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Maxham & Wing

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THE WATER-LILY.

AT CLARA DOTY.
The midnight face of the mountain lake,
A mask of silver wore;
With sombre looks of fern and brake,
Fringing the dusky shore.
I saw among the myriad stars,
Floating therein serene,
A boat with golden mast and spars,
And oars of emerald green.
A merry chorus, low and sweet,
As summer hum of bees—
And the graceful beat of fairy feet,
Came to me on the breeze.
It anchored—every gleaming oar
Fell from the rower's hands;
The fays stepped lightly to the shore,
Upon the shining sands.
At morn I sought it—where the elves
Their moonlight vigils kept,
Moored on its stem, among the weeds,
A water-lily slept.

THE EBONY CASKET.

A LEGEND OF HUTCHINSON-HOUSE.

BY ALLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

When it was all quiet again, he still spent part of every day at Hutchinson-house. I loved him more intensely than ever, and now that I had no other earthly hope to cling to; and he had never been half so constant and devoted in his attentions to the beautiful, gay hearted girl, as to the sad, pale figure, in her deep mourning robes, whom sorrow had transformed into a woman. One evening, I sat beside him, in my usual position, my head resting on his breast, and my eyes turned toward the window, whose curtains I had put very far back, looking out and up to the distant sky. As I sat there half-reclining, a sudden thought came to me. I turned my eyes inquiringly on his face.

Reginald, I said, 'why was not your father here when—?'

'At the funeral? Is that what you mean, and have not strength to say, my Isa?'

'Yes, at the funeral,' I continued, 'with an effort. Why was he not here? He married Margaret Hutchinson, did he not?'

'Yes, dear, or I should not be your cousin. He was across the channel when your father died, and only returned three days ago.'

Passing my arm around his neck, I drew his head down closer to me, and whispered, timidly, 'Does he know, Reginald? Does he know how well you love me, how often you are here?'

'No, dearest; when I first loved you we both seemed so young, I did not like to speak, and for some time he has been away. But it is right that he should know. I will tell him to-morrow. Why, what is it darling? Do you not wish it? Why do you tremble so?'

'Oh yes, Reginald, I wish it. I feel that it is right, but there is a great weight on my heart. If you are taken from me I shall die. You are all I have left now. Oh, do not leave me. I am so young, and the grave is very cold and dark, and I cannot live without you.'

'Hush, hush, my poor little frightened bird of Paradise,' and he drew me so close to him that I could feel his heart beat against my side—'hush, do not talk of death. You are too young, too beautiful. Do you think I could give my darling up, leave her to her grief alone? Shall I call you cruel?'

And so he soothed me, telling me over and over again that he could never love another—that I, and I only, should be his own forever, and I believed him, and was so supremely happy. I forgot the grave and the tombstone, and thought only how bright roses should make sunshine in my hair. When he left me, I clung passionately to his neck, until he unwound my arm, saying gently—

'I must not keep you up now any longer. I want you to wear your sweetest smile to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, when I come to tell you that you have gained another father. Good-night, Isa.'

He went down the steps, hurriedly, and then he came back again to take me once more in his arms.

'Isa,' he said, solemnly, 'as God hears me, come whatever fate, you are my life's one love. I never did love another—I never shall. My heart's bride, my soul's evangel—Isa!'

The last word was spoken with an accent, hurried, passionate, and yet caressing—spoken, as if to his mind it was the embodiment of all, and then he sprang upon his horse, and waved his hand. I stood there in the door, and watched him ride away, in the full moonlight. I could see him so plainly; his graceful, athletic figure, his proud head, and his forest of golden curls. I watched until his white horse had passed from my sight, and then I came into the house, and sat down. The weight came back to my heart heavier than ever. I clasped my hands across my eyes, and wept.

The next morning I wandered thoughtfully through the house, dreaming of the past. It was just a year ago, that very day, that I had seen Reginald. Just a year ago, my father had gayly entered, introducing him to his petted child. Now, the sunshine fell through the stained glass windows of the chapel, upon the marble cross, on which was sculptured 'Grenville Hutchinson—at rest thirty-seven.' Reginald, the proud, handsome boy, the stranger, was all I had left; dearer than all the memories of the past, all the promises of the future. He was twenty now. In ten short months would come his twenty-first birthday, and then he had said I should be his bride. Oh, would the shadow fall where the sunshine ought to lie? Saying over his name, could I not still the wretched pain at my heart?

It was ten o'clock. I knew I should see none but him, and for that one day I had put off my deep mourning robes, and attired myself in the same garments I had worn when I first met him. The golden pins were in my hair, the blood-red carnations dropped to my shoulder, but my cheeks no longer rivalled the crimson of my velvet robe. The bells of the old oaken clock, standing in the broad landing of the corner stairway, chimed the hour, and I sprang to the door. The moments passed on—it was eleven—twelve! He came, not, and all the while the weight on my heart grew heavier, the shadow darker betwixt me and the sunshine.

It was night. The drawing room was brilliantly lighted. A faint glow began to steal back to my heart. Perhaps his father had employed him all day, and he would come to me then! I threw myself down on the lounge, and strove to wait him calmly. The room was the same as when I had awaited my father there, one year before. The same velvet cushions supported me, light floated over me from the same lamps, and the same fancy picture of a beautiful, Italian singing girl looked down on me from the other side of the room, with its soft, bright eyes. But there were changes in myself. The waist, round which was clasped the same girdle, had grown thinner, the whole figure lighter, and the cheeks, over which my long lashes drooped, were pale and colorless as marble. But the greatest change of all was in the inner life, where the dreamy, wandering heart of girlhood, had become full-nurtured, proud, anguished, loving, womanly.

I heard the outer door open, as I lay there. With an effort I lay still and listened. There was a footstep in the hall approaching the drawing room, but it was as of one old, and somewhat feeble—not the light, springing tread

of Reginald Percy. I held my breath—there was a tap on the door, and old Barbara entered.

'It is for you, Miss Isabella,' she said, putting a letter in my hand. 'The boy said no answer was expected.'

She left the room. I held the letter up to the light and looked at it. I knew those bold, free characters must have been traced by Reginald, although I had never chanced to see his writing. We had been so constantly together, there was no need of letters. I looked at the direction for a moment and then pressed it to my lips. Then I glanced at the seal—it was a couchant leopard. I had seen it on a ring of Reginald's, and he told me it was the coat of arms of the Percy family. For some time I held it, fearing to break the seal, but at last I roused myself, and opened it. A closely written sheet of paper lay before me, and I read these words—

'Isa, my own darling, my beloved; for this once I must call you mine. We must not meet again. You are lost to me forever. I know I am telling this abruptly, but I cannot help it. My fancy pictures you before me, falling helpless to the floor as you read, or weeping wildly, passionately, with none to comfort you. One moment, I am resolved to come to you myself to help you bear it; then my better judgment tells me it would be worse for us both. Oh, God only knows how I have loved you; but I must not speak of it to-day. My sufferings are nothing if I could but hope your heart would not be broken. I have told you that my mother died when I was sixteen. On her deathbed she exacted from me a solemn promise never to marry a woman whose mother had not been pure, whose mother's name had not been unstained. Was this a warning? There are those who say prophecy is a gift accorded to the dying. Can I go on? I must, though it is at the risk of darkening forever the picture you have so loved to contemplate, of your sweet young mother.'

