



12-4-1863

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 22): December 4, 1863

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 22): December 4, 1863" (1863). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 14.

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BY REV. G. D. B. PREPPE.

Delivered in the Baptist Church in Waterville, Thursday, November 30th, 1863.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—Ps. 100, 1.—[1st Class.]

We meet to-day to celebrate again our favorite annual festival, hitherto the "peculiar institution" of N. E., now, by the President's proclamation, for the first time enlarged to the dimensions and exalted to the dignity of a national institution—a destiny which, we trust, by unerring decree awaits still others of New England's "peculiar institutions." This is the time to re-consecrate the day to its original purpose. Let the word Thanksgiving henceforth have another meaning than excess of eating and drinking around tables groaning under heavy burdens laboriously prepared. Let it be to us and to our children, as it was to our fathers, a day for giving thanks to the Father above. A holiday shall thus assume the true meaning of holy day. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," but "there is a time for everything under the sun," "a time to weep," as well as "a time to laugh;" "a time to mourn," as well as "a time to rejoice." Were it not better for us this once to change the day into a season for weeping and mourning? The year now closed is freighted with woe. It has been a year of war, of civil war, of gigantic war, of cruel, bloody, all-devouring, appalling war. And the end is not yet. Immense armies confront each other in the field, intent upon destruction. The struggle goes on. Over vast regions prevail deadly hostilities between neighbors and neighbors, not always smothered, but flaming out into pillage, arson and murder. The microfilm still sweeps under the national wealth, with the lives, the loves, and the hopes of multitudes. The song of the patriot poet, "We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," is yet in the ear and in the heart with even more of its original emphasis of terror. As memory retraces the path of the last twelve months, and the eye opens upon what is, as we think of the many fields of carnage, where thousands and thousands of brave men from northern and southern homes have fallen, of hospitals crowded with suffering, of captives abused and starved, of families broken up or desolated, of broad territories made from gardens into deserts, of human passions raging, of corruption ruling, of plots and riots, of injustice and wrong, when, in fine, we call up from the last year all its cause of weeping, and add to it all of evil which environs us in the present, and casts its shadow over the future, where is the propriety of the call by proclamation from President and Governor, for the people of the land to meet in their houses of worship for the utterance of praise, and the singing of glad songs of thanksgiving? We do well not to forget these things. They should sink deep into our hearts, and there remain. Our tears, and the tears of the nation need to flow, as at the recent consecration of the soldier's burial place at Gettysburg, the orator's language moved to weeping the whole vast throng from the president to the negro boy. We cannot, we would not shut our eyes to all this evil, nor close even for one day the fountains of our sympathy. We cannot, and we would not even for this hour rejoice, as those who have no sorrow. Thanksgiving must go up, if at all, from sad and stricken hearts. We shall sing our songs of praise to-day in minor tones.

Shall our praise, therefore, not be hearty? And our thanksgiving full and earnest? If no one of these annual festivals has found us with more for which to mourn, sure am I that none has found us with so much for which to be glad. And as I have asked you not to forget our causes of weeping, so now I ask you to consider our causes of rejoicing. I can present but a few of these, and those perhaps not in every case the chief, but each will carry forward by himself what we have begun together, nor will any one stop when the discourse shall end.

1. First and chief, we still, as always, have at the head of affairs, the living God. "The Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice." If everything else were gone, this is left; and while faith clearly apprehends and firmly holds to this truth, the soul has a well-spring of substantial joy. But faith in this truth needs to be clear and strong. It has been said that the present age is one which is "destitute of faith but terrified at scepticism," in which "people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them." It answers no good purpose, it gives no solid rest to contemplate the divine sovereignty with such a frame of mind. God is, and God rules—this creed must be held with no reserve, no hesitation. And, certainly, he is much to be pitied who cannot look upon human affairs, assured that so much is fixed and certain. God is, and God rules. Neither human will nor natural law enslaves the Creator, or obstructs the unceasing march of his eternal, all-embracing purpose. Pillow your head and your heart on that grand and blessed purpose, weary one. Your ears have been assailed by a wild din, and your eyes have looked on havoc and confusion, and you have contemplated disorder and evil, until you are sick, and near despair. You are ready to think all things wrong and tending to wrong. Then remember God. He is not altogether such an one as himself. He is "infinite, spherical, eternal." As another has said, "his movement is so large that only one or two of his visible footprints can be seen in the history of a race, and his acts of volition flash upon us in the laws that govern the development of planets, and regulate the rising and setting of suns, and his separate thoughts require centuries on centuries for their unfolding." It is childish, therefore, to faint because we cannot see with the divine hand is leading, to what destination that Helmsman steers his vast vessel. We forget that from everlasting, vessel, sea, winds and storms were adjusted to each other, and the heaven prepared.

It is unwise to tremble for the ark of God because the way is rough, and the team untrained. The security of omnipotence, the precision of omniscience, characterize all movements, from the falling of a leaf to the clash of worlds—from the play of a child to the struggles of empires; and this precision and this security depends not at all upon their being seen and comprehended by us. Send out your faith where your sight fails. And know that God rules as wisely and well in what we can not compass as in what is better known. God is righteous, and God is merciful. In this is our assurance that wickedness is not gaining the mastery, nor blessing taking its flight. Here is the certainty of our deliverance from the dominion of evil, and our elevation into the sunlight of the divine benediction. What though not a ray of light relieved the gloom of the year gone, or pierced through the encompassing and over-spread clouds of the present or greeted the eye of hope peering into the unknown future? What, though, looking at things seen, there were nothing to cheer, everything to dishearten? Have we not thoroughly enough imbedded in our consciousness, our souls, the A and the B of human belief—the A, God is, the B, God rules—to possess a grand stability and an inviolable confidence? Are we not resting thus our invisible spirits upon

the eternal spirit so as not to be subject to the changes and fluctuations of the temporal? Or are we still like the disciples on the Galilean sea, scared at the storm as though the Lord were not, and were not with us, nor calmed till the Lord's rebuke calms us and sea together? Nay, we have had time enough to learn by heart the song of the ancient psalmist, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." If there be one here to whom past, present and future seem alike rayless, I commend him to this inexhaustible and substantial comfort, to find abundantly in pure faith, what he can get nothing of by sight. And this faith in God as Controller lies at the bottom of all thanksgiving, whether we be in calm or storm. Nor if we reflect, are we without other cause for joy, for—

II. Secondly, the past year has conspicuously manifested the government of God. I speak of course of our country, mainly, and what I now affirm is that its history for the last year clearly shows the ruling hand of God, and in this, calls for profound gratitude. Even to human eyes the events are not chaos, but range under a sublime law of order. It is not a page of jumbled marks and scrawls, but of partially legible words and sentences. The subject, or head is given in large, plain letters, by our Father, so that we children may spell that out, and know what all is about, even though the finer print we cannot decipher. It will need a stronger light, perhaps better eyes than we now have, it may be some wise interpreter, to enable us to read all that is on the page, but we can make out enough now to fill our whole being with praise. What do we read in this history? God the uncompromising foe of despotism, and the unfailing friend of man. And how do we make this out? In the success accorded to the Republic in its struggle with the Confederacy. It is the same truth that came out in our struggle for independence. The prevailing aim of the leaders in that work was the elevation and welfare of the many, as opposed to the tyranny of the few. That one principle guided in the whole long conflict, rising always before the eyes of the world distinct and clear. And under that guidance the nation triumphed. That principle had risen into full view in the formation of the government. The declaration of Independence, the articles of confederation, and subsequently the constitution of the U. S. all were expressions and products of this same great principle. Our nation, as distinguished from all others the world over, was every where understood to be the embodiment of this idea. It was a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Equal rights, equal burdens, equal protection was its predominant, distinguishing feature.

