



10-30-1863

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 17): October 30, 1863

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 17): October 30, 1863" (1863). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 9.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/9

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

that the negro question in this state is already settled. There is only one thing to fear. If the government commits the affairs of this state to some conservative pro-slavery man, who will hobnob with the wealthy slaveholders and induce the hope in their minds that the proclamation is 'mere breath' (as Rollins, of Missouri, says), and that they will yet be permitted to hold and own their slaves, then this state will be lost to the Union for years to come, and the horrors of a guerrilla war, such as desolates Missouri, will prevail in this state.

Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 30, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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'."

"THE HUTCHINSONS."—No matter which of the Hutchinsons, with his wife and children, nephews and nieces, brothers, cousins, family connections of any degree—they are "The Hutchinsons," and everybody goes to hear them sing. They are not only "a band of brothers," but they are "everybody's brothers"; and they not only sing it, but they talk it, and act it, and feel it. If you doubt this, shake hands with one of them, and then hear him talk; or talk with him if your heart is warm enough. If you don't speedily find the whole Hutchinson family tugging at your affections, and melting the very marrow in your bones, go and try your hand at "treason, stratagems and spoils." If do-ra-me not be Greek to us, we could probably tell how it is that they sing better than any other "family." We can neither see it or tell it—but we feel it—everybody feels it. How they stir up the human nature at the very bottom of your soul!—and you begin even to love virtue in some of the forms in which you never before so much as deigned to look at it. Affection—charity—temperance—purity—how they stir your heart, as the music warms and swells and flows over the audience, as the band of angels were making the choir their instruments in blessing human souls. You wonder why you are so moved, and make a score of good resolves—that you ought to keep. We remember hearing a rank negro later say that he never believed emancipation practicable but once, and that was just at the close of one of the Hutchinsons' concerts. "But," said he, "I got over it as soon as I got to the open air."

So they go on singing; no matter if half the original "family" are in heaven, the music is not diminished. Missionaries for freedom, for temperance, for union, for Christianity in its length and breadth—may the "Hutchinson family" continue to sing till the last member of the popular and well known "Human family" shall have gone over Jordan.

WORTH NOTING.—In the late trot between Gen. Knox and Hiram Drew, Knox made the two first heats, a mile each, without the slightest break, or the least motion out of his most elegant and perfect trot; not so much as a toss of the head at variance with good manners and good nature. The same would have been true of the third heat, but for the sudden rush of a dog from the crowd, by which he was so much disturbed as to break two spokes in the gig. He at once got right, and completed the heat without further break; but the condition of the gig continued to embarrass the driver, who momentarily expected it to give out, so that instead of making the heat in 2:30, as he had assured his friends he would, he was 4 seconds later. But for this accident, it seems safe to those who know both the driver and the horse, to believe that the three heats would have been made by Knox without the slightest break, and the last one in 2:30.

The driving of Mr. Palmer won the most marked admiration. Not a motion of the whip was made, nor a word loud enough to reach the audience—though much of the way his opponent was pressed with loud cries and severe whipping. From three years old, when he arrived from Vermont, Knox has been trained by Mr. Palmer, and it is no hazard to say that he is the most docile, obedient, intelligent, and in all respects the best trained trotting stallion in the country.

WELL DONE!—According to the *Journal*, Lewiston and Auburn have already half filled their quota of the President's last call, by volunteers. This is indeed good well—but the *Journal* hints that the entire quota will be filled by volunteers, and that speedily. How is it in Waterville?—are the authorities taking earnest measures? They are all earnest men, especially for the Union, and no doubt have an eye to the best mode of meeting the President's call—but they are not alone interested in this matter. If our quota is not filled by volunteers it must be by draft, and the time is rapidly approaching. Many think the quota of our State will be filled by volunteers; but this will depend upon the interest taken in the subject by the people. Nobody wants a draft; but every-

body knows the quota must be filled—and it will be. Maine has given evidence by her late vote that her part, whatever it may be, in putting down the rebellion, will not be neglected. Waterville, Winslow, Fairfield, Clinton, Benton, Vassalboro', Sidney—indeed all patriotic towns—are taking the incipient steps for meeting the President's call for three hundred thousand men. We hope it will be done by volunteers, even if large bounties are paid; but if not done in one way it will be in another, and that other is by a draft. Of course it becomes every man to give his attention to this matter, as a work that has got to be done.

