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Maxham & Wing

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THE THREE PRAYERS.

First I sought joy,
 Hope to the future gaily pointed me,
 Telling sweet stories of the days to be—
 Days free from all annoy,
 Brimming with all that charms the soul and sense,
 And shone on by love's light, warm and intense.

But he who being gave,
 Sharing with me thereby his infinite,
 Seemed that the phantom of a vain delight
 Should make his own its slave.
 So from my forehead took joy's blooming crown,
 And to the dust threw those fair idols down.

When by long grief oppressed,
 Weary I gave the useless struggle o'er,
 Too sad, too old to dream of pleasure more,
 I only prayed for rest—
 To find for every wound some gentle balm,
 And holy patience learn in ways of calm.

Yet even this denied,
 Labor I found in place of asked-for rest;
 Forth driven from my quiet circled nest
 For wanderings lone and wide;
 My burden in a beam of pleasure true,
 And with unwilling soul its tumult share.

Made to submit at length,
 I asked no more for pleasure or repose,
 But from the depths the earnest cry arose,
 O Father, give the strength,
 Arm me with purpose high and courage true,
 Life's work, however great or mean, to do.

And not in vain I sought—
 He gave the power to heart and hand and will,
 Each gladly its own mission to fulfill.
 Until the task is wrought,
 And with this strength both joy and rest he sent,
 And taught my soul in him to dwell content.

So as the dove of old
 Turned from long flight o'er deserts wild and dark
 To rest its wing at eve within the ark,
 To thee, O God, my soul
 Shall come when death has bid its labor cease,
 Bringing the toll-worn olive leaf of peace.

—Boston Recorder.

MY STORY.

BY ELA RODMAN.

(Continued.)

A glimpse of a pretty face outside had drawn off our young gentleman—the elder ones conversed of the wheat and crops—the married lovers had gone out for a walk—Aunt Christina looked extremely weary of the whole affair, and discussed the fashions with her nearest neighbor—and I, being the odd figure in every game, took up a well-worn novel that belonged to the parlor furniture, and after becoming deeply interested in the plot, found that there was a second volume, and that the second volume was not to be had.

Dinner being at length announced, we sat down to a repast of tough chicken and black-berry-pie; and with purple-stained lips, after this delectable feast we proceeded to the lake. Being deposited in an unprotected row-boat and set adrift in the boiling sun, the heat became almost insupportable; and with an intensely throbbing head, I sat in my hot corner, and listlessly watched the others.

The fish, however, were obstinate; and only a very small group fell into the snares prepared for them. Our party became discouraged, and after an hour or two spent on the water, concluded to turn their steps homeward. The old wagon belonging to the hotel, that sat perched on wheels of a prodigious height, and looked more like a conveyance for charcoal than an equipage for human bipeds, trundled up to the door; and again we were stowed in its capacious depths.

As we rolled along, leisurely enough, we had time to observe the various objects on our route; and a dwelling that had before caught my eye, was now examined with renewed interest. How little I then thought. But no matter; I will not anticipate. It stood on a green sloping eminence, and the house, half-hidden by trees, was one to rejoice the heart of a lover of old nooks, and queer unexpected places, being large, rather low and very irregularly built. It was draped with vines in many places; and the curiously twisted porch in front presented delightful temptations for reading and meditation. There was a grove on one side of the house; and it was just a place where one could live in utter forgetfulness of the world.

It looked cool and shady, and delightful; and many longing glances were cast towards it by the weary and disappointed party.

"How happy the owner of that place must be!" sighed some one.

"He is not so very happy," replied Uncle Cambrelling, with a bow to the married ladies, "for he has the misfortune to be a bachelor."

"Are you acquainted with him?" exclaimed the widow eagerly. "Do let us stop, then, and make him a visit—I am just dead with hunger and fatigue!"

My uncle cast a somewhat doubtful glance over the habiliments of the party, and then turned to his wife:

"What do you think, my dear?"

"Why, I think," replied Aunt Christina, that, as we have been owing Mr. Delarading a visit for such a length of time, this will be a good opportunity to pay it, particularly as his house-keeper understands getting up excellent dinners; and I, for one, am going to get out."

The smile that fairly illuminated the hitherto pensive countenance of our handsome host; and gracefully leading the way to an elegant drawing-room, he endeavored to relieve any feelings of embarrassment that might arise from our unceremonious visit.

I felt sick and weary; the room swam around; a confusion of chairs, tables, and pictures up-side down danced before my eyes—and I fell back insensible.

When I recovered, I found that I had been carried up-stairs, and placed on a high, soft bed, on one side of which stood the short, old-fashioned housekeeper, whose kind face expressed the utmost sympathy; and on the other, Aunt Christina, who looked annoyed.

"Poor young lady!" said the kind old woman. "Do you feel any better?"

A faint smile was the only answer that I was capable of making; and the next moment the door closed behind her.

"It seems very strange," began my aunt, in a fault-finding tone, as though my fainting had been an unvarnished liberty, "that you should be the only one to get sick. You had better give up fishing excursions for the future. It is quite enough, I think, to bring Mr. Delarading a party to dine, without giving so much extra trouble."

I looked calmly out at my aunt, from among my numerous pillows, with very much the feeling of a mischievous child, who has perched itself up somewhere out of reach, and defies all pursuit. I knew that she could not help herself, and that I could not be dragged from my cosy nest, until I chose to come. So I looked very serenely out of the window upon the lovely prospect, and around the room at the furniture, and at the pictures on the walls, and wondered if I were not dreaming to suppose myself in bed in a house that I had never seen before.

Aunt Christina went down-stairs, and the old-housekeeper came back, and sat and talked to me. We became quite confidential, and she told me so much of Mr. Delarading's habits and employments that I seemed to have known him many years. He was evidently her model of all that was excellent and praiseworthy; indeed, the whole Delarading race were paragons.

