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Maxham & Wing

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By G. W. HOLMES.
Pier of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne thro' our battle-field's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and blazoned in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fate!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Fido of her children and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unscathed! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet, by madmen and traitors blighted
Dark the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us!
Trusting Thee always thro' shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, Oh, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY MISS MARY E. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

Though modest, on his unembellished brow
Nature had written "gentleman"—Byron.

"News, ladies, news!" said Frank Foster, putting his head into my parlor window, where a bevy of the young girls of the village had collected, one pleasant June morning, to discuss the events of the little party I had given them the evening before.

"What is it, Frank: what is it?" cried all in a breath. (Don't be shocked, my young fashionables, at this want of ceremony; remember, the young people of our village grew up together.) "Why, there came a letter by mail, this morning, directed to—, the distinguished American poet, at this place; besides, I heard through my cousin, Fred Foster, formerly his college chum, now his correspondent, that he intended spending a month in our village, a week ago; so you see we may expect him certainly—scarcely this week, as it is now Saturday, but soon, as he is already supposed to be here. Now, ladies, I happen to know that he is young, single, good-looking, amiable; and, if I were not disposable myself (a prize, as you all know, well worth securing) I should advise you to—set your caps; one and all, without delay."

"Come in, Frank, do, and tell us all about him."

"Not for the universe; I have but half a second left to reach the cars; I shall miss them if I remain here another moment. Oh, les femmes! les femmes! he who lingers is lost: let me resist temptation immediately. Au revoir, ladies, au revoir!" and, bowing gracefully, the gay young man turned away and walked on down the street.

"O Aunt Debbie," said little Nell Thompson, "what a pity we had our party so soon! If he had only come this week, instead of next!"

"Never mind, my dear; I will give you another."

"You will! Oh, girls! did you hear that? Aunt Debbie is going to give us another party."

"Is she? Are you, Aunt Debbie? Oh, you darling woman! Thank you! I thank you! and they crowded round in their glee, thanking and caressing me."

"There, there, my children, that will do; Nelly, my specs, dear, if you please; there, on that table. Thank you. Lucy, will you gather up my sewing; you have overturned my work-basket. See what you have done, Maggie; you have drawn the needles out of my stocking."

"Oh, pardon, pardon, Aunt Debbie; but when shall we have the party?"

"When? week after next; we will decide on the evening between this and that time."

"You will invite the poet?"

"Oh, of course."

"Let me see; I'll wear my salmon-colored silk, it is so becoming to me," said the handsome Helen Houston.

"I'll wear my blue barege," said little blonde Lucy Nelson; "it's so delicate, it suits my complexion exactly."

"We will order new dresses of pale pink satin," said the elder of the two proud Sherwood sisters, "and brother Tom will make the poet's acquaintance, and invite him home to dinner."

"And what will the little Annie wear?" said I, bending down to the sweet but silent girl on the footstool at my feet; "you will wish to captivate also?"

"As for clothes, my worldly effects are something like Ichabod Crane's, portable in a pocket handkerchief; and as I have no means of enhancing their value at present, I must en make the best of matters; but as to captivating the poet, Aunt Debbie, would you have me try?"

"I would have you try to fulfil your promise to spend a few weeks with me, now that I shall have this party to get up; besides, I have a country cousin coming to visit me next week, whom I should like you to help me entertain."

"Oh, with pleasure; and I can come very well, now that my aunt is staying with me. Mother will not miss me while Aunt Ellison is with her."

"That's a dear obliging girl! Now don't disappoint me; I shall depend on you."

"Soon after, the girls left, and after arranging the room, I set about taking up the dropped stitches of my unfortunate stocking, thinking the while of Annie Logan. You shall know more about her, my reader; but first I must premise that, although all the young folks of the village, call me Aunt Debbie, I have no earthly right to that title, as I was an only child, and am now a "maiden lady," so far advanced in years that I do not like to publish them. I have a cousin, however, a young cousin, who is a "host in himself." Excuse me, my reader, that neither you nor my young friends in the village are to know more about him at present; I never boast, my reader, either of relations or acquaintances, never knowing that where boasting is used, it is needed; though I confess to being somewhat egotistical just now; so let me return from the snow of age to the bloom of youth; to one elegant in manner, cultivated in intellect, noble in principle, and beautiful in thought, feeling and expression—my little favorite, Annie Logan. She was poor, in the estimation of the world, being the only daughter of a widowed mother, who was obliged to keep a boarding-house, and having to teach music for her own maintenance; nevertheless, in all that makes a woman intrinsically valuable, she was rich, abundantly wealthy.

I had taken up all the stitches, folded up my nearly finished stocking, and run the needles through the ball of yarn, when I heard the long, shrill whistling whistle of the returning

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cars. It reminded me of Mr. Cutter's "Song of Steam," and, as I sat repeating to myself that most beautiful lyric, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, and, turning round quickly, beheld my cousin, carpet-bag in hand. My only living relation! Did he appear as handsome to any one as he did to me that morning, when, the first greeting over, I had time to observe him, to watch the ever-varying expression of his fine eyes, and to admire the rich chestnut hair waving over the white, magnificently-developed forehead! I had not seen him since my removal from the country to this village ten years ago, and he was then a quiet, diffident youth, preparing for college. Now, as I sat talking with him, I could not help mentally exclaiming, again and again—How much improved he is! and what a splendid specimen of manhood!

That evening, after he had drawn my easy-chair to the centre-table and placed a footstool under my feet, he seated himself opposite, remarking how home-like and peaceful my little parlor seemed, with its bright light and cheerful fire, to him, who had so long been deprived of the blessings and comforts of home. I sent for my knitting, and we spent a pleasant evening together, my cousin and I, enjoying a conversation frank in character, cheerful in tone, and rich in old memories.

CHAPTER II.
She to higher hopes
Was destined.—ARXSADE.

"Deborah," said my aristocratic old friend, Mrs. Featherstonough, at the conclusion of her last letter, "I have determined to let Florence remain one more winter at the north, in order to perfect herself in music and the languages; and, as it is neither pleasant nor desirable she should come so far south in midsummer for a few weeks, I should like to have her spend her vacation with you. You will take good care of my daughter, my true friend, and will be a watchful guardian, I trust. I do not wish to have her make any new acquaintances. You know well that, although an American, I am no lover of democracy, and I particularly dislike the present levelling system of society. Besides, I have bestowed so much care and expense on Florence that I anticipate a brilliant debut for her next winter in our own city. I am confident that she will be the belle of the season. Pardon a mother's ambitious view, Deborah, and forgive me my 'illiberal' views, as you used to do in 'ould lang syne.' If, as Bulwer asserts, our opinions are the angel part of our nature, I fear you will not give much for mine. Nevertheless, I feel assured that, for the sake of our old friendship, you will regard the trust and value the attachment of your sincere friend,
FRANCES FEATHERSTONOUGH.

P.S. Please insist upon Florence wearing a large sun-bonnet whenever she goes out."

"Poor Fanny!" thought I, as I refolded the letter; "as narrow-minded and conservative as ever." But there are excuses for her, my reader; though an American, as she says, by birth, she was of English parentage and education, and had married a wealthy friend and countryman of her father's, who was as strenuous a royalist as himself. I could not help smiling at the postscript. Did she wish the sunbonnet to protect her daughter's fair face from the sun, or from the admiring gaze of our village beaux?