A DEMOCRAT INDEED. The following extract of a letter, from an old line democrat to an old line democrat, is too good to be lost, though not intended for the public. It was written by a gentleman well known in this vicinity, now zealously serving his country in one of the western regiments. He is indeed a democrat, and it is such democracy that will save the country if it is ever saved from the whirlpool of danger into which pretended democracy has drawn it.

"You say you are a 'Democrat.' I never was anything else. I first lisped 'hurrah for Jackson,' and have been the humble friend, and supporter of every democratic candidate successful and unsuccessful, from his day to Stephen A. Douglass, whose opinions and policy strictly coincided with mine own. I believe them to be not only constitutional, but just, and in strict accordance with the principles of our government and institutions. But the South refused to accept it, as a political platform, and the election of Abraham Lincoln was the consequence, a result, which they clearly foresaw. The northern wing of the democratic party was left to fight the political battle alone, which they did manfully, though without the slightest chance, or even a hope to meet with success, and the sequence immediately followed, of the fair, clear and constitutional election of the present Executive. The South immediately declared that he should never be inaugurated, when two questions naturally presented themselves before the people. First,—have we a government? Second, shall the clearly constitutional majority rule? or shall the will of the people be smothered by the few? and the selfish designs of a cabal of intriguing, political aspirants govern the will of the many? Which of these propositions are democratic, and which aristocratic? The South has thrown down the gauntlet, and trampled the constitution under foot. She has now no right to claim the protection of the one, or find fault with the issue of the other.

As the true policy of the government, the proclamation of emancipation was only delayed too long. How much blood, and how much treasure its delay will cost us, time alone can determine. The entire emancipation of the black race, to either with the organization and arming of such portions as are qualified for military duty or in such numbers as the exigencies of the case may require, affords the solution not only of the problem of emancipation, but of rebellion, and as I believe there is a God that governs the destinies of nations, so therefore in the same proportion as our movements tend to wipe out this cursed institution, shall our success be, and we need not flatter ourselves that we are to evade the issue. It is upon us, and God himself will not let peace settle upon our fair land until this unseemly blot shall have been wiped out. Union, harmony and energy upon the part of the North will soon accomplish it, but out it must be wiped, should all the nations of Christendom be drawn into the arena, and the Mississippi run red with blood.

I beg you will pardon this imperfect and blotted scrawl. My time would not permit my putting ideas into anything like proper shape or style, but do not, I beg of you, let dissensions and political or local prejudices weaken your councils at home, while we are toiling, and pouring out our best blood, in the trenches at the South. Let the North but be united and firm, and the army and navy will soon do its work.

COLD COMFORT.—The Lewiston *Journal* asserts, on the authority of Judge Smith (John?) that "39 years ago this Fall the ground froze up solid on the 20th day of October, and remained so till Spring." Never mind, brother *Journal*—if your friend Smith is any tolerable "judge" of the weather, he will tell you that we are coming out of this sharp bite, into genial sunshine, that will give the farmers a chance to finish the potato harvest and gather in the garden sauce. We are just passing a cold spot in the moon, and shall find the ground as soft as mush in a few days. Believe what we say, and take comfort, "thirty-nine years ago" to the contrary notwithstanding.

NARROW ESCAPE.—In the recent battle at Bristow's Station, in which the 19th Maine took a prominent part, Col. Heath had his spy glass shot from his side by a rifle ball. In a previous engagement a bullet passed through his pantaloons on the inside of the thigh, without leaving any other mark. Col. H. has been acting brigadier general since the battle of Gettysburg. His friends learn with deep regret that he is in poor health, and fear that he may be compelled to retire from service. He enlisted among the first who left Waterville; and has been in constant service since, taking part in many battles, and winning a rank among the most gallant and earnest officers in the army of the Potomac.

