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Maxham & Wing

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BY JAMES G. CLARKE.

From the West, where the rivers in majesty run,
And the bold highlands catch the last kiss of the sun;
From the East, where the Gentile saw Bethlehem's
morn;
From the South, where the beautiful summer is born;
From the North, where the lakes are like mirrors un-
rolled.
And the autumn woods frame them in purple and gold,
Ye come in the arms of the nation and God,
Ye crush the last viper from Liberty's sod.

Stand out of our sunlight, beware of our wrath,
Ye hounds that would rise on the fugitive's path,
Who over your country's destruction would gloat,
And treasure the knife that is aimed at her throat.
Go, follow the chieftain, who yoked with the knave,
Renounces a life with the noble and brave,
And, leaving the eagle of freedom, can take,
Bow down to the self-seeking lord of the snake.
No more shall the North, with a gag in her mouth,
Bow down to the self-seeking lord of the snake;
No more shall her children from slavery refrain
At the crack of their whip and the clank of their chain.
No more shall we face the red fires of death,
And the icy cold in the cannon's reach,
For they ask for reparation that will tarnish their fame,
Or "peace" that is black with dishonor and shame.

Three best is the hero, who gallantly strives
To shield the patriot bought with their lives,
But cured by the vultures that feast on the slain,
Then craves that the mountain birds be let in vain;
And woe to the leaders, and woe to their tools,
When the hand shall remember its traitors and fools,
And serpents are writhing in dust and disgrace,
And the children of liberty reign in their place.

Let their deeds be recounted with pride and disdain,
And their names only mentioned with Jude and Cain,
Who would strike down the truth that a race may be
saved.
Or sell it in secret to robbers and knaves;
One reads his hand with a murderous rod,
At the brother whose work was accepted of God;
One stands on the grave of his holier days,
And kisses the Master he basely betrays.

By martyrs whose lives are the beams of time,
Whose deaths made the cross and the scaffold sublime
By the blood of our brothers, who fell as they fought,
For the right which the blood of our forefathers bought!
By the banners, where the world of eternity rolls,
By the armies of earth and its armies of souls,
We swear that our homes shall behold us no more
Till the land is redeemed, or bedewed with our gore!

THE LOVE SPELL.

BY COUDIN MARY.

[CONCLUDED.]

One evening, when Mrs. Murray and her son were contemplating from their cottage window, the glories of a rich autumn sunset, spread its gorgeous loveliness over hill and valley, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a little girl, who ran towards the house in breathless haste, and inquiring for Mrs. Murray, held out a crushed, soiled piece of paper, which she said Mrs. Bowen had asked her to leave there. The lady, glancing over the paper, turned to Albert with an agitated look, saying: "It is as I feared, poor Marion is much worse, perhaps dying."

No time was to be lost. Dismissing the child with a gratuity, Albert hastened to borrow a chaise from a friend, and they departed with all speed for the house of mourning.

As Mrs. Murray entered the sick chamber, a faint smile on Marion's face told her gladly she was welcomed. The dying girl was too weak to make any further acknowledgment, but no language could portray the intensity of gratitude and love revealed in that silent token of recognition. Poor Mrs. Bowen bent over her grandchild with an expression of resignation that told how severely the spirit had been disciplined for the coming trial; and there was in it something of prophetic warning, that the aged tree would not long survive the crushed flower it had sheltered so long and so faithfully.

A solemn stillness pervaded the apartment, and Marion lay gazing upon her revered friend with a look of unutterable meaning. At length, in a voice so low as scarcely to be intelligible, she said—

"Would that I had words to thank you."

"Think not of that, Marion. I know your gratitude; its memory will always be dear to me."

A sudden inspiration of joy lit up those pale features, and Marion spoke again—

"And will you—will you—think of me when I am gone?"

"Yes, my child, and love you as I do now, very, very dearly."

"This gives me peace, dear Mrs. Murray. I did once think—that—that I should wish to be forgotten—but not now. May I—may I—oh! it is too much for one like me to ask!"

"Confide to me your wish," said Mrs. Murray. "It will give me happiness to comply with it."

"Bless you for your goodness—dear—dear friend; but Miss Weston—will she despise my gift? no—no, she cannot have that feeling; but will it be—be quite right to bequeath to her—a little remembrance of that?"

Here Marion's speech failed her, but by a faint motion of the hand Mrs. Murray comprehended that she wished something removed from under the pillow on which she reclined, and, with extreme gentleness, succeeded in drawing forth a valuable locket, containing some braided hair, and attached to a silken chain of exquisite workmanship.

"If I thought she would accept this, dear Mrs. Murray, it would cheer my dying hour. It is the only memorial I possess of—of—my mother, and I could never bring myself to part with it, even when in danger of starving."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Murray, in a soothing voice, "do not talk again; it is more than you can bear. I receive this bequest for Rachel as a sacred trust, feeling assured she will preserve it among her most precious treasures, for she loves you fondly, Marion."

The expression that settled upon Marion's countenance was tranquil as a dream of infancy, and she said, in a low voice, "I could bear to see Mrs. Murray now; dear grandmother, suffer me to lean upon your bosom—there—now I feel like a child again."

"Mrs. Murray went to the adjoining room to inform her son of Marion's desire, and as he drew near to the couch of death an involuntary feeling of reverence bowed his spirit, and he knelt beside that faded form, receiving the hand she proffered with an air of affectionate veneration that instantly won her confidence."

"He looks as I expected," murmured the dying one, regarding the young man with intense interest; "pure, manly, loving. I had a brother once, but he—he spurned me from his home. You have been a true son—I may not say so."

Albert divined her meaning, and, pressing his lips to the cold, emaciated hand he held within his own, said, in accents of pure and holy sympathy, "Marion, my sister!"

A gleam of heavenly trust rested upon her pallid face, as these words fell softly upon her ear, like a sweet memory of childhood, and she whispered: "Pray for me."