This letter was soon followed by Miss Featherstonough, who came a few days after my cousin's arrival. I had never seen her before, and when she threw back the long thick green veil that almost enveloped her whole person, I could not but acknowledge that her appearance justified her mother's worldly expectations. She was tall, slender, and stately in figure; *distingue*, and at the same time fascinating in manner; but when she removed the close travelling bonnet, and I saw the whole contour of her most perfect Grecian features, her large lustrous eyes, and her magnificent wealth of dark hair, parted smoothly on the centre of her forehead, brushed back, and gathered into soft shining folds at the back of her head, I stood looking at her like one entranced. Never in my life had I seen any one so beautiful, so superb! Recovering myself, I led the way to the apartment prepared for her, and, as she employed herself in various little matters, I could not help following her with my eyes. I was charmed. Well might her proud fond mother say, "My Florence moves like a queen!" Miss Featherstonough was somewhat fatigued with her journey, and I left her to rest awhile previous to preparing for dinner. My cousin was out rambling in the woods when she came, but I had the pleasure of presenting him at dinner. I saw by his animated manner that he was as much pleased as myself with this new and delightful acquisition to our family.

Miss Featherstonough was rather reserved during the first and second days of her visit; but, owing partly to the simple unceremonious customs of my household, and much more to the really polite and engaging deportment of my cousin, she began to unbend, and soon accommodated herself to our mode of living perfectly. Towards the close of the second evening I opened the piano, and requested her to play. She complied immediately, and played skillfully and well, with taste, beauty and feeling. She sang too; and, as the fine full tones of her voice floated through the apartment, my cousin joined in, and I, charmed and thrown off my guard by the softening influence of the music, commenced also; but as my poor old cracked voice, did anything but add to the melody, I soon desisted, not a little discomfited. But my kind, thoughtful cousin insisted upon my singing "Home, Sweet Home" with them, and one or two other old tunes, before we retired.

Next morning, as I had an engagement, my cousin proposed a ride on horseback to Miss Featherstonough, which she accepted with pleasure, and soon made her appearance in an elegant blue riding-habit, black velvet cap, and white plumes. Miss Featherstonough certainly understood the art of dressing well; she could not have selected a more becoming costume. I saw my cousin regard her with evident admiration when he entered to say that all was in readiness. I watched them mount from the piazza, and as they rode off, gracefully bowing their adieux, I could not help building an "air-castle" for them entirely at variance with friend Fanny's injunctions.

During their absence, to my great delight, Annie Logan arrived. The sweet girl! there is such an undefinable charm about her that her presence is always desirable. I took great pleasure in presenting Miss Featherstonough and my cousin to my little favorite when they returned. While the girls were changing their dresses, my cousin embraced the opportunity to ask me a few questions concerning Annie, adding that he did not care how many more ladies came, if they were all as charming and agreeable as Miss Featherstonough. I was about to sound him farther when the door opened, and Annie and Miss Featherstonough entered. My cousin arose and offered chairs; but, before they had time to accept, the dinner-bell rang. Never was there a pleasanter dinner-party, and never was there a happier household than mine during the week following. The girls drew or embroidered while my cousin read to them, in the mornings; after dinner, we walked, rode or sailed; and in the evenings we had music, conversation, games, and very often, visitors. I felt almost young again; my heart warmed and expanded in the genial spring-like influence around me, and there came back over the waste of my existence a breath from the far-off morning-tide.

CHAPTER III.
Hers was the brow in trials unperplexed,
That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed.
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise.—CAMPBELL.

After breakfast one morning, when I had sent my cousin to arrange a little matter of business for me, left Miss Featherstonough promenading in the piazza, and seen Annie seated in the parlor at her drawing. I went up to my room to write a letter. The windows were all open; and as I sat at my desk in the corner between a front and side window, looking and arranging my thoughts, my eye resting at intervals on the lovely landscape below, and the blue river winding its solitary way afar off, I heard little feet ascending the steps of the piazza, and then a childish voice supplicating in pitiful tones for a few pennies to buy some bread.

"Run away," said Miss Featherstonough, "run off home, little ragamuffin! no one encourages beggars here."

I hastened to the window to see who it was, for I knew, from the boy's earnest sorrowful tone, that he was in distress; and I knew, also, that nothing but real necessity would induce any one to beg in our village; but he was gone. Just then I heard the side door open, and, going to the other window, I saw Annie come out and go to the child, who was crouching down close to the side of the house crying bitterly.

"There, there, my little man, don't cry so; here's something to buy some bread, run off, and get it as fast as you can. But wait; does not your mother live in the little cottage by the old mill?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And how is it that you are in need of bread?"

"Cos daddy got drunk, and Mr. Miller wouldn't give him any more work, and mother was so sick she couldn't do any more washin'."

"What's your name, my man?"

"Tommy Dale."

"Very well, Tommy, run away now and get the bread, and take it home to your mother."

Poor Fanny, thought I, as I ruminated over this incident, I fear she has thought more of the external than the internal, in forming her child's character. I was sorry that this affair had occurred. To be sure, it was trifling in itself, and Florence was recently from a large city, where there are so many mendicants. Nevertheless, such a want of charity in one so young impressed me unfavorably. I finished my letter and went down-stairs. Miss Featherstonough and my cousin were engaged in an animated argument on the propriety and impropriety of acting from impulse, when I entered the parlor, but Annie was absent. Some time after, she came in, and I knew, from the radiant expression of her ingenious face, that Annie had been acting from the impulse of her own good heart, and that the family by the "old mill" had been relieved and comforted. Towards evening, as we wandered through the cool shaded walks of my beautiful garden (I am very proud of my garden, reader, and with reason), Miss Featherstonough praised its plan, admired the arrangement of the beds, arbors, and shrubbery in her own peculiarly happy and graphic manner, which lent a charm to everything described not entirely its own, till I was quite delighted, and I felt thrilled as I thought of myself for having harbored a thought detrimental to the beautiful being before me. My cousin listened approvingly while he busied himself in gathering and arranging bouquets for us. I noticed in the one he gave to Annie white roses, violets, heart's ease, and forget-me-nots; but in Miss Featherstonough's I saw, among other symbolical flowers, myrtle, heliotrope, and red roses. As the evening was so charming, and it wanted still an hour of tea-time, we concluded to extend our walk, Annie and I leading the way towards the river, my cousin and Miss Featherstonough following. Indeed it always happened, I scarcely know how, that my cousin was Miss Featherstonough's companion, whether in riding, sailing or walking. As we sauntered slowly along the banks of the river, enjoying the refreshing breeze and admiring the sunset, we saw at a short distance, in front of us two little boys, one fishing and the other watching him. They were standing with their backs toward us, and, as we neared them, every word they uttered sounded distinctly over the still water.

"Oh, Harry," said the little watcher, "if I only had a line like that, I'd be happy."

"Well, Jim, why don't you get one? I only give a sixpence for that Smith's."

"How can I when I haint got the money?"

"I've been at mother to get me one for weeks, and she says she haint got the money to spare."

"Wont your father?"

"He don't come back from work at farmer Ripley's till Saturday night; but I don't believe he'd give it to me if he was home. I must just go without. I never get anything I want, anyhow."

"Come hither, my boy," said Miss Featherstonough.

The child turned quickly round, somewhat startled at the presence of strangers, blushed and obeyed confusedly.

"Will you get me some of those white flowers on the bank there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The little fellow ran to comply, and in a few minutes returned with a quantity of the flowers indicated. Miss Featherstonough took them, and put the desired sixpence in his hand.

"Oh, thankie! thankie, ma'am!" and the delighted boy bounded away to his companion to show his treasure.

"How easy it is to give happiness to a child!" said Miss Featherstonough, her beautiful face reflecting the pleasure she had bestowed; "would it were as easy to obtain it for ourselves!"

