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Maxham & Wing

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"TOGETHER."

O fair-haired Northern hero,
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle
Rise to the last review!

Sweep downward, holy angels,
In legions dazzling bright,
And bear these souls together
Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master, who remembers
The cross the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on the risen freedmen,
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
What wilt thou welcome be?
Thou hast aided the down-trodden,
Thou hast done it unto me!

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

BY CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang all agone!"—Burns.

The two months had elapsed, and though Philip Le Moyne was still attentive, Mildred's pride was not yet accomplished. Every day increased her suspense; for a thing had happened to her, which, notwithstanding the numberless array of suitors by which she had been surrounded, was to her a novelty. She had become interested in the gentleman. She liked him; but, though she was maneuvering with all her skill to bring him to a declaration, and certainly intended to accept him when he did offer, I do not think she loved him. Not only his wealth and station, but his intellectual qualities satisfied her pride. Heart qualities she had not yet learned to measure; so she never thought if she could meet the demands of the social and domestic nature, or if in him her own affections would find their proper resting place. Like many another mortal, she labored blindly but earnestly, for that, the possession of which would have been only a doubtful good, perhaps a positive evil. Pride would not willingly be conquered; but had she power to win?

Pursuant to her lurking fear of Eva's power, she had carefully excluded her little cousin from the parlor, taking care, after the morning of her first disclosure of her plans, that the subject should never be renewed in Eva's presence, and the name, dropped once so casually in her hearing, faded from her memory. Much of Eva's time was spent in her mother's room, assisting her with the needle; for Mrs. Norman was by this time fully established in her position as Mrs. St. John's seamstress. To the family, if they thought at all about it, it seemed perfectly natural and proper, and there were no remarks passed upon the subject. Eva's position was less easily defined. She certainly was not regarded as an equal with the family, for she shared none of Mildred's privileges, and yet there was something in her sunny temper and her delicate beauty, which so won upon her cousin, as to make it quite impossible for the haughty belle to ignore or scorn her; so that while so far as their society was concerned, the two young ladies had nothing in common, and, notwithstanding Mildred's secret and unacknowledged jealousy, there was yet a sort of friendly feeling subsisting between them.

I do not know whether it was through some sudden outbreak of Mildred's jealous pride, or the shrewd economy of her mother, or the combined influences of birth, that it was proposed that Eva should be removed from the household. The arrangement was a pleasing one to both the ladies.

It was a sunny morning, early in May, that the announcement came quite suddenly from Mr. St. John, that his friend Mr. Gordon, who owned a fine place at Staten Island, was in want of a governess for his little daughter Bertha, and that he had given him some encouragement of procuring the services of Miss Eva Norman.

"Eva?" said Mrs. Norman in mournful amazement. "She is only a child yet."

"Nearly eighteen, is she not, sister?"

"Yes, but so childish, so inexperienced!"

"Truly; but how is she to gain experience? Certainly not in her present situation. The truth is, sister, it would be very unwise to introduce her into society, where her future prospects are so unsuited to it. It would probably be the ruin of her happiness."

Her education has, you say, been good. As Bertha Gordon's governess, she will be profitably employing her powers, and will at the same time be gaining some knowledge of the world; for although her society there will be far more limited than our own circle, still she will have the full advantage of all which Mrs. Gordon enjoys. I have stipulated for so much, and as Mrs. Gordon is represented as being a very amiable and lovely person, I do not doubt but Eva will be very happy there."

The widow raised no further objection, but was thankful for her brother's care and thoughtfulness. If her pillow that night, and many succeeding ones, was wet with tears, no human eye saw it, and no one dreamed that Mrs. Norman did not heartily rejoice in what was called Eva's good fortune.

And so Eva went to Mr. Gordon's.

One pleasant afternoon in June, Miss Norman had taken her little pupil, a child of six years, out into the garden, and sat with her upon a rustic seat, under an old willow, whose drooping boughs formed a pleasant canopy over their heads.

The lessons of the day were over, and Eva held the child upon her lap, and was telling her fairy stories, when, suddenly, but silently, the parting of the boughs behind them revealed two gentlemen. Bertha's face being partly turned as she looked up to Eva, she was the first to perceive the intruders.

"Oh! papa," she exclaimed, "I didn't know as you were home yet. Do come here, and hear what charming stories Miss Norman is telling me; and cousin Philip too, and in her eagerness, she had caught a hand of each, and was dragging them toward the seat."

Eva had risen, and now stood blushing confronting her visitors.

"Miss Norman, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Le Moyne," said Mr. Gordon, advancing. "I really hope you will pardon our intrusion upon your happy retreat, but as we came up the garden walk, you seemed so happy here, that we could not forbear taking a nearer peep; besides, I knew my little Bertha would scarcely forgive me, if I did not immediately call her to her great old friend and spoiler."

Bertha had already climbed into her cousin's arms, and was making very free with him; and Mr. Le Moyne remarked, that as one of the ladies seemed disposed to accord him so full and free a pardon, he was induced to hope that he might not be long in making his peace with the other.

Eva made some blushing reply, and then Mrs. Gordon, who had watched the proceedings from a window, came down the walk to join them, and they all started toward the house.

June had passed and July had come, and still Philip Le Moyne was a frequent visitor at Mr. Gordon's. He was charmed with the location, he said; he would not go to Saratoga, as he had intended, he would take up his residence at Waterbury for the summer—that is, if his cousins did not decidedly object.

Mr. Gordon smiled with the look of a man

who knows a great secret, if he chose to tell it, and replied that he really didn't think they were at all the persons to be consulted; that he bore no one with his civilities so much as Miss Norman, and if she chose to endure him as a permanent, why he—Mr. Gordon—should make no objections, but he really felt bound to protect Miss Eva if she should call for his interference.

Miss Eva blushed, as she had a perfect right to do under such severe railery, and replied, "That she should be very sorry to be the cause of any persecution toward Mr. Le Moyne; and there she stopped, and blushed a deeper crimson than before, and Mrs. Gordon, good humoredly changed the subject."

All this was at dinner; and when they rose from the table, and started out into the grounds, Mr. Le Moyne contrived to draw Eva into the shade of the old willow, under which he had first seen her, and there he made a long confession. The exact nature of it I don't feel called upon to declare—but Eva entered the house, blushing very sweetly, and looking, Philip thought, a thousand times more charming than before.

It was a sultry day in August, Mildred St. John sat in her new room at the United States Hotel. For nearly an hour she had been sitting there and all that time her thought had been very busy.

Why don't Philip Le Moyne come to the Springs? He had expressed his intention of doing so most definitely. Had he changed his plans and gone elsewhere, and if so, what had caused the change, and where had he gone? Had her influence over him—for she was sure he had been attracted toward her—suddenly and naturally expired? Such things often happen to men who have seen as much of the world as he—or had some other and more dazzling light sprung up in his path, and decoyed him away?

