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Maxham & Wing

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WEARINESS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the way-side inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throbb'd and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires!
Mine, that so long has glow'd and burn'd,
With passions into ashes turn'd,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine!
Reflected through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

CARRIE HARDING.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

'What are you studying so earnestly, Carrie?'

'French verbs, mother. Miss Delattre said I was backward in my verbs; and, as she is so kind as to teach me her language for nothing, the least I can do is to try to be a credit to my teacher.'

'Right, you are right, Carrie. Learn all you can now, it will come of use some time, be sure of that.' And the widow sighed as her eye rested on the intelligent face raised to hers, regretting the limited advantages accorded to the child.

True, she went to the public school, but there were many times when Mrs. Harding's illness kept the uncomplaining little girl in her room for weeks at a time.

Mrs. Harding was the widow of a sea captain; and of seven children, Carrie was the only one who had survived her infancy. Carrie was, at the time my story opens, in her thirteenth year, tall, but very slender, with a pale, thin face, lighted by large brown eyes, of wonderful intelligence.

Accustomed from her earliest childhood to be her mother's comfort and support, Carrie's willing little hands were fitted for many a task suited to older years. To cook their simple meals, to take care of the room, and help her mother to sew, were her daily tasks; and when illness came, Carrie's busy hands finished the work her mother was unable to complete, and took it home.

In the same house, where Mrs. Harding rented a room, there lived an old French lady, who earned an humble livelihood by making artificial flowers. She had lived for years in this little house, and none suspected her of being born to a higher station than the one she filled; but her history was one quite common, but not less mournful on that account. She had been a lady of rank and fortune, driven from her home by the Revolution, and obliged to turn the pretty art she had learned to decorate her own rooms and dresses into a means of gaining her daily bread. From their first meeting, there had been a cordial feeling between Mrs. Harding and Miss Delattre; and the old French lady especially loved the active, handy little Carrie. She had taught her to cut and form the many colored muslins into flowers, and was repaid by many an hour of active assistance when a large, hurried order required constant work. Then, seeing the child's love for books and study, she began to teach her her own musical language, and felt a real pleasure in hearing the well-loved accents from the fresh girl's voice.

'There! I know it!' and Carrie laid aside her book and came close to her mother's side. 'Mother, do you feel sick to-night? You are so pale, and your lips look dry and parched.'

'My head aches,' and Mrs. Harding leaned wearily back in her chair, letting the sewing fall from her listless fingers.

Carrie placed a soft, cool hand on her mother's forehead, whispering, in low, loving accents: 'Poor mamma! dear mamma! Lie down and rest!'

'No, no!' this must be done to-night, said her mother, taking up the sewing.

'I will finish it! Oh, dear, I can't—it is embroidery! I must learn to embroider. Oh, mamma, how I wish I could help you!'

'You do help me, Carrie. Think how little I should get done if I had to stop to run home with work, to make the bed, dust, sweep, or do all the labor my little girl does so handsomely.'

'I will make you a cup of tea now, and see if it will not take the pain from that poor head.' And, pleased with the idea of relieving her mother, Carrie hummed a merry little tune as she proceeded with her labor of love.

The tea did not prove a sufficiently powerful remedy, and Mrs. Harding was forced to lay aside the work and resign herself to Carrie's nursing.

The next morning, rising softly and dressing herself, Carrie was preparing to get breakfast, when a moan from the bed startled her. She went towards it. Mrs. Harding lay with her eyes staring wide open, a bright color in her cheeks, her lips parted, breathing heavily.

'Mamma!' said Carrie, uneasily, for she had never seen her mother look so before.

'Go away!' said her mother, turning her eyes towards her daughter, without one ray of recognition in them. 'Go away!'

'Go away, mamma? Will you send away your own little Carrie?' And the child bent over her, and kissed the hot cheeks.

'I tell you to go away!' cried Mrs. Harding. 'I know what you want. You want to persuade Harry to go to sea again without me! Harry, don't leave me! It is so lonely when you are away! My babies are all dead, Harry; don't leave me all alone!'

The tears started into Carrie's eyes at the mournful pathos of her mother's voice, and then she drew in her breath quickly with terror, for it was the first time she had ever seen delirium. What could all her mother!

'Mamma, dear mother, don't you know me?' she said pleadingly.

'Hush!' said her mother, 'don't you hear the waves? Under the waves! far away at sea! Dead! dead! and he could not bid me good-by. I couldn't go! They wouldn't let him take me and the baby! Carrie! Where is my baby? Did she die too?'

'I am here, mother. Your own little Carrie!' sobbed the child.

'Don't cry,' said Mrs. Harding, looking earnestly at her; 'don't cry. We must all die. It's only that some are called earlier than others.'

Frightened now beyond her powers of control, the child left her mother's side to seek assistance. Miss Delattre, answering her loud, terrified knock, accompanied her back to the room. One glance showed her how the case was, and she called Carrie effectually by telling her that her mother's life, perhaps, depended upon careful, quiet nursing. Loving, as she did, the only parent she had ever known, Carrie controlled her grief by an effort, marvellous in one so young, and started to go for a doctor.

Miss Delattre, seeing the impropriety of leaving her friend entirely in the charge of a

mere child, brought the table with her articles of toil upon it, and sat down to await the arrival of Carrie with the doctor.

A few days of violent illness—bitter days, during which the poor child obtained not one glance of recognition and love, and then Carrie Harding was motherless.

'She shall come to my room. I teach her my trade. She shall live with me!' said Miss Delattre, when the question how to dispose of the child came up.

These were days and nights of bitter, mournful sorrow; but, young as she was, Carrie had been taught by a pious parent where to look for comfort, and Miss Delattre, a sincere, earnest Christian herself, enforced the early lessons; and, as the elasticity of a child's mind gradually awakened to new impressions, she became cheerful, happy once more. Not that she forgot, but she let present duties fill her time, and draw her thoughts from unavailing sorrow. Many tears were shed as she and her kind old friend talked over the loved one who was gone; but they were quiet tears, and she became resigned to the will of Providence, and calm in proportion as she felt willing to submit.

Her days passed quietly, but were not without their pleasures. Miss Delattre, who loved her intensely, took her from school, to superintend, herself, her studies. It was a pleasant sight to see the old lady with busy fingers, shaping the leaves which the child cut and handed to her, and all the while listening to the recitations the little one was giving. As French from constant intercourse with her instructor became easier, Carrie gradually fell into the habit of using it instead of her own tongue, and reciting her lessons in history or geography in her teacher's own language.

Her mother had been dead some months, when her room was taken by a gentleman, a middle aged man, with light hair and a heavy beard, whose violin and piano preceded him, and who met the child in the entry with a grunt and a nod of approval.

She gave him a shy, but graceful salutation, her eyes wandering curiously to the open piano, visible through the door.

'You know him, ha?' said the gentleman, following her gaze.

'Sir?'

'You play him?'

'No, sir!'

'You have heard him?'

'No, sir!'

'Come in, come in! I plays him for you.'

Carrie followed him into the room, full of curiosity, wondering what the queer looking instrument could be.