Then, when the deepening shadows of twilight drew gradually around them, he offered in a sister's name, to their all-merciful and ever present Father, the sacrifice which He has promised never to despise, that of a broken and contrite heart; and on the wings of prayer, the freed, happy spirit ascended to its home on high.

Many months had elapsed, the grave of

Marion received another to its silent rest. Nothing was inscribed upon the fair, white tablet above them but their names: Martha—Marion—and underneath, the words, "Their life is hid with Christ in God."

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which brings before the mind the image of some Roman maiden of olden time, and her tall, majestic figure, free from the artificial restraints and fastidious decorations imposed upon the devotees of fashion, which would have silenced those critics whose strictness against some of our modern follies proves that a taste for what is true and natural has not been banished from English society.

Attired in a simple dress of black silk, with a neat collar of snowy whiteness, and no ornament save the treasured bequest of Marion, the young girl appeared far lovelier than when in former years she conformed to silly custom, and indulged in a more extravagant expenditure.

She had been assisting Albert in adorning the parlor with wreaths of evergreen, and they were examining together the graceful festoons which drooped around Rachel, while pointing out to her companion something she particularly admired, in the enthusiasm of the moment, unconsciously placed her hand in his with the simplicity of a child, saying—

"Dear Albert, this reminds me of old times, and the joys they brought. I am so happy to-night!"

But in a moment the little hand was withdrawn, and, confused and hesitating, she endeavored to apologize.

He looked at her with surprise, the act was so sudden and unexpected, for of late she had appeared particularly reserved towards him; and he said, taking her hand, which she did not again withdraw—

"In those days, Rachel, no apology was deemed necessary. Are we, then, so changed?"

"No—that is, yes," she replied. "We are no longer children."

"But should we lose our trust in each other on that account?" he inquired.

She looked up to Albert with an expression that plainly said, "No," but her eyes filled with tears, and she could not answer him audibly.

"Forgive me, Rachel. Believe me, I did not mean to distrust you; but I would be your friend as I was."

"As you have ever been," interrupted Rachel, with returning confidence. "My disinterested, unfeeling friend, even when I was ungrateful and unjust. Would that I could tell you what remorse I have endured for my ingratitude—how your kindness reproaches me for the past! But, I have been wayward and thoughtless; but, in the blessed present and in the opening future before me, it will be my pride to prove worthy of your friendship."

As she uttered these words, in a soft, tremulous voice, she gradually averted her face to hide the tears that would not be restrained; and, when she again looked upon him, the change in her countenance was so marked, that he seemed as though a strong wave of agony had passed over it, and the rigidly compressed lips told how the heart struggled against some hidden suffering.

In a moment, Rachel was calm, and turned to reach a glass of water from the table; but he detained her with gentle force, and, offering a chair, seated himself beside her.

"Do not fear for me, Rachel. It is but a mental conflict, that will soon be over. I thought I had overcome the greatest trial in my existence, and would have borne any affliction rather than it should have caused you pain."

There was a tone of affectionate reproach in the words of Rachel, as she said, timidly—

"Did you not ask me whether we should lose our confidence in each other?"

He at once comprehended her meaning, and answered, while his expressive eye beamed upon her with affection's holy light—

"Perhaps, after all, I have done wrong in remaining silent; but I thought your happiness demanded it."

"Not if it would contribute to your happiness to tell me," she quickly rejoined, and then paused abruptly; for upon his features was written a revelation she had not dared to hope for, and the blissful consciousness for a moment deprived her of the power of utterance.

"Rachel! dear Rachel! bless you for those words! Could I hope that the avowal of a love which has bound me to one cherished and revered object from my early youth to the present hour—a love that has struggled day by day to sacrifice its own hopes to the welfare of the beloved one, to guard her with the sanctity of brotherly affection—dared I believe that such an avowal would not be offensive, the oppressive weight of a long concealed grief might be known no more."

"Why should you fear to offend me?" she faltered, while a tear fell from her eye upon the hand now fondly clasping her own, and she listened in breathless expectation.

"Dear companion of my youthful days," he continued, "to what hour in our experience can fond remembrance turn when your sweet memory did not shine in my soul, the brightest star in its heaven of pure thought, beneath whose mild light every unlovely feeling faded away like a dream? In the boy's enthusiastic imagination you were enshrined as an idol; but as manhood's deep life opened before me, with its high duties, its solemn responsibilities, its fierce temptations, that star was to me the harbinger of a brighter day, a nobler existence than had yet dawned upon my vision. Rachel, its light grew pale; my dream of love was succeeded by a cold, dewy night of hopeless misery, when—when—I cannot speak of it, but—"

"It is for me to speak of that," said Rachel, hastily interrupting him, as, with a courageous effort, she rose above the weakness of the moment.

"I was cold, unyielding, ay, scornful, when you would have proved the depth and truth of that most sacred love, and I turned and wounded the heart that would have shielded me with such devoted faith. How much I need your forgiveness!"

"For pity's sake spare these self-reproaches!" he cried. "I will not listen to them."

"Albert, you must listen to me now. This confession will relieve me from reflections, at times, too severe for my fortitude. Yes, even when about to commit a crime at which my soul revolts, it was your self-sacrificing, forgiving love that still watched over me, and, through the holy medium of a mother's sympathy, saved me from a life I tremble to contemplate. Then, then my eyes were opened, and in the might of a divine purpose, I rose and triumphed."

"And that triumph has been most complete," said Albert, his fine countenance glowing with

admiration. "Never till this hour did I fully realize the value of the heart I sought. To be the dearest chosen friend of one so pure, so exalted, so beautiful, were indeed a blessing, but should have again deceived me."

The mystic treasures of woman's most secret heart shone in the clear depths of the maiden's eyes as she met that soul-speaking gaze, and, resting both her hands confidently in his, she murmured—

"My love, my life, are yours. For the future prove how dear I hold the privilege."

"And do you then love me, my Rachel?" he cried, passionately, as he folded her to his heart. "Love me even as I have loved? How the trials of life sink into insignificance in moments like these!"

