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Maxham & Wing

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AUTUMN ODE.

God of the harvest! Thou, whose sun
Has ripened all the golden grain,
We bless thee for thy bounteous store,
The cup of plenty running o'er,
The sunshine and the rain.

The year laughs out for very joy,
Its silvery tresses echoing
Like a sweet anthem through the woods,
Till mellowed by the solitudes,
It folds its glossy wing.

But our united voices blend
From day to day unwearyingly;
Sure as the sun rolls up the morn,
Or twilight from the eve is born,
Our song ascends to Thee.

Where'er the various-tinted woods,
In all their autumn splendor dressed,
Impart their gold and purple dyes
To distant hills and furthest skies
Along the crimson west.

Across the smooth, extended plain,
By rushing stream and broad lagoon,
On shady height and sunny dale,
Wherever sunset burns gaye,
Or gleams the autumn day.

From inland seas of yellow grain,
Where cheerful Labor, heaven blest,
With willing hands, and keen-edged scythe,
And accents musically blent,
Reveals its lordly crest.

From clover fields and meadows wide,
Where moves the richly-laden wain,
To barns well stored with new made hay,
Or where the fall at early day
Rolls out the ripened grain.

From meads and pastures on the hills,
And in the mountain valleys deep,
Alive with bees and sweet-breathed kine
Of famous Ayr or Devon's line,
And shepherd-guarded sheep.

The spirits of the golden year,
From crystal caves and grottoes dim,
From forest depths and mossy sward,
Myriad-tongued, with one accord
Peal forth their harvest hymn.

[From Goody's Lady's Book.]

CARRIE HARDING.

BY S. ANNIE PROOST.

(Concluded.)

As soon as she reached home, she spoke of her new opening in life to Miss Delattre, or Aunt Elise, as she always called her.

"You must go, my dear! you must go!" said the old lady, decidedly. "Open the lower drawer in that bureau, and bring me a large roll you will find there."

Carrie obeyed. When opened, the roll contained many rich dresses, relics of the little old maid's former state, but one and another was rejected. One was too dark, another faded, and all were too small, while the difference between the stature of the tall, graceful girl, and her little old friend, made any alteration a hopeless task. With a sigh, the roll was placed again in the drawer.

"Oh," said Carrie, suddenly, "I know what I will do. I remember a roll of white muslin father sent to mother before I was born, which she always persisted was too rich for her to wear. It is in her trunk; I will get it. I've often seen it, and Carrie turned eagerly to the trunk."

The muslin proved to be a rich India muslin, heavily wrought, yellow, but otherwise in perfect order. Soap, water, and a hot sun soon bleached it white, and Carrie made it up.

The anxiously expected evening came, and, when dressed, Carrie looked like some bright spirit in the little room. For the first time in her life she wore a dress which, fitting her form perfectly, left her arms and shoulders uncovered. It fell, this snowy drapery, in full soft folds round her, and was untrammelled, save by a lace hunted up from Miss Delattre's stock, which partially shaded the round white arms. Wreathed in with her dark chestnut curls, were clusters of jessamine, made by her own skillful fingers, and her beautiful face needed no ornament of jewels to set it off. The carriage sent by Mrs. Latimer came early, and, with many good wishes from her two friends, Carrie started for the party.

The dressing room, filled with gay laughing girls, gave her an uneasy sensation; she felt so lost and lonely in this crowd of strangers, but, throwing aside her shawl, and smoothing her hair with her hands, she descended the broad staircase to find her hostess.

Many admiring eyes followed her graceful figure as she threaded her way among the crowd, but she did not know it.

Mrs. Latimer received her kindly, herself astonished at the wondrous beauty of the young girl in her becoming dress, and Madame de Villa took her young protégée under her own especial charge.

The blaze of light, rich dresses, and splendid apartments were like dream land to the young girl, but native ease took the place of custom, and no awkward stare or gesture marked the novice. She was still chatting with Madame de Villa, not hearing the inquiries made to Mrs. Latimer about the beautiful French girl, when the hostess came up with a face full of vexation.

"Is it not provoking?" she said; "Mr. B. has brought his violin to play for us, and all his music is in duets. His friend, Mr. L., who was to play second violin, has sent a regret, and so we lose our music."

Carrie listened, and then said, timidly: "If it is not very difficult, I can play it for you."

"Play the violin!" cried the astonished lady.

"I can play a little!"

The music was brought to her, and one glance showed it to be within her power. An instrument lay upon the piano, and Carrie taking it up, pronounced herself ready to assist Mr. B. The celebrated musician cast one half contemptuous glance at his proposed assistant but took his violin, and, nodding to her, began to play. The contemptuous expression changed to one of quiet satisfaction as they proceeded. Perfect time, accuracy and expression characterized Carrie's performance. Unconscious that she was doing anything extraordinary, only anxious to give her hostess the pleasure of hearing the great violinist, she played her part, as it should be played, secondarily to her companion. As the last note died on the air, murmurs of applause greeted them, but Carrie never dreamed that any of these were intended for her.

Mr. B., turning to her, complimented her highly upon her performance, and, taking another piece from his pile, asked her if she could play the accompaniment. It was for piano and violin, and Carrie gave a ready assent. She was even more at home here, than with the violin, and the performance went off with great success.

"You sing?" said Mr. B., as she finished. He seemed to wish to engross the young girl entirely.

"Yes."

"Sing!" he said, abruptly, and Carrie complied. There was no wish for display in all this. Remembering the intense delight she herself felt in hearing music, she hoped that, in a less degree, she was imparting the same pleasure. Her instrumental performances had been purely mechanical, but now the genius in her own soul spoke forth. As she sang, the murmurs of conversation through the room were hushed, and all crowded to the piano. Clear, pure, and true, came the notes, and full of power and richness rose the fresh young voice. Now, as the song required, dying away in trills, growing fainter and fainter, then coming back in prolonged full notes, filling the whole room with

music. As she finished, a deep hush was over all that crowded room, for it seemed more than human, that glorious young voice. Mr. B.'s eyes were full of tears, so powerfully had this affected him; and, still perfectly ignorant that she had done anything worthy of especial notice, the young girl glided back to her seat beside Madame de Villa.

Gentlemen were introduced to her, but after a few moments' chat shrugged their shoulders, voted her a mere musical machine, and left her. Why? She had never been to the opera, knew none of the celebrities, and had no small talk. One only exception there was to this rule. One gentleman, Mrs. Latimer's only son, kept his place beside her. He knew her history, and instead of talking on the chit-chat of society, he began to discuss books and music. Here Carrie was in her element. Mr. Beauvais had a good library of French literature, and knowing as he did many men of letters, he had from time to time borrowed standard works in her own language for the young girl's perusal, and also to improve his own knowledge of English.

Modest and quiet, Carrie still chatted with ease and grace, and Clarence was amazed at the information her remarks displayed.

"Do you remember," he said, suddenly, "the first time you ever tried to play?"

