgives them it will not be because "they know not what they do."

A HINT. — We may be telling somebody's secret, but it is an old one; or impeaching our own integrity, which is also old enough to bear it; but—some years ago, while walking in the streets of a neighboring city, where a moving crowd was supposed to give privacy to everybody's conversation, we unconsciously opened our own particular ears to the talk of two Irishmen just before us. How could we help it, and who was to blame—if we didn't tell?

"Now Jamie," says one, "if ye can tell me what to do for the blessed Virgin's sake tell me now, for it's e'en a most crazy I am."

"By me soul, Patrick, I can't do that for a body that isn't meself, sure; but if I was the boy as had done the thing ye have, and ye told me to pack up me duds and be off to old Ireland, by St. Patrick, it's meself would be off in a jiffy!"

"Tut, me boy, but I an' ye love me, Jamie! All but for Biddy, I'd do that same, but—Biddy—loves me so, I can never run away."

God bless his big Irish heart! We thought

while he paused to draw his sleeve across his eyes—and what's the use of crying, so long as he's got a Biddy that loves him! Run away!—not we! Pat sniffled to the next corner, and both stepped aside, as though they were to go different ways.

"I know what I'll do!" says Pat, firmly, at the same time throwing his arm around a lamp post, as if to strengthen his resolution—"By the blessed Mother! I'll stand by like a man, and go to the devil with Biddy!"

That's it, Patrick!—and we wanted to stop and tell him that nobody ever yet went entirely to the place he mentioned who had a Biddy to love him. And as we walked along, we tho't that men who have good and loving wives seldom break down under difficulties. If the devil tells them to run, they had rather stay with Biddy, and see if something won't "turn up."

NOTES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.
No. 1.

Warrenton, Friday, Aug. 14th.—This has indeed been a sad day. We have been out to see poor Jewett, of the Maine 5th, shot for desertion. The order, as read this evening, to each regiment, during dress parade, stated that the execution would take place to-day "between the hours of twelve and four, in the presence of the Division to which the prisoner belongs." This was the 1st Division, 5th Corps. Having learned that the ground selected was a large field situated about half way between Warrenton and New Baltimore—a small village five miles from W., in a north-westerly direction, and the post where the 5th Maine was on picket duty—we hastened out there shortly after dinner. Already two brigades were on the ground, but the other—the prisoner's—had not yet arrived. Quite a large crowd of officers and men from other portions of the army, as well as a number of citizens, were present. Here and there, also, were groups of secessionists from the town, and we even noticed that three of our refined and delicate southern sisters had selected a position suitable for observing the proceedings. At length the other troops came, and the whole, consisting of three brigades and a battery, were drawn up in double lines, forming an open square. Very near the centre of the open side, and in direct line, was a large oak tree. At the head of the troops, on one side of the tree, and about fifty feet from it, was the general in command, as well as three other brigadiers with their respective staffs and orderlies. Half way between this point and the tree we took our station, as affording the best possible view. A few moments after we saw a large express-wagon coming slowly across the field towards the head of the square. It was surrounded by a squad of twenty men under command of a captain, and in it was the prisoner and his chaplain, both seated on a rough pine coffin. The solemn procession entered the square on the other side of the tree, and at the same moment a band, stationed down near the lower end of that line, struck up a sweet, sad tune. I watched the prisoner closely and could distinctly hear him singing a hymn. It recalled to my mind his words of the previous afternoon, "The only pardon I desire, man cannot grant." Passing slowly down that side they crossed over in front of the troops at the lower end and as they turned to come up in front of the line near us, the first band ceased, and another, stationed near the generals, commenced, and continued until the procession halted a few feet in front of the tree. The prisoner, although his hands were firmly secured behind him, sprang lightly from the wagon, and appeared to manifest an eagerness or impatience, for, as soon as his coffin was placed on the ground he stepped forward and knelt upon it. This, however, was not the approved mode, for he was immediately seated on it by the officer, and in such a manner as to face the squad, which was drawn up in two lines about twenty paces in front of him. He then asked his chaplain to give him a drink of water, and having received this, his next and last request was that his Testament might be buried with him. The minister now stepped forward and offered a most fervent and earnest prayer. At its close a white handkerchief was tied over the prisoner's eyes by the captain, who then proceeded to bring up half the squad to within eight paces, but the quick command of the general, "Advance both lines, sir," caused him to add the other ten promptly. Not a word was now spoken, but at a movement of the officer's sword, ten muskets were raised, at the second movement they were cocked, and at the third there seemed to be but one report. It was the work of an instant. My eyes were on both the prisoner and his executioners. At the discharge he seemed to be thrown back with great force, so that his feet scarcely rested upon his coffin, and from this moment all indications of life ceased. Of the ten muskets, eight were loaded with ball, seven of which had taken effect, four in the region of the heart. If I felt faint and gave way to weakness it was surely pardonable, when tears were seen in eyes accustomed to such sights. The poor fellow rests near the foot of the large oak-tree, with his little Testament beside him.

Warrenton, Aug. 15th.—On my return last evening, to our rooms, I found a little note on the table stating that there was a sick man at the depot and requesting one of us to come down and see him. L—and P—had not yet returned, so I went down alone. He represented himself to be the chaplain of one of our western regiments, and appeared to be very sick. One could do but little alone in such a case, therefore, having hunted up L—and P—, we returned with an ambulance and proposed to take the sick one to the hospital. He protested against this, however, and expressed a wish to be taken to some private house. The idea of finding a family in W. who would be willing to receive a sick Union man within their doors, seemed almost comical to us. Still, to satisfy him I tried at one house and received

a very pleasant yet emphatic refusal. L—, however, who was less particular about such matters, then tried at the next, and before the inevitable denial could come, intimated to the folks that a word from the Provost Marshal would obtain the whole house if we wanted it. This resulted in the speedy granting of a room, we promising to attend to our patient. The house was a large brick one and was occupied by a widow and her two daughters,—such, at least was the story told to us, although nearly the first object which attracted my attention was a short handsome sword, by means of which one of the windows was raised. So, also, in the room granted us. There was a little, low, bed in it, but as it was too small, I stood it up against the wall and in doing so, kicked over a small box, carefully stowed away underneath, out of which rolled a pair of the richest epaulettes and a crimson sash. Having obtained a soldier to remain with the chaplain through the night we went to inform the family that some of us would be down early in the morning to him. Madam had stepped out, but miss inquired very kindly after our patient, and then informed us, in thorough accent, that, "maw" had been "verahy" sick, but was now "right smart" again. At least, she "veowed" so.