"Dearest Albert, know you this?" she asked, and drew from her bosom a small cat-net she had worn suspended around her neck by a narrow silken cord, and, opening it, disclosed a single ivy-leaf, pressed so as to remain uninjured.

"Why, it is the very same leaf I pressed and gave you eight years ago on your birthday! My own Rachel, have you then so remembered me as to—"

"To keep this leaf as a memorial of my best friend, Albert. And here is the name of the *Love Spell* by which you have bound me to yourself forever, though I was once unconscious of its power."

She pointed to some writing of Albert's on the fair paper where rested the precious ivy-leaf. It was only one word—one simple word—*Truth*.

THE CROW-CHILD.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

Midway between a certain blue lake and a deep forest, there once stood a cottage called by its owner "The Kookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little pieces lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her as though dazzled by its own reflections.

The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks to silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest; and something even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's, when she was angry or impatient.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky pronounced it—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times.

She was therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion night and day. Together they ate and slept, and—when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had such deep eyes that Cora said they reminded her of two dark nights with a single star in each; and his hair was so glossy black it made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny motions, too—doled in hopping about like a bird; and, young as he was, often managed to mount high up in a low-branched tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down again.

Sometimes, when perched almost out of sight, he screamed, "Cor! Cor! come take me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora often called him birdie. She was generally kind, except when a cross fit came upon her. Then she would scold and grumble at him until he would steal from the cottage door, and, jumping lightly from the door steps, seek the shelter of his tree.

Once perched safely among its branches he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humor, and be quite ready, when he cried, "Cor! Cor!" to come out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky in turn could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger.

Nep and Ruky talked often together, and though one used words and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the stranger that dared to cross Nep's path, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near! Those great teeth snapped at their prey without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely put Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the untasted bone. Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent sadly to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eye had seemed to kindle so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing so do but to wait upon you?" she cried, "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace."

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come out. Ruky be good."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a big whipping when uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side. "Nep says 'No!'"

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed and sent supperless to bed.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were sealed with tears, and his plaintive "Cor, Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She

never once looked up from those gleaming knitting needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered, "Cor, Cor," he even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn toward him, and, with a loving kiss, murmur as usual—

"Good-night, little birdie."

Instead of this she jerked her arm angrily away, saying—

"Oh, stop your pecking and go to sleep! I wish you wrote a crow in earnest, and then I should have some peace."

After this Ruky was silent. His heart drooped within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

Noon Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm, heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object wheel once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not either shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up horror-stricken—Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm—perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lit the candle, and peered in every corner. The boy was not to be found! Then those fearful words rang in her ears—"I wish you were a crow in earnest!"

Cora rushed to the door, and looked out into the still night.

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing trees.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from the trees. Something black seemed to spin out of it then in great sweeping circles sailed upward, until finally it settled upon a lofty tree in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but with outstretched arms, cried out—

"O Ruky, if it is you come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices as a shadow like a thunder cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher and higher, then lower and lower, until, screaming "caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Answer me, Ruky!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered busily together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore. There was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight would never come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars one by one and waited for the sunshine.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread crumbs near the doorway hoping Ruky would come for them; but only a few timid little songsters hovered about, and while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills.

When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky!" they were frightened away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it around his favorite tree. Before long, to her great joy a flock of crows came by. They spied the grain, and were soon busily picking it up with their short bills. One came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she knelt down, with an imploring cry—

"O Ruky, is this you?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and surrounded the crow who was hopping closer and closer to Cora, hurried him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rainy or shiny, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows and perhaps kill her own birdie first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, except once, when one of them lit upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barked with uproarious delight. The crow flew off with a frightened "caw," and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There was none to help her; for the nearest neighbor dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

After a while she remembered the little cup, and fling it with grain stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came they fought and struggled for its contents, with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He seemed contented to peck at the berries painted upon its sides as he hopped joyfully around it again and again. Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wishful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully toward the bird.

"It is Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Alas! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Soon nearly the entire flock alighted upon a distant border of the lake.

Some foul carrion lay there, washed on shore by a recent storm.

The crows greedily hovered about it, and by many a sweep and pounce showed their delight.

"Oh, if Ruky should be among them!" cried Cora; and the thought pierced her heart.

Next gunners came. They did not care for the crows; but Cora trembled night and day

She could hear the sharp ring of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, pricking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into bright colors and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a night of wind and storm, it seemed to Cora that she must go forth and seek her poor bird. "Perhaps he is freezing,—dying!" she cried, springing from the bed and casting a long mantle over her night-dress. In a moment she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could scarcely walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed scarcely to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart and promising never, never to be passionate again if she could only find her birdie—not Ruky the boy, but whatever he might be—she was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ears. With eager haste she peered into every fold of the drifted snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor, storm-beaten crow lying there benumbed and stiff.

Sure that it was Ruky, she folded it closely to her bosom and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its glossy wing as she entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel and breathed into its open mouth. Soon to her great relief it revived and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary she cast herself upon the bed still folding the bird to her heart. "It is all I ask," she sobbed, "I dare not pray for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing tenderly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck; and she heard a sweet voice saying—

"Don't cry, Cor. I'll be good."

She started up. It was indeed her own darling! The starlight had faded away. Lighting her candle she looked at the clock. It was just two hours since those cruel words had fallen from her lips!

Sobbing, she asked—

"Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"

"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they're asleep?"

"Sometimes, Ruky," chiding him very close.

"Then you have been asleep. But, Cor, please don't let uncle whip Ruky."

"No, no, my birdie—I mean my brother. Good-night, darling!"

"Good-night."

A Sermon for the Fretters.

"Fret not thyself in any way to do evil."—Ps. cxviii. 2.

1. *It is a sin against God.* It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any way to do evil"; that is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.* No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them; but they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* A fretful, peevish fault-finder, in a family, is like the

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 4, 1864.



