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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 06): August 12, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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## WOUNDED.

Let me lie down,  
Just here in the shade of this cannon torn tree,  
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see  
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear  
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer,  
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!  
Like the tempest we charged, the triumph to share;  
The tempest, its fury and thunder were there;  
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
With the foe under foot and our flag over head;  
Oh, it was grand!

Wearied and faint,  
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,  
With the shot-shattered head, and the sabre-pierced  
breast?  
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,  
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!  
Right through the dead hell-fire of sharpshoot and shell,  
Through without flinching, clear through with a yell,  
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom!  
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!  
Some things are worthless, and some others so good,  
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;  
For Freedom and Union, each man owes his part,  
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart;  
It was my duty!

Dying at last!  
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,  
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!  
Oh, that I now lay on your pillow's breast,  
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest;  
Dying at last!

I am no saint,  
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins:  
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins;  
Don't forget that part, say it strongly, and then  
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!"  
Ah, I'm no saint.

Hark!—there's a shout!  
Rise up, comrades, we have conquered, I know;  
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!  
Ah, there flies the flag, with its stars and stripes right,  
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!  
Well may they shout.

I'm mustered out!  
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,  
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong  
O band of earth's hope, on thy blood-redened  
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!  
I'm mustered out!

## THE FAIRY OF THE FOREST.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

THEY said there was a time when the world was full of fairies, who loved good children, and were always bringing them beautiful gifts. Ah, me, those were good old times! In the days a little boy lived with his mother at the edge of the forest. The wind howled through the trees, and crept in at the cracks of the windows for the cottage was old and ready to drop.

But the little boy Jean was as happy a lad as the world contained, and loved his gray-haired mother with all his heart. All the fire they burned was made of the dry sticks they gathered in the forest, and more than half the money they used was earned by his small hands.

Because he obeyed his mother, and worked for her so gladly, the fairies loved him; and one of them, the queen of the forest-nymphs, decided to make him her special care. She visited him every night in dreams, cheering him with loving words, and giving him sweet glimpses of fairy-land; but when he was awake, the boy could never see even so much as the tips of her wings.

One day the ground was frozen hard, and the snow-flakes whirled the air. Jean was coming home from a hard day's work, and all the colder he grew the more he whistled to keep up a brave heart. Just as he struck into the forest where the thick shadow lay, he heard a faint moan.

"Ah," thought Jean, "it is some poor creature, even colder than I." When he had hurried up to the spot whence the voice came, he found a poor old man lying on the ground, nearly perishing with cold. It was growing dark, and the boy himself was much benumbed, but he went briskly to work, rubbing the hands and face of the stranger, and taking off his own woollen jacket he wrapped it about his neck. "Poor old man," said he, "I will not let you die of cold."

Then he helped him to rise, saying, "We will go to my mother's cottage and have a warm supper of oatcakes and herrings, and our fire of brags will do you good."

The brave boy knew there would only be supper enough for two, but he was willing to go hungry to bed for the sake of the poor old stranger. In the ear of his heart he heard the words his mother had so often said: "Never fear starving, but share your last loaf with the poor soul who is hungrier than you." As they walked through the forest the old man leaned on the boy's shoulder quite heavily.

"I am a poor old pilgrim," said he, feebly, "and but for thy aid I might have died of cold and hunger. Now I will point out to thee a beautiful tree whose leaves are green lined with silver. Take it home and plant it before thy door."

Then he showed Jean the tree with green leaves lined with silver. All the other trees were dry and hard, but this was alive, hidden behind a clump of fern. It was an aspen-tree. When Jean began to dig about its roots, it seemed to come out of the ground of its own free will, and lie over his shoulder as if it would caress him.

Jean turned to thank the stranger for the little tree, but he had vanished. He ran home with all speed to tell his mother of the strange old pilgrim who had faded from his sight like a wreath of smoke. His mother said:—"How can we plant your tree in the frozen earth?"

But they found a spot as soft and warm as if the sun had shone on it all the year. There they placed the tree, and Jean brought water and moistened the roots.

The next morning the tree had grown a foot higher, and the leaves were green lined with silver. Jean went into the woods again, and as he was whistling at his work, he found on the ground at his feet a purse full of gold. He counted the pieces—there were fifty, all bright and new.

"I will go to the town," thought the boy, shaking his head, sadly, for the gold was tempting. "I will go to the town and ask who has lost a purse with fifty pieces of gold. If I find the owner, I will give him the gold, and he will give me a reward." So Jean went to the town, and he found a man who was looking for a reward.

"Keep the purse," said an old woman's voice close at his elbow. "I will be your friend. That purse was dropped by a lady who wears a fur cloak and a long veil. If she asks for her purse, I will say it fell into a hole in the ground. She comes to me for advice. She will believe what I say—never fear."

"Poor old woman!" said the boy with pity. "I have a dear mother at home, and I love her better than fifty pieces of gold. I must go to the town and find out the lady with the cloak and long veil."

"Since you will be a fool," grumbled the woman, "I will go with you and show you my way."

So she led the boy out of the forest into

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXVII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 12, 1864.

NO. 6.

HOW TO END THE WAR.