But with this humane, just, beneficent spirit was given a directly antagonistic element. Into the national idea of the supreme value of man, was incorporated the idea of the supreme value of white men and the worthlessness of black men save as the property of the white. The sublime truth which ennobled our revolutionary struggle was thus obscured by the shadow of a stupendous lie. The honor which our leading national principle reflected upon us was perpetually tarnished by the accompanying disgrace of a malignant, mammoth despotism. For is it not a stupendous lie that manhood consists in whiteness of skin? That the black man, because black, is not a man but a chattel? That God did not make of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of all the earth? Is it not a stupendous lie that some men have not "by nature" any "unalienable rights," or even, as an infamous decision of a now quietest judge expressed it, "no rights" whatever? Is it not a stupendous lie that it is not dishonorable, outrageous and mean excessively for the strong to make tools of the weak? Is not American slavery a despotism? a despotism in its inception, which either warred directly upon foreign tribes to subjugate and enslave, or paid a high premium to native tribes to war on other weaker tribes to get slaves for sale, and then transported them across the ocean, miserable captives, a despotism in its design, which is the enrichment of the one party by the forced, unrequited toil of the other—a despotism in its laws, which are dictated by its design and are framed solely in the interest of the masters—a despotism in its management, where the voice of the slaves is heard neither in making laws, in judging by them, in executing, nor even in bearing witness—a despotism in its results, which are the continued, hopeless subjugation of the blacks to the unbridled will and lust of the whites? Is it not a malignant despotism, which makes chattels of its victims, which makes and unmakes families at will, which pays bounties to licentiousness, which makes men the owners of their own children, which locks the minds of its subjects against knowledge as dangerous, which silences the voice of conviction, which raises a brood of perjurers, traitors, tyrants? Is it not a mammoth despotism in the sway it has had, in the magnitude to which it has attained, in the ambitions it has cherished, in the crimes which it has perpetrated, in the results which it has achieved? So was our national life, which is a beneficent and divine life, corrupted and endangered.

The cause of man as man, wrapped in that life, was assailed by despotism with cannon and rifles when the war opened. All the world knows that our war is the death grapple, not of the men and armies in the field, but of the two hostile and irreconcilable causes—the cause of man on the one side, the cause of concentrated despotism on the other. Well was it said by the great American champion of human rights, "The rebellion is slavery in arms—slavery on horseback; slavery on foot; slavery raging on the battle field; slavery raging on the quarter deck, robbing, destroying, burning, killing. Its legislation is simply slavery in statutes; slavery in chapters; slavery in sections—with an enacting clause. Its slavery is slavery in pretended ambassadors; slavery in cunning letters; slavery in cozening promises; slavery in persistent negotiations." This is a fair and truthful statement of the case on the one side, and on the other side is the catholic spirit of human liberty protected by equal laws struggling for existence and supremacy. Now what I say is, that the success accorded to our cause during the last twelve months by the God of battles—a success which taken all in all is astonishing in the extreme—shows the supreme Disposer of all things to be the uncompromising foe of despotism and the unfailing friend of man. And as the cause of the coun-

try is our cause, as its still predominant principle is our principle, its true life our life, we will rejoice to-day with joy unspeakable, and sing with large increase of meaning the song of Moses, whose inspiration was the signal submerging of despotism, for looking back over the year and around upon the scene, not only does faith in God bid us be glad, but sight also moves us to song. The spirit of our government, which is the spirit of human weal, we not only feel to be from God, but see to be defended by God, and the ages to come, and the nations beyond, we view to-day in the light of these truths. The brotherhood of man emerges into view, and the vine whose roots are being here watered with a nation's tears and a nation's blood—how often, alas! may it yet have to be so watered—that vine, grown to over-spread the world, we foresee teaming everywhere with its magnificent delicious clusters. God is for us who therefore can be against us.

But I pass now from this more general statement respecting the success of our cause to specifics.

III. Thirdly, some particulars: which are at once the evidences of success, and also the evidences of devout thankfulness. We shall naturally think first of our armies and navy. What material have they furnished to invective in our hymn of praise? They have not been crushed by the enemy, pestilence has not visited them, our ships have not been scattered and sunk by storms and accidents. They have wrought out on many a battle field an imperishable and invaluable wealth of heroism in the cause of right, which forever belongs to the country, and the country's cause, and which, as an example, must needs be a perpetual inspiration to the friends of freedom and of man. Had defeat on every field been our lot, and our armies all perished, still to have thus died, and bequeathed to struggling justice and humanity the legacy of such example, had been to do more for man than has often been done in one generation. But by all this wealth has the world been enriched, without such attendant disaster. Our armies and our navy are safe, though for generations the tears of grateful affection shall fall, where in many a conflict, not always successful, thousands of noble patriots have fallen. And not only safe is our navy, but it still guards and holds in the foe on all his water borders; and in rivers, harbors, and on the high seas has borne its part in capture and conquest. Our armies are safe—stronger to-day by far than a year ago, and along the lines of our railroads and steamboat navigation, poor volunteers of the three hundred thousand more. Our armies are more than safe. Since our last annual Thanksgiving, the Potomac army, failed indeed in its attempt under Burnside at Fredericksburg, and under Hooker at Chancellorsville, yet in either case rescued from destruction, has dealt the foe on the field at Gettysburg, a blow the most damaging of all, and sent him reeling back in retreat in time for the nation to take up, on that glorious fourth, the soldier's cheer of victory and send it up to heaven one solid pealing nation's anthem of praise to Almighty God. Slavery on foot, on horseback, or on wheels has not since ventured to breathe the free air. Do we forget that a year ago Port Hudson and Vicksburg, "Grimly crouched on savage highlands, sworn to guard the river-gate," were in rebel hands? Do we forget how

"Spring went fruitless down to Summer—twas the fourth day of July—
When to swelling choir of cannon, and the anthems
Sudden flamed the words of triumph lightning-borne
From town to town,
Haughty Vicksburg has surrendered; we have torn
Their colors down!
And again in clearest echo, ere the clamorous joy was still,
"We are masters of Port Hudson, and the river sail
Will!"
So from traitor's grasp forever was the Mississippi won!
Praise the Lord, O, shouting people, round the world the glad news run!"