I discovered from my informant, that Mr. Delarading was not, as I supposed, in very rugged health; that he was very fond of reading, and that he spent his time partly in the library, and partly in walking through the grounds; that he had no near relatives, made very few visits, and seldom went to the city. She also hinted that mines of unemployed wealth were at his disposal, and that he was about thirty-seven years of age. I encouraged her to talk, for I felt an interest in the handsome recluse.

My dizziness and ill-feelings having now subsided, I concluded to go down-stairs. The wrinkles were smoothed out of my dress, my hair brushed into some kind of order, and with an extremely discontented glance at my reflection in the mirror, I left the room to join the party below.

Mr. Delarading paid me a variety of those little attentions which are always appreciated by those to whom neglect is habitual; and these, accompanied by a sweet smile and winning manner, fairly bewildered my foolish young heart. He rose at my entrance, and insisted upon placing me in the most comfortable seat; expressed his regret at my indisposition, and a hope that I would feel in his house, as though I were at my own home.

Home! I had none.

Dinner was announced, and while the others ate, and laughed, and talked, I sat beside Mr. Delarading—too languid to eat, too shy to talk, and too happy to envy them their mirth. He showed me his books, and I read the titles of the old English authors, and our standard poets, and history, and philosophy, and almost everything of value that had been printed and bound. I quite forgot that I was a dependent, and listened to Mr. Delarading in a state of quiet rapture.

On our return, the others bantered me about my conquest, as they termed it; and I entered my so-called home, with a buoyancy of feeling that I could not have explained.

"Lillias," said my aunt, as though it went rather against her to admit the fact, "you do look really pretty!"

I smiled at the compliment; and instantly my thoughts reverted to Mr. Delarading. It was now October, and the blaze from the coal fire had brought a color to my usually pale cheek, and a lustre to my eye, while the closely-fitting black dress set off a figure that even my modesty acknowledged as pretty good. The book of poems I had been reading, fell from my hand, and I became plunged in a reverie.

How often the words, "Bring out your hopes and look at them" (which I have somewhere met with), occurred to my mind, and I did bring out my hopes and looked at them, and found them—a blank. I looked back to that summer day and the feelings that were then called into existence, until I felt like laughing at my own folly.

As soon as I had fancied myself capable of removing mountains, as of being likely to captivate any one, much less such an one as Hubert Delarading. His wealth possessed no attraction for me. I would have given that to Louey Elmington if she would but leave me the rest.

He came again; and, following Aunt Christina's advice, she did go to work in earnest, and fairly bewildered the quiet recluse with her smiles and beauty and compliments. I listened in surprise, and felt half inclined to blush for her forward advances; but I tried hard to keep out the entrance of the demon Envy. I had heard that the best of men were captivated by beauty; and he, whom I had, in imagination, raised far above his fellows, sat listening, in half-surprised amusement to the brilliant sallies that fell in quick succession from lips lovely enough to have carried off any degree of folly. Sometimes a glance, a word, to show that I was not quite forgotten, roused me from my apathy; but my brilliant rival was determined that I should not shine, and soon eclipsed my lesser glory.

The time passed, and brought me to October and the twilight fireside; while the sighing wind without seemed wailing the dirge of my buried hopes.

And, now, I looked pretty.

A quick, electric thrill of pleasure darted through my veins; and I sat lost in a pleasant dream.

"I wonder," said I, unconsciously speaking my thoughts aloud, "what has become of Mr. Delarading?"

"Lillias," said Aunt Christina, after a short pause, "it is very easy to see that you are rather captivated in that quarter."

I started as though I had received an electric shock, and I could feel the warm blood glowing in my face. Truth prevented me from denying it, and I sat gazing at the fire as though my eyes were fastened there by a spell.

"It is certainly very foolish of you, to say the least," pursued my aunt.

"Why?" said I, at length, as I braced myself up with the consciousness of having done nothing wrong, "why is it 'foolish' of me to admire what is good and noble?"

"Because," rejoined my aunt, quietly, "it is not at all likely that he will ever admire you in return."

We sat some time in silence; and perhaps she pitied the downcast face and drooping figure, for she said:

Mr. Delarading is by no means as 'good and noble' as you imagine him to be; and if you should marry him, you would only be disappointed. In the first place, he is a very mean man."

"Aunt Christina!" said I, energetically, "Mr. Delarading is not mean—I know that he is not! His housekeeper—"

But I was left alone to finish the sentence. Even the usually blunt perceptions of Aunt Christina comprehended that I, the dependent, had contradicted her, flatly and pointedly; and she left the room with an assumption of dignity that made my heart sink for my future peace.

With head bowed upon my hands, and the silent tears forcing themselves through, I sat and thought—roaming among bright schemes and dreary presentment, until my head seemed fairly dancing on a sea of speculation.

"Bring out your hopes and look at them," and now they were tingling; but I would say it.

Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

My lips frame the responses, but my heart is far away. A face comes between me and the prayer book, and places its hand over the leaves.

"At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," and I see the feathers around me waving in proud humility. I, too, bend involuntarily—but it is to an earthly idol.

The commandments are read. "Thou shalt have no other gods but me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image—" and I weep as I kneel at prayer times.

I gaze upon the bright winter sunshine, as it pours in mellowed, subdued radiance through the church windows; and I soar up through the vaulted roof, and think of heaven, and of those who have passed away to the better land. Years crumble, like decayed monuments, before the touch of memory—and again I am a child, and love is a pet kitten or a waxen baby.

I was an authorless. I saw printed before me my first trembling offerings; and read the sweet incense offered up at the shrine of early genius.

Birds sing more sweetly when they are blind; and I, with my heart-light extinguished, went singing on a never-ceasing dirge to the Past. And yet that same lonely heart would glow at words of praise; and I wondered if he saw my writings? If he pondered over them, and marvelled at the young heart thus early blasted?

"Bring out your hopes and look at them!" I brought them out, now, and the trump of fame gave back a hollow echo.