If the people of the free States determined to do so they could end the war before Christmas, and begin the new year with peace. Let them only put forth their whole strength, and the enemy must inevitably go down. The burdens of the war have become so heavy of late that the nation, in sheer weariness of the struggle, seems disposed to put an end to it by one mighty blow. In order to do this it is only necessary to act.

The administration, which has been so persistently blamed by the opposition, has little to do with the management of the war at this moment. Our military affairs are in the hands of General Grant; he, and his lieutenants, Sherman and Meade, manage the war; and if they are properly supported by reinforcements, we have confidence in their ability to destroy the rebel armies and give peace to the nation before the new year begins.

One thing ought to be borne in mind—while the utmost limits of the present enlistments by draft is one year, if by the lukewarmness of the nation, we were forced to make peace upon the rebel proposition of acknowledging the Southern Confederacy, that peace—that hollow truce—would only compel immediate and more formidable military preparations. Has it occurred to any of our readers, in the midst of these discussions of rebel terms of peace to consider what would be the result of our acknowledging the Southern Confederacy?—Should we disband our forces, and reduce our great military establishment, with a foreign nation across the Ohio and on the other side of the Potomac? Not at all, but we should be forced for our own security to maintain, not for one or three years, but for all time, a standing army, to oppose the warlike South. We should have to maintain permanently the vast military establishment which now burdens us so heavily. We should have to become a military people, and our best blood and energies would be wasted, if not in war, yet in those preparations for war, those immense levies of troops, those costly armaments, under which we have the poor, over-ridden people of Europe groan. Is any American anxious to see such a state of things obtain here? Then let him oppose the draft, discourage enlistment, and vote for Vallandigham and the recognition of the Confederacy. So far from procuring peace, such a consummation would only be the commencement of interminable, never-ceasing hostilities.

It is cheapest and best for us, then, to make an end of the war at once, and to do this the people must not rely upon the government, but upon themselves. It they wait for a draft they will waste strength, and perhaps lose opportunities not to be recovered; if they take into their own hands the filling up of the armies, they can do it in half the time, and twice as efficiently as the government. The American people are famous for the variety and power of their societies—"let these organizations of every kind take this matter in hand. Let the churches send out their young men, and support, by general and regular contributions, those dependent upon them. Let the temperance and other societies move in a similar way. And, above all, let loyal Union Leagues bestir themselves. They are said to number many hundred thousand voters in their secret organizations; they have a complete system of records; they can despatch to the field if they try, at least a hundred thousand able-bodied and patriotic soldiers. Let them meet in their lodges forthwith, then all over the country, and take this matter in hand."—[Evening Post.

RECEIPT STAMPS.—Among the various changes in the internal revenue act, there is hardly any which calls for more careful attention than that requiring a stamp on every receipt "for the payment of any sum of money or for the payment of any debt due exceeding twenty dollars" not being on a judgment or mortgage, and on every receipt "for the delivery of any property." From the first of August two-cent stamps are required on all such documents.

NOBLE CONDUCT.—A private letter from Marietta, Ga., June 23d, to a gentleman in Cincinnati, gives the following characteristic incident of Gen. Howard:—"On the 23d of June, while the battle, or the move forward, was going on, a young man, mortally wounded, was being taken back on a litter. Gen. Howard, who was riding by, stopped, inquired to what regiment he belonged; then dismounting, he took the boy (he was a mere boy) by the hand and conversed with him, there in the road, kneeling down by the litter, the others around him doing the same, uncovering their heads. The General then offered a fervent prayer for the boy, after which he pressed his hand and kissed him. This shows the man we have as a corps commander."

THE "PITCHER PLANT" PROVED AGAIN.—The Palmer (Mass.) Journal states that about sixty cases of small-pox and varioloid have been treated at the State Almshouse during the past three months, with but a single fatal result, and that was in the case of a man who was taken in the last stages of disease, from a neighboring town. The remedy used in these cases was a tea made from the plant known in medicine as *scarraenia purpurea*, familiarly called Ladies Saddle or Water Cup (or the Pitcher Plant), the root of which is the remedial part.

THE DROUTH AND NEXT WINTER.—It would seem from observation by Mr. C. L. Flint, Secretary of Mass. State Board of Agriculture, in his last report, that we have reason to expect the next winter to be a hard one.—We might infer so, any way, from the fact that the last two have been so open. But Mr. Flint's views relate to the connection between severe drouths and subsequent cold weather. He says: "The cold weather of 1861 preceded a sum-

thickest part of the city, up to the door of a splendid mansion; but when Jean turned to look at her again, she was gone!

The lady in the mansion took the purse with thanks, and would have given Jean a piece of the gold, but he said, "No—my mother says we must be honest without the hope of reward."

The next morning the aspen-tree had grown another foot, and Jean and his mother watched the trembling leaves and touched them with curious fingers. They were green and lined with shining silver.

Jean kissed his mother, and went into the woods as usual. This time he met the king's officers, who were out searching the forests for something that could not be found.

"Prithee, little urchin," said one of the men, "can you tell us what has become of a young aspen-tree with green leaves lined with silver?"