The lovely girl, how I had wronged her! I gave her my hand, contrived to get her away from my cousin, walked with her, talked with her best; but when I turned round to see why she answered? Yes instead of No so often, I found her intently regarding my cousin, who was carefully putting the flower she had given him into one of the buttonholes of his coat. Simpleton! I might have known better; was it natural that she should prefer the society of an old woman to that of a young man? I repaired my error, of course. On our way home we met Laura and Eleanor Sherwood, who invited us to a party at their house for the evening after next. Ah! this reminds me that I had forgotten to mention that the evening for our party came and went by unobserved some time ago, as the poet had not made his appearance.

As the girls and myself were sitting alone in the parlor early next morning, we heard the ever-welcome postman's ring. Annie flew to the hall, and in a few minutes returned with a couple of letters, which she held high above her head, playfully exclaiming—

"Here they are, Miss Featherstonough, bearing the motto of thine own true knight, 'God and my faire ladye.'"

Miss Featherstonough sprang eagerly forward and snatched them from her hand; but, on glancing at the superscriptions, and seeing that neither was for her, her brow darkened and with a sudden burst of passion she dashed them on the floor; then, turning to the startled Annie with anger glowing in every lineament of her face, exclaimed—

"Do you consider that a joke, Miss? If you do, let me tell you that I consider it an insult."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons! I assure you I did not mean to offend; I only did it in fun." But without heeding, Miss Featherstonough brushed past her and left the room.

"O Aunt Debbie, what have I done," said the distressed girl.

"Nothing, my dear; at least, nothing to merit such an ebullition as that; think no more about it."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Debbie, it certainly was very wrong in me, very; I must go and tell her how sorry I am."

"Not now, my dear; do not go now; it will not avail; besides, I have a commission for you to attend to immediately, if you will so that you may be back in time for breakfast."

What that commission was, my reader, poor old bedridden Nancy, who lives in the cot in the opening at the head of the glen, may tell you herself, if she chooses; it is enough, for the present, to know that it diverted Annie's mind from the contemplation of a disagreeable subject, pleased Nancy, and left me to ponder interrupted over Miss Featherstonough's sudden and surprising manifestation of ill-temper, which I regretted, especially as my cousin's eyes and manner had of late evinced something more than friendliness when directed towards her, and unless my old eyes and specs deceived me, that something was reciprocated too. If a lasting attachment should spring up between them—Oh! I could not think of it; my cousin, with his simple domestic habits and warm heart, could never be happy with a woman reared and educated solely for the world of fashion, even though her temper were serene and changeless as a summer sky. Had I better make him the warder on the water-tower of his own heart, by narrating to him the incident of the letters when he came in? No I could not do that. I had learned Pope's verse—

"Teach me to hide the fault I see," etc.

too thoroughly in my youth to be able to violate its precepts in my old age. Right or wrong, I must let things take their course. But then such a thing might not occur again until it was too late. My poor cousin—he certainly was far too good for Florence Featherstonough. Too good for Florence Featherstonough! My country cousin! I almost fancy the spirit of the proud mother before me in the loftiness of his avenging wrath. Rest tranquil in thy ignorance of the fact, Fanny; secure in thy fancied elevation. Be assured that art not alone in thy error. I have met many another in my walk through life, who, like thee, chose to assume a superiority over men who, in their calm pride, would not condescend to notice thee or thy airs, save by a quiet smile of pity.

A quarter of an hour later, when we all met at breakfast, Annie was reconciling to Miss Featherstonough, and Miss F. was in return—shall I say it?—sulky. My cousin soon perceived that something was wrong, and with a tact and delicacy that I could not but admire, introduced such interesting topics of conversation, and in spite of monosyllabic answers at first, maintained so perfectly his own even, kind and agreeable manner, that we soon yielded to his influence, and the delightful tone of our intercourse, so rudely dashed aside for the moment, flowed back into its accustomed channel again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REBEL OFFICERS PLACED UNDER FIRE AT CHARLESTON. The six hundred rebel officers on Morris Island have been placed under fire in retaliation for that number of Union prisoners exposed to our fire in Charleston. The quarters of these officers are on Cumming's Point, directly between forts Gregg and Wagner, and are commanded by the batteries of both forts and an enfilade from the fleet. A stockade has been built of pine logs, sharpened at the top, and inside this stockade, which is some fourteen feet high, the officers are quartered in shelter tents. A plank way runs round the work, on which sentinels are stationed. The fare furnished the prisoners is as near like that which the rebels give our men

in Charleston as it is possible to obtain. The rebels are certainly in a bad fix. Whenever their friends open fire on Cumming's Point, in reply to our guns, they will be exposed to imminent danger of life and limb. Gen. Foster determined to bring the rebels to their senses in this matter.

PUERILITY OF GOSSIP.—It is humiliating to think on what a thin intellectual diet some people live in so-called society. We have listened to an hour's conversation between young or older ladies, and have wondered that the intellect did not die from sheer starvation. E. P. Whipple, in one of his essays, has some good hints on this point:

"But of all the expedients to make the head weak, the brain gauzy, and bring life down to the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled 'conversation.' How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a maze of topics—is a great question, if philosophy could search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on dawdling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart. The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors and pleading for their attention, and they wondering where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet! The whole world of literature, through its triumphs of fame, adorning them to regard its garnered stores, both of thought and emotion, and they thinking, 'It's high time, if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question!' To be sure, when this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal with nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living if not the reality of life."

MAID AND WIFE.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared to impart every embryo of thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every action is changed, and she flies with joy in the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments and watchful protection of home, who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places, for on him is first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

PAYING DEAR FOR INDULGENCE.—Young man, young woman, if you are yielding to any bad habit, know that you will pay for it! You will be sorry for it, sometime. The excesses of youth, as one says, are drafts upon age. It is easy, I know, to do wrong now; but it will not be so easy to suffer for it afterward, as long as you live. Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, said in one of his speeches, "I tell you in all sincerity, not as in the excitement of a speech, but as I would confess and have confessed before God, I would give my right hand tonight if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society; if I could tear from my remembrance the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions which have taken place before me. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought which has lodged and harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and by God's grace you may conquer it, but it will, through life, cause you bitterness and anguish."

Hearken to this testimony! The Bible promises "length of days" to those who keep God's commandments. Be so temperate, so pure, so prudent, that, if your life is spared, you may at length come to your end like the man described by Nathaniel Lee, nearly two hundred years ago:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that withered long;
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner;
Rare seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly he ran on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

RELATIVE DUTIES.—Robert Philip has observed that every man's character is to be estimated by the measure of his fidelity in meeting the several relations of life. What one is as a husband, father, brother, friend, citizen, must fix his character. There is no such thing as abstract virtue. As all duties are concrete and actual, so no one is at liberty to substitute a theory of rectitude for the practice of the same. Both in its spirit and in its precepts Christianity demands a recognition of this great truth. Religion consists in an obligation to perform certain relative duties and to abstain from the commission of certain relative wrongs. Thus piety is morality, animated by love, guided by faith, and controlled by truth. Long as the gospel has been preached, there are yet vast masses of nominal Christians who need to learn what are the first principles of true religion. Creeds, ceremonies, rites, forms, and all the pomp of external worship can never take the place of the simple duties we owe to God and to each other. Still there are those who, intent upon becoming very religious, adore and value more the forms of worship, than they do the living spirit of holiness in the heart. Hence it is that they are many who are at times very devout, and are also found to be very ungodly. They

are precise conformists in matters external, and reckless non-conformists in matters internal. They have boundless faith in ordinances and rites, and but little love for the less conspicuous duties of private life. Against this perversion of the spirit of Christianity there should be a constant protest. For protestantism itself derived its origin, and now owes its existence, to the distinction, which it recognized between a religionism of rites and a religion which takes possession of the individual heart, and fills it with right motives and correct principles of conduct.—[Intelligencer.]