COLD.—For nearly a week the nights have been unusually cold for this season of the year, the ground freezing so deep that the clear warm sunshine through the day does not thaw it except in warm localities. In shady places it has remained frozen nearly a week, and those who had not finished digging their potatoes have been compelled to suspend the operation till warmer weather. Fair sunny days, clear and cold, and beautiful moonlight nights, have kept up a pleasant and cheerful aspect

while the frost has been biting with a sharper tooth than known for many years.

NOTES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

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

Gettysburg, Sept. 7th.—If it were not for the unmistakable evidences which surround us, it would be difficult to realize that the rebels ever came away up here. But after seeing what we have seen within the last few days, not only does such realization become easy, but the conviction forces itself upon us that while here they must have given some pretty striking proofs of their presence.

On Saturday we started off to visit some of the most important scenes of the late battle. Before we got out of the town we found a few objects of interest, not the least of which was the house of Mr. W., a tanner. This residence is a large brick building, and during the battle was held by rebel sharpshooters. One end of it stood towards our lines, and as a consequence suffered rather severely. Every foot of brick had bullet marks, while the two upper windows were pierced by nineteen rifle balls. A picket fence and some trees, as well as a few bundles of shingles, all of which were in the line of fire, bore similar indications of hard usage. Mrs. W.—informed us that for three days the family remained in the cellar, not daring to venture up stairs before ten at night. No shells had struck here, but another brick house, taken by the rebels for a similar purpose, was struck by three shells and two solid shot. The latter entered at one end and passed out at the other, making holes but little larger than the shot itself, while the former, although but three inches in diameter, left openings through which one could crawl without difficulty. One of these had struck on the end of the building just below the chimney, and separating that useful projection from the roof, had settled it into the attic. A sign on the door bore the announcement, "Admittance, twenty-five cents." Truly that man is a Yankee.

Passing out of the town we soon arrived at the cemetery, concerning which so much has been written. It stands very near the centre of what were our lines. The entire length of line must have been about two miles, from any point of which, so elevated was our position, one could look down on the town and the rebel position beyond. The latter swept round the town in a semicircle of nearly eight miles in length. On our left, and about a mile distant, stands "Roundtop," the termination of the Federal line in that direction, and on the right, at about the same distance, can be seen "Wolf Hill" at the other extremity. To this latter point we had decided to go.

Already, as we commenced our march, following in the footsteps of thousands, whose interested feet had worn a path just within the line of breastworks, indications of the late fight became more numerous. Broken ammunition boxes, knapsacks, canteens, and pieces of clothing, were seen in abundance, while in places the plowed-up ground, the shattered and uprooted trees, and the many newly made graves, proved that the contest had been both severe and fatal there. Not an uncommon sight would be a military boot, with the leg opened from top to bottom and the foot torn by a shell or shot, thus showing that it had been removed from some sufferer. This was mostly in the orchards, and more open places, but when we entered the woods on the side of Wolf Hill, we scarcely trace of battle could be seen, until arrived nearly at the end of the feeble defence. Here the latter swept around the side of the hill for about a hundred yards through a grove of very large trees. At this point the fighting must have been perfectly awful. It was here where the rebels made such desperate attempts to turn our right. Our guide informed us that, rushing up through the woods, they charged upon our breastworks in solid masses. Some idea of the hearty reception they received, may be obtained from an inspection of the trees in that direction. While other portions of the wood are in full foliage, here, for at least one hundred yards in length, and as far down as one can look through ordinary woods, the entire grove is killed. Every inch of the trees, on the side towards our men, from the ground for at least fifteen feet upwards, is marked by bullets. We counted one hundred and twenty-five such marks on one tree, within a much less height. A memento cut by us, and about the size of an ordinary walking stick, had been struck fourteen times. It will not be deemed an exaggeration by any one who has seen the place, if we assert that a storm of lead, for one hundred yards in length, and fifteen feet in height must have swept down through the woods, the bullets being on an average of two inches apart. The result of such a fire was, as one might expect, most disastrous to the foe. Yesterday, while talking with a wounded rebel in the hospital, he informed me that his brigade entered that charge twenty-two hundred strong, and came out of it with less than five hundred. In his own regiment, every man was struck down. I afterwards met his colonel in one of the tents. This officer had been wounded in three places, but, unfortunately, none of them proved fatal, and the fellow was as insolent as ever.