'This morning I sought my father in his library, and told him I wished to bring him home a daughter. He asked her name and lineage, and when I told him, he betrayed the strongest agitation. "My poor boy," he said at length, "my poor Reginald—you remember the vow you made to your dying mother? Isa Hutchinson is the child of an Italian singer who was never married. I cannot receive her as my daughter, you cannot forget your oath." For a long time, Isa, I thought I could not live, but I knew such a thought was sinful, and I struggled against it resolutely, and at last I came to look upon it all more calmly. Isa, the picture of the Italian singing girl, in the drawing room at the Hutchinson-house, which you have always been told was a fairy sketch, is the portrait of your mother.'

'There is one thing more I ought to tell you. Your father left no will, and my father claims Hutchinson-house as my legal inheritance. Before our conversation this morning, he had instituted a suit for its recovery, as Dr. Hamilton, your appointed guardian, refused to give it up. I did not know of this, and I tell you now, only because hearing of it through Dr. Hamilton must distress you, and I wished to say, what you must know, even if I did not say it—I do not think I have any rightful claim. It was your father's, it shall be his child's, but I cannot not help this suit. I shall attain my majority as soon as it can possibly be concluded, and on my twenty-first birthday you shall receive a deed of the house and grounds.'

'Must I give you up? And is it my terrible duty to give you this fearful reason? Oh, Isa, it does seem unjust—you are not to blame you are pure and good—you are my heart's bride still. I must keep the oath I have vowed to my mother, but I will love you; I can never love another. In my dreams I will hold you to my heart, and my breast shall be bathed with the black waves of your hair. My love, my Isa—you will not, you must not hate me. Seas shall not separate your heart from mine, nor mountains hide you from my vision. In my soul, I shall look upon you over and over again, and my hope will point ever to that future, perhaps far away, perhaps very near at hand, when Isa will come to my side yet once more and be my bride in Heaven. Still, Isa, through doubt and trial, through all life's changes, I am yours.'

REGINALD PERCY.

I read it from beginning to end without a tear, a groan, or a single pause, though I felt by the dull, heavy throbs of pain, that my heart was breaking. I folded it up—it needed no second reading. Every word was engraven upon my soul. I took a lamp and went calmly up stairs. I had never thought of doubting its truth—I could not when I remembered the remorse that had worn my father to the grave for the wrong he had done his lost Inez. But if wronged, then she had sinned ignorantly. I could love my mother still. I opened my escritoire, and my eyes fell upon the casket. I pressed the spring, and then turning the little golden key, the lid flew open. Perhaps I had a vain hope that I should find there some proof of my mother's innocence, but there was none. Every compartment was full of jewels. There were diamonds worth a prince's ransom—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and among them was one simple cross of pearls, attached to a little golden chain. On the clasp were the simple words—'Grenville to Inez.' I pressed it passionately to my lips and hung it about my neck. There was nothing but those jewels and a single tress of shining hair. My father had evidently anticipated that my fortune would be taken from me, and had left these for a resource. I shut the casket, and drawing toward me my pen and paper, wrote—

'Reginald, come to me to-morrow morning. You must if you have ever loved me. It is all right, I release you, but I must see you. As you hope for mercy in your last need, show me mercy now. Come to me!'

ISABEL HUTCHINSON.

I went quietly down stairs and into the servants' hall. They started as if they had seen a ghost, when I came among them with my white face and gleaming eyes.

'James,' I said to the footman, 'do you know Sir Sydenham Percy's London residence?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Well, you are to take this note there immediately, and give it into Reginald Percy's own hand.'

'Very well.'

It was my habit to be obeyed instantly. I went back into the dining room, and lay down once more opposite my mother's picture. I do not think I thought of myself. All the sun-

shine was blotted out from my life—all the roses crushed, and I forgot that I had any longer an individual existence. But I thought intently of her, my beautiful mother. She had never before seemed so near me as now that I lay looking upon her pictured features. I wondered no voice had ever before spoken to tell me that those bright eyes had grown dim with watchings above my cradled rest—those sweet lips pressed kisses on my infant brow. I thought of her in her free, innocent childhood, pouring forth her soul in gushes of passionate song, sleeping perhaps under the stars, and waking to sing choruses with the nightingales. Then I thought of her, young, beautiful, loving, trusting, all things—betrayed, deserted, and through it all, thank God, I had not one thought of reproach for her memory. I loved her always. I lay there, looking into her soft eyes, with the wretchedness lying heavy at my heart gasping for utterance, though I would not permit it to breathe a single word. At last a cry burst from my lips—'Oh, mother, mother! if but I had your living breast whereto weep!'

I had not heard the door open; but two strong arms clasped me, and a voice, whose tones could almost have called me back from death, murmured tenderly,

'Weep here, my beloved!'

I looked up with a kind of blank, desolate wonder. He answered the look.

'Yes, Isa,' he said, 'I received your note, and I am here. My fancy pictured you so hopelessly wretched I could not wait till the morning. I am come to sit beside you for the last time!'

I raised my head and gazed at him earnestly. The change wrought by that single day had been fearful. He seemed to have grown ten years older. But I could not trust my voice to speak to him. I laid my head back on his shoulder and rested there silently, clasping my hand across my brow to still the heavy stifling pain.

'Oh, Isa, Isa,' he would murmur from time to time, as he held me, 'Must it be? How can I give you up?'

'I wanted to see you once more,' I said, after an hour had passed and my heart felt stronger—it was as much for your sake, Reginald, as for my own. I wished to tell you over and over again that you were doing right, that I did not blame you, and that I would love you forever. I cannot change—I shall be yours only, in life and in death!'

His answer was to strain me yet closer to his heart.

'You will promise me, Isa,' he inquired at length, 'you will promise me always to live in this your early home? As I wrote, the deed shall be yours before it could be legally taken from you. I must think of you, morning, noon, and night, every hour of my life, and oh, let it be here. Let me fancy you wandering through these rooms where we have been so blest together. It is the only thing you can do now to make me happier. Will you promise?'

'Yes, Reginald, as long as you wish it, I will stay here.'

'God bless you, darling. You don't know how much good that promise will do me. Now if any heavy trouble should come upon me years hence, a grief so heavy that its very bitterness will give me a right to turn to you for sympathy, I will seek you here, and I know that I shall find you. Not that I mean, dear, he added after a moment, 'to prevent you from going hence to brighten some other fireside, if ever you could love again. I am not so wickedly selfish; and yet, God forgive me, it would be hard even to hear that you were happy if I knew it was in some other one's love-clasp.'