The first chord made her eyes open wide with delighted surprise. A hand organ and the human voice were the only mediums through which the child had ever heard music, and this was like opening a new world. The musician, amused and pleased by the unaffected delight betokened in the eager face and large, dark eyes, played one simple air after another; when he ceased, Carrie, drawing a deep breath, and unconsciously using one of her old friend's exclamations, whispered: 'C'est magnifique!'

Her own delight in the music was equalled by the expression of the musician's face. 'Vous parlez Français?' he cried.

'Oui, monsieur!' said Carrie, blushing as she spoke.

The gentleman, or, we may as well give him his name, Mr. Beauvais, began eagerly to question her about her love of music, and while he appeared amazed at her ignorance of different instruments, he was delighted by the intelligence of her answers, and, above all, by her pure Parisian accent and correct use of the language. Questions, delicately put, elicited from the little girl a simple but touching account of her mother's death and her dear friend and instructor Miss Delattre. At this point of the conversation, finding he had a countrywoman in the building, the musician, discarding all ceremony, took the hand of his little friend and started to pay his respects to Miss Delattre. The rooms being directly opposite to each other, separated only by an entry, Miss Delattre had heard much of the conversation, and rose to meet her guest as he came into the room.

He introduced himself! Mons. Beauvais, first violinist of the theatre orchestra, and her countryman.

The three neighbors were soon fast friends. Many a meal Carrie's active little fingers prepared for Mr. Beauvais, amply repaid by the uninterrupted flow of music from his violin or piano, and through the open doors the sounds of his practicing made little fingers fly speedily in the pretty task of flower making, and the little old maid's heart beat with new life and energy.

One morning Mr. Beauvais had gone to rehearsal, Miss Delattre out purchasing the materials to fill a large order for flowers, and Carrie, having put both rooms in perfect order, was wandering listlessly up and down, weary with the, to her, novel weariness of nothing to do. Her eye rested on the open piano and, crossing the entry, she sat down before it, wishing intensely that she could draw from it the sweet sounds which Mr. Beauvais's fingers called forth. With a timid hand she touched one of the keys, then another, and having run the scale with light frightened fingers, she began slowly and laboriously to pick out note by note one of her favorite airs. Finding the task rather a hopeless one, she abandoned the effort and began to hum the air. Before the arrival of the wondrous instruments of music she had often sung softly as she moved about her work, but her wonderful reverence for them had lately kept her musical efforts silent. Now, alone, and full of earnestness to hear the air she loved, she gradually allowed her voice to rise and swell, sometimes touching one of the keys, flushing with delight if it accorded with the tones of her voice. A new idea now struck her. She could not play the air, but she could sing it, and some of her notes accorded with these white and black keys. After several trials she found she could sing and play occasionally a note without interrupting the air, and with this simple, one note accompaniment, she poured forth her pure clear voice fearlessly. No miser, over a new-found treasure, ever felt his heart beat with more rapture than this child felt at her newly-discovered power. Her pale cheeks flushed crimson, her eyes were raised, and her whole figure seemed expanded with rapture; as the clear notes swelled higher and higher, filling the little room with waves of melody. At last, excited, trembling with pleasure, she bent her head over the piano, and burst into tears. An exclamation behind her made her start and spring to her feet.

Mons. Beauvais stood there, and not alone.

With him was a gentleman, whom she had never seen before, whose large blue eyes rested full upon her trembling figure and flushed face, as she stood silent before him.

'Is this one of your pupils, Beauvais?' he said, putting his fingers under the child's chin, and gently raising her tearful face.

'No, sir! I never heard her sing before!'

'Who taught you?' said the gentleman kindly, to Carrie.

'No one, sir. They were all out, and I tried a little. I was very careful not to strike hard, and I did not wear it out much, I hope!'

Both gentlemen laughed, and glad not to be scolded for meddling, the child glided past them into her own little room.

'Beauvais, that child's a genius!' said the stranger.

'Eh, sure! I never heard her sing before!' repeated the musician, who was in truth overwhelmed with surprise at Carrie's performance.

The conversation turned upon other topics, and having settled the business which had brought him there, the arrangements for a serenade to be given to one of his fashionable friends, Mr. Clarence Latimer went away, and wondered who that child was with such a magnificent voice, and then forgot the whole incident.

Not so Mons. Beauvais. The idea that he had lived for six months within reach of such a voice, and never heard it, confounded him. He had liked Carrie, was pleased with her attentions to himself, and her frankly expressed delight at his music, but he had never thought of taking the same place as Miss Delattre towards their little friend. Now the case seemed entirely altered, and he at once conceived the design of instructing the child, and cultivating the musical talent with which she was evidently endowed.

Words cannot describe Carrie's ecstasy when this plan was imparted to her. Her eyes filled with tears, and throwing herself on her friend's bosom, she fairly sobbed out her thanks. From that time regular hours were set apart for music.

Six years had passed since Mrs. Harding died, when it became necessary for Carrie to leave the quiet, happy seclusion in which she had hitherto lived, and go out into the great city to earn her living. Miss Delattre had taken early in the winter a severe cold, neglect of its symptoms had increased it, rheumatism came after, and finally terminated in the loss of the use of the right hand. Now was the time for Carrie to repay the years of care which the old lady had lavished upon her, and she cheerfully took up the burden.

Making flowers she soon found would not be sufficient; it was very well while there were two persons to work at it, but, alone, she found her labors would not be sufficient to support them.

She applied at the millinery establishment for which her old friend had worked for so many years, and they readily agreed to take her as a hand.

A perfect French scholar and a fine musician, it may seem strange that she did not think of these accomplishments as a means of support; but Carrie never thought of this. For every difficulty that she conquered in music, her instructor supplied another to be surmounted, and the young girl really felt that her progress was slow, and would have urged her own incompetency had any one suggested to her to teach the art in which she was so promising a pupil; and, as for French, so natural was it now for her to use it, that she did not think of it as an accomplishment. She would as soon have thought of priding herself upon speaking English correctly.

Mrs. Manners, the principal of the milliner's store in which Carrie now worked, placed her as saleswoman in the show room. Her childish leanness of contour had vanished with her growth, the thin face was now a beautiful oval, the pale complexion, still white and smooth, was tinged with a healthful color, and a profusion of rich brown hair shaded the broad white forehead. Tall, graceful, and beautiful, with a natural refinement, improved by her intercourse with her old French friend, Carrie was a most valuable acquisition in the show room, especially as a native modesty, fostered by her secluded life, made her unobtrusive and respectful. Her evenings were devoted to music and the society of her friend.

'Carrie, can you spare time to alter the arrangement of these flowers?' said Mrs. Manners, coming into the show room with an exquisite crape hat in her hand. 'Mrs. Latimer wishes to have them higher up, and the girls are so hurried just now.'

'Certainly; give it to me. How stiff they are!' And with quick, skilful fingers, Carrie took off the flowers, and began to reshape them.

'Don't! you will tear them to pieces!' cried Mrs. Manners.

'Tear them to pieces!' said Carrie, smiling. 'Why, I have spent nearly all my life making flowers! There! Is not that better?'