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Mr. BAILEY'S ADDRESS.—Joshua R. Bailey, Esq., of Vassalboro, gave a political address at Town Hall on Wednesday evening. Only a few hours' notice was given, so that the audience was not large, but it was composed of just that intelligent and appreciative class to whom the suggestions of the speaker were adapted. We have rarely listened to a discourse calculated to tell so profitably upon public sentiment. It was so candid and fair in all its positions, that even an opponent would find it difficult to make an objective stand. It was no partisan talk, from one "stumping" for political promotion, but was flavored, from first to last, with the spirit of "Come; let us reason together." In relation to our national finances, our accumulating war debt particularly, his facts and figures were such as quiet all doubting but intelligent minds upon this point. He showed how easily this debt can be carried while it is expedient to carry it, or paid when the nation sees fit to pay it, without bringing a shadow of distress upon any classes or sections. The immense resources of the nation were set forth in a clear light—such as cheers the hearts of men who love their country and hate treason—a light that discloses only darkness and dismay to those whose hands are clasped with those of traitors in efforts to promote disunion.

At the close of the address—which held the attention of the audience an hour and a half—Rev. Dr. Sheldon moved a vote of thanks to the speaker for his "clear, just, well considered and eloquent address." The chairman called for the affirmative in three cheers for Mr. Bailey. "For President Lincoln!" interposed Mr. Bailey—and three rousing cheers were given for the only man whose "honesty" has become the world's proverb. But the audience did not forget three more for Mr. Bailey—and retired hopeful for the country, and well pleased with what they had heard.

DOING FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Now that everything appears so hopeful of triumph in the great work of our soldiers, there seems to be a general revival of interest in the various enterprises to relieve and comfort the sick and wounded. In this village the young ladies have recently organized a society for this object, and are proceeding with much apparent interest in efforts and plans to raise funds and provide such articles of clothing and bedding as are most needed. Mrs. J. R. Pitman is president, Mrs. C. G. Carleton, vice-president, Miss Lizzie Philbrick, secretary, and Miss Charlotte Barney, treasurer. They have meetings in the afternoon for work, and in the evening for social entertainment, at Appleton Hall. They promise to accomplish a profitable winter's work. They appeal not only to liberality, but to patriotism and gallantry; upon all which they depend for means to aid their enterprise.

ANOTHER GOOD CHANCE.—A few young ladies of this place are making an effort for "contributions" of potatoes, apples and other vegetables, to be sent, through Mr. Hadley's Portland agency, to the soldiers. They have thus far been very successful in our village; but their daily engagements prevent their going out among the farmers, to whom this class of donations more particularly belong. So they ask us to appeal to such as would like to make a small (or large) contribution to their stock, and ask them to bring in, as opportunity offers, such articles as they would like to have forwarded, free of all expense, to the hands and mouths of the hungry soldiers. Those who will inquire at this office shall be convinced that the opportunity is a good one, and that all contributions will be put into safe and honest hands. A peck or a bushel or a barrel of apples—a peck or a bushel or a barrel of potatoes—a small or a large quantity of other needed articles, will all be disposed of as directed. Who would not like to put into the hands of our noble soldiers a trifling portion of the good things which this year bless almost every New England home? Call in, all ye generous Union farmers, and see if we don't gladden your hearts with a rare opportunity to do good. Articles to be contributed must be forwarded to Portland before the 15th inst.

Headquarters 3d Brigade, 2d Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, Oct. 24th, 1864.

MESSRS. MAXHAM & WING:—A few words with regard to the 1st Maine Cavalry. This regiment having been in service three years is about to be thinned somewhat, as that portion of the regiment who did not re-enlist, with several officers, will return to Maine the first of next month.

The eight companies of cavalry raised in Maine and designed for the D. C. cavalry (Baker's) having recently been transferred to the 1st Maine will fill in a measure the vacancy caused by those who are about to leave.

Lt. Col. J. P. Cilley is now commanding the regiment, Colonel Smith being in command of the 3d Brigade of this division, which has recently been organized.

This regiment has within the last month forwarded to the State of Maine over thirty thousand dollars.

At present the regiment is in camp on the Jerusalem Plank Road about four miles from Petersburg, Va.

Very respectfully,

M. T. V. BOWMAN.

1st Lieut. and A. C. S. 3d Cav. Div.

DR. WALTER A. BURLING, formerly of Waterville, at present Indian Agent among the Yanktons, has just been chosen Delegate to Congress from Dakota, by a very strong vote.

The *Dukotian* is rapidly jubilant over the result. Displaying a big rooster, the editor says:—"With old Abe re-elected, and Dr. Burling in Congress, Washington gets just fifteen feet and four inches of raw material that can't be beat!" Then, clapping his wings and soaring into the transcendental lifeline, he continues:

This latest Union triumph fully confirms the present convictions of the people, that the auspicious day is dawning when the lion and the lamb shall "bundle" together, when the American Eagle shall henceforth soar aloft and be venerated from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, when the Goddess of Liberty shall sit astride the Rocky mountains, with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and say to the Star of Empire, as she points to Mexico, South America, and the Pacific Islands,—"Gelang!" When a little child shall be born in to minutes, all kivered over with green backs!

There is general apprehension of trouble from traitors at home and rebels in our midst on election day—next Tuesday. Secretary Seward has telegraphed to Buffalo and other exposed points, that he has been informed by the Canadian authorities that an attempt will be made at that time, to burn many of the northern cities; and Gov. Seymour of New York, has issued a proclamation, enjoining all parties to preserve the peace on that day and charges the police to see that no military force is allowed to approach the polls. This last may possibly mean fight. We hope the government officials at all exposed points are well prepared to repress all attempts to disturb the quiet of the community and break up the government.

ALARM OF FIRE.—About day-break Monday morning an alarm of fire came from the old bake-house, at the junction of Maine and Front Streets. The engines arrived promptly, and the flames were limited to the destruction of a shed connected with the main building. We do not learn the amount of damage, which was small. The property belongs to Mr. John R. Philbrick. The fire was probably communicated by some poor fellow who had paid for rum what should have gone for lodgings—as it was in a locality where many of this class "cool off."