Can we forget the services of the still honored and ever to be honored patriot hero Rosecrans, with his noble army, between the river and the ocean? Can we forget that East Tennessee, the home of more heroism and endurance than often belongs to the whole history of a single state, has the stars and stripes now waving over it, to the joy of loyal eyes which waited long in hope and wept to see? And this very morning those hills and mountains echo and re-echo through their valleys cheers for Grant's last triumph. Can we forget that it has not been long since our forces entered the Rio Grande, and they now close that highway of import and export between Texas and Mexico, alias the Confederacy and the world, and secure us against a deep bid plot of Frenchmen and rebels. Can we do otherwise than exclaim what hath God wrought, as we see the Confederacy cut in two, every state occupied in whole or in part by our armies; several large states completely wrenched from the clutch of treason? And as we ponder these things, we have to bear in mind also that we have still at home abundant material for soldiers; that immigration repletes faster than the war depletes; that as we gain, the rebels lose; that their men are all, or nearly all in the field; that they are not only cut in two, but cut off from important territories. We must further bear in mind, that material success is never one half the whole; moral success is more. And compare our armies now and our armies a year ago! Courage, confidence, assurance, determination, have increased more than a hundred per cent. And here too, as we have gained, treason and despotism have lost. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," written by the finger of God on the wall of their temple of cruelty long ago, they are now discerning and rightly interpreting. Armies meeting with hope on the one side; and disgust on the other, stand no equal chance. Armies that have on the one side neither hope, nor the means of recruiting, nor an adequacy of supplies, while all these are on the other side abundant, even if for a while they seem to maintain an equality, must ere long cease to balance one the other. Herein has the last year gathered and given us blessing.

From the contests in the fields, we turn naturally to contests at home; from the struggles in which bullets decide, to the struggles determined by ballots. Scarcely, if at all, inferior in importance, are these to those. Government is nothing save as administered. In this counting an administration can accomplish little, especially in such a struggle as this, without being backed and upheld by the people and States. The most disastrous consequences were a year ago threatening the nation and its cause, in the strong and rapidly rising tide of determined opposition, combining within itself the most dangerous and baneful elements, menacing anarchy

at home, as well as paralysis in the army, successful in large States, and confident of universal triumph. Anxiously, hopefully, did actual treason South, watch the progress of potential treason North. Anxiously, hopefully, did despotism fighting there, look upon despotism fighting here. They were one. Their cause was one. They had one foe. Instinctively they felt everywhere that they stood or fell together; that defeat here was defeat there, and the knell of copperheadism North, the knell of rebellion South. Patriots knew this as well as traitors, and they threw themselves into the conflict with a heroism, with a storm of courage in no way second to the spirit of the army in its deadly bayonet charges. And what has been the result? From the Aroostook to the Pacific, the sea of loyalty has engulfed a thousand fathoms deep the serpents, the reptiles, the monsters of disloyalty. Vallandigham, where is he? The Woodses and the Brookses and their brother rioters, how is it with them? Seymour—who does not note "the new song" forced into his mouth? Pierce, who shall mourn him? And Maine, the *dirigo* State in this conquest, this triumphal sweep of loyalty—who blushes for her record, or sighs for the hushing of croakers in her borders. What inspiration in all this grand, significant victory! What nerve it gives to freedom's arm! What confidence to the heart of loyalty! Who now despairs of the republic? Our enemies were appalled at these triumphs. Our soldiers, greeted by the glad tidings, rent the heavens with their cheers. United we were; united we are; and united we stand. God be praised for this signal success at home. He it was who so ordered events that in the decisive crisis the cause of man should rise high into the ascendancy, and the blow to treason should be correspondingly effective. He it was who "set us in a large place."

We turn next to compare the state of our foreign relations a year ago and to-day. The world is smaller than it used to be. Men live closer together. What were once remote nations, widely separated, now touch each other, and hear each other's heart-beats. There is also more life—more community of life. The great truth of universal brotherhood is herein seen to be coming up into the light. Interdependence grows with civilization. They are correlative. This is why our foreign relations have been so important. We are too near the old world not to affect every part of it by every important change here. And so our struggle has not been ours only, but the whole world shares in it. Despotism and humanity—these two are the moving forces everywhere, and these take sides at once when there is a contest like this. And besides these, are other causes at work—old grudges, ancient rivalry, commerce, manufactures. Thus it has been truly said: "like individuals, nations influence each other." This is apparent even in peace, but it becomes more apparent in the convulsions of war, sometimes from the withdrawal of customary forces, and sometimes from their increased momentum. It is the nature of war to enlarge as it continues. Beginning between two nations, it gradually widens its circle, sucking other nations into its fiery maelstrom. Such is human history. Nor is it different if the war be for Independence. Now, how were England and France? Until far into the present year, undeniably, *unconsciously* hostile to our cause, and in sympathy with the rebellion. The tide set against us, and it was plain that the ruling powers in both nations wished, plotted, sought, so far as they dared, our overthrow. England furnished ships of war, munitions of war, pirate crews for the rebels, and consented also to be the naval base for the confederacy, to which, at the first, along with France, she made shameful haste to concede the rights of ocean belligerency. And her course in this was but a part of one whole, consistent with itself, but inconsistent enough with her precedents, her professions, ancient friendship and honor. France was working for the South. Napoleon's sympathy with the rebellion came out in words and deeds. Witness his efforts towards mediation and his Mexican inquiry. We feared and had reason to fear that we might have thrown upon our hands a foreign war with these two powerful nations. A slight cause would have been sufficient to induce it. When such disposition exists the merest spark is enough. But how has our Father cared for us! The clouds have lifted. We stand again under a clear sky. We see the sun once more and feel 'balm in the air.' The words and acts of England's leaders and England's people have turned to our favor. Witness the Blairgowrie speech, the reception of Beecher, and the detention of the rams. France is now powerless to harm. There is no longer anxiety on account of our foreign relations. I state the fact, not the causes. Whether it be our success at home, their enlightenment and repentance, complications in European politics, fear of their freedom-loving masses, Russian fleets, or whatever else, the fact is the same, and God be praised.

If we turn from these three leading proofs of progress and causes of thankfulness to certain fruits of the struggle, we see first a prodigious advance in the national abhorrence of the sources of all our woes, a prodigious advance in the determination to uproot slavery. In Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, Virginia, great things have been wrought, whereof we are glad; nor less has been the improvement in the northern States. We see also millions of bondmen made freemen in law by the proclamation, multitudes made freemen in fact by our armies, and States changing, or having changed, from slave to free. We see the national mind sobered, chastened, humbled, to some degree repentant. In its baptism of suffering it has learned to look more at God and his law, and knows better than ever before the value of his favor. It has also received an elevation in its views of virtue. Called to exercise the noblest virtues to preserve itself, that exercise has schooled it. It could never, without such schooling, have prized as now, justice, mercy, integrity, endurance, patriotism. The public mind has not been demoralized by the war, but elevated. We have also learned that we have a government, one government. Every blow at the rebellion knocks life from the hydra of State sovereignty. Every blow helps to kill impending, unending anarchy. But I must not linger as I would.

In closing I will only say that we have also abundant reason for thankfulness in the prosperity of business; in the excellent condition of our financial affairs under the wise conduct of the most able Secretary of the Treasury; in the plentifulness of the productions of the

earth; in the sufficiency of clothing; in the absence of pestilence; in the enjoyment of educational, religious and social privileges; in times of profound peace; in confidence in our rulers, especially the president; in our own lives and health continued, and our families protected; in the peace and quiet and order which so generally prevails. Remember, that all this is in a time of terrible civil war! Verily God has crowned the year with his goodness. We may not withhold from him the tribute of praise, nor refuse when we have so freely received to freely give—glory to him, aid to him. The call for aid comes now from the Christian community. Hear and respond.