'Beautiful! There, put them in. Here comes Mrs. Latimer, and—why, bless me, she has got our new neighbor, the rich French lady who lives around the corner. If I can secure her custom I'm a made milliner; for, I think, she wears a new bonnet every time she goes out.'

Mrs. Latimer, a tall, elderly lady, entered the salesroom, accompanied by another lady about her own age, dressed with exquisite taste, and with a mild, benevolent face once seen never to be forgotten.

After duly admiring the change in her new hat, wrought by Carrie's skilful fingers, Mrs. Latimer introduced Madame de Villa, and, pleading an engagement, hurried away, leaving her friend to make her own selections. A difficulty now arose, which Carrie, occupied in another part of the room, did not at first perceive. Mrs. Manners could speak nothing but English; Madame de Villa nothing but French. Wearied at last with the fruitless efforts to understand her customer, Mrs. Manners turned away, saying:—

'Dear me! how provoking to lose such a rich customer, just because I can't speak French!'

Carrie caught the words, and coming to Madame de Villa, requested her order in French. Mrs. Manners was surprised, but gratified; and through the medium of this willing interpreter, the order was clearly delivered.

'Call at my house this afternoon, and I will give you the flowers for the bonnet,' said Madame de Villa to Carrie, as she left.

'Will you go?' said Mrs. Manners. 'I know it is not exactly your place, but the errand girl would never understand her.'

'Certainly, I will go,' said Carrie.

When she made the promised call, Madame de Villa sent for her to come up into her dressing-room. The young girl's eyes would rove with a natural curiosity over furniture, dresses, and bijouterie, such as she had never seen before; but she listened attentively to the directions for the disposal of the flowers.

Hearing her own tongue from such a musical voice, and with such pure accent from a beautiful girl, who, simply attired, acted as saleswoman in a store, naturally roused Madame de Villa's curiosity; and, courteously requesting Carrie to be seated, she began to question her, and in a short time drew from her her simple history.

'Why do you not teach French?' she asked. 'You say you have studied the grammar thoroughly; your accent is pure and your idioms correct.'

'I should not know where to apply for scholars,' said Carrie. 'I have no friends excepting Mons. Beauvais and Miss Delattre, and they have lived very secluded.'

'Well, well, we will see!' said Madame de Villa, and Carrie, understanding that the interview was over, took her leave.

The next morning she was standing in the show-room alone, when Mrs. Latimer came in. 'Miss Harding,' she said, coming abruptly to this point, 'I have been talking to Madame de Villa about you, and she says you are competent to teach French. I have been looking out for a French teacher for my daughter, and having ascertained from Mrs. Manners that the story you told yesterday was true—I have, don't blush, we never doubted it—I have come to engage your services. As I know that one scholar alone will not support you, I propose to get more. Come to my house on Wednesday evening next; I am going to have a party, and I will introduce you to some of my friends who have children, and we will try to make you a class. There's not a word. You are a good girl, or Mrs. Manners would never speak of you as she does. Be sure you come on Wednesday. Stay! I will send for you. What is your address?'

Carrie gave it, and Mrs. Latimer left her. Invited to a party at one of the largest houses in the city, and by one of its most elegant leaders of fashion, Carrie was half afraid she was dreaming.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Advice Gratis to the Slow-coach Family. Don't take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means.

Emulate Rip Van Winkle; steep your senses in moral and mental oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing about you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose \$500 or \$6,000 by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air.

If you have children don't take any paper for them; tell them 'book-larnin' ain't no 'count.' Let them tumble in the highway unshod, uncombed, and in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the States Prison it will be through no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow, and reap as your stupid old father did before you; scoff at agricultural papers, and sneer and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better. By not reading papers you will succeed if a farmer, in leaving the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at any fair for rot; cabbages that are all leaves and no head; turnips destroyed in the shoot by worms; hay mouldy and musty, because you despised barometers and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years and starved Nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return; all these calamities and many more will befall you because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it 'hard luck,' but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's mere 'book larnin'.

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of pocket, temper, money, credit; in short everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people after all; so let us then exclaim 'The Press forever!'

TREATMENT OF CROUP. — 'A Physician's Wife,' writes to the American Agriculturist:—

Croup gives warning in advance, and woe to the mother who fails to heed that warning. Last Sunday morning the good of the sermon was lost to me by the dry hacking cough of a little boy in one of the front pews. As the sermon progressed the cough grew deeper and harder, and I thought the services would never get through. A mother in front of me clutched nervously at her shawl every time the child coughed, as if she would faint pull it off and wrap it around the child. There he sat with a low necked jacket around the throat, and part of the chest exposed and bare. The sight of a corpse would hardly have chilled me more. I was a stranger to the lady who sat beside him, but learned that she was his mother. 'Do you know your child has got the croup?' asked a woman as she came up the aisle. 'Yes, he was croupy last night,' she replied quietly. 'Why don't you tie something round his neck then?'

'I did, and if you want to save his life give him an emetic as soon as you get home, rub liniment on his throat and chest, and get him in a perspiration; keep him warm for a day or two, and give him light food. The mother passed out, and I hope she followed the directions. 'Who is it?' I inquired. 'O, it's Mrs. Blank,' she replied, 'and it is not two weeks since she buried a child.' There is no disease more simple to cure in its outset than croup, inflammatory croup excepted, and no disease more baffling to physicians when allowed to proceed too far. Now is the croup harvest; one day is warm, another is cold, and in many families the winter clothes are not ready until near Christmas. This ought not to be. Mothers ought always to have on hand a few simple remedies for child diseases, for with many families a doctor is so distant, and his being at home so uncertain, that sickness may have made fatal progress before he

arrives. The butchering season is at hand now, and it is proverbially croupy. Fresh sausages and pork steak are too tempting for the children's appetites, and the stomach out of order, I have noticed, will bring on croup nearly as quick as taking cold. A mother who seldom employs a doctor, said to me, 'I have never known an emetic fail in curing croup when given in season.' It is always used in our family, and with the same success.

PUT WATER ON THE STOVE!—Let the reader look a little into the science of this matter for himself. The practical lessons to be learned will be useful. The air acts upon water like a sponge—it sucks up and secretes more or less of the fluid; but with this difference, namely, that the warmer the air, the more will it secrete. For illustration, take a room 12 by 15 feet, and 9 feet high, which contains 1620 feet of air. This amount of air at the freezing point, (32°) will contain only 3807 grains, or a little over half a pint of water. Heat the air to 50° and it will absorb 6869 grains, or very nearly a full pint. Heat the air to 70 degrees, or barely to a comfortable summer warmth, and it will absorb 12,863 grains, or nearly a quart of water. Heat the same air to 100 degrees, or just above blood warmth, and it will absorb 39,975 grains, or nearly two and a half quarts of water! That is, increasing the temperature increases the capacity of the air to absorb water. In a cold room the air often feels damp; warm the air by a stove and it becomes dry and unpleasant—the moisture has been absorbed and hidden in the air, and the sponge-like capacity of the air draws the moisture from the skin.