"Yes, indeed," said Carrie, smiling; "I was caught in the act by Mr. Beauvais and another gentleman. I do not remember his face, for I was too much frightened to look up; but he had a gentle touch and a sweet voice."

"Thank you," said Clarence, laughing. "I prophesied then that you had genius, and my predictions are fulfilled."

"You! was it you?"

"I, myself, was the gay answer. 'Tell me now, how you enjoy this evening.'"

"Oh, so much," said Carrie, "particularly the piano—and she glanced at the grand piano on which her fingers had lingered with such a loving touch. 'It don't jingle like ours, and the pedal does not creak.'"

"Rather important advantages," said Clarence. "So you enjoy the piano?"

"Indeed I do. And I like to talk to you, too," she added, frankly. "You know so much. How I should like to travel as you have done, and see all you have seen."

Clarence had too much tact to embarrass her by noticing the compliment, but he fully appreciated it.

All pleasant things must have an end, and at midnight, according to promise, Carrie went home. She bade Mrs. Latimer and Madame de Villa good-night, and glided away, leaving the gayety in full bloom. Clarence accompanied her; and asking permission to call, left her at her own door. Think how odd it seemed for such a girl as that, to live in a little room in the third story of a small house in a narrow court.

The next day Carrie took a grateful leave of her kind friend, Mrs. Latimer, and entered upon her duties as a teacher. The recital of her introduction, and the announcement of the fact that Mrs. Latimer intended to place her daughter under her instruction for both French and music, gave her a start in this line, and in a few weeks her time was entirely filled up at good prices.

She was glad to change her former life for the present one, as it gave her more time to be at home, and her Aunt Elise seemed every day to need her care more. The old lady, in her little room, watched for the bright young face, and hungered for the cheerful voice that made the music of her home. No invitation to dine or sup in the houses where she taught, could keep Carrie away at the hours when she knew Miss Delattre was waiting for her to prepare her simple meals, and no daughter's hand could have more gently and kindly fed the cripple. Her first party was the only indulgence of this kind she permitted herself to take. Many invitations were extended; but she remembered her old friend's words when she returned—

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! I have been so lonely all the evening. Mr. Beauvais was at the theatre, and it was very dull."

And Carrie, thinking only of the immense debt of gratitude she owed her old friend, resolved never to call forth the same complaint of loneliness again.

Madame de Villa was the young girl's constant friend. Books, music, paintings, all were placed within her reach, and the French lady delighted in her young protégée. One morning, calling to get a book to read in the evenings to Miss Delattre, Carrie was surprised to find Madame de Villa making preparations for a journey.

"Ah, Carrie!" she said, looking up as the young girl entered. "I was going to send for you. Sit down, and listen to me. I am going to France, going to live there, and I want you to go with me. Not, she continued, mistaking the young girl's expression of dismay, "not as a companion or a subordinate, but as my child, my adopted daughter, to whom at my death I shall will all my property. I love you, Carrie!" and she drew her into a close embrace. "I am widowed and childless; you shall be my child."

For a few moments surprise kept Carrie silent; then she said, "Oh, you are too kind, too good, but I cannot!"

"Cannot! why?"

"I cannot leave Aunt Elise. She depends upon my labors for her daily bread. Could I leave her to starve?"

"My dear child, do not accuse me of such an inhuman idea! I will leave an ample income for Miss Delattre."

"But she is a cripple; she cannot live alone."

"I will pay some one to attend to her; so make your mind easy about that."

"Pay some one! Oh, Madame de Villa, can hired hands be to her what mine are? Can paid services take the place of those dictated by love alone? She loves me, and the separation would kill her. You are kind, and I am very, very grateful; but I cannot leave Aunt Elise!"

"But, my child, I will make you rich, and you can send her superb presents. She is no relation to you—has no real claim on you."

"No real claim upon me! She has been more than a mother to me since my own died. Parent, teacher, friend. All I am I owe to her. Could you expect me to be a grateful, dutiful child to you, if I repaid her by deserting her in her lonely, crippled old age?"

"You are right! Go back to her. I will write to you often; and remember if her death releases you, you are to be mine, my child."

A long, loving conversation followed, and then Carrie returned home.

Miss Delattre was seated in her arm-chair, near the window, when Carrie entered, and a gust of emotion flooded the young girl's eyes as she pictured her waiting thus for one who would never come. Crossing the room softly, she knelt down beside her old friend, and looked up lovingly into her face.

"Carrie, Carrie," softly sighed Miss Delattre, stroking back the rich, dark hair from the fair forehead. "I think you have been gone a great while."

"I was detained at Madame de Villa's."

"Did you get a new book?"

"No, auntie, I forgot it. Madame de Villa is going home to France. She starts for New York this afternoon."

"Going home! France, dear France!" and the invalid's fingers fluttered. "Home to France!" and then a deep silence fell on the two. Carrie, leaning her head against the arm-chair, thought over her long conversation with Madame de Villa, and the invalid went in fancy across the water to "dear France."

The next afternoon, when Miss Julia Latimer was taking her singing lesson, her brother Clarence strolled into the parlor. It was the first time Carrie had seen him since the eventful party, and she returned his graceful bow, with smiling pleasure.

"Do go away, Claire, while I take my lesson," said his sister.

"I shall not disturb you," was the reply, and he sat down near the window.

The lesson was over, but Sophie, Carrie's other scholar, was out, though expected home every minute. Julia, glad to run away, left the room, and Clarence joined Carrie at the piano. No idea of impropriety disturbed the young girl. She was waiting for a pupil. Mr. Latimer surely had a right in his own parlor, and the time would be less tedious in company than alone.

"Do you still retain your love for this piano?" said Clarence.

"As the first really fine instrument I ever touched, I certainly love it," was Carrie's reply.

"I never heard you play except to accompany a duet or the voice; will you favor me now?"

"Certainly! I must wait till Sophie comes. Give me a subject?"

"A subject?"

"I had rather improvise than play from memory. Mons. Beauvais always gave me a subject at every lesson."

"She does not seem aware that there is any genius required for that," thought Clarence, amused at her simple business like tone. aloud he said: "Take memory, Miss Harding."

"Memory, whose? mine?"

"Yes."

For an instant she was silent, then she said in a low tone: "My first recollection is my mother's lament over my father's death at sea."

Low, quivering notes softly glided into a murmuring like rippling water, growing deeper and stronger as, forgetting her listener, the young girl's imagination pictured a storm at sea. Gradually the deep, sonorous chords, and rapid sweeping, like wind, among the keys, died away, and joining her voice, a wailing dirge for the lost sailor filled the room; then more slowly, solemnly rose a hymn for her mother. Gliding softly from sad strains, little scraps of negro airs she had first learned from the hand organs followed, and then her face flushed and her eyes shone as she recalled Mons. Beauvais' first meeting with her. Looking earnestly forward, her fingers gradually drawing out sounds of unparalleled sweetness and melody, she burst suddenly into a song of praise. There were no words, yet Clarence knew she was recalling the day when she first tested her own musical powers. The rich glorious voice filled the air around him, and the joyousness of the song made him almost long to join his voice with hers, when she was recalled from her dreams and he from his ecstasy, by—

"I am ready for my lesson, Miss Harding."