The hospital is situated in a large field and consists of seven long rows of tents. Each tent contains eleven cots, yet there is not the least appearance of crowding. Three of these rows are occupied by rebels, who number nearly six hundred. There are about fourteen hundred patients in all. Their condition is everything that abundance combined with kindness and attention could make it. And be it said to their credit, their appreciation of this devotion is thorough. In the midst of all their afflictions they manifest a cheerful, and even a happy disposition. Some, it is true, seem sad enough. One poor fellow, for instance, who had been accidentally blown from our guns, and had lost both his arms. So, also, as one passed around from tent to tent an occasional cot would be seen

where the motionless form, the closed and sunken eyes, and the pallid and deathlike countenance, betokened the nearness of death. But nearer and closer to the dying soldier knelt an angel—it must have been, for the whispered words of Heaven and home had resulted in that holy calmness, though there was not the power, if the disposition, to check the spirit's flight.

While gazing about among the tents, we had continually heard cries and groans, apparently coming from a few very old tents removed some distance from the hospitals. It seemed as if some one must be in deepest anguish. At last we inquired of a passing soldier, what place that was up there. "That? why, that's purgatory," replied the man, with perfect composure as he passed along. Explanation from other sources revealed the fact that where there was no possible hope of a man's recovery, and when his sufferings were such as to cause him to disturb others, he was removed to this place to die. "A sort of intermediate state," said our authority this time.

We approached the tent from which the cries appeared to issue, and never shall I forget the sight within. A rebel, fallen away almost to a skeleton, his eyes glaring and rolling with unmistakable insanity, was making desperate efforts to tear the bandages from his wounds. A companion sat upon the bed, holding the poor fellow's hands, and endeavoring to restrain him, but the efforts of the dying man were very strong, so that a second attendant was required. This one showed but little hesitation, and about as much feeling about the matter, for he took a stout bandage, and, tying the man's hands across his breast, held them in that position while he sat on the edge of the bed, whispering "Dixie." To our remarks in regard to the sick man's condition, this one replied, "Yes, he's pretty low. Guess he'll go up to-night."

To-day, we went out to "Roundtop," the left termination of the Federal line. The cemetery through which we passed on our way, is but very little injured. The walls of the arch—which, by the way, seem to constitute the home of the keeper—have been struck several times, though not seriously damaged. Crossing over the ground already selected for the monument, we struck the line of breastworks, and followed it along to where another desperate attack had been made by the rebels. All along the line, knapsacks, clothing, dead horses, and unexploded shells, were seen in abundance. A little imp, who had followed us, took up one of the cap shells, and giving it a pretty vigorous shake, informed us that if he shook it well it would explode. He soon had plenty of room to try his experiment.

At this end of the line, the rebels were obliged to charge across a deep ravine and over immense stones, jumping from stone to stone, for a distance of forty yards. All in among these stones are holes or chasms, and many of them twelve or fifteen feet deep. A small brook runs among them. As the rebels charged across here, scores of them were shot down, and their bodies fell into these deep crevices. To-day, I have seen many of them, in some places, three or four in one hole. Such a crossed did not fare so well as regards graves, for many an arm or leg or head projects from the thinly covered graves. A soldier who was present, expressed the patriotic hope that he might die on the field of battle. "Why, so, my friend," I asked, with admiration. "Oh, they have such a glorious way of burying a fellow. They don't shut him up in a little, dark hole, but give him plenty of room and lots of air."

