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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 07): August 19, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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## GRADATIM.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;  
That a noble deed is a step toward God—  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride of the world and the passion of sin,  
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the reach of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!  
We may borrow the wings to fly the way—  
We may hope and resolve, we aspire and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the asphodel walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
And the dreamer wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

## Waterville Mail.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1864.

NO. 7.

## A HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

WANTED—A housekeeper. None but an elderly person, competent, and of the highest respectability. Call between the hours of three and four, Thursday, April 5, at No. —, Michigan Avenue.

Kate Franklin read this in the paper which lay on the counter in the little grocery, while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up, and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself, as she received the change from the grocer.

She prepared the tea, after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her scanty meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was, in her busy thought.

Yes, she must descend to menial service. Why not this? It would be better than a lower grade. Yet her soul and pride shrank from it.

A stranger in a strange place, successively had tried to find a situation as a teacher, copyist, in a store sewing. She had failed in the first two, and was starving on the last.

She would apply for that place, but she would need references. Only one person she knew in the whole great city, of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty step-sister, who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she had lived, and had hated Kate herself with double hatred since the first and only one she had ever loved had turned from her brilliant beauty, to offer heart and hand to her young and disliked step-sister only to be rejected in his turn.

The beautiful, imperious beauty had soon after married an old man for his wealth, but she had not forgotten her hatred for Kate, and disowned all connection with the now orphaned and penniless girl. Perhaps, thought Kate, she would permit her to refer to her, because glad to have her descend to menial employment.

Kate felt competent for the situation, for during her mother's long illness, and her father's absence, she had entire charge of their large family and splendid house.

But an elderly woman, now Kate Franklin was not an elderly woman, being only twenty; but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals, in happier days, she had imitated the voice and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin to give it an old and wrinkled appearance, and she had, in the bottom of a box, some false gray hair, and a muslin cap, worn on one of the occasions. She did not need to look so very old—only to present a mature and matronly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man not yet thirty, with a gay, frank, good-natured countenance.

"Now for a dozen or two of good old dames, all competent, all respectable, and each confident she would give satisfaction."

He lighted a cigar.

"I shall shock the dear old souls, but I shall take the liberty to smoke in my own house, in the parlor or anywhere I please; they may as well know what to expect."

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, his feet on another chair.

"There ought to be, I suppose, a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeper matters. Well, there's time enough."

Two applicants were seen and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly way.

"Would let them know if he decided to engage them."

A third was ushered in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The lady-likeness and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commented to himself.

She answered his questions readily, but in a few words.

"A silent woman—a good thing," was his inward remark.

"I think you will suit me, Mrs. —, what did I understand your name?"

"Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin, you will be required to go out of town, about seven miles, to my country house—Oak Grove—in the town of Embury, on the great Central Railroad. The salary I propose to pay is six hundred per annum. Do my terms suit?"

Suit! Six hundred to the half-starving person before him seemed India's wealth.

She answered quietly that they suited.

"Then it is all settled. By the way, I suppose you have references, though all that is a mere matter of form."

The name of Davenport was given.

"Davenport! Robert Davenport! I know them. All right, then. If convenient, you will please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or the next day. I shall not be down till the middle of next week, and shall probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the centre and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave till Saturday. She will show you round."

"Mrs. — Is your wife there, or to go soon?"

He laughed.

"Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her going at present." Adding, more seriously, "I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife, with a slight stress on 'pleasure.'"

A vivid color came into the brown cheek of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarrassment.

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—" and stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things.

"It is all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black silk dress, "you may like an advance as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

Much Edward Dayton knew about the custom of such things, but it was like his kindness and delicacy to say so.

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars he gave her; and the words she would have said were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.

"Good morning, Madam."

"Good morning," she replied.

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the middle of the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading carpets and curtains; whose watchword was "order," and therefore the furniture was set primly back against the wall, as if fixtures, and their position had not been altered for years; and who moreover conscientiously believed cut flowers in a room unhealthy.

The new housekeeper's belief differed in these respects. The cheery sunlight was allowed to enter when and where it would; flowers were on the tables and mantle piece; the furniture was disarranged with careless grace; ornaments were taken from drawers and closets where they had been carefully packed away, and spoke for themselves on elegant, marble shelves and mantel-pieces.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason for it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

"This is a grand cheery old place, after all! Do you know, Lyon, I have always shunned it as the gloomiest of all gloomy places. I haven't stayed here a fortnight all put together, for the last five years. It must be your presence, old fellow, that has brightened it up, or the gloom was all in my imagination."

"Not altogether; for I remember it just as you do. You forgot I have run down here with you once or twice a day. Didn't you tell me you had a new housekeeper? Perhaps the change may be owing to her—some women have a singular knack at such things."

"Very likely you are right. I remember now, that notwithstanding all I could say, Mrs. Stone would exclude the sun; and the furniture is certainly arranged differently from what it was. A marked improvement—which I hope will extend to and beyond the dinner table."

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of its being served; and the table-appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The two friends passed their time in reading, driving, fishing, and occasional visits to the city; the housekeeper hers in earning to the extent of her power, by attention to their bodily wants, the six hundred she received. She had received an easy master. Mr. Dayton was never fault-finding, always pleasant and courteous.

He remained after his friend departed. Usually, if he did not go into town, he spent his mornings between the library and gardens; the afternoons in driving himself, sometimes in taking the young ladies of a neighboring family, Lily and Maud Grandison, to drive. They were the only family with whom he visited familiarly. Through the servants, the new housekeeper heard rumors of an attachment between the eldest daughter, Lily, a fair and amiable girl, and Mr. Dayton.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt it a welcome relief to have the house and the day to herself. She locked the door carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner—only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that in which she had assumed; but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and gray tresses, washed the stain from her skin, arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming curls, and donned a pretty fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight and graceful figure as one would often see.

"Truly, I had forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she laughed.