Sunday, Aug. 15th.—Orders have come for the troops to be ready to move at a moment's notice. It is, therefore, necessary for one of us to be near the rooms all the time, for this would be no place for us if the troops should leave. I remained in the morning and L— in the afternoon. Went to the Episcopal Church. The others are all closed. Have all been used for hospitals by the rebels. The church is a very small gothic one and was densely crowded, the congregation consisting mostly of our officers and men. The minister is a German, was formerly settled in Massachusetts, and is thoroughly secesh. Was anxious to see whether he would repeat the usual prayer for the President, but when he came to it he substituted the words, "Every Christian ruler and all others in authority." Surely he prayed for Jeff. in the latter clause.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Baptists of Maine, we are pleased to notice, are waking up to the importance of sustaining this institution. We learn from the *Advocate* that a meeting of the Committee appointed by the State Convention will be held in this village, on Wednesday, the 14th inst., the object of which will be "the extension and deepening of interest in the work of the endowment, the devising and adoption of measures best suited to accomplish it, and a more thorough sympathy between the friends of the institution in different parts of the State." Pastors and laymen, alike, are invited to be present and participate in the deliberations.

ANOTHER PATRIARCH.—Among the venerable men who came to the ballot box at the late election, was Mr. Samuel Messer, of West Waterville, aged 84 years. When asked if he was going to vote this election, he replied, "Yes, if I have to go a-foot!" In the days when the democratic party were the champions of the government, and ready to fight its battles and stand for its dignity, Mr. Messer was a democrat; now he casts a vote for the same object, in the broader name of the Union.

FISHERMEN, AHOY!—Remember, that Mr. Wade, on the margin of North Pond, in Smithfield, commands in person the pretty sail boat "White Perch," and meets all the wants of fishing parties in the most agreeable way. It is no slight praise to say, that he is uniformly patronized by the "N. P. Perch Association." N. B.—By all means give him command of the chowder, and vote him a "nulli secundus."

"The harvest moon is swimming in the sky."—*Leighton Jour.*

Sure enough, so 'tis!—but if it was made of green cheese, as so many fools pretend, it would sink in a minute, wouldn't it? How nicely this explains the late rains—the moon has jumped into the sky for a swim, and fills it so full that it runs over. How poetry and astronomy exalt each other! Has the moon "struck" anybody out your way?

PROPER, VERY!—The editor of the *Clarion* displays his own picture under his editorial head, since the election. This is very proper, and makes an appropriate "leader" for that paper. The portrait bears a nice family resemblance, bating the too common fault of flat-tery. But, just *inter nos*, Moses, isn't that comb a little—that is—or—does any such idiosyncrasy run in the family? Is it needed?

ATTENTION, VETERANS!—Capt. Joseph Garland, of Winslow, and Lieut. H. H. Robbins, of Vassalboro', both formerly of the 21st Maine, are recruiting a company for the war. To men who have seen service they promise a bounty of five hundred and two dollars. The need for additions to the army is great, and we hope these gentlemen may soon report full ranks.

CHANGE.—Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., proprietor of the *Lewiston Journal*, has taken into partnership his brother, Frank I. Dingley, under the firm of Nelson Dingley, Jr., & Co. The *Journal* is distinguished among the papers of our State for its wide awake enterprise, and is in this respect an honorable representative of the city which supports it.

In the final return of Waterville quota of drafted men which was given last week a few errors occurred which are corrected below.—Geo. W. Messer, furnished substitute.

Richard A. Shepherd, went in person.

Vinal Knox, was reported a deserter and has been arrested and is now on trial.

All the above were given—"Discharged for disability."

John F. Merrill, too, who was reported as having paid \$300, furnished a substitute.

MORE ROGUERY.—One Geo. W. Viles of New Portland, has been victimizing the banks, forging the name of his father-in-law for that purpose. Forged paper to the amount of about

\$9,000 has been discovered, \$5,000 of which is in the State Bank, Augusta, and \$3,900 in the Skowhegan banks. Viles has vanished.

LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS.

No. 2.

MR. COPP R. HEAD TO HIS SON.

[Mr. Copp R. Head takes the Mail, and insists that he has tomorrow a right to address a letter to his son through its columns. We admit the right—and consequently the letter—without endorsing its grammar or spelling.]

Lecture Day Morning, 7 a. m. fournoon.

My dear Son—

I just want you to come rite strate home, and that's all there is tu it. Taint no use to talk—this contrys all goin to smash, jest as I told you afore you listed—and you ort not to gone. The constitution is all broke up, and I bleeve it jest as much as ef Ide seen it broke—and that infarnil Linken is only maken matters worse every day. He has spendid the Habis korpus, hiern a kite, so they say—and nobody here dont think he is goin to restor the Uneyen as twas, nor nothin like it, and its in more than 20 peaces now, so Jo sez. He is only maken bleeve, jest to get them tarnal niggers free, and send em up hear to board round whilst you and the rest of the boys fites for the country; and som say we white fokes is all to be drove over to Afrekry, and then the nigs are to kum mishenary over us and convert us all into slaves, jest as we sarved them. Now I dont go for enny sech nonsens—and as I sed afore, I want you to cum hoam. Bradbury is goin to order all the sojers hoam as soon as he gets lected,—thats what he has agreed; and we are makin the tuffist fite ye ever knowd. Jo and I and Jons was ritin voats all day Sunday, and they say we are goin to carry the day, by a hundred thousen menoraty, and maybe more. I've bett enuff to get me som new cloas, and am shoer to win. Weve got all the boys back that went to Kenady fore the draft, and Meanly and Akins has got a fresh lot of lickor, enuff to carry the day, as I reckon—at enny rait we are in for a fite, and no mistaik. If we dont lay out hardfud consvhenen feddelsim for wonce then I want gess agin.