The warm, April sunshine had awakened the long frozen earth; the melody of birds was around; and violets, lovely, blue-eyed violets! sprinkled the hedges and roadsides. The daffodils and hyacinths were blooming in the garden; and all life, all was beauty; and feeling very much out of keeping with the blue sky and beautiful earth, I fled to the refuge of the unlovely and neglected—Solitude.

A small gate at the foot of the garden led into a grove, where slept a blue lake, o'er-shadowed and guarded by drooping willows and sturdy oaks. There, curled up on a rustic bench, I lay dreaming, with both hands upon my throbbing brow, and the sky, and all the things that seemed mocking me with this beauty, shut out from view.

I was sick and weary, that morning—wearily of life and the consuming ambition that urged me on to overtask my strength. But, after sleepless nights my work was accomplished—the finishing touch given to my masterpiece; and I only awaited the dread fiat that would call me forth to life and happiness, or plunge me in hopeless despair. I had dispatched secretly, as the work had been done, for I had no one to sympathize with me in a bitter disappointment; mocking words and scornful smiles at the presumption that aspired to so much more, than it could reach, were all that I had to expect in the event of a failure.

As I lay there, the words of Gibbon rose to my mind: "After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a bower, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

He, a man, wrote for fame, for the sake of the fame itself. I, a woman, wrote, too, for fame, but only that something nearer and dearer to the heart might come of it. I was fairly goaded into an exhibition of talent, by the urgent necessity of something to lay upon the shrine on which my heart had garnered up its all—but that all to me, how poor to others! It was wild, visionary, for how could he know of what I had so carefully concealed from others? But I had, Nero-like, condensed the whole world of critics into one; and when I thought of my novel, it was always to fancy him reading it, and, perchance, marvelling at the power and agony that I had woven into a web of fiction. It was forcible, because true—it was painted glowingly from life itself; I had twined a wreath of passion-flowers from my own heart-experience—hewn an image out of living marble; and, disguised with a thin veil of unreality, sent it forth to strive for the laurel-crown.

A loud, merry voice roused me from my dream; and Uncle Cambrelling, who always appeared to me excited by an intense enjoyment of nothing, seized me by the arm with a rough, good-nature, and dragged me, astonished and but half-awake, from my comfortable couch. I was frightened, and began to fear some dreadful accident; but the only answer I received to my questions, was: "Come on the piazza, and you shall see."

Before I arrived in front of the house, I distinguished the gleeful tones of Louey Elmington; but I was scarcely prepared for the beautiful tableau that burst upon my view. Seated on a large, cream-colored horse, whose attitude was grace itself, was our lovely neighbor, dressed in a riding habit of soft green, every fold of which was arranged with artistic taste. A broad straw hat was wreathed with plumes of the same color, that lay upon her cheek like the green leaf upon the apple blossom; while her bright hair seemed like a stream of sunshine gliding the whole.

She was beautiful, and she knew it—sitting there in gay consciousness of her power; while I, whose brain was full of such fancies, stood gazing upon her, as on a vision, and thought of beautiful ladies of the olden time, who delighted in the pleasures of hawking, and were always painted with bright-colored hair, confined by a network of green and gold. I was almost as bad as Cervantes' hero, and came near converting the sober man-servant who attended her into a loyal and brave knight.

The beautiful Louey had one peculiarity that puzzled me. She never hesitated to speak of her designs, of whatever nature the scheme might be, before all who chose to listen, as though words that might compromise another, could not be used against her, by reason of her superior charms. She was now talking merrily with Aunt Christina; but as Uncle Cambrelling came up, she called out—

"What do you think, Mr. Cambrelling? Am

I not all planned for conquest? Will it not be 'veni, vidi, vici'?"

"Yes," replied my uncle, "you might go out as a highway robber, without the doubt of success, provided that your booty was hearts; but, Lillias," he added, turning to me, "you must really have a riding hat and a horse—these pale cheeks of yours call for exercise, and as an equestrian you might turn out quite a beauty."

I smiled at the idea, as though a riding habit and horse were all that were required to make me Louey Elmington; and the beauty's lip curled scornfully at my uncle's remark.

"I do not think that Lillias would look well on horseback," said Aunt Christina, "she is too quiet and sober."

That was probably mentioned, thought I, to put me in a happy frame of mind. Perhaps I was bitter, but oh! it would have been strange had I been otherwise than "quiet and sober."

"I am going a courting," said Louey, with an outburst of laughter. "What do you think of my attacking that stiff old bachelor, Mr. Delarading?"

"That depends," replied my uncle, "much upon how the attack is managed; but, in my opinion, it is dangerous to meddle with porcupines."

"Oh," said Louey, glancing at an imaginary mirror, "I am not in the least afraid of him; and Mrs. Cambrelling thinks it would be quite a bright idea to ride past his house, and meet with some slight accident in front of it. I am told that it is an excellent hospital."

The glance which accompanied these words left me at a loss to guess her meaning. She suspected me, then, of artifice, and was now triumphing over my defeat.

"You had better manage to let the horse drop a shoe," was the laughing reply, "for there is a blacksmith's near the house, and you can walk in and be entertained by Mr. Delarading while the animal is being shod."

"Nonsensical!" said Louey, gayly, as she kissed her hand to the company. "But if he does come to the point, I think seriously of making him an offer."

A green riding hat floated on the wind, and horse and rider seemed swimming through the air. I went to the ungenial task of making button-holes; and Aunt Christina, who was an inveterate sewer, took up some elaborate embroidery.

"That girl," said my aunt, after a long silence, "is perfectly unscrupulous. She will gain her end, though it should be through any amount of cunning and deceit. I have no doubt that she will eventually capture Mr. Delarading."

I sighed as I pictured the beautiful vision armed cap-a-pie for conquest, and I flattered myself that it was on his account that I wished the event different; but ah! would I have been any better satisfied with the success of a more worthy object? I fear not.

Completely unnerved, from the excitement of wakeful nights spent in rapid composition, I sat, during that long, spring morning, and stitched the fine linen before me, until the room reeled around, and my eye-balls seemed on fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Women Who Live in the Country.

