



11-27-1863

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 21): November 27, 1863

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 21): November 27, 1863" (1863). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 13.

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This is my attic-room. Sit down, my friend;
My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
The stairs are long and steep, but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood;
Society's hard by; laws do not reach
This lofty attitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and sand and windowed walls;
But here, above the dust and smoky gloom,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The purpling hills, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
Along the roof the eldest sunbeam peep—
I live in daylight, loneliness and free,
While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple-leaves,
I see their breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons call.

Far from the parlor with its gaudy crowds,
I dwell alone, with little need of words;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways, in grief and care,
Where every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain.

Since they have left behind the noise and heat—
And, though the stars and clouds their sight is clear,
The air is purer, and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heaven more near.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

KATY KEITH.

III.

Mamma and I went out the next day for a regular calling expedition. On our way home we stopped at the cabinet-maker's for some trifle—a missing rung for a chair or a varnish-brush, perhaps; I am quite sure it was not to order anything new. The first thing we came upon, close to the door, was a man at work on a coffin; indeed there was scarcely anything but coffins in the room. Of all materials and sizes, they stood everywhere about: it made me dismal. I watched the man at his work. What a dreary, wretched impression of poverty and gloom that last refuge of mortality made upon me! It was of some common stuff, hideously stained in stripes of black and red—a wild attempt at imitating rosewood, maybe, while untold wealth of German silver had been lavished on it in the way of medallion ornaments. These last the man was polishing. The cheap pretence, the miserable sham, were horrible, when you remembered what it was.

"O mamma!" I exclaimed, as soon as we were in the street, "did you see that shocking coffin?"

"Not to notice it especially. What ailed it?"

"Ugh!" I said with a shiver. "When my time comes, mother, nail me up in a pine box rather than such a thing as that. I never could lie still in it."

"Katy!" said mamma, reprovingly, "you should not speak lightly of such solemn matters."

"I don't mean it so, ma'am, I assure you. It's just the way I feel." The impression staid by me for an hour or two: it wretched make-shift! wretched poverty that called for it!

Mr. Krumbhaar spent a part of the evening with us. The thought of fortune, luxuries, assured position, connected with the very sound of his name, came into my mood like sunlight into a cavern.

Some days passed by, and we were all together frequently, as usual. I had ample room to practice my change of plan on Mr. Ledlie. It was amusing to see how he advanced as I retired—became more eager as I was less acquiescent. I was in doubt how far to go with him—not satisfied as to how much punishment he deserved, nor how far it was safe for me to venture in inflicting it. I caught myself wondering more than once whether he were not becoming a little less prudent; whether it might not be possible that he would forget the claims of genius and 'sacrifice' himself if I desired it.

One evening there was to be a water-party. Mr. Krumbhaar came for me.

"You are sure it is safe?" asked mamma, rather anxiously.

"Certainly, my dear madam. Do you think I would take Miss Keith into danger?"

"It would be an awkward spot if anything happened," remarked papa. "The pond is very deep, and there are dangerous holes about."

"But what can happen?" asked Mr. Krumbhaar.

"True enough; you are none of you children to get frightened and upset the boat, and your craft is water-tight, I suppose. Let her go, Mary; no possible harm can come of it."

"You will row, will you not?" said mamma, following us to the door. "I so dread these sudden flaws in a sail-boat."

The desired assurance was given, and we went down to the pond. Our shallop lay near the mill, and as we sat waiting for the others I watched the water tumbling and foaming among the great wheels and massive timbers.

"The wicket is broken," observed my companion. "If it is not mended soon the machinery may suffer. These bits of straw and shingle can do no harm, but a stout log might make mischief."

Just then the others came up. "What are you studying so intently?" asked Mr. Ledlie, proceeding to devote himself to me at once.

"Only this current; see how relentless it is; I cannot take my eyes from it. Look at these poor fragments that have fallen within its power; escape is hopeless; down must they go and be dashed to atoms. Can you not say some thing on the occasion?"

"In what vein?"

"That this flume is Destiny, for instance, and we the floating bits."

"You have said it for me; besides, it is not my creed. You were brought up on fore-ordination, I presume; I, on the contrary, believe devoutly in free-will."

"How can you? I don't see how any one can free himself from Fate, call it by what name you like—circumstance, election, anything."

"I perceive that you wish to escape responsibility."

"Oh, no; I feel myself responsible, all the same. I can't quite tell you how."

"I dare say you would have difficulty in explaining; but take courage, you are a very consistent little Calvinist."

"Indeed I am not! I hate Calvinism."

"That was heartily spoken. But a graduate of the Sunday school having Calvin! What a sad result of Barnes's Notes! for I can't lay it to the Assembly Catechism."

"I'm afraid you've never studied Mr. Barnes," I said. "He is quite as Calvinistic as I want to find him."

"The boat shoved off, and our doctrinal discussion came to an end. It was a delicious night, bland and still. The new moon hung in the west; a second heaven shone on us from the still water. In the softening light our usual pond became a pretty lake, and we all pronounced it worthy of a formal christening. Several neat titles were suggested.

"These would be charming," I said, "if there were no to-morrow. But when daylight comes, and we see the great mill distinctly with all its uppoetic adjuncts, then we shall blush for our

evening romance. Let it be Lake Osnaburg. Isn't that better than 'Domestic' or 'heavy unbleached'?"

"If we could just tear down the mill!" said Josephine. "When the banks were cleared we should have a lovely lake."

"Your father would hardly thank you for the wish, Josie." A good share of Mr. Harvey's large income was drawn from this establishment.

"I suppose not," she answered. "Isn't it very tiresome, Mr. Ledlie, that things are always interfering so?"

"How?"

"One can make such nice plans, and then along comes a person like Katy, here, with a practical turn of mind and knocks them all to pieces. I don't mean about the mill alone, but it is always so. Romance and Utility are always getting in each other's way."

"And then Utility has the road. It's a very sensible arrangement, you'll find, Miss Josephine. Romance is but unsubstantial diet."

"You 'professionals' are not fair judges," I remarked. "Everything romantic has become so stale to you in the course of trade that you assume it must be so for the rest of the world."

Mr. Ledlie was not quite pleased; indeed, where did you ever find a man who liked the accusation of being thoroughly unpoetic? He made a half-defence while Mr. Krumbhaar whispered in my ear some pretty nonsense about making my life more beautiful than any dream of fancy. I did not listen with disapprobation. It is so pleasant to be loved.