On the contrary, cooling the air lessens its capacity to hold water, and it deposits the surplus. A tumbler of cold water cools the air near it, and the surplus moisture is deposited upon the outside of the glass. The window panes exposed to the outside cold, cool the adjoining air on the inside, and the moisture is deposited on the glass. The air thus cooled sinks down and warm air takes its place, and more moisture is deposited, until the glass is dripping wet, and perhaps the water freezes upon the windows. A cold current of air meets a warmer one in the air and chills it; the moisture previously concealed is thrown out in the form of vapor or clouds, and when the deposit is large, the watery particles unite and descend in rain drops. [Digging a soil, that is, opening a cooler soil to admit the hot atmosphere, causes a condensation of moisture; hence the advice to hoe frequently to alleviate the effects of severe drought.] The practical lesson now aimed at is, that when we heat the air of a room by a stove or furnace, we make it a drying sponge, and it sucks up the air from the surface of our bodies and from the lungs, and not only produces unpleasant sensations, but injures the health, to say nothing of its drying out and cracking or warping furniture. To remedy this there should always be an artificial supply of moisture to the air when heated by a stove or furnace. [The open chimney or grate carries off so much air, causing the introduction of fresh cool air, that the dryness is not so greatly felt.] A wide open vessel of water on a stove partially supplies moisture. But even this is not enough for the greatest comfort and health. A cloth frequently dampened and hung on a chair or frame near the stove is preferable. Every one must have noticed the balmy effect of a few clothes hung on a frame to dry in a hot room. We heat our whole house by a hot air furnace in the cellar, as being the most economical as well as the most convenient and comfortable method. But the warm air comes up saturated with moisture derived from a wide vessel placed within the furnace cover, just over the fire, and always kept carefully supplied with water. The lack of sufficient water apparatus has caused many otherwise very good furnaces to be cast aside as disagreeable and unhealthy. The so-called 'burned air' is simply deprived of sensible moisture. A stove heated room may be rendered far more healthy and pleasant by supplying plenty of water.

Let teachers and sextons of churches act upon the above suggestions, and keep a spacious wide mouthed evaporating vessel upon the stove. If this does not suffice, and at any time the pupils appear specially restless, try hanging a few damp handkerchiefs or garments on chairs near the stove. The effect will often be most medicinal.

RECRUITING. The Boston Transcript thus urges the people of Massachusetts to duty:—

'The people of the State should be made to fully realize the fact that the safety of the government depends upon the replenishing of our armies in the field. With the constant and unavoidable waste of men—the necessary result of military operations—the Federal force along the whole line of fire will be ultimately pressed back, unless measures are taken to reinforce the Union troops. Reinforcements now will be worth twice the number six months hence. Let the community arouse itself, and with a united effort, raise the three hundred thousand soldiers called for by the President, and fighting will be substantially completed before another summer. The prompt arming of such a force will strike terror into the hearts of the rebels, and convince Louis Napoleon that nothing will be gained by intermeddling in the present contest. Here is a sufficient incentive to stimulate every patriot to the most intense exertion to aid recruiting for the national armies, and should kindle a flame of popular enthusiasm, resulting, as at an early period of the war, in the enlistment of a greater number of men than the Government demands.'

CURE FOR NAILS GROWING INTO THE FLESH. Dr. Gaillet, of Luynes, France, has published an account of the efficacy of the sesquichloride of iron for curing the growth of the toe nails into the flesh, and Dr. Billon, commenting on this subject, says:—

In 1858, Dr. Wahu, staff-physician to the army, having succeeded with this remedy in curing the painful disease in question, I resorted to the same method, and with the greatest benefit in four cases. I may here remark that ulcers about the nails are occasionally observed among our soldiers, having escaped the attention of the medical boards, or being caused by the pressure of the boot in forced marches. Under these circumstances, a prompt and painless cure may be effected by inserting the dry sesquichloride between the nail and the protruding flesh, and powdering the latter with the same substance. A large bandage should be applied over all not impregnated with the liquid

sesquichloride of iron, a precaution which may however, be useful, as the folds of the band dry rapidly, and preserve their situation in a more exact manner. On the following day the exuberant flesh is found to have acquired the hardness of wood: suppurating speedily ceases, and a cure follows after two or three applications. This simple and mild treatment is obviously far preferable to the numerous surgical procedures hitherto recommended. In the course of four or five days or in a week at the farthest, the original pain ceases, the swelling subsides and the patient is able to walk. Naught remains but the hardened protruding flesh, which falls away about a month after the application of the sesquichloride of iron. These are the results yielded by this method in four soldiers suffering from the growth of the nail into the flesh.

JAPANESE FURNITURE. If European joints could only be made supple enough to enable their owners to dispense with sofas and chairs, and, par consequent, with tables, and we were hardly enough to lie on clean mats, six feet by three, stuffed with fine straw, and beautifully made with a silk border, so as to form a sort of reticulated carpet for rooms of any size, the solution of that much-debated question, the possibility of marrying on four hundred pounds a year, might certainly be predicted with something like unanimity in favor of matrimony. The upholsterer's bill never can offer any impediment to a young couple in Japan. Their future home is taken, containing generally three or four little rooms, in which clean mats are put. Each then brings to the housekeeping, a cotton stuffed quilt and a box of wearing apparel for their own personal use: a pan to cook the rice, half a dozen larder cups and trays to eat off; a large tub to bathe and wash in are added on the general account, and these complete the establishment. —[Sir R. Alcock's Three Years in Japan.]

THE NEWS OF VALLANDIGHAM'S DEFEAT IN BRAGG'S ARMY. The Chattanooga correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says:—

The news of Vandaligham's defeat, when announced to the Ohio troops, caused a good deal of genuine hearty cheering, such as I have heard after the reading of an official dispatch on dress parade, proclaiming a signal victory for our troops. The noise attracted the attention of the rebel pickets on our front, and many of them inquired what it all meant. The following conversation took place in front of Fort Wood:—

'Rebel—Say, Yank, what's all that noise about?'

'Union—The boys are cheering for Brough's election. Vandaligham is whipped.'

'Rebel—How do you know Vandaligham ain't elected? Your telegraph's out, ain't it?'

'Union—I don't know about that. Rosey says Brough's elected.'

'Rebel—Rosey's a liar, I guess. But is Brough elected, honest?'

'Union—Yes he is, honest.'

'Rebel—(vociferously)—Officer of the guard, No. 6!'

The officer of the guard made his appearance very shortly, and asked what was wanted.

The rebel picket replied: 'Brough's elected, and Vandaligham's whipped out of sight. You had better send word to General Bragg. The pickets were told to find out how the election went, if they could, and send word to headquarters.'

Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows:—There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden from the past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when her mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in 'lower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet untrifled, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, 'Dear heart? I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee.'

THE PENALTY OF OPPOSITION. 'This war will annihilate any leader, or party, or institution that stands in its way.' So said General Sickles in his serene speech, and truer words were never uttered. Niagara is not a whit more resistless than the sweeping torrent of patriotism which this war has set in motion. Whatever opposes it—politician, party, slavery, or what not—will go down never to rise again. The only safe place is under the battle flag.

surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement and got into heaven before them."—Cor. Boston Recorder.