Returning to the town we passed by a blacksmith's shop, every window of which was broken. Scarcely a perfect square of glass remained. It appeared that some inquiring youth who was anxious to see a shell explode, as well as hear it, had taken a hoghead, and placing it on one side had crawled into it and passed a red hot iron wire out through a hole in the bottom into the shell. He was not quite killed, but the result rather surpassed his expectations.

Flap Doodle's Commentaries, DE BELLO REBELLO ET CORPORE AFRICANO.

CHAPTER II.

Port Hudson is the principal city of the uplands up, having a population of about 15,000 (dark colored) souls, the male part of which population—about one third—have been cruelly torn from loving homes, and are forced to bear arms against their former protectors.

A few poor whites still remain here, living, for the most part, in miserable rag houses and caves.

These poor whites who are low Irish and Dutch, with a sprinkling of puritan Yankees, from the barbarous wilds of bleak New England, were picked up in the streets of New York and induced to come hither by one Capt. Dullman, by large promises of position and advancement in the Corps Africano.

These poor whites soon discovered their mistake, but there being no chance of escape from the Mosquito Department they set about making themselves as comfortable as possible, and accordingly constructed rude shanties from the debris of the barracks formerly occupied by the Confederate, to shelter themselves and their families from the intense cold which prevails in this region during the greater part of the year.

These rude buildings, however, were no sooner discovered by Gen. Fudiddi, Superintendent of erections, than he ordered them to be razed to the ground, demolished and entirely destroyed, that no trace of them might be had among men and nations forever.

The houses of the old town, present few striking characteristics to the traveller in pursuit of knowledge or pleasure, but bear evident marks of having been struck, and in one respect at least can hardly fail to attract the attention of the most casual observer, viz, in the promiscuous and irregular manner of lighting and ventilation, for instance; the church—where of yore the inhabitants of this godly Port were

wont to draw their weekly (or weakly) ration of spiritual nutriment, now, alas, a sordid warehouse filled with material—pork and beans—is lighted by several ugly holes through its sides, and ventilated in the steeple.

Houses, through whose open casements the gentle breeze, laden with the rich perfume of the negro quarter and putrid alligators, on the placid bayous, fanned the fair brow and toyed with the golden tresses of some fair daughter of the Southland—now, alas, those windows are double shuttered to bar the entrance of icy blasts, invariable accompaniment of the merciless invader.

The broad streets of this once prosperous city are paved with percussion shells, mostly of the Sawyer pattern, and which now burst when they are expected to.

An occasional mule team attached to one of the heavy government wagons is lifted into the air a few feet, but this occasions little surprise among the scared veterans here, and less comment.

Horses and mules who have the misfortune to die are not as in our country decently interred, but are allowed to lie undisturbed in the free air, until the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, or some deficient Commissary, convert their flesh into other flesh.

The scent from their decaying remains (i.e. when suffered to decay) is very disagreeable to our people, but is regarded as sanitary by the doctors, and is quite agreeable to African factories.

The only railroad in this section is the P. H. & Clinton, but is not used so much now as it was, owing to a serious decline in trade and travel.

Pencilings by the Way.

FARMINGTON, Oct. 13th, 1863.

Dear Mail:—In continuation of our journey, we left Skowhegan on Monday morning last, taking the road on the south side of the river, which, from Norridgewock to Skowhegan, runs about east northeast, and passing the villages of Norridgewock and Mercer on our way, found ourselves (my baby sister of thirty years being with me) at eleven o'clock,—the witching hour of olden times,—comfortably "put up" at the Kilgore House in New Sharon.