Your mar stans up for Linken yet, and maks a grate fuss about my voatin for Bradbury—and she has rit a voat for me that she says is a grate deal better, and wants me to carry it. It is for Benny Dick Arnul, but I dont no enny such candydait—do you? But I shall ask Jo, and if weve got enny such candydait on our side may be I shall voat for him, jest to pleas your mar. Do you know enny such man in the demmyeratic party that haint gon over to the Linkinies? She says he is bettern Bion, a playg site.

But I must hurry to the poals, and I want you to cum hoam. This talk about luvvin the country, and dyin in a diel, and all that, I tell you its all gum gaim, and thair ain't a least bit of demmocracy in it—nothin but abalishen and black republiken stuff. I jest advis you to luv yourself fust, and let the country slide, for twill slide, and that mity sune to, ef it dont we are goin to slide it. We aint goin to be snubd round by them nasty black niggers much longer. But I must be off to the poals. So goode by, and cum rite hoam, as I toald you.

Your father truly,

COPP R. HEAD.

Nex day, 7 P.M. Arternoon.

poscrip:—Ime'mity discourdged today; but I found out who Benny Dick Arnul was—he was an ole penshuner an is bin ded mor'n a thousin yer, so Jo sez. He was a darn black publikin to, an I tore yer Mars voat in tu an meny strate for Bion. But twixt you an me my son, taint no use. Weer gone hiern a kite so the telegraf sez, an ive got to wear mi ole kote awhile longer for mi bet is gon for sartin. Rial has lost orful bad on betts tu and swares like putty he wont never bet agin. The fact is my sun, its oin to bad rum. Meanly and Akins an all on um got sum of the worst stuff they ever had. The boys sed theyd pade for bad rum long enuf, an when they hed it gin tu um they wanted sumthin better. They sed twas jist fit to vote for a nigger with, and they voted for Linkun or sumbody on tother side, and all the rest on em tuk a nap arter dinner an forgot to vote, an weer all for slivers, an all jist for bad rum. But I want you to cum hoam for at that. I spose the country will stan it awhile longer and dont mutch cair if it duf if they cant get beter rum than that.

&c. yours truly, C. R. H.

The last nucs is that our manority is a good deal biggern thairn, but not quit big enuff to lect Bion—so Jo sez.

Mr. Editors korec, bad spellin if thair is enny, I rit it in a hurry.

The potato market has already opened briskly in Maine. The crop in Penobscot is reported almost entirely free from rot, and the price at Bangor is about 45 cents. Here, they pay from 30 to 35 cents—the cost of reaching a market being greater. The crop in this vicinity is also much better than at first reported.

REV. MR. HUNNICUTT.—This gentleman, whose lectures on the Rebellion, in this place and vicinity, last week, will long be remembered by those who heard him, has received an urgent call from the Pennsylvania Union State Committee, to come to that State and speak in aid of the Union cause until after the approaching election. As soon, therefore, as he had fulfilled the appointments he had already made at the time of receiving the despatch from Philadelphia, he hastened to obey the call. He will do good service there. We are glad to know that he intends to return to Maine after the elections in Penn. and N. Y.

"Down to Bangor they go so drunk that they walk off the wharves,"—so says the *Lewiston Journal*. Down to Lewiston they get so drunk that they can't "walk off" at all—so they say down to Bangor.

An immense lot of Bangor gas is going up in a bag on the 14th inst., and seven persons are to go up with it. If the gas fails a few more men will be added.

S. of T.—The 21st anniversary of this order was extensively celebrated on Tuesday of this week. The morning train from Bangor brought to this place a company of several hundreds, who were joined at Town Hall Common by visitors from other places, and by our citizens, in a general good time in the picnic fashion. Mr. Nye's Cadets did escort duty in fine order; the West Waterville Band contributing its excellent music. Rev. Mr. Dillingham presided during the formalities of an opening prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Winslow, an address upon the History of the Order, by P. G. W. P., Kimball, of Bangor, and remarks by P. G. W. P., Eli Jones, of China; after which the company partook of refreshments, and amused themselves in their own way. They seemed to enjoy the day finely.

MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—A copy of the "Records of the Maine Medical Association, convened in Portland, June 10, 1863," has been sent us by our friend, Dr. T. A. Foster—Secretary for the last year—now of Portland, but formerly of this village. The officers of the association, for the current year, as we learn from the Report, are,—

President, Dr. J. T. Gilman, Portland; 1st Vice President, Dr. McRuer, Bangor; 2d Vice President, Dr. Swasey, Limerick; Recording Secretary, Dr. J. D. Lincoln, Brunswick; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Hill, Augusta.

Dr. Gilman Davies was chosen Lecturer for 1864, and Dr. B. F. Buxton as Substitute, and Portland was designated as the place of the next meeting. Several curious and interesting surgical cases were reported, some of which were from members who had, been with the army.

Dr. I. T. Dana delivered a capital Address, taking for his subject, "*Medical Esprit de Corps*," several paragraphs of which we have marked and shall copy next week.

SPARE OUR BLUSHES.—Though we copy the following flattering notice of our paper mainly for the benefit of posterity, yet our subscribers can read it if they choose:—

"We are happy to greet again the *Waterville Mail* in its full dimensions, after quite a long period of 'curtailment' on account of the high price of paper, etc. The *Mail* is a first-rate local paper, and deserves liberal patronage from the Waterville people and others in the vicinity. The influence for good to a community of a local paper is not properly appreciated as a general thing; and, as a consequence, those who are engaged in the self-sacrificing business of maintaining the 'honor' of their town or city by keeping the press running have a hard row to hoe. Every good citizen should consider it of the first importance to sustain his local paper, through every emergency, by subscribing and paying for it. Many forget the latter and omit consideration."

—*W. H. B. G. Gazette.*

We will add to the above the following pleasant words from a Waterville boy, who has established himself in a neighboring State, and who writes to us renewing his subscription:—

"* * * * * Will you believe me, when I tell you that I take no paper whose arrival I look forward to with as much interest as the *Mail*. I read it with more pleasure than any other paper, for I am still interested in the events of the place where I have passed the greater part of my life, and when I get absorbed in the *Mail*, almost forget that I am not still living in Waterville. I am glad to see the *Mail* back to its original size. It is a paper that is a credit to Waterville, and deserves liberal patronage. Long may it wave."