His long absence piqued her pride far more than it disturbed her heart, but the annoyance she felt made itself manifest in a distant, for society, and a carelessness for her surroundings, which was quite new to her. The truth was, there wasn't a gentleman at the Springs who was so well suited in all points to her fancies, as was Philip Le Moyne. Mildred, as you will have seen before this, was no coquette. Having formed at least a preference, and having set resolutely about gaining the object of it, she could not be easily turned from her purpose; neither could her aspiring nature amuse itself meantime in efforts to flatter tastes less fastidious than the one she chose to please. If she could not win Philip Le Moyne, she cared not to win his inferior.

Finnette entered with the day's mail. There was a letter from Eva. Mildred was strangely interested in her little cousin, and she threw aside a half dozen dainty notes from her fashionable friends, to peruse this plain, unpretending epistle.

It had a look like Eva, that letter. It was written on a fair white sheet, neither tinted or perfumed. The seal was a tiny drop of wax, stamped with the simple, plainly cut, initial E. The superscription was in a delicate running hand, beautiful, but not characteristic. The style of the epistle was still more characteristic.

It was frank, outgoing and easy. "The first two pages contained an account of her pleasant life, and her delightful home. 'The grounds are so beautiful now!' she said, 'in her summer robes; and the ever-restless, ever-glorious, ocean—oh! Mildred, I worship it! I would not exchange the delicious view from my window, sweet cousin, for all the fashion and gaiety and dissipation of twenty Saratogas; that would I not!'"

The third page opened with this startling announcement:

"And now, dear Mildred, I have something strange to tell you. You will hardly believe it at first. I am such a child to be engaged. But I am, Mildred, that is if uncle does not object, as mamma doesn't, and as I am sure no one can. He is so noble, so good, and withal—though I don't at all care for that—wealthy, and well-connected. He has seen so much of the world, too; has traveled, and is so accomplished, it seems very strange that he should love a little ignorant maiden like me. But he does, my Philip. He says he does and I know he speaks the truth. I have such perfect faith in him, Mildred, I would trust him to the world's end. Mrs. Philip Le Moyne! It sounds very well, doesn't it?"

Mildred crushed the paper in her hands. Her teeth were set firmly, and her eye lighted with scorn. Then she leaned her head upon her hand, and gradually a calmer expression came back to her face.

Mildred had a rather strong sense of right and justice, and she was conscious, in the present instance, that she had nothing really to complain of. Pride was bitterly aggrieved, but reason told her that there was no one to blame but herself. She had been indulging unfounded hopes. Fortunately, she had some time for calm reasoning, before she was interrupted. Very soon, however, the door opened, and Mrs. St. John entered, with a letter in her hand.

"What do you think has happened, Mildred?" said the astonished lady.

"Simply that Eva Norman and Philip Le Moyne are engaged."

"Ah! you have a letter from her. Are you not amazed? How she must have maneuvered to get him. I did not think the creature could be so artful!"

Even in this moment of disappointment and mortification, Mildred was not unjust. Her lofty nature was above meanness.

"Eva has not maneuvered, mamma, I am confident of it; and it is just that which has made her fortune. Her naturalness was so new, her simplicity of soul so charming, that Philip Le Moyne, man of the world as he was, could not withstand it."

Well, such matches do once in a while occur, I know, but they were always a mystery to me."

Mildred was beginning to comprehend the mystery.

"I'm sure I'm glad she is so well provided for," continued Mrs. St. John; "it will be rather amusing, though, to be questioned about it as we shall be. People will make so many ill-natured observations!"

"When are they to be married?" asked Mildred, without noticing her mother's remark.

"Early in the autumn, I believe; and Mrs. Gordon, who it seems is one of the enthusiastic sort, and has taken a fancy to Eva, insists that the wedding, which is to be a very quiet one, shall be there. I am sure I have no objection. It would be very awkward for us to

give it. I am afraid it will give rise to remarks, though, for they will be sure to come out very brilliantly this winter."

Mildred had a vague idea that fashionable life would hardly be the height of happiness to either of them, but as the idea of a man of Philip Le Moyne's station seeking any other seemed out of the question, she supposed it would be so. Yet she could not help thinking that it would not be very agreeable to meet Eva as an equal in society, and the wife of Philip Le Moyne.

She thought a moment in silence; at last she said: "It strikes me, mamma, that we shall never find a better time than this winter for our long-talked-of visit to Paris. Suppose we spend the winter there, and next summer on the Continent, and return in the fall."

"It is a very good idea, Mildred; I'll speak to your father about it immediately."

In another week it was settled that they should return at once to New York, and prepare for a speedy departure for Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever!"—[Tennyson.]

Two years elapsed before the St. John family returned from abroad. Mildred was now twenty-eight, and no nearer than ever to marriage.

Her desire for a return to fashionable life was not very strong; the chord in her heart which Eva Norman had awoken, had not yet quite ceased to vibrate. Besides, her strong mind had improved its opportunities for extensive observation, and had begun to progress, slowly it is true, but not the less surely toward the truth. She was neither ardent nor impulsive in temperament; but if she did not make rapid advances in the way, she never retrograded.

The week following her arrival in New York, brought a letter from Mrs. Le Moyne.

It was not very different from the letters of Eva Norman. She seemed the same joyous, impulsive creature as of old; the same full fountain of natural, unrestrained life and inspiration. Mildred studied the letter, much as she had studied her child cousin in former years. She turned over every sentence, and viewed it in every possible light. There was no more, no less of it, than at first. It was the frank, earnest outgoing of a warm unschooled heart. She was living in the country, she said, as she had been since her marriage. She would gladly go to New York to welcome her friends to their home after their long absence, but she was a mother now, and her baby must be her apology. But wouldn't Mildred come and see her? The autumn months were very pleasant in their country home, and they would be so happy to see Mildred there. Wouldn't she please to come?

For a long time Mildred held the letter in her hand, musing. At last she seated herself at her writing table, and penned an answer. It was short, but quite to the point. She thanked Eva for her kindness, and for the invitation to visit her. As for the latter she felt inclined to accept it. Indeed, if nothing happened to prevent, she would be with her cousins the next week. She sealed the letter and dispatched it.

Mr. and Mrs. St. John expressed much surprise at this sudden determination; but Mildred's will had long been the only rule of her life, so they made no objection.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the Indian summer. Mildred had been a week at Hill Side. Eva sat by her little workstand sewing; the boy, the little Philip, lay in the cradle by her side—for Eva loved to have the care of this, her first little one; so often she sat and sewed, and rocked the cradle with her foot, as many a mother in humbler life has done.

Mildred sat by the window, her finger keeping the place where she had been reading in the book which lay in her lap, and her head supported by one little hand, as she looked out upon the fair prospect which stretched out before her. There were blue hills in the background, which had clothed themselves in hazy mists; there were golden and pearly colored forests, and brown meadows, through which clear streamlets gurgled—and above all, was spread the soft, blue sky, clear as crystal, its golden vest resting upon the far off hills. It was a pleasant view, and so Mildred said to herself as she looked off upon it.

Soon, looking down among the fine shade trees, which interspersed the lawn, she saw the little picket gate open, and Philip Le Moyne walked up the avenue. Mildred rose, swung open the casement, and stood awaiting his approach.