'That can never be, Reginald,' I answered, firmly. 'Look back, and you must feel it, even as I do. I had never even known any man except my father when I met you first. Here in Babel-like London, I had been brought up in seclusion more guarded than any convent. You came—it was morning-sunshine breaking into a dungeon. I have loved you, and hereafter and forever my heart can listen to no life. Reginald, my beloved, I can part with you now. Go, and take with you the assurance that I am yours only. When I swore to love you until death, it was no idle vow. Have no fears that I shall break it!'

But he did not go. He held me there with an almost frenzied clasp, and looked down mournfully into my eyes, as Eve might have looked back upon Paradise when the angel with the flaming sword had closed its gates behind her. At length I felt his tears fall upon my brow. They were hot, burning, and then he whispered, as if to himself—

'I thought you would weep—how strong you are, or else how cold. I expected a rain of tears.'

'No, Reginald, the grief is here—involuntarily I clasped my hand firmly upon my heart—I cannot weep—if I only could it might be better; but, Reginald, have mercy. Go now, while I have strength to bid you. It may be God will send his angels to comfort me. Will you go?'

'Yes, I will go since Isa wishes to send me from her!'

'Nay, Reginald, that is cruel. You will go because it is right.'

'Well, I am too wretched to dispute you. I have brought you two presents, Isa. You will keep them for my sake.' He clasped around my neck a tiny chain, to which was attached a miniature of himself. It hung there just below the pearl cross which had been my mother's. I raised it toward the light—it was perfect—the same wealth of golden curls; the same clear, blue eyes, and the same mouth with its expression of almost sorrowful sweetness. I pressed it passionately to my lips. 'The other,' he hesitated—'The other, Isa, is this simple ring. You tell me you can never love another. Will you promise to wear this simple ring until death? It shall be the seal of our betrothal; the token by which I will claim you when we shall meet in Heaven. Will you wear it?'

'Forever,' I answered solemnly.

He raised his eyes to Heaven as if imploring a benediction, then bending over me he placed the ring on the fourth finger of my left hand. 'My wedding-finger?' I said, in an accent of inquiry.

'Yes, Isa, bride of my spirit, with this ring I wed thee! Then drawing me close to his heart, for the first time that night, he covered cheek, lip and brow with his passionate kisses. He drew the pins from my hair, and let it float over my shoulders in heavy, rippling waves. Then he took a clasp-knife from his pocket, and severing one long tress he wound it round

his finger, and fastening it with one of the gold pins he had so often seen me wear, placed it in his bosom. 'See there, Isa, the moon has gone down long ago, and there are rosy morning clouds in the east; I have kept you here all night, but it is the last time. Come out to the door; no, you shall not, you are not able, I will say good-bye here, I must.'

Again and again he strained me wildly to his heart and half smothered me with his kisses, then putting me down, he rushed from the room, springing upon his horse, and soon I could hear the steps of a noble steed urged to its quickest speed. At last I wept—it seemed as if every footstep was pressing upon my heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN WOOL AND WOOLEN MANUFACTURES. In an article upon 'Mutton and Wool,' in the *American Stock Journal*, J. R. Dodge states that there has been an increasing demand for long staple wool in preference to short and finer staples. The reason of this is stated to be owing to the rapidly multiplying varieties of new fabrics made from combing wools, such as moreens, damasks, cobjugs, orleans and other worsted goods.

In Maine there are thirty-two woolen factories running thirty-two sets of cards; in New Hampshire fifty-six, with two hundred and twenty-eight sets of cards; in Vermont, the same number of factories, with one hundred and twenty-two sets of cards; in Massachusetts one hundred and fifty-four factories, running nine hundred and ninety-nine sets of cards; in Connecticut ninety-three factories, with four hundred and nine sets of cards; in Rhode Island, fifty-six factories and two hundred and twenty-five sets of cards; in New York, two hundred and eight factories, with four hundred and forty-one sets of cards. They are devoted to the manufacture of satinet, cassimeres, cotton warp cloths, stocking yarn, worsted and woolen yarn, blankets and flannels, delaines, carpets, cashmeres, shawls, felings, negro cloths and jeans, linseys, and a few other varieties of goods. A report on this subject was presented to the Boston Board of Trade, last year, by Mr. George W. Bond, who stated that in the other States there were about five hundred sets of cards in operation. None of the finest broad cloths are yet made in the United States. Long wool with a silky luster is preferred, especially for the fabrics used for ladies' dresses.

Silkiness of luster does not depend on fineness of fiber, but is found in perfection in certain long-wooled breeds of sheep. Almost all of the English wool is made into worsted goods. The old Lincoln sheep, with very long wool, makes a fabric of lustrous appearance, and the Romney Marsh wool has such silkiness and luster that it is nearly all sent to France for manufacture into beautiful imitations of alpaca and mohair. The various families of merinos, produce fine feeling wools, valuable for broadcloths, and are almost the only breeds bearing wools of this character.—[Scientific American.]

A GOOD STORY.—The Philadelphia Gazette tells the following excellent story of a merchant of that city:—

A showily dressed woman, not bad-looking, recently entered a store along the promenade. She looked like the wife of a man who had suddenly made money by army contracts. Her 'thariness' was good, but the wearer evidently was only lately accustomed to indulge in finery. She entered the 'principal depot' of a citizen, who, among other proprietary articles, is the inventor of a celebrated hair tonic.

As she entered, proprietor was behind the counter—a matter rather rare for him—and with his hat on his head. He personally waited on her, asking with his best smile:—

'What can I show you, ma'am?'

'Why, your hair tonic.'

'Here it is, ma'am, producing a bottle of the article.'

'This is what makes hair grow, does it?'

'Yes, ma'am; you'll find a little pamphlet inside the wrapper with many certificates from people who have been bald.'

'Humph! What's the price?'

'A dollar a bottle, ma'am; six bottles for five dollars.'

'You're certain it'll bring hair in?'

'It never fails, unless the hair is destroyed by disease.'

'Well, I've got a bald spot on the top of my head. I'd give five hundred dollars to have it covered again.'

Proprietor said he had no doubt the tonic would accomplish the result, and the lady ordered the half dozen to be sent to her house. Proprietor took the address. As the lady turned to leave the store, the proprietor moved his hat, showing a head whose crown was innocent of covering.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed the lady, transfixed, looking at him in blank astonishment.

'What is it, madam?'

'Why, I declare, if you ain't bald yourself!'

Proprietor was about to respond, but the lady continued:—

'I don't want that hair grease o' yours, now. I jest believe you're lyin'.'

Proprietor attempted to explain, but lady wouldn't listen.