MISCELLANY.

MY STORY.

BY ELLA ELMINGTON.

May, beautiful May, had stamped the earth with smiles; but we rode on, through flowers and sunshine, with as much appreciation of the beauties around us as though the senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling were denied us. The one sober, middle-aged man, too full of the pleasures of money-making, and the matter-of-fact realities of life, to read the leaves of the book of nature, the other a pale, thoughtful girl, with sorrow bound brow, wandering in the deserted aisles of the Past, through which the regretful voice of Memory waited a never ceasing dirge.

And yet, to do my uncle justice, I must say that he made various efforts to entertain me, in his own peculiar fashion; and from many a half reverie was I aroused to view the objects of interest we passed on the road. Sometimes it was an Irish hut—sometimes a moss grown rock—and once a dog with a curly tail, was pointed out as particularly worthy of attention. I smiled, in spite of my despondency, at my uncle's ideas of amusement; and remembered what he appeared to have forgotten, that I had numbered seventeen, instead of seven years.

The past was before me, like the flaming sword at the gate of Paradise. I had buried my dead, and went forth to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow—it was the bitter taste of dependence.

A cottage, selected with the exquisite taste of Aunt Christina, in a beautiful country, and surrounded by aristocratic residences, was now our destination; and, as we approached, I saw, through the long, French windows, the lace curtains of which were pushed aside by childish hands, the handsome, passionless features of my haughty aunt, and a group of cherub faces.

My uncle stood awhile at the window, knocking to the children; but Aunt Christina did not come to meet us, and I entered the house with a strange feeling of loneliness and depression. My aunt then came forward, and even noticed my bonnet; but the curiously examining glances that surveyed me from a top to toe, were not calculated to make me feel more at ease. My personal attractions, never very striking, were not enhanced by sorrow; and my mourning habiliments, hastily hitched together by a second-rate dress-maker, were anything but coming. Want of confidence made me awkward, and this feeling was always increased in the presence of Aunt Christina. Now, as I glanced at her faultless dress, and perfect *toilet ensemble*, I wished myself anywhere but under her inspection. I moved hastily off to a darkened corner.

"Are you tired?" inquired my aunt; and somewhat to my surprise, she shook up the pillow of a comfortable sofa, and placed it for me to lean against. I fell wearily back, and took a survey of the rooms.

They were large, irregularly-shaped, and looked as though one had been added on to the other at some later period. The large windows were draped with lace; while through the broad panes came glimpses of trees and flowers and mountains in the distance. Pretty cottage furniture was scattered about with a tasteful hand; and Dresden vases, stands of flowers, little baskets and knickknacks, gave the place a fairy-like appearance. It was a fit residence, I thought, for a poet—an idealist, with his intense appreciation of the beautiful; and yet it had been planned and arranged by Aunt Christina! Strange, that refinement should extend no further than external appearance. There was no show of money—no parade of wealth; it was just such a house as might have been chosen by a young, tenderly-nurtured enthusiast, who had married a poor man!

"An elegant sufficiency, content. Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books."

I was leaning wearily on the sofa, replying at intervals to the few questions asked me by Aunt Christina, when, suddenly, one of the front windows was pushed open, and in dashed a beautiful girl of my own age, followed at a rapid pace by Uncle Cambrelling.

"O Mrs. Cambrelling!" she exclaimed, with a most enchanting lip, "do keep him away from me! He does tease me so!"

But her pursuer had now seized her, and, despite her struggling, fairly lifted her into the middle of the room. Extremely surprised by the lively behavior of my sedate uncle, I looked at them in silence, while peals of laughter grated somewhat harshly on my ear.

"Lillie," said my uncle, roused at length to a sense of my presence, "this is Miss Louey Elmington, a young lady with whom, I dare say, you will soon become very well acquainted."

Miss Louey, herself, probably thought differently, however! For, after a slight nod, and a well-bred stare at the introduction, she took no further notice of me.

Gifted with an intense appreciation of the beautiful, I sat drinking in her loveliness until I could have drawn her portrait from memory. A wealth of golden-tinged hair was braided around a comb, and carelessly decked with a few hot-house flowers; lustrous brown eyes flashed up through their curling lashes, a peach-like hue was on her cheek, and her mouth I thought the loveliest that I had ever seen. She seemed fairly wild with spirits, and laughed and teased and amused the children, while I was stupid, shy, and silent. I wondered why it was that I disliked her, and experienced a feeling of relief when she took her departure.

"What wonderful spirits that child has, considering her situation!" exclaimed my aunt. "I had supposed her spoiled child of fortune—petted and indulged in every whim; and I now asked what misfortune she had to contend with."

allowed to breathe the fresh air. Louey's grandparents, who are immensely wealthy, support them both; and, such is the girl's cunning, I have no doubt that she will get a larger share of the property than any of her uncles and aunts. So that she is only a dependent, you see."

"I was a 'dependent' too—but the difference! She, all light and life and gaiety; and I, shrinking into myself—too sensitive to meet the glance of a stranger's eye."

I was not kept long in suspense respecting my field of action. Aunt Christina possessed the happy faculty of creating talents where none appeared to exist, and even the most insignificant characters were converted by her into models of usefulness. A very short time indeed sufficed for the delusion of fancying myself "company"; and I entered quite naturally and unconsciously upon the round of duties that fell to my share. These I found to consist, principally, of a variety of little, disagreeable jobs, which the mistress disdained, the servants scorned, and the dependent performed as her allotted task.

My little cousins were healthy, noisy romps, who played around the grounds, or filled the house with their bursts of merriment, and received my advances toward intimacy with good-humored indifference. I fairly pined for something to love, but even the cat at Uncle Cambrelling's repelled me with outstretched claws; and I began to think that Fate had intended me always to pursue my pilgrimage alone.

Aunt Christina's visitors were of the opinion that I had been sent into the world to sit in a corner, and say nothing; and so little was I called upon to change this decree, that my tongue seemed in danger of growing rusty for want of use. True, I often felt that the power was there; and as I listened to conversations that sadly lacked a spice, I thought of innumerable bright things, which diffidence prevented me from giving to the public. Aunt Christina had neither the tact nor the good feeling to draw others into notice, and her very slight mention of her niece inclined people to the opinion that *their* slights would not be resented.

Louey Elmington made frequent visits at morning, noon, and night; and always with the same flow of spirits, and in the same brilliant beauty that had dazzled me at first. Her conversation was addressed entirely to my aunt and uncle or the children; and, at length, I did not even take the trouble to look up when she entered. I could not help thinking, as I listened to her merry laughter, of the *insane mother*; and sometimes, during my lonely walks in the grounds, I caught a glimpse of a pale, wan face at an upper window of the lordly mansion, that was scarcely a stone's throw from my uncle's dwelling. The mother, a prisoner lonely and neglected—the daughter's gleeful tones, perhaps, reaching her in her deserted apartment. How ardently I wished that poor, insane mother had been mine! How tenderly I would have cared for her—how unweariedly cheered her solitude! But then I had not beauty, and grace, and all love's nameless witchery, to sacrifice, and Louey Elmington had.