"I dug up an aspen-bush," said the boy, quivering like a leaf on that very tree, as he spoke.

"There are many aspen-trees in the forest," said another of the men gruffly, "but only one is green at this time of the year, and has silver leaves. It was planted here by command of his highness the king, and no one was to touch it under pain of death, for when the night-time came, it was to be uprooted and planted in his green-house."

Jean grew pale. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth and he could not speak. "I must hold my peace," he thought; "I must never own it was a tree with silver leaves! As soon as I go home I will pluck up the tree and burn it, and then no one can say that I have done an act which the king had promised to punish with death!"

But Jean could not forget his mother's words: "Tell the truth, my son, though a sword is held over your head."

Then, as soon as his voice came back to him, he said that the tree he had dug up bore green leaves lined with silver; and he begged for mercy, because, as he said he had never heard of the king's mandate forbidding that tree to be plucked up.

But the men bade Jean lead them to his house and point out the tree, declaring they could show him no mercy, for when they had made a decree, no man should alter by one jot or tittle.

When Jean and the king's officers had reached the door of the cottage, they found Jean's mother watering the roots of the beautiful tree.

"Kiss up the king's tree," said the men to Jean, and carry it to the palace, for no one else was to remove it."

Jealous of the tree, and it came out of the ground of its own free will, and in a moment stood on its feet, and shook out its long branches into the air, and in another moment it was no longer a tree, but a fair-haired woman, with a crown of diamonds upon her head, and a silver wand in her hand.

"Wicked," said she, in a voice whose angrier tones were sweeter than the music of an Eolian, "wicked men; you may go home and tell your king that the schemes he has plotted for me have failed. My enchantments are forever. Yonder boy," said she, pointing to Jean with her wand, "has saved me from the fate which I had chosen for myself. He was obliged to make a condition, shemaded the hardest one that her mind invent. It was that I might be freed from a good child should touch me, who would be honest enough to give back a reward of his honesty, sincere enough to speak the truth, a lie would have saved his life. This has been tempted and found true. Now may all return whence you came, for the tree shall never quiver with its silver leaves the green-house of your king."

The fairy of the forest, for it was she, gay and his mother a beautiful home, and them happy all the days of their lives.

ATARY COMMISSION HOSPITAL CAR.—There is a car a little wider than an ordinary one, and having on each side tiers of berths or cots, suspended by runks. These cots are so arranged as to the motion of the car, thereby avoiding jolting experienced even on the smooth and best kept road. I didn't stop to give the plan of the car then, for I saw, on either hand, a line of soldiers dressed every conceivable manner, their whist from the battle-field, and all were paid quiet; not a groan or complaint heard, though I saw some faces twisted into contortions with the agony of their wounds. I commenced distributing my oranges; but soon realized the smallness of the car and the largeness of the demand, as passed by all but the worst cases. I saw that we entered we found the Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant of the Ohio, all severely wounded. We were talked awhile. Mindful of the my Commission, to give "aid and comfort" to the rebels, I trickled a little sympathy on them. "I have been riding twenty miles," said I, "and I have been more than fourteen or fifteen miles riding twenty miles." "I have been more than fourteen or fifteen miles riding twenty miles," said I, "and I have been more than fourteen or fifteen miles riding twenty miles."

"I will go to the town," thought the boy, shaking his head, sadly, for the gold was tempting. "I will go to the town and ask who has lost a purse with fifty pieces of gold. If I find the owner, I will give him the gold, and he will give me a reward." So Jean went to the town, and he found a man who was looking for a reward.

"Keep the purse," said an old woman's voice close at his elbow. "I will be your friend. That purse was dropped by a lady who wears a fur cloak and a long veil. If she asks for her purse, I will say it fell into a hole in the ground. She comes to me for advice. She will believe what I say—never fear."

"Poor old woman!" said the boy with pity. "I have a dear mother at home, and I love her better than fifty pieces of gold. I must go to the town and find out the lady with the cloak and long veil."

"Since you will be a fool," grumbled the woman, "I will go with you and show you my way."

in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or 'blush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like the azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are left free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and, not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—[Meredith.

## A SOLDIER'S DEATH BED.

The soldier referred to in the following narrative by a delegate of the Christian Commission, was our former townsman, the late WILLIAM H. DEWOLFE, and it will be read with peculiar interest by all who knew him.

Being one evening at the rooms in Washington, awaiting transportation to White House, a soldier entered about 9 o'clock, desiring that some one might go to Emory Hospital to see a man who might not live until morning. I went—and was shown into Ward 1, and to bed No. 31. I saw at a glance that the occupant was no ordinary man. He was of large frame, well-formed, with a high brow and full of intelligence. A minie ball had entered his right breast, and could not be extracted. In its passage it had severed an artery, which could not be taken up. The bleeding had been staunchified by severe compression, but had broken out afresh. Still more compression had again stayed it for the time. "My poor fellow," said I, sitting on the edge of his cot, "you are badly hurt."

"Yes," said he, "I am." "And do you feel anxious about your future?" "No," said he; "it wasn't that—that has been all arranged long ago. But I felt lonesome. You must excuse me for troubling you to come so far in the night, but I wanted to talk to some body. I suppose there's only one chance in ten for me, and I don't know as I feel right about it. I don't want to be selfish about it, but I do want to get well."