JOB'S PATIENCE.—If there is a proverb that needs revamping it is 'The Patience of Job.' Now, in the first place, Job wasn't patient. Like all the rest of his sex from that day to the present, he could be heroic only for a little while at a time. He began bravely; but ended, as most of them do under annoyance, by cursing and swearing.

Patience as Job! Did ever Job try, when he was hungry, to eat shad with a frisky baby in his lap? Did Job ever, after nursing one all night, and upon taking his seat at the breakfast table the morning after, pour out coffee for six people, and six cups at that, before he had a chance to take a mouthful himself? Pshaw! I've no patience with 'Job's patience!'

It is of no use to multiply instances; but there's not a faithful house-mother in the land who does not out distance him in the sight of men and angels every hour in the twenty-four.

[Fanny Fern.]

When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers and irritated by the fact that he had so few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. 'The cobbler's gone, I see,' he said. 'I should think he had,' tartly responded Brady. 'And what

do ye sell?' he asked, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. 'Blockheads,' responded Brady. 'Ye gotta,' said the Irishman, 'ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye haint got but one left.'

Agricultural returns from 237 towns in Maine (less than half the State) give the following totals, as stated by the Augusta correspondent of the Portland Courier:—

Forty-one thousand seven hundred seventy-eight leifers, 67,008 cows, 39,656 steers, 36,085 oxen, 277,940 sheep, 1,028,102 pounds of wool, 33,055 horses, 618,842 bushels corn, 215,889 wheat, 4,255,478 bushels potatoes, 1,361,397 bushels apples, 4,458,778 pounds of butter, 821,970 pounds cheese, 124,880 pounds honey, 74,843 pounds maple sugar, 19,968 gallons maple molasses. 996 sheep killed by dogs. Damage to sheep by dogs \$5 804.

Kennebec county has the largest number of cows, 9,557. Oxford the most oxen, 5,487, and steers, 7,059. Somerset the most sheep, 47,745 and greatest amount of wool, 261,268 pounds, and swine, 8,132. Oxford raises the most corn, 120,659 bushels. Somerset the most wheat, 36,019 bushels, Oxford the most rye, 14,245 bushels. Somerset most barley, 107,903 bushels. Penobscot most oats, 171,061 bushels. Aroostook most buck-wheat, 23,979 bushels. Penobscot most potatoes, 929,499 bushels, and turnips, 29,396 bushels. Lincoln most beets, 13,030 bushels. Kennebec most apples, 249,440 bush. Somerset most upland hay, 59,985 tons. Oxford most intervale hay, 11,882 tons. Kennebec makes most butter, 575,513 pounds. Oxford most cheese, 169,651 pounds. Penobscot produces the most honey, 35,328 pounds. Oxford makes the most maple sugar, 53,660 bush. Somerset raised the most beans, 15,169 bushels.

The above figures it should be remembered, show less than half the agricultural productions of the State. They do not even mention the amount of the most important article, hay; nor the number of swine.

A rather loquacious individual was endeavoring to draw an old man into conversation, but hitherto without success, the old fellow having sufficient discernment to see that his object was to make a little sport for the passengers at his expense.

At length says the loquacious individual: 'I suppose you consider Down East a right smart place; but I guess it would puzzle them to get up quite so thick a fog as we are having here this morning, wouldn't it?'

'Well,' said the old man, 'I don't know about that. I hired one of your Massachusetts chaps to work for me last summer, and one rather foggy mornin' I sent him down to the meadow to lay a few courses of shingles on a new barn I was finishing off. At dinner time the old fellow came up, and sez he, "That's an almighty long barn of yours." Sez I, "Not very long." "Well," sez he, "I've been to work all the forenoon, and haven't got one course laid." "Well," sez I, "you're a lazy fellow, that's all I've got to say." And so after dinner, I went down to see what he'd been about, and I'll be thundered if he hadn't shingled a hundred foot right out on the fog!'

COUNTRY NOT LARGE ENOUGH.—A correspondent of a London paper writes:—'I have just returned from Germany after a month's knocking about. I had glorious weather, and saw all the little kings at Frankfurt. There is a good anecdote of one of them. He wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!'

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

The reports of three committees, omitted last week for want of room, will be found below.

GIRLS' WORK.

No. 1—Stockings, by Arletta A. Hunt, 13 years old, of Winslow, premium of 25 cents.

No. 2—Stockings, by Marcia Spring, 11 years, of Winslow, 50 cents.

No. 3—Worsted Work, by Mary S. West, 12 years, Waterville, 25 cents.

No. 4—Worsted Lamp Mat by Mary C. Lowe, 13 years, 50 cents.

No. 5—Plain sewing, pair pillow cases, by Hattie Lowe, 9 years, 50 cents.

No. 6—Sample mending by Mary C. Lowe, 13 years, 50 cents.

No. 7—Sample tatten by Mary Belle Hasty, 12 years, 25 cents.

No. 8—Head Collar by Helen Crowell, 11 years, 25 cents.

No. 9—Pine Cone Card Basket, by Mary G. Lunt, 12 years, 25 cents.

No. 10—Silk cover to sofa pillow, by Mary A. Burgess, 18 years, 50 cents.

No. 11—2 wrought collars, by Mary A. Burgess, 50 cents.

No. 12—1 Bed Quilt, by same, 25 cents.

No. 13—2 tatten collars by Miss Augusta West.

No. 14—1 Tatten collar by Viola Atkins, 15 years, 50 cents.

No. 15—1 Rug, Isabel Mayo, 15 years, 50.

There were made fifteen entries in this department. Most of them by girls under the age of thirteen years.

Two pairs of woolen stockings, one pair by a girl of eleven years, and the other by a girl of fifteen, came under the notice of the committee. Both pairs are deserving of praise. Those furnished by the girl of eleven years are excellent in form and proportion: and the stitches are uniform and regular. They cost the little contributor many an hour of diligent labor, as she made them one stitch at a time; but when the work was finished, she had something of real value as a result.

This shows what even a little girl may do, when she works intelligently and patiently. One stitch at a time is the way in which important objects are accomplished. The committee would like to know in what spirit the little girl did her work, whether cheerfully or not, whether she knit simply for the premium or to show how useful one so young may be. If a good many tears were shed when the work was taken up from time to time, if the little girl did not love her work, it would take much from the moral value of the stockings; but if she worked as the bees work, because they find happiness in industry, if she knit in a sweet and smiling temper of mind as the flowers grow and are beautiful while the seeds are

ripening, if she knit because she wished to make some one comfortable next winter, if she knit that she might use the faculties her Heavenly Father gave her, then her stockings have a value that money can not represent. Little girls who can make such nice stockings are old enough to think, and to discriminate between a selfish motive to action, and the higher one of doing good for the sake of usefulness.

was withdrawn. Young Hunter's time—2.52 1-2; 2.53; 2.58.
A match between five-year-olds was made by O. A. Snow, who named h. h. Dunhill Colt, and John Bodfish, who named 'Drew Mare'. This was won by the mare—time, 3.26; 3.00; 2.57—the colt making too slow time to secure a premium.