"A fine day, isn't it?" he said; "almost as fine as those of Italy."

"Yes, I am enjoying it, more than any I ever enjoyed in Italy."

"I am glad," was the only response; and the hearty tone in which it was spoken, and the kindly glances of the eyes which accompanied it, made it quite sufficient.

Eva laid down her work, and joined them at the window—and drawing one arm within her husband's, and turning the other around her friend's waist, they all stepped out upon the piazza, which ran along under the window.

They talked awhile of scenery, then of beauty in general, then of happiness. Just then the baby woke, and Eva went in to still its cries.

"You seem very happy, Philip!" said Mildred.

"I am," was the deep, beautiful response; "and you might be."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a faint, half sad smile.

"I know it."

"Tell me the secret."

"I cannot. Your heart must grow into the knowledge of it, else it will avail you nothing. You have a true heart, Mildred. Why feed it on husks?"

She did not answer, but looked down, tapping the floor with her foot.

At that moment Eva re-appeared, having the child in her arms, all fresh and glowing from his healthful slumber.

"Isn't he a darling, cousin Milly?" said the young mother, as she tossed the laughing boy toward her cousin, before giving him into his father's arms.

Philip took the child, and looked upon him with all a parent's fondness, and there was a depth of misty thought in his eye, as if he would fain have penetrated the future which lay before him.

"How happy you will be here, Eva, this winter, while I am wasting life in crowded saloons of fashion? I half wish I was going to be here," said Mildred, smiling.

Eva looked up, appealingly. "Oh! do stay,"

she said, "I should be so delighted to have you, and I know Philip would; wouldn't you, darling?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "Cousin Mildred is always welcome here, and I think we need not assure her of it."

"And you wouldn't be at all jealous of me, Eva?" asked Mildred, half laughing, half in earnest.

"Jealous!" repeated Eva, as if smiling within herself at the absurdity. "She would her arms around the beautiful boy, as he sat up straight and strong in his father's arms, and he cooing and laughing, clutched his little arms in her golden curls, and crowded about. Eva disentangled his fingers, and then continued: 'as if I could be jealous of any one, while I have such security as this of my husband's love. How can he help worshipping the darling and loving him; he can not long be faithless to me.'"

Philip said nothing, but he looked down into his young wife's eyes with a glance, whose significance her heart easily interpreted.

"Do stay with us, Mildred," urged Eva, "we should so love to have you; and beside—"

"What is it, little wife?" said Philip; "speak out—you never have thoughts which you need to blush for."

"It seems to me," she continued, in a low voice, "that since Cousin Milly has come back from Europe, she is changed. I don't know exactly how—only I like her so much better than I used to, and I'm afraid if she goes back into the old circle of society, she will never seem to me again just as she does now."

Philip smiled, and Mildred bit her lips.

"Well, I'll think of it," she answered gaily; "I'm not at all sure that I shouldn't mope to death here, before the winter was over; but it would be a curious experiment to try it, if I could survive it."

Philip smiled hopefully, and Eva was highly delighted.

Mildred stayed. And when the spring came she wrote and begged her father to move early out to their country residence, upon the Hudson, for she did not want to return to the city to live.

Mildred's will was supreme; besides, Mrs. St. John herself, was becoming weary of fashionable life, and Mildred found little difficulty in persuading her parents to remain altogether in the country hereafter.

And now Mildred began really to live—for that is not life which does not call out the highest exercise of mind, and heart, and soul. Her musical talent, hitherto cultivated only for display, became a source of exquisite gratification; and often as she sat in her quiet parlor, and drew forth from the ivory keys the sweet strains of the old masters of song, and her own full, rich voice poured forth their soul-inspiring melodies, she felt, as never before, the harmonizing powers of music. Her knowledge of drawing, too, was revived, and many a happy hour she spent transferring to her sketch book the natural beauties which surrounded her. She read and studied, and the twilight hours she spent in quiet meditation, and the depth of her own mind offered up to her rich stores of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

She did not altogether forsake society. On the contrary, of the small but select and social circle, which surrounded her, she was the soul and centre; and it was one of her chief delights to exercise for the pleasure of her friends, those arts and accomplishments, whose sole end she had once conceived to be the gratification of her own pride and love of admiration.

At thirty, Mildred's personal charms were scarcely at all abated. Her rich, tropical beauty was more enduring than the fairer charms of fairer belles, and she was now, what on the night of Philip Le Moyne's introduction she had desired to seem—a ripe, high-souled and peerlessly beautiful woman.

CHAPTER V.

"What can I give thee back, oh! liberal
And princely giver! Who has brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall,
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse?"—[Mrs. Browning.]

"Who is this new neighbor who is coming in at Grove Cottage?" asked Mrs. St. John of her husband, at the breakfast table one May morning.

"No less a personage than Mr. Hastings, the poet and orator," was the reply. "He will be a valuable acquisition to our society."

"I hope his lady may prove as agreeable as he ought from his reputation to be. In that case we shall indeed be highly favored."

"He has no wife living, but is a widower of some years standing, with two children. A female relative is his housekeeper."

"He isn't wealthy of course, but he wouldn't rent the cottage, but then he is famous, was the half soliloquizing response; but Mr. St. John was by this time engrossed with his paper and paid no heed to the remark."

It might be that Mrs. St. John's maneuvering propensities were not yet extinct, but Mildred certainly was no party to them now, for she read on through the paragraph which at that moment engaged her attention, almost without hearing the conversation of her parents.

A week later she had called on the new neighbor; an attention which Mr. Hastings was not long in returning. He was a noble man, a poet son-trained in the rough school of circumstances, and reaching now after long years of toil and suffering, not a quiet haven of rest, but only a stand point, where he might pause to gather strength for labors yet more noble and arduous, in behalf of truth and humanity.

There was something in Mildred's frank nobility of nature which pleased him at the first; and a more intimate acquaintance with her, deepened and strengthened his admiration. At last, with all the impassioned eloquence of a lover and a poet, he told his love; and she listened kindly.

One glorious October evening the village pastor was invited to dine at Mr. St. John's; and when they all stood around the board, Mr. Hastings and Mildred at one end of it, and the pastor at the other, the marriage ceremony was performed, and a blessing was pronounced upon it. It was sunset when they rose from the table, and Mildred going into a little summer parlor which adjoined the dining room, and which was her favorite apartment, sat down at the organ which stood in a recess, and played the Ave Maria of Schubert. Tearful eyes looked tenderly upon her as she rose, and silent prayers ascended for her future welfare. Then in the gloaming, she kissed her parents

and received their benediction; and taking her husband's arm, together they walked thro' the rustling many tinted forests, and down into the silent valley, where nestled the little cottage, which was to be her future home.

Her own letter to Eva and Philip, written a few months after her marriage, will best conclude her story:

"My dear friends—Do not think that your letter of congratulation, has so long remained unanswered through neglect. It is far otherwise. I have been waiting to assure myself that the happiness, the blessedness of this new life would continue; whether it were of the deep, lasting, satisfying nature, of which it seemed, or whether it were only a dream, fated to be dispelled by some sad waking. I am afraid now, that I have been selfishly happy; but it is such joy to know and feel how necessary I am every day growing to my husband, the noble man, the pure soul, the tried heart; and how every day, our lives grow more and more into union, into that perfect oneness, which alone is marriage. People speak of harmony in the marriage relation; the term is misapplied. Harmony implies two distinct natures in marriage, there is but one heart, one soul, one life; and that life is so intense, so broad, so deep, so beyond all expression blessed."