A great deal is prettily and truthfully said about New England homes, and their usual description, "a pretty white cottage in the valley or on the hill-side, peeping out from among its fine orchards and gardens," is almost stereotyped. And yet a great many New England homes have nothing worthy the name of an orchard or garden, unless a kitchen garden. As we approach them, we see here and there in pastures, or by the road side, chance-planted, a few old gnarled apple trees, with a half-dozen young ones growing near the house; perhaps, in addition, a few rough looking quince bushes by the garden wall, and sometimes a pear tree or two.

Now why is this? There can be no complaint of newness of country, or want of time for the growth of trees. The country has been long enough settled, the farms have been long enough occupied for a half-dozen or more orchards in succession to have reached their bearing.

scultate them with good fruit when they are young. Women, if they will, can easily do it, and had better do it, than have it go undone. But when a tree is well growing, and cheers the eye and heart with its promise, almost any farmer will find time to 'bud' it, and rejoice in the labor.

Let the woman whose appropriate business it surely is, only make a beginning, and the work is next to certain. The old French adage is true in this; 'It is but the first step which costs.'—[Boston Recorder.]

WHAT IS TO BE.—The recent elections have decided the previous question—that the Republic is to live and the rebellion be put down. There may be reverses yet before us—disasters even—pecuniary embarrassments—transient popular discouragements—but the Nation stubbornly refuses to die. It suffers, it bleeds, its wealth may be still further wasted and its labor industry mortgaged; but that country known to all mankind as the United States of America, will be known as such hereafter, with the same boundaries and the same general characteristics as in the peaceful years gone by. So much we regard as settled by the military and political events of 1863.

But how is the Union to be reconstructed?—With slavery, or without? This is the remaining and momentous issue.

Victor Hugo, in his 'Napoleon the Little,' says:—

"This struggle between Man and his Maker is inevitably vain; but, though void of result, it is fruitful in catastrophes. That which ought to be will be; and that which ought to flow will flow; that which ought to fall will fall; that which ought to spring up will spring up; that which ought to grow will grow; but obstruct these natural laws, then confusion follows, and disorder begins."

Tie up a vein and sickness ensues, clog up a stream, and the water overflows; obstruct the future and revolutions break out.

If you persist in preserving amongst you, as if it were a living thing, the past, which is dead, you produce an inexplicable moral cholera, corruption spreads abroad; it is in the air; we breathe it; entire classes of society fall into decay. If you retain the bodies in your houses, the plague will burst upon you.

This policy is fatal to those who adopt it, and obscures their minds. Those men who dub themselves statesmen do not understand that they themselves have made, with their own hands and with the sweat of their brows, the terrible events they deplore, and that the very catastrophes which crumble upon them were by them arduously constructed.

We know that slavery ought to die with its child, the rebellion. There is not an intelligent friend of our country in the Old World who does not feel and declare this. We know that the South will have reason to bless even the rebellion if it results in ridding her utterly and forever of her giant curse. We know that our whole people, should the rebellion thus result in the destruction of slavery, will look back upon this war as a fearful dream, and say, 'It has entailed on us terrible sacrifices, but its fruits are worth all its cost.'

Firmly believing this—believing that it is nobody's real interest that slavery should survive the rebellion, and that very few except our Northern Copperheads (who sigh for the flesh pots that long rewarded their servile devotion to the Slave Power,) really want slavery perpetuated—we propose to leave our government utterly unembarrassed by any dogmas, any theories, any crotchets on our part, in its dealings with the rebellion and its cause. There is no man in it more anxious for a speedy, genuine, lasting peace, than its President; and so are, at least, the great majority of its official counsellors. Let the loyal people leave the President unfettered as to mode, while doing their utmost to supply him with the means of achieving such a peace.—[Tribune.]

THE DECREE OF THE PEOPLE. The Newburyport, Mass. Herald, an exceedingly conservative paper, and which has no sympathy with the political principles of the National Administration, yet is forced to convictions in reference to slavery on a par with those of the most ultra abolitionists. In the result of the recent elections, and we think he is about right, the editor makes the popular decree run thus:

"First, that this country shall be one nation; not an acre or rod to be given up, if the war must go on, forever and eternally for its unity, and though we shall have to lay waste State after State, till a territory bigger than all of Western Europe shall be turned to desert—depopulated and denuded—for that end. Second, that slavery shall be wiped out. 'The cause of the war' shall be removed, more completely than was the human race destroyed by the great flood, not eight persons surviving in servitude to tell the story of the past. Thirdly, that the present administration—the government—is to continue in power, so long as the war lasts; Abraham Lincoln, who was constitutionally and properly elected to be President of all the States, to be President till his authority is recognized in every State that was in the Union at the time of his election. If this is not the meaning of present history, it is written in characters that we do not understand; if this is not the decision of the late elections, we fail to appreciate them; if this is not the popular voice, then the people misuse the words they utter."

HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN.—When a child is hurt, never rush it up; it is an inexcusable barbarity; it is fighting against nature; it is repressing her instincts; and for the same reason if physical punishment is inflicted upon a child, never repress its crying; it is a perfect brutality. Cases are on record where children have been thrown into convulsions, in their efforts to silence; and very little less hurtful it is to hire them to silence. A thousand fold better it is to soothe by kindly words and acts, and divert the mind by telling stories, or by explaining pictures, or by providing with new toys. We have many a time, in our professional experience as to children, found more benefit to be derived from a beautiful and interesting toy, than from a dose of physic. The greatest humanity a mother can exhibit in regard to her child is to divert it, divert it, divert it, in all the pleasing ways possible, as we ourselves, who are larger children, feel sometimes, really sick, when a cheerful-faced and much-loved friend has come in, and before we know it, we have forgotten that anything was the matter with us.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

SLIGHTLY METAPHYSICAL. "A frog," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal which lickers on cold water, and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He provides music for the million, which has been so-called because it is usually heard in a mill pond. He is a warmist what aint so bad when boiled on a gridiron."