We rode on in the moonlight, our little boat full-freighted with youth and hope. I have thought of that evening so often: how happy we were! We never once remembered that care and sorrow might be lying in wait, all ready for the spring; sure, coming age that would dull all these hopes, chase all these dreams, cast all foreboding chill upon us. Yet I, at least, was unquiet. A crisis in life had come. Eyes that had sometimes been averted now dwelt fondly on my own; if looks and tones could speak, what was there that I might not understand?

"I have become a convert to your faith," he said, in a low voice, while the rest were busy with some topic of their own.

"What faith do you mean?"

"In Destiny. It is impossible to escape; useless to try. I give up the struggle."

"And you find submission painful?"

"Not so; easy and delightful."

I remembered the morning such a little while ago; the early warmth, the after coolness. It is well, I thought, that I know you better than you seem to know yourself."

The moon went down; clouds overcast the sky; a storm was coming up. "How dark it grows!" said we all, and prophesied a hindrance to to-morrow's ride.

"I may come at any rate may I not?" whispered Mr. Krumbhaar. "Shall I be in the way?"

"Not if you wait till afternoon," I replied, mindful of certain household duties.

We rowed to shore; one after another mounted to the bank; I was the last. Mr. Krumbhaar held out his hand; I could just see him as he stood, the night had grown so black. I waved him playfully aside, and sprang forward; and then—I know not how—twas but a step—I missed my footing and was in the water.

One can think of millions of things in an instant of time. All the past spread itself out plain as a map before me, not a single act forgotten; and the future, O my soul, how near! As I rose, wildly struggling and half-suffocated to the surface, I heard the loud cries overhead, caught one short glimpse of moving figures. Oh, how near they were, and yet they could not see me! I tried to stir in answer, but the rushing water filled my throat and choked my voice. How dreadful! Only a minute ago I was safe there with them, and now I must die! If I had only staid at home, only been careful how I stepped; but there was no use in wishing now. "God have mercy on me!" I prayed, and in that frightful struggle tried to think of meeting him.

Suddenly I remembered the flume and the broken wicket. A horrid vision of the swift current and crashing machinery came over me; I made one last despairing effort to rise. Then all strength left me; a deep languor pervaded my being; I floated out powerless; life passed from my lips. "It is all over now," I thought.

"There was a voice. 'O my darling!' it said, 'my darling!'"

"Where was I? I felt the water chill about me yet, but I could breathe. Was it a dream?"

Something held me. I heard a shout, "She is here! I have got her!" My eyes opened; consciousness returned. I saw the dark sky above; dark forms stood on the bank. A strong clasp supported me; I was saved. Thank God! Ay, and I thanked him fervently.

Then somehow they reached me from the shore, and I was laid upon the grass; Josie held my head, the girls crowded around frightened and sobbing. I did not speak; I only lay there—so glad to find myself alive!—till Josie said, with a fresh burst of crying, "Oh, I'm afraid she's dead! She doesn't move."

"No, I'm not," I said, with a deep sigh. "I shall do very well presently."

All tongues were loosened; joyful exclamations overwhelmed me. I heard them in a dream, my senses steeped in such delicious languor. I did not even wonder who it was that saved me.

This little adventure made me the village heroine for a week. There was a constant stream of callers, anxious to learn every particular, and what I thought and how I felt. It was very likely I should tell them that! What did I think? was my response to these inquiries; why, that I should be drowned. How did I feel? Exceedingly pleased to find myself mistaken. But if my words were light my thoughts were serious enough. I don't know if much permanent good results from these close encounters with death; but I, for one, could not go back and be quite the same person that I was before. Life had looked so settled and secure; years and years at my disposal, to do the best with that I could, become so slight, so transient, and yet of such import, viewed in its relation to all that lies beyond.

I had something to learn myself of what had befallen. Both gentlemen, it seemed, had plunged in after me, but it was to Mr. Ledlie that I owed my life. I could have wished the

debt lay elsewhere, grateful though I were. And one amazing thing they all conspired to testify; I had been in the water such a little while. "Only a minute," said the girls, and I ridiculed them; four or five minutes at most, said Mr. Krumbhaar, but I shook my head: One should always endeavor to believe disinterested witnesses, particularly when their evidence is backed by all the medical profession; but how could it have been less than an hour or two, making every allowance? The things remembered, the terrors felt! Could five minutes hold them all? If that were true, how limitless our capacity to think and suffer!

Any evil results of my involuntary plunge were happily escaped. The very next afternoon I was sitting up in my own room, sobered in mind but comfortable in body. Our earliest visitor, Josephine excepted, was Mr. Krumbhaar; after him came my preserver.

It was an awkward interview, at least in the beginning; I could not forget those words that reached me on coming back to life. "O my darling, my darling!" They sounded continually in my ears. I made some broken attempts to express my gratitude; he replied with just as little self-possession. After a time mamma left us; in compliance, she told me afterwards, with his request; and a silence sufficiently embarrassing ensued. He was the first to break it.

"Miss Keith," he said, "I have a question to ask. Pray do not consider it impertinent, but answer frankly."

I summoned voice to tell him that I would. "How soon were you conscious? Did you understand any incoherent words of mine while we were in the water?"

My face was in a flame. "Yes," I stammered; but no matter. In a moment of excitement people will say things that—that they did not intend, perhaps."

He rose and came toward me; he stood by my chair. "Oh Katy," he said, "don't you know that I let my heart speak out then for the first time; that I said what I have been wanting to say all these weeks; what I have been longing to tell you ever since that night!"

I was silent, trembling from emotion which he did not read aright. When at last I looked up and our eyes met—ah, what speaking eyes he had! I almost doubted whether wisdom and courage were the best. He took my hand and covered it with kisses. I snatched it away.

"Don't!" I said. "How you will regret all this to-morrow!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished.

"That you are allowing a sudden impulse to overcome your judgment. I was in such danger that you do not look at me in a true light; there is a sacredness about dead people—we feel a tenderness for them—and you regard me almost as if I had come back from the dead. But in a few days all this will be over; I shall be the same girl that I was."

"And then?" he said, eagerly.

"And then you will wish you had kept silence."

"Again!" he exclaimed. "Why do you speak thus? Do you not know that these doubts are insulting?"

He was displeased, and deeply; it added to my trouble. Moreover, I was weak yet and nervous; I began to cry. Terribly ashamed I was of such an exhibition, but I could not stop. The sight of my tears softened him at once; he whispered words of tenderness and caressing.