RUM—ITS WORK. A letter from Chattanooga tells the following story:

While pacing to and fro I heard a soldier talking French to a citizen. Mistaking the learned son of Mars for a Frenchman, I asked him how long he had been in this country. He answered, and inquired if I were from France. When I told him from Scotland he threw himself into the attitude of one entranced with a vision, and dropping his French, he cried, while his eye was flashing with true Highland fire:

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

I had met a soldier versed in six languages, a descendant of one of the noblest Scottish families, and a cousin of a living Lord. Banished to Van Dieman's for a complicity in the Irish Rebellion, a soldier in Mexico with Scott, in Utah with Johnson, and in the armies of the Union since its life was assailed, he has seen much of the world and of men. Of a noble mien, a fine address, and a wealth of enthusiasm, he might have been an orator or an actor. Thoroughly drilled in the British service, an adept in long, short and broadsword exercise, and a gentleman by nature and education, he might have been an officer high in command. But what makes him what he is—the half-drunk, poorly clad, but entertaining genius that I found him? The "ice drappie." He begs for a dime to get a drink, when he might have commanded a brigade. He is a drunkard, when he might have been a man. As I looked upon his splendid head, I thought of a half-clad wife, with a broken heart, and a family of children preying in vice and growing up into accomplished scoundrels. Ah, curse of Scotland and world! Consumer of genius and love! Fountain of error and shame, of death and hell!

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 6, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?—This is the question that forces itself upon our attention, as we see the price of paper again advance nearly 100 per cent. over the general range when we first fixed the price of the Mail. Added to this calamity, is the rise in the price of everything else, which promises to increase our burden, with a very small chance to recompense ourselves by any commodity of our own. Now we very prudently begin to inquire what is to be done? Fortunately we have a few reams of paper on hand, and are not compelled to answer at once. Some one inquires, "Will you reduce your sheet again?" No—if compelled to do anything it will be to raise our price to meet the rise in everything else. This we shall probably have to do; but shall let the case stand open till New Year's, when further notice will be given. None will be affected who pay previous to that time, after which we shall probably make a small addition to our price.

Meantime, those whose accounts for our paper are somewhat behindhand will find this a good time to "fix up." We were compelled to be over patient with them while running our small sheet, but to continue to be so now would be ruin. Nobody but printers allow little demands to stand year after year, in these improved times, and we must try to change the fashion. Who will help us?

BETTER.—The past week has been very warm and pleasant for November—being quite an improvement upon October, and offering a good opportunity for getting ready for winter. This, however, will not much vary the usual state of the case, that some get ready and some don't. Those who do everything jack-at-a-pinch will not be cheated from their old errors by fair weather; nothing short of a thunder-storm can do that. Their house will not be banked till after the frost has crept in among the underpinning, nor their barns set in order for winter till frost or snow has driven the cattle and sheep from the fields. The dozens of little "chores" that ought to be done before that time, are not yet commenced, and their commencement, like too many other things, will "depend on the state of the weather." Fortunately for the other class—the up-and-doing folks—these jack-at-a-pinch men are growing less numerous every year; for though behindhand in everything else, they are said to be a little ahead in the matter of dying. The tables of mortality, as well as of philosophy and common sense, assert that such men die early. It may not be a fair explanation to class them all among those who are said not to "live out half their days," and so the conclusion must be that they are fated to death by this most tormenting of all habits; while those who do things in their season live to a good old age in consequence of the quietness thus secured to the nervous system. Such as have doubts in the matter can ask the doctor—but our warning is on record for the be-

est of all those who "lock the stable after the horse is stolen," bank the house after the potatoes are frozen, or pay for their paper after the year is out! There is a far better way, and those who desire long life should try and find it.

GROWING FAT!—Our citizens have had a "great laugh" with Dr. Stevains, the Laughing Gas man. He had a good house on Thursday evening, and again on Friday afternoon and evening; and but for an engagement of the hall nobody can tell how long a laugh might have been had. This is no such laugh as that caused by a certain college officer, of whom it was written that

"He laughed at nothing, and we laughed at him."

Just one in which the three parties—operator, subject and audience, laugh for the best of all reasons in the world—because they can't help it. For the consolation of those who have not secured their portion of fatness from the Doctor's present visit, we are authorized to say that he promises to come here again as soon as he has met other engagements.

THAT COMICAL BROWN.—This Komical, Kwizikal, Kweer Kritter, who is beyond Question the best Komical Vocalist that ever visited these parts, is to have one of his rib tickling "struggles" with the blues at the Town Hall, Waterville, Friday Eve, Nov. 20th, and we respectfully suggest to our readers the propriety of leaving their gold buttons at home. Miss Marsh, who, assists Mr. Brown, is one of the best contralto vocalists America ever produced, and those who have heard her are enthusiastic in her praise. In her repertoire we notice many of the popular airs of the day as well as some new pieces. Brown's entertainments are highly popular with all classes, and as they are free from everything coarse or low, he is nightly greeted by large and select audiences, being frequently obliged to turn crowds away, as was the case at Portland, Lewiston and other large places where he has recently been singing. In Portland and Lewiston he has consented to repeat his entertainment to gratify those who were unable to gain admittance to his first concert. On Tuesday Eve, Nov. 17th, Mr. Brown will sing at Kendalls Mills, and as he stops but one night those wishing seats must be up and dressed.

THE ELECTIONS.—The elections of this week have resulted favorably for the cause of the Union. In Massachusetts Gov. Andrew is re-elected with 40,000 majority, and the Legislature nearly all Republican. In New Jersey there are large Union gains. In Wisconsin, the Union majority will be about 25,000. Large Union gains are also reported in Illinois. New York has gone for the Union—the majority in 59 counties being 33,750; Senate, 21 Union, 11 Dem.; Assembly, 87 Union, 46 Dem. The democratic majority in the city was reduced eight or ten thousand. A radical triumph has been achieved in Missouri.

UPWARD.—It always gives us pleasure to hear that the Kennebec boys are doing themselves credit in the army or navy of the country, in defeating the rebellion. Acting ensign E. S. Shurtleff, son of Col. J. B. Shurtleff, of Winslow, has been advanced to the post of Executive Officer of the U. S. steamer Commodore Read, flag ship of the Potomac flotilla. If the war continues we shall expect to hear from him still further, and in the line of success.

RALLY!—Saturday evening, at Town Hall, there will be a meeting of the Union League, to hear an address from Prof. Whittelsey, of Brunswick, late on Gen. Howard's staff. Some good music is arranged for the occasion, and a full house is pretty sure. The address will be emphatically good—our word for it.