Little Sophie, Mrs. Latimer's youngest child, had, unperceived by Carrie or Clarence, come in, taken off shawl and bonnet, and now stood ready for her lesson.

Thoughtfully, his heart full of that glorious music, Clarence left them, feeling that his sister's childish strumming would be unendurable after Carrie's performances.

That same evening Carrie sat at her aunt's feet reading aloud, and there came a tap at the door. She opened it to find Mr. Latimer standing there.

"May I hope I am not intruding?" he said; "you gave me permission to call, on the evening when I escorted you home from my mother's. I have been out of town, or I should have availed myself of it sooner."

"Walk in," said Carrie. Aunt Elise, this is Mr. Latimer, the gentleman I spoke to you about."

Clarence spoke to the old lady in her own tongue, and accepted Carrie's offered seat. His call was a long one. Having lately visited France, he could give Miss Delattre intelligence of scenes and people, from whom she never expected to hear again, yet although attentive to her, his eye took in the neat arrangement of the simple furniture and the graceful figure sewing near the table.

"You will come again, come often," said Miss Delattre as he rose to go.

"Thank you for permission to do so," he said.

There were few *tete a tete*s after this for Carrie and her old friend. Some time in the evening, if only to stay long enough to bring some flowers or a book, Clarence came in, often remaining for hours, reading aloud while Carrie sewed, or chatting with Miss Delattre of the never-wearying subject—France. Coming home from long walks and patience tasking lessons, Carrie learned to listen for the well-known knock, and cheerful voice at the door, welcoming both with frank pleasure.

Coming home one day at dinner time, she was surprised at having no answer to her cheery good-day, from her aunt, and looking up saw that the old lady's head was thrown back, her mouth partly open, her eyes fixed and glassy. A loud cry of terror brought Mons. Beauvais to her side, but all help now was useless. Miss Delattre was dead.

With this grief still weighing bitterly upon her, a new trial came. Mrs. Latimer visited her, paid her bill for her daughter's tuition, withdrew them from Carrie's care, and then heaped upon the young girl's head the bitterest reproaches for her "shameless conduct, with regard to Clarence."

"My conduct! My brain is confused with sorrow and surprise! What have I done?"

"It is too late to feign ignorance, Miss Harding," said Mrs. Latimer, severely. "I little thought my kindness to you would meet with such base ingratitude. Have not you and your aunt tried to inveigle my son, one of the first young men in the city, into marrying you—a music teacher?"

"Carrie stood erect, with flashing eye and flushed cheek."

"You mistake, madam. That your son has sought me, loves me, is true; for, unaccustomed to let worldly calculations influence my heart, I gave him my love freely, as he offered his. He has asked me to be his bride; but, and she drew a ring from her finger, and put it in Mrs. Latimer's hand—you will return this, telling him why I send it. I—and she drew herself up proudly—I enter no family where I am unwelcome." And she bent her head with queenly grace, and left the room, crossing the entry to remain with Mons. Beauvais till Mrs. Latimer saw fit to depart, which she did soon, glad to have got through her errand without the expected fit of tears and hysterics.

Furious with generous indignation, Clarence flew to Carrie that evening, after hearing his mother's story. She was gone. Mons. Beauvais could not or would, not give any clue to her whereabouts; and, after weeks spent in fruitless search, Clarence finally relinquished the pursuit in despair.

Three years passed away. Clarence was on a visit to New York, when an invitation was sent to him to join a large fancy party: the note concluded thus:—

"Among our other guests, my mother has invited a new belle, a French lady, heiress to an immense fortune, who is on a visit to America with her guardian. Be sure to come."

Henry.

The rooms were crowded when Clarence came in, and the usual mixture of costumes belonging to such a scene prevailed. His own dress of a friar was too modest to attract much notice, and he mingled in the crowd.

"Have you seen the fortune-teller?" said a pretty blonde, who accepted his arm for a promenade. "All the gentlemen are crazy about her, and she will not unmask. Ah, there she is!"

Clarence looked in the direction indicated. A tall, graceful girl was leaning against a marble pedestal, toying with some flowers upon it, and conversing with two gentlemen. She was dressed in black velvet, richly embroidered in gold. The dress, open in front, left exposed a vest of white satin buttoned with large pearl buttons, and rich lace closed with a diamond pin at the throat. Upon her head was a long, rich, black lace veil, and her mask covered all her face save her mouth, which could be seen through its lace edge, while two large dark eyes shone through the holes in the mask.

"Ah," said one of the gentlemen, looking up, "there comes Clarence Latimer. Now, Lady Soreness, for a new trait of skill!"

The lady did not answer, her graceful head being bent low over the flowers.

"Come, Claire, and have your fortune told," said both gentlemen, in gay tones.

Clarence bowed to the stately lady, who turned her eyes full upon his face.

"You have known trouble," she said, in a deep voice: "the lines on your face tell that."

"Trouble!" said one of the gentlemen, gayly. "I think your skill is failing you. Why, Clarence Latimer is the envy of half his friends."

"Yet he has known trouble through poverty and obscurity."

"It is clear you have mistaken the person," continued the young man, son of the hostess for the evening.

"No, I do not mistake!" was the answer. "It was not his own poverty, but that of one—"

"Hush! hush!" said Clarence, in a low tone; "do not name her here."

"Then you have not forgotten her?" said the lady, in the same low voice.

The rest of the group left the two together. "Forgotten! Never!"

"I can give you tidings of her."

"You can?" said the young man, eagerly. "Where is she? Is she near, or far away? Alas! I fear poor and friendless now!"

"Not so. Through the death and liberal will of one who adopted her after her aged friend's death, she is now in the highest society in Paris, and rich enough to—and her voice took a tone of bitter irony—"satisfy even your mother."

"Lost! lost!" said Clarence, in a low, sad tone. "Had she been in trouble, she could not have divided us; but now she might justly despise me if I sought her."

"Not so! I know her well: she cannot forget, cannot cease to love one who won her heart when her friends were few, and who would have married her despite her station. But she is proud; she cannot seek one whose family cast her off."

Gently, said Clarence, "gently, my mother is dead."

"Are you confessing to this reverend friar?" said a gay voice behind the two.

"Not yet," said the sorceress, taking Clarence's arm. "Will you promenade with me, Mr. Latimer?" She gently led him to the conservatory. Then, when they were alone, Clarence said in an agitated voice:—

"Tell me, are you?"

"Mademoiselle de Villa, the adopted child and heiress of your mother's old friend, but—and she took off her mask—better known to you as Carrie Harding."

So Clarence, of all the suitors to the French heiress was the successful one, though all the disappointed ones declared they could not make it out: why he was introduced at Mrs. Mason's fancy ball just one week before he was married.