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Lewis Burgess, of West Waterville, met with a serious accident in this village on Monday last. He had started for home, with a load of straw, and when near the Upper Depot, stepped between the horse and the wagon to adjust some part of the harness. At this moment the horse became frightened and started forward, throwing him down and passing the load over him. When taken up it was found that his collar bone and two ribs were broken. A car was at once provided for his conveyance home; and we have since learned that he is doing well.

HON. J. H. REDINGTON, of San Francisco, a "Waterville boy," has our thanks for a copy of the "Transactions of the California State Agricultural Society during the year 1863." It shows that in that land of gold they run an Agricultural Society, as they do everything, on a large scale, and at a big figure.

MAJ. HARRISON BAKER, the popular landlord of the Augusta House, has purchased the Stanley House and will assume its management on the 1st of December.

SIGNIFICANT.—The Alabama Legislature recently adjourned without complying with the recommendation of the Governor to provide for the defence of the State by passing an act organizing the militia; but among their acts was one severely punishing illegal arrests, which is regarded as an attack on the authority of the Confederacy.

MARYLAND is a free state, Gov. Bradford having issued his proclamation to that effect. Emancipation was appropriately celebrated in Baltimore on Tuesday.

Among the recent promotions we notice that Maj. Stephen C. Fletcher has been made Lt. Colonel of the 1st Reg't. Inf. Vet. Vols, formerly 7th Maine; and Serg't Wm. H. Copp, of Waterville, has been commissioned Captain of Co. E, 17th Regiment.

GOLD, which went up like a rocket, a few days ago, to 2.50, is coming down like a stick, and now stands at 2.25.

A NEW STATE.—The President has issued a proclamation declaring Nevada a State of the Union.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The November number of this favorite magazine is on our table; and though a hasty glance satisfies us that it is unusually well filled, we are only able to give a list of the contents, recommending everybody to make a more critical examination for themselves:

Leaves from an Officer's Journal, by T. W. Higginson; Riches; The Vengeance of Dominic de Gorgona, by Francis Parkman; Lina; Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings, IV, by J. E. Babbson; To William Cullen Bryant, by Henry T. Tuckerman; House and Home Papers, X, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; The New School of Biography, by Gail Hamilton; The Last Rally, by J. T. Trowbridge; Rhinances of the Revolution, by George W. Greene; Through-Ticket to San Francisco; A Prophecy, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Sea Hours with a Dyspeptic, by Joseph Dana Howard; The Twentieth Presidential Election; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4.00 a year; two copies for \$7.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—Among the good things in the November number, just received are the following:

The Progress of Liberty in the United States, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, an admirably written treatise; The Undivine Comedy; Death in Life; Eucene, chapters XIV, XV; Fly Leaves from the Life of a Soldier—Part II; Sketches of American Life and Scenery; Lois Pearl Berkeley; The Scientific Universal Language, and The Two Platforms, by Henry Everett Russell.

Terms: Single copies \$3.00 a year, in advance. Address John F. Trow, Publisher, 50 Greene street, New York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for November has two charming embellishments—"The Bird Catchers," and "The Past and the Future." No magazine excels this in the beauty and excellence of its engravings, and they are alone well worth the whole price of subscription. The reading matter is of the usual variety and excellence, and is nicely adapted for the family.

The Repository is published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 per annum.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The following is the table of contents in this Magazine, for October:

Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part IX: Max Muller's Second Series; The Life of Jesus; Tony Butler—Part XIII; In the Garden; Symbols; The Public School Report—III. The London Schools; Memoirs of Richard Whately; Our Trade: The Death of Speke.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 28 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 \$9; 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.

New 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 50 cents a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for November has the usual double colored fashion plate; with a four page fashion engraving, containing numerous figures; and smaller patterns and designs, too numerous to mention, of the latest novelties of dress and ornament. There is also a full sized pattern, for cutting, of the Louis XV. Paletot. The letter press is unusually attractive and includes numerous interesting stories, handsomely illustrated. This work is deservedly very popular.

Published by Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., New York, at \$3.00.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, for November gives another amusing chapter of Oliver Optic's new series, "Work and Play of Paul Clifford's Vacation," and much other good reading, with a piece for declamation, as usual, and a school dialogue. With numerous engravings it is a very attractive number. Published by Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

YOUTH'S CASKET AND PLATMATE.—The October number has a chapter on "Our Mother Earth," several of which have preceded it, of great interest. There are also several stories, and much other good reading, prettily illustrated. Published by Wm. Gould & Co., Water Street, Boston, at \$1.25 per annum.

LINES

Inscribed to Rev. W. W. HAYWARD, chaplain of the 19th Maine Reg't, recently pastor of the Universalist church, at Kendall's Mills.

When our country is in danger,
And is calling loud for aid,
When we see danger to our banner,
Or our patriotic dead,
When a traitor's arm is lifted,
To destroy the nation's life,
Some must hasten, to the conflict,
Some must mingle in the strife.

When the stars that deck our banner,
Emblems of our nation's pride,
From our vision are extinguished,
From the eyes of freedom hid,
While the rebel's flag is waving,
O'er our land, so dearly bought,
We must bring them to subjection,
We must cleanse our banner's blot.

He who leaves the happy earth,
Goes to mingle in the strife;
Goes to battle with the traitor;
Goes, perchance, to lose his life;
Goes, to suffer as a captive;
Goes, to end his days in woe!

He is one who should be honored,
Brave and valiant man in blood!

Brother, you have well decided
What your duty is this day;
That your purest, strongest efforts
Would avail us most, to pray.

You have buckled on the armor,
You have made your valor bright;
You will try to save your country,
You will strike a blow for right.

Though we feel our loss is heavy,
We will bid you speed away;
On your patriotic mission,
For our nation's cause to pray.