"You will smile at such expressions in a bride, who, like myself, is on the shady side of thirty, but it is the deep, strong, fervent love of a ripened soul, which can afford the expense of enthusiasm. Then, too, some natures mature sooner than others; and while I, perhaps, was never weak and childish, yet it required years of culture and discipline, and development to draw out my latent capacities. Oh! had I married in earlier years, before I knew what marriage was, what shipwreck of happiness had there been."

"I have not spoken of my children yet, my dear adopted ones, Harold and Una. Harold has a deep strong spirit, so like mine, he might almost be my own child; and I am growing so to love him; oh, how much need of wisdom and patience, and purity of soul, I shall have to train him rightly. I have high hopes of him, the brave boy. Una is much like you, Eva. She reminds me of you constantly, and is to me like yourself, a constant study. So perfect in her blonde beauty, so graceful, so spirited, so sunny-tempered, and yet so unconscious of it all. She is a perfect revelation, a living emanation from the spiritual, inexhaustible in truth and purity. If Harold makes demands upon my stores of strength, she fully supplies them. I draw inspiration from her every hour I am in her presence."

"They have faults. Harold especially, was inclined to great waywardness, and Una seems so ethereal in all her perceptions and ideas, that I hardly know how to make her sufficient, practical for this material world of ours, without destroying the delicate union of spirituality which encrusts her whole nature. Ah! they are poet children, both of them. But in all these perplexities I have such a wise, beneficent, sympathetic counsellor in their father, and they are growing to love me so dearly, I am amply repaid for all the loving labor I expend upon them."

"You will think I am growing enthusiastic and communicative, but I have a motive in telling you all this. I wanted to make you sensible, how much I owe to you. Are you conscious that all this wealth of happiness is indirectly the result of your influence over me? Ah! Eva, Eva, rightly named, you have indeed been an angel to me, a revealer of divine things. You have been unconscious of the healing which has gone out before your spirit touch, but the miracle has been none the less surely wrought. Sweet little cousin, what gratitude do I not owe to God for giving you to me."

"Thank you for all your good wishes; you see how fully they are realized. You know the world's estimate of my noble husband, and with the love we bear each other, you can guess if we are happy. God knows how every deep fountain of my heart is opened, every strong yearning of my nature quenched. Can you, any one comprehend all this? I believe you, more than most can; but oh! how few there are with eyes to see, or hearts to understand it."

Truly yours,

MILDRED HASTINGS.

A PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE.
IN REBELDOM.

No. 11.

WHILE at Williamsport the great penchant of the rebels for greenbacks began to manifest itself. Previously they had offered to exchange dollar for dollar with us. Now, greenbacks began to rise in value. One of their sutlers came among us, selling tobacco at one dollar a plug, in greenbacks, but charging two dollars, in Confederate money. From that time Uncle Sam's currency steadily increased in value. The further we penetrated the domain of Secession, the higher premiums it demanded. This premium was acknowledged and paid by all citizens as well as speculators. Every day people were in our midst inquiring for "greenbacks." At every village, through which we passed, the traders were willing to take them and give us "money" which would be of use to us when we arrived at Richmond—where our money would be of no value; "so willing, indeed, that at first they would offer two dollars, then three, and five dollars for one dollar. The joke was, however, that when we reached the rebel capital, we found them more valuable than anywhere else, eight dollars for one dollar being the rate of exchange. During our march, whenever we had a chance to purchase food of the inhabitants, U. S. money was almost invariably solicited in payment, and unless a rebel guard was near by, the secessionists were refused. During our stay in Richmond, the guard placed over us would bring in bread, tobacco, etc., to sell to us. They refused all Southern money. This traffic was forbidden by the officials who resorted to every means in their power to prohibit it. Yet it continued, and many a dollar of U. S. money passed into the keeping of rebels.

On the morning of the 9th of July, we were aroused by the cries of our guard, who, in their peculiar dialect, ordered us to "Come on out yer, and git in ranks." Obedience is an essential quality of the soldier's character in all cases and it seemed particularly so to us there. We were soon ready and moved through the village to the river, which we were to cross in boats. The process of crossing was slow, the supply of boats being small. There was one ferry boat capable of containing ninety persons—a rope was stretched across the river, fastened to either bank. On this rope sliding pulleys ran, and by means of ropes connecting these pulleys with the boat, it was slowly drawn across. There were five other boats, which, however, answered the purpose of but one. They were designed for pontoon, not for ferry boats, and had escaped notice when the gallant Kilpatrick destroyed the bridge here. But the rebels in their extremity were obliged to make use of them. As the "modus operandi" was novel, I will attempt to describe it. A strong rope was stretched from bank to bank. Two of the boats were then moored to it at a distance of about one-third the width of the river from either bank. These then marked off, as will readily be seen, three equal spaces between the banks in the line of the rope. The three remaining boats were used to convey the passengers over these spaces. They entered one boat at the bank, were taken to the first stationary boat, through which they passed to another boat, which moved them to the other stationary boat, where a similar change of boats occurred, and were taken by the fifth boat to the other shore. He who crossed in these boats earned his passage and had a long ride over a short distance. Only forty-five could be taken at once in them. In the then high state of the river great care was requisite in the management of them.

The column of prisoners was quite long, and as the head of it halted at the river's edge, it stretched far back into the town. I was in the principal business street of the place. Ladies, girls, and boys manifested their sympathy and love of the Union by bringing us water and by encouraging words. The crossing was so slow, that part of us were obliged to return to our old camp and wait until the next day. It was at this time, while in a land of plenty, that we were forced to feel the pangs of hunger to an excessive degree. On the afternoon of the 8th, after being for over twenty-four hours with nothing to eat, we had received the scanty pittance of half a pint of flour and a small piece of fresh beef, weighing about two ounces. After this was eaten, we were, if possible, hungrier than before. But worse was yet to come. Noon of the 10th found us all on the south bank of the river—rather hungry. The commissary there told us that we were to march four miles that afternoon—then draw good rations and with full bellies we would resume our march in the morning. With light hearts we started, but our hearts grew heavy, and then heavier and heavier, as mile posts to the number of seven, then eight, nine, and ten, were passed. Martinsburg—twelve miles—was reached. Here the Union-loving people, pitying us, offered us food, but the guard drove them off with threatening oaths. Six miles further we were marched, and then in the darkness went into camp in a dense woods. Hungry as we were, yet sleep came and blessed with forgetfulness. But at morn we woke, weaker, fainter, and hungrier than before. This we continued our irksome march through the forenoon, when we arrived at Bunker Hill, where we were halted, and after about seventy hours of fasting obtained food. But where, think you our bread came from? Not from the rebel commissary. The people of Martinsburg had given it! The rebels, probably fearing the consequences, if we were longer deprived of food

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 9, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

N. K. Agricultural Society.

The 17th annual exhibition of this Society, which closed on Wednesday, was in most respects one of the very best it has ever held. The display of neat stock was, in the opinion of many, decidedly better than in any past year; while none of the other apartments presented any marked deficiency. The competition upon the track was not up to that of some occasions, but the approaching horse fair, which comes on the 20th inst., gives a satisfactory reason for the deficiency—showing that there is no abatement of interest in this department. There was also a light show at the Hall, but the good attendance there promised better things at another time. It is an easy matter for the Society, when its efforts are called out, to fill the Hall with attractive articles, and to render that part of the show useful and interesting. The full attendance there, especially on Wednesday afternoon—of ladies in particular—gives good promise that proper efforts will be made next year to make this part of the exhibition keep pace with the other.