OUR SOLDIERS NEED COMFORT-BAGS, and shall they not have them? Who will supply this need, and that immediately? Have not all a desire to do everything in their power to comfort and encourage the brave defenders of our glorious flag? We appeal to our patriotic young ladies to act upon this suggestion at once.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The number of cattle reported by the *New England Farmer*, last week, was 3,977—a few hundreds less than the previous week; and of sheep, 7,098, or about 300 less. Gideon Wells drove 150 of the cattle. S. Cannon, 23; J. A. Judkins, 21; Parker Piper, 14; J. L. Bassett, 25; Daniel Wells, 193. Of the sheep, Gideon Wells, 125; J. A. Judkins, 122. First quality beefs are quoted at \$7.75 to \$8.00; second do., \$6.75 to \$7.50; third do., \$5.00 to \$6.50; extra, \$8.25 to \$8.75. Sheep, 5 1-2 and 6 cents on live weight, or in lots, \$3.75 to \$5.40; lambs, \$3.25 to \$4.25 each. The *Farmer* remarks: "Although we report quicker sales and a cleaner closing of the market this week, we do not see as there is much change in the range of prices, although we think butchers have taken a lower quality this week than last for the same money, equal, perhaps, to from 12 to 25 cents per 100 lbs., on the medium grades of beef cattle, and less on the poorer. Most of the beef cattle sell at from 6 to 8 cents per pound."

The Boston Journal says "there is one precaution which should be taken when bitten by a dog, whether the animal is mad or not, or when a wound is inflicted by a nail or any blunt instrument. The wound should be healed gradually under a poultice. If the outside is healed before there is a healthy granulation inside, lockjaw may supervene, with many of the symptoms of hydrophobia."

The Maine Farmer says that John G. Sawyer, formerly Secretary of State, and for many years occupying a respectable position in the community, died in Augusta, Saturday night last, another victim to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

Mr. Parkard, teacher of the High School in Belfast, has enlisted in the cavalry regiment forming in this State, and will have charge of the recruiting in Knox county.

Peacillings by the Way.

SALAM, Me., Oct. 14th, 1863.

AFTER spending the night at Farmington and making a visit to the Masonic Lodge there, as we had purposed in making the journey hither, we set our faces up river, and travelling past Fairbank's Mills, three miles from Farmington, and crossing the Sandy river at the latter place, we soon found ourselves environed, on both sides of the river, by high hills, and continued to be so pent-up to the river bank all the way to Phillips, passing the village of Strong on the way. As we neared the village at Phillips we saw some of the most beautiful granite we ever beheld, sparkling brightly in the noon-day sun. We think there is granite building material enough here to supply all the cities in Maine, for the next thousand years at least.

We put up at the Railroad house, expecting to spend a couple of days, as we desired to ascend Mount Blue which is situated in this vicinity, and being an exceeding high mountain, we thought to see a part of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, but after taking dinner at the hotel, we suddenly changed our mind. We were not raised in circles polite, and that may be the reason we could not enjoy our visit at this house. We were obliged to spend the night here, though, because we had another Masonic appointment at this place that evening.

In the afternoon we were invited by our old friend and brother, Rufus Brett, to take a ride out to "Tory Hill" to see a certain boulder which had the appearance of having been brought there from old Saddleback Mt., at some indefinite time past, perhaps by the Flood. This boulder lies in about a north easterly direction from the village, and about four miles from it, near the top of the hill on the south easterly side. The space about it for some six or eight rods seems to have been scooped out by the waters, as they eddied round the rock, sweeping down in a south easterly direction. The rock itself, is between thirty and forty feet in perpendicular height above the surface of the ground and about fifty feet through it, horizontally; its east and west, and its north and south directions being about the same. What makes this boulder more particularly interesting, is the fact that it is rent from top to bottom, about one-third of the northern side being canted off, making the opening at the top some eight feet, and split as perfectly as though done by art; the other two-thirds is divided into very nearly equal parts, transversely to this first opening, leaving the space at the top about four feet across—over which the children sometimes amuse themselves by jumping. How far this rock extends itself below the surface of the ground is not known. How came this rock to be rent, and when was it done? were questions very seriously propounded to us. We could not tell. We thought it might have been that, resting the centre of its base upon some point of ledge, its own weight and the action of the seasons upon it might have caused it to break open; or, perhaps, at some time, long ago, a thunderbolt had rent it. We were told that it was the opinion of some that this was one of the rocks that rent at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, and on our return to the village, one esteemed sister in the Church actually believed it was so, and as confirmatory to her belief, said that Dr. Jackson, when making his geological survey in this neighborhood, gave it as his opinion that it was rent at that time.

What could be the object of this grand display of Infinite Power, away over here, in this then, and for hundreds and hundreds of years after, unknown continent, and away up here, in the backwoods of Maine, on the top of "Tory Hill"? We could not quite see it. There are two villages at Phillips, situated on the Sandy River, called the upper and lower villages. The river makes a turn here, first eastwardly, and running a distance of a few hundred rods, turns again to the south. The upper village is situated just above the first turn on the west side of the river; and the lower village is just above the second turn on the south side—and extending along up the river toward the upper village until nearly reaching the upper bend of the river. As the Rangely road comes down the river on the west side, the upper villagers have contrived to extend it straight ahead, striking the river again below the lower village. The inhabitants of the latter call it the dodge road, because they say it was intended to dodge them. The lower village, however, does much the larger business from present appearances. Maj. Seward Dill resides directly opposite our hotel, on the north side of the river, and it is worth the while for a traveller, here, to make a visit to his grounds to see what a vast outlay of labor has been expended to make a desolate place blossom as the rose. Fruit trees in great variety; flowers of every shade, and vines in almost endless profusion, meet the eye, and the Major delights to point them out and give their names, and whence they came. He has also, a great many copperheads and lizards in his cabinet of curiosities, but, as we viewed them, we thought the lizards considerably outnumbered the copperheads, and were held in greater esteem by the owner.

We left as early as we could get away in the morning, making our way over high hills and down deep valleys to this place, which is situated right at the foot of old Mount Abraham. Thine, truly, TRAVELLER.

HARRINGTON, the Boston Ventriquist will soon visit Waterville for the farewell time we understand, giving his attractive exhibition, which for over a quarter of a century has been pronounced, by the press and public, unequalled. His audiences East have taxed the capacity of his halls to the utmost, and in several cases many have been unable to gain admittance. He purposes being at Kendalls Mills the 12th and 13th. An advertisement next week will give full particulars of his visit here.

[For The "Waterville Mail."]

THOUGHTS AND QUERIES.

A few weeks since, I noticed an article from the editor of some other paper, who spoke of Waterville as being a place that was "finished." I have thought of that article many times since: and now I would ask through your columns, if it is so. Is everything perfect in your pretty village? Has all the talent been brought out in the improvement of its outside appearance (pretty though it is)? Have the college officers, ministers, and philanthropists, exhausted themselves in reforming bad habits, to which men are addicted? or is it all "finished" externally and internally? Will some one answer? I attended a meeting of the Kennebec County Conference of Congregational Churches, recently, at which the subject of temperance was discussed. Allusion was made to the early history of the "temperance societies," of a very interesting character, and it was conclusively shown by the speakers that the reform was truly great: ministers no longer in their councils appeal to the *jug* to quicken their flagging energies that their decisions may be more just, neither to excite sympathy when funeral rites are performed. All the speakers agreed that temperance was gaining, and that an extra effort was needed. Some thought ministers should labor harder to put it down—using moral suasion: Others had little faith in the "Maine Law," but thought a judicious system of license and hard dealing with violators was proper: others, that the "Maine Law" was just the thing and that it ought to be enforced—the fault being in law officers. I listened attentively to the discussion, but took no part, agreeing with much that was said, though my own ideas were not advanced.