SOME THINGS WHICH WE BELIEVE.

We care nothing about any reputation for foresight or discernment relative to the present condition of affairs in this country. But there are certain things which we believe, and which we have firmly held thus far through every change and in every state of the struggle.

We believe there is soundness and health enough among the American people to carry the nation successfully through this time of trial.

We believe that in this public virtue and true love of country among the masses of the people lies our only means of safety and success.

We believe that the great body of the people of the North, whatever party they may have acted with heretofore, really and honestly love their country, and wish to act the part of loyal citizens and faithful supporters of our excellent Government.

We believe that whatever changes may be made in policy or methods of administration, or with the men who hold the highest military and civil positions, the country will be saved.

We believe that if we could fully understand every thing connected with our national situation, we should see plainly that the war has been conducted as successfully as was possible in the nature of things, and that our progress toward victory and peace has in truth been steady and rapid.

We believe that those Union men who think it is a mark of superior wisdom to be always finding fault with the Administration are acting very foolishly, and are in truth giving encouragement to our enemies by weakening the spirit of loyal people. We know this article in our creed will not be very popular, but we think a croaker the most utterly useless creature that God permits to vegetate in this working, progressive world.

We believe the people of this country need a much greater degree of intelligence, a more general diffusion of knowledge, to enable them to maintain a popular government and free institutions; and we believe they are learning very fast. We believe, too, that when they find out what is right they will do it.

We believe that Abraham Lincoln can be elected to the presidency this fall, and that he ought to be. If the matter depended on our single will, we would make him president for the next four years to come, believing that he is the best man in the country for the place. Besides, or at any rate, he is the nominee of the Union party, and if he is not elected a Copperhead will be.

Finally, we believe that Right and Truth are in their inherent nature aggressive and immortal; and that they will sometime be universal. We believe God will keep at work in this world until everything in it is arranged exactly as he wants it. We believe the millennium has come already—a little—and that more of it will come to-day, and to-morrow, and next year; and that all true work lives forever.—Union City (Ind.) Eagle.

A BRACE OF GEMS.—Copperhead eloquence, rhetoric and patriotism seem to be all of a piece. The keen sense of humor displayed by the orators of this persuasion, the chasteness of their speech and the lofty standard of their patriotism are interesting to contemplate. We give a couple of specimen bricks. In the Chicago Convention, C. C. Burr—a lovely fellow, somewhat unknown in this state—said:

"Mr. Lincoln has stolen a good many thousand negroes, but for every negro he has thus stolen he has stolen ten thousand spoons. It had been said that if the South would lay down their arms they would be received again into the Union. The South could not honorably lay down her arms, for she was fighting for her honor. We were told that we would conquer the rebellious states. They could not be conquered, and he prayed God that they might never be." Judge Miller of Ohio said in the ratification meeting after the convention: "A bloody war has been waged to elevate the negro to an equality with the white man. There is no difference between a war democrat and an abolitionist. They are both links in the same sausage, made from the same dog."

IN THE FUTURE AS IN THE PAST.—The Democrats have resolved, in their Chicago Convention, that they will adhere to the Union "in the future, as they have in the past." Viewed in the light of history, this is a questionable promise. They were Democrats who seceded, who broke up the Union, stole the Union arms, seized the Union forts, munitions, arsenals, navy-yards, ships and public property, organized the rebellion, fired upon the Union flag, inaugurated a Rebel government, with a Democratic senator as chief, to lead them in their long and bloody war against the Union. All these things were done under a Democratic Administration, while a Democrat occupied the presidential chair. This is the way the Democracy has adhered to the Union in the past! This is what it promises for the future!

[New York Tribune.]

SOMETHING FOR DOUGLAS DEMOCRATS TO REMEMBER.—Before the rebellion broke out Senator Douglas, referring to the Southern States, said:

"If they remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will warrant me in securing their rights; but if they secede I am in favor of allowing them just as many slaves and just as much slave territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet."

THE COARSE ARTS.—"The fine arts do not interest me," said Theodore Parker, "so much as the coarse arts, which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be a great man as Franklin than a Michael Angelo—may if I had a son, I should rather see him a great mechanic, who organized us like the late George Stephenson, in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show, and feel more sympathy with the pope's bull than his bull lum. Men talk to me about the absence of art in America. You remember the stuff which M— used to twaddle forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long-haired young men. I tell them we have cattle-shows and mechanics' fairs, and ploughs and harrows and saw-mills, threshing machines and planing machines. There is not a saw-mill in Rome. I doubt if there is in the Pontifical States."

Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ELECTORS—J. B. BROWN, Portland.

ABNER STANTON, Damariscotta.

3d Dist.—GOING HATHORN, Pittsfield.

THE weather continues fine, with no frost to this time, though the cold nights have caused some apprehension. There was a slight touch on Wednesday night, of what is called a "black frost," which left its mark on the squash leaves, but did no further harm hereabout. Fall feed promises well for butter, which, as near as we can learn by the papers, is about ten cents higher in Waterville than elsewhere, and potatoes are everywhere proving a much better crop than was looked for; so that while our grocers continue to hold butter at half a dollar, potatoes ought to be cheap in order to make "tater and butter" a proper dish for the poor. It must be safe counsel to advise farmers to bring it in, at present prices, as fast as made; calculating that with such a season, and gold and everything else tending downward, it stands but little chance to rise. Apples are hardly a medium crop, and come to market slowly—of course bearing good prices. "All things considered," the season and harvest may be set down as "fair to middling," and the sharpest dealers in the rare commodity called gratitude may venture, as usual, to thank God accordingly.

THE TROT, given by the Horse Association for the benefit of the Agricultural Society, took place at the Park on Wednesday, as advertised. The weather was fine, but as the wind blew a young colt, it prevented the horses making their best time.

There was a large number of entries, and considering the wind and the condition of the track, they made good time. The first premium (\$40) was trotted for by Pollywog, Skowhegan, owned by Amos Garland; Ned Davis, owned by T. S. Lang; and Triphammer, a Waterville horse, driven by A. Savage. The race, which was a close one, was awarded to Pollywog. Ned Davis showed a very fine gait, and one hard to beat, but from some cause did not stick to his work as well as usual—probably on account of the recent absence of his driver with Gen. Knox.

The second premium (\$30) was contended for by a roan gelding, owned by Mr. May, of Belgrade, and a bay mare owned in Chester.

There seemed to be a difference of opinion in regard to this race, which we understand was given to the bay mare.

The third premium (\$20) was awarded to a bay mare owned at Kendall's Mills, her best time being 2:53. Four horses started for this race—a black horse owned in Belgrade, White Man from Vassalboro, the bay mare owned at Kendall's Mills, and another. They were put in two classes, and made a very pretty trot.

While the trotting was going on the now famous horse Gen. Knox was brought out, and showed his speed in short sections, surprising his most ardent friends by his improved appearance and speed—which the world cannot beat.

The attendance was fair, and we trust the sum received will make its mark upon the Society's debt.

The excursion train, over the K. & P. Railroad to Portland, on Thursday, got off the track at Gardiner, and was delayed some two hours; so that they arrived in Portland at 1:30 instead of 10:30. Returning, the train passed Waterville about 10 P. M. With this exception the excursion is reported a pleasant one.

Arrangements are in progress at this place for an excursion of the Sabbath Schools to the city of Gardiner, as soon as a train can be obtained; probably in season for a general notice on Sunday.