"I thought I knew where the trouble lay, and I asked, 'Have you a family?' " "Yes, sir," said he, "that's it. I have a wife and three children—three girls—they are all Christians, too—we're all one in that matter when I'm at home, and I know they are praying for me, and for their sakes I want to get up again. I don't know as it's right, but I have prayed earnestly that I might be spared. I have been in great danger before, and the Lord has spared me, I believe, in answer to my prayers. After talking with him as best I could, I saw that he looked weary and asked if he could sleep. "I don't care to sleep," said he; "my wound bleeds fast if it breaks out, and there's only one wardmaster here and I'm afraid I might bleed to death."

I offered to sit by him and let him sleep. He objected to my jacking that trouble, but I saw it was what he would desire most of all. I sat down by him. He gave me a few directions as to what should be done in case the wound should again be opened and fell asleep like a child. I sat hour after hour watching him, feeling about that I held his life in my hand. Around were 150 men—some groaning, some sleeping, here and there one talking in his sleep. "Charge," spoke out one two or three beds off. Across the alley two men attracted my attention. One appeared to be suffering greatly, he was restless and in much pain, and very restless. "Do you suffer very much?" said his comrade on the next bed. "Very much," was the reply. "Seems as though I'd not stand it till morning." "It is hard," rejoined the first. "I suffer a great deal too, but I suppose we ought to remember him who suffered for us." His companion made no reply, but his restlessness ceased, and soothed by the words he soon fell asleep. Thus through the night I sat by the cot. Toward morning I called a wardmaster and left my friend still asleep. He afterwards died, full in the faith of Jesus.

A FASHIONABLE PARLOR.—How many people do we call on from day to day, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamshacka! And why? Because the room which they call the front parlor is made expressly that you shall never know. They sit in the back room, work, talk, read, perhaps. After a servant has let you in, and opened the crack of the shutters, and while you are waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird reaches you, and then a door claps hastily to.

Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they ever romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities a mute and muffled room says nothing. A sofa and six chairs, two ottomans fresh from the upholsterer's, a Brussels carpet, a centre table with four gilt books of beauty upon it, a mantel clock from Paris, and two bronze vases,—all these tell you in frigid tones, "This is the best room,"—only that, and nothing more.

—and soon she trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day—and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room, where the plants and canary bird and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than for the gilt clock on the mantel.—[Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

SUMMER SOURS.—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood; which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious" that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is "cooling." It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids, in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens, lettuce, and salads in the early spring, those being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonade, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effect of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them

in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, or enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. It need also buttermilk or even common sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melons on the system.

Hall's Journal of Health.

IN THE TRENCHES.—Imagine long lines of irregular earthworks, three or four feet deep, a hundred, or two hundred or more yards, as the case may be, advanced one front of another, extending fifteen miles or more, bristling with cannons and mortars, and hiding a huge army out of sight of all the world, whether front or rear, enemies or friends. From stations at the hospital of each corps, immediately in the rear of these lines of earthworks, there is the grandest imaginable opportunity of doing good to the veterans in the trenches. The exhaustion from their eternal vigilance, the price of life, taxes their life power to the utmost. Here one may learn how great a value a little thing, just in time, may have. A bottle of ginger may save many lives; a jar of pickled onions or cabbage may keep in the ranks more men than one, to fill whose place would cost in bounty-money one thousand dollars, more or less, with a green man worth not half as much as the veteran lost. A clean shirt, to one suffering for it, has in it a world of comfort and not a little gospel, if given by a disciple in the name of Jesus. A housewife, or comfort-bag, with its buttons, needles, thread, scissors, &c. has more joy in it oftentimes to a soldier in the trenches, than the most splendid mansion could have to a man rolling in wealth at home.

So on of scores of things that might be named. And Oh, how welcome, too, are the visits of the delegates! How ready are the brave men, in the face of death, to hear words of life! Half a mile in front of the trenches, just in the rear of the picket line, one of our delegates tells us of holding a prayer meeting a few evenings ago—and such a meeting! He says one such meeting would set a whole town ablaze if held in one of our churches at home. Another delegate tells us of a picket prayer meeting, three or four evenings since, clear outside of the picket line, in a ravine halfway between the two lines of pickets. It was commenced by singing the hymn,

"I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care  
And spend the hours of setting day, in humble, grateful prayer."

Instantly, as the melody rose on the still air of night, the picket firing ceased for the space of more than a mile, and was not resumed during a whole hour. Next day the rebel pickets were seen, as they heard the singing and prayer, and heartily wished themselves there.

[Christian Commission Circular.

ONE THING TO MAKE FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—The most dangerous of all forms of malarious disease is chronic diarrhoea. Though the *materia medica* has been exhausted in experiments upon thousands of patients, no drug has yet been found that will buffer the persistence of this wasting complaint. There is one simple application, however, that has proved so beneficial in the English army in India, that it is stated, the surgeons have directed its use by all of the soldiers. It is merely a piece of flannel worn over the bowels next the skin. None but those who have tried this can form any idea of the relief it produces. The dull pain and weakening sensation vanish as if by magic. And the remedy, simple as it is, has been found the most efficient of any means that have yet been tried for the cure of the disease. The piece of flannel should be about a foot square; with a tape sewed across one edge, the ends extending a sufficient length to reach round the waist of the patient. It is not only good as a remedy, but is most efficient as a preventive, and should be worn by all soldiers in malarious regions.