"I am so sorry you are angry," I said, between my sobs. "I owe you my life, and now you think me rude and unfeeling."

"No, no, my dearest," he answered, passionately. "I only am in fault. You are willing to owe your life to me, Katy; will you not let me make it happiness?"

I could not answer him. "Just a whisper, love," he said; "one word—you haven't courage, little trembling heart? A look, then—a pressure of my hand; and he leaned toward me."

It was time to put an end to this. With a strong effort I kept back my tears. "You must not talk in this way," I insisted. "It must never happen again."

He was smiling. "Indeed!" he answered. "But I intend to do it very often. How will you prevent me, Katy?"

"By refusing to listen," I gravely answered. "And what is the cause of such a rigorous decree?"

It was plain that he believed himself invincible; he was not to blame for that, perhaps, but it gave me a little nerve. A few days since I might have triumphed in this declaration, might have played with his feelings. I could not do it now.

"Mr. Ledlie," I resumed, "perhaps it would not be considered quite suitable for me to tell you all the truth; yet it seems to me right that I should treat you with entire candor."

It is what I wish from you."

"Not long ago I should have heard this avowal with pleasure; nay, I will go further, and say that it would have made me very happy."

"You admit it: then why—"

"Wait, wait! But now all that is over. You once laid before me your reasons for avoiding an imprudent marriage. Do not look astonished. I told you I should speak the whole truth. I understood you perfectly; I comprehended that any interest on my part was warned off by such language."

"I was a fool!" he exclaimed. "Forget it. If your beauty, your sweetness have overcome me, why should you revive those buried scruples?"

My spirit rose a little at that, though he had saved my life. "Because I am not one to be taken or left at your pleasure," I answered. "I never shall go to any man who feels it a sacrifice to receive me. And because these scruples are not buried so deep but they will rise again."

"Go on," he said, bitterly; "paint me trifling and capricious as you will."

"It is not I who am in fault. Your arguments would not have convinced me so thoroughly if they had not first convinced yourself."

"I see how it is; your pride was wounded, and you will never forgive me. You prefer to ruin your own happiness and mine rather than abate one claim of your offended dignity."

Mr. Ledlie said, smiling, "is it not a little arrogant of you to assume such entire control of my happiness?"

He regarded me with a puzzled air. "Have you been coquetting with me all this time?"

he said. "Is this the sweet, sincere girl who met my attentions with such artless pleasure?"

"I was sincere. Nothing changed me but your own desire."

"And is this change past recall?" he cried; but I will not weary you with what he said. You know what lovers are, what they believe, and what they vow. And this was an eloquent one; I did not listen without emotion, sure as I was of the wisdom of my resolve. At last he intimated that there must be some one else.

"I do not recognize your right to ask the question," I said; "but it is perhaps best that you should know. Yes, there is some one else. I am engaged to Mr. Krumbhaar."

Was he more surprised or disappointed or incensed? "Why did you not tell me this at once?" he asked.

"From a foolish timidity at first; and afterward because we came to my true reason for refusing you. With those the engagement had nothing to do."

"You mean you considered it no obstacle."

"You are disconcerted, Mr. Ledlie."

"Pardon!" he said, but in no very penitent tone. "I cannot stop to pick out civil forms of speech. I am sure you did prefer me—a month—two weeks ago. Is it not so?"

"Why did you not make the inquiry then?" I replied, crimsoning. "Of one thing you may rest assured, if I preferred you now I would not insult Mr. Krumbhaar by marrying him. Breaking an engagement would be a very light matter compared with that. You force me to speak plainly; my refusal is based solely on myself and my appreciation of you. My answer would have been the same had no man existed."

"You make your meaning sufficiently clear," he said and was about to go, but I detained him. "Do not leave me in anger," I entreated. "This has been a very painful interview; I have not been able to tell you how grateful I am for your regard—yes, and for your willingness to forego all prudence for my sake, though I have not been able to accept the sacrifice. And that other debt! I owe you my life; how shall I ever repay you?"

"You have repaid me already; you have rendered my own life valuable."

This was not generous, but I could make allowance for him. The question rose to my lips of what my life would have been had his prudence continued and my pride been less. But I would not reexamine now.

"Tell me you are not angry," I went on, holding out my hand. "Let us part friends and always meet as such hereafter."

"I have no desire for friendship from you," he answered, coldly, as he left the room.

His displeasure grieved me, but what could I do? It was right, it was safe, to refuse him as I had said, did no other man exist. The love that could hesitate and trifle, advance and retreat, as his had done, was a poor reliance for the plain prose of life, however charmingly it might mingle with a summer's romance. If he had spoken before I understood him quite as well what would the result have been? I foresaw so clearly his regret when it should be too late, his return to the old views when he had no longer power to act upon them. The love which he now desired so much would be then a clog on his career, a shadow on his path. Still, he could not think so just at present and I was sorry for him. I blamed myself for the manner of my rejection; surely I might have softened it a little, been more kind, more courteous. From these disconcerting reflections I was roused by a guest who soon put them all to flight.

Ah, those were pleasant days! Brightened by a love that I could trust, that grew hourly dearer, more a part of life.

Our engagement was not named to any one for a week or two, but Mr. Krumbhaar urged for an early day, and there was all settled in family conclave one rainy night when we had no visitors, and the next morning I went over to tell Josephine.

As it happened I heard greater news than I came to impart. The child met me in a blushing, confused fashion that at once awakened curiosity, and as soon as we reached her own peculiar bowers the whole amazing truth came out! Mr. Ledlie had come last evening; he loved her; they were engaged! The surprise of the thing almost took away my breath. I did not know how to congratulate my little friend for being in doubt whether I ought not to tell her all about that interview. More particularly when she looked up in her innocent way and said, "I always thought it was you he cared for, Katy!"

"Me!" I answered, fishing in the troubled waters of my mind for something that was not untrue and not unsympathizing. "You always underrated yourself Josie; people are not very likely to think of me when you are by."

And after the sentence was fairly out I doubted whether, all things considered, it was quite as truthful as I meant to make it. But Josie, in her timid joy, did not observe the breaks in my congratulations. She was perfectly radiant with happiness; a sweeter case of Love's young dream you could not ask to see. Still she was not so apt that she could not descend to interest in my communication, and we had a long council over the thousand minutes of the affair. It was decided that we must be married together, in church, and by the Episcopal service; a bold innovation on the established order of things in Weyburn.