Removed from the strong restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

"Miss Franklin," she said, in the mincing, affected tones of an exquisite, "it would give me inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it," she answered, in her natural voice, "and myself, also," she added; and going to the piano, she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked, in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

"It is only I, sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's mature tones; and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket handkerchief.

"Ah, me!" she said. "Now, what other foolish thing shall I do to prove to myself that I am not an elderly housekeeper, but a young girl, who, by virtue of her age, should be gay, by right of birth, wealthy, and of consideration, visited and visiting, as Mr. Dayton's lady-love visits and is visited. He is noble, and good, and handsome," she said, with a sigh.

"She will be happy. How gracefully she danced here, at the party, the other evening, when the old housekeeper was permitted to look on. She looks good and amiable, too. Mr. Dayton danced with her three times. I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance!"

and humming an air, she floated gracefully about the room.

She stopped breathless, her cheek brilliant from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged.

"I believe I feel like stiff old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing doesn't agree."

"One more song by that heavenly voice, Miss Franklin, and I shall go away dreaming I have heard the angels sing," in the ludicrously affected voice she had before imitated.

"Ah!" she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives I hope won't quite spoil her, and turn her silly old head."

"She sat down again at the piano, and sang 'Home, Sweet Home'; then played one of Beethoven's grandest, most solemn pieces. She rose; closed the piano.

The carnival is ended. Kate Franklin disappears from the scene, and Madame Franklin enters.

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected from the placid, dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freaks she had been guilty.

The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at the table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her into the library, where was a cheerful fire in the grate. He read the letters and papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke, except when asked a question. At length, Mr. Dayton looked up at her, and said abruptly:—

"You must be a lonely life, Madame. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance, there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper and deeper in the brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said, at last, falteringly. "If you will please excuse me."

"Pray pardon me, madam. It was farthest from my wish or thought to give you pain," he returned, with grave courtesy.

His manner, after this, was even kinder than before. It became his custom to invite her to sit with him every evening.

She commenced to decline; but as he invariably insisted upon a reason, it was not always easy to find one. If she gave household cares, he called upon one of the servants to attend to it. Once, she frankly told him it was not agreeable, but she never did it a second time; for, for a week, he wrapped himself in impenetrable reserve, looked cold and gloomy, never speaking, except from necessary civility.

At last, the poor housekeeper could bear it no longer. After tea, without an invitation, which had not been extended since that night, she took her knitting, and went into the parlor. The first approach to a smile she had seen on his face for many days brightened it then, but he did not say a great deal.

After this, it became the regular custom. There could be no danger to him in the gray hair, the seemingly aged face and figure before him; but was there none to her, sitting opposite the manly, handsome fellow, knowing his goodness and large-heartedness, listening to his intelligent and polished conversation?

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children, in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, man as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my griefs, as a little child would. I have sometimes thought of asking you to act as a mother in these quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think."

Again there was a vivid color in the brown cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, and it was accompanied by a quiver of the mouth, and a smothered noise which ended in a cough, but both mouth and cheek were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Mr. Dayton, however, had not seemed to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued:—

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice of so much value as a mother's. Who so quick to see through character, and make a wise selection? Had you a son, who about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton," she answered, faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to wait for an answer.

"True, but you have seen them all, and are, I should judge, a good discerner of character, from observation. Whom should you select from those you have seen?" he persisted.

She reddened and paled.

"I have heard the Misses Grandison highly spoken of. Their appearance would seem to prove the truth. I doubt not you agree with me," she returned, quietly.

It was now his turn to color, which he did, slightly.

"I do agree with you," he answered, emphatically.

"It is to be then, as I supposed," said the housekeeper to herself, as she went up to her room.

It was late in September. Mr. Dayton and the housekeeper were both in the parlor. He had been unusually grave all day. It seemed to the housekeeper that his manner was changed toward her.

"I have a few questions to ask, if you permit me, Mrs. Franklin."

She instinctively felt alarmed at his tone.

"Certainly," with an effort.

There was an ominous pause.

"I have been told," he said, "that Miss Kate Franklin, a young girl, by disguising herself, palmed herself off on me for several months as a Mrs. Franklin, an elderly lady. Is there any truth in this story?" looking searchingly at her.

She started to her feet, then tremblingly sank back into her chair.

"Yes, it is true," she murmured, falteringly.

"I confess I fail to see for what object. My heart you could scarcely expect to gain in that character."

"Your heart!" she repeated, scornfully. "I had no such laudable ambition; I had never seen or heard of you till I saw your advertisement. Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a garb so repugnant? You shall. To save myself from starvation. I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies with which to buy a roll for the next day's meal, and I had no prospect of more, for I had been refused further sewing. But why should you find fault?" Her pride rising.

"What matter if I were Mrs. or Miss Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties of your household? Have I not taken good care of you and your household? Have I not made you comfortable? If I have not, deduct from this quarter's salary, which you paid this morning, whatever you like."

"I have no fault to find, except for placing yourself and me in an awkward position, were this to become known."

Waves of color mounted to the poor housekeeper's temples.

"I thought—I meant no one should know, least of all you—besides I—I thought when I engaged to come that you were married? Oh, what shall I do?" And she burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Dayton's manner changed.

"Kate! Kate! I did not mean to distress you. Nobody knows but me—nobody shall know." And he soothed her tenderly. "Kate, look up. I love you with all my heart, and I want you for my little housekeeper—my wife always. Kate, what do you say?" taking her in his arms, and laying his cheek against hers. "My own Kate, is it not?"

She murmured something between her sobs that she must go away that minute.

"Nonsense, darling! Haven't you been here for months? What difference can a day longer make? You are safe with me, Kate. Oh, because I know who you are, Miss Franklin, will you give me the pleasure of hearing a song from that long silent voice? O Kate, you fairly bewitched me that day! I'm afraid you will bewitch me always. But, Kate, let's off these trappings," untying her cap, and removing the gray hair, and with the action down fall the wreath of brown tresses.