THE SIEVES OF SOCIETY. Beware of coaxed headed people between whose ears and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of any man, be sure that he is secret tight. The mischief that the non-retentive do is infinite. In social life they often set whole

communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of numerous miseries and crimes. In business, they spoil many a promising speculation, and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore be very careful to whom you intrust information of vital importance to your own happiness, or to the interest of those you hold dear. Every man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows; and if he does not do so, it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to correct his inherent propensities. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct—if we may so term it—wear him in your heart. If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 11, 1863.



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Relating to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—To some eyes, at least, there were sadder sights at the late burning of the Elmwood Hotel than that of the fire by which that beautiful edifice was consumed. The flame that destroys the works of men is harmless compared with that which mars the image of God. For some time past—ever since the commencement of the war—there have been indications of increasing carelessness in the public mind upon the subject of intemperance. That men, and consequently boys, should drink more freely under the excitement growing from the war, and that rum sellers should pursue their business with increasing eagerness from the same impulse, might be set down among the thousand new phases of social and business life everywhere presented, which excite neither hope nor fear because to-morrow they may disappear; but that the mature and determined opposition of the great moral power of society to intemperance should be so suddenly overcome that no tangible public sentiment upon the subject is either heard or felt, may indeed be set down as cause of alarm, if anybody remains to be alarmed. Three years ago our whole village was thrown into a spasm of philanthropic labor because two or three of our young men were found drunk. Now we look without apparent alarm upon a drunken multitude—old and young men, boys and children—as they brawl and fight and wallow in the mud, on an occasion when it was peculiarly needful to life and property that all should be sober.

We are not going to detail the disgraceful scenes connected with the burning of the Elmwood. They are already too well known, and point the finger of shame in too many directions, to make the task tolerable. "What's the use?" says the rum seller, and "What's the use?" echoes the pseudo champion of temperance; and we are almost ready to conclude that it is indeed of no use to raise a hand or a voice against the desolation which the rum shops are spreading through community. It passes, one after another, the most sacred family thresholds, and we hear no outcry. It rolls defiantly along the streets, and even good men see it without astonishment. It stalks into the sanctuary, and a feeble prayer, with trembling voice but no hands, is the only sign of opposition that reaches the world. Indeed, there is no longer a public sentiment or an organized effort against drunkenness. The house is on fire, and every inmate asleep!—not a hand to oppose it, or even a voice to cry fire!

Here and there, no doubt, where a wife weeps in secret for the danger that threatens her husband, or a mother prays in agony over an erring and betrayed son,—or even where men earnest in business are also earnest in efforts to do good, there is still a strong desire to engage in active measures for holding back the tide of intemperance. But Waterville is not unlike other places, and the scenes enacted at the late fire revealed more of the backslidings of temperance men, and the consequent insidious progress of drunkenness, than is apparent at first sight. That drunkards should get drunk where rum is free,—that boys should follow the example of men when unrestrained,—that men should drink deeply at a fire who drink but little at home,—or that rum should abound where a hotel is on fire,—none of these things are alarming, because none of them are new. They do not necessarily mark a backward movement in the ranks that battle against the prominent vices of society. But that rum should be free, and so free, at such a time,—that boys should be unrestrained in drinking with drunken men, in the presence of hundreds of sober ones,—that men known only as moderate drinkers should through an open barrel as swine at a trough,—and that rum should be so abundant, at such a time, and in such a place,—these things are indeed causes for alarm! and these the more alarming because nobody is alarmed!

To a few, we repeat, the drunkenness and

rioting exhibited on that occasion were the saddest feature of the painful calamity. It was a key to the darkest recesses of vice, and the revelator of unmeasured misery in store. To those who look for a remedy, and are willing to labor in its application, it leaves but a single resort. There is no Maine Law, for that has no excoerators; there is no associated effort, for such effort is paralyzed; there is no public sentiment, for public sentiment is dead. Only individual effort—such improvement of the opportunities that come to all willing hands, as love and duty prompt—this is the resort left. To all alike it suggests action, and to all alike it pleads duty.

If to the soldier belongs the task of defeating the rebels and saving the country, upon whom devolves the coordinate duty of warring against vice and error, and preserving and purifying the moral and social institutions which render our country worth saving? How, otherwise, shall the man who has a soul worthy of a country acquit himself for remaining only a spectator of the struggle in which other men bear an active part? Whatever the hand finds to do in this direction is so much done for our country, and those who struggle to keep back the tide of intemperance or battle against the vices that weaken and pollute society, are directly co-workers with the soldier in the field and the statesman in the cabinet. Lend a hand, then, ye who cannot or dare not be soldiers, to the equally important work for which God has given you capacity. Counsel the young when you can; caution men who lean in the direction of danger, as opportunity offers; and persuade or admonish the rum-seller whenever it seems of any possible use. Snatch a brand from the burning as often as you can,—and remember always to keep your own life in harmony with your counsels and professions. This is individual effort, and the only effort we dare now advise.

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. Purmort 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 Warren, 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 minie 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."

OUR QUOTA.—Much interest has been felt among our townsmen, for some days past, in regard to our quota of soldiers. It had previously been supposed that this matter was making good progress; but the fact having come to light that Capt. Randall, who had a recruiting office here, and who was generally supposed to be enlisting men for Waterville, had disposed of his men to another town, it was ascertained that our prospects were not as good as they had been supposed to be. To add to the excitement, persons were circulating the report that Mr. James P. Hill, who was known to have enlisted a dozen or more men, had also turned them into the quota of another town. This report, as we are happy to be assured by Mr. Hill himself, is entirely without foundation; every man enlisted by him having been already secured to our quota except one who has fled to Canada. This fact may be set to the credit of Mr. Hill—if indeed any honorable citizen could think of acting otherwise,—as he might have realized a considerable sum for them. The selectmen are now engaged in earnest efforts to fill the quota, but with what success we cannot definitely state. When neighboring towns are offering a bounty of three hundred dollars and we but two hundred,—and especially while men are commissioned to open recruiting offices in our streets and sell our men to other towns,—it may very readily be seen that the draft will be the only resort for filling our quota. That some bad counsels have prevailed at the State capital, which have brought this matter into its present embarrassed condition; is too evident to pass unnoticed. The towns have been brought in to collision one with another by a policy too strange to pass without explanation. There should have been an extra session of the legislature, when such a session was petitioned for, to equalize the town bounties. This trouble was foreseen, and why it was not prevented is beyond our comprehension,—as much so as is any plan by which we may hope to get out of the difficulty. The men are to be raised, every one of them, as is evident from the earnestness with which the several towns urge on the work; but we fear that more of it will be done by the draft than ought to be.