I think it was Dr. Franklin, who told whose workshop an idle brain is. Now, if "an idle brain is the devil's workshop," isn't it more reasonable to trace "drum drinking" to idleness, than to the use of tobacco or candy? Do you find active business men drunkards? They don't have time to get drunk. Do you find boys who have plenty of employment frequenting candy shops? They, too, have not time, and their business gives them a relish for proper food. Idleness, a want of business (in my opinion), is, in nearly all cases, the cause of drunkenness! The soldier is not so great a drunkard as the officer, because he is not allowed to be; he is kept moving, while the officer lounges in the saloon!

Are manufacturing villages places of drunkenness? No; it is the "finished" villages that furnish the rum to make drunkards of their own idlers and such as may be drawn in from rural and manufacturing districts. Drunken men are not seen going from North Vassalboro' to Waterville, but from Waterville to North Vassalboro'. Perhaps I have said enough: none should be idle: ministers, professors, merchants, mechanics, farmers, and the capitalists; and if all these are united, it will become a stronger temperance society than ever existed; but where idleness abounds, drunkards are frequent.

WINSLOW.

Flap Doodle's Commentary.

DE BELLO REBELLO ET CORPORA AFRICANA.

CHAPTER III.

In the year 1863 (current series) while the Mosquito army were on a clamake expedition to Wobodeaux, Gen. Cordonnier, chief of Mosquitoes, issued the following general order:

Headquarters Mosquito Corps,
Near West End, May 32, 1863.

General Order
No. 1040.
All American citizens of African descent who are aged, infirm, blind or otherwise incapable of working on the government plantations, will be organized into the Corps Africanus to be composed as follows:

Twenty Companies of ten Regiments each, each regiment to be divided into two Brigades—each Brigade into three divisions.

This arrangement giving a decided preponderance of officers, will render the discipline and instruction of these American citizens of African descent complete.

By command of
GEN. CORDONNIER.
P. Q. R. ESTY, A. A. Gen'l.
Official. A. R. MOUSTACHE,
A. A. Gen.
Official. G. E. BASSWOOD,
SA & A. G.
Official. C. E. PONT, Acting Adj't.

Just after the publication of this important order, Capt. Dullman arrived from New York with the low Irish and Dutch, before mentioned, who were packed in the hold of the slaver Tany, and offered their services to Gen. Cordonnier, who turned them over to P. Q. R. Esty, A. A. G. and after being turned over three or four times, they finally took their places in line of battle down the outside and up the centre. The following order was then read:

Headquarters Horse Thief Brigade,
Pharo Bank, N. Orleans, June 1st '65.

General Order
No. 240.
The Gen. commanding congratulates the officers of the Brigade on the equivocal position they occupy in the Corps Africanus.

The Horse Thief Brigade which has achieved an honorable distinction, from your gallant conduct in defending the slaver Tany, at the passes of the Gold coast, from the previous onslaught of drunken officials; the Horse Thief Brigade is now, alas, among the things that were, and will now be known only as a corporate part of the Corps Africanus. The following named gentlemen are hereby detailed as additional staff officers.

Capt. Peter H. Flagstaff, Dismounted Cavalry, Chief engineer.
Lieut. Montz Kokie, Chief of Cavalry and Musical Director.
Lieut. Chas. M. Hart, Garrison Dark Infantry Chief Undertaker.

Truth, justice, and God are on our side. They will report immediately at these headquarters.

By command of RICHARD C. DE LION,
Fifth Major Gen. Com'd'g.
MOSES C. MUSHROOM, A. A. G.
[Black Seal.]
Chas. E. Pony,
Official. Lt. & Act. Adj't.

The cheers which followed the reading of the above order literally rent the air, and the rents can now be seen in the vicinity of Baton Rouge.

The day after, the dismounted Cavalry and the Garrison dark Infantry received orders to proceed to the front, and the Steamer "Natchez," commenced to get up steam, but had not proceeded far before a defect was discovered in her machinery, and the troops with several acres of baggage were transferred to the U. S. Transport "Shenango" and proceeded at a rapid rate up the river.

War of Redemption.

A terrific bombardment of Fort Sumter commenced a few days ago, and probably still continues. It is now a shapeless ruin, but there is probably a force yet maintained in it to hinder our taking possession. A portion of the garrison were recently buried beneath the falling ruins.

The rebels still hold the line of the Rappahannock from Sulphur Springs to Falmouth. Some slight skirmishes are reported, but no movements of importance have been made. It is said that Meade has been peremptorily ordered to fight Lee, to prevent his sending forces to East Tennessee, and there are also rumors of another change of commanders.

The "situation" at Chattanooga is not easily shown, but since the recent movement and success of Hooker, matters are represented in a more hopeful condition. Both sides are aware of the importance of the position, and also of East Tennessee, and it is hoped that we shall be able to hold what we have won. A rebel attack on Gen. Hooker, on the night of the 28th, was repulsed with much loss.

Gen. Sherman has advanced and taken possession of Tusculum, Alabama.

In Arkansas, the rebel Marmaduke has been repulsed with heavy loss, in an attack on our forces.

Hawkins' rebel cavalry has been routed and dispersed in Tennessee.

The rebel guerrillas are doing considerable damage in Western Kentucky.

WELCOME, FRIENDS. It was Gen. Granger's reinforcement that saved the day in the closing contest in the battle of Chattanooga, on Sunday, Sept. 20th. The anxiety with which they were looked for by Gen. Thomas is thus portrayed by the correspondent of a New York paper:

"Gen. Thomas, near the center of the army, was engaged about one o'clock, sitting on his horse in the hollow of a ridge in an open field behind Harker's brigade, busy watching a heavy cloud of dust in his rear, in such a direction that it might be Gen. Granger with reinforcements, or it might be the enemy. It cast a cloud over his spirits which was plainly visible to one who observed him, as I confess I did that day, with ever increasing admiration. The truth is, that Gen. Thomas, at one o'clock p.m., on the last day of this battle, had no disposition to fight any more, and feared the result of the next rebel attack. And so he watched with natural anxiety the development of the cloud of dust, which was then no more than a mile distant. If it dissolved to reveal friends, they would be welcome; for at this hour fresh friends were all that was needed. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day was lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the 'last square' on this battle field, to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die there. There was no escape if the troops moving were, as it was feared, the cavalry of the enemy."

"Take my glass, some of you whose horse stands steady." Tell me what you see."

In the first that emerged, thick as the clouds that precede the storm, nothing could be distinguished but a moving mass of men. But it was seen that they were infantry. This in formation made Thomas breathe more freely. If infantry, it was much more likely to be Granger than the enemy. At this moment a tall officer with the yellow straps of a captain of infantry, presented himself to Gen. Thomas.

"Genera," said he, "I am cut off from General Negley, and cannot find him. I beg leave to report to you for duty, sir, of any character."

"Captain Johnston," said the General to the speaker, "ride over there and report to me who and what that force is."