"O Mr. Dayton, you were not—surely you were not at home that day!" looking up and covered with confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Dayton was—in the library," with an accent on his name which Kate understood.

"O Edward! and you teased me with all those foolish questions when you knew—"

"Yes, my Kate, why not?"

"But you looked so innocent."

He laughed.

"I shall soon, I hope, have somebody if not a mother, to confide in; and Kate, it is my duty and pleasure to give you a husband, so that, in future, you can move without so much pain, when legs are injured after."

"You are too generous," he said, earnestly, "when I have had the precious gift of your love. Kate, bless forever the day that I first engaged my housekeeper."

COURTING.—Courtship is a luxury, it is said, it is a water, it is the pla spell of the soul. The man who has never courted has lived in vain; he has been a blind man among landscapes, and water-scapes; he has been a deaf man in the land of hand organs, and by the side of murmuring canals. Courtship is like 2 little springs of soft water that steal out from under a rock at the foot of a mountain and run down the hill side by side singing and dancing and splashing each other, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under the bank, now full of sun, now full of shadow, till bimble by the time and then go slow. I am in favor of long courtship; it gives the parties time to find out each other's trump cards, it is good exercise, and is just as inessential as two merino lambs. Courtship is like strawberries and cream, and wants to be slow, then you get the flavor. I have saw folks get acquainted, fall in love, get married, settle down and get to work, in 3 weeks from date. This is just the way some folks learn a trade, and accounts for the great number of alimony mean mechanics we have, and the poor jobs that turn out.

Perhaps it is best to state some good advice to young men, who are about to court with a final view to matrimony, as it was:—In the first place, young man, you want to give your system a little rest, and then find a young woman who is willing to be courted on the square. The next thing is to find out how old she is, which you can do by asking her, and she will say that she is 19 years old, and this you find won't be far from out of the way. The next best thing is to begin moderate; say only every night in the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as the passion seems to require it. It is a fast rate way to court the girl's mother a little on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despises, and that is, a little good courtship, if it is done strictly on the square. After the first year you will begin to be acquainted and will begin to like the business. There is one thing I always advise, and that is, not to swap photographs often, but once in ten days unless you forget how the gal looks. Occasionally you want to look sorry, and draw in your wind as the yew had done, this will set the gal teasing you to find out what ails you. Evening meetings are a good thing to tend, it will keep your religion in tune; and then if the gal happens to be there, by accident, she can ask you a few questions with her. As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other girls' mums when I was courting; it mite look as the yew knu tew much. If you will court three years in this way, and the time on the square, if you don't say it is a little the slickest time in your life, you can get measured for a hat at my expense, and pay for it. Don't court for munny, not buty, not relashuns; these things are just about as the kerosene oil refining business, liable to get out of repair and bust at enny minute. Court a gal for fun, for the love you bear her, for the business there is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as you would court a farm for the strength of the site and the perfectness of the title; court her as she want a fule, and yew a nuther; court her in the

kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash tub, and at the planter; court this way, young man, and if you don't get a good wife, the fault won't be in the courting. Yung man, you can rely on Josh Billings, and if you can't make these rules work, just send for him and he will show you how the thing is did, and it shant kost you a cent.

SOUND TALK. Gail Hamilton talks about right in the following from her pen, and which demands more than a passing thought. Speaking of high prices, she says:

Suppose sugar is thirty cents a pound, molasses a dollar a gallon, beef sold by the square inch, cotton cloth sixty cents a yard, and gold at two hundred and eighty. How long has it been since a man's life consisted in the abundance of sweets which he could swallow? If sugar is three times as high as it used to be, use one third as much, and the equilibrium is at once restored. Even at that you will probably have as much as the soldiers have. If St. Paul would agree to eat no meat while the world standeth, lest he make his brother to offend, cannot christian men and women forego beefsteak for a year, or two, or three, or twenty; that a nation perish not? If caubrie and linen are expensive, are we all princes and princesses that we must have twelve dozen of everything, the wardrobe through? Pull out the bureau drawers and use their contents unflinchingly, regardless of the future, where the honor of now is imperative. Dive into old linings with scissors and needle, and gar aud claes look amnist as weel's the new. Ask for black buttons at the shops and then see what an inexhaustible mine of black buttons your old boots at home are, and walk away without purchasing at a clear gain of forty-two cents. Make your loaf cake of dried apples and molasses, and affirm resolutely that nobody could tell the difference till people are silenced, if not convinced! Economy can be made as interesting as a mathematical problem, and as merry as a July picnic. And having economized carefully and successfully, consider that the pleasure and privilege of it are enough for your share, and send the money saved to the relief of wounded soldiers, or to the assistance of the freed people. It may be said that this does not take into account the really poor people; but so far as I have observed, the fearful looking for is not among the really poor people. It is not they who are threatened with absolute want, but they who fear a curtailment of luxuries, a diminution of dividends, an increase of expenditure, who have the most anxiety.

How to INVEST.—We take the following from the New York Journal of Commerce:—

"The volume of business has been very much restricted, partly in consequence of the absence from the city of a large number of those who are most active in trade and speculation when they are here, and partly from a general desire manifested by persons who have made money, to gather up their savings and preserve them without subjecting their capital to further risk. The problem with many is how to invest their surplus so as to secure it against the collapse of the currency. A man owned a house worth in ordinary times about ten thousand dollars; by the depreciation of the currency he has been enabled to sell it for twenty thousand, and now has the greenbacks to that amount. If he turns these into gold he has less than eight thousand dollars for his property. What shall he do with his twenty thousand to have it stand him in that sum when specie becomes once more the standard? Can he do better than to lend it to the Government? We do not say that when the war is over the stock thus taken will be at par; nor can we affirm with confidence that the interest on the whole principal will be maintained at its highest rate in gold; but taking the chances of this, is there anything more promising? Merchandise is very high, and offers no inducement. If he buys real estate, he has but exchanged his house for other property. The U. S. seven-thirties offer some special privileges to the capitalist. He has the option of taking a government bond at the end of three years, or of receiving back his capital at par in some form of currency recognized as money. This option is worth more than the premium on the interest if it were payable in gold without that privilege."