Norridgewock is the county seat for Somerset county. It does, now, but a small business to what it formerly did; but perhaps there are few places in this part of the country better adapted for a comfortable and pleasant residence for a retired business man than this. The beautiful trees set out many years ago, the most of them, I believe, by the hand of old Dea. Thomas Spaulding, and which have now become large; together with the broad, level street, the beautiful residences, the unusual quiet of a village, the intelligence of the people, and their sociality, would seem to make this just the place for a family of means to reside in. Ex-Chief Justice Tenney resides here, who having served twenty-one years upon the Bench, as Judge of our Supreme Judicial Court, and having been left off to make room for a more youthful aspirant, has been now called by the people of this county to represent them in the Senate of Maine, and we presume the representatives of the people in the Senate will make him president of that body, at the ensuing session. Here, too, next to Judge Tenney's, and between that and the court house, stands that same old tavern which we were wont to see when a very small boy—with the same old sign hanging on the old sign-post by the side of the road, with the same old inscription, "J. Danforth, 1814," all looking just as good as new, having, probably, been re-painted every succeeding year to look just as it did the year before, for the last fifty years. Inside, are the same old bachelors and old maiden ladies as of yore, and though Judge Greene and Col. Hutchinson and Col. Kidder and a host of those old worthies we used to see there, have passed away, and gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," yet the same old clock stands in the corner, the same old hearthstones are there, and but one of the modern improvements is to be noticed,—and we would rather dispense with that improvement than not,—and that is, a substitution of plain black, sheet-iron, air-tight stoves, in place of the old open fireplaces, which used to greet us with the bright blaze of the socially-appearing fire, made from seasoned hard wood, laid upon the old-fashioned brass andirons. Old-fashioned as they are, there is no better place to stop at, anywhere, than at Danforth's.

Mercer, seven miles from Norridgewock, is the residence of the Hon. Hannibal Ingalls, who has been a regular trader there for thirty-nine years; of course he has got rich, and he ought, we think, after one more year, to retire and enjoy the fruits of his labor. Our old friend, Col. Thompson, is also a resident of this place. As we made no stop here, and had no previous acquaintance, we can say but little about this place.

New Sharon, six miles from Mercer, is situated on the Sandy River, and is a village, we should judge, of some six hundred inhabitants. There is a fine water power and several mills of different kinds. It is quite a place for manufacturing shoes. Here, we met our old friend Curtis, who does quite a business as a wool dealer and stock broker. By the way, they must have a very tough breed of cattle, hereabouts, judging from the beef that we attempted to eat at two or three visits we have made here. Here, also, we found Bro. O. L. Currier, one of the oldest, as well as one of the best, lawyers in Franklin County.

After dinner, we pursued our journey up the Sandy River, passing the village at Farmington Falls to Farmington. This is one of the most delightful rides to be found in the country, according to my notion of things. The farms are most beautiful. Large intervals lie along on both sides of the river, nearly the whole distance between New Sharon and Farmington, nine miles, generally neat and well cultivated. The stock, from appearance, was

much improved from the tough breed that we tried for dinner. Good horses, however, are scarce. We wanted a good horse and looked anxiously about for five good horses which we saw near a barn that stands alone, near the road just after we crossed a stream about half way between Farmington Falls and the "Hill," on our visit this way a year ago—but we could not see them. We supposed they must be with the "Army of the Potomac."

We arrived at the "Hill," as Farmington village is called, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and put up with our copperhead friend, Pillsbury, editor of the *Franklin Patriot*. We found Pillsbury as resigned and in as good humor as could be expected under all the circumstances; for although he thought the "great Union party" were taking the most direct road to disunion, still he hopes that as all things work together for good to us who love the Lord, that it is best to love the Lord as hard as we can and leave the event with him.

Yours, etc., TRAVELLER.

Under the appropriate head, this week, will be found a notice of the decease of the wife of Prof. William Mathews, of Chicago University. For the gratification of her numerous friends in this vicinity we publish the following resolutions, adopted at a meeting of the Faculty and students of the University:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his mysterious providence, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, our sister, the wife of Prof. William Mathews—therefore be it

Resolved, That in the afflictive dispensation, we although in sorrow, humbly recognize the hand of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathies to the husband who has thus been deprived of a faithful and affectionate wife, to the parents who have lost a daughter, who, by her filial piety, was the joy of their old age; to the relatives in their loss of a consistent Christian friend.