The 21st anniversary of the Sons of Temperance was celebrated at Washington, and when the procession reached the White House the ladies and gentlemen participating in the ceremonies were invited into the East Room, where the President responded to an address presented to him.

He said that when he was a young man, long ago, before the Sons of Temperance as an organization had an existence, he in a humble way made temperance speeches, and he thought he might say to this day he had never by his example belied what he then said. As to the suggestions for the purpose of advancing the cause of temperance in the army, he could not now respond to that. To prevent intemperance in the army is ever a great part of the rules and carrels of war. It is a part of the law of the land, and was so, he presumed, long ago, to dismiss officers for drunkenness. He was not sure that consistently with the public service more can be done than has been done. All, therefore, that he could promise, was to have a copy of the address submitted to the principal departments, and have it considered whether it contains any suggestions which will improve the cause of temperance and repress drunkenness in the army any better than it is already done. He thought the reasonable men of the world had long since agreed that intemperance was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all the evils amongst mankind. That was not a matter of dispute. All men agreed that intemperance was a great curse. The suggestion that it existed to a great extent in the army was true, but whether it was a cause of defeat he knew not, but he did know that there was a great deal of it on the other side, therefore they had no right to beat us on that ground. (Laughter.)

The remarks of the President were listened to with great interest, and were repeatedly interrupted by applause.

THE HORSE FAIR.—We have seen a programme of the approaching horse fair, to be held at the Waterville Park. Not less than \$800 will be offered in premiums. Mr. Lang will also offer \$200, to be distributed in premiums to the stock of his famous "Gen Knox." The public may rest assured that the exhibition will be the best ever held in the State.

NOTICE.—In our next paper we shall give a detailed account of the agricultural fair, with the reports of the several committees, and a complete list of the officers and members of the society.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that we come in contact with an article that we feel justified in recommending to our numerous readers, but the article of Family Dye Colors, manufactured by Howe & Stevens, advertised in this day's paper, we feel we can heartily commend to all who may have use for dyes of any colors. For sale by all druggists.

STILL THEY GO.—Large as was the cattle train on the Maine Central Railroad, last week, it was still larger this week. When it left Waterville it numbered thirty-four cars, and before arriving at Danville Junction it had increased to thirty-eight. Ten car loads of cattle also passed through Waterville on the lower road, on Monday morning last.

A man 102 years old voted for 'Copp R. Head' in Brooksville. We withhold his name, as he was old enough to know better.

snapped his gun at them, which did not explode, the piece not being capped. One of the boys at that moment thrusting the glass into a case which hung by his side, the rebel thought he was drawing a revolver, and immediately threw down his gun, crying out, "I surrender." The boys immediately sprang forward, seized his gun, and at a 'charge bayonet' drove the big fellow into camp. When he discovered that the only appearance of a weapon in the boys' possession was an opera-glass, he was much incensed, declaring he could not be held as a prisoner of war.

"BITTERS," WORSE THAN A HUMBUG.—The world is full of bitters. We speak not now of the woe and anguish caused by war, but of what promises to be scarcely less disastrous in its results upon individuals and families. During the present year we have traveled four or five thousand miles, through different parts of the country. In all that route there has hardly been a point where the eye did not meet an advertisement of somebody's 'Bitters.' Upon every available space, on the walls of buildings, on the fences, on the surface of rocks and stones, upon the bridges and liberty poles, indeed everywhere, were 'Bitters,' 'Strengthening Bitters,' 'Healing Bitters,' 'Invigorating Bitters,' 'Life Saving Bitters,' or some other 'Bitters,'—stare one in the face. This is most strikingly the case in some portions of Illinois. So, too, the newspapers abound in advertisements of these various bitters; and in every hotel, tavern, and down to the smallest 3 by 4 drinking shops, attractive rows of bottles labelled 'Bitters,' are every where to be seen. We know of large glass manufactories run almost exclusively in the manufacture of bottles for Bitters. Now all this costs a 'mint of money,' and this money has already come and is coming from those who buy and drink those Bitters—showing an immense consumption.

But what are these 'Bitters'? With scarcely an exception, they are essentially a cheap alcohol—whiskey, gin, or rum. Most contain a little bitter extract—some more, some less—added as a blind, or a slight tonic. Take out the alcohol, and all that remains would not amount to much—good or bad. Whiskey, or gin, that under its own proper name would not sell for fifty cents a gallon, is put into bottles costing 4 to 7 cents each, five to eight bottles to the gallon, labeled at the cost of a penny, and sold for a dollar a bottle, or at least five dollars a gallon. The attractive label, the great stories told of the healing and strengthening properties, lead people to pay these prices. This much is sheer humbug. But there is a worse feature. We stopped at the house of a western farmer who would not for the world incite in his children a taste for and love of alcoholic drinks. Yet influenced by the advertisement in his family paper, and a religious one at that, he had bought and used several bottles of these bitters, and supposing us to be weary with a long day's travel, he proffered us a glass of 'strengthening bitters.' Two of his little boys were given a spoonful each before breakfast—to keep off the chills." We told him he was feeding them with gin, and laying the foundation for a drunkard's life, and a drunkard's grave.

We constantly meet with persons who daily use these 'bitters.' The temporary stimulant afforded by the alcohol, deceives them into the belief that they are 'invigorating,' or 'strengthening.' When the excitement subsides, and the natural reaction and lassitude follow, they take another dose, and so go on. We say in all seriousness, that the enormous sale and use of these 'bitters' is doing more to produce wide-spread dissipation and drunkenness, by begetting a taste for alcohol, than can be counteracted by the efforts of all the Temperance societies that have yet been organized. Let us beg of every man who would not bring up his family to be drunkards, and who would keep out of temptation himself, to banish these 'bitters' of every kind from his house, and discourage their sale in the community.