At the Park the leading attraction was Mr. Lang's herd of Short-Horns. Of these we have spoken in detail, some time since; but we may say, that this is by far the most extensive and complete enterprise for the introduction into our State of the best and purest blooded animals of this class, that has ever been made. Mr. Lang has aimed at the very highest point, by securing animals whose excellence is not only unquestioned, but whose reputation has long been established as second to none in the country, if in the world.

Hon. Warren Percival, of Vassalboro', also exhibited a very fine herd of thorough-bred Short-Horns. He has been breeding this class of animals very carefully for several years, and, in the opinion of good judges, with marked skill and success.

There was a large and very good exhibition of sheep—as there ought to be when the sheep holds so high rank among the sources of profit from which the farmer has to choose—but as we had no opportunity to examine them carefully, we must leave the proper committees to speak of them as they deserve. They were said to rank well with the best of former exhibitions.

There was a noble show of oxen—perhaps we ought to say fat oxen, for we have never seen the average of this class in so high flesh. It was indeed a splendid sight, the display of these elegant, well trained, quiet and useful animals, and we did not wonder at the evident pride of their owners in this part of the exhibition—so suggestive of good prices, good living, and good nature.

But we must let the committees speak of the animals, while we go to the Hall. The great harvest crop of the Kennebec must be squashed! See how they are piled upon the tables!—and what a rich sight to the lovers of squash pie! Potatoes are nothing—wheat, corn, apples,—roots and fruits—bread, butter, cheese, sugar, honey—nothing "crops out" like squashes. Here are beautiful grapes from Mr. Goodwin—cranberries from Mr. Page, fine harnesses from Mr. Wescott, yankee sleds and cheese presses from Mr. Davis—onions from Mr. Wheeler, as usual—boots and shoes from Maxwell and "the elephant man"; but where in the name of vegetation did all these squashes come from? Here are stores from Blunt, Coffin, & Co.,—silver ware from Alden—bed-spreads, hearth rugs, tidies, slippers, burl baskets, wax flowers, stuffed birds and squirrels—but nothing in such profusion as squashes.

But we cannot allude to things in detail. This has been done by the several committees whose reports we proceed to give.

FARM STOCK.

The committee on Farm Stock report three entries in that department. One by Thomas S. Lang of Vassalboro', one by William Nowell of Fairfield and one by George E. Shores of Waterville. The herd of Mr. Lang comprised some of the best bred and most celebrated animals in the country. Several of them are imported and have taken first prizes in England and in the United States. To him we award the Society's first premium. The stock of Mr. Nowell was bred entirely by himself and his animals are uniformly fine. A pair of 4 years old oxen of his cannot be excelled. We understand he sold them to one of the best judges of stock in the State, for the snug little sum of two hundred dollars. To Mr. Nowell we award the Society's second premium. In Mr. Shores' herd were some fine animals. A pair of twin steers were beauties, and several cows showed marks of rare excellence for dairy purposes. As the Society limited its pre-

miums to two, Mr. Shores will have to content himself with the knowledge that he has some good animals and that there is room to try again.

W. PERCIVAL, for Com.

BULLS.

The Committee on Bulls are gratified in being able to report a decided superiority in this part of the exhibition, produced by their excellent thorough-bred Short-horns, by those enterprising breeders, Messrs. Lang & Percival of Vassalboro', to whom we have awarded the Society's premiums on thorough-bred Short-horns as follows:

1st premium to Warren Percival, for 'John Bull' 3 years old.

2nd premium to T. S. Lang for 'Matadore' 2 years old.

1st on bull calves to T. S. Lang, for 'Pride of Oxford,' 5 months old. 2nd, to Warren Percival, for 'Champion,' 3 months old.

1st premium on grade bulls to C. J. Gifford of Fairfield. 2nd, to Charles B. Crowell, of Belgrade.

Were it not superfluous, your committee would here avail themselves of the opportunity of directing the attention of the unprejudiced to the superiority of even a grade animal to the old natives still predominating in many parts of the society's limits, and counsel a more careful attention to those principles of breeding which, being judiciously followed will effect a decided improvement in our herds of neat cattle.

Lest we weary your patience, we condense the result of our observation and experience in these few words of advice, 'never, never breed from a grade bull when you can have access to a thorough bred.'

H. JAQUITH, for Com.

OXEN.

We find on our book fifteen entries. One pair by Col. Britton not presented. Of the other fourteen pairs it was no easy matter to decide which were entitled to the Society's premiums, but as the number is limited to three we can do no less than to say that all the oxen presented were an honor to the Show and a credit to their owners. We award the premiums as follows:

1st. To J. D. Lang for his five years old Durham oxen—girth seven feet seven inches.

2d. To Allen Jones of Fairfield for his four years old cattle—girth seven feet three inches.

3d. To Geo. E. Shores for his four years old cattle—girth seven feet.

To Watson Jones of Fairfield we recommend a gratuity of one vol. Reports, for his four years old cattle—girth six feet eleven inches. They were well worth a premium, but it was not at our disposal. DANIEL JONES, for Com.

SWINE.

There was but one entry for Breeding Sows, a Grade Chester, and that was by T. J. Hayden, of Winslow; but your committee think it well worthy of the first premium.

The same gentleman had a fine litter of Grade Chester Pigs, 11 in number which were thought to be deserving of the first premium.

LEATHER GOODS.

To W. L. Maxwell, we award the premium on men's calf boots. 12 pairs ladies' boots are worthy of notice.

We award the first premium on harnesses to M. Wescott, for two elegant silver plated harnesses, which were superior articles, both in stock and workmanship.

A lot of calf, kip and thick boots—excellent articles—and a lot of ladies', misses' and children's gloves, calf and serge boots, beautifully arranged in "Parlor" style, presented by G. A. L. Merrifield, were well worthy of notice.

H. B. WHITE, for Com.

The remainder of the reports, with a full list of the officers and members will appear in our next week's paper.

NOTICE.—We call attention to the notice of 'Vocal Music,' by G. G. Adderton, of Saco. We advise a good response to his invitation.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that a Committee of that city, on the Soldiers' Monument have contracted for the construction of a monument twenty-seven feet high of Concord granite, to be erected to the memory of the soldiers of Bangor, who have fallen in the defence of their country. It will cost \$1300, and about \$500 more for fencing.