At the time of the great fair in Brooklyn in aid of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. Bellows, the president of the Commission, expressed some apprehension that the fair would have an unfavorable influence upon the contributions. He said that up to that time the receipts of the Commission had amounted, in round numbers, to eight millions of dollars, of which about one million was money, and seven millions were goods. The danger was that the reports of the large receipts at the fair might check those gifts of stockings, mittens, blankets, preserves, etc., which were coming in from so many millions of sources all over the country as to constitute the great aggregate of the Commission's receipts. We understand that the fears of the president have been realized, that there has been a large falling off in those contributions in kind which have proved so great a blessing to our brothers in the army. We know that it is only necessary to make this fact known.

One of the delegates of the Christian Commission was engaged in his duties on one of the fiercely fought battle-fields of the Wilderness, talking to and helping the wounded. When in a ravine he chanced on a dying rebel colonel; he stooped over the man, and after some words the rebel whispered, his voice growing weaker as death approached, but his eye lighting up with a soldier's enthusiasm, "It was the gallantest charge I was ever in. I counted twenty-five times that that flag was shot down, and every time it was taken up and kept on!" "Whose flag?" said some one. "Yours!" was the answer; and the officer died—the last words on his lips, a true soldier's genuine testimony to the valor of his enemies.

ESSENDEN'S FINANCIAL PLAN.—The financial article of the New York Herald, says:—"The proper course for the Treasury to have pursued, if a stoppage of further inflation of the currency was the end sought, would have been to place the loan on the market at whatever price it would sell for, it being undoubtedly better for the government to receive less for its loans and more for its currency than the reverse. By the policy it has adopted it will make the people sharers in its own losses. Let us suppose, for instance, that the government received only ninety instead of par for a new loan. It would evidently be a loser to the extent of the difference so far; but the govern-

ment is a great purchaser, and it, by receiving ninety instead of a hundred for its loan, it can contract the currency, or at least prevent further inflation, and so reduce or check an advance of the price of everything of which it is a consumer by lessening the premium on gold, or preventing its further rise, the sum lost on the loans would be far less than that saved in disbursements, besides which the people at large would profit by this course equally with the government, every man's dollar being worth more to him than it assuredly would be if the policy of consulting the price loans first, and of the currency next was persevered in.

CHEAP BREAD.—"Bread and butter" are the only articles of food of which we never tire for a day, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour or Indian (corn) meal contains three times as much nutriment as one pound of buttermilk, and if the whole pound of the grain, bean and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away, the very part which gives soundness to the teeth and strength to the bones and vigor to the brain. Five hundred pounds of fine flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony elements; while the same quantity of bran gives one hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing "phosphate" in the shape of powders or in syrups, to "cure these declines," has little or no virtue. The articles contained in these "phosphates" must pass through nature's laboratory, must be subject to her manipulations, in alchemies especially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtue to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body bone and brain, thereby arresting disease and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye or oats.

But we must get an appetite for eating more, and a power of digesting more. Not by the artificial and lazy method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by moderate, continued, and remunerative muscular exercise in the open air every day, rain or shine. And that we may eat the more of it, the bread must be good and cheap, and healthful; and that which combines these three qualities to a greater extent than any other known on the face of the globe, as far as we know, is made thus: To two quarts of corn (Indian) meal and one pint of bread sponge, with water sufficient to wet the whole, add one-half pint of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it rise, then knead well, unparingly, for the second time. Place the dough in the oven, and let it bake an hour and a half. Keep on trying until you succeed in making a light, well-baked loaf. Our cook succeeded admirably by our directions at the very first trial. It costs just half as much as bread from the finest family flour, is lighter on the stomach, and imparts more health, vigor and strength to the body, brain and bone. Three pounds of such bread (at five cents a pound for the meal) affords as much nutriment as nine pounds of good roast beef (cost, at twenty-five cents, two dollars and twenty-five cents) according to standard physiological facts.

[Hall's Journal of Health.

TWO WAYS OF GOVERNING CHILDREN.—The best government of children is that which trains them to properly rule themselves. A boy who refrains from wrong only or principally because he fears the rod, is in a fair way to ruin; when he has grown too large to be whipped, restraint will be gone, and he will hasten to gratify his passions all the more fiercely because of the previously enforced denial of indulgence. The constant efforts of parents should be to teach children that inconvenience, pain and misery are the natural consequences of transgression. Merely repeating this day after day to a child will not be sufficient to implant it as a principle of action. It may thus be impressed upon the memory, but not on the life. Children learn to avoid physical danger, first by experiencing the pain resulting from it. No child will let fire alone merely by being told that it will burn; but after he has once or twice felt the smart, he will not only shun the flame, but he will be more likely to heed future warnings, both of this danger and of others against which his parents may caution him. If his constant experience be that transgression of the commands and disregard of the counsels of his guardians are inevitably followed by evil consequences which he can feel, and that his pain is the direct result of his infraction, he will ultimately be convinced of the superior wisdom of those in authority over him, and of their just and kind motives in imposing restraint.