You may believe that I walked home in a bewildered frame of mind. Here had I been thinking of this man so often with a tender pity, turning from my own happiness, as it were, to sympathize with him—and lo! he was beyond all need of consolation! I wondered if pique had anything to do with it, or interest. I could not help being rather mortified by his speedy recovery. I had not wished to make him lastingly wretched, but I did expect to be mourned six months or so. There was a strange sense of incompleteness, unnaturalness, in the sudden transfer of all his hopes to Josephine.

What I ought to do about it, or whether I should do anything, were questions that worried me till I had asked mamma. After much thought she decided that since Mr. Ledlie's real motives were unknown to us it was better to be silent, and silent I remained.

After this I was free to enjoy my own happiness without any cloud of self-reproach. Guert and I—did I tell you Mr. Krumbhaar's name was Guert?—were constantly together; love and kindness filled up all our days. I'm afraid, though, we were not a model pair; for we had not a single quarrel nor a twinge of jealousy. There was no room for them. Guert

said the most; but I'm not going to admit, for that reason, that he felt so much more than I. He had a wondrous talent at idealizing, though. Here was I, plain Kitty Keith, a girl that made bread and pies, swept rooms and dusted, often wanted new things and often had to go without—a practical, everyday sort of personage, you see; but he exalted me into a fairy princess. No heroine was ever more poetically charming than he persisted in believing me. He discovered a hundred beauties for me that I had never thought of; a turn of the wrist, the curve of an eyelash, the rosy tint of finger nails. If ever a girl were surrounded with homage I was the one. It was very nice; I don't deny it.

"Ah, Guert," I said to him one day when he had been making some pretty speech or other, "this is but poor discipline."

"Why?" he asked.

"Just think how hard it will be for me to come down to the plain fare of married life after all this nectar and ambrosia."

"I do not intend that our married life shall be like other people's. The supply of nectar will be enough to last us all the journey through."

"You think so now," I said, laughing; "but just wait a year or two! I dare say we shall be a very commonplace couple by that time. We shall have our little fallings-out and makings-up, like the rest of the world; our little sulks and storms."

"You really think so?"

"Indeed I do. In four or five months I expect to lose the last feather from my wings, and come down from an angel into a woman. Not a perfect woman, either. And as for yourself, Mr. Krumbhaar, I don't in the least suppose you will always remain the amiable, complying personage you are at present. You will have a great many things to think of besides divining my wishes. Perhaps you will sometimes be unreasonable; perhaps I may be a little cross! We shall not always think alike, and neither may be willing to give up our own way."

"What a dismal picture!"

"No, only a natural one. But one thing I do believe in. We shall have too much kindness for each other, too much right feeling to let our disagreements be very serious or lasting. So I hope we may be very happy after all."

"What a rational little woman this is!" cried my lover. "Well, Katy, you shall be sober and prosaic as you like; but when a man is about to marry the sweetest girl in the world you must allow him to indulge a few romantic visions."

What could the 'sweetest girl' do but smile a gentle acquiescence?

A DISCOVERY CONCERNING GHOSTS. Geo. Cruikshank lately published in London an illustrated pamphlet under the above title. His 'discovery' amounts to this:

All those who have professed to have seen ghosts, declare that they appear in the dresses which they wore in their life-time; but from all I have been able to learn, it does not appear that from the days of Pliny the Younger down to the days of Shakespeare, and from thence down to the present time, that any one has ever thought of the gross absurdity and impossibility of there being such things as ghosts of wearing apparel, iron armor, walking-sticks and shovels! No, no one, except myself, and this I claim as my discovery concerning ghosts; and that therefore it follows, as a matter of course, that as ghosts cannot, must not, dare not, for decency's sake, appear without clothes; and as there can be no such thing as ghosts of spirits of clothes, why, then, it appears that ghosts never did appear, and never can appear—at any rate not in the way in which they have been hitherto supposed to appear.

FACTS FOR FARMERS. If you invest your money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as lending your money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest your money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in fruit trees, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into a field with poor tools to work with.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in strong drink, it is the same as turning hungry hogs into a growing cornfield—ruin will follow in either case.

EATING WHEN SICK. It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin to ask, "Now, what can you eat?" Every one who has heard the old story of the old man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged on his eighteenth his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece?" "No, my son," replied the father; "go away, pa's sick." When a young man who has surfeited in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good, busy mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now John, what can you eat? You must eat something; people can't live without food!" Then comes toast, tea, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulus or food than a jaded horse needs the whip. What is needed is rest—complete rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation when the indication appears. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession!—[Dr. Lewis.]

A CLAY SOIL NO CURSE. How often do farmers whose lands are clayey complain of their hard, stiff soils, so inclined to be cold and wet in the spring, baked hard in summer, and tedious to work at all times! Very well, these are bugbears to shiftless farmers, but not so to enterprising men. Wet and cold in spring? Shows they need draining. Baked stiff in summer? Shows they need manuring and diligent working. Tedious to till at all times? Yes, very likely, more toilsome than sandy land; but then, how much more productive and durable. In his 'Principles of Agriculture' Thayer

says: "Land should be chiefly valued according to

its consistence; the greater the degree of this quality which it possesses, the nearer does it approach to first class land; but the smaller the proportion of clay, and the larger the quantity of sand which enters into its composition, the more rapidly does it fall in value."

What say Jersey and Long Island farmers to that? What say the Arab farmers to the value of their shifting sands? Are not the clay lands of old England the most productive that the world has ever seen? Clay, if not mixed with foreign and noxious ingredients, contains in itself elements of fertility. It holds the rich deposits of many ages, which only need bringing to the influence of the air and tillage to make them yield their riches to the cultivator.

Moreover, clay is very retentive of all manures applied to it, while sand soon le

was wounded painfully, and alas! the other fatally; and as he was rapidly passing away, I felt it my duty to tell him. He was kneeling at the time, supported by his wounded brother, but he drew himself proudly up and his eyes kindled with a celestial light, as he said: "It is of Lor's will. Bress de Lor; bress de Lor, massa, dis chile am free at last." And before long he was free.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits or indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 27, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 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. WILKS, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southwicks building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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Scarcity of Food at the South.