The Remedy.—Since the above was in type we have received the following General Order from the Governor, which promises in some measure to relieve such towns as have not already suffered too deeply.

STATE OF MAINE.
HEADQUARTERS, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Augusta, Dec. 9th, 1863.
GENERAL ORDER NO. 25.
The Governor and Commander in Chief orders and

1st. That no City, Town, or Plantation offering or paying, directly or indirectly, a Bounty of more than \$200 to volunteers under the present call, shall be credited with a recruit hereafter enlisted, or if hereafter enlisted, no volunteer unassigned whose residence is other than the place of his quota unless the quota of the City, Town, or Plantation, in which said recruit resides, shall have been previously filled.

2d. All officers and persons recruiting throughout this State, under the present call, whether for commissions, or premiums and compensation, will have their authority revoked and forfeit all claims to promotion, and all premiums and compensation for enlisting, who do not on or before the 15th instant return to this office, a list of the names of all men by them enlisted under the present call, up to that time, who are not yet rendezvoused, with the places of the recruits' residence, the date of their enlistment, the quotas to which they are assigned, and the amount of bounty paid or agreed to be paid each, by the proper authorities of the place whose quota they fill.

3d. Section 1st is not intended to restrict Cities, Towns, and Plantations in compensating recruiting officers reasonably for their services independent of the Bounty to recruits.

By order of His Excellency, ABNER CORBURN,
Governor and Commander in Chief.
JOHN L. HODSDON, Adjutant General.

West Waterville Items.

The good people of West Waterville have been giving material proofs of their interest in the welfare of our brave soldiers. On Thanksgiving Day, as noticed in last week's Mail, a collection of about \$12.00 was taken up for the New England Relief Association; a day or two after, the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society sent \$25.00 to the Christian Commission; last Sabbath evening, at the close of the very interesting lecture of Rev. Mr. Hawes, at the Baptist Church, \$26.00 more were contributed to the Christian Commission; this week again, the Soldiers' Aid Society have sent off a large box of comforts, consisting of five quilts, six sheets, six cotton shirts, eight woolen shirts, six pairs cotton drawers, three pairs woolen drawers, five dressing gowns, fourteen towels, twelve pairs socks, three pairs slippers, thirty-seven pocket handkerchiefs, pads, twenty-three yards bandages, one box lint, six bottles domestic wines, three bottles boiled cider, three pounds dried fruit, about one hundred pounds dried apples, six bottles Hill's Remedy, besides jelly, jam, preserves, and other delicacies.

SUBSTITUTES IN RICHMOND. The Richmond Examiner says that two substitutes have recently been purchased in the rebel capital, one for ten thousand and the other for eleven thousand dollars. It adds:

"To make a fortune, convert a portion of it into real estate, and another portion of it into gold, then to set sail for Europe to await the

termination of the war, while the wife stays at home as a 'locum tenens' of the property, is a scheme becoming vastly popular just now with substitute men."

DR. J. F. NOYES.—This gentleman, who gained so enviable a reputation while a resident of our village, is now located in Detroit, Michigan; and in this new home, we are pleased to learn, he has been equally successful. Among the cases of skillful surgery performed by him, which we find in the papers, is that of an Irishman at Ypsilanti, whom the Doctor relieved of a diseased eye, while under the influence of ether. On cutting open the eyeball it was found to contain a calcareous substance about half the size of the interior of the eyeball, filling up the whole inner surface of the eyeball. The shell substance was about as thick as a man's thumb nail. It was found that the lens of the eye had also turned to stone. The man was about thirty-five years of age and lost his eye when a mere child by having it picked by a fighting cock. For the last few years he has been working the Lake Superior mines, and about five months ago in blasting a rock a small piece struck him in the blind eye and since then he has had serious trouble with that and the other.

Somebody (as will be seen from an advertisement in another column), picked up a lady's wallet in our street last week, containing seven or eight dollars in money, and has neither returned it or advertised it; though the loss has been advertised at the post office for a week. The loser is a fatherless girl who works for a living, and that wallet contained every dollar she had in the world. If the finder hopes for salvation, on any plan that we ever heard of, that money must be returned. Even the Mahometan law says that "No one can enter heaven with stolen money in his pocket."

Rev. M. D. Conway, in a letter published in the Boston Commonwealth, from England, tells how Carlyle received the pungent article on him in the Atlantic Monthly for October. He says—

"Meeting Mr. Thomas Carlyle the other evening, he asked me if I knew what had written a letter to him in the Atlantic Monthly. I told him that it was David A. Wasson. 'And who is David A. Wasson at all?' Whereupon I told him the story of Mr. Wasson, and of his high position among the best thinkers and most faithful men in America; amongst other things, told him of a bright summer's day which I had passed with him eight or nine years ago at his home in Groveland, Massachusetts, and how he stood in the woods and his face shone as he spoke of 'Sartor Resartus.' I have never seen Mr. Carlyle more interested in the account of any man. When I had finished speaking, he said: 'I can well believe all you tell me of him. I saw in that letter an honest, sturdy, violent man. But I am filled with wonder how such a man can lash himself into a fury about nothing at all. He even grudges a fellow his poor remnant of days.'"