THE ELECTION.—Returns as far as received, embracing 400 towns and plantations, bring the Union majority up to 17,000. The Houlton Times says the Union ticket carried in that county by about 100 majority. This leaves the senate without a single democrat, copperhead or other opponent of the government. The house will be about 124 to 27. The vote of the soldiers is variously estimated from three to six thousand.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday a little daughter of Conductor Bodge, some two years old, fell out of a crib and broke her arm.

THE RIGHT KIND.—The following letter from a Kendall's Mills soldier to Daniel Allen, Esq., of that place, shows about the right spirit:—

Co. G, 17th Reg't Me. Vols.
Before Petersburg, Va., Sept. 6, 1864.

Mr. Allen:—Your letter of August 31st was received with much pleasure, and I am happy to say that I found me in good health, and perfectly contented with my lot as a soldier, although sometimes we are not very comfortably situated, but our situation is growing better every day, and our prospects brighter. I have been in the army of the Potomac ever since its organization, and I have never seen the time when I thought our prospects were half so good as at the present time. Why, sir, I believe that a man can see the right side of anything can see clear through this rebellion, and see perfect subjugation of the South, and not have to look ahead more than three months at that, that is three fighting months, for I honestly believe that we can subjugate them this fall, and if they want extermination they can have that in one more summer's campaign with Grant, and Sherman.

But give us 100,000 more men by the first of October and we will whip them in six weeks, for we have got them where we can handle them with what men we have got, but we could not do it this fall. Now if the folks at home want a speedy and permanent peace, just send along your conscripts, your substitutes, and your volunteers, and we will win a peace in a short time, that will be as lasting as the peace of heaven. But we can not do it by staying at home and crying cruel war.

Even out here in the army we have some men that will whine about this cruel war, and curse honest old Abraham for tearing them away from their wives and children, but I think if the women were as well acquainted with his kind of men as we are, they would say blessed be Abraham. But these men were nobly at home, and of course they do not improve much by entering the army. But it is a certain fact that a man can be a gentleman and christian, and still be a soldier. But I do not wish you to understand that I am one of this kind, for I must admit that I am not a christian, and but a small part of a gentleman, but I do claim to be a soldier, and shall remain as such just as long as there is a rebel with a gun in his hands, which I do not think will be a great while.

I see by your letter that you make a distinction between a traitor and a copperhead. Now all the way I can make any difference in the two is, a traitor is a bold fearless rebel, who takes his musket and goes forth to fight for what he thinks is for his interest, while a copperhead advocates the same thing as the rebel, but will fight for nothing. Now for my part I would just as soon shoot one of those copperheads in Maine, as a rebel here in Virginia. And as for those fellows that skeddaddle in to Canada, I would like to see a law passed that would deprive them of the privilege of ever casting a vote in the United States again.

I hear that good loyal men of Kendall's Mills are letting their boys come out here as substitutes for copperheads. Why, sir, before I would be a substitute for a copperhead, for a few dollars, I would see him sunk deeper into hell than ever old Tom Paine went, and if there is such a place, there is no doubt he is at the very bottom. It must be pleasant for a man out here to know that the man he came for is doing all in his power against him, and the cause he is fighting for, and ever rejoicing when he is defeated on the battle-field. Give my respects to all good union-loving people, and lick the first man that cries peace through democratic party principles.

In Winslow, on the 13th inst., a house and barn, belonging to William Flagg, together with ten tons of hay, threshing machine, harnesses, &c., belonging to others, was set on fire by an incendiary and was consumed. There was no insurance. The house was unoccupied.

SEND TO THE HALL, on Tuesday, whatever you have that is pretty or curious, the sight of which will please and benefit those who may come in. A single article from each individual able to contribute would make a very attractive exhibition.

The ultra Peace men are coming into the support of McClellan, being satisfied that their candidate will eventually make everything satisfactory. The Woods have given in their adhesion, and even Vallandigham is silenced.

The democratic Convention of Massachusetts endorsed both the Chicago platform and McClellan's letter of acceptance, irreconcilable as they appear to honest men. They renominated Hon. H. W. Paine for Governor.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Cyrus Williams, a well known citizen of Waterville, died suddenly Friday night of last week, at the age of 68 years. He had been suffering from dropsy for some time, and died quietly in his chair. He was for many years proprietor of the Williams House.

BENEFIT CONCERT.—We invite attention to the advertised concert for the benefit of the Agricultural Society. The matter is in good hands, and we predict an entertainment worthy of patronage.

It gives us pleasure to announce that Miss Barney is preparing for another of her Juvenile Concerts, and that it will be presented some evening week after next.

It is said that the overland mail service will be resumed forthwith from the other side, the reports of the Indian troubles on the Plains having been greatly exaggerated.

OUR TABLE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The October number of this old favorite is very handsomely embellished, as usual. The price of this work is to be raised immediately, and our wonder is that it has not been done before. It would be cheap with a dollar added to its subscription price.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for September, is embellished with a view of an Oriental City and Semory, and a portrait of Madame de Staël. The contents are of the usual variety and excellence, making it one of the best Family magazines in the country.

Published by Poe and Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY AND MIRROR OF FASHION.—Is an oracle with the ladies, we believe, from whose decision there is no appeal. The September number, which is before us, contains a large double page fashion plate of six figures, splendidly colored; another single page engraving of four figures showing the Fall styles of cloaks; numerous smaller engravings of the latest novelties in various articles of dress and ornament; two sheets of full sized patterns for cutting, of the Adelaide Jacket waist, the Juliette Bodice, and a Lace Collar, Cuff, Miss's Jacket, and Coat Sleeve. There is also a piece of music—"O So Blessed when I left my home," with several illustrated stories and other interesting reading.

Published by W. J. Demorest, New York, at \$3 a year with a liberal discount to clubs.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.—The embellishments in the October number of this rising favorite with the ladies are a fine steel engraving entitled "Peep!" a double page fashion plate, prettily colored; and numerous patterns and designs. A piece of music is also given, entitled "I love thee, dearly loved one," with stories and other good reading in profusion.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—"The Mithraic Balm" is the title of a touching picture, in the October number of this excellent monthly, which is also embellished with "The Hour Glass," a full page wood engraving; and several choice patterns and designs. Miss Townsend continues her story of "The Way Through," and Mrs. Demorest contributes a few more chapters of "Rachel: or Was it Fate or Providence?" There are several other good stories, with much choice miscellaneous reading.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"Master Michael" is the suggestive title of a fine steel engraving in the October number of this favorite magazine; and there will also be found a handsome colored fashion plate, and numerous patterns and designs, as usual. The number is full of good stories, such as Peterson always provides for his readers.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The July number of this English Review has the following table of contents:—

Words and Places; Ludwig Uhland; Freethinking; its History and Tendencies; The Christianian Exodist; Lacerdaire; Christian Art; Public Schools; Travelling in England; The House of Commons.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$5; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

Now volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will occur on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Tuesday will be devoted to the exhibition of cattle at the Society's grounds, with a drawing match in the afternoon, and a Farmers' Levee at Town Hall in the evening. On Wednesday there will be a Drawing Match at 9 o'clock A. M. to be followed by trotting, which will commence at 10 o'clock. The Hall will be open during the whole of Wednesday, the reports being made in the afternoon, commencing about 2 o'clock. We shall endeavor to present our readers with a full account of the Show, with the reports of the committees and a list of the members.

THE SOCIAL LEVEE, at Town Hall, on Tuesday evening next, we trust will be fully attended. Everybody is invited and we hope will be there—bringing the children; and all must come prepared to contribute their fair share of the entertainment. There will be some instrumental and vocal music, but the main source of enjoyment ought to be found in the pleasant intercourse of old and young, in a hall handsomely ornamented and well-lighted. Come, then, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, lads and lasses; let us see what can be done towards successfully inaugurating a new and pleasant feature of the Farmers' festival.