There can no longer be any doubt of the existence of great and very general distress in Virginia, and probably everywhere in the eastern portion of the Confederacy, for want of food. Richmond papers, notwithstanding their evident desire to conceal the worst aspect of the matter, are led to reveal a degree of destitution painful to contemplate anywhere.—even among rebels, and against a government abundantly able to feed all its loyal subjects. This distress is not so deeply felt in the army as among the mass of people at home; though no doubt it exists to a severe degree among the soldiers. The rebel leaders are desperate men, and their hope is in the army. A rigorous conscription has given them soldiers that will not endure hunger for the sake of the rebel cause, and the army must be fed if the people starve. So, while hunger is everywhere among the people, its existence in the army is less general. But circumstances that cannot be concealed reveal instances of great destitution even in the Confederate army. The Watchman, published at Salisbury, N. C., in speaking of the destitution in the army in that State, says:—

"Now, what is to be done in this case? Our soldiers cannot live and fight on water and air. They must have provisions. Will the people at home supply them cheerfully, and of their own free will, or will they compel the government to send out its officers to impress provisions? One or the other they must do! Commissioners have already received orders to impress, and unless they obtain supplies without it, it will in a few days issue notice to those who are supposed to have surplus provisions, requiring them to furnish them to the government."

The Richmond Examiner, which, in common with the other papers in that city, has been discussing the subject of the destitution that has for a long time existed among the people of Virginia—and especially of Richmond, where further bread riots are daily looked for—says, as if in despair:

"We have nothing new to offer on the 'food question.' The people must now rely for relief upon the action of Congress and the provisions of our armies. If Congress can adopt an effective plan for reducing the redundant currency, and compelling producers, by judicious legislation, to part with some of their hoarded supplies to pay a tax in money as well as a tax in kind, the market will no doubt be better supplied in future. But, after all, our main reliance rests upon the armies who are now confronting the hosts of the enemy. If they attain that success which every one hopes for, the reclamation of Territory and the restoration of general confidence will do more to replenish the markets and cause a reaction in prices than any financial measure which Congress may adopt."

The Richmond Whig, in speaking upon this subject, expresses the opinion that "the approaching Christmas will be a blue one" with the confederates. It also announces the sale of 100,000 heads of cabbage to the hospitals at Danville, for \$25,000, or 25 cents each!

The Examiner has the following hints in regard to the prices of provisions in Richmond—

"Flour is arriving slowly and sells for almost any price that the commission merchants demand. Quotations are unnecessary, but we may remark that no one has yet had the effrontery to ask \$200 a barrel. There is as much reason, however, for asking this price as \$100. The auction houses have properly declined to offer flour at public sale under existing circumstances. We do not hear of any wheat arriving, notwithstanding the official announcement that supplies on their way to market will not be impressed. We presume that at the present rate for flour, prime wheat would readily command \$20 per bushel, a price which should satisfy the most avaricious producer. Corn is quotable at \$14 to \$15 a bushel. Corn meal, \$15 to \$16.

Butter is firm at \$3.75. Cheese \$2 to \$2.50 a pound. The market has been well supplied with slaughtered beef this week, re-

ceivers asking 70c. to 75 c. for the fore quarter, and 80c. to 85c. for the hind quarters. Mutton 75c. a pound."

It cannot be doubted that hunger and general destitution are doing their part with the people of the South, to induce them to lay down their arms and end the rebellion. Plenty exists everywhere outside of their lines, and they have only to return to their father's house, where there is enough and to spare.

For the Mail.

"Pickings and Stealings."

Dear Mail—My neighbor "Jones" has given me a very genteel kick, and I am under the necessity of "clearing up my character" by an explanation. I admit that I am one of those who sit by his fire, taste his sugar, eat his apples, and commit all the other flagrant crimes against his pocket, over which he so bitterly complains. And now for my justification—for I shall contend that I only keep matters even between myself and Jones.

First—I buy all my sugar of Jones, and he weighs it to me in small parcels, as called for, doing it up in thick brown wrapping paper that costs him from 3 to 5 cts, a pound, and charging it to me at the price of sugar. I pay him 17 cts, a pound for it when I buy his sugar; one dollar when I buy his tea; 42 cts, when I buy his coffee, and so on through all the variety—he always weighing the wrapping paper as a part of the article, and charging at the same price.

Second—I buy all my molasses of Jones, and he measures it to me in a tin measure that always has a crust of grained sugar at the bottom. Jones knows it, but he don't clear it out once in six months; during which time he makes more by this kind of short measure than would buy all the apples I eat in a year.

Third—but I am not anxious to expose the "tricks of the trade," beyond what is needful for my defence. I simply say that I buy my coffee of Jones—and my tobacco. He knows what I mean. Jones knows all the "crooks and turns of trade," and so do I; and if he would sleep well and eat well, he had better indulge me in tasting his sugar, and doing such other nibbling as I think will help to keep things square between him and me. What he thinks he loses by me he must make up in buying wood at his own measure, and doing such other jobs as he always does with profit.

Truly your and Jones's friend,

SMITH.

Henry Ward Beecher found, what we all know to be true, that while the great middle laboring class in England favored the North, that the upper class, as they are called, favor the South. In his recent address at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, he accounts for this antipathy of the ruling class as follows:—

If you ask me what is the great underlying influence that has been at work upon the upper class of England, I answer this:—

1. Commercial interest and rivalry therein.
2. Class power and the fear of contagion of American ideas.

3. (I know not how I shall say it so that it shall be the least offensive to our friends on the other side, but they have not come to the bottom of the conduct of Great Britain until you have touched that delicate and real foundation cause, we are too large and strong a nation.) (Laughter.)

This is, in my judgment, the right of the matter. A distinguished clergyman of London, personally kind and friendly to me, said to me in these very words: "Mr. Beecher, you may just as well have it said to you; You have been growing so strong that we have felt for a good many years that we had got to take you down, and we were very glad when the job was taken from our hands by your own people." (Laughter.)

When Mr. Beecher—whose speech it was my great privilege to hear—(laughter)—declared that same fact in Parliament, it was cheered immensely, but reprobated in the Times and in the other papers that sympathized with the South, not because he had not spoken the truth, but because it was a truth not best to be spoken. (Laughter.)

Mr. Beecher concluded that, by the facts he described, he was justified in saying there was a great undertone of friendliness and fidelity to us and our cause in England, and in recommending that, for the sake of that struggling class that was laboring for intelligence and larger political rights, we should be at peace with that country. There was a similarity in the moral circumstances of the struggle in both nations which required this of us. The common cause of civilization over the whole earth should also be considered as a cause for continued peace. "While," he concluded, "other nations are beginning, though with slow steps, to look to the rising sun, while even in Russia her frosts begin to glitter in that light that are long shall melt them, let not these foremost of nations that have stood in witness for liberty, and all other blessings of free government, fall out by the way; but shoulder, to shoulder, heart to heart, bearing and forbearing with each other, loving, or hoping to love by and by, let them stand together, to bear out to every part of the earth the influence of Christian civilization and human liberty."