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—We learn that the "Normal Institute for Physical Education," which was incorporated in 1860, and located in Boston, and which is under the management of Dr. Dio Lewis, will open its sixth session in January. This Institution is becoming quite popular, as is evinced by the fact that the last class of graduates, consisting of fifty ladies and gentlemen, were at once engaged as teachers, and the call for more teachers is yet quite great. Distinguished medical men assist in preparing the pupils to act as guides in Physical Culture, while in the department of Gymnastics, Dr. Lewis personally trains every candidate. Dr. Lewis has received testimonials from distinguished physicians and teachers as to the efficacy of his system, and we commend his Institute to the attention of all engaged in the work of education. Any information which may be requisite as to the Institute will be communicated by Dr. Lewis, by addressing him at Boston.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.—In urging upon President Davis some changes in his Cabinet, the Richmond Whig says: "We are getting into deep water, and a feeling of dread is slaking the souls of the people." They begin to see the handwriting upon the wall.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This old and excellent agricultural paper, so well and favorably known to the farmers of New England, has been enlarged to its original size. Its contents are all valuable, but its full and accurate reports of the markets, especially of the Cattle Markets, from which we have copied liberally, are worth to the farmer much more than the price of the paper. Two editions of the Farmer are published—a weekly, in folio form, and a monthly, a handsome octavo; and both are very desirable additions to the reading of the farmer and his family. The price of the weekly is \$2 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs; the monthly is furnished for \$1. Address Nourse, Eaton & Tolman, 102 Washington street, Boston.

SAD.—On Monday night, as we learn from the Augusta papers, the barracks of Company K, 29th Regiment, at Camp Keyes, was accidentally burned; and, sad to relate, two young men—Hall of Monmouth, and Kincaid of Augusta—perished in the flames.

Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, in his recent message, concedes that negro slavery is not essential to the life of the State, but that the Union is.

The young folks are going to commence a dancing school at Appleton Hall on Friday evening—Mr. Backus, of Augusta, teacher.

LEASED.—At the meeting of the stockholders of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad, held at Augusta, recently, it was voted to lease the road to the Portland and Kennebec Road for a term of twenty years at an annual rental of \$36,000.

AN INCIDENT OF CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. A correspondent of the Cincinnati

nati Gazette mentions the following incident of the capture of Lookout Mountain:

"It was near sundown when General T. J. Wood, whose conduct all through the three days battle marked him as one of the ablest leaders of the national armies, rode along the lines of his superb division. Loud shouts of enthusiasm every greeted his appearance, until at last his feelings, no longer controllable, broke out in a speech:

"Brave men! said he, 'you were ordered to go forward and take the rebel rifle pits at the foot of these hills; you did so; and then, by the Eternal I without orders, you pushed forward and took all the enemy's works on top! Here is a fine chance for having you all court-martialed! and I myself will appear as the principal witness against you, unless you promise me one thing.'

"What is it? what is it?' laughingly inquired his men.

"It is, resumed the General, 'that as you are now in possession of these works, you will continue against all opposition of Bragg, Johnston, Jeff. Davis, and the devil, steadfastly to hold them!'

At the conclusion of this speech the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They left the ranks and crowded around their general. 'We promise! we promise!' they cried. And amid such exclamations as, 'Of course we'll hold them!' 'Let any try to take them from us!' 'Bully for you!' 'Three cheers for old Wood,' the gallant officer rode off the field."

GOOD OUD OF NAZARETH.—Hon. F. O. J.

Smith, of Westbrook, is about erecting an asylum for aged and indigent mothers. A convenient stone building is in progress for this purpose, and it is understood that Mr. Smith relies upon his own means to sustain it. Wealthy men often make provision for such good things in their wills, but one who executes them in his prime of life, while health gives fair promise of long life, is indeed a philanthropist. We can almost believe that Mr. Smith wishes well to his country—

BURNSIDE AND HOOKER.—The New York Post says that neither Burnside nor Hooker talked when they were displaced; neither of them allied himself with a political opposition; both were true to their country, and they have their reward now, in the esteem and confidence of the people. Time, which has been fatal to the reputation of some, has only brightened the fame of these two Generals.

MAINE SIXTH.—We are compelled to reprint the communication of the chaplain of this regiment, to answer an order for the army—our extra supply of papers printed last week having been completely exhausted by the demand for Rev. Mr. Pepper's Sermon, the account of the fire, etc.

We learn from the Kennebec Journal that the Ladies' Aid Society have received fifty dollars from Mrs. Anna Severance, widow of the late Luther Severance, now residing in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, to enable the society to continue its activity in behalf of the soldiers who have been disabled while defending the government under which we live and the freedom of the people.

DEATH OF HON. DAVID BRONSON OF MAINE.—The National Intelligencer of Tuesday of last week, says:

The friends of the Hon. David Bronson, of Maine, will be pained to hear of his death. He was on a visit to his son, the rector of St. Michael's Parish, Talbot county, Md, and he died at his house, on Friday, the 20th instant. Mr. Bronson, from 1841 to 1843, was one of the Representatives in Congress from Maine, and was once nominated as the candidate of the Whig party for Governor. His convictions of public duty were strong and earnest.

A COURT INTERVIEW.—A humorous writer, in the Chicago Post, describes how he got out of a bad scrape in the police court:—

"The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went, and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: 'Guilty or not guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I loaned the city ten dollars."

JENNY WADE, THE HEROINE OF GETTYSBURG. The country has already heard of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg; of how the old man sallied forth, a host within himself, 'to fight on his own hook,' and how he fell wounded after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle into the face and hearts of his country's foes. John Burns' name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism has an admirer and an emulator. But there was a heroine as well as a hero of Gettysburg. The old hero, Burns, still lives; the heroine, sweet Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed, and the perfume laden air, wafted lovingly over Cemetery Hill.

Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assault of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for the national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but this she as sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a minie ball pierced her pure breast, and she fell a holy sacrifice in her country's cause. Almost at the same time a rebel officer of high rank fell near where Jenny Wade had perished. The rebels at once proceeded to prepare a coffin for their fallen leader, but about the time that was finished the surging of the conflict changed the positions of the armies, and Jenny Wade's body was placed in the coffin designed for her country's enemy. The incidents of the heroine and the hero of Gettysburg are beautifully touching, noble and sublime.

Old John Burns was the only man of Gettysburg who participated in the struggle to save the North from invasion, while innocent Jenny Wade was the only sacrifice which the people of that locality had to offer on the shrine of their country. Let a monument be erected on the ground which covers her, before, by the pilgrims to the holy tombs of the heroes of Gettysburg, can bow, and bless the memory of Jenny Wade. If the people of Gettysburg are not able alone to raise the funds to pay for a suitable monument for Jenny Wade, let them send a committee to Harrisburg, and our little boys and girls will assist in soliciting subscrip-

tions for this holy purpose. Before the summer sunshine again kisses the grave of Jenny Wade; before the summer birds once more carol where she sleeps in glory; before the flowers again deck the plain made famous by gallant deeds, let a monument rise to greet the skies, in tokens of virtue, daring and nobleness. [Harrisburg Telegraph.]

PHILANTHROPIC.—Several distinguished Boston philanthropists, among whom are Josiah Quincy, Jr., Gov. Andrew, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Bowditch, and many others equally noted, are taking measures for the establishment of a "Retreat for Intemperate Women." There is no such institution in New England, if there is in the country, and the great importance of this enterprise needs no argument. It is designed for those addicted to opiates or stimulants, and embraces in its plan all the privacy and comfort that can be desired. Further information may be had by addressing Dr. H. R. Storer, Boston.

REV. W. A. P. DILLINGHAM—who as our readers are aware, left some weeks ago for New Orleans—will probably return some time next week, and resume his pastoral labors in this village. In a recent letter he gives a very hopeful picture of the condition of things in Louisiana and Mississippi, where a healthy revolution of public opinion is rapidly progressing in favor of the Union.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY AND MURDER.—The Farmer gives the particulars of a desperate attempt, Friday night last, by a well known character, Asell H. Thompson, late of Fayette to rob the house of Mr. David W. Whittier, of South Cheshireville. Mrs. W., having a sick child, occupied a separate chamber, and being awakened by a noise, was confronted, pistol in hand, by Thompson, who threatened to shoot her if she made alarm. But a sudden scream from her aroused her husband who on appearing was shot at by the villain who also made a pass with his knife. The latter, however, was immediately overpowered and most severely punished by Mr. Whittier, and only effected his escape at last through an accidental occurrence. Thompson left behind his weapons and other articles, and his tracks liberally covered with blood subsequently bore testimony to the fact that he had made a very unprofitable "speculation." Officers and telegraphic resources were forthwith put in requisition, and Thompson, with a stolen horse and wagon, was arrested in Bangor early Monday morning.

SPEER'S SAMBUCCO WINE. Decidedly one of the nicest and most creditable of any advertised article we have ever seen, is the vinous fluid bearing the above name, from the vineyard of Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. This wine is expressed from the Sambucco grape, a species originating in Portugal, which, under the hand of Mr. Speer, has been brought to a state of great perfection. The wine possesses the very highest medicinal virtues, and certainly as an article of beverage, it is not, in our judgment, to be surpassed in color, taste, or any of the qualities which constitute a pure, mild, and agreeable wine. [Boston Transcript.] Our druggists have procured some that is four years old, direct from the vineyard, and will furnish information and testimonials as to the virtues of the Sambucco.

A good story is told of a member of the 34th Indiana regiment. His colonel observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine rebel rooster in his arms, halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens. 'No, Colonel,' was the reply, 'I just saw this fellow sitting on the fence, and I ordered him to crow for the Union, and he would not do it, so I confiscated him for a rebel.'

ME, OR MY MOTHER.—A very talented young man made the acquaintance of a quaker gentleman and a lady. The quaker had a fine daughter, and also a fine library, the books from which he freely loaned to the young man, who generally came in the evening to return them, when he supposed the daughter would be at home. She often exchanged the books for him and had a friendly chat with him. One evening he came as usual, and the young lady met him at the door. She was dressed to go out, and said, 'Whom would you like to see, me or my mother?' I was about to call on a friend. If my mother will answer your purpose, please to walk in the drawing room; but if you desire my company, I will postpone my visit till another time.' The young man hesitated and stammered, 'He—did not—not want to—to—dine here from her engagement, but if she had not been going out he would have enjoyed her society.' 'All right,' she rejoined, and accordingly took off her bonnet, and they passed a very pleasant evening. That question 'Who do you prefer to see me or my mother?' settled the matter. The result was, he soon proposed, and they were afterwards married.

CONJECTURES.—The New York Times, has some conjectures in relation to the closing up of the war which we copy as such. Having expressed the opinion that we shall wear the rebels out and push them into narrow and narrower limits, the Times says: 'The last battles and the last guerrilla combats will, not improbably, be on the soil of the State which first threw down the gauge of combat. Still, such results demand time—one or two years. They will be heralded by the gradual reduction of our armies and navy, and the slow diminution of manufactures for the government. Prices will slowly fall, and the resumption of specie payments be very gradual in its approach. The country will have time to prepare for the change; and though the apparent losses will be great the real losses will be slight, and the shock scarcely appreciable.'

The Clarion states that a movement is in progress for the erection of a woolen factory at Skowhegan next spring. Capital stock of the company, \$30,000.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?—Lord Byron said 'The mechanics and workmen who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders.' Another author says: 'I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all, the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children or bringing them home his wages at night.'

NINE MONTHS' MEN.—The nine months men, we understand, are to 'take chances' in the draft of next January, if a draft be necessary; we also learn that Maj. Gardiner has already given orders to the Provost Marshals to enroll them in the 1st class.

The Message at once brought gold down to 1.48—and the public heart up to 2.40.