An instant Johnston was gone—gone upon a mission which proved itself to be a more dangerous one than any of us supposed. As he emerged slowly from a dense foliage of willows growing about a narrow stream in the rear, we heard the report of several rifles, and we saw him halt for a second, and then, dashing spurs to his horse, disappear in a thick wood in the direction of the coming mass of troops still enveloped in the clouds of dust. In a few minutes he again emerged from this timber, and following him came the red, white and blue crossed shaped flag of Gordon Granger. We had wished for night, and it was Blucher who had come to us. At a quarter past one, Steadman first, and Gordon Granger afterwards, had wrung the hand of the statue Thomas, who had gone all through the terrible scenes of the last two days' battle to be moved and melted at this hour. As Granger came I felt that from the face of the heavens a great cloud had passed, and the sun was shining once more upon us with the same benignant rays of former victories."

THANKSGIVING.—In a very well written Proclamation, Gov. Coburn has set apart Thursday, Nov. 26th, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

Augusta, Belfast, and several other cities and towns, will pay \$200 bounty for volunteers to fill their several quotas under the last call. How much will Waterville pay? Our quota is 48.

Brigadier General Louis Blenker died in New Jersey, on Saturday, at the age of 52 years. He was a native of Bavaria.

Union prisoners in Richmond are reported suffering from lack of clothing and food, and they are treated with great inhumanity. Our government is endeavoring to relieve them.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has called an extra session of the General Court, to assemble on the 11th of November.

GOOD TIME COMING!—See our list of Boston advertisements—and read them over, one by one, carefully. "Faith is a fact" that the world is coming round right side up, with the rebellion on the under side,—and when Boston men throw out their sails, it is safe for the rest of the world to wake up.

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—Mrs. Demmon's new story, "The Sealed Door," is continued in the November number, and so is "John Marchmont's Legacy," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc. There are many other good stories, with much interesting and instructive miscellaneous reading. The fashion department is full and reliable, as usual; and by the aid of it, the dwellers in the country may, if they choose, keep themselves, at all times, in full rig. A double-page, beautifully-colored plate will be found in the number, containing eight full length figures; with another, still larger, crowded with samples of the latest styles, and many more pages of patterns of head dresses, bonnets, boots, etc., etc. There are also furnished patterns for a Long Jacket, with full sized diagrams for cutting out and making—a feature peculiar to this magazine. Published at 72 Duane Street, New York, at \$3 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The little folks will learn more of the progress of "Philip Snow's War," in the November number of this favorite Juvenile Monthly; and they will find much other pleasant reading, prettily illustrated. Send on a dollar to J. F. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York, for a year's subscription, and you will not regret the investment.

The following resolutions were adopted at the recent meeting of the friends of Waterville College in this village:—

Resolved, That we ought to recognize the existence and the success of Waterville College, as a clear indication of the will of God, that the Baptist churches in Maine should continue to sustain it.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this meeting, the time has come for a liberal permanent endowment of this institution and the subscription already obtained should be carried up to at least \$100,000.

Resolved, That all the Baptist churches in Maine, and all these churches ought, in our judgment, to participate liberally in this work; and that we pledge ourselves to contribute our full share of the above named amount, and believe the enterprise can be achieved.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the many friends of Waterville College in Baptist societies, and other friends of education in this State, will co-operate with us in this work, are hereby invited to do so.

NEW LONDON INSTITUTE.—Rev. G. B. Gow, formerly of Waterville, is still at the head of this institution, which we are pleased to see, by a neatly printed catalogue just received, is in a prosperous condition—the pupils for the year numbering 420.

ELEPHANTINE.—A pumpkin weighing about 40 lbs. may be seen—or bought—at Lewis's. A great place, by the way, is Lewis's either for buying or selling good things.

Last year the democrats in Ohio, professing to be in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, carried fourteen out of nineteen Congressional districts. This year following Valandigham, they have retained a majority in two only.

CARPETS.—Those wanting to furnish or redecorate their dwellings with Carpets, should read the advertisement in our paper of the New England Carpet Company.

The Spaniards and the insurgent Dominicans are making sad havoc in St. Domingo. Between them both, the towns of Santiago and Port au Plata have been pillaged and burned, the inhabitants saving nothing but their lives. The whole population of the latter city has fled to foreign countries. The Spaniards are hard pushed by the incensed Dominicans.

CHATTANOOGA TO BE HELD. Correspondence of the *St. Louis Republican*, dated Nashville, Oct. 26, speaking of matters at Chattanooga, says:

"It is, I believe, conceded that we can hold that point so long as it may be necessary. Whether it will be made the *pivot d'appui* for the ensuing campaign will altogether depend upon the decision of General Grant. He can, as I understand it, choose Stevenson, and by crossing his forces so as to menace Rome, compel Bragg to abandon his position on Missionary Ridge. He will hold Chattanooga, whose defenses are very strong, so long as it is threatened, longer if it is necessary. The Coosa Valley is the best road to the heart of Georgia, but it is not the only one. At present Bragg stands on the defensive, and is strong in his position. We cannot venture to move until we get the newly acquired ground well in hand. There are several contrivances besides the one indicated for this purpose. Among the rest is a gunboat with which to shell the rebels from the river bank. All the vast railroad facilities of the North will be brought into requisition. There is a moral as well as a military necessity for holding every inch of ground now in our grasp. Kentucky and Texas are closed against them. Railroad stock alone is left them, and this has been used so prodigally that this large surplus which they stole will soon be expended. Horses and mules they cannot get in their own territory, and locomotives and cars they cannot manufacture or import in quantities to repair the waste. They have corn enough and pork enough, but besides the unfriendly and distrustful ways of the producers, there is great difficulty in getting it hauled from point to point."

WRITING SCHOOL.—See notice in advertising columns.

"FALL HARVEST."—Dr. Waters presents us samples of this apple, raised from grafts in a tree in his garden. It is a very pleasant eating apple, large, fair, and a good bearer. It is well worthy of cultivation in this section.

We are indebted to Senator Morrill for a copy of the Army Register for 1863.

CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY AT CHATTANOOGA. The correspondent of the *World* writes from the headquarters of Gen. Grant's army, Oct. 23, as follows:

"I have the best reasons for believing that the condition of Bragg's army, both in numbers and morale, is far inferior to our own. Quarrels among the generals have been followed by strife among the soldiers. Even Jeff Davis' eloquence has not been able to cajole them into the belief that all was going on well. Numbers of them are deserting, and numbers more are ready. Their food is bad and scanty. Their cavalry is full as bad as our own. Long-street's men seem to have experienced a bitter shock in getting such a terrible thrashing at the hands of Thomas' corps, and are desirous of going back to Virginia."

But the great, the irremediable weakness of the enemy is now his transportation. In wagons and mules he never was quite equal to this army. His stock is wearing out and fresh cannot be supplied. Cavalry horses cannot be had.

The Louisville Journal thinks it does very little good to hold public meetings and pass resolutions in favor of the war. All the resolutions we need are the resolutions of individuals to go into the war.

The horses upon which to mount the new cavalry regiment will be purchased in this State, if they can be procured at the proper rates.

Little Charley came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato and the potato transferred to his plate before the rest of the usual dinner. Looking up to his father he says, "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I mash my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