P. S.—We have searched the records carefully, but can find nothing, either in the constitution or by-laws of the Society forbidding any whole-souled farmer bringing in a liberal donation of good eating apples with which to treat the boys and girls, on that evening.

THE DRAFT has commenced in this State, and below we present the result in our own and a few of the adjoining towns:—

WATERVILLE.—14 to be Drafted.—George Jewell, E. G. Coffin, C. G. Carleton, Chas. J. Davis, John Menden, A. W. Lewis, Asa R. Clifford, Joseph F. Eldon, B. F. Herson, M. P. Corson, George Soule, John B. Britt, W. B. Smith, Geo. H. Boardman.

CLINTON.—60 to be Drafted.—Appleton Dixon, Amos L. Eldridge, Nathan Burton, Reuel W. Gerald, Benj. Hunter, John Hall, Milford Nye, Retire Webster, Albert Morrison, Horatio Colcord, Lyman Chaney, Moses A. Leavitt, M. Nye, Foster Brown, Orrin A. Smith, Zebulon Newell, Martin Jewell, Morrill Peavey, Warren Bunker Harrison Chase, David Lancaster, Henry M. Fish, Marshall Pratt, Trustran A. Ricker, Richard Monson, Jas. L. Bushar, Burley Palmer, Albion D. Washburn, Chas. T. Simpson, Noah Cain, Benj. F. Eaton, Arthur McNelly, Nath'l Jaquith, Orlando Y. Gerald, Elbridge G. Hodgdon, Dan'l Thurston, Sylvester Powell, Oren Holt, Chas. A. Brown, Edmund Parkman, David L. Hunter, James A. Dickey, Jos. Wood, Chas. Rurill, Isaac Chase, Alonzo Richardson, Simon Gerald, Daniel Dyer, Dan'l Flye, Alton Richardson, Warren Gerald, Stephen R. Gould, Grinnville A. Goodwin, Wm. H. Leavitt, Albert Getchell, Philander Hunter, Jesse Kimball.

CANAN.—50 to be Drafted.—John S. Man, Sam'l L. Fowler, Joseph Buzzell, Joseph M. Washburn, Hiram B. Keene, Willard Brown, Jas. T. Booker, Alexander B. Penney, Wm. C. Elliott, Joseph Adams, James H. Sturdivant, Miller R. Ricker, David A. Ramsdell, Adrastus Warren, Geo. H. Nason, Lysander H. Corson, Geo. H. Fitzgerald, Henry Morton, Mark Gerald, 2d, Perley Tilton, Drow Goodridge, Nath'l E. Blake, Alfred L. Maxwell, Scammon Burill, Thaddeus Brock, Geo. W. Robinson, Henry Hasey, Phineas S. Rolf, Sam'l Nason, Jr., Randall H. Nye, Luther F. Rolf, Orrin T. Morrow, Milford Keene, Howard Ricker, Wm. Church, Gideon S. Davis, Jason Hodgdon, James M. Foster, Chas. F. Huzzey, Nath'l Weymouth, Warren Goodridge, H. Goodridge, Mark Whitton, Darius Kray, Jos. M. Booker, Joseph L. Fisher, Jos. Weymouth, Asa H. Tozier, Augustus Barrett, Wm. H. Dunlap.

VASSALBORO.—48 to be Drafted.—Chas. Maguire, Theodore B. Lombard, John Q. Collins, James Young, Nathan Stanley, Luther S. Rackliff, Nathan T. Hall, Elias D. Willey, Henry A. Brown, Benj. F. Bourne, John McCormick, Geo. H. Gibson, Gustavus B. Webster, Orrin Farnham, Geo. W. Brown, Simon Bragg, Edwin F. Taber, Geo. H. Emery, John F. Wyof, Chas. H. Jepson, Patrick Ryley, Benj. K. Wood, John Seales, Joseph C. Gardiner, Wm. H. Cates, Sullivan B. Priest, D. Leonard Hartley, John H. Getchell, Henry A. Priest, Luther Morrison, Edward J. Roberts, Edward Priest, Alexander Ricker, Alfred Wilbury, Nathan Lawrence, Alpheus Webb, Michael McCabe, John A. Nelson, Elijah Cook, Jr., Frank Haler, Nath'l Watts, Wm. I. Rowe, Thomas Buchanan, Thomas Clark, 2d, Joshua Robbins, Henry C. Chidbourne, Jeremiah A. Estes, Bainbridge Brown.

WINSLOW.—12 to be Drafted.—Geo. L. Drummond, Wm. Gullifer, Chas. Eaton, Thos. McKinney, Lemuel Buhier, E. R. Bragg, W. B. Barton, Albion Osborne, Simon B. Reynolds, John Harris, A. R. Smiley, Augustine Crowell.

CLINTON GORE.—8 to be Drafted.—Chas. H. Weymouth, Sam'l A. Hobbs, Hawker Spandy, James F. Herm, Patrick Sullivan, John A. Chandler, Hartly B. Libby, Ephraim Hatch.

Sherman to Hood.

The following is the reply of Gen. Sherman to Gen. Hood's charge of studied and ungenerous cruelty, which was received in Washington:—

To GEN. J. R. HOOD:—General—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Orr Esq., consenting to the arrangement I had proposed to facilitate the removal South of the people of Atlanta who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my order, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the measure proposed "unprecedented," and appeal to the dark history of the war for its parallel, as an act of "studied and ungenerous cruelty." It is not unprecedented, for General Johnson himself very wisely and properly removed families all the way from Dalton down, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted. Nor is it necessary to appeal to the dark history of the war, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You yourself burned dwellings along your parapet, and I have seen to-day fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable, because they stood in the way of your forts; and then you defended Atlanta on a line so close to the town that every cannon shot and many musket shots from our line of investment, that overshoot their mark, went into habitations of women and children.

Gen. Hardee did the same thing at Jonesboro, and Gen. Johnston did the same thing last summer at Jackson, Miss. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely insinuated these cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others, and challenge any one to judge which of us has a heart of pity for the families of a brave people.

I say it is kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and a brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to rude barbarians, who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history.

In the name of common sense I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner. You who in the midst of peace and prosperity have plunged a nation into civil war—dark and cruel war—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of peaceful, ordinance sergeants—seized and made prisoners of war the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians long before any overt act was committed by the, to you, hateful Lincoln government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into rebellion; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by thousands; burned their houses, and declared by an act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due northern men for goods had and received—talk thus to the marines, but not me who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity.

God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with the town full of women and the families of a brave people at our backs, or to remove them in time to a place of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS. Good News for the Soldiers! By reference to an advertisement in our columns, it will be seen that Government is supplying the celebrated "Palmer Leg" and the "Lincoln Arm" free of all charge, to all who need them. The legs and arms are the best that are made by this popular Company. Let every soldier be informed of these important facts.

Hon. E. P. Weston has resigned the office of Superintendent of Common Schools, to take effect as soon as the business of the office can be properly transferred.

Among the prisoners at Richmond is Lieut. H. M. Beards.

War of Redemption.

Another brilliant victory has crowned the Union arms. Sheridan has defeated Early, and after a prolonged and bloody struggle, put him to rout with great loss. The attack was made on Monday morning. Sheridan moving his main force against the enemy near Berryville, while our cavalry under Averill and Merritt engaged Breckenridge's corps at Darksville. The fighting lasted from early in the morning until five in the evening, and was marked by a most stubborn resistance on the part of the enemy and a determination to conquer on the part of our soldiers. The enemy were, in the end, driven beyond Winchester and fled up the valley. We captured twenty-five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and nineteen army flags, the rebel Generals Rhodes and Gordon were killed and three others of their general officers were wounded. On our side, also, the losses were severe. Gen. David A. Russell of New York, commanding a division of the Fifth corps, was killed, and Generals McIntosh, Upton, and Chapman were wounded, the former losing a leg. This seems to have been one of the most stoutly contested battles of the war.