The first flush of spring had deepened into the rosy hue of summer; and visitors thronged the pleasant cottage, to enliven my aunt's fancied solitude. There not being much action required in the part allotted to me, in the various scenes that transpired, I performed the quiet look-on, and drew my own conclusions in silence. Excursions were planned, in which my mingling was merely a matter of form; but, at length, a day came to me, stamped with memorable events.

What possessed us all to seek for pleasure beneath a broiling July sun still remain a mystery. We had only to open one of the French windows, and we were on a beautiful lawn, with one of the loveliest prospects that heart could wish; we had only to step into the library, and a banquet presented itself tempting enough to satisfy the taste of the most literary epicure. But having arrived at that stage of indolence that even indolence one to cut the leaves of the last new novel, we became weary of our Paradise, and fairly yawned with ennui.

I say "we" but it must be confessed that my sentiments were of very small weight indeed in the balance. Our party was composed of as incongruous materials as could possibly be thrown together—it was a piece of human patch-work. We had a couple who had been too lately married to care for any thing but each other and a couple too long married to care for any thing—each other not excepted. Then we had a whole battery of electricity, in the shape of a restless, talking, pleasure-loving widow, who never had a headache, never got tired, and never took cold. There was something really aggravating in this wonderful impossibility; she was like an everlasting clock—once wound up she went at locomotive speed, without any stoppings or hitchings. Then, there was a young gentleman most desperately in love with himself; and this, I believe, completed our menagerie.

The scheme originated with the widow. "You cannot think," said she, "how very delightful these little excursions are! I work hard all day, (it was to be a fishing excursion), and come home with such an appetite for supper—then, too, it is so pleasant to eat what one has caught oneself!"

Her remark, "you work hard all day," we found perfectly true; but we were in such a deplorable state that the idea of work was really pleasant. As soon as our benumbed faculties had taken in what was expected of us, we bustled about with great alacrity, under a strong impression that we could not collect a sufficient number of baskets to contain our spoils—a sort of delusion common with inexperienced anglers, and one that, like first-love, often causes a smile in after days.

The very gentlemanly, colored waiter who attended to our behests appeared rather to despise the whole affair; and held the door open for us to pass through with a peculiar air of dignity—merely a just consciousness of what was due to himself while in contact with so very out-of-looking an assemblage. In "Pride and Prejudice," Mr. Collins tells Elizabeth, on the occasion of their dining with Lady Catherine, that "it is not necessary to make any particular change in their attire—merely to put on whichever of their clothes happen to be the best; and our party, generally, had attired themselves directly contrary to this sensible advice—having put on whichever happened to be the worst."

The widow was attired in a nondescript costume, of which a green veil formed the principal feature, and fluttered in the wind like a signal of distress. The love-sick young man, who was disappointed in the expected presence of Louey Elmington, looked sulky, and sucked his cane. We were destined to a pretty lake, famous for its fishing; and as the distance was quite a journey from Uncle Cambrelling's we took the cars, which brought us within a few miles of our destination. The widow kept up a constant talking, like the sputtering of fire-crackers on the fourth of July, and appeared to take upon herself the entertainment of the whole party. The flying rate at which we passed along almost prevented all observation of the scenery; but I caught glimpses at intervals, of little streams that wound like threads

of silver among the trees and bushes, and beautiful groves, and purple mountains in the distance; with here and there, some country residences that looked like regions of enchantment. I amused myself, as we passed along, in selecting a residence, under influence of the delusion that I was monarch of all I surveyed.

The selection of our fishing place had been left entirely to the widow; and when, having expected from her exalted description, a region, lovely enough to satisfy the toils of a Columbus, we saw only a barren-looking spot, on which trees were, like angels' visits, few and far between; we felt rather dismayed at the termination of our journey.

Fishing, however, had been the object in view, not a lovely landscape; and as that yet remained untried, we mounted with some remnants of hope, a steep flight of steps, that led to a particularly well-shielded, and hot-looking hotel. The fumes of dinner met us in the hall; but being told that the repast now on the table was already engaged, we were shown, tired and hungry, into an unshaded parlor, to bide the time of those who had gone before us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 4, 1863.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 21 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at this office.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'"

The Brave Maine Sixth.

All accounts agree that the valor of the Sixth Maine regiment, in the battle of Rappahannock Station, can neither be over-rated or too highly applauded for its important results. The following is an extract of a letter received by Mr. Parmot Hill, of this place, from his son-in-law, Rev. Moses J. Kelley, chaplain of that noble regiment. We have already noticed the feats performed by this regiment, but not in the detail, or in the reliable form here presented. All honor to the noble boys from whose bravery came such glorious results. Mr. Kelley's letter is dated—

Headquarters 6th Me. Vol., near Brandy Station, Va., Nov. 24th, 1863.

"The battle of Rappahannock Station has been fought and won, and many accounts have been published, some of which are truthful and correct, and some partial and distorted. Among the truthful and reliable documents published, are the reports of Col. Ellmaker of the 119th Penn. who commanded our Brigade, on the day of the battle, and of Gen. Russell, who commanded the Division. I am not certain that these reports have been generally published in Maine. Frank Leslie's picture gives a good outline of the ground, but the principal part of the picture, is the foreground, where some fifty skirmishers, part of whom belonged to the 44th New York Vols., were led into the conflict by Capt. Morrill of the 20th Me., who once belonged to this regiment.

"After breaking up our camp near Warrenton, in the early hours of the morning, we marched towards Rappahannock Station, reaching the woods within about one mile of that place, a little past midday. Our regiment which had been marching in the rear of the brigade, were here marched to the front, and lay in line of battle from one to two hours.

"At this time, the five companies, constituting the right of our regiment, were ordered to relieve some of the 49th Penn. who had been sent forward as skirmishers. They went boldly forward under the command of Major Fuller, driving the enemy's skirmishers rapidly before them. Adjutant Clark had his horse struck by a Minnie ball and disabled. One of our men was killed and five wounded, before the sun went down.

"During this time, the second brigade on our right, also moved forward in line of battle, with one battery of artillery, driving in the enemy's pickets, and moving up the slope to the right of the intrenchments.

"But those terrible intrenchments lay right in front of our brigades, frowning defiance, and hurling their shell and canister upon our men, while from their rifle pits, showers of minnie bullets greeted our advance. About sunset the other five companies of the 6th Maine were ordered to fall in, to support the right wing. Thus forming a double skirmish line, the order came to take those forts and rifle pits by storm. The word 'Forward' swept along the line, as if by magic.