"I always whup my boy when he disobeys me, and yet I cannot make him mind," was the reply of a parent to the writer, when urging the necessity of proper discipline. In this case, and it is one of thousands, pain followed disobedience not as a direct result, but only as an arbitrary and temporary consequence. The boy might feel that perhaps the whipping came merely because the father was displeased, and console himself with the idea that some day he would be too big to whip. Or as is more frequently the case, the thought might be, "I will look out and not get caught next time." As an illustration of another and better mode of treatment take the following, which occurred under the writer's notice. A lady had placed a quantity of grapes in a closet until she could preserve them. Her little boy found them, and silyly helped himself so liberally that the loss was noticed. He was called to account, pleaded guilty for the proof was strong and received the following just sentence. "I am sorry that you chose to take your share of the grapes silyly and dishonestly, when by waiting a little you could have enjoyed them with the rest of us, and without fear or shame. Of course, you cannot expect any more, having eaten your portion, and I shall not allow you to have them." The sentence was faithfully carried out. Every time the preserved grapes came upon the table the little fellow felt not only the deprivation of the luxury, but he could trace the natural and just connection between his sin and its punishment, and the lesson was remembered longer than a severe whipping would



mer marked by a severe and long continued drouth in July and August. In 1748 the drouth was intense in New England, and the summer was followed by so hard a winter that the suffering was intense. In 1749 there was another "melancholy dry time;" and the winter following "long and dreary;" and the summer of 1762 accompanied by a drouth of terrible severity.

The writer further cites the drouths of 1854 and 1856, and the winters following, as evidence conclusive upon this point.

## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 12, 1866.



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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

### Commencement.

Disappointment in one or two of the leading items of the programme has seemed to detract but little from the interest of the whole, so pleasantly have all the other features of the festival been enacted. Mr. Barker, who was engaged for the poem before the literary societies, failed to be present on account of sickness; and both the orator and poet in the Class-day exercises were absent for various reasons. The number of the alumni present was larger than usual, and the audiences of the several exercises were full up to past occasions.

Almost invariably, on the Sabbath of Commencement week, some distinguished preacher from abroad occupies the pulpit at the Baptist Church; and with those who come to hear a stranger, and those who attend to see who is in town, there is a large addition to the regular congregation. This was especially true last Sabbath afternoon; and there being but one other meeting in the village the house was unusually crowded even for such an occasion. No stranger's voice, however, was heard in the pulpit; and yet we are confident that no one who listened attentively felt any regret on that score, for the sermon of Mr. Pepper was a very able one and exceedingly well written.

The sermon of Rev. Dr. Shailer, of Portland, before the Boardman Miss. Society, Sunday evening, was very pointedly a missionary discourse. Text, "Ye are the light of the world;" the subject, "Christianity, the world's need and the world's hope." It aimed not at scholarly scholarship, in its leading effort, but with simple and pungent argument and suggestion endeavored to impress upon all classes of Christians the duty of missionary labor and sacrifice.

Monday evening was devoted to the prize declamations of the Junior class. The audience was unusually large. The following was the programme:

1. Liberty. Daniel Hayden Taylor, Vassalboro'.
2. Ideal. Charles Verant, Portland.
3. Mind and Nature. Augustus Deane Small, Waterville.
4. The Spirit of Freedom. George Wyman Clowe, South Boston.
5. The Key of Life. Augustus Harrison Small, Gardiner.
6. Influence of Christianity on Civil Society. Greenville Melton Doughty, Turner.
7. American Poetry and its Themes. William Henry Lambert, Auburn.

The pieces were original, and the prizes were awarded for both composition and delivery. William H. Lambert, of Auburn, took the first prize, and Augustus D. Small, of Waterville, the second. The several exercises were generally thought to compare well with those of former occasions—some pleasant hits in the poem by Mr. Clowe bringing down the house with something more cheerful than common applause.

The exercises of Class Day, on Tuesday, were sadly marred by the omission of the usual exercises at the Church—the sickness of the poet, Mr. Knowlton, and the death of a brother of the orator, Mr. Littlefield, having interfered to prevent them from fulfilling their engagements. At half past ten o'clock, however, a large company gathered at the Class Tree, on the College Grounds, to attend the other exercises. The History of the Class, by Stanley T. Pullen, of Foxcroft was very judiciously done—its praise being carefully bestowed and its humor tempered with judgment. It was well received both by his classmates and the outside audience. To show what this class has done for the old flag, we copy the following reference to those of its members who left to go into the service of the country; and we also append certain statistics, some serious and some otherwise:

At the head of the class, in more sense than one, stood George Howard Bassett. He entered with the class, remained with us two terms, and then enlisted in the 3d Maine Regiment. In the fall of 1862 he died in hospital. While his intellectual qualities gave him a high place in the class, his social character was such as to un-

der him to every one with whom he came in contact. He was honest; he was manly; he was straightforward and upright in word and deed. His patriotism and devotion to his country's service gave him a place with the greatest and purest that earth has known. Curtiss cast himself into the abyss, and Winkler threw himself upon the spear of his country's foes with not one whit more of generous self-sacrifice than Bassett exhibited when he volunteered to fight for the nation's safety. He is dead;—and we, my classmates, shall never do aught but what is true and honorable if we would ourselves upon the path he has trod.