Later advices increase the magnitude of Sheridan's victory. The prisoners taken are now said to number nearly or quite seven thousand, and the enemy is still retreating, closely pursued by our forces, who drive them from every stand they take. They were driven from a strong position at Flint's Hill on the 22d.

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary all has been comparatively quiet with the army in front of Petersburg, but by a daring movement of a body of the enemy's cavalry, covered by an attack on our pickets, 2,500 head of cattle were captured on Friday morning at a station on the James river, together with 250 of the cavalry who were guarding them. The enemy were pursued, but got safe off with most of their booty.

A gang of rebel adventurers recently seized two small steamers on Lake Erie one of which was immediately recaptured with a portion of the crew, and the other was destroyed to prevent recapture.

It is stated the Federal prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., have been removed to Savannah and Augusta.

A QUADRANGULAR FIGHT.—We have a queer report from the Mexican border. It seems that on the 6th the French advanced on Matamoros. Cortina, the Mexican commander, met them and "drove them." Thereupon, Col. Ford the rebel commander at Brownsville, pitched into Cortina in the rear, and our boys of the 1st Illinois, hearing the scrimmage, pitched into Ford. After driving the French, Cortina crossed the Rio Grande, drove the rebels out of Brownsville, hoisted the American flag, and offered through the American commander at Brazos, his services and those of his command, to the United States Government. Altogether, this is what might be called "a queer concatenation of events."

The furlough of the 15th Maine, re-enlisted veterans, having expired, the regiment will leave Augusta on Friday next, being attached to the 19th Corps, now with Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley. A large number of recruits have joined the regiment during its visit to Maine, and will accompany it to the field. Col. Isaac Dyer is in command.

FAMILY DYES.—Somebody left a package on our table, probably by mistake.

Gen. Fremont declines in a letter just published, and the Presidential track is now left to Lincoln and McClellan—a clear issue, and every man's duty ought to be plain.

ADMITTED.—On motion of E. F. Webb, Esq., Mr. Everett W. Pattison was admitted to practice in all the Courts of this State, at Norridgewock, on Tuesday, 20th inst.

The Cunard steamship Persia, from Liverpool 10th instant, and Queenstown 11th, reached New York last evening. Her news is two days later. The British government has declined to interfere especially in the case of the Georgia, but leaves the matter to be adjudicated by our courts. A special order has been issued forbidding any vessel belonging either to the United States or to the rebels from entering an English port for the purpose of being dismantled or sold. Difficulties seem to have arisen in the negotiations for peace between Denmark and the allies and it is alleged that France, England, and Russia are in league to save North Schleswig for Denmark. There is a report that a large and swift steamer was affoot, commanded by Semmes, and carrying forty guns and manned by 300 men.

A WORD FOR "FATHER WELLES."—The old toper was reeling home: "If my wife has gone to bed I'll lick her. What business has she to be in bed snoozing, when I'm out on business, and she ought to be waiting for me? And if she's sitting up, I'll lick her. What business has she to be burning out wood and candles, staying up till this time o'night, when she ought to be in bed?" This is just about the reasoning of the dear public toward the much abused Secretary Welles. I don't know but he is a fossil; I don't know but he is asleep, but, like the toper's wife, he is bound to be licked anyway. If there is a ship in harbor, which is not in use, which is not sent off before it is ready, then he is letting our vessels idle in the harbors, when they are needed for the service, and for the defence of the nation. And if a pirate comes near, and he has not half a dozen ironclads ready to run after her at the first alarm, if he cannot telegraph to every man-of-war in port or at sea to catch the shark that is preying upon our commerce, then he is "asleep and incompetent, and anything that is stupid." It would be amusing, if it were not such very sober business, to see how unreasonable our people are, and how a man, trying to fulfill their behests, would but realize the fable of "The old man, his son and the ape," and please nobody, while he himself went to destruction. Does a man know what he undertakes when he goes into public life?

[Springfield Republican.]

The Newbern Times says there is no doubt but that the interior of North Carolina, is in a

complete uproar over the conscripts and deserters. On the 18th of August, a collision took place in Moor county between the deserters, some seven hundred in number, and the State Guards, in which the latter were repulsed with a loss of four killed and one wounded. A continued stream of refugees is constantly pouring into the "Yankee wigwag at Newbern." There is evidently a deep seated feeling of enmity to the Confederates, or the swelling tide of refugees would cease.

A Very Pretty Quarrel as it Stands.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, in his speech at Dayton, giving his account of the Chicago Convention, said: "That convention has met every expectation of mine. The promises have all been realized." It seems the martyr was a little too fast. He finds that the promises have not all been realized; and on seeing McClellan's letter of acceptance, he discarded him on the instant.

The "promises" referred to are no mystery. Vallandigham went to Chicago the admirer of all Copperhead admirers, and master of the situation. His mere nod ruled two-thirds of the convention. He was put on the Committee on Resolutions, and had the absolute shaping of the platform. Then came the making of the candidates. Here, too, Vallandigham's power was supreme. He could have given the nomination to either of the Seymours, or to any man of his own stripe. But there was a hard pressure for McClellan on the ground that he was the most available man. The Copperhead chief yielded to that pressure on the strength of positive stipulations that McClellan should plant himself squarely on the platform; and when the vote was taken it was Vallandigham who moved that the nomination be unanimous. He went home, as his Dayton speech shows, with the complete assurance that these stipulations would be faithfully observed.

Of course it is plain enough why they were not observed. The fall of Atlanta was heard of just three days from the adjournment of the convention. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It kindled war spirit everywhere into new life. It was felt by McClellan, or rather by those who have him in charge, that in these altered circumstances it would be simply courting destruction to stick to the platform. McClellan, therefore, in his letter of acceptance, shifted his position, but in such a fashion that he thought Vallandigham would not complain of it. He kept his left leg on, while he put his right leg off. It was a very awkward position; loyal men indeed, thought it a very ridiculous one; but he hoped that, considering the emergency, it would be accounted a sufficient sticking to promise, especially as he found words to tell the committee that he believed the attitude of the convention. It was a mistake. Mr. Vallandigham, on seeing how McClellan had placed himself, angrily turned on his heel, and is now understood to be after a rod left in a pickle. Lieutenant Ben. Wood, less able to restrain himself, fell foul at once, with kicks and blows. "The world, brimful of wrath, flies to the rescue, and falls pell-mell upon the man of the News. New combatants are pouring in on each side, fast and furious; and, as we look out this morning upon the peace party, we see nothing but one confused thud, thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, liggledly-piggledly, burly-burly, splitter splatter, head over heels, tough and mail, rough and tumble.