SIMPLE RECIPES FOR MAKING VINEGAR.
T. B. Miller of Clayton, Ind., has communicated to the New York Farmers' Club the following simple receipts for making vinegar:

"Fill nearly full any vessel, jug, crock, pan, tub or barrel with pure rain or soft water, sweeten it with any kind of molasses, (the quantity is not material,) set it in a moderately warm place, or in the sun, cover with sieve, gauze, or net, to keep out flies and gnats. In due process of time it will be vinegar, when it must be put into a suitable vessel and stopped close. To convert cider into vinegar, if made from sweet apples, it is only necessary to set the barrel in a warm place and knock out the

bung; if from sour, stir in a little molasses, and when sour enough bung up tight. Vinegar barrels should be well painted, as they are liable to be eaten by worms."

It will be proper to state that it is the action of the atmosphere, which in time converts the sweetened water into vinegar, hence the greater the surface of water exposed to its influence the sooner it will sour. There is a thick scum rises on the top of the vinegar when making, which is the "mother," and should not be thrown away."

The Contraband's Gratitude.

A soldier writes: "After the little city of F. fell into our hands, steps were immediately taken to provide shelter and rations for the crowds of negroes, (many of whom were from the swamps of Florida,) hastening in to seek an asylum from oppression. Among their first requirements was a place for Divine worship. Having received my ideas of their peculiar style of proceeding from comic sermons of the 'Snow-ball' order, I entered the little hall, expecting only amusement."

The leader of the meeting was a short, thick-set negro, having a free-and-easy, backwoods-preacher air, who commenced the services by reading a hymn. After the singing he made a short address, the burden of which was gratitude to God for their deliverance from bondage, and, as usual among them, comparing their situation with that of the children of Israel in Egypt. His remarks were distinct, brief and impressive. The next speaker was a tall, athletic man, black as jet, but in cast of features differing greatly from the common negro. An indomitable fearlessness and great power of endurance marked him as one whose spirit could never be crushed.

Full of earnestness, his voice tremulous with emotion, he announced that *that day* he had escaped from a terrible bondage. "Dis, my friends, is de blessed day my ole granfader prayed for. My fader prayed for it, an' de great God knows Ise prayed for it. Ise know it was a comin'; suthin' in my heart told me de blessed Jesus would deliver us out ob de hands of our cruel taskmasters even as he did de children of Israel out ob Egypt. An' blessed be God, it is done, an' to-day we can sing de songs of freedom!"

"My granfader was torn to pieces by de blood houn's in de swamps ob Florida, my fader was kept in irons, an' lashed wid whips, an' my friends, Ise been tryin' to 'scape from bondage all my life, as de marks ob irons an' whips will show!"

"Tank de Lord, my brederen, de blessed, long-looked for freedom-day has come! Let us pray for de dear white people who has come all de long way an' is fightin' to make us free!"

"When I look at *dat ole flag*, (pointing to the stars and stripes, floating in the harbor,) 'dat brought my granfader from Africa, an' has kept my brederen in chains an' darkness so long, an' tink *dat now it has come to set us free* Ise could *mo' bow down to it as de chid' dren ob Israel to de serpent in de wilderness!*"

"Then kneeling, he poured out his soul in humble, grateful prayer. Words fail to do justice to the earnestness and simplicity of his petition. It was a song of praise and gratitude from an overburdened, long-imprisoned spirit, brief, and full of pathos; and never since have I heard eloquence like that."

"The allusion to the flag sent the blood tingling through my veins, and gave new lustre to the dearly loved stars and stripes."

I entered the assembly an anti-abolitionist. I left it firmly resolved to fight for the liberty of the down-trodden and oppressed."

SPEECH OF SECRETARY SEWARD.—HON. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, made a speech in Corning Hall, Auburn, recently, on matters of public import. In its course he elaborately argued that there could be no satisfactory peace arrived at between the North and South which was not preceded by submission on the part of the rebels. He made also some very truthful but severe reflections on the conduct of disloyal citizens, in abandoning natural and moral instincts and sympathizing with men who had the destruction of their country, its institutions and liberty, as a reigning motive in their rebellion. Of such disloyal men and their perverted ideas he said:

"They are afraid of the loss of individual liberty and of state rights, and they therefore saw continually on the string of arbitrary arrests and suspension of the *habeas corpus*. They do not see that the country is in a condition of civil war—exposed to foreign invasion; that arrests are a weapon of war which must be wielded by the military of the State, and not by its courts and constables. The dangers they fear are future—they overlook the present danger which, if it prevails, will leave the country no future. They mourn the public peace lost, so pitiously, that they have no heart to restore it in the only way it can be restored, by contest with the enemies in arms who have destroyed it. They sigh for peace in the future, and thus invite the insurgent to invade our own homes and firesides. They are troubled to know the terms upon which you will give peace to the insurgents. The answer is a simple one: There can be no peace to insurgents in arms, until they have submitted and accepted Abraham Lincoln as the President of the United States; then, and not before, will be the time to speak of terms of peace."

Concerning the consequence of rebel submission, and the future of slavery, Mr. Seward said:

"The abettors of the rebellion are troubled for fear we shall not leave to the rebels, when they have submitted, enough of slavery and slaves. They want to know what we propose about that. My answer is that, if they had submitted to Abraham Lincoln, at the beginning, they would have retained the whole. They have lost by resistance, on an average, ten thousand slaves a month.

ing; good temper even influenced the savor of her soups and the lightness and delicacy of her pastry. When ill-temper pervades, the pepper is dashed in as a cloud: perchance the top of the pepper-box is included, as a kind of diminutive thunderbolt; the salt is all in lumps; and the spices seem to betake themselves all to one spot in a pudding as if dreading the frowning face above them. If there be a husband who could abuse the smiles of a really good-tempered wife, we should like to look at him. No! no! such a phenomenon does not exist. Among the elements of domestic happiness, the amiability of the wife and mother is of the utmost importance.

Waterville Mail.

BPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

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SHEEP JOCKEYS.—In days gone by we had a class of men popularly called horse jockeys; but as they gradually disappeared—some turning to honest men, and others dying or leaving the business—another class as gradually came into their shoes, so like them as to differ only in being "a little more so," and these last are gradually earning the title of sheep jockeys. We should by no means call them dishonest men, but they resemble some of the telegraphic dispatches in "lacking confirmation." They are industrious wool growers, just as all raisers of sheep are or ought to be; but they have an air of getting prices a little beyond reason, and of being reported to the world a little outside the facts in the case. They no doubt sell 20-pound fleeces; but their neighbors crack sharp jokes about "pasturing in tar barrels." It is indeed wonderful how much more gummy a heavy fleece is than a light one, but equally wonderful how much heavier a gummy one is than a clean one! The truth is there is a vast deal of "gum" in all kinds of fancy sheep. There is but one class of men who "see it" clearly, and that is those who got their eyes so well opened by the mulberry speculation, as to be able to feather their nests from the hen fever! They can see a thousand dollars in a single sheep as readily as honest men can see twenty thousand in a 2.20 horse; putting their very finger upon the identical lock and wrinkle and kink where it is concealed from common eyes.