HIGHER PRICES.—WHAT TO DO.—The Economist argues that prices will continue to advance. It says the harvest is short, the staple of the manufacture of cotton clothing all but gone—of woolen utterly insufficient—wages, which must keep pace with the cost of living, are advancing. What then is to be done? If inordinate prices are to be avoided, we say it is necessary to lessen consumption in every practicable way. To increase production is, for the reason we have given, impracticable; therefore, all that we can do is to husband and economize the resources we possess. It is for each man to enquire, what is his personal responsibility in this matter. Let us make one or two suggestions:

Invest your money in Government securities instead of private speculations—make the establishment of your national credit your first business.

Introduce a rigid system of frugality into your family government; let your table be supplied with plain food, and avoid foreign luxuries.

Let there be great moderation in dress—it is a physical impossibility to furnish the same quantity of clothing as is usually required; let there be a graceful submission to the iron necessity of the law.

Let no expense for entertainments or amusements, usually indulged in, be sanctioned during the coming season.

Are we not warned of the necessity of timely attention to these suggestions? Do they not commend themselves at once to the judgment and the conscience? Is it not fitting that amid the roar of a thousand cannon belching forth destruction, and the groans from dying soldiers, and the wails of their bereaved wives and mothers, the sound of rejoicing should be hushed in our streets? Is it not well that we, by rigid and personal economy, should help to bear the nation's financial burdens which the war entails?

Do any enquire why we so constantly insist upon the fact that prices must advance? This is our reason: To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The financial condition of the

country is to-day much more critical than the military.



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 19, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTENGER & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,  
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**ANDREW JOHNSON.**

**A NEW INTERPRETER.**—In the democratic convention, at Bangor, Adams Treat, of Frankfort, is reported to have said that "there could not be a war democrat any more than a hellish Christian." What kind of democracy would this have been in Jackson's time?—or in the Seminole war? or in the Mexican war? How poorly must this Mr. Adams Treat have been posted in the history of his party, not to know that it has always been a democratic boast that this party has been the great war party of the nation!—that our wars have been the glory of the country, and that the democratic party claims all the honor! Never till this war, which found the party with a new nature, as well as with new leaders, did anybody see anything strange in a "war democrat." Does Mr. Adams Treat think the Hartford Convention was a democratic body?—or that Andrew Jackson was very emphatically a "peace democrat?" What strange things, in these modern days, are said and done in the name of democracy? What would the ghost of the old Hero of New Orleans have said, had he been allowed a seat in this very enlightened body of "peace democrats?" He would have treated Mr. Treat to a lesson of democracy, that would have convinced him there was "no peace for the wicked."

**"HEATHEN" WISDOM.**—The congressional excursion was received with much parade by the Penobscot Indians, a national salute was fired from an old howitzer, and one of the tribe made a speech of welcome to the party. In closing the red orator said, "We are few here to-day; our tribe was once large, but we were divided among ourselves, and we are going to decay. Look to it that this great country profits by the sad lesson we furnish."

**REST FOR THE WEARY.**—With the wrecks of innumerable washing machines—tried and found wanting—that lumber the family premises all over the land, it requires considerable courage to come before the public with commendation of a new one; and yet we venture to do it, by calling attention to "Edson's Improved Washing Machine, or 'Cloth Saver,'" which comes to us from the State of Illinois. And first we will say that it is almost entirely a woman's invention, and who so likely to know a woman's needs? Secondly, it is very simple in its construction—so simple that few will believe it effective until they see it operate—and therefore not likely to get out of order; and thirdly—but by no means lastly, for we could go on through a column in enumerating its virtues, if we had room—it saves time, labor, health and life, as all will acknowledge after they have tried it. Whoever wishes to examine the machine, can do so by calling on Mr. Joseph Simonds, on Common St. or on Mr. A. P. Marston, on Mill St., foot of Pleasant.

With this machine and one of Putnam's Wringers, advertised in another column, a family would be perfectly independent in the washing department.

**Astonishing, almost, how everything grows since the late rains.** Corn, potatoes, grass—everything that was thought to be beyond hope—what a stride they are taking towards maturity and a good crop! "I declare," said a neighbor the other day, "it's a caution to 'Gen. Knox' to see how my squash vines run." The drought was a wonder, such as could not be remembered; but the weather since has been so precisely calculated to restore all that has suffered, that many who were almost in despair are now rejoicing in hope of good crops.

**THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER**—one of the most valuable papers in the country—finds it necessary to suspend publication for the present, as it is impossible to go on with the high prices for paper, labor, etc. We hope to see it soon revived under more favorable auspices.

Among the wounded in the recent engagement at Deep Bottom, was Maj. C. P. Baldwin, of the Eleventh Maine Regiment. He was one of the Union officers placed under fire at Charleston, from which position he had but just been released.

**ACCIDENT ON THE SOM. & KEN. RAILROAD.** The upward passenger train on Thursday P. M. broke the bridge at Lang's Mills, five miles below Waterville, and made a complete wreck of three cars, filled with passengers. Strange to tell—and more strange since we have examined the scene of the accident—nobody was killed, and comparatively few very seriously wounded. Some five or six badly but not fatally hurt, and as many more seriously cut and bruised, is probably the extent; though perhaps a dozen more were slightly injured. Mr. J. C. Johnson, of Augusta, was badly bruised, and was thought to have a broken arm; though we hear that on further examination it was doubtful whether the bone was seriously fractured. An Irish girl had one leg seriously injured, and it was thought to be fractured. No other bones were broken. Two men were carried into Mr. Lang's, thought to be internally injured, but they are better to-day, and will go up in the train to-night. One man's foot was badly cut, showing a very serious wound.