WATERVILLE SECTION, No. 5, C. OF T.—The following is a list of officers for the current quarter:—

E. S. Sheldon, W. A. F. H. Caffrey, V. A. C. H. Percival, S. James Lowe, A. S. Geo. K. Wentworth, T. J. A. McDuffie, A. T. L. A. Wheeler, P. W. A. M. C. Percival, Chaplain.

Mary G. Wentworth, 1st Visitor. Jennie H. Condie, 2d W. H. Rounds, G. Henry S. Ware, U. J. W. Emery, W. H. J. Philbrick, S. W. F. Dyer, Assistant Patron.

SMOTHERED BEEF.—By the sliding of the door of a box car, on the Maine Central Railroad, on Monday last, twenty-one cattle were smothered to death and three more so badly injured that they were killed immediately. They were the property of Mr. Daniel Wells of Clinton, and, fortunately, were of high-priced cattle, but young animals, or 'stores,' as the drovers term them.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The following officers for the current year have been chosen by the class of '67:— President, Hervey K. Hawes; Vice President, C. Albert Gower; Secretary, Henry W. Hale; Orator, Eleazer B. Loring; Poet, Charles R. Coffin; Historian, J. Howard Millett; Prophet, George L. Starbird; Toast Master, L. Howard Cobb; Odist, Chas. G. Kingman; Committee of Arrangements, A. B. Lunt, and J. Carroll Irish.

We take the liberty to publish the following pleasant note, which comes to us prettily lined with two of Uncle Sam's handsomely engraved greenbacks, hoping that the example of these 'wo friends may prove contagious:—

FOOT SUMMERS, Sept. 29th, 1863. MAXHAM & WING:—Gentlemen:—To-day a full-grown Eastern Mail comes into my hand. I find it full of letters and talk about it. We agree to 'take' it. I guess 'Dan Cupid' with a magic wand touches him. A long and slender pictorial wand touches me. Send the paper regularly to Henry. Fred C. Low and to H. C. LEONARD, First Maine Heavy Artillery, Fort Sumner, Washington, D. C.

—reunited, now that we once made our friend Leonard a present of fishing rod, which which he seemed much pleased.

LOOK OUT FOR COUNTERFEITS! not only of bank bills, but of everything truly valuable. We understand that even the indispensable

articles known as 'Family Dye Colors' are not an exception to this rule. The imitations, like all counterfeits, are utterly worthless. Remember that Howe & Stevens' Family Dye Colors are the original, the only valuable and useful thing of the kind.

NOTES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

No. III.

Warrenton, Aug. 19th.—P— and I visited the 3d and 4th Me. Regiments to-day. The headquarters of their corps is stationed at Sulphur Springs, about eight miles from W., on the Culpepper turnpike. The ride out to the camp is a delightful one, owing to the great variety and beauty of the scenery.

Unlike other portions of Eastern Virginia the country around W. is almost mountainous, especially to the west. Thus, along this road, high hills and fertile valleys abound, while noble old groves of open wood, gently slope to your horse's feet. Every two or three miles a planter's house may be seen, always at a distance from the road, and snugly settled down in the midst of a few very old trees. But his grounds are not arranged with the rigid regularity of New England farms. He mingles his fields and his woods without regard to uniformity, rejoicing only in their extent and fertility. We rode up to one of these estates. This, then, was Southern life. Here was the old-fashioned home, appearing as if it had stood for centuries, collecting around it an indefinite number of little buildings, prominent in the rear of which were the negro huts. The latter attracted my attention. There were four in all, standing two and two, quite close together, and were built of logs, each hut being about twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and divided into two apartments. I entered three of them, and was highly pleased with the degree of neatness within. Although so scantily and poorly furnished, the room looked pleasant and cheerful. The people alone seemed sad. We were informed that there were about forty-three slaves—not half as many negroes—on the ground. The greater portion of them were either very young, or else very old, the youthful and strong having left when our forces first made their appearance. Two bright little fellows with sparkling blue eyes and light, curly hair, particularly pleased us. They bore the slightest indication of negro blood, and differed in voice and manner from the little darkeys with whom they freely sported. Failing to catch one of them by any honest means, I finally tempted him near enough by the display of a little book. After answering all my questions, he scampered off, perfectly happy in the possession of his wished-for prize. As we came away, having the last lingering doubt on the question of abolition removed, and ready to strike as heartily for the slave as for the Union, we experienced a peculiar pleasure in the hope that before these little ones would be old enough to feel the crushing weight of their bonds the accursed institution would be among the things that were.

Leaving the road, we journeyed along on the borders of the wood, in order to avoid the scorching rays of the sun. That familiar object, here, a newly made grave, attracted a passing glance. The rough pine board at its head bore the name of a Massachusetts boy, as well as the suggestive sentence, "Shot on patrol." As we approached the Springs, indications of life and activity became more manifest, until at length we stood in front of Riley Hall, the headquarters of the corps. This is an immense stone and brick building, covered with a white cement, is five stories high, and long and broad in proportion. It stands on the left hand side of the road, and is about the only building on that side.

Directly opposite are the remains of what must have been a much larger and handsomer building of the same material. Now, nothing but the extensive walls and a few beautiful columns remain. The rest is a mass of ruin, composed of brick, stone, and iron-work. It is said to have been destroyed by rebel shells in an engagement nearly two years ago. Passing through the gate we entered the grounds proper, which are directly behind the ruins. I think I never saw a more beautiful place—or one that was more beautiful than this must have been previous to the war. It is now, of course, greatly changed, yet much of its beauty remains. From each end of the ruins a row of cottages extends in such a manner as to enclose the entire grounds in a kind of semicircle of buildings. These cottages are very small, and although making quite a display of fancy woodwork and bright colors, are very tastefully arranged. Each one has a particular name. The enclosure is quite extensive and contains the finest of trees and prettiest and coolest of walks.

There is a gradual descent from the ruins, and at the lower end of the grounds is the spring. It is covered by a circular roof supported by about twelve columns, and to approach it we descended half a dozen steps. In the centre of a circular floor is a plain stand for cups and glasses, while on each side are the open and unprotected springs. At a little distance from the stand is what appears to have been a pretty marble statue of a maiden in the act of raising a goblet of water to her lips, but the same evil spirit that has destroyed the fine bath-house, and left the mark of its depravity on nearly every object, has also mutilated this.

August 20th, 10 p.m.—It is a beautiful evening, and so clear, that from our windows we can distinctly see the tents of the Maine 6th, nearly half a mile distant. Across the street stands a little school house with the inscription, "Nullius in verba jurare magister," painted in black letters over its door. Except the occasional sound of a bugle all is so still that this does not seem like war, or the country of an enemy.

Went to the depot this evening for supplies. Our folks have converted it into a kind of commissary head-quarters. While there an officer entered and addressed Capt. M.—in the free, frank manner of the soldier, "Captain, have those boxes come yet?" "No, sir; not yet." "Well, there, that is too bad! I've telegraphed and sent an officer, also. I expected the telegram would get drunk on the way, but I did think the officer would go straight."