A paragraph is going the round of the press, asserting that at the late exhibition of the Vt. State Ag. Society, Mr. Stowell of Cornwall, refused \$1,400 for a buck, and that a farmer in the same county had disposed of three bucks at a thousand dollars each; still another having refused an offer of \$50,000 for his flock of 200 Merino sheep. Now, some of our down east men who did not live in "speculation times," and who never owned or bet upon a horse that could "go inside of three," might have doubts in regard to some of the above assertions; but those who had heard of the Yankee who sold his dog for a hundred dollars, payable in two puppies at fifty apiece, can readily credit the entire lot. Mr. Geo. Campbell, a famous Vermont sheep grower (and seller), sent 12 sheep—so the papers say—to the International Exhibition at Hamburg, which took the first premium, though "competed against by 1,761 foreign sheep, 60 of which were contributed by the emperor of the French." Very probable—but we are told that "at the close of the exhibition Count Sher Thoss purchased Mr. Campbell's little flock of twelve sheep for \$5,000!" No conditions are stated, and if Mr. Campbell takes his pay in lambs he is probably to have them at a fair price!

We knew one of these "fancy sheep men" in Vermont, twenty years ago, who had the portraits of some half a dozen of his best sheep painted and engraved, and afterwards printed and posted in frames at the hotels about the country. Under each sheep was its name, with that of the owner, and the estimated value of the original—the prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,000. His near neighbors laughed, and strangers bought his sheep;—but when the assessors made the taxes, they set our friend's sheep at the prices he had himself suggested! The joke was a hard one, but he bore it.

We once went to one of these men to buy a young buck for a friend. He showed us thirty yearlings, all he had, for which he said he asked thirty dollars, "to buyers from abroad," but he offered us a fair average one for ten dollars. A few days later he showed us, in the post-office, a letter from a gentleman in Mississippi, enclosing a draft for three hundred dollars, with orders to "send a buck and two ewes, the best you can for the money." He sent one of the thirty dollar bucks, for he had no others,—and ewes at the same rate, no doubt! He was a sheep jockey.

We shall not vouch for the truth of a story that used to be told to illustrate certain kinds of management in State politics,—namely, that a shrewd old farmer who owned the famous buck

"Signor," found him growing old, and concluded to sell him to his poor neighbor A. for the astonishingly low price of a hundred dollars, and take his note for a year; for though A. was not worth a dollar, he was honest, and the possession of so choice a piece of property as Signor would render him good for what he cost. As good luck would have it, it proved the dawn of "speculation times" to A., who sold Signor the same day for two hundred dollars, and took his pay in just such paper as he had himself used in his purchase. Speculation waxed still warmer, and before the week ended old Signor had parted with half a dozen owners, the last of whom had given him his note for a thousand dollars, and made himself good for its payment by becoming the possessor of a piece of property that would soon bring double the money. Time hurried on, and brought the original owner of Signor to A. for a hundred dollars. O yes, said A., I will step over and get it of B., who owes me two hundred, and his note is due. O yes, said B., I will step over and find C. O yes, said C., and O yes, said D. and E. and F.—but—when they came to G. he said despondingly, "Old Signor is dead!" The endorser of the seven notes had died intestate, and his heirs were left with the naked recollection that they had thought themselves rich for a year.

But these are old stories—some new ones are in the loom, and in due time will have to be told. Horse jockeys are dead, but sheep jockeys still live. Barnum found only one woolly horse; woolly sheep are more numerous.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The number of cattle at market last week, according to the *New England Farmer*, was 4385—about 400 more than the previous week; while the number of sheep was 7,021—about the same as the previous week. Maine and Vermont contribute about equally of cattle, there being 1,228 from the former, and 1,216 from the latter; but in sheep, the Green Mountain State is largely in advance, sending 2,692 to our 670; but then we are comparatively new in the sheep business and shall do better soon. Of the Maine cattle, Gideon Wells drove 140, Parker Piper, 48, Daniel Wells, 36. The mild weather and the election operated against the seller, and the *Farmer* says:—

"Of the Maine cattle, perhaps 150 are left over, with some of the Western, and 100 or more of the Northern. The best beef cattle and the best working oxen and milch cows have sustained last week's prices better than those of ordinary grades, of which there are quite too many at market. On the whole, we think prices have declined fully as much this week as they advanced last, and on poor, light stuff, particularly, the market has been rather hard."

First quality beefs are quoted at \$7.75 and \$8.00; second do., \$6.75 to \$7.50; third do., \$5.00 to \$6.50; extra, \$8.25 to \$8.50. Working oxen, \$7.50 to \$12.00, or according to their value as beef. Stores—yearlings, \$10 to \$14 two-year-olds, \$18 to \$27; three-year olds, \$30 to \$50. Sheep, 5 1-2 to 6 cents per lb. on live weight; in lots, \$3.75 to \$5.50.

Of the Store Cattle, it is said: "This description of stock has sold quick or slow, according to quality. Those who had good workers, good milkers, or good young cattle, don't say much about the market any way, while those who had ordinary and poor stock of these kinds, are loud in their complaints. Fodder of all kinds is so dear that farmers are shy of mere skin and bones. Gideon Wells sold 12 two-year-olds for \$20 each, and had 20 Wednesday afternoon which he offered at \$18 per head without a buyer."

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—Hon. E. P. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, gives notice that the annual meeting of the Maine State Teachers' Association, for 1863, will be held in Bath, commencing at 3 o'clock on Monday, P.M., Nov. 22d, and closing at noon of the 25th. Arrangements are making to secure lectures and papers upon educational topics from gentlemen of experience and ability, some of them from abroad. The citizens of Bath have generously offered gratuitous entertainment to ladies in attendance, and to gentlemen who are members of the Association. Members in attendance, who come by either of the following railroads, will receive free return tickets: the Maine Central; the Somerset and Kennebec; the Kennebec and Portland; the Androscoggin; the Grand Trunk; the York and Cumberland; and the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth. A programme of exercises will be issued, soon. Teachers of whatever grade, and friends of education generally, are invited to come,—to see and be seen,—to hear and be heard.

TOWN MEETING.—The Selectmen of Waterville have called a town meeting, to be held on Monday, the 16th inst., at 2 o'clock P.M., for the purpose of fixing upon a sum to be paid as a bounty to volunteers. We notice that several towns have already acted upon this matter. Auburn votes \$200, Augusta \$200, Cape Elizabeth \$250, Durham \$150, Lewiston City Council \$100. For some reason, it seems not to be decided to have an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of fixing a uniform sum for all the towns, though it seems desirable that this object should be attained.

A circular has been issued by the Adjutant General, by order of the Governor, recommending uniform bounties, not to exceed two hundred dollars. It says that each volunteer is at liberty to enlist to make up the quota of any town he chooses, without regard to his residence. The government pays \$402 to veterans and \$302 to raw recruits; which, with \$100 from the State and \$200 from the town, makes \$702 for veterans and \$602 for raw recruits. Where, and when, in all the world, did any nation's soldiers find such inducements to enlist?