It is a sorry spectacle. Gen. McClellan is a man of personal respectability, and never should have got himself into this miserable position. It was a fatal mistake for him ever to have allowed his friends at Chicago to commit him to the platform. If they did it without his permission, he should have telegraphed to Chicago forthwith that he could not take the nomination on such a basis. Or if he then had no opportunity to reflect, he should have improved the time that passed before the arrival of the committee which brought the nomination; and have been prepared to say, "Gentlemen, these are peace resolutions, I cannot accept them. I believe this to be a righteous war. In favor of Washington or out of favor; I go for crushing this rebellion. You must seek some other man to represent you, I cannot." Had General McClellan thus played the man he would have won every loyal heart in the land. All of his former shortcomings and errors would have been cast into oblivion at once, and, though opposed to the Administration, he would have challenged its homage. To be sure he could not have obtained the presidency thereby; but neither can he gain it now. Such noble self-assertion would have cost him nothing, and yet given him a glory beyond all price. But he yielded to the politicians about him, and was deluded into the belief that a few juggling words would enable him to keep the nomination, and yet, in some sort at least, disconnect himself from the odious platform. It was a pitiable weakness in a soldier to baste himself to such a shift, for a true soldier is of all men the most frank, downright and independent. But it was weaker yet to imagine that any such half-commital to that platform would satisfy either the ruling spirits of that convention, or the body of the people whose support alone could make him President. It could not satisfy the men who governed the convention, for they had been identified with an out-and-out peace policy all through the war; and it could not satisfy the people, for when mighty issues are at stake the people never recognize, and infinitely less follow, a half-way course between.

The peace policy of the Chicago convention was no sham; it meant exactly the "cessation of hostilities" set forth. The war spirit of the people is just as genuine. It is a spirit that means to continue hostilities until the rebellion is conquered—nothing more, nothing less. A presidential candidate must side with one or the other of these. It is sheer infatuation in him to think to escape it. It is idle to speculate what the final upshot of this quarrel will be. It may result in the nomination of a new candidate by the Vallandigham wing of the party; and may not. Practically it is of very little consequence. The copperheads, whether united or divided, whether following one path or two, will alike be swept out of sight in the floods of November. —[N. Y. Times.]

The Midawaska plantations, settled mainly by French Canadians who can neither read nor write, voted almost unanimously against the soldiers in the field having the privilege of voting. It must be mortifying to the soldiers to know that such men have the right to vote on such a question.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR. The Portland Press says that Mrs. Abba Quincy Adams, wife of Gideon Adams, of Denmark, in a fit of mental derangement, drowned her two children, Harry and Frank, aged 5 and 5 1/2 years, and then finished up the horrible tragedy by drowning herself. She had been afflicted before, but was now thought to be sane.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Army and Navy Journal)

MOBILE BAY.

August 6, 1864.

The sea upon the bar is smooth,
Yet perils the path
Where Gambia and Morgan's bristling guns
Belch forth their iron wrath.
And close beyond, their iron-clads
Loom in the breaking day;
But farthest in the sea,
And we will clear the way.

Fast flew the shot, fierce shrieked the shell;
Thundered our broadsides back;
It seemed the very fire of hell
Were bursting on our track.
But steady, onward, pressed our ships,
Careless of hounding death,
Till the broad waters of the bay
Gave us a space for breath.

One ship was lost—our wooden walls
Defied the walls of stone,
And, proudly sailing by, gave back
The greenest of our iron-clad.
But 'neath a Monitor, burst forth
Flame from the treacherous wave;
In that fell flash, staunch ship and crew
Sank to an ocean grave.

Our task is but begun—see where
The rebel monsters ride,
In armor clad of molten brass;
Vaunt in untamed pride.
They long have been the rebel host,
Monarchs of all their kind;
But by their adamantine sides,
Their rush is like the wind.

Oh, helpless seem our oaken hulls,
Powerless each well-tried gun;
The rebel, in his pride, believes
The light already won.
But gallant souls are on his proof,
In God their hope is true—
Spirit is mightier than flesh—
Soul than this casing dross.

Again our Viking leads the way;
Glorious the sailor pride
With which our wooden-walls dash on
To pierce all armor'd hide.
Whist, confident in iron strength,
The rebel monsters leap,
To crush us 'neath their iron prow,
And within us in the deep.

Close quarters now, we cannot furl
The blows that rain;
Our only whet—our only thought—
To deal them back again.
Our muzzles touch their iron sides,
Our ports alive with flame;
Hurl! our thunderbolts close driv'n
Crash through the armor'd frame.

We heed not though our comrades fall
Like leaves at winter's breath;
Drunk with the glorious battle rage,
We lead the Dance of Death.
Beneath all, we little reck
Whom Odin's choice may be;
The carnage only fires our hearts
Fiercer for victory.

We triumph!—see the traitor flag
Is doused—the white one flies;
The rebel Admiral's colors
Conquered the monster lies.
A second victory, whilst far away
The others wildly flee,
Hurl! our wooden walls have swept
The Cyclops from the sea.

Thanks to God! for in His strength
We won the glorious fight;
May he receive our comrades brave
Who bade the world good-night,
And may our people
Through many a happy day,
The men who fought with Farragut
In bloody Mobile Bay.

How to Keep Children Healthy.

The mortality among the children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parent ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking, "If I had treated it differently, it would never have died?" The loss of our own first-born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three almost always healthy, living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints upon the topic may not be without use.

Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a hard apple, and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lumps will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines, and go through the length of from fifteen to twenty feet, producing, at least, griping and irritation all the way, if not diarrhoea and dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe, or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash these same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested, and afford nourishment, instead of giving uneasiness and pain "under the apron."

The same holds true of most meats. Cut up fine—as fine as shot, almost, they will be digested, and produce no uneasiness; while, if fed with coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach, like a meat poultice, on the outside, the cause of uneasiness, or of inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will induce immediate sickness, or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat or cold. Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and, in a measure, to grown people as well as children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to what their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, and unfit them for a vigorous, resistance of colds and malarial diseases, by feeding them on toast or rice, weak gruel, etc. Give them rather a good supply of food, so finely reduced that it may be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous, and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are ever liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true, and in accordance with reason.

[American Agriculturist.]

DISAPPOINTED. A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens.

"Can you tell me what that is, sir?"

"Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites! And what's that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals where it disappeared. "Dross."

"And what's iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why there's a woman in our town who owns a whole hill of that—and she married her!"

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BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of won

derful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General

Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Consti-

pation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and

Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex,

arising from Bodily Weakness whether

inherent in the system or produced

by special causes.

Noting that it is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its

nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH

BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral

of any kind, so as to be innocuous, so as to be safe, and

but is a combination of the extracts of rare tonic herbs, and

plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimu-

lants.

It is well to be forearmed against disease, and so far as the

human system can be protected by human means against mal-

adies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure

water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

may be relied on as a safeguard.

In diseases induced by Fever and Ague, it has been found

infinitely a preventive and irresistible as a remedy and thou-

sands who report to it under apprehension of an attack, escape

the scourge, and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of

its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief

course of this marvellous medicine. Fever and Ague patients

after being pined with quinine for months in vain, will find

immediately that it is a powerful and safe remedy, and not un-

usually to health within a few days by the use of HOS-

TETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite

restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonder-

in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indiges-

tion. Acting as a gentle and palatable aperient, as well as

upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the Constipation

superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory

organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to NERVOUS ATTACKS, LEVENS

OF SPIRITS and FITS OF LAXATION, find prompt and permanent

relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is not

conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of Bitters Cures is immediately assumed by a

single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to

it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

Last, but not least, it is THE ONLY SAFE STIMULANT, being

manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely

free from the acid elements present more or less in all the

ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

No family medicine has been so universally, and it may be

truly said, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion

of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

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Specific Remedy for Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel,

and Dropsical Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites

the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or

Calcareous deposits, and all unnatural Enlargements are

reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Disipation!

Early Indication of abuse, attended with the following

Symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power,

Weak Memory, Difficulty of Breathing,

Headache, Nervousness, Trembling,

Impotence, Discharge of Urine, Pain in the Back,

Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Flushing of the Body

Dryness of the Skin, Pallid Countenance, Eruptions on the Face

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine

invariably removes, soon follow.

Impotency, Fatality, Epileptic Fits,

In one of which the patient may expire.

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