A Surprise Party.

Editors of Waterville Mail:—

I have read of conductors of railroads and others, who have entered into the holy bonds of wedlock when going through the world at the rate of thirty miles an hour,—these we think may properly be called "fast" men and women,—and others who, stepping out of the slip into the aisle, walk up to the altar before the whole congregation, and then have the wedding ceremony performed. This, we think is another extreme. There must be a middle ground somewhere; and, we think, a couple found it, on Tuesday evening, in Rising Star Lodge of Good Templars in this village.

Tuesday evening is the regular evening of meeting of the Good Templars. The members met as usual, and after initiating two candidates,—at that particular time when the circle of fraternity is made whole,—the W. C. requested the members to remain in that position a few minutes. The most of the members could not imagine what was to be done out of the regular course, but they soon saw that something extraordinary was about to be performed; for at this moment, Brother William H. Emery, entered from the ante-room, made his way into the circle, and walking up to Sister Delia A. Tobey, offered his arm, which she at once took, and both advanced into the centre of the circle; just at this time, Brother Small, our W. O. G., entered the Lodge room, escorted the Rev. Mr. Dillingham into the circle of fraternity, facing the brother and sister before named. The Rev. gentleman at once proceeded with the marriage ceremony, and "they twain were made one flesh." A more interesting ceremony I never witnessed. Surrounded by those who were linked together for a common object—the suppression of Intemperance—and upon whom they had fraternal claims; and renewing their vows of fidelity to each other they entered upon that stage of action which was ordained by God, with the best wishes and prayers of their brothers and sisters ascending to the Throne of Grace for their prosperity and welfare.

After ceremony of initiation, it is customary to have a recess of ten minutes for congratulation of the newly initiated members, but upon this occasion our W. C. extended the time to half an hour, which was duly improved in social conversation and congratulation. Mr. Dillingham expressed himself very much pleased with what he saw of the working of the Lodge, and I sincerely hope he will join "hand in hand" with us, and throw his influence with us against the giant evil of Intemperance.

Upon being called to order a motion was made that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Rev. Mr. Dillingham (who had retired to the ante-room) and request him to enter the Lodge room and make a few remarks to the members. He at once complied with the request and made some very appropriate remarks, after which the Lodge was closed without form, and the members returned to their several homes, well pleased with their meeting.

GOOD TEMPLAR.

MAINE CENTRAL DEFALCATION.—No important discoveries have been made, so far as we can learn, beyond those already made public. We are informed on as good authority as we can get, that there seems to be a probability that the total amount will not exceed \$40,000. The amount thus far established falls somewhat short of this sum; but there is a degree of uncertainty in the matter that defies any confident estimate. It should be understood by the public that the measures taken by the directors and others concerned in the investigation of this matter are necessarily in a great measure private. It is for this cause that so many strange and exaggerated reports have gone abroad; but we will not doubt that in due time the directors will take ample measures to meet the inquiries of the stockholders, and that a thorough investigation will be had under their direction. The stockholders have ample power to effect this object, and of course need not fear that they are to be wronged. Such an investigation seems eminently proper, and probably nothing short of it will give satisfaction. Let the entire management and business of the road, from its opening to the disclosure of this fraud, have a careful examination, at the hands of men whose interests are identified, beyond bias, with those of the stockholders, and the result cannot fail to advance the prosperity of the Company, and of all honest men concerned in it.

A paragraph is in circulation, started we think by the Argus, stating that the amount of the defalcation has reached \$120,000. Some very elastic imagination may have brought it up to this sum, but investigation has not. The Portland Courier still persists in the entire truthfulness of its haggard chapter upon this subject, notwithstanding the corrections suggested by us. Some even laugh at its profound wisdom, and think that if it knew more it would say less; but nobody doubts its valiant pluck in the direction of "broadsheet."

It must be very bold when it boasts so furiously—and very honest, when it so readily imputes dishonesty to its fellows.

Madison Crowell, Esq., of Benton, has left with us two very large, handsome looking potatoes, resembling the Bearce Potato, which he says are very nice for eating and very prolific. He styles them the Giffiflowers, and thinks them worthy of trial.

The Pejepscot Bank at Brunswick, was broken into on the night of the 2d inst., and the vault blown up; but the steel vault was unharmed, and the rogues got very little for their labor.

Mr. GOODWIN'S GRAPES.—The beautiful samples of grapes, of several choice varieties, exhibited at the fair, by Mr. J. S. Goodwin, of this village, were very much admired. We think Mr. G. excels all others in this section in the culture of grapes—as he also does in many other choice things pertaining to the garden. It gives us pleasure to tender him our thanks for a liberal—and we may say bountiful—present of grapes of various kinds, which we have found as good as they look.

In common with others, Mr. G. has been sadly annoyed by garden thieves; even breaking into his hot house, and doing much damage. Those who suffer in this way owe it to the community to make a severe example of the thief whenever one can be caught.

The Bath Courier assails the Universalist clergy of Maine for meddling with politics.

Our thanks are due to Hon. L. M. Morrill for valuable public documents.

WATERVILLE BANKS.

Our three Banks held their annual meetings for the choice of Directors on Monday last, with the following result:—

PEOPLE'S BANK.—The old board was re-elected, and the officers are—President, John Ware; Directors, J. R. Elden, J. P. Blunt, Wm. Conner, Luke Brown, 2d, George Wentworth, J. L. Seavey; Cashier, Homer Percival. This Bank made a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. Oct. 1st.

WATERVILLE BANK.—The number of directors in this Bank was reduced to five, and the following gentlemen were chosen:—D. L. Milliken, T. G. Kimball, James Stackpole, Francis Low of Clinton, and E. F. Webb—the first named being President. E. L. Getchell has recently been elected Cashier. A Committee of Investigation is annually chosen at this Bank, and the following gentlemen were put upon it this year: J. R. Elden, Dan'l R. Wing, and J. W. Phibrick. The dividends are declared in January and July.

TICONIC BANK.—Old board re-elected as follows: President, Jos. Eaton; Directors, Jediah Morrill, Sam'l Doolittle, Solyman Heath. Cashier, A. A. Plaisted. A dividend of \$2.25, on shares of the par value of \$80, was made at this bank.

WELL DONE.—The Lewiston Journal has for several weeks past published a very good digest of Fletcher's report of the Brighton and Cambridge cattle markets. It is done so much after our own style that we like it.

PRETTY.—Among the very pretty things at the Hall on fair day, was a collection of stuffed birds and animals, prepared and presented by Miss Ellen Wentworth, of this village. They were neatly done, and attracted particular notice. We commend this department of natural history to the attention of the young, as a source of both amusement and profit. The naturalist in this case is but a Miss of 15 years, and her early success ought to lead to great proficiency.

The Cumberland County Agricultural Society and the Portland Horticultural Society will hold a combine d Exhibition on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. The programme is an attractive one and includes an exhibition of stock, several trotting matches, a show of fruit, flowers, vegetables, &c, at the new City Hall, and target practice with rifles for the award of two silver cups.