Dr. Wilbur, of Skowhegan, was on board, and Dr. Williams of N. Vassalboro within call; and great praise is given Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Lang, and other ladies, who exerted themselves very successfully in rendering aid to the sufferers. Trains were immediately sent from Skowhegan and Augusta; and some were taken back to Augusta, while those who were able proceeded onward.

The bridge was 30 or 40 feet long and 12 or 14 high, over a gully in which was no water. It broke in the center under the weight of the engine, which was forced so rapidly onward by the succeeding cars that it did not fall back into the chasm. The train consisted of four cars. The smoking car and two cars following went into the wreck. The hind car broke its coupling and recoiled some eight or ten rods, where it stood still upon the track. The third car was forced into the second more than half its length, making indiscriminate wreck of both, and mingling men, women and children in a confused mass. Three or four persons, we are assured, were taken from between the floors of the two cars, only two feet apart. Strange!—but there was no loss of life; and we have enumerated above, as far as possible, the extent of the injuries suffered,—after visiting the spot and making careful inquiry of many who shared in the catastrophe.

**DIED.**—at Kendall's Mills, of diphtheria, on the morning of the 15th inst., Albion R. Burrill, son of Mr. Orrison Burrill, aged about 24 years. He was a noble young man, of excellent traits of character, whose life, had it been spared, promised to be one of usefulness and honor. He had acquired an education mainly by his own exertions, and at the time of his death was about to graduate from the medical office of Dr. Boutelle of this village, and offer his professional services to his country. Modest and retiring in his manner, his acquaintances here were not many; but those who knew him best sincerely mourn his early death—a public loss as well as a private grief.

**AN EDITOR IN TROUBLE.** Wm. H. Simpson, editor of the Belfast *Republican Journal*, was arrested, on Thursday of last week, for using treasonable language in his paper, tending to discourage enlistments and incite resistance to the draft. He was arraigned at Bangor, but the case was continued for trial at Bath next month.

**THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.** at Bangor, on Tuesday, was a very large one. Judge Howard, of Portland, was nominated for Governor. The war and anti-war sections joined in the nomination, but upon what precise platform it is not easy to tell. Some of the talk was such as has been made by J. Davis, & Co., and some of a more Garrisonian stamp—the two classes together constituting all the platform we can discover.

Rev. A. H. Granger, of Providence, R. I., has received the honorary degree of D. D. from Waterville College. It was hoped that Waterville would have imitated Bowdoin.

The honor was worthily bestowed, and we hope that Waterville College will always be more careful to do what is right than to aim at a servile imitation of Bowdoin or any other College.

**THE INDIAN WAR.**—It is not thought at the Indian Bureau that the outbreak of the Indians on the plains is general or stimulated by rebel emissaries, but there is information to induce the belief that a few bands have only resorted to pillage and massacre to redress individual wrongs committed against them and their families.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," was the text of Dr. Shailer's excellent sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, at its recent anniversary; and not "ye are the light of the world," as we gave it last week. Errors of the press are nuts for outsiders, but great trials of patience to those who are responsible for them.

**THE DRAFT.** The citizens of Waterville will assemble in town meeting to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, to devise measures for raising our quota under the last call without resort to draft. A special train will be run from the West Village.

**WHAT IS IT?**—A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says, the Congressional excursionists were "beted" by the Bangor city government. Bangor beats all!—No wonder she "beted" these highly respectable and well behaved travellers. At Lewiston they will be thoroughly thrashed.

According to the Journal they are taking very thorough measures in Lewiston to fill their quota, which is very large, without a draft.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE COWARD.** A novel of Society and the Field in 1863. By Henry Morford, Author of "Shoulder Straps," "The Days of Shoddy," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

Of this new novel, the New York *Home Journal*—good authority—says: "The Coward," though having its plot and incidents connected with the present war, and exhibiting some terrible scenes on the battle-field, does not rest entirely, or even principally, upon the interest of such scenes. Commencing with the recital of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, a considerable portion of the events narrated in it lie amid the grand scenery of the White Mountains (making it peculiarly appropriate for summer tourists), still another series of events occur beyond the Atlantic, and the culmination takes place on the Virginia battle-fields and in the Virginia hospitals. With this variety, and the marked interest of the theme involved, together with the increasing power and grasp which the author should by this time have acquired in the field of romance, there seems every reason to believe that "The Coward" will more than equal in popularity and effect the author's previous successful publications in the same line—"Shoulder Straps," and "The Days of Shoddy."

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—We think we never more fully realized the beauty and excellence of this work than while examining the numbers for May, June and July, that came to us together, having failed to reach us as they were issued. We think no other magazine equals this in the beauty and interest of its engravings, two of which are given in each number—one a landscape, usually, and the other a portrait of some eminent person. A series of charming views in Switzerland is now in course of publication, three of which are given in the numbers before us, with lifelike portraits of Washington Irving, Felicia Hemans, and Mrs. Catherine Garrison. Enlisted in the cause of religion, its literature is of a high-toned, healthy character—such as will tend to purify and elevate. It is a most excellent magazine for the family, and as such we most heartily commend it.

Published by Poe and Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 per annum.

**THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW.**—The August number of this "Miscellany of Useful Knowledge and General Literature," in addition to its insurance and monetary departments, contains, in its Light, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Railway Economy; and a continuation of a History of the Present War. This number completes the fifth volume of this work.

Published by Fowler and Moon, Philadelphia, at \$3 per annum.

## OF-FISH-AL NOTICE.

THE members of the N. P. W. P. A. are hereby notified that their annual excursion to North Pond will occur on Monday next (August 22d).

A full attendance is requested, as it is proposed to codify the By Laws, and expel the scaly and pouty members. PER ORDER.

**THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.**—An advertisement of the new loan will be found in our columns this week. We have already published a portion of Secretary Fessenden's appeal to the country, and other articles to the same point; and below we copy a summary of the advantages of the loan, which is taken from the N. Y. Examiner:

**ITS ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**—Nearly all active credits are now based on Government securities. Banks of issue and Savings banks hold them in large quantities—in many cases, more than the entire amount of their capitals—and they hold them as the very best and strongest investment they could possibly make. If it were possible to contemplate the financial failure of the Government, no bank could be better or safer. Savings Banks already have a large part of their assets invested in Government securities. As a rule they allow but five per cent. interest, and can only pay principal or interest in greenbacks or bills of State Banks;—for every note or bond held by them and due before the resumption of specie payments is payable in Government legal tender paper. Banks of issue and discount can not ask or get anything better in payment of customers' notes, and they prefer it to all other, for they are compelled to redeem their own notes in that paper as the circulating medium next to specie in value. By the issue of this loan the U. S. Treasury becomes a Savings bank for the people. There are none stronger—none more solvent, and not one that pays so liberally for the use of money. You may deposit fifty dollars or fifty thousand. The more you put in, the more you will aid and strengthen the Government, and the more valuable will be the remaining currency of the country.

**ITS LIBERAL INTEREST.**—The general rate of interest is six per cent., payable annually. This is seven and three-tenths, payable semi-annually. If you lend on mortgage, there must be a searching of titles, lawyers' fees, stamp duties and delays, and you will finally have returned to you only the same kind of money you would receive from the Government, and less of it. If you invest in this loan, you have no trouble. If there is no national bank at hand, any banker will obtain it for you without charge, and pay you the interest coupon at the end of six months as a most convenient form of remittance to his city correspondent. If you wish to borrow ninety cents on the dollar upon it, you have the highest security in the market to do it with. If you wish to sell, it will bring within a fraction of cost and interest at any moment. It will be very handy to have in the house.

**ITS CONVERTIBILITY INTO A SIX PER CENT. BOND.**—Here comes an advantage that must not be lost sight of. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect. For six months past, the bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (July 28). Before the war, U. S. six per cent. stocks sold at a much higher rate—and were once bought up by the U. S. Treasury under special act of Congress at a premium of not less than twenty per cent. Notes of the same class issued three years ago, are now selling at a premium that fully proves the correctness of this statement.

**ITS EXEMPTION FROM STATE OR MUNICIPAL TAXATION.**—But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country. Can greater inducements be asked for than those we have enumerated?

The Secretary of the Treasury has been told that he must "buy money" at the highest rate necessary to command it; that he should sell his obligations "for what they might bring," so as to lead the market; but the Secretary will do no such thing. If Shylock bought bonds at 90 in August, he would demand a

concession of another ten per cent. in September, and twenty in October, until he would finally offer to lend the interest and keep the principal. If Government securities are worth anything, they are worth all their face calls for in gold, and the country is not so poor in spirit or in purse as to submit to any such sacrifice as Shylock demands. There is but a limited supply of money seeking investment at any time, and the Government offers to pay liberally for its use. At the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, to say nothing of the collateral advantages, it is the strongest borrower in the market, and every feeling of interest, as well as patriotism and duty, should induce our readers to invest in its loans.

**THE GREAT EXHIBITION of the New England Agricultural Society, at Springfield, Mass.,** promises to be one of the prominent attractions of the season. The arrangements made with the several railroads are such as to make it easily accessible, both for visitors and stock; and with a board of managers constituted of the most enterprising agriculturists and stock growers in the country, we cannot doubt that this first exhibition of the Society will prove a marked success. We learn from the Maine Farmer that Thomas S. Lang, the trustee for Maine, has made arrangements with all the Superintendents of all the railroads in Maine, and those of New Hampshire and Massachusetts leading into Maine, to give free return tickets from the Exhibition to those who pass to it on the road, and to carry stock, machinery, &c., free to said Exhibition on the following terms: The owner pays the freight money from his station to Springfield, signs an obligation to hold the company harmless from any loss or damage which may happen to it, and on presenting a certificate from the Secretary of the Society, that it has been entered for exhibition, the money is repaid to him.

No doubt much valuable stock will go from Maine, and that large numbers of visitors will take this occasion for a few days of recreation.

**NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—The Trustees of this Society held a meeting on Saturday, at which they determined to hold their Show and Fair this year on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27th and 28th—a week earlier than usual. They also appointed the committees and revised the premium list, which we shall publish next week.

**GEN. SHERMAN'S SENTIMENTS.**—Let no one neglect to read Gen. Sherman's letter, which will be found on our first page this week. Some of the sentiments there expressed may be unpalatable to individuals; but they will command the approbation of the people at large. If this war is to be fought triumphantly for the north, too much reliance must not be put upon aliens and negroes. All of this work cannot be done by proxy.

**OLD BOOKS AND PAPERS.**—Bring them into the Mail office and exchange them for greenbacks. In almost every house there are boxes, barrels or drawers full of them, of no earthly use in their present condition.

A pair of large oxen were killed on the track of the Maine Central railroad on Wednesday, in Readfield, by the passenger train. Cause, fence down.

The Kennebec County Union Convention, at Augusta, on Tuesday of last week, nominated the following Candidates: Senators, Joseph Sanborn of Readfield, Joseph True of Litchfield and Crosby Hinds of Benton; Treasurer, Daniel Pike of Augusta; Judge of Probate, H. K. Baker of Hallowell; Sheriff, John Hatch of China; County Attorney, Lorenzo Clay of Gardiner; Commissioner, Nathaniel Graves of Vienna.

The Union officers recently released from Charleston say that the temper of the rebel authorities, the feeling of the Southern people, and the necessities of the rebel government, indicate to them that the war, if the North is firm, will not be of long duration. They state that the sentiment for peace is extending; that Union feeling still exists everywhere, and quite as much in Charleston as elsewhere, and not the less on account of the shelling that city has received, the officers assert from facts within their own knowledge. They have, notwithstanding the guards, had a good opportunity of judging of the matter of which they speak.

The Portland Press states that Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden will be a candidate for the Senate next winter. "His friends," says that paper, "will insist upon his return to that body at the commencement of the next term, and we are glad to know that it will not be distasteful to him to comply with their wishes."