FRUIT.

We award the first premium for "best display of apples of all kinds," to Wm. E. Burgess, of Fairfield—there being no competition—\$1.00.

The first premium for "Winter fruit" to Obed Emery, of Fairfield—\$1.00.

The first premium on Grapes to J. S. Goodwin—\$1.00.

The first premium on pears to Joshua I. Clifford of Waterville for two choice varieties—\$1.00.

To Mr. H. A. Page, of Belgrade, for sample of cranberries, from plants set last year on low tillage land—and from which the crop this year was ten bushels like the sample—\$1.00.

In each of the above entries there was no competition.

The committee omit some things that ought to be said in regard to the culture and preservation of orchards, for want of time to write them.

E. MAXHAM, for Com.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT-HAND MAN. People who are bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for some one to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are helpless as capsize turtles, or unloosed men in armor, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such sullen fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rushlights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by "beasting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam who placed his confidence in a cork jacket; and if, when beasting, the sea of life, we cannot save ourselves by dint of our own energies, we are not salvage, and it is of little consequence whether we sink or swim, survive or perish.

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work; strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained.

EATING TOO MUCH. Ten persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel diseases, dyspepsia, throat affections, and other maladies.

Some years ago, the residents of a German city were one morning wild with excitement. Everybody was poisoned. The doctors were flying in every direction. Water was the only thing they had swallowed in common. The reservoir was examined. In one corner a paper of deadly poison was found.

The stomach is the reservoir which supplies the whole body. A fever, and inflammation or some other malady appears. Look to the reservoir. There you will find the source of the disease.

I am acquainted with the table habits of a large number of persons. They have all eaten too much food. Nearly all, too much in quantity, but all have eaten food too highly concentrated. Yesterday, I saw a dyspeptic friend eating pears at a fruit stand. He said, with a smile, "I go a few Bartlett's half a dozen times a day." Certain dietetic reformers seem to think if they eat coarse bread and ripe fruits, a peek is all right. Fine food, bread, pies and cakes, are great evils.

A friend, who has decayed teeth, dyspepsia, torpidity of liver, and a disagreeable eruption—all induced by excessive eating of improper food, declared in response to my remonstrance, "But I never eat more than I want." Every person wants the quantity he is in the habit of eating. If he could digest well two pounds a day, but eat four pounds, he wants the latter quantity. A man may want a glass of spirits on rising. He is in the habit of drinking at that time.

Pardon a word of my own experience. During many years' practice of my profession I had but little muscular exercise. I ate enormously. An hour's postponement of my dinner was painful. Now I labor very hard several hours a day in my gymnasium. I do not eat more than a third the quantity of former years. Now I can omit a dinner altogether without inconvenience. I have lost twenty pounds in weight, but feel a great deal younger. (More than half of the thin people would gain flesh by eating less.) I have only one dietetic rule, kind reader, I commend to you. Always take on your plate, before you begin, everything you are to eat. Thus you avoid the dessert, and are pretty sure not to eat too much. This simple rule has been worth thousands to me.—D. Lewis, M. D.

TALKING TO CHILDREN. The superintendent of a Sunday school was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made them during the previous session.

Children, what did Mr. Phony tell you this morning?

No answer was made.

Can't any one tell me what he said? Susie can't you remember?

Susie, a bright little one of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lifted up:

"Pleathe thir, he talked and he talked and he talked, and he thied ath how he loved ut, and he talked—and—we all thought he wath a goin' to thay thumblin, but he didn't thay nothin'."

The value of a scrap-book. Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see a number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these is the use of a scrap-book.

One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which would long since have been destroyed had it not been for your scrap book. There is a witty anecdote, if you see good to laugh over yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable

able recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you had found just in time to save you much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time, when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. Indeed you can hardly take up a single paper without republishing. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the close of the year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... OCT. 23, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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The Waterville Horse Fair.

The first annual exhibition of the "Waterville Horse Association" took place at the Park of the N. Ken. Ag'l Society on Wednesday and Thursday of this week—being postponed from Tuesday on account of the weather. This society, which is composed of T. S. Lang, J. R. Doolittle, John A. Judkins, Ruf. Howard, J. L. Seavey, A. M. Savage, Gideon Wells, and their associates, have leased these grounds for a term of years, for the purpose of holding annual and other exhibitions, and taking other measures for improving the breed of horses. The organization is of recent date, and its marked success in this first effort is worthy of commendation; though in the hands of such men nothing less was looked for. The weather was exceedingly favorable, and the number of persons in attendance immense, coming from all parts of New England, and even beyond.

The great attraction of the occasion was the trot between the distinguished horses "General Knox" and "Hiram Drew,"—the former owned by T. S. Lang, of Vassalboro', and the latter by Mr. Shaw, of Bangor. Both horses had high popularity, and bets had been accumulating from the first notice that they were pitted against each other. Hiram had formerly been partially owned in Waterville, and had several times trotted on this course with great glory. Knox has been a growing favorite for a few years, and in the crowd were hundreds of farmers and others interested in his stock. Even ladies, who composed at least a fair proportion of the audience, so far forgot to conceal their enthusiasm as to declare their sympathy for one or the other of the beautiful champions as they were exercising for the contest. If some little bets, of such trifles as fans, rings and parasols, were seen to change hands after the trial, certainly those of the lords who lost and won by hundreds, need not complain.

Knox won the pole,—mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse, the sweepstakes of \$500; \$200 to the second best. They got the word the second time up, when Knox at once took the lead, and kept it with apparent ease to the end of the heat. Hiram gathered upon him sharply near the end of the first half mile, as also of the second; but though pressed to his utmost by both whip and voice, the gallant hero of so many victories was compelled to listen to shouts that gave no comfort to his backers, and to refresh himself for the second heat under the pressure of a large discount in the betting market. His friends professed confidence, but his opponents were exultant. The second heat varied nothing from the first, except that Hiram pressed in sharper at the close, and lost it by less than his length; while both horses gained a quarter of a second in time—Knox making it in 2.32. Both horses behaved finely, in both heats.

No more bets were made, unless at great odds, as it was plain that Knox would be the winner in three straight heats. Hiram broke badly, and Knox slightly—the latter coming up in 2.34, and the latter barely saving his distance. It was hard for many to rejoice over Hiram, the whilom favorite and victor of many fields; but it was the easiest thing in the world to burst the welkin for Knox. He is emphatically a popular horse—all in all, the Maine horse—destined to a reputation higher than that of any horse ever brought into the State.

To the audience, which was immense, this was one of the most pleasant contests that has ever come off at our Park—the fine weather, fair driving and good order having contributed to make it such.