Resolved, That in her death the Church of Christ has lost a devoted member, society a bright ornament, and we a kind and constant friend.

Resolved, That we accompany the remains of the deceased to the grave, and wear the usual badge of mourning in respect for her memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the husband and parents of the deceased.

A. J. HOWE, Secretary.
October 9th, 1863.
J. A. METS, Chairman.

COLLECTORSHIP OF PORTLAND.

Israel Washburn, Jr., late Governor of the State, has been tendered the Collectorship of Portland by the President, and has signified his acceptance of the office. The Portland Press says the appointment was not sought by Gov. Washburn, but was tendered to him at the request of the leading merchants of that city.

A CHANGE.—Hearing of the safe arrival in California of Mr. J. C. Bartlett and family, reminds us that we omitted, at the proper time to mention a recent business change. Mr. Bartlett, who for so long a period, and so acceptably, served his employers and the public, as the Agent of the Express Company, in this village, has concluded to again try his fortunes in the land of gold; and his place is filled by Mr. E. W. Hilton, not entirely unknown, who we are confident will commend himself to public favor by a prompt, courteous and faithful discharge of his duties.

CASUALTIES AT BRISTOW'S STATION. In the engagement at Bristow's Station on the 14th inst, between the 2d corps and a division of the rebel army under Gen. Hill, resulting in a brilliant victory to our arms, the casualties in the 19th Maine were as follows:

Killed. Franklin A. Wood, Co. B.
Wounded. Co. A, Frank Ingalls; Co. B, I. H. Cross, Wm. H. Small; Co. G, Walter Jerrold, Wm. Strunge; Co. F, L. G. Trask; Co. H, Geo. Thacker, severely, Francis Brown, Chas. Jenkins; Co. K, C. Plummer.

FIRE AT ANSON.—We are informed that there was a very destructive fire at Anson, on Thursday night, commencing about 10 o'clock, in the stable of Bryant's hotel. The hotel, with its stables and appurtenances, four stores, two dwelling houses, three barns, and about \$15,000 worth of wool, are said to be among the property destroyed.

SEND IT!—Don't neglect your boys or brothers in the army, but order the *Mail* sent to them regularly, that they may see that you bear them in mind. We send many numbers to the soldiers, and are assured that they are regularly received in all cases. We take subscriptions for any period not less than one month, at the yearly rate.

S. or T.—The session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of this State, was held in Bangor on Tuesday and Wednesday. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

John J. Bell, G. W. P., Carmel; Chas. W. Coffin, G. W. A., Sidney; Benj. F. Thorndike, G. S., Portland; John S. Kimball, G. T., Bangor; Rev. W. J. Robinson, G. Chaplain, Bangor; Andrew Jackson, G. C., Bath; T. G. Harris, G. S., Bath.

Sessions for next year—January at Bath, April, at Skowhegan, July at Portland, October, Annual Session, at Kendall's Mills.

LASSALL FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next term of this excellent institution begins November 19th. See advertisement.

Miss Naomi Bunker, favorably known in this vicinity, is one of the teachers in this Institution.

UGN!—We have had some pretty cold days here lately—sharp but exceedingly pleasant—but it makes us shiver to think of the poor people out west. Why, in St. Louis, and the region round about, including a large portion of Indiana and Illinois, they have had six inches of snow—enough for good sleighing.

In response to the call of the President for more troops, Gov. Coburn has issued an address to the people of our State, urging a speedy compliance with the request of our national executive. Maine will not be found lagging in her duty.

CARPETS.—A great trade is carried on through these times of high prices, by the New England Carpet Company, of Boston. See their advertisement in to-day's paper.

The quota of Maine under the late call for 300,000 more troops, is 7,854. We hope they may be promptly raised.