The Jury in the case of Doyle, on trial for murder, at Farmington, failed to agree and were discharged. They stood eight for conviction and four for acquittal. A new trial will be had next term.

HOPE LOST.

The light is gone: I cannot see,
My hopes have down so far away;
In vain, I look across life's sea,
To solemn night has changed my day.
My life is drear and cold to-day;
No smiling future beckons me;
But galling clouds of fell dismay,
Scow down upon my life's cold sea.
The friendly hand and smiling look,
That thrilled my hopeful heart, of yore,
Have now my presence all forsook;
O fainting soul! they press thee sore.
The way is long; the water dark;
The journey yet I fear to know;
O soul! the hand that steered the ark,
Will guide thy footsteps here below. B.

HONEY.—The following amusing discourse on Honey, we find among the reports submitted at the recent Fair of the Sagadahock Agricultural Society:

"My son," (says the wise man) "eat thou honey because it is good, and the honey-comb, which is sweet to thy taste." Your Committee have followed the advice of King Solomon, and eaten, moderately, of Mr. Isaac Wilson's honey, and pronounce it good. We partook moderately, remembering another saying of the same inspired writer; 'Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it.'"

We ate what we thought sufficient for us, both as regards judging of the honey and gratifying our appetites, but were careful to stop before we got quite through the verse. We hope our friends will always be as discreet as we were; and that they will remember the wise man's application of the subject in the verse following that just quoted; 'Withhold thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee.' It is very pleasant to have our neighbors drop in occasionally. But we don't want them to come too often, nor at unreasonable hours, nor, when they come, to stay too long. One may stay too long. One may eat too much honey. A little moderation, in the use even of good things, is often quite expedient.

'Sweet as honey,' is a Bible phrase, and one in common use in our day. 'Pleasant words' (says Solomon) 'are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.' We have not all an abundance of honey, like Mr. Isaac Wilson, to distribute around among our friends. But 'pleasant words' are easily spoken, and seeing they are 'health to the bones and sweet to the soul,' we should not be so sparing of them, as too often we are. 'Pleasant words!' How good they are! How little they cost! How much good they do! 'Speak pleasant words.'

We ought in this report to say something of the honey makers, the Bees; but the time will not allow extended remarks, yet (the Committee being composed entirely of 'ministers, together with those 'angels of the churches,' the ministers' wives) we must 'preach,' a little before we close. There are (we would say), some B's of which we would bid you beware. For example, B the Boaster, and B the Babbler. Bid them be off; for if you let them begin they will never be done. Then, there are the Back Biter B's, whose stings, like the Revelator's locusts, are in their tails and sharper stings in their tongues; they sting when they come and they sting when they go. Almost as bad, are those B's that both Paul and Peter warn us against, Busy Bodies, or, more correctly translated,—(it is a great thing to know Greek) Buzzy Bodies,—'in other men's' and other women's 'matters.' One word of caution just at this point. If you ever hear the buzzing of a circle of gossips, male and female, stirred up about some neighborhood quarrel, don't meddle, unless you want to be stung. 'Don't go near them, nor mind what they say, but let them buzz until they are tired.' Depend upon it they are not making honey; they are making mischief. And there is the Brandy Bibber; poor Beast! Young women, give the Brandy Bibber a wide berth, and let him have it all to himself, till he rots. If he dares come near you, beat him with a broomstick—brush him out of the house. Boys, beware of the company of Brandy Bibber and Wine Bibbers, and all such like B's. Nor brutify yourselves by imbibing from the brimming beer cup. 'At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' And there is one other class of B's in which your Committee are not believers; viz: the silly men who waste their substance in Betting on elections and fast horses. We say to the better, you are not a bit better than you should be, though you do get badly bit sometimes, and you will never better yourself till you leave off betting. You may seem for a time to be getting ahead of your competitors, but in the long race of life, if you continue to be a better, you will come out second-best.

Mr. Isaac Wilson, of Bowdoinham, has been dealing with B's of the right sort. He has evinced his skill and his enterprise in behalf of the worthy objects aimed at by this association, by exhibiting a box of honey weighing 15 lbs. His method, as appears from his statement is simple and economical. His honey looks nice, and your committee know it is sweet, very sweet. So say the men, so also say the women of the committee; who, as they are *samples*, so also should they be *judges* of sweetness. Mr. Wilson deserves, and we award to him a premium of \$2.

How is it?—A correspondent of the Portland Courier, who claims to have spent an evening in Waterville, complains of being disturbed by noisy and unmannerly women, both old and young, during an entertainment at Town Hall. He leaves the reader to conclude that they found the performance beyond the stretch of their brains, and so resorted to amusing themselves according to their own capacity—which amusement proved an annoyance to their betters. We don't like to have our village advertised abroad in this way, when the blame only belongs to a few. Only three women in our whole village are marked for their ignorance of good manners in a public audience, and their worst fault consists in whispering and giggling while others want to listen. This is most troublesome at concerts, as they have no comprehension of any but the coarser music. Two or three young men eat peanuts, but as they belong to the literary department, and generally get back in a corner with a few young misses who chew gum, the two disturbances neutralize each other. Our worst annoyance comes from what is intended for innocent and very proper applause; but for want of a knowledge of the fashions in refined cities like Portland, some of the youngsters make brutal work of it—which would be of no consequence if it did not annoy their seniors. It don't disturb the hall-keeper, and it has been so long permitted that the boys seem not to know but such things are proper. So, with the exception of a very few giggling women, peanut eaters and gum chewers—with the noise of such boys as are perfectly willing

to behave better whenever the hall keeper gives them a little attention—we have as good mannered audiences here as in other places, the Courier's correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. [N.B.—In this defence we of course except all Commencement audiences; which, being distinctly literary in their management, composition and object, nobody who has ever seen one would venture to endorse for good behavior.]

UNEQUALLED!—Signor Blitz not excepted, no doubt Harrington stands at the head of all the noted ventriloquists and wonderworkers who amuse the people of this country. Especially in ventriloquism he excels all others, and excites unbounded sport and astonishment. Those who witness his performances may rest assured that they have seen the very best of their kind. This is positively his farewell visit, and we are assured that the exhibition is refined, and acceptable alike to old and young.

Mr. Harrington will exhibit at North Yassaboro' on Saturday evening, at Waterville on Monday and Tuesday, and at West Waterville on Wednesday.

RETURNED.—Rev. Mr. Hawes, of this place, who has been absent some three months, on a visit to the Union army at sundry places, arrived home in good health on Wednesday. He will probably preach to his congregation on Sunday.