SAMBUCI FOR HEALTH.—All physicians readily admit the excellence of wine in sickness. Were pure wine easily to be procured there would be less fever and disease. Hooper, in his *Medical Dictionary*, remarks:—"The general effects of wine are to stimulate the stomach, exhilarate the spirits, warm the habit, quicken the circulation, promote the perspiration, &c. In many complaints wine is universally admitted to be of important service, especially in convalescence, in which it is found to be a valuable tonic and restorative; and in many cases it proves of more immediate advantage than the Peruvian bark. Delirium, which is the consequence of irritability and a defective state of the nervous energy, is often entirely removed by the use of wine." We have now a pure and excellent native vintage, Speer's Sambuci wine, made from the Portugal grape by Mr. A. Speer, of New Jersey.

It is said to be the most reliable wine in the market and guaranteed to be exclusively prepared from the Sambuco Grape, without admixture of sugar or alcohol. Physicians prescribe it as superior to port in debility, languor, and in cases of prostration of strength. It is also an excellent restorative for indigestion. Numerous letters have been written by lawyers, lecturers, and distinguished divines speaking in high terms of approbation of the healthy and invigorating properties of the Sambuci wine. [Republican.]

Our druggists have procured some four years old, direct from the vineyard.

The recent severe frost in the Northwest, says the *Journal of Commerce*, has demonstrated one important fact, and perhaps will exert an influence to revolutionize crops in that part of the country. The proof is regarded as conclusive that Chinese sugar cane is harder than Indian corn. While the crop of Indian corn has been severely injured or almost entirely destroyed in some places, the Chinese sugar cane has suffered very little. The *Chicago Tribune* is of the opinion that in a few years these two crops will be produced in about equal quantities, in the West. It is claimed that two gallons of cane juice are equal to a bushel of corn for fattening cattle, and that from 800 to 1000 gallons can be obtained from a single acre. Or if preferred, sugar can be made instead of pork and beef.

A CAR INCIDENT. A fashionably gressed lady entered a car on the Hudson River Railroad, a few evenings since, and after she had stood for some minutes, a young gentleman rose and gave her his seat. She made no acknowledgment of this act of courtesy. The car stopped at an upper station on the river, and the lady was about to leave the car, when a quaint old Dutch gentleman called to her, "Madam, you have forgotten something."

"What, sir?" said the lady. "Why, you forgot to thank the young man for your seat." The lady walked out and the young man resumed his sitting.

GOOD MOVEMENT. We learn from the *Maine Farmer*, that the young men of Augusta have organized an association under the name of the Augusta Lyceum. It is proposed to have a course of lectures during the winter evenings and measures have been taken to secure the services of distinguished gentlemen for the purpose.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by
M. A. HAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Frye's Building, Main St., Waterville.
REV. MAXIM. DANIEL R. WING.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If 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 MAILS.
Western Mail leaves daily at 10:00 A.M. Closest 9:45 A.M.
Augusta " " 10:00 P.M. " 9:45 P.M.
Bangor " " 10:00 P.M. " 9:45 P.M.
Portland " " 10:00 P.M. " 9:45 P.M.
Boston " " 10:00 P.M. " 9:45 P.M.
Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 A.M. 8:45 A.M.
Office hours—from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.—The October number of this splendid monthly has the opening chapter of a new novel by Mrs. M. A. Denison, entitled 'The Sealed Door,' which the editor announces as one of the most interesting that has ever appeared in this country. It also has a continuation of Miss M. E. Braden's thrilling story, 'John Marchmont's Legacy,' and much other interesting and entertaining reading. The literary department is handsomely illustrated and among the pictures will be found four, showing how our grandmothers and great-grandmothers dressed. The fashion department, as usual, is profusely and charmingly illustrated, and the number contains patterns for a Postillion Basque, with full-sized diagrams for cutting out and making. We advise all who are not acquainted with this magazine, to examine it at the first opportunity, for to be properly appreciated it must be seen.

Published by Frank Leslie, 72 Duane Street, New York, at \$3 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—One of the illustrations in the October number, a fine picture of domestic happiness, entitled, 'The Joy of the Dwelling,' will do any good to look upon, the other engraving is a portrait of that eminent Christian, Lady Huntington. The reading matter is of the usual excellence and variety, and the whole number cannot fail to commend itself to persons of the best taste.

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

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A conscript friend of ours denounces the Conscription Act as a "reluctant" of the barbarous ages, and that he has been driven in New York and quartered at Baker's Island.—[N. Y. Leader.]

We once saw a young man bravely turning up his glass; he was a true-hearted, glorious fellow, and was, he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw a policeman hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to the Station-house. The wild oats were being harvested.

Josey being rather rambles in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No, ma'am," said he hesitating, "but I have a first-rate forgettery."

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown, when Rubens with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being prying, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

TECHNICAL.—Dr. O. W. Holmes says the Hancock House, Boston, the umbilical cord of the cord that held our city to the past, is vanishing like a dimple from the water.

The Canadian papers are mourning over the emigration of mechanics and laboring men from that country to this. Hundreds leave daily with their families, and the Queen's dominions are becoming depopulated. New towns are no longer seen springing up, and the forests are encroaching upon the settlements.

An American buggy in London is a subject of as much curiosity as it was a cart of fire. Men and women stop and look at it with amazement, as nothing of the kind has been seen in those parts, as the British ride in heavy, two-wheeled vehicles, about as cumbersome as express wagons. The boys stop and look at the strange apparition, and break out about as follows: "My, my, 'Arry, 'ere's a four-wheeler for ye! Look at 'ee wheels! Did you ever see such thin things?"

'Over the left,' the cant phrase implying falsehood, has been abandoned for the more emphatic and significant expression of 'Over the wires.'

David B. Smith, of Sidney, has got into trouble by discharging drafted men from the place of their rendezvous. He was last week placed in jail in Portland and has his examination before U. S. Commissioner W. H. Clifford on Wednesday of this week.

The nicest thing in bonnets is—the wearer's face, of course.

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy: the first is a strong will, the other a strong voice.

Mr. Beecher says there are many persons who think that Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

Protestant doctrines are now publicly preached in Naples, with a freedom which, a few years ago would have subjected the ministers and their congregations to severe penalties.

Eggs in New Orleans are very dear. 'What,' asks a letter writer, 'are the probable feelings of a rooster whose harem wives are capable of eggs worth eight cents apiece?'

'You have played the dence with my heart,' said a gentleman to a young lady who, was his partner in a gentleman's waltz. 'Well,' replied the lady, with an arch smile, 'it was because you played the dence with my heart.'