J. M. KNIGHT.
Kendall's Mills, Sept. 27, 1864.

Blood Boiling in Thin and Worn Veins.

Thaddeus Stevens, affectionately called "Thad," without paronymic, all over Pennsylvania, made a rousing speech in Philadelphia on Saturday last. He thus "put it" to his audience on the subject of a resuscitation of Slavery after a cessation of hostilities:

By the well-known law of nations war dissolves all compacts; abrogates all treaties between contracting parties. When peace comes all compacts and former treaties are not to be revived "as they were" without the consent of the conqueror. It would be absurd to allow a belligerent, after having attempted the destruction of his adversary and failed, after having proclaimed all treaties at an end, to come back and claim the protection of those spurned treaties, and to be reinstated in all his former rights after his injured adversary had triumphed and reduced him to submission. [Applause.]

The South never had any protection for their slaves except through an unfortunate clause in the Constitution. The provision is stricken out by themselves. Their relations to the United States are now governed by the laws of war and the law of nations only. By the law of nations, as now recognized by the whole civilized world, there can be no slavery. Think God, all writers now agree that "man can hold no property in man." So far as we are bound to admit, there is not a slave on the American Continent.

Before the proclamation of freedom their own acts and the operation of National law had set every bondman free. Shall we now

agree, for the sake of a precarious and disgraceful peace, to re-enslave four millions of human beings? Shall we bear the burdens which are to oppress our posterity for ages, unless we make the rebels reimburse us? Shall we suffer the shades of our murdered citizens to wander unavenged, and aid to rivet the chains upon a whole race of God's children, that we may purchase the poor boon of a temporary peace from triumphant traitors? If we are men we will resist it to the death; if we are Christians we will sooner suffer martyrdom. I know no difference between those who advocate slave doctrine and the professional man-stealer who plies his hellish trade on the coast of Africa. [Cheers.] Can it be that, after having proclaimed freedom to all, after having enrolled these freedmen in our armies, after they have fought and bled, and many of them died, side by side with our gallant soldiers, we are mean and base enough to betray them, and surrender them to the tender mercies of their traitor masters, to shackles, to torture, and to death? Can Republicans, or Democrats, whether in the Cabinet or out of the Cabinet, who make such suggestions, be aught else than miserable cowards or moral traitors? It is no excuse to plead that the "spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Men who aspire to march at the head of a nation, and to be foremost in the party of progress, have no right to tremble and despair when danger threatens. My young friends, I know not how such paltriness stirs your warm blood, but, old as I am, it makes the blood boil in my thin, worn veins.

War of Redemption.

A reconnaissance in force was made on the left of the army in front of Petersburg, on Thursday last, which, with some severe fighting and considerable loss, resulted in advancing our lines at an important point. The rebel works were found very strong, and well manned. The losses of the enemy in the affair were greater than ours. On Saturday the enemy attacked Warren's position, but met with a decided repulse.

Official confirmation of the defeat of Price has been received, and though the news from Missouri is exceedingly meagre, there is abundant evidence that affairs are improving in that quarter. The notorious Bill Anderson, who has long been the terror of Northern Missouri, was recently killed in an encounter with one of our scouting parties, and several members of his gang.

Hood is said to be making his way north, and there were reports that he had crossed the Tennessee river. The utmost confidence is felt that Sherman can check him in any offensive movement he chooses to attempt, and no fears are felt for the safety of Atlanta. In East Tennessee, the rebel General Vaughan was recently defeated at Morristown, with a loss of four hundred prisoners and six cannon, and his dead and wounded were left in our hands.

All is quiet in the Shenandoah Valley. Stragglers from the army, in large numbers, are coming into our lines, continually.

The rebel rum Albenarle was recently destroyed in Roanoke river by an expedition under Lieut. Cushing.

The pirate Tallahassee is again on the rampage, having run out of Wilmington. Several vessels have been destroyed by her off the New England coast.

MUCH IN LITTLE.—George W. Curtis, in a late speech, hits the point of difference between the direct purpose of the loyal North and the rhetorical sinuosities of Geo. B. McClellan, in the following happy stroke:

There is one Major-General in the service of the United States, who has written his name, and has written it forever, in our history, by his memorable order of more than three years ago—"If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." [Applause.] There is another Major-General in the service of the United States, and he says: "If any man hauls down the American flag, let us go at once into an ultimate convention, and exhaust all the statesmanship of the nation to see if we cannot contrive some way to cause him to haul it up again." [Laughter.] By the mouth of these two men, each of their Major-Generals in your service, the simplicity of this cause has been presented to the whole American people.

An attempt was made a few nights ago to capture the battery at Castine, by a party who were driven off after they had fired several shots.

The New York Tribune gives the following account of the operations by Butler's troops on the 27th:

The 10th corps began occupying the enemy from the scene of the fight on the 14th, to Charles city road. There was considerable desultory fighting, showing the strength of the rebels. The 18th corps with Kautz's cavalry moved toward the Williamsburg road and engaged the enemy late in the afternoon with varying success. Holman's brigade of colored troops carried one of the rebel redoubts, with their guns. Fairchild's and Collum's brigades were roughly handled in endeavoring to take a strong position on the Williamsburg road, near Seven Pines. Darkness came on too soon to permit us to avail ourselves of the advantage gained by the capture of the redoubt, and the troops were ordered to retire for a fair start the next morning, but Gen. Grant directed their withdrawal to their original position. The loss in the 10th corps was 400, and in the 18th corps probably 600, half captured.

Secretary Seward has received information that the British address to the American people, sent to Governor Seymour, originated in the Southern Independence Association.

Dr. O. A. Brownson announces his intention to vote for Lincoln and Johnson, as the only course left open to a determined supporter of the Union.