RESIGNATION OF COL. HEATH.—It has been expected that Col. Francis E. Heath, of the 19th Maine regiment, would be compelled to leave the army on account of poor health. He has now resigned and returned home. He has served his country nobly, and as we think, through the period of her greatest need; and his many friends regret to see him compelled to retire when the way to further usefulness and honor was so bright before him. He had very marked popularity with the men of his command, and his resignation is announced in strong expressions of regret from many sources. Col. Heath is brother of the late Col. William S. Heath, who fell before Richmond, and son of Hon. Solyman Heath, of Waterville.

EAST CALL.—Mr. James P. Hill has opened a recruiting office in Merchants' Row, and is enlisting men to fill the quota of Waterville. These recruits will receive a bounty as large as can be obtained anywhere in the State, for the town will no doubt vote liberally.

Judge Rice, it is said, will accept the office of Superintendent of the Kennebec and Portland and Somerset and Kennebec Railroads and vacate his seat on the Supreme Bench.

The employees in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the vicinity of Beaver Meadow, mostly Irish, are in a state of riot, growing out of proceedings under the draft. Several Union men have been murdered; but order will soon be restored for a military force has been sent to Jonesville, with instructions to enforce the laws and subdue the disturbers of the peace.

In a list of Union prisoners at Richmond we find the names of the following from Maine:

Brig. Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, Colonel Charles W. Tilden, 16th Maine Vols.; S. L. Henry, 1st Maine Cavalry; A. M. Parker, 1st Me. Cavalry; S. H. Pillsbury, 5th Maine; W. Atwood, 16th Maine; H. M. Anderson, 3d; L. C. Bisbee, 10th Maine; J. R. Day, 3d Me.; C. Leveire, 15th Maine; J. N. Childs, 16th Maine; S. L. Gilman, 3d Maine; G. A. Deering, 16th Maine; S. S. Stearns, 1st D. Bibb and G. A. Chandler, 5th Maine; G. F. Blink, 3d Maine; A. A. Robbins, 4th Me; M. C. Wadsworth, 16th Maine.

The machinists in the large cities have struck for an advance in their wages, and there is a good prospect that their demands will be acceded to.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY.—In these times, when there is plenty of money in every man's pocket, many persons are puzzled to know how to invest it to the best advantage. Some one suggests that money may be very well disposed of now in the payment of debts, as it is equivalent to settling them for about 70 cents on a dollar. We sincerely hope that some of our subscribers will be wise enough to profit by the suggestion.

One James Cole was drummed out of the camp of the Invalid Corps, at Augusta, for stealing last week.

FUN ALIVE!—Don't forget that the funniest of all living men, assisted by one of the best female singers in the country, is to give an entertainment at Town Hall, on Friday evening, 20th inst. No spare seats are ever found where Brown calls together an audience.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.—Well executed 5's on the New England Bank, Boston, and the Mercantile Bank, Bangor, are in circulation, and also on the Sandy River Bank of Farmington.

HEAVY LOAD.—A train of 40 cars, loaded with cattle, passed over the Maine Central Railroad, on Monday last, drawn by two engines.

DRY WOOD sells quickly at high prices in Waterville, just at this time. Those who have any for sale will do well to get it to market about these days if they can. Sleight will soon knock down the price.

SNOW.—We had a slight fall of snow on Monday night—say an inch or more, enough to give a pretty plain hint that winter is at hand, and that the house ought to be "banked up."

There is talk of building a horse railroad between Augusta and Gardiner, but Morrill, of the *Home Journal* says it is all *losh*.

MUSIC FOR CHURCHES AND HOMES.—"The Harp of Judah," recently published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, is having a remarkably large sale. We advise all interested in good music to examine the book. The publishers will send specimen pages free.

RECRUITS.—The *Augusta* correspondent of the *Portland Press* says that a great many recruiting papers have been issued for enlisting the quota of the State under the late call, and enlistments are coming in at a very satisfactory rate. There is no doubt entertained here but that the whole number will be raised without the necessity of resorting to a draft.

War of Redemption.

The army of the Potomac is once more in motion, and has done some of the best fighting of the war—taking several strong positions and capturing more prisoners than the men actually engaged on our side numbered. On Saturday, the right wing, under Sedgwick, moved on Rappahannock Station, and the left, under French, on Kelly's Ford, both of which positions were taken, with about 1800 prisoners, including 103 commissioned officers, eight cannon, a large amount of small arms, several regimental colors, &c. These positions were taken from superior numbers, at the point of the bayonet. The 5th and 6th Maine bore a conspicuous part in these engagements—the former capturing 550 prisoners and the latter 683. They both suffered severely—the 6th losing 17 out of its 22 officers and two-thirds of its enlisted men. Our whole loss, in killed and wounded was about 400. The rebel loss in killed and wounded fully equals our own and they took no prisoners.

The enemy having been driven across the Rappahannock our forces crossed in pursuit and have since been pressing towards the Rapidan. Some smart skirmishing has taken place and the number of prisoners in our hands has increased to 2500. It was rumored at one time that a detachment of our forces held Fredericksburg, but that is not confirmed, though Kilpatrick has been there with his cavalry. It is well understood that Lee has weakened himself in order to drive Burnside from East Tennessee, and it is to be hoped that our folks will improve the occasion and inflict still further damage upon his reduced force.

The situation at Chattanooga is thus stated by the Cincinnati Gazette:

'The telegraphic report, that our forces had driven the rebels from Lookout Mountain was an error. We now hold the river below Chattanooga until we come within range of the enemy's guns on Lookout Mountain, being six miles from Chattanooga by the river, but only about two across the neck of land. Hooker drove the enemy from a high ridge west of Lookout, and separated from that and Raccoon mountain by a valley, making a strong position commanding the river, which the enemy held stubbornly, but were finally driven from it by the brave charge of troops. This success gives us the use of the river to supply Chattanooga, with only about two miles of wagon transportation. Two steamers are now in use and the question of supplies, which had come to a point that seriously threatened our occupation of Chattanooga, is now settled. The enemy held Lookout Mountain and have five heavy guns there. The distance from their battery to the town is three miles, and the light above the town is over two thousand feet. Their shells reach the town, but without any accuracy of range, and so far their firing has had little effect. It is enough, however, to make them disagreeable neighbors for permanency. To dislodge them will require a detour to their rear similar to that by which Rosecrans caused the evacuation of Chattanooga. By time and degrees and a greatly increased force our army is now recovering the ground which was all taken by a skillful strategic movement, that only required more support to make it complete and decisive.'

Gen. Burnside has lost two of his advanced positions with the half of two regiments by which they were garrisoned.

Constant skirmishing is reported on the Big Black, in the rear of Vicksburg. A force of negro cavalry there is winning a good reputation.

Our batteries are still pounding away at Fort Sumter, and the rebels reply but feebly. Block Island is now occupied by our forces.

The Overland expedition to Texas has been abandoned and the troops have returned.

We have news of an important Union victory in Western Virginia. Generals Averill and Duffie, after several smart engagements, drove the enemy under Mudwall Jackson—superior in numbers—for several miles down the valley east of the Greenbrier mountains into and through the town of Lewisburg, which we hold. The enemy abandoned all their supplies, guns, colors, &c., and left their dead and wounded in our hands.