It is due to the Manager, and to his associates and assistants, to say that the exhibition has been conducted in a manner that must meet the entire approbation of our citizens, and of the agricultural society in particular, upon the reputation of which it has a direct bearing.—Most excellent order was preserved, no foul driving allowed or complained of, no accidents happened—and everybody seemed pleased and satisfied with the entertainment. It promises well for the future, and gives evidence that this important enterprise is in good and safe hands.

The following is a list of the entries and awards—

Class 1. Brood Mare with Foal by her side.—Entries by John L. Seavey, Waterville; Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'; Amos Rollins, Belgrade; B. F. Hersom, W. Waterville; Wm. H. Longly, Norridgewock; S. P. Church, Farmington. First premium was awarded to S. P. Church's Knox colt; second to Wm. H. Longly's Knox colt.

Class 2. Colts 1 year old and under 2.—Entries by Albert Crosby, Albion; J. H. Gilbreth, Kendall's Mills; Amos Rollins, Belgrade; Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'; W. C. Pitman, Bangor. First premium to Albert Crosby's Knox colt, second to J. H. Gilbreth's Knox colt.

Class 3. Colts 2 years old and under 3.—Entries by John Osgood, Gardiner; D. M. Wyer, Vassalboro'; Jonathan Nowell, Vassalboro'. First premium to D. M. Wyer's Knox colt; second to Jonathan Nowell's Knox colt.

Class 4. Colts 3 years old and under 4.—Entries by D. Gilmore, Kendall's Mills; G. G. Addison, Saco; E. G. & G. A. Lawrence, Fairfield; Alonzo Coburn, Skowhegan; Gideon Wells, Clinton. First premium to G. G. Addison, second to Gideon Wells.

Class 5. Gentlemen's Family Horses.—Entries by John L. Seavey, Waterville; Chas. Jackson, Winthrop; B. R. Hatch, Bangor; James Hovew, New Sharon. First premium to Charles Jackson, second to James Hovew.

Class 6. Gentlemen's Matched Horses.—Entries by B. R. Hatch, Bangor; Ira H. Low, Waterville; Gideon Wells, Clinton. First premium to B. R. Hatch; second to Ira H. Low.

Class 7. Fancy Matched Horses.—Entries by Z. B. Starbird, Bangor; B. R. Hatch, Bangor. First premium to B. R. Hatch, second to Z. B. Starbird.

TROTTING.

Class 8. "Geldings or Mares that have never trotted for money. Mile and repeat.—Entries by D. L. Haines, Skowhegan; Charles Jackson, Winthrop; Henry McLaughlin, Bangor; G. Littlefield, Unity; M. Kelly, Bangor. First premium to D. L. Haines—time, 2.50; 2.53; second to Charles Jackson—time, 2.55; 2.54.

Class 9. Geldings and Mares 4 years old and under. Mile and repeat.—Entries by John W. Dunham, Livermore; B. F. Otis, West Waterville; Eli C. Walker, New Portland; Charles E. Kimball, Portland; O. Emerson, Chelsea. First premium to B. F. Otis—time, 2.59 1-2; 2.59 3-4; second to Preston Corner—time, 3.02; 3.05.

Class 10. Geldings and Mares that never trotted in 2.50 in public. Best 3 in 5.—Entries by John Bodfish, Kendall's Mills; D. L. Haines, Skowhegan; Sam'l Jacobs, Athens; Wm. H. Cummings, West Waterville; Henry Norcross, Augusta; Warren Weeks, Farmington. First premium to Sam'l Jacobs—average time, 2.45; second to D. L. Haines—average time, 2.49.

Class 11. Geldings and Mares to saddle. Best three in 5.—Entries by Z. B. Starbird, Bangor; B. R. Hatch, do. First premium to Hatch; second to Starbird. Time not taken.

Class 12. Geldings or Mares of any age, except "Cloudman." Best 3 in 5.—Chadwick, of Portland, entered "Gold Leaf"; O. M. Shaw, Bangor, entered "Garibaldi"; W. Briggs, of Middleboro', Mass., entered "Sally-Come-Up." First premium to Garibaldi—time, 2.40, 2.36 1-2, 2.37 1-2; second to "Sally-Come-Up"—time, 2.43, 2.39, 2.40; third to "Gold Leaf"—time, 2.41, 2.41, 2.42.

Class 13 was not filled.

Class 14. Stallions that had never trotted better than 2.40 in public. Best 3 in 5.—John H. Shaw, Augusta, entered "Flying Mac"; F. S. Palmer, Vassalboro', entered "Ned Davis." First premium to "Ned Davis"—average time, 2.43; second to "Flying Mac."

Class 15. Stallions of any age. Best 3 in 5.—F. S. Palmer entered "Ned Davis"; Arnold Palmer, Harland, entered "Diamond." First premium to Ned Davis—time, 2.50, 2.52, 2.54.

Sweepstakes. Open to all horses, wherever owned or raised.—O. M. Shaw, Bangor, entered "Hiram Drew"; T. S. Lang, Vassalboro', entered "Gen Knox." Won by Gen. Knox, in three straight heats—time, 2.32 1-4, 2.32, 2.34.

Flap Doodle's Commentaries,

DE BELLO REBELLO, ET CORPORE AFRICANO.

CHAPTER I.

All Louisiana is divided into three parts—of these Rum is the greatest both in itself and in its uses, furnishing as it does both food and drink for the officers of our army.

Next to Rum in importance stands Cotton, which is cultivated very extensively in the "Lowlands low" and the "Uplands up."

Its cultivation furnishes employment to thousands of contrabands (called by the intelligent and polite of all nations, niggers) who would otherwise be obliged to bear arms greatly to the detriment of the rebel cause, and consequently inhuman and barbarous practice.

The sale and transportation of the cotton thus raised is performed by army officers of all grades, and government mules and steamboats. Second Lieuts, who are able to make \$100.00 per diem in the business, have the choice of promotion to either a Provost Marshal's office, Quartermaster on a steam boat, or a Colonelcy in the Corps Africainus. The first is generally preferred, for its ease and dignity, together with its splendid opportunities for charging fees. These fees are charged for granting passes outside the lines of our army to cotton speculators and poor widows, and vary from 5 to 50 dollars. (No person can obtain a pass however, without showing evidence of his order disloyalty.)

A Quartermaster's berth on a Mississippi steamboat presents great charms to young men of activity and enterprise. The speed of these river steamers is astonishing. One of them, the "Line and Tide" made a trip from Baton Rouge to Plaquemine, a distance of over twenty miles, in two days and thirty hours, notwithstanding she carried a strong current with her.

The Natchez, a perfect model of a steamboat, lies now at Baton Rouge, taking in freight for the North, and such is her immense capacity, that she has been there longer since the commencement of the great war. It has however, been recently discovered that she is aground.

Colonelcies in the Corps Africainus are very much in style at this time, with the corporals

of veteran regiments, who condescend to accept them at the rate of about fifty per diem.