The British government is moving in earnest for the detention of the rebel rams. The report of Mason's withdrawal is confirmed, and the rebel loan has declined still lower under the recent news from this side. Louis Napoleon is now the last hope of the South. A general war in Europe, growing out of the Polish question, is predicted, for which it is said, Russia is quietly preparing. The visit of the Russian fleet to this county is thought to be a part of this preparation—that the vessels may not be blockaded in home ports, as was the case in the Crimean war.

PANORAMA—and something else.—We invite attention to the advertisement of William's moving panorama of the rebellion. It is highly spoken of by the press, and as most of its scenes—especially the later battles—will be new, it cannot fail to be highly interesting. The accompanying attraction, 'Fred Medex and his Penny Whistle,' is pronounced one of the most wonderful and delightful things in the musical world.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—See notice of next week's meeting, in aid of this institution, in our advertising columns.

A GOOD PRICE.—Mr. Geo. W. Chamberlain, of Carmel, a good judge of stock and foremost in its improvement, was present at our Cattle Show, and was so well pleased with the appearance of Mr. Wm. Nowell's beautiful three-years old steers that he paid him two hundred dollars for them. Who says that farming don't pay?

Mr. John C. Harkness, formerly a member of Waterville College, and now of the Senior Class of Bowdoin College, is at the Hospital in Augusta, temporarily insane by reason of intense application to his studies.

Hawthorne's last book is dedicated to Frank Pierce and contains an endorsement of his loyalty! The trouble is, however, that Hawthorne is as much of a copperhead as Pierce, and no one endorses for him.

At the recent Exhibition of the Eaton Family School, a prize was awarded to Master H. C. Bickford, of Waterville, for excellence in speaking.

A couple of nice specimens of cauliflower, from the garden of Joshua L. Bailey, Esq., of Vassalboro' found their way into our basket. We learn that he has been very successful in the cultivation of this vegetable luxury.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—The President has appointed Thursday, the 26th of November next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

made bread of our flour—oftener, porridge. By the last method it took us longer to eat it, and deluded us into a state of greater content, even if it afforded us no more nourishment, which many zealously contended for. It may be difficult for many to comprehend how the same amount of flour could be made to vary its nutritive power by a difference in the mode of cooking. But a philosophy was extant, that the more water you mingled with it, the greater good it would yield.

We arrived at Staunton on the 17th. Since leaving Gettysburg, we had marched about 120 miles. The next day the rebels searched us and took away nearly every article of value they found except the clothes we wore. They allowed those who had woollen blankets to retain them. The number of these was small, and the greater part of us were left with nothing to shelter or cover us at night. Rubber blankets, tents, hatchets, knives, etc., were taken. We were placed in a field under the broad canopy of Heaven and ordered to "make ourselves comfortable." Whether this order was intended for a joke or not, I don't know. It gave us a few moments of merriment, at least. Many a joke was passed at our needy and forlorn condition. "Joe," says one, why don't you pitch your tent?" "I haven't got any one to pitch with; want you to go in with me?" Joe replies. But our merriment vanished when night came and the dew began to fall. Our clothing was light and the chills penetrated to our very bones, preventing sleep and causing us to greet the sun with haggard faces, yet with happy hearts. Many of the prisoners were obliged to remain here in this condition for three weeks. As many cold rain storms occurred, meanwhile, one may easily decide that their visit at Staunton was not a very pleasant one. For my own part I had the fortune (whether evil or good, I cannot judge) to be sent to Richmond the next day. We were taken from this place by rail, via Gordonsville.

We were crowded, and not only crowded, but so skilfully packed, that had a New York omnibus driver been in charge of us, he would have been obliged to shake his head to new applicants—even he could not have had the heart to say, "room for one more." The distance from Staunton to Richmond is 132 miles. We were eighteen hours in traversing it, arriving at Richmond, at about four o'clock on the morning of the 20th. With grateful feelings we debarked and found ourselves once more in the open air, where we could breathe and move. The streets were silent and deserted save by the members of the Provost guard then on duty. These were not soldiers but citizens and they were so devoid of uniformity in equipment that Falstaff's troop would have borne favorable comparison with them. We were taken to a tobacco warehouse about a mile distant and there confined.

We remained here but a few hours, yet the time was long enough for the enactment of one of those sad and tragic scenes which disgrace this city and exhibit the brutality of our enemies. We were so crowded in the small room assigned us that the air soon became very impure. Those near the windows tried to obtain fresh air by putting their heads through them. The guard outside ordered them away. An hour or two later a squad of prisoners from Rosecrans' army were added to our number. One of these, knowing nothing of the orders, went to one of windows and looked out, when the guard, without uttering a word, fired upon him. The ball passed through the elbow, shattering it and severing the main artery of the arm. A surgeon was soon in attendance. The arm was amputated, but the loss of blood had been so great that it seemed doubtful whether his life could be preserved more than a few hours. He was a man over fifty years of age—his hair was quite gray—and a member of the 2d Kentucky cavalry. Soon after, we were taken from this prison and marched through the city to Belle Island. Of this, and the city itself, I will speak in my next.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The New England Farmer reports 4,205 cattle at market, last week, and 8,872 sheep, being a slight increase over previous weeks. Of the cattle, 1,507 were from Maine; and of the sheep, 1,151. We send a third more of the cattle than Vermont; but she sends three times as many sheep. In the list of drovers we find S. Cannon, with 110 cattle; Luke Brown, with 79; D. Wells, 76; Thomas Gage, 53; H. C. Burleigh, 18; J. A. Judkins, 40. Mr. Judkins had also, 124 sheep. Prices were about the same as previous week: First quality beef, \$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. Working oxen, \$70 to \$125. Sheep, 5 and 6 cents, on live weight; in lots, \$3.75 to \$4.50. Lambs, \$3.50 to \$4.00 each. The Farmer says of "working oxen:—

Some of the Eastern drovers, who found trade rather 'sticky' Wednesday afternoon, talked that 'we haven't had any such market this Fall for workers; that prices are down from five to ten dollars per pair, even from yesterday's selling rates; and, what is worse still, buyers are very shy of making any offers at all.' Thomas Gage sold 7 pairs of nice four-year-old oxen, about 6 ft. 6 in., for an average of \$95 per pair; two pairs 6 ft. 9 in. four-year-olds, well matched and well trained oxen, and what he said his folks called extra cattle, one pair at \$132, and one at \$135; and one pair 6 ft. 10 in. and five-year olds, for \$127. Mr. H. C. Burleigh sold a 'loggy' pair, weighing 3,600 lbs., for \$161, or, allowing 36 per cent, sk., 7c, per lb. for their beef; also a pair of 6 ft. 4 in oxen, 3 years old, and well matched for \$90.

Metal tips for children's shoes are worthy the patronage of all who have an eye to economy.—Times.

The rebels having violated the terms of the cartel, and put Pemberton's men into service, our government has ordered all Union prisoners on parole to report immediately at the various parole camps for duty.

There will be a town Agricultural Exhibition in Albion next Tuesday, 13th inst., and one in China on Thursday, the 15th.