Another Union paper is started in Nashville, Col. L. C. Beck is editor, and his motto is, 'Our motto is, first, that we voted for Bell, and next, that we did not vote for Lincoln.'

It is estimated that the mineral wealth of Nevada Territory will be sufficient to pay a national debt of \$20,000,000,000, or, in other words, to furnish a plating of silver thicker than their present covering of iron.

Fifteen thousand of the Corps d'Afrique, under Gen. Banks, have been mustered in, and recruiting is active. The maximum strength is 25,000.

SOLDIERS' VOTE.—A letter from the Maine 20th, says: 'We polled the regiment yesterday, the 14th, and 234 votes were thrown all of which were for Samuel Cony. There are no traitors in the 20th.'

RATHER POINTED.—Snobs, said Mrs. Snobb to her husband the other day, after the ball, why did you dance with every lady in the room last night, before you noticed me? 'Why, my dear,' said the devoted Snobb, 'I was only practicing what we do at the table, reserving the best for the last.'

War of Redemption.

The war news of the week has been rather meagre. Rosecrans has not been disturbed in the strong position which he took at Chattanooga; and though things have been managed very quietly it is known that he has been largely reinforced. Howard's and Slocum's divisions, it is said, have been dispatched to aid him from the army of the Potomac, and 16,000 men from Grant. Much depends upon the issue of the struggle in that quarter.

Gens. McCook and Crittenden, it is said, have been relieved of their commands for bad behavior during the recent fight.

The rebels report a victory over our forces in Louisiana, but we have no confirmation of it.

But little is reported from the army of the Potomac beyond an occasional cavalry skirmish. The rebels are threatening an invasion of Eastern Virginia, and the authorities are preparing for their reception. The rebels now claim to have taken 7000 prisoners in their late fight with Rosecrans, 36 pieces of artillery, and 15,000 small arms.

There is nothing new from Charleston. Further troubles are reported in North Carolina, between Confederate troops and armed bands of deserters.

CATTLE MARKETS.—From the excellent report of the Massachusetts markets, of last week, which we find in the *New England Farmer*, we gather the following items: No. of cattle reported, 3,907; being an increase on the week before of over 700, and over 500 more than the same week last year. No. of sheep, 8,708, against 6,050 of the week before, and 6,484 of the same week last year. Of these, 1,066 cattle were from Maine, and 2,016 sheep. Daniel Wells drove 197 cattle, and Gideon 181. A slight decline in prices is reported, but it has not operated to diminish the number sent forward the present week. First quality beef is quoted at \$7.75 to \$8.25; Second do, \$6.75 to \$7.50; Third do, \$5.25 to \$6.50; Extra, \$8.50 to \$8.75. "Gideon Wells reported 40 oxen at 7c, 20 at 6c, and 6 coarse ones for 5c per lb.; 60 two-year-old, part beef and part stores, and no fatter nor larger than they should be, at an average of \$20 per head."

S. L. Boardman, Esq., of South Norridge-wood, recently associate editor of the *Maine Farmer*, will deliver an address at the annual Exhibition of the Lincoln County Agricultural Society, to be held at Wiscasset, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of October.

DIPHTHERIA.—This terrible scourge is raging with unusual severity in the west part of this town. There have been more deaths during the past season than at any other time since the disease first appeared, and several cases are now reported which will probably prove fatal.

The reward for the apprehension of deserters has been increased to thirty dollars.

The Jaurez Government in Mexico, it is said, are preparing to fight in earnest, and are confident they can expel the French; but large allowance must be made for Mexican gasconade.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Appended to a monstrous bolt, rolled into our office recently, we found the following note, which we publish for the benefit of all concerned:—

This is a turnip bet that grew in my garden, the seed of which was planted the 10th of May. It weighed when taken up ten pounds, lacking two ounces; probably it has shrunk a little, since. I expect it is not good to eat but it will make your cow a small lunch some cold frosty morning. I have just finished gathering ten bushels of beets from a very small piece of land, a goodly number of them from one-half to three-quarters the size of this. I send this to you merely as an evidence of how the Lord prospers those who help support a good family paper (like the *Mail*) in their own town. Now if you find any person so lost to their own interest as not to take the *Mail*, for fear it will be more outset than income, show them this BEET.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—See advertisement of S. Meader's Livery Stable at North Vassalboro'.

Our metallic neighbor of the Bath Courier, who is laboring zealously to aid his friend Davis in dividing the country, says he finds scriptural comfort in the words "Blessed are the peacemakers!" He ought to take a lesson in orthography from a "peace" or rope.

The foreign news continues favorable and the Confederate Government, we are told, contemplates the withdrawal of Slidell and Mason from England.

INTEMPERANCE. What the Springfield Republican says of the alarming increase of intemperance in that city is true of almost every city and town in New England. In a late issue of their paper we find the following gloomy picture of the present state of things in that, heretofore, very temperate and quiet city:—

Springfield is no worse than other cities of its size. The growth here of intemperance, and the licentiousness & debauchery always attending it, is absolutely appalling. Only a year or two ago it was a very rare thing to see a drunken man in our streets. Now you may meet staggering men at any time of the day, and the shocking sight of a drunken woman is not uncommon. Three or four years ago the drinking saloons sought concealment, and their customers went for their drinks slyly and by stealth. Now the business is as open as any honest traffic, and they do not consider it a disgrace to be found drinking at the bar. Indeed, so far gone are we in demoralization on this subject, that young men of fair standing in the community think it rather reputable than otherwise to boast that they were 'on a drunk' on such a night, and incapable of business the next day, and the young man who declines a drink is considered singular and Puritanical. To increase the temptation to this excess, there are drinking clubs, in which young men, who would not be seen in a dram shop, take their first lesson in convivial intoxication, and are on an easy and quick road to street drunkenness and the gutter. Already the terrible evils attending the vice are beginning to show themselves. No woman can go unattended into the streets in the evening without exposure to insults from half-drunken men and boys; and almost every night the howling of drunken men on Main street makes one think the inmates of some mad-house have been turned loose upon us. But these outward signs of the great evil are nothing to the misery which it causes daily in hundreds of our households: and if things go on from bad to worse a few years longer, there will be a path of social and moral desolation through this community as marked and frightful as that left by a tornado. The bereavement and loss caused by our share in the war will be too small for notice compared with the more fearful ruin wrought among us by intemperance. This is no rhetorical exaggeration—would that it were—but every man with his eyes open can see that free drinking is rapidly bringing us to a condition full of the most terrible public and private calamities.