The lately published triennial catalogue of Bowdoin College contains the names of nearly two hundred graduates of that institution who have served in the present war. There are also some twenty-five under graduates who have served, and many graduates, doubtless whose names are not known.

The Kansas City Journal learns that several of the "Indians" lately depreeding on the plains, though painted like big warriors, have remarkably long hair, and without the scalp lock. They are guerillas, leading the Indians to hostilities, and are believed to be a part of Quantrell's plan as learned last February.

The tyranny of capital over labor has often been a subject of complaint, and, at least in the old world, with reason. But when the circumstances are reversed, and capital is more abundant than labor, the latter becomes a despot, and one of the worst kind, because often unreasoning and unreasonable. This is illustrated by the miners of Pennsylvania, who, by repeated strikes, have advanced their labor from \$1.50 to \$10 per day, and whose latest demand is \$2 per hour, while the whole community is groaning under the consequent enhancement in price of one of the most necessary commodities of life.

The New York Herald is for Grant for President. It says, "when McClellan was placed in command he might have controlled the President, the Cabinet, and Congress, as well as the army, if he had had tact. We are in favor of him so far as he goes; but we are

more in favor of Grant, because he has gone farther, and commanded the administration as well as the army."

## War of Redemption.

The rebel reports of Farragut's success at Mobile are confirmed by information through Union channels, and we also learn that Fort Morgan has since been invested by our land forces. The latest advices report heavy firing at this fort, and that two of Farragut's vessels were near the city.

Sherman has worked around within-shelling distance of the Macon road. The rebels have recently made several attacks upon his long line of communications, doing some damage at various points. A force of cavalry, under Wheeler, demanded the surrender of Dalton, but it was finally driven off by the garrison assisted by a reinforcement.

Sheridan advanced up the valley of the Shenandoah as far as Strasburg, driving the rebels before him; but it is now reported that the rebels have been reinforced and that our forces have retired on Winchester. A cavalry fight is reported in front of Port Royal in which the rebels were handsomely whipped. Mosely's guerillas are rather troublesome and recently captured nearly two hundred wagons from Sheridan.

The Army of the Potomac has made a new movement. On Saturday General Hancock's corps, having first deceived the enemy by a feigned movement down the James, was conveyed swiftly up the river on transports by night, and landed on the north bank near the position for some time occupied by Gen. Foster's division at Deep Bottom. Two divisions of the 10th corps were also moved to the same point. On Sunday morning our troops advanced, driving the rebel skirmish line and capturing some prisoners. A rebel redoubt was also taken, with six cannon and several mortars. By this movement General Hancock's corps is placed on the road between Malvern Hill and Richmond, about eighteen miles from the latter city. General Butler is digging a canal between two points on the James river, practically converting the peninsula of Bermuda Hundred into an island.

Additional particulars have been received of the action of Sunday. Part of the 2d and 10th corps were engaged with the rebels in the p. m., near Deep Bottom. The 10th corps under General Birney took part of the rebel works with 4 eight-inch brass guns, and a number of prisoners, with small loss. The enemy fell back to a strong position. The first brigade, Col. Marcy commanding, charged across a corn field, over a hill, and down into a ravine, where they came to a stream with a swamp on the opposite side. It was found impossible to cross the ravine, and our men concealed themselves until dark, when they were withdrawn. The 2d division lost at least 300 men in the engagement. The 1st and 3d divisions which were in support lost about 250 from rebel artillery. The wounded were all brought off and are being cared for at City Point. Our troops still hold their position in front of the rebel works which are very strong and well defended, owing to the nature of the country in that vicinity.

The Times despatch states that the rebels are extensively mining works along our lines in front of Petersburg, but the vigilance of our commanders has successfully frustrated their designs.

A New Orleans correspondent of the 7th, says a force has left there for Pensacola, to operate against Mobile.

The new rebel pirate, the Tallahassee, made her way along the coast, capturing and destroying all the vessels with which she met, over fifty in all. She was last reported at Halifax, coaling, preparatory to a visit to the Bay of Chaleur. Several vessels are in pursuit, but she is said to be very fast.

The latest news from the army of the Potomac is everything in regard to the new movement is satisfactory, though no decisive advantage had yet been gained. Our loss in the whole affair was about 1,000.

There is little doubt that large reinforcements have been sent to Early and that Lee intends a heavy campaign on the Upper Potomac.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, now in session at Portland is fully attended, and the exercises are represented to be very interesting.

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Herald says that a considerable body of troops had moved from Pensacola, to invest Fort Morgan and prevent the escape of the garrison.

Gerritt Smith, in a letter to a friend, expresses the sentiment and feeling of many who have not been the ardent supporters of Mr. Lincoln. He says, "issues with the southern rebels and their northern friends are the only ones we can afford to make before the election. The election of a loyal man, however faulty he may be, can destroy the nation. But the election of a disloyal man will, strong as is your dislike of some of Mr. Lincoln's measures, you will not suffer it to stand in the way of your voting to save the country, nor in the way of your entreating others to do so."

The inquiry when the draft will begin, is answered in the War Department order which directs all State Provost Marshals to keep their accounts of quotas and credits in as forward a condition as possible, "and see that the draft commences immediately after the expiration of the fifty days mentioned in the act of Congress."

The establishments of the American and English Missionary Societies, at Constantinople, were seized by an armed force on the 17th ult, and many of the Turkish converts thrown into prison.

No man ever yet saw an American who hated slavery and yet upheld the rebellion; and no one ever saw an American who justified and wished to perpetuate slavery who had not at least a sneaking tenderness for the rebel cause. For all practical purposes, the rebellion and slavery are related as mother and child.