HOW UNGRATEFUL!—Peter Gurney, a head French boy who is endured at the Van der Falls, and who has a great knack at absorbing rum, and a sly way of "finding things," was put in the lock-up on Monday for stealing a few paltry dollars from a fellow-countryman of the same name. Peter rarely saw so good quarters, and ate and slept well till Wednesday morning, when officer Keith took him over to his house for a lunch. He was duly grateful, and walked very meekly along the street and up to the door; and while his keeper stopped at the scraper, Peter, not used to such extras, and moved more by hunger than modesty, stepped in ahead. "Invisibilia non decipiant," and Peter has done no mischief since. On the closest search, pushed on by all the rigors of the law, nothing was found but a small back door, which in his hurry he is supposed to have left behind him, and which was immediately secured.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH. The London Saturday Review says that "in the European Congress recommended by Louis Napoleon, England would become but a second, dry power in influence, and France would gain at her expense. The Spectator says that 'the

rumble of cannon in movement may be heard all through' the Emperor's speech. It adds that as the speaker can realize prophecy, it is well to study his oracles, and that no other impression can be left upon the mind by this utterance, than that the Emperor is determined to set Poland free. 'If this freedom can be accomplished by a Congress, well; if not, it must be by war: but by what war he has not quite decided.'

Letter from Winslow.

Dear Mail—Although our village is a quiet one, perhaps a few items can be gathered which will be of interest to some of your numerous readers. On Saturday last a town meeting was held here, for the purpose of raising money to pay a bounty to those who enlist to fill up the quota of the town. The meeting was a full one, and the citizens voted unanimously to pay the sum of two hundred dollars to each volunteer. Winslow has sent many brave sons into the army, since the commencement of this war, and this call will prove that she is yet truly patriotic. T. G. Rice has opened a recruiting office at the store of B. C. Paine, and has already obtained several volunteers for the Cavalry service.

Business in our village is quiet and steady. The S. and K. Railroad Co. have just completed a building for the accommodation of freight which indicates an increase of business, over the road, at any rate.

The storm last week caused the river to rise to such a height that for one or two days the road was impassable, but no serious damage was done.

Services will be held on Thanksgiving Day, at the Congregational Church. Next Sabbath forenoon, Nov. 29th, it is expected that Rev. Mr. Hawes, of Waterville, will give an account of his labors in the army of the Cumberland, and the condition of the soldiers, there, which will, undoubtedly, be interesting to all. At the close of the service a collection will be taken for the benefit of the Christian Commission.

The school-house, near Mr. David Smiley's on the North Vassaboro' road, just completed, will be dedicated on Friday afternoon of this week. We are glad that our neighbors have at last waked up to the importance of providing a neat and comfortable building wherein to educate their children, and hope some of the other districts in our town will follow an example so worthy of imitation. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Truly Yours, W.

THANKSGIVING.—This glorious old festival, so well known and well loved in all New England, and so little cherished or appreciated beyond, seems destined this year to make one of the grand strides on the track of progression, that mark most of the other good institutions and happy conceits of the world. That good old gentleman known as everybody's "Uncle Sam" has taken it under his patronage, and like everything that he consents to foster, it is destined to expand. All over the broad field of the stripes and stars—from wood-bound Maine to gold-bound California, and from battered and starved Virginia to fat and saucy Michigan—away down among the rebels in Texas and Louisiana and Georgia, and away up among the loyal people of Vermont and Wisconsin and Nebraska—aye, wherever in our loved country loyalty and plenty go hand in hand—even while we write, are the turkeys roasting and the pies baking, over which the sober and grateful will give thanks to God, and the young and merry laugh and grow fat. Henceforth Thanksgiving is a national festival and holiday, carrying its luxuries wherever the banner of freedom leads, and stopping only where the Fourth of July is forgotten.

RECONSTRUCTION.—There is much discussion of the terms upon which the rebellious States are to be allowed to resume their federal relations, and it is understood that the President and his cabinet have the matter under consideration. We are glad that one thing is settled: no State will be re-admitted to the Union with a slave constitution. Let all the people say amen. Through many long years we stood manfully to a hard bargain, casting no blame upon our fathers who made it for us, for they did the best they could, with the light they had; but if we ourselves consent to ratify such another iniquitous arrangement, with all our dear-bought knowledge of its mischievous consequence, we shall seal our own political damnation and show that we deserve to be blotted out of existence as a people.

A NICE DONATION.—The books are full of proofs that in all ages your true fishermen have ever been men of large and generous hearts; and we are now able to record a 'modern instance.' Landlord Murray, of the Forks House, was kind enough to send a box of speckled beauties to Gov't Special Agent Hill, of our village, as a Thanksgiving present; and he, in turn, was thoughtful enough to remember the hungry editors; and thus it happened that we were both enabled to breakfast on trout Thanksgiving Day morning. Nice place to stop at, that Forks House must be, with its liberal landlord, and trout so handy.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The tooting horns of the jubilant Freshmen, on Tuesday evening, announced that they still lived, notwithstanding the severe examination through which they had just passed, and on Wednesday morning the fall term closed and the boys scattered in time to reach home and partake of Thanksgiving turkey.

GOOD! GOOD!—The Lewiston Journal states that Gen. Banks has "captured 250,000 bales of cotton on and near the Rio Grande." This is excellent news, and we hope in due time it will be confirmed by appearing in some of the dispatches, or in other papers. That cotton is probably on its way to Lewiston Factories—by private conveyance—eh?

Hon. Stephen Emery, formerly Judge of Probate of Oxford County, and a Judge of the District Court when it was abolished—a mem-

ber of the Executive Council, Attorney General, and a Presidential Elector for Polk—died at Auburn, on the 18th, at the age of 79.

EVERETT'S ADDRESS.—We wish we had room for the whole of this admirable oration of Everett at the consecration of the Cemetery at Gettysburg, for it ought to be read by every citizen; but we must content ourselves with the conclusion:

But the hour is coming and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war; for the wretched pretext by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one People, a substantial community of origin, language, belief and law, (the four great ties that hold the societies of men together) common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products; while the wonder working arm of the engineer has leveled the mountain walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghenies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel; those bonds of union are of perennial force and energy. While the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious, and transient. The heart of the People North and South is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the East and in the West of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitol, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoyed under a government whose power was felt only in the blessings.