"Onward, up the heights, over the rifle pits, into the intrenchments, with a storm of lead and iron raining round them—in certain portions of the line, actually facing more than ten times their number—our regiment went alone. They took, and held those strong defenses, for more than ten minutes, before any of the remaining regiments came to their assistance. Here ensued a conflict that beggars all description. Our men—taking prisoners and being taken prisoners in turn—having discharged their rifles, not only charged with the bayonet, but knocked down the rebels, with their fists, with stones and clubbed guns, and

fought with an energy that could never remit. "Up to this time, none had come to their assistance, except about fifty men from the fifth corps, who came in upon our left, under command of the gallant Capt. Morrill, whose aid was invaluable in this terrible crisis of the battle. Just at this juncture, after Lt. Col. Harris had been wounded, and many of our brave men had fallen, the 5th Wisconsin, that gallant regiment that never yet gave back, under the command of Col. Allen, came rushing to the rescue, shouting 'Sixth Maine, Sixth Maine.' The tide of battle was turned, the 49th and 119th Penn. came up, and the enemy was driven all along the line.

About this time the 5th Maine and 121st N. Y., from the second brigade, came up on our right, led on by Col. Upton. They carried the rifle pits in their front, and the enemy, hemmed in between our lines and the river, attempted to cross, but some 1600 laid down their arms and surrendered. The victory was complete. Though the day, which began in calmness and splendor, went down in carnage and in blood, it has left a page in history, that can never be effaced. On that page the sixth Maine has left a noble record. True they did no more than their duty, yet the fact can never be forgotten nor ignored, that though other regiments took more prisoners, it was they who led the forlorn hope; and though but a skirmish line, they drove a whole line of battle from their intrenchments and held their position—a fact that knows no parallel since Jonathan and his armor-bearer carried the garrison of the Philistines by storm."

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

CHAPTER IV.

The Corps Africanus, with such a perfect organization, was of incalculable assistance in the operation of the Mosquito army before Port Hudson.

Had their powers been fairly tested they would have undermined the whole city and dumped the same into the clear water of the Mississippi.

As it was however, they only threw dirt into the eyes of the rebel gunners, and made them so indignant that they sent a renegade to Gen. Cordonnier, who at once put a stop to this infamous and barbarous practice.

Shortly after this the Chief of Mosquitoes, (Cordonnier) sent a note under a flag of truce demanding of the general of the Peafed forces an immediate and unconditional surrender of all he held dear.

To this the Peafed commander replied as follows:

Sir: Your polite note of the inst. was duly received. The deplorable state of my wardrobe renders my immediate compliance with your request at least unpleasant if not impossible.

Please wait a few days, until my tailor and laundress are informed of your request, and my exterior person properly prepared for presentation to your excellency. I am, as well as yourself, anxious to spare unnecessary bloodshed.

You will, therefore, please direct your fire to the right of Magnolia Grove near the Sally Park, on the Jackson road, and I will cause my troops to be temporarily removed from that locality.

I remain, my Dear Sir, With great consideration,

Your ob'd servant, FRANCIS FAUNER, Com'd'g Peafed Forces.

P. S. Please send in by the bearer, one ham and a gallon of whiskey for my own private use.

F. F.

Who could resist such a dignified and polite appeal to the warmest sympathies of our nature? No one, and so it was not resisted. On the next day but one, the following reply was sent

To Francis Fauner, Commanding Peafed Forces.

Sir: Your polite note in reply to one I sent you was duly received. After consultation with General Granite, my chief staff, I have concluded to accede to your request. Take your own time, my dear sir, and inform me when you are ready for my troops to march in. I shall probably storm your left to-morrow, just to give my men a little sanitary exercise.

Your ob'd serv't P. CORDONNIER, Com'd'g Mosquito Forces.

P. S. I will send you the whiskey in an ammunition box. Excuse the quality. I shall have better as soon as my communications with the river are more securely established.

P. C.

A day or two after the above pleasant interchange of civilities, a reconnaissance was made in force which resulted in the loss of the gallant 4th Nova Scotia regiment, and in learning that the works could not be carried by storm, without better fighting than the Mosquito army had ever yet shown themselves capable of performing. As it was, however, the results of the reconnaissance were highly satisfactory: so satisfactory indeed that Cordonnier chief of mosquitoes, was about to get up another on the same plan only they were to be armed with hurdles and cotton bales.

The gallant 4th Nova Scotia which performed such signal service, and whose loss was so lamented, was found the next day safe and sound in a cover which shielded them from the merciless blows of an inhuman enemy and at a considerable distance from the front. When discovered by their devoted friends, the centurions of the regiment, who were lawyers, had entered a "nolle prosequi" in explanation of their rash conduct, which in our tongue means "I want to go home."

Shots were daily exchanged for sometime following this reconnaissance, but as they committed little or no injury, it was finally concluded to leave them out altogether, and so one day the Peafed forces occupying Port Hudson were much astonished to find our Catapults and Ballistas firing blank.

That was the master stroke of policy which brought down the sturdy defenders of the Gibraltar of Louisiana.

THANKSGIVING.—The contribution, at the union meeting in this place, for the Christian Commission, at the close of Mr. Pepper's sermon, was \$69.00.

LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS.

Dear Brother Jimmy:—Thanksgiving over, I am reminded of your request that I devote a part of this letter to giving you a minute account of the manner in which that day was spent by your friends at home; you promising in return to tell me how you passed the day, away on the field of battle. First, let me tell you that we rejoiced to know that, although we were deprived of the pleasure of your society at that time, that your name was among the noble, the brave ones who are so boldly defending our country and her rights. You are a true patriot, my brother, else when you had so favorable an opportunity to be again reunited to family and friends, after so long an absence, you would have improved it,—else your letters would not breathe forth such love of, and earnestness for, the welfare of the land of every lad the best, and for the dear old flag, whose stars and stripes wave more gloriously to-day than ever before since "war and rumors of war" were heard; more glorious because every victory renders it doubly dear to all patriots, and puts to shame the cowardice of those who dare not engage in the service of right, and are not desirous to advance the cause of liberty and freedom. The valor and bravery with which our regiments, the "Maine Sixth" for instance, have conducted, warms our hearts and cheers us on our way; and how great will be the contrast "when this cruel war is over," between them and the good and "bowld sojer" boys. They would find little mercy among the young ladies here, for we are very glad to do anything for the brave ones, even though it be to gather as we did Thanksgiving week to make and fill comfort bags for them, improving many moments in writing the notes, which we were particularly requested to remember.

How gladly, too, we add our mite to collections in behalf of the Christian Commission; for we desire that as many as can shall have reading, and hope that very soon we may be enabled to send vegetables to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers. In truth there is no movement to aid, encourage or benefit them, in which we will not heartily engage.

But I am rattling on so fast, that you will think I am never coming to my account of our Thanksgiving. Pardon me, Jimmy.

Never dawned a fairer Thanksgiving morn, than our last, though coming as it did among "the melancholy days," which to me, are "the saddest of the year." Our breakfast was, as usual on that day, composed of beef-steak, cranberry sauce, toast, pumpkin and mince pie. Till after meeting—which was at the Baptist Church—the children passed the time as on similar days, the older members of the family being at church. We all, then, went to the loved homestead of grandpa.

You well know the greeting which we received from grandmother, and we were not very long in finding that all the uncles, aunts and cousins, had arrived—save you and George, cousins Will, Sam'l and Fred, who were in Uncle Sam's employ. Not one had been taken from us by death, since our last meeting, for which we returned hearty thanks, to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Permitted by grandma to enter the cook-room, we saw before the fireplace, in the tin kitchen, a monstrous turkey; and being told that two others had shared the same fate, we remembered that we must eat, when we come to grandma's.