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Whole No. of class, 29  
No. in the army, 20  
No. in the navy, 2  
Who have died, 2  
Who are married, 6  
Left to graduate, 8  
Engaged, 0  
That want to be and can't, 0  
That want to be and will, 0

Tallest man in class, 6 ft. 6 in.  
Shortest, 5 ft. 4 in.  
Average height, 5 ft. 8 in.  
No. who part their hair on the right, 2  
Left, 5  
Who don't part their hair at all, 1  
Who part their hair all the time, 1  
The best looking whiskers in the class, 1  
Chin whiskers, 1  
Moustache, 1  
Youngest, 1  
Best moustache and chin whiskers, 1  
Modestly fond to mention, 1  
Littlefield, 1  
Littell, 1

No hopelessly whistlerless, 23 yrs. 3 mos.  
Oldest man, 29  
Average age, 23 yrs. 3 mos.  
Politically the class is unanimous, being all Union men.

No. of Baptists, 1  
Unitarians, 1  
Mormons, 1  
Free Lovers, socially, 1  
The man who knows the most young ladies, 1  
The man who knows the least, 1  
He who knows, 1  
Heaviest man in the class, 1  
Lightest man, 1  
Average weight, 161  
No. who drink whiskey regularly, 1  
No. who take it occasionally for medicinal purposes, 4  
No. who take Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, 4  
No. who intend studying Law, 2  
No. who intend studying Medicine, 2  
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Most stylish man in the class, Littlefield  
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No. of lines in the class, 7  
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Who are strikingly unpoetical, 1  
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Sisters—your motto declare!  
Where we are, and what we may do,  
Her honor shall still be our care.

Chorus:—For our class! For our class!  
Here united we stand;  
So pledge we the word,  
So join we the hand.

As brothers we've stood for four years just past,  
Now, as brothers each other we greet;

Though our bodies be parted from hence evermore,  
Our hearts still in union shall be.

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mentary to the College, all the while keeping up a running fire of jokes with his friend Mitchell. Alluding to Mr. Whipple's mention of Alexander and the Gordian knot, he claimed that a graduate of Waterville College had cut a knot more difficult to untie than that submitted to the hero of antiquity. Slavery had been a puzzle to him, as a democrat, until Benjamin Franklin Butler used that little significant phrase—"Contraband of war;" and from that time he had felt a reverence for this son of Waterville—a second Alexander in his summary method of dealing with knotty difficulties.

At the close of Mr. Jones's remarks, the president announced that the hall being wanted for another purpose soon, it was necessary to adjourn, and the company separated, well pleased with the dinner of 1864, and feeling confident that the prospects of the College never were brighter.

In the afternoon the College premises were thronged with visitors, examining the libraries and the cabinet, or roaming through the grounds, listening to the music of the band.

The Concert by Hall's Band, in the evening, was listened to by a large audience—no small share of whom, however, were outside of the church, and occupied free seats. The entertainment embraced several very pretty features, and as a whole was highly satisfactory. After this came the President's Levee, a social gathering of the friends of the College, and the usual Dance at Town Hall. Of this last we only know that the music was good.

MR. COLBY'S DONATION TO WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—As we learn, the conditions of this noble donation are: 1st that twenty-five thousand dollars are to be paid when the subscriptions now in progress reach the sum of \$100,000, exclusive of his, and twenty-five thousand when the \$100,000 is collected, thus securing to the college a cash fund of \$150,000. And as Mr. Colby is a Baptist, and the charter of the college is a general one, in order to make it sure that the benefit of the donation shall accrue to the cause to which he intentionally devotes it, he adds the further condition, that the college shall enjoy the same while the President and a majority of the Faculty remain Baptists, and that it shall revert to himself or his heirs, should this ever cease to be the case.

DEATH OF CHS. R. ATWOOD.—Among the brave boys who fell at Petersburg on the 30th ult. in the charge that followed the explosion of the rebel fort, was Sergt. Charles R. Atwood, son of Mrs. Tuttle, of this village, and grandson of the late Dr. Thayer. He was in Co. B, 32d Me. He enlisted from Norway, where he had been residing. A few years ago Charles was employed for several months in the office of the Mail, and we marked him for a young man of more than ordinary integrity, and general excellence of moral character and worth; and when we afterwards shook his hand as he left for the army, we thought that few went to serve their country with honest purpose or fairer prospect of usefulness. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who, though she shares her affliction with thousands of others, who have made similar sacrifices, has the earnest sympathy of the community.