Of Grant's railroad along the battle line of the Army of the Potomac, the correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

Who but a parcel of Yankees would ever have thought of building a railroad along the battle line of an army, with one terminus the outer chain of fortifications. The Yankees who have settled around Richmond have done this thing. The railroad goes over the ground with a most sublime indifference to its ups and downs. If you are seated in one of the last cars of a

long train, half the time the locomotive drawing you is out of sight over a hill, but the best of all is the covered way, where the road runs through the field near Hancock, under the fire of the rebel batteries of Whitworth guns on Cemetery Hill. The rebels used to amuse themselves by shelling the trains. They never did any damage, but it was judged best to make sure against mishaps, and so a breastwork for the railroad was thrown up across the entire field. Down into the cut goes the train, and whirled safely under the friendly cover of earth to beyond the point of danger.

With all its goings up and comings down, with all the instability of its roadway, there has never been any accident on the road, no train ever collided, none have ever gone off the track. The railroad is a great thing.

SLOWNESS OF WAR.—Park Goodwin, at a meeting held in New York recently, said:

Europe says we are slow. I remember that the great Wellington took six years to drive Napoleon out of Spain; a country as great as Virginia, and then he retired because of reverse elsewhere. Four nations of Europe took two years to occupy the Crimea, a country as large as New Jersey. England took twenty-eight months to repress the Sepoy rebellion, about as great an undertaking as to put down a rebellion among the negroes of a South Carolina county. France has in more than a year succeeded in getting only about one hundred and eighty miles in Mexico, where she holds a very insecure position. We think that England had better look at home before criticising the movements of our armies.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF NEGRO EQUALITY. Who said that all men are created equal? Thomas Jefferson, the father of Democracy.

Who gave negroes the right of suffrage in New York? The Democratic party.

Who presided over the convention which gave this privilege to negroes? Martin Van Buren, a Democrat.

Who afterward elected Martin Van Buren to the Presidency of the United States? The Democratic party.

Who made the negro a citizen of the State of Maine? The Democratic party.

Who enacted a similar law in Massachusetts? The Democratic party.

Who gave the negro a right to vote in New Hampshire? The Democratic party.

Who permitted every colored person owning \$250 in New York to become a voter? A General Assembly purely Democratic.

Who repealed the laws of Ohio, which required negroes to give bonds and security before settling in that State? The Democratic party.

Who made legal voters in Ohio? A Democratic Supreme Court, of which Reuben Wood was chief justice.

What became of Reuben Wood? The Democratic party elected him Governor three times, and he is still leader of the Democratic party. Who helped to give free negroes the right to vote in Tennessee, under her constitution of 1796? General Jackson.

Was General Jackson a good Democrat? He generally passed as such.

Who, with the above facts and many others staring them in the face, are constantly whining about "negro suffrage" and negro equality? The Democratic party.

All these things were done by Democrats, and yet they deny being in favor of negro equality, and charge it upon the Republicans—just like the thief who cries "stop thief!" the loudest.

MAINE SOLDIERS.—The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Journal gives the following whereabouts of the Maine soldiers in the field, namely:—

Shenandoah Valley.—1st Regiment Veterans, comprising the 5th, 6th and 7th regiments, 5th Battery, 6th Army Corps; 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 29th and 30th regiments and 1st Battery, 19th army corps.

Army of the James.—17th, to which belong the re-enlisted men of the 3d regiment, 19th, to which have been united the re-enlisted men of the 4th regiment, 6th battery and 1st regiment heavy artillery, 2nd army corps; 8th regiment, 18th army corps; 9th and 11th regiments, 10th army corps; 16th and 20th regiments, 4th battery, (temporarily detached from 6th corps) 5th army corps; 31st and 32nd regiments and 7th battery, 9th army corps. The 2d battery is in the reserve near Petersburg. The 1st cavalry, to which has been united the Maine soldiers of Baker's D. C. Cavalry, is in front of Petersburg, in Gregg's cavalry division.

The rebel Governor of Georgia says that the negro caused the war and he must bear his portion of its burden. This reminds us of a lady in Georgia, who in a fit of temper, threw a carving knife at a negro girl, and so badly cut her arm as to threaten to disable a valuable piece of property. "These negroes have a great deal to answer for," said the amiable lady, "they put one into such a passion." [Providence Journal.]

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The next meeting of the State Teachers' Association will be held at Skowhegan, on Thanksgiving week, commencing on Monday evening, and closing on Wednesday. Railroads give free return tickets and the citizens provide free entertainment for ladies in attendance, and probably for gentlemen. Let there be a generous gathering of teachers and friends of education.

THE DYING PATRIOT.—General Birney, says the *Tribune*, died in the delirium of fever. His last words have a political value that should make them a Union war cry throughout the Loyal States. Rising suddenly in his bed, his eyes blazing with the fire that consumed him, he cried with a trumpet voice, "Boys, keep your eyes on that flag!" and fell back dead.

SLAVERY challenged the United States of America to mortal combat. It impaled itself upon the bayonets of its adversary, and writhes and twists there in the agony of a death that promises soon to close the struggle. The Democrats put on crape, and rush on our line of battle, and fasten on our soldiers from behind, and scream: "Stop this unnatural war! Stop it." [New York Tribune.]

The Richmond Enquirer of the 6th favors the making soldiers of negroes, and giving such soldiers their freedom if they escape the casualties of battle. It urges upon the rebel Congress to purchase 250,000 negroes, present them with their freedom, and arm and drill them. It says neither negroes nor slavery should be permitted to stand in the way of the success of the rebel cause, and that Virginia, after exhausting her whites, will fight her blacks through to the last man.

The body of Miss Sarah J. Wise of Foxcroft, Me., was found in the Merrimack River at Law-

rence a few days ago, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The last living trace of her was when she left the depot at Lowell, Mass., in a hack.

TRIBUTE TO A SOLDIER.—Richard H. Shepherd, son of Mr. Obed Shepherd, of W. Waterville, was a member of Co. C, 19th Me. regiment, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. The following extract of a letter from his captain, Charles E. Nash, received by his friends soon after, has been overlooked in our drawer till this late hour. It is none the less a deserved tribute to the memory of a soldier who died for his country.