LATER.—The advanced position captured from Burnside, was Rodgersville, Tenn., 15 miles from Knoxville, and the number taken prisoners was 600. The main army is in a very strong position, one with which Grant is said to be well satisfied.

Two suspicious crafts are reported in Lake Erie, in the vicinity of Sandusky, supposed to be acting in concert with an attempt for liberating the rebel prisoners confined there.

The 13th Maine regiment, under the command of Lt. Col. Heselstine, has been ordered to report to Gen. Dana, destined for Brownville Texas.

ELEGANT CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—Purchasers should read the advertisement in our paper, of the New England Carpet Company.

WHAT A WHOPPER!—The copperhead Union, at Machias, has heard that the republicans are going to raise President Lincoln's salary to a hundred thousand dollars! Wonder who told him? The Union shouts for 'Little Mac' for President! What next?

THE QUOTA OF KENNEBEC COUNTY. The quota of volunteers assigned to Kennebec county, of the number called for from Maine, 798, apportioned to the several towns as follows: Albion 22; Augusta 115; Belgrade 30; Benton 20; Chelsea 12; China 37; Clinton 37; Farmington 11; Fayette 15; Gardiner 61; Halliwell 18; Litchfield 27; Manchester 10; Monmouth 25; Mount Vernon 26; Pittsboro' 30; Readfield 30; Rome 11; Sidney 37; Vassiboro' 37; Vienna 14; Waterville 48; Wayne 14; West Gardiner 15; Windsor 19; Winslow 25; Winthrop 43; Clinton Gore 3; Unity Plantation 2.

In Lewiston they arrest drunkards, tax dogs, take up stray hogs, and prosecute rum-sellers. What a shockingly religious place!

BATES COLLEGE.—From a neatly printed catalogue of this institution we learn that the number of ladies and gentlemen in attendance during the past year has been 359—the number in the Freshman Class, College Department, being 22. The students at this institution enjoy the benefit of lectures upon scientific and practical agriculture, and kindred subjects; hydrostatics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, etc. The catalogue indicates a flourishing condition of the institution.

The European and North American Railway Company have become the owners of the Penobscot Railroad Company's line from Bangor to Milford, and will soon complete the road to the last named point. The lower end of the road will be continued to the depot of the Maine Central Railroad Company in Bangor, and a contract has been made with this company for operating the new road as fast as it is completed.

THE ELECTIONS.—The returns from the late elections are very cheering for the cause of the Union. In Maryland, four unconditional Union men are elected to one semi-secessionist, and the Legislature is largely Unionist. In Illinois, twenty-eight counties figure a Union gain of 15,000; and if the other counties come in as well, the whole State will give a Union gain of about 60,000. In New York there is a Union majority of 38,000, being a gain of 44,000 over last year. The Union majority in Wisconsin is about 12,000, and in Minnesota about 10,000.

New Jersey improves slowly. The election was only for a part of the Legislature and for county officers; yet the Unionists gain 1 Senator (only 8 were elected) and elect 20 members to the Assembly to 39 Democrats, and 1 yet doubtful. Last year the House was 15 to 45 copperheads. We gain, therefore, five or six Representatives; and we gain largely in the popular vote.

The St. Louis Democrat says that the radical majority in that city and county, including the soldier vote, will not fall short of 3000, and may go nearer 4000.

A change of time has been made on the Maine Central Railroad, for which see advertisement.

Take the following as the latest mathematical problem: Things which are equal to the same are equal to one another. The Southern rebels oppose the Government and are its enemies. The Copperheads also oppose the Government and being equal to the same thing, are, therefore, its enemies.

'Class in the middle of geography, stand up,' said a schoolmaster. 'What is a pyramid?' he asked. 'A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other.' Very well,' said the schoolmaster, 'stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country.'

A GOOD WINE NEEDS NO PUFF. When George IV., King of England, was Prince Regent, he was celebrated for his admirable knowledge of good wine. His vaults were stocked with the choicest vintages of Europe. He had one wine, a rarity of its kind, and of this only a dozen bottles left. These were destined for a grand diplomatic banquet. The wine was ordered to be decanted—but every bottle had vanished. In affright the Prince's steward had recourse to a vintner of his acquaintance; but what was his horror when he learned that such a wine was not to be found in the market. The wine dealer requested his friend, however, to go back and search if one bottle had been left. To his joy the steward found one. With this he returned to the vintner, who bade him call at a stated hour. He did so and received a dozen bottles of wine, with this caution, that it was to be drunk before twelve hours. The imposition was never discovered.

Calling on a friend of ours of the American legation, the other day, he invited us to a glass of wine. We complimented his taste in the choice of so rich a port, but were somewhat astonished when he assured us it was an American vintage called Sambucci wine. It was rich, juicy, and high-flavored, possessing none of the peculiarities which distinguish the manufactured sugared wines and cider champagnes. He told us the proprietor, Mr. A. Speer of New Jersey, U. S. A., had been awarded a gold cup by the American Institute for the excellence of his wine. This is a new phase in the produce of America—a wine country.

[Dickens' 'All the Year Round'] We quote the above with pride that we produce one wine in this country that Europeans acknowledge, superior to their own production.

'SKIP ALL THE HARD WORDS!'—Traveling some years ago in a stage-coach (it was ere the advent of railways) there was in our company a poor, pale, eccentric-looking man who spoke rarely, and then in a way quite his own. As we stopped to water the horses, the driver became offended at something, and was shockingly profane. Our friend bore it a moment in silence, and then stretching his long neck out of the window, he said in a tone of authority, 'Driver, please to skip all the hard words.' The effect upon the driver was electrical. He could not have stopped quicker had he been smitten by a thunderbolt from the sky.—[Maine Teacher.]

The Rothschild who has retired from business has an income of \$5000 a day.—Should he, like the Emperor Titus, awake every day, large would be his loss, reasonable would be his regret.

The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent, are the people with whom it is a joy to talk.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit on forms and stand on ceremonies.

John B. Gough says he once showed a lady a picture of Raphael's Holy Family, asking her opinion of it, when she exclaimed,—'Lo! how cunning!'

Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county bearing this fruit. There is no blossom; the bud forms and without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance the apples resemble Rhode Island Greenings.

The total indebtedness of the state of Georgia is \$14,146,410. This is forty-seven dollars of indebtedness for every white male inhabitant of the State. Secession is proving a costly operation.

Why are the milkmen like the whale that swallowed Jonah? Because they take in a great prophet out of the water.

Late English papers state that the potato rot has suddenly appeared in Ireland, destroying a large portion of the crop. This fact has tended to increase emigration, and the people were leaving in large numbers for Canada and the United States.

The more a bad man sleeps the better. His sleep is the next best thing to death.

Orpheus C. Kerr says of one of his heroes: 'He was an apocryphal of fine feelings, and had once served as a deserter in the Army of the Potomac.'