The dinner excelled all previous dinners, both in the quality and quantity of meats, puddings, pies and all the et ceteras incident to such occasions, at such a place, by such a people, on such a day.

After dinner, letters were read from our friends in the army, and patriotic remarks made by the uncles. Apples brought from the cellar with particular reference to this time, were eaten with a relish, (as grandpa's always are,) and while we were thus engaged, Charlie came running in to tell us that glorious news had come from Chattanooga, which we joyfully received, and hastened to raise the flag.

Before night the large, new barn must be visited by all, and praised to meet the demand of grandpa's ambitious desires—which we did most cheerfully and truthfully.

Supper, for all who could eat, was prepared, and then the youngsters gathered in the south parlor for games, while the parents remained in the north one and chatted. At a late hour we started for home, hoping that another year the war will be closed and then we could welcome you home with praise and thanksgiving. This is a minute account, as you desired, of how Thanksgiving was spent with us.

Our quiet village was somewhat excited on Tuesday afternoon, by the burning of Elmwood Hotel. Men, women and children gathered and rendered all the aid in their power in removing the things from the house.

Arrangements are being made by the Sons of Temperance, for introducing charades, &c., at their meetings.

You remember S. W., who taught at the Brown School House, with such success, don't you? She has left W. also Annie B., who has been so long in Mr. Elden's store. S. R. has taken her place. F. has been home on a furlough, which was very gratifying to M.

Much love from us all. Write soon to your loving sister, MARY.

Capt. Samuel Haines, of the U. S. Navy, who has been at home a short time on a furlough, on account of ill health, has been appointed to the command of the U. S. Steamer Bacon. He left yesterday morning, to report at Washington.

A FAIR PROFIT.—Messrs. Doolittle & Hilton, at their excellent farm on Sandy River, keep a flock of 400 very choice merino sheep. We saw them last winter, and thought them the best managed flock we have seen in the State. We are now told that \$1600 worth of

wool and \$600 of sheep and lambs have been sold the past season—\$2200 in all—while the flock has been kept good in number and quality. This is farming that pays.

For the Mail.

"Pickings and Stealings."

Friend Mail!—It does me good to see some of your sharp village men pulling each other's ears, as "Jones" and "Smith" are doing it. They both deserve it. I should not put in a word, if it had not been for Smith twitting Jones about buying wood. I have sold wood in Waterville for a number of years, and if any man buys any sharper, or plays more tricks than Smith, I should like to know who he is, so that I may keep out of his way. He never wants any wood when sledding is poor, or in a stormy day; and my team has stood in sight of his store for hours together, when it snowed like guns, and he wouldn't make me an offer till I got tired and willing to take just what he had a mind to give. Once when I had a load I could not sell, he gave me leave to pile it on his lot; and the first time he found me in the village just at sunset, and in a storm, he notified me to move it that night, as he had engaged the lot to another man next morning. Of course I had to sell him the wood for about half what it was worth. He never makes more than seven feet out of a cord of wood, and then wants me to take half of the pay out of his shop. When there is a little glut in the market he always looks at my wood, and perhaps makes me an offer of two-thirds its worth, and then stands round and tells everybody else that wood is a drug in the market, and can be bought for a song; that sleighing is going to last till May, and the time to buy wood will be some time in April; and if he sees a rotten or crooked stick he is sure to point at it.

More than once, when my load was nearly piled into his shed, he has pretended to discover some new fault, and refused to take it. Of course I had to discount to his most unmerciful satisfaction. He never had any rule but to get my wood at the lowest possible price, according to the close corners he could get me into. I seldom sold him a load till near sunset, when I had given up selling at all; and then he would come to my relief with an offer of about half its worth, payable out of Jones's store, in something to eat—of which he knows my family are always needy, and of which necessity he always waits to take advantage.

Such men as Smith are a nuisance to wood haulers—and Jones is off the same piece. While they show up one another, I will show up both of them. If they can't make anything by twitting each other, perhaps the public will be benefitted by finding out what kind of men they are. I should like to know what Smith has to say for himself. Does he think such things are honest and fair?—and is it doing as he would be done by?

Truly your friend, BROWN.

FIRE—ELMWOOD HOTEL BURNED!—About 3:30 o'clock on Monday afternoon fire broke out in the rooms over the office of the Elmwood Hotel, supposed from a defect in the chimney. The engines were promptly at hand, and as there was but little wind, and that little in the most favorable direction to convey the flames away from the stables and other buildings, we saw before the fireplace, in the tin kitchen, a monstrous turkey; and being told that two others had shared the same fate, we remembered that we must eat, when we come to grandma's.

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Letter from Winslow.

Dear Mail!—According to notice given in your columns last week, the new school house in district No. 5, was dedicated on Friday p.m., with appropriate services. The day was pleasant, and a goodly number of the citizens in the district and out of it, assembled at the appointed hour. Col. Britton, the chairman of the building committee, presided, and introduced the speakers. The services were commenced with singing and prayer. Col. Britton then gave an account of the origin, progress, and completion of the work; and the harmony that had prevailed among the members of the district in erecting the building and the cost of the same; after which he delivered the keys to the chairman of the superintending school committee, who, highly complimenting the building committee for their fidelity and success in constructing so beautiful a house, so nicely adapted to the purposes of a school room, and contrasting so widely from the old one standing near (which is now being removed), delivered the keys to Mr. Calvin Taylor, agent of the district, with a charge that the house be kept sacred to the object for which it had been built, and is now dedicated, suffering no rude boy to mar or deface it. Mr. Taylor on receiving the keys made some interesting and appropriate remarks.

An address was then delivered by Rev. J. Dinsmore upon the true idea of education, and the great lack of moral culture in our present systems of instruction, showing that the child is not properly educated, unless the physical, the intellectual, and moral natures are trained and developed at the same time.

After the address, speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Thompson of Winslow, and Byrne of Vassalboro', and Mr. Hodges, one of the superintending school committee, Mr. Hutchinson, one of the selectmen, and a Mr. Taylor living in the district.

Rev. Mr. Thompson thought that the question, "Will it pay?" as applied to that beautiful building, could easily be answered. It would pay; and the cost, though not large, was a noble investment. He spoke also of the importance of parents co-operating with the teacher in his efforts properly to train and educate the child, instead of, as is too often the case, taking part with the child against wholesome discipline in the school, and sometimes undertaking to browbeat or punish the teacher because he punished the child. The very best teacher should be engaged at the highest wages.

Rev. Mr. Byrne, thought that if great improvements had been made in erecting school houses, not so much advance had been witnessed in the manners of the scholars, and he feared rather retrograding. When he attended town schools, scholars were required to say, *yes, sir* and *no, sir*; and enter and leave the room very orderly; and when they met persons in the street, to make a respectful bow, or take off their hats. But now, they pour out of the house with a rush and a shout! and if the passing traveller is not saluted with some low slang or snowballs, he might think himself fortunate. He also spoke of the fact that too many teachers are not moral men; have many bad habits; and, however good their instruction may be, their example is bad, positively injurious. He thought the rod had gone out of use too much in the government of the school—in his opinion it could not be dispensed with.