And now, friends, fellow citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remote States, let me again invoke your benediction, as we part, on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country, that the men of the East and the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side till a clarion louder than that which marshaled them to the combat, shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union—it is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defense. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant lights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village, whose streets so lately rang with the staccato din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks, in after times, the wondering plowman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary ridge, the peach orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous; no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten. 'The whole earth,' said Pericles as he stood over the remains of his fellow citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war; 'the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men.' All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States—their officers and men—to the warmest thanks and richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of those martyr heroes, that whosoever throughout the civilized world, the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates to THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

CATTLE MARKETS.—According to the report of the New England Farmer, the number of cattle at market last week was 3,449—nearly 2000 less than the previous week; and of sheep, 6,909, or about 300 less. The number of cattle from Maine was 946—quite a falling off; and of sheep, 1,155—quite a respectable number. Wools and Hight drove 114 cattle; Luke Brown, 54; S. Cannon, 60; Daniel Wells, 25; J. L. Bassett, 7; and H. Lawrence drove 120 sheep. First quality beeves are quoted at \$7.75 to \$8; second do, \$6.75 to \$7.50; third do, \$5.00 to \$5.50; extra, \$8.25 to \$8.50; premium, \$8.75 to \$9. Stores—yearlings, \$10 to \$14; two-year-olds, \$15 to \$27; three-year-olds, \$30 to \$36. Sheep, 5-12 to 6 cts. on live weight; in lots, \$3.75 to \$5. Lambs, \$3.25 to \$4.25 each.

The Farmer says—"A large proportion of the working oxen and young cattle at this market, known as 'stores,' come from the State of Maine, which also sends here many large and well-fed beef oxen. The appearance of the stock indicates that some of her farmers are paying increased attention to the improvement of breeds, as well as to the subject of 'feeding.' Luke Brown sold one pair of oxen, 7 ft. 7 in. for \$160, good for work, and beef, to dress 2,100 lbs, if butchered; 2 pairs of 5 in., four-year-old oxen, for \$80 a pair; one pair 6 ft. 10 in., five-year-olds, for \$125, and two pairs 6 ft. 10 in., four-year-olds, for \$130 a pair.

"There have been but few new milch cows among the stock at Cambridge for some weeks past. A buyer, who generally sees every cow that is to be seen, said he bought only four this week, and didn't believe there were ten in all. We have recorded but a single sale—that of a three-year-old forward heifer for \$35. Pair cows with young calves, from \$35 to \$45, extra, \$47 to \$60."

I. S. Bangs, of our village, who went out as Lt. Colonel of one of the colored regiments, has been appointed Colonel of a regiment of Heavy Artillery to be formed of free colored men and recruited at New Orleans. Samuel Hamblen, formerly of the 3d Maine, is appointed Major of the same regiment.

A MODEL LETTER.—The perusal of the following letter, with a sight of the enclosure, almost overpowered us, and left us with sensations and impressions which we hope will last a life-time:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28th, 1863.

Messrs. MAXHAM & WING:—Enclosed please find U. S. legal tender note for twenty dollars. Credit me with one-half the amount, and Wm. H. Moor with the balance, in payment of my subscriptions to the Waterville Mail. I congratulate you upon resuming your former proportions, and am rejoiced to notice the decided stand you take on the great question. California is loyal to the core, and Maine men here have no sympathy for treason, or its abettors—conspirators.

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. REDINGTON.

Both of these gentlemen already stood credited some time in advance on our books. Worthy representatives of two of the F. F. W.'s of the ancient regime; may their hearts continue to enlarge, as their pile increases, and not contravert, as is too often the case. Their liberality enables us to be doubly thankful on our double Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING.—The Congregationalist and Baptist societies will unite in religious services at the Baptist Church on Thanksgiving Day, on which occasion a sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Pepper, and a collection taken for the Christian Commission, in aid of the Union prisoners at Richmond. Let it be a liberal one.

COMFORT BAGS.—The ladies of several of the religious societies in our village have made a large number of these conveniences for the soldiers this week, and they will be forwarded to the army in a few days. We presume that it is not too late to make additions, and those who wish to can add to the stock. Too many of them cannot be sent.

OUR "HISTORY."—We beg the continued patience of those who are waiting for our History of the Towns (formerly one) of Winslow and Waterville. Meantime, those who are in possession of facts or documents calculated to aid us in the work of collecting the materials of a more complete history, will confer a favor by putting them in our possession.

War of Redemption.

The situation of Burnside has engaged public attention recently and much anxiety is felt for the safety of his army and the post he holds. The rebels, it is understood, are straining every nerve and risking much in order to recover East Tennessee—Longstreet, drawing troops from Lee and from Bragg, has advanced upon Burnside, and capturing several of his outposts, has driven him, after severe fighting, into Knoxville. Here the contest must be decided; indeed, it may have been decided ere this. We hear of sharp fighting in the vicinity of Knoxville, without learning much of the result; and though we are told that Burnside's position is impregnable, the magnitude of the issue makes everybody anxious.

The New York Express thus describes Gen. Burnside's position geographically:—

"Burnside's army cannot well get reinforcements, now, except through Cumberland Gap—the rebels having cut off all other lines of communication and retreat—and it is by no means certain that even retreat will be open to us long, as things are going."

"In a straight line over rough mountains the distance between Cumberland Gap and Knoxville is thirty-eight miles. The gap lies northeast of the town. The turnpike by which Burnside's advance was made, and by which his retreat must be conducted, runs northeast from Knoxville along the Holston valley, and then northwest across the mountains to Cumberland Gap. The length of this road is sixty miles, and it is thirty miles from Knoxville to the angle at which it turns from northeast to northwest. This angle is but twelve miles from Bull's Gap and if the Federal force there does not hold on like grim death the enemy will break through, and we fear all will be up with Gen. Burnside. Affairs in East Tennessee are thus very critical. There are not twenty thousand men, all told, in the force there. The enemy are on all sides but one, and are fiercely attacking every outpost. A short march of twelve miles cuts off Burnside's retreat, and if Burnside is captured or driven out, the enemy have a clear road to Grant's line of communication with Nashville."

Very contradictory reports have been in circulation in regard to the situation and movements of the two armies in Virginia. It is pretty certain, however, that Lee still holds the line of the Rapidan, and that the reports of his retreating towards Richmond are false. In this position he is able to present so formidable a front that our commander does not think it prudent to attack, and no forward movement has yet been made.