Only fifty or sixty Colonels have been commissioned as yet, however, and these are now busily engaged in filling up their regiments from the various contraband yards in the Mosquito Departments, from which, however, they are allowed to enlist only the aged and infirm, the able bodied being all required in the cotton and sugar fields.

The last, but by no means unimportant of the three great divisions of Louisiana is Sugar, but this being of poor quality is never issued to the white troops. The cane juice is very valuable for the manufacture of Louisiana Rum, so that in raising cane they get two crops—the first is Rum, the second sore heads.

A PRISONER'S EXPERIENCE IN REBELLION.

No. III.

To my advent to Richmond I had looked forward with interest. I did not, indeed, wish to go there. I dreaded it, but since the fates had so willed, was determined to make the best of it. I thought that I should have an opportunity to judge of the prospects of the bogus government. If at the rebel capital there were signs of plenty and prosperity, I should judge that the same state of affairs might pervade the Confederacy. This would not be sure to follow, since the resources and business of a country are likely to concentrate at its capital. But for this very reason, if the capital should be barren of business and there were signs of decay, the same characteristics would be true of the whole country. Though, of course, our rebel friends did not allow us to examine the city, yet they did give us a good view of some of their business streets, while taking us from the cars to a place of confinement in the city, and thence to Belle Island. I was surprised at the appearance of them. I had not expected to find a flourishing state of affairs, yet I had not expected to find an evident state of poverty and absolute want. But it was so. We passed stores and warehouses, whose signs advertised every variety of goods, and every luxury the world affords. But where were these goods and luxuries? Not in the city. Nothing was to be seen save the plainest and commonest necessities of life, and these only in small quantities. Dress goods, ribbons, fancy articles, everything with which ladies and gentlemen are wont to deck themselves, were lacking.

The streets, too, were almost deserted by people, where a few years ago, throngs were daily seen. The people whom we did see, were for the most part old and invalid men and women, children and negroes. There were very few who seemed able to carry a musket and do a soldier's duty in the field. How different from our northern cities where greater abundance, luxury, and prosperity prevail than ever before.

Before we left our city prison, our chivalrous captors thought best to give us another examination. At Staunton they had taken our blankets and whatever a casual search had revealed to them. Now, we were searched more particularly, for money and other valuables. The object of the search soon became known, and every expedient for the concealment of whatever valuables we possessed, was resorted to; so that but few were losers. One of the persons who was engaged in searching us, was formerly a member of the 6th U. S. Cavalry. One of the prisoners was a member of the company to which he once belonged. Trusting that his old comrade would not rob him, he made no attempt to conceal his money. The sequel showed his judgment to be poor. What ever good qualities his former comrade-in-arms may have possessed, had been totally eradicated by his affiliation with traitors, and he robbed the confiding Federal of all his money which amounted to forty-five dollars.

Belle Island is about eight or ten acres in extent. About two acres is laid out in a camp, for the keeping of prisoners. This camp is surrounded by a wall of earth about three feet high, outside of which is a deep, broad ditch. Outside of this at short intervals, sentinels were stationed, making it a matter of extreme difficulty to escape, even from the camp. We were not left entirely without shelter, for the rebels, with extreme kindness, had pitched some of their old, worn-out tents here. These were unfit for the use of their own troops, and afforded but little good in a rain storm; but we were thankful even for them. Yet we frequently wished that we might occupy some of the comfortable barracks which our Government has provided for the use of rebel prisoners. The largest number of prisoners at any one time while I was there was 4,500. This number filled the camp to overflowing, making our condition a very uncomfortable and unhealthy one. The most of us were obliged to lie upon the bare ground. A few had pieces of blankets, and canvas to lie upon. These were envied by the others, and were looked upon as the laboring poor in our large cities regard those living in wealth and luxury. My chum, and myself bought an old worn out army coat, for the moderate price of twelve dollars in greenbacks. We thought ourselves fortunate in making such a bargain. The cooking arrangements were poor and insufficient, and the cooking was comparatively poor. I think that I might say that the amount of food was insufficient. I will not, however, but will tell what we did receive, and leave it to the judgment of my readers. Two meals were served daily. The first—which we called breakfast, for the sake of olden times—was given out at about nine o'clock A.M., and consisted of bread and meat. We were divided into squads of one hundred men for the purpose of drawing rations. They weighed out to each squad twenty-five pounds of bread, and sixteen pounds of meat, including the basket in which it was weighed. Therefore, according to their scales, we each received for breakfast, one-fourth of a pound of bread, and only a little over an ounce of meat. We did think

that if scales ever gave short weight, these did. The second meal, which we called dinner, was received at about four P.M. This varied slightly in quality from our breakfast. We received the same amount of bread, but the meat was superseded by soup. It seemed a rich dish to us in those times, and as, perhaps, some of our friends would like to know how to prepare it, I will give the recipe. There are two advantages possessed by it. It is economical, and easily made. The water in which the meat was boiled in the morning, was used for this soup. Either beans or rice were boiled in it until about half-cooked. No salt was considered necessary. Each man received about a spoonful of beans or rice, and nearly a pint of the water in which they were boiled. As they did not take the trouble to pick their beans, we had the benefit of all the pods, dirt, and grease, that might collect in them while being picked, and standing in the dust. This was invariably our bill of fare, while on Belle Island, so I think all will agree with me in saying that variety in food was not the "spice of our life." Perhaps none will dissent, when I say that hunger speeded every meal we had. If so, a trip to Richmond, and a trial of rebel hospitality will convince them of their error.

Once a week, were taken outside of the enclosure, and made to pass in one by one, to be counted. This was done for the purpose of ascertaining if any, and how many, had escaped. We were searched quite frequently, for money. During the time I was upon the island, we were searched four times. As the boys were pretty shrewd, the rebels did not realize much from these searches. Every means was tried to deceive them, and save our greenbacks. Some sewed them up in their clothes. Others would put them in their pipes, and then filling above them with tobacco, pass through the search, smoking their money. Others, still carried their money in their mouths. At one time the officers succeeded in finding about one hundred dollars, upon the persons of prisoners. The poor fellows, like all the rest, had tried to conceal their money, but were caught. So our chivalrous brothers punished them by tying them by the thumbs to a beam, so that only their toes touched the ground. When evening came, the officers were all drunk. Probably, they had used the money taken from the prisoners to obtain whiskey, and have a jolly, good time.

As might be expected there was much sickness among the prisoners. It was a hard place to be sick in, and have no medical attendance. To be sure there was a surgeon stationed there, but he had more sympathy for poor whiskey, than suffering humanity, so he rarely paid any attention to the sick—and when he did he found us much sicker than his stock of medicine was inadequate, and he soon became tired of his work. Many died there. Three or four deaths daily were not uncommon occurrences. I have seen two lying side by side, in the open air, dead. There they had sickened and died, without any attempt on the part of our captors to preserve their lives. There were not tents enough to accommodate all—some were obliged to lie out in the open air, and many of these died, before—in the general suffering—they had attracted any attention.