When you hear a man say he should be glad to see Jeff. Davis hung, but would wish to see Charles Sumner swung at the opposite end of the same cord, you may safely set down that man for a base traitor, who hates liberty more than he does treason, and who, eighteen hundred years ago would have been one of those who were gratified to see an innocent individual crucified between two thieves.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT NEW YORK. The arrival of a fleet of Russian war vessels in New York harbor has caused quite a sensation among the Gothamites, who are greatly pleased by the event. Some of the papers attach special significance to this unusual demonstration.

tion and think it is a notice to France and England that there is another naval power besides theirs which is able to show itself in the Atlantic, and, if necessary, to combat there as bravely as in the Baltic.

The following noble sentiment occurs in an official note written in the hurry of business by Secretary Chase to Mr. Stanton: 'We cannot afford to wrong any class of our people. One poor man, colored though he be, with God on his side, is stronger, if against us, than the hosts of the rebellion.'

We learn that a company of cavalry is to be sent into the French settlement in Northern Arrostook to enforce the draft. These men claim all the privileges of citizens and there is no reason why they should not be required to aid the government in putting down the rebellion.

The New York *Herald* urges on the favorable consideration of President Lincoln of a proclamation appealing to the patriotism of the people for an immediate levy, apportioned among the loyal States, of three hundred thousand six months' volunteers and militia. The whole force might thus be raised, armed, and equipped, and moved forward to the field within less than two months. They would relieve perhaps two hundred thousand veteran soldiers from garrison and railway duties for active service in our advancing armies; and thus strengthened, they would utterly crush out the last fragments of the rebellion in a brief campaign, East and West.

FORGERY. Geo. W. Viles, of New Portland, a patent chum agent, has been detected in having forged, so far as has been ascertained, between \$8000 and \$9000, principally paper of his father-in-law, Mr. Cutts of New Sharon. The forgery was first discovered by the Cashier of the State Bank, Augusta, which has about \$5000 of the paper. Two banks in Skowhegan have \$3900 worth. Viles has managed to make his escape.

[Portland Courier.]

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII. New discoveries are reported from Pompeii. A house has been uncovered, which, to judge from the splendor of its interior, and its almost perfect furniture, must have belonged to a very wealthy proprietor. The dining room is paved with mosaic. The completely served table is covered with petrified remnants of dishes; and around it are found three divans, or table-beds of bronze, richly adorned with gold and silver, upon which reposed several skeletons. A great many precious jewels were found near them. On the table stood, among other ornaments, a very beautifully worked statue of Bacchus in silver, with eye of enamel, a collar of jewels, and precious armlets.

President Lincoln to-day represents the democracy of the country, in its ideas, its progress and its destiny. As a leader, he is the conservator of popular rights and republican institutions.—[Boston Transcript.]

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—The following is a list of the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held in Maine this Fall, so far as we have been able to obtain them.

Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society at Lewiston, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Cumberland at Portland, Oct. 14th and 15th.
North Waldo, at Unity, Oct. 21st and 22nd.
West Somerset, at North Auburn, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14th and 15th.
Cumberland at Portland, Oct. 14th.
Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 7th, 8th and 9th.
North Kennebec at Waterville, Oct. 6th and 7th.
Kennebec Union Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at Gardin, Oct. 7th and 8th.
Sagadahoc, at Topsham, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.
West Oxford, at Unity, Oct. 14th and 15th.
The State Society will hold no Exhibition this year.

We learn that in Winthrop every Friend who is a legal voter went to the polls Sept. 14th, and cast a clear Union ticket with Samuel Cony at the head.

We don't like to see so many young cattle—even yearlings—sold off and driven out of the State. Almost every drove that passes contains a large proportion of these. It don't promise well for the future. If beef can be grown profitably in Maine (of which there is no doubt), our farmers ought to make that profit on their calves and not let it be made elsewhere.—Bangor Whig.

NOTICES.

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES.
DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.

THE combination of ingredients in these Pills is the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, Pains, Headaches, Neuralgias, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, all nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, etc., disturbed sleep, which arise from impurities of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS are the most efficient remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to FEMALES. To all classes they are invaluable, in domestic, professional, and general practice. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each Box—the Price ONE DOLLAR PER BOX, containing from 60 to 100 Pills.

THIS PILLS are sent, PROMPTLY, by reciting to the proprietors, HUTCHINGS & BULLA, Proprietors, 87 Cedar St., New York.

For sale in Waterville by H. L. How, and by all druggists in Gardiner, Hallowell, Bangor, Augusta, Lewiston, and Bath, and by druggists generally.

Editors of Mail:—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send by return mail to all who wish it, (free of charge), full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in 10 days, Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, and all impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces, simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, whether on the Head or elsewhere. In less than 20 days all applications answered by return mail without charge.

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, No. 83 Broadway, New York.

TO HORSE OWNERS. DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, and in all cases of Lameness, sprain, or strain, whether of the Neck, Shoulder, Back, or Limbs, it will also cure speedily. Sprains and Lamenesses may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but if confirmed cases are beyond the ability of a MEDICAL CURS. No case of the kind, however, so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent the disease from becoming chronic, and in many cases is able, and which renders so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless.

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DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, and in all cases of Lameness, sprain, or strain, whether of the Neck, Shoulder, Back, or Limbs, it will also cure speedily. Sprains and Lamenesses may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but if confirmed cases are beyond the ability of a MEDICAL CURS. No case of the kind, however, so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

The sale of the Plantation Bitters is without precedent in the history of the world. There is no secret in the matter. They are at once the most speedy, strengthening health restorer ever discovered. It requires but a single trial to understand this. Their purity can always be relied upon. They are composed of the celebrated Calagaya Bark, Cascarella Bark, Dandelion, Chamomile Flowers, Lavender Flower, Green Anise, Clove bud, Orange-peel, Snake-root, Caraway, Coriander, Burdock.