THE ENTERING CLASS at Waterville College, this year, will be as large as could reasonably be expected in the present disturbed condition of the country. Nineteen appeared for examination, and four or five more will probably come in at the commencement of the term.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—Liberal donations have recently been made to Bowdoin College, among which is one by Professor H. H. Boody, now of New York, of \$50,000, with the condition that hereafter, in its management and teaching, it shall be decidedly Congregational. The donation has been accepted with the condition, and Bowdoin College now stands among the decided denominational colleges of the country.

A VALUABLE WORK.—"Heath's Counterfeit Detector at Sight," is a little volume just issued, that promises to be of great pecuniary value to the public. Its title indicates its object. It is highly commended by the manager of the American Bank Note Company, and by cashiers of many of the prominent New England banks, as well as by brokers and business men generally who have examined it. This is emphatically the time to "look out for counterfeit bills," and as Mr. Heath is now offering his book in this place, those who would protect themselves from imposition and loss are advised to spend a few minutes in examining his method, and then buy his little volume. With any one accustomed to handle money, even in small sums, it cannot fail to be of great value.

Indeed, it is worth more than all the common Counterfeit Detectors in the country—which only discover the loss, while this prevents it. The principle on which the detection of counterfeits is based is that genuine notes are engraved by machinery, while counterfeit notes are engraved by hand, because the machines are too expensive for a business which has to be carried on in secret, and may at any time be broken up by the police. The machine does its work exactly; the result of the workman's labors is rough and unfinished, and presents blemishes which can be detected by the practiced eye. This book explains the application of this principle, and gives illustrations not accessible to business men generally. We commend the work to all who are not already familiar with the best method of guarding against loss from counterfeit money.

MAIL LOST, on Monday, between College St. and the lower Depot. If the finder will leave it at the Mail office, a suitable reward will be paid.

### The Trot at the Park.

The trot announced by the Waterville Horse Association, to come off under the management of I. R. Doolittle, was, with the Manager's usual promptness, commenced at 10 A. M., the hour advertised. There was a fair attendance, the day being very favorable. A large number of horses were entered for the five premiums offered by the Association.

The horses entered for the fifth premium were first called. There were seven, and they were put into two classes. The first heat was won by a roan gelding owned by John May, of Belgrade, time 2.57. The second heat was a closely contested one, and was won by "Abbott Boy," a promising 4-yr-old, owned and entered by Howard Wells, of Clinton; time 2.54.

There was considerable excitement in regard to these horses, as they appeared to be very evenly matched; but the roan gained the third heat in 3.12, and the fourth in 3.03, thus deciding the race in his favor.

Horses for the third premium were called, and "Kitty Clyde," (formerly owned by Mr. Boardman, of W. Waterville,) driven by A. Savage; "Unknown," a bay mare, entered and driven by her owner, Mr. Hutchins, of Cheshire; and "Monitor," by Mr. Getchell, made their appearance and were started for this premium. Kitty drew the pole, and won in two straight heats; the bay mare showing an honest, open gait, but evidently requiring more training.

This race closed the performance for the morning, and the company adjourned to 2 P. M., when the horses came to the stand for the first premium, \$75. "What is it?" owned by I. R. Doolittle, and driven by A. Savage; "Ned Davis," owned by T. S. Lang, and driven by F. Palmer; "Lady Dixfield," owned and driven by A. S. Hines, of Dixfield; and "Humming Bird," entered by S. Waters, of Bangor, were started, the first named two by themselves, and the two latter in the second class. "What is it?" won the three first heats, but as "Lady Dixfield" made the fastest time, (2.40 3-4) the premium was awarded to her. This race was a very exciting one, as it was a very close thing between the grey mare, "What is it?" and Ned Davis; it being difficult to tell which would win until they crossed the score.

The horses for the fourth premium were "Charley," entered by Gilmore, of Kenduskeag; "Havelock," by W. A. Getchell, of Waterville; and "Black Bird," by Snow, of Vassalboro'. The sorrel "Charley" proved to be a good honest trotter, and won in three straight heats, leaving Havelock and Black Bird at the cold; but the race was given to "Havelock," entered by Mr. Palmer, showing made the best time, beating "Readfield" owned by Mr. Wells, of Clinton—her best being 2.48.

There were but two entries for the second premium of \$50, "Bored Jock," owned by T. S. Lang, and "Dph Williams," owned by Williams of Bangor. But one heat was run, won by Jock in 2.50. The owner of Bored Jock returning to the score, announced that horse was sick, and drew him; thus giving the premium to Jock.

We understand that these two horses will without doubt meet again, either here or at Bangor; and should they come with a fine race may be anticipated, both horses being of good size and action, and noted for their speed.

The company were now called up to attend the sale of horses at auction, by J. Plaisted, of Gardiner, the owner of the horse "Frank Patchen." He had previously sold a fine pair of colts to Gen. Moore, of Maine.

The celebrated 4-yr-old "Brooks" was put up to the highest bidder, and was purchased by Mr. Plummer, of Gardiner, for \$1000. Other horses were offered, but not able to remain we did not get the sales. Learn that the horse "Patchen" was sold to a party in Waterville, at private sale, for \$2000.

The day was fine, the track in good order, and every one appeared to enjoy the sport.

The state convention of editorial publishers, which convened at Portland Tuesday and Thursday, seems to have been pleasant and prosperous session. Levees, excursions, and