The most of our guard treated us with all the kindness in their power, but some of them were real demons.

One incident will show how utterly depraved a man may be, as well as the light estimation with which the rebel officers treat the prisoners. One day a new lot of prisoners had been brought in. The day was hot, and there were no unoccupied tents for them. One of these, an old man, sick, and tired with a long journey, sat down and leaned his back against the wall enclosing the camp. The orders were that no one should get upon or lean against this bank. But it could hardly be expected that new prisoners would know these orders, unless they were taught them, and in this case we never knew we had transgressed, until after the deed was done. The guard spoke to the man, but was not heard. Again he spoke. This time the old man heard, and raised himself to hear what he had to say. The guard, instead of making any explanation, raised his musket and fired. The ball passed through the loyal soldier's head, causing instant death, and in its course wounded two others, who were quietly sitting in their tents. The rebel officers made no remarks upon the case, and that murderer was continued in the guard without a reprimand. His fellow soldiers (to their honor be it said) condemned him for the act, and cut off all communication with him.

I have finished my narrative. I have sincerely endeavored to give a general idea of the life we live, when compelled by the fortunes of war to visit our southern brothers. What I have written, if it has no other merit, is truthful. So all may be sure that after a stay of nearly two months with the rebels, I greeted the stars and stripes with a grateful heart.

But friends, you who are loyal to your country, think when you pray, of those who are now in that prisoner's camp in Belle Isle. 3200 of your brave soldiers are now there. Many of them have been there nearly four months. Let your sympathy go out for them, and your prayers ascend to heaven, that they may speedily be delivered from their wretched condition.

Intelligence has been received of the death of John James, son of Mr. Isaiah James, of this town. He died of yellow fever on board U. S. Frigate, Colorado, at sea, Sept. 5th, aged 18 years. He was a young man universally esteemed, and a worthy member of the Free Will Baptist church. A funeral sermon will be preached next sabbath afternoon, in the Free Will Baptist Church, at West Waterville, by his pastor, Rev. A. H. Morrell.

The Congregational Churches of Kennebec County will hold their Annual Meeting, in this village, on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Pencilings by the Way.

SKOWHEGAN, Oct. 11, 1863.

Dear Mail:—Hiding adieu, this morning, for a time, at least, to our friend Hogan, at the Fairfield House, we started with our faithful Charley, for this place, seventeen miles distant. Although this is the sabbath, and although we had passed over this road several times before, we do not recollect to have seen so much business being done along the road, even on a week-day, as at this time. We passed hardly a farm where the farmers were not out with their teams getting in their corn—the weather was overcast and threatening rain,—which we supposed accounts for all this work. The road was exceedingly good and we arrived in this village in season to attend meeting in the afternoon, when we heard a very good sermon by Rev. Mr. Cutter at the Congregational church, on the duty of self-examination, in which he remarked that people were generally very well acquainted with their neighbors, so far as regards their faults, at least; while they were full as generally deficient in knowledge of their own short-comings. He recommended careful examination of ourselves, reflecting on our own conduct frequently; and as a good time for such reflection he recommended the still hours of night while resting on our beds—and if we found any room for improvement to give a large part of our attention to weeding our own gardens; if, at any time, however, we found ourselves perfect, I inferred, we might look a little after the weeds in our neighbor's garden.

In the evening, a "sabbath-school concert" was held at the same church, which we also attended. The school was opened by singing, by the whole school led by the pastor; then followed prayer by one of the brethren; then singing again; after which the scholars of each class in rotation repeated each a verse of Scripture, selected, as we suppose by the scholar himself, the teacher of each class also repeating a verse; then a verse by each member of the school present, who did not belong to any class; then singing again; then about a dozen scholars formed a line in front of the pulpit and each read a short story, selected by himself from some good book; after which Dr. G. A. Wilbur addressed the school for some time principally against the crime of theft. Hon. James Bell being called upon, gave a very interesting account of the visit of the governor and council to the Reform School; detailed the mode of government, the course of instruction, and the mode of employment of the pupils in that institution; giving the impression, after all, to the boys that when one is comfortably situated outside, it is hardly worth while to seek to become an inmate there.

Skowhegan is a brisk business place, situated at the northern terminus of the Somerset and Kennebec railroad, having a large back country to supply its trade. We should judge that it may be going it a little on the high-pressure system. Still, it has very much to encourage activity amongst its people. There are three hotels, here, all of which, it is said, are well kept. We speak understandingly, when we say that Brewster, of the "Skowhegan House," is a very capable landlord, and keeps an excellent house. He is at present making additions to his house, which will make it one of the most commodious as well as one of the most convenient hotels on the river. He has also large, new stables, and what few hotels have—a tip-top hostler. Whatever traveller gives Brewster a call will be sure to come away satisfied.

Hon. Abner Coburn, Governor of the State, resides in an elegant mansion just across the river, in what was formerly Bloomfield. We saw his excellency at church to-day, looking as fresh and healthy as one could expect, considering the onerous duties he has to perform.

The "biggest editor in Maine" resides in this village, and while his porringer is kept well filled, he will, no doubt, continue to wield a pen which cuts like a two-edged sword—first his own fingers and then some one's else. Moses is, a right down good fellow, though the writer of this does not so well like the cackling of his "Rooster."

There are two banks here—the Skowhegan Bank and the Bank of Somerset. Four churches—the Congregational, the Baptist, the Methodist, and the Christian. I am not sure that each of the congregations, worshipping at the several churches named, may not claim to be Christians as well as the last, and we hope they are so. Not being acquainted here, however,—if we were a judge in such matters,—we could not tell; but we are satisfied that in some other localities might mean people sometimes call themselves Christians. We have seen nothing to indicate that any such do so here. We do not know the number of stores, shops, and mills here, but think about a fair proportion to the number of other places we have named.

The celebrated strappings, and molasses doctor, Amos A. Mann, resides here, also, and it is said, performs some wonderful cures. He is a very curious creature, anyhow, we think; after all, if we were sick, we think we would try what virtue there is in strappings.

We leave here in the morning, and if you think this worth an insertion, we may give you some further account of our travels.

Yours, etc., TRAVELLER.

THE LITTLE FOLKS, we know, will be pleased with what we have provided for them on our last page, this week. "The Boy Hunter" appeared in the Mail more than a dozen years ago; but a new generation of boys have come upon the stage of action, since, and for their benefit we republish it. If anyone doubts its merit as a poem for boys, let him recite it to the first one he can catch, and unless he is a dull subject it will make his eyes glisten and he will call for a second and third reading.

Foreign orders for 5-20 bonds have come over by late arrival.

GOLD WATCH LOST!—See notice in advertising columns.