S.—T.—1860—K. & Co. They are especially recommended to clergymen, public speakers, and persons of literary habits and sedentary life, who require free digestion, a relish for food, and clear mental faculties.

Delicate females and weak persons are certain to find in these Bitters what they have so long looked for. They purify, strengthen and invigorate. They create a healthy appetite. They are an antidote to change of water and diet. They overcome effects of indisposition and late hours. They strengthen the system and enliven the mind. They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers. They purify the blood, and assist of the stomach. They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus. They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache. They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted man's great restorer.

The following startling and emphatic statements can be seen in the Bitters prepared by Dr. Drake, New York. Letter of Rev. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain of the 10th New York Regiment:—

NEAR ACQUITA CREEK, March 4th, 1863. Owing to the great exposure and terrible decomposition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated and very sick. My stomach would not retain medicine. An article of Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake, New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise, they gave me immediate relief. Two bottles almost allowed me to join my regiment. * * * I have since seen them used in many cases and am free to say, for health or private purpose I know of nothing like them.

REV. E. F. CRANE, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. GILES, St. Clairsville, Pa.; GENTLEMEN:—You were kind enough, on a former occasion to send me a half dozen bottles of Plantation Bitters for \$3.50. By the using thereof, which will find a sure cure for Constipation, I deeply beg to continue them, and you will please send us six bottles more for the money inclosed.

I am, very truly, yours, N. E. GILES, Pastor Gen. Ref. Church.

SOLDIERS' HOME DEPARTMENT'S OFFICE, CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 16th, 1863.

I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who are here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvellous and gratifying. Several cases, which they will find a sure cure for Constipation. Such a preparation as this is highly useful in every family in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

G. W. D. ANDREWS, Superintendent.

Dr. W. A. CHURCH, Surgeon of the Tenth Vermont Regiment, writes:—I wish every soldier had a bottle of Plantation Bitters. They are the most effective, perfect, and harmless tonic I ever used.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24, 1863. GENTLEMEN:—We require another supply of your Plantation Bitters, the popularity of which daily increases with the guests of our house.

Respectfully, STEVEN CHURCH & Co.

Be sure that every bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel plate label, with our private stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., 202 BROADWAY, N. Y.

(COMMUNICATED.) Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!! A CARD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. THE undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing a prescription will please address REV. ADAM A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

V.L. VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT. V.L. HAS given entire satisfaction during the four years it has been proclaimed the pain destroyer of the world. Pain cannot be where this liniment is applied. If used as directed it cures in a few minutes all kinds of Rheumatism, Pain, cold, coughs and influenza, it can't be beat. One 25 cent bottle will cure all the above, besides being useful in every family for all kinds of accidents, such as burns, cuts, insect stings, &c. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. V.L. by all Druggists, Office 50 Courtland St. N. Y. V.L.

A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility, Incompetency, Premature Decay and Youthful Error, acted by a desire to benefit others, will be happy to furnish to all who need it (free of charge) the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy used in his case. Those wishing to profit by his experience—and possess a valuable Remedy—will receive the same, by return mail, (carefully sealed), on receipt of 10 cents.

JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 60 Nassau St. New York.

Marriages. In Cazenovia, N. Y., 17th ult. Mr. Harrison Ormsby, of Dewitt, N. Y., to Mrs. Charlotte E. Thompson, of Waterville.

Deaths. In this town, (West village) Sept. 26th, of diphtheria, Edith, youngest child of Dr. S. Allen, aged 2 years, 9 months, 14 days.

In this town, Sept. 27th, of diphtheria, Adeline Witham, aged 20 years.

In this town, Sept. 27th, of diphtheria, Mary, daughter of Richard H. Allen, aged 14 years.

In Anson, 23d inst., Mr. Joel Fletcher, aged 78 years.

ONE HUNDRED ABLE-BODIED MEN WANTED! A BOUNTY OF \$102.00 will be paid to any Able-bodied Man—who has been service—who will enlist for three years. For further particulars inquire of Capt. W. G. GARLAND, Winslow, or of Lieut. H. H. ROBINSON, Brown's Corner, Vassalboro', Recruiting Officers.

Sept. 28, 1863.

LIVERY STABLE At North Vassalboro'. THE Subscriber has opened a Livery Stable, and will keep Horses and Carriages to let for the accommodation of the public. He has a Coach, for one or two horses, for the accommodation of parties, which he will let for short or long distance. He is also prepared to do TRUCKING, and will answer all calls promptly.

By promptness and courtesy he hopes to secure the favor and patronage of the public.

Oct. 1, 1863.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Waterville, Oct. 1, 1863.

LADIES' LAY. Jewett, Lucy; Blackwell, Mary E. A.; Chapman, M. J.; Crowell, Anna H.; Gleason, F. M.; Hughes, Mary W.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST. Drummond, Joshua; Goodrich, E. K.; Gilmann, C. W.; Hanscom, A. W. J.; Mitchell, A. J.; Warren, Sam'l.

Office hours from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Persons calling for the above Letters will please say they are advertised.

Stray Turkeys. (NAME upon my premises, about the last of August, one dark Gray TURKEY, with seventeen young ones. The owner can have them by proving property to SAMUEL HUTCHINGS, North Belgrade, Sept. 29, 1863.

Look At Packard's Patent Wringing Machine! THE BEST thing yet invented. AT ELDEN & ARNOLD'S.

A LARGE assortment of Table Cutlery, Shears and Scissors, for sale by ELDER & ARNOLD.

A NEW LOT OF CRANK CHURNS for sale by ELDER & ARNOLD.

DUNN Edge Tool Company's Axes, for sale by ELDER & ARNOLD.

Relief. NO more groaning from corns and tender feet. Men's Blisters, skin Sores, and other troubles cured in this way. At MERFIELD'S.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

MISSISS B. & S. FISHER, (From Bangor), WILL, on Monday next, open a well selected Stock of Trimmed and Plain Hats.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS, At the Store recently occupied by Mrs. L. R. Hawes, corner of Temple and Main Streets.

They invite the attention of the Ladies of Waterville and vicinity to this stock, feeling confident that they will suit buyers of the best taste, and promising that their prices shall be reasonable. Waterville, Sept. 18, 1863.