The accounts from Banks are favorable. The rebels burned about half of the buildings in Brownsville, before leaving, but many of the people are well disposed towards the old flag. The prospect is good for securing a large supply of cotton from this region. Reinforcements have gone forward to the aid of Gen. Banks.

The Boston Herald has a letter from the fleet at Charleston, Nov. 16th, which says:—

"The fire upon Sumter is kept up with unabated vigor. The fort is one pile of debris. The walls of Fort Johnson show pretty plainly the effect of our powerful projectiles, and it is well known that the guns within it have all been demolished by our shot within a few days past.

"Of late the rebels have been trying to build a battery on the north end of Long Island, at Beach Inlet. A few days ago the Admiral concluded to put a stop to it, and also capture a steamer (rebel) which was inside the creek. Accordingly the monitor Patapsco, gunboats Nipsic and Housatonic were assigned to perform this duty. The monitor as well as the Nipsic threw several heavy shot across the island into the rebel works, which caused the steamer and the workmen to beat a hasty retreat. A few shots were then fired into Fort Beauregard, at the north end of Sullivan's Island, but no reply was made to our fire. The building of any more batteries on Long Island is to be prevented, and measures have been taken to this end. The monitors have all been strengthened and are now in excellent fighting order. When the next great attack comes off, we are confident of success, and calculate that Moultrie will fall an easy prey to the iron fleet. Things are now in such a state in this department we are led to believe that the grand

onward movement is not far off. Night before last the gunboat Dacin, stationed at the mouth of the San Juan River, captured the rebel schooner George Chisholm, formerly the Hill, owned in Georgetown, S. C. She was from Turtle Keys (Bahamas), loaded with two thousand bushels of salt, oranges, &c., and was trying to get into the San Juan River.

Our Monitors have been paying their respects to Fort Moultrie, and dismantled one of the heavy guns. "On the 18th and 19th about 30 shells were thrown into the city, and a rebel deserter reports that several of them exploded in the heart of the city, killing several persons and setting fire to several buildings.

Knowing the extremity of Burnside, and supposing that Lee's army has been weakened by the withdrawal of troops under Longstreet, people have been expecting that Meade would advance and give Lee battle; but they have been disappointed. The attack would of course have to be made at a disadvantage, for Lee has chosen his position. At last advices, our army was stuck in the mud, the roads being in an awful condition in consequence of the recent rains.

The Harper's Ferry correspondent of the Herald says the recent victory over Imboden was very gratifying in its results. The property captured is worth to the Government \$100,000, comprising chiefly beef cattle.

Religion seems to be a bad thing for the slaves, or rather their masters. The Richmond Whig says that upon the last appearance of the Yankees at Fredericksburg the only negroes who went off with them when they retired were those who belonged to, or were frequenters of, the African church there.

A Newbern correspondent of the New Bedford Standard writes that the North Carolina (rebel) troops are coming into our lines in squads daily, and many of them enlisting under the Union banner. During the week ending 7th inst. a hundred of the 17th North Carolina regiment came in, and on the 14th sixteen came in one squad and twelve in another.

A large number of the so-called guerrillas, operating in the rear of our army, in Virginia, are said to be deserters from our own army, who are simply bent on robbery.

The statement that the Confederate authorities refused to allow relief to be sent to the Union prisoners at Richmond was true. The Christian Commission is forwarding supplies of food and clothing daily.

There are many indications that war on a gigantic scale will soon be inaugurated in Europe, growing out of the Polish question. Napoleon hints it and Russia is making great preparations for it, and the presence of Russian fleets in our ports, Atlantic and Pacific, is supposed to have a peculiar significance.

The Supreme Judicial Court for Kennebec County was called to order by Judge Rice and immediately adjourned over Thanksgiving week to Monday next, when Judge Cutting will preside.

The freight train from the west, on the Maine Central Railroad, being unusually late on Tuesday evening, came in collision with the accommodation freight train from Bangor, somewhat to the damage of the two colliding engines.

APOLGEOIC.—We trust our readers will excuse the early issue of our paper this week, on account of Thanksgiving. We do not often sin in that direction.

United States' Greenbacks of the denomination of \$1, altered to \$5, are in circulation.

The Farmington Patriot says that Samuel Richardson, alias Farnham, the murderer of the old man Edes, immediately after committing the deed, took his gun and travelled directly to Farmington, where he was arrested without resistance, and lodged in jail. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict charging him with murder. On Wednesday Richardson was brought before Justice Belcher, and committed for trial at the April Term of the S. J. Court in Franklin County.

CHANGE IN SENTIMENT.—"Perley," the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, has the following suggestive paragraphs in one of his recent letters. He says:—

"It is not many months since 'abolitionist' was associated here with such terms as infidel, atheist, traitor or murderer! Bloody insurrections were its objects, and afflicted mothers hushed their babes asleep with the terrible epithet, as the Saracen matrons are said to have done theirs with the name of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Now 'abolitionist' is a power in the State, and I have, since my arrival a few hours since, heard an ex-member of Congress from Kentucky declare that the days of slavery are numbered in that State, and they are in Maryland. Truths that were but recently proclaimed in the ear, and perhaps to escape peril in the confidential ear only, are now proclaimed on the house-tops. The simple word 'freedom' has become the rallying-cry for the people, and the test for politicians—those who strive to stifle it under compromises, will waste their strength, and in vain.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM." It is well known that at the commencement of the rebellion, Thurlow Weed, Archbishop Hughes, and other eminently conservative gentlemen, were sent abroad by Secretary Seward to procure if possible, a more friendly feeling for us than had been manifested. That they made no friends for the Union cause is well known—indeed it would seem that their labors but aided the efforts of the secession agents. But when Beecher, and Whiting, and Channing, and Conway crossed the ocean, bearing the President's proclamation of emancipation, they were greeted by the British people as friends. In vain have the secessionist agents and their hirelings sought to oppose their labors, and to cloak their exposure of the attempts of the South to form a nation founded on slavery. They have opened John Bull's eyes, and have not only secured his sympathy, but have averted the danger of his interference in our domestic affairs.

["Perley" in the Boston Journal.

LATEST.—Just as we go to press, (Wednesday evening,) we get news of a general battle at Chattanooga, in which our forces are reported as gaining decided and important advantages, though the contest had not terminated on Tuesday night. We look for a victory.