The Newburyport Herald says that by the will of the late Hon. Josiah Little of that city, Bowdoin College has received \$10,000 to \$12,000 for the establishment of a Professorship of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

**A SAD AND SINGULAR STORY.**—The citizens of Berkshire county are just now excited over a sudden and singular death which occurred in Lanesboro on Tuesday. A boy giving the name of Henry E. Goodwin recently made application to the Briggs Iron works for work, and although they were not in need of help, he pleaded so hard that employment was given him. His superior intelligence, modesty, and freedom from profanity and coarseness, and his great industry, all conspired to win the favor of his employers, who spoke of it to several gentlemen of the village. Shortly after commencing work he was taken ill, and repaired to Munson's Hotel, where, in order to be apart from the other boarders, he had made a bed in the garret. The care he received was not the best, and the patient grew rapidly worse, when a physician was finally sent for, who wished to examine his bowels to see if they were bloated, but Henry objecting, the doctor did not insist. The next day he was worse, and on Monday the doctor found his case hopeless. He being insensible the doctor made an examination of his bowels, and discovered that his patient was a woman. During the night the patient continued insensible or deranged, and died the next morning.

An inquest was held, at which it was ascertained that the deceased worked about a week for a Mr. Barton in Dalton, at farming, came to Pittsfield, worked for Amos Shephardson, farming, at \$1 50 a day, four days, but left as she could not do haying. She then applied for work at the Iron Works in Lanesboro, and with the sad result narrated as above. The Pitts-Burg Eagle says that everywhere she conducted herself with extreme modesty and propriety, and showed great industry. From letters found among her effects, she appears to have been the wife of Leeman Underhill, a soldier or officer in Battery D, 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery, lately stationed at Fort Jackson, near New Orleans. The letters are addressed "Dear Julia and Children." The first one speaks of having sent her money, with some doubt in one case whether it was honestly delivered. The late ones speak of want, not having been paid, sickness, &c., and intimate a request for more money. She sent money away at two different times at least—probably to her husband, and perhaps to her children—and there seems little doubt that she assumed her disguise in order to procure more remunerative pay, and died from over-exertion for those she loved. Her conduct throughout seems to have been beyond reproach. A fine bowie knife, ground very sharp, was found among her effects, and was doubtless intended for defence against insult. From passages in the letters we infer that she may have been a native of Maine and removed to Wisconsin.

**IMPORTANT TO "ENROLLED MEN."** We are authorized by Adjutant General Holdson to say that Provost Marshal Frye has decided that "enrolled men"—that is, men liable to draft—will receive both State and Government bounty if they enlist prior to the draft. The announcement to the contrary was made upon an apparently authoritative statement which now turns out to be erroneous. We are glad of this, because, as the decision stood, it was a manifest discrimination against our own citizens. It widens the field for recruiting largely.

A Washington despatch states that the Commission of Indian Affairs is informed by Gov. Evans of Colorado, that he is satisfied that nearly all the Indian tribes of the plains are combined in the war against the whites, and that it will be the longest Indian war this country ever had, extending from Texas to the British lines.

**WINE.**—A new wine is just coming into popular favor but by no means intoxicating in its nature. We refer to Speer's Sambuc Wine, which has been introduced into the hospitals and principal drug-stores in this city, and in London and Paris, by A. Fred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. [Albany Standard.]

**MILITARY OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS** should have BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, as they can be carried in the pocket, and taken upon the first appearance of a Cough or Cold, which, if neglected, may terminate in something worse. As there are imitations, be sure to OBTAIN the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches which are sold everywhere at twenty-five cents a Box.

The town of Winterport, in Waldo county, presents a rare example of the wisdom and forethought of its inhabitants. Notwithstanding the heavy financial burdens which the demands of the war have made upon it, to pay its taxes and fill its quotas, and although it has always filled the latter, with a surplus to count on the next call, it has not to-day a dollar of outstanding war debt! It pays its bills as it goes, by assessing and collecting sufficient taxes every year to meet all its obligations.

Polls to be kept open at the next Election. By the resolve providing for an amendment of the Constitution so as to allow soldiers absent from the State to vote for governor, senators, representatives and county officers, and which amendment is to be voted upon at our coming State election, it is provided that on the 2nd Monday in September next the polls shall be opened at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in all the cities, towns and plantations in this State, and shall be kept open until six o'clock in the afternoon, and no adjournment or intermission whatever shall take place until the same be closed.

G. G. Haiscom, Esq., of Le Crosse, Wisconsin, formerly of China, in this State, was killed by the Indians on the Upper Platte river, on the 14th inst.

Mexican advices state that the progress of the French army in subjugating Mexico has recently been interrupted by some reverses. A large force of Mexicans have cut off all supplies from Acapulco, which is occupied by French troops, and the siege of that city has been raised. It was believed that the French would be obliged to surrender, in consequence of the want of food. The Mexicans harass the French troops in the city night and day by incessant firing from their batteries.

Samuel S. Southard, agent of the Adams Express Company at Terre Haute, Ind., committed suicide in his room by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, a few days ago. He left a letter which says: "Liquor has ruined me, as well as thousands of others; I have tried hard to quit, but find it impossible to do so."

A gentleman of Celtic extraction applied at the Provost Marshal's office yesterday for exemption on account of "very coarse veins"—at least he said that was what the doctor called it.—[Argus.]

A participator in a recent Newport "hop," thinks one young lady whom he noticed must be an exemplary christian as she did not seem to get entirely out of patience with her partner—a mouse-colored Englishman, who danced like a Canadian pony afflicted with the spring-hall.



100

of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge.  
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

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**PAINT.**

YOU can get paint all mixed, for just the cost of the material at

**GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,**  
where he keeps a nice stock of Paints, Oils, Varnishes,  
Fancy Colors.


30th 7th month, 1864.

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*Children's Wear,*  
A new stock of all kinds, at  
*Merrifield*

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**L**ADIES' BOOTS, in great variety,  
at MAXWELL'S

 SELF SEALING AND SELF PRESERVING  
**GLASS JARS,**  
To preserve Berries, &c. fresh, without sugar.  
For sale at GILBERTH'S, Kendall's Mill  
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