The speeches were interspersed with beautiful singing, by a select choir, led by Mr. Leonard Getchell, which added much to the interest of the occasion. It is earnestly hoped that the noble example of district No. 5 will stimulate others to go and do likewise, of which there is urgent need in many districts.

The collection taken last Sabbath in the Congregational Church, for the Christian Commission, amounted to \$73.74. Was not that doing well for our side of the river?

WINSLOW.

West Waterville Items.

On Thanksgiving Day, a union service was held at the Methodist chapel. Sermon by Rev. T. Hill, from Ps. 106: 4. Theme: the moral lessons taught the American people in the history and progress of the present rebellion. At the close of the services a collection was taken, up for the New England Relief Association amounting to about \$12.00.

Rev. Mr. Hawes, of the east village, who has spent the last three months in the army, as a delegate of the Christian Commission, will lecture in the Baptist meeting house, next sabbath evening (Dec 6th), on the *work and wants* of the Christian Commission. Let all friends of the soldiers in this part of the town be present, with warm hearts, full purses, and liberal hands; remembering the words of the wise man, "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Lieut. Addison W. Lewis of this town, arrived home last week, having resigned his commission as 1st-lieut. Co. A, 20th Me. reg't. Lieut. Lewis had command of his company at the battle of Gettysburg, and proved himself a brave soldier, and an efficient officer. The hard labor and fatiguing marches, which preceded and followed that battle, seriously affected his health, and, after battling with his disease for months, and finding the prospect of recovery in that climate hopeless, he felt compelled to tender his resignation, which was accepted, and he has been honorably dismissed from the service. He brings a good report of the condition and spirits of the army, and of their confidence in the wisdom and ability of their chief.

THIRICE-WEEKLY KENNEBEC JOURNAL.—This paper will be issued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, during the session of the legislature, which commences the first Wednesday in January. Price \$1 for the session, payable in advance. Money may be sent by the representatives, or by mail at the publishers' risk. Address Stevens & Sayward, Augusta.

War of Redemption.

The army of the Potomac has moved. Crossing the Rapidan where the rebels made but feeble opposition, our forces with ten days' rations, in pushed forward skirmishing heavily at times, the advantage being generally with our side, Lees forces, at last accounts held a strong position between Gordonsville and Orange Court House; and as Meade's army confronted them, and there was a determination to attack, a battle was thought to be imminent. The rebels have evacuated Fredricksburg, and one corps of our army is in possession. The stories of the disaster to French's division, like those of large numbers of prisoners taken by us, were much exaggerated.

From Grant we had glorious news, on Thanksgiving day. On the 23d ult., our forces advanced upon the enemy, drove them from their strong positions on Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and inflicted on them a disastrous defeat. Our troops now hold the country as far as Ringgold and Cleveland, and the enemy are below Tunnel Hill. The fruits of the battles are—6000 prisoners, 58 pieces of artillery and 7000 stand of arms. Our casualties will not exceed 4000. Whether our forces are in a condition, to follow the enemy farther immediately, remains to be seen.

One gratifying result of the success of Grant will be the relief of Burnside, and it is to be hoped, the infliction of severe punishment upon Longstreet. It is understood that forces have been despatched on this errand by Grant.

Gen. Banks is making progress in Texas. He has taken possession of Corpus Christi, and numbers of the Union residents are flocking to his standard.

Several Union successes are reported in Louisiana.

Operations at Charleston still continue, and shells are occasionally dropped into the city.

LATER.—Prisoners are still coming in to Grant's head-quarters, and they now foot up about 7000. Bragg is said to be moving south with the remnant of his force.

Burnside is no doubt all right at Knoxville, and Longstreet is reported to be retreating toward Virginia.

The notorious John Morgan made his escape from Ohio, recently, but his reported arrival in Canada is a hoax.

Banks has captured Aransas City, taking 100 prisoners and three guns.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The fresh stock last week consisted of 1706 cattle, 3326 sheep, and 1880 swine. (Same day last year 933 cattle, 2153 sheep, 5600 swine.) Of the cattle, 310 were from Maine, (several lots having been detained on the way,) 601 from Vt. and 175 from N. H.; of sheep 400 were from Maine, 1309 from Vt. and 374 from N. H.

Prices per 100 pounds on total weight of hide, tallow and dressed beef—1st quality \$7.75 to 8.25; 2d quality 6.75 to 7.50; 3d quality 6.00 to 6.50; extra 8.50 to 8.75.

The N. E. Farmer says—"The market is probably better than drovers generally expected, who for some time past have been predicting evil for Thanksgiving week."

After stating that Thanksgiving turkeys cost no more this year than last, the Farmer's reporter gives the following comparative table of prices of other meats:

	This year.	Last year.
Beef, . . .	5.00 to 8.25	3.75 to 6.25
extra, . . .	8.50 to 8.75	6.50
Sheep & lambs, each, 3.25 to 5.50	2.50 to 4.75	
Swine, store, 7.50 to 8.50	4.50 to 6.50	
live fat, 7.00 to 7.50	4.00 to 5.00	
Beef hides, 8.50 to 9.00	7.00 to 8.00	
Sheep's pelts, 2.00 to 2.25	1.75	
Tallow, 8.50 to 9.00	8.00 to 8.50	

SAD CASUALTY.—The friends of Mr. Amasa Copp, were pained to hear of his accidental death on the 13th of November. He was a conductor on a night train of one of the railroads leading out of Chicago, and in passing from one car to another, missed his footing and fell on the track, when nine cars passed over him. The mother of the deceased, Mrs. Almira Copp, of this village, with two sons in the army, was looking with anxious foreboding in another direction, and this unexpected blow was severely felt. Mr. Copp's age was 31 years, and he leaves a wife and two children at the West.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY. Sheriff Hatch, with his usual large hearted liberality, furnished a nice turkey dinner to the inmates of the jail at Augusta; and Mrs. Daniel Williams made her annual donation of mince pies.

Arrangements are being made in this State, for the draft to take place on the 5th of January next, in case the quota is not filled. Lists of persons enrolled in the first and second classes are posted up in every town, and those claiming exemption must appear before the Board, previous to the day fixed for the draft, or they will not be entitled to a hearing.

Among the promotions recently announced is that of Selden Conner, of Kendall's Mills, to be Colonel of the 19th Maine regiment.

THE RETORT RIGHT.—True Bill. In one of the upper townships of this county resides two farmers, whose places are separated by a small creek. They are well-to-do people, but diametrically opposed in politics, and each noted for his zeal with which he defends his sentiments. Mr. M.—being a straight, uncompromising Union man, and Mr. S.—a Copperhead Democrat. Meeting a few days before election, Mr. S.—accosted his neighbor, saying:

"How is it, friend M.—I hear there is a prevalent disease on your side the creek?"

"Ah!" said M.—"what is the disease?"

"Nigger on the brain!" replied Mr. S.—

"Well, said M.—"that is a mere trifle compared with the malady existing on the other side."

"Indeed!" exclaimed S.—"and pray what can that be?"

"Traitor in the heart!" retorted M.—

The hit was palpable, and the conversation took a turn.—[Columbus Express.]