"It was in the first battle of this most bloody campaign, May 6th, that a minnie ball struck him in the breast. He instantly clasped his hand over the wound and fell to the earth. I knew his wound was a very severe one, yet hoped for the best. I had him immediately taken from the field to the hospital, where his wound was dressed by the Surgeon, and everything done to allay his sufferings that could be. The next day, May 7th, he died. He was buried in the hospital burying-ground, and his grave marked. I did not see him after he was taken from the field, as the battle was raging hotly, and I could not leave my company. I made efforts to obtain whatever trinkets or valuables might be found in his pockets, but failed. Probably if he had any they were saved by some one of the 'Christian Commission' and it is not improbable that they may reach you some day.

"I cannot close this letter without mentioning of his bravery as a soldier, his uprightness of conduct as a man, and of his generous heartiness as a comrade and friend. My own griddles with yours, for I knew him intimately and with admiration. He was one of the best in my then large and noble company. But alas! the fortune of remorseless war has taken him to another field. The loss, though great to us, is gain to him. He has been mustered into that higher service, where there is no defeat and no suffering. He fell while at his post and in the performance of his duty. His death will ever be accredited to the cause of our dear country, and may we hope that he has not died in vain."

The ship *Anna Schmidt*, which was destroyed by the Alabama off the coast of South America, had on board a quantity of Ayer's Cherry Pedicel for California. Dr. Ayer & Co. now appeal for redress direct to the British Government, as the responsible party in this wicked business, and base their claim for payment and protection on the ground of humanity, as their commodities are wholly for the sick. Their point is well taken, and will doubtless be pressed with the pluck and persistence which characterize the operations of these celebrated chemists. [Baltimore Clipper.]

Henry W. Allen, the rebel Governor of Louisiana, is putting into effect his recent advice to the Rebel Secretary of War, to arm, drill and make soldiers of the blacks within their lines. Squads of rebel cavalry were operating in the vicinity of Bayou Goula, Iberville Parish, and a number of negroes were taken. The negroes have fled from the plantations, and are trying to make their way to the Union army to reach Plaquemine and other military posts.

NEVADA will throw three electoral votes. The opposition have been saying all along that Mr. Lincoln was afraid to declare to a State before the election, because he knew that it was democratic. They now, with their usual fairness, say that he made haste to issue his proclamation because he knew it would go republican.

The Manchester Mirror says that the story of the Portland Press, in relation to the Parker murder, is new to the authorities of that city; they had heard nothing of it until it appeared in print.

The raiders from Canada are to have their fate decided at Montreal, to which place the proceedings in their case have been transferred. But further action has been postponed until next week.

Cortinas, the Mexican liberal chief, has surrendered, with his army, to Gen. Mejia of the French army, with all his materials and munitions of war. He demanded to be placed in command of all the Mexican forces surrendered, with the rank of General, and it is stated that his request was complied with.

BLOODY GARGET.—It is not hard to cure the Garget; but a cow may have a tendency in which will hold on for years. With us, successful practice has been to bathe the bag gently, no matter how tender and swollen it may be, in arnica (3 parts quinine warm water, 1 part tincture of arnica), to take the sore out; then as soon as the cow will bear it, take the calf "butt it down" or knead it with hands, finally washing it with warm water and castile soap, and stripping it thoroughly but violently. Do this three or four times a day and a cure will generally be effected. If not, give 1 lb. epsom salts mixed with 3 oz. ginger, feeding on bran-mashes and dry hay, and repeat the bathing. Sometimes it is well to take a little blood by parting the hairs over the end of the tail, and slashing deep with a sharp knife. [American Agriculturist.]

The Charleston Mercury frankly admits that the people in the rebel States live under despotism; that the rebel constitution has been violated by the rebel Congress levying a direct tax, and that public faith is forfeited by compelling holders of rebel currency to sacrifice

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TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAIL.
We leave Waterville at 9:45 A.M. Closest 9:50 A.M.
August 11, 9:45 P.M. " 9:50 P.M.
Boston, 11, 8:10 P.M. " 8:15 P.M.
Norwich, 11, 8:10 P.M. " 8:15 P.M.
Belfast Mail leaves
Monday Wednesday and Friday 8:00 A.M. 8:00 A.M.
Office hours from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M.

"THE DEAF HEAR." We have already noticed some of the marked cures performed by Dr. Carpenter. These cases are becoming numerous, in proportion as the Doctor receives patients. We saw, a day or two since, Mr. Owen, of Kendall's Mills, who seems perfectly cured of a serious deafness, of several years standing, by only one or two visits to Dr. C. Mr. Moody, of W. Waterville, was relieved of a large polypus in his nose, by a very nice operation, and is receiving further treatment for catarrh. Other cases, some in this village, are equally marked in their testimony to Dr. Carpenter's skill, but we are not authorized to publish names. No doubt the Doctor is at liberty to refer to them. We mention these important cures for the encouragement of those who need help. They indicate a degree of skill that should insure confidence. Those who inquire particularly will be satisfied that Dr. C. may be hopefully consulted in the most difficult cases. The opportunity is a rare one, and we advise those interested to improve it.
An increased number of patients has induced the Doctor to prolong his visit here till Thursday, Dec. 1st.

At Parlin Pond, twelve miles this side of the Forks of the Kennebec, they have six inches of snow.

Notice.
The young ladies of Waterville having united in forming a society for the relief of our wounded and suffering soldiers, will give notice to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that in furtherance of their object, there will be a "Maquodade" or "Fancy Dress Party," at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9th. Music will be furnished by the Augusta Band, and suitable refreshments will be served in the lower hall. The proceeds of the evening will be placed in the hands of the Christian Commission.
Don't fail to attend! PER ORDER.

NOTICES.
DEAFNESS AND OTORRHOEA.
and their rational treatment, by
DR. LIGHTHILL,
who will be at the Bangor House, Bangor, from Monday morning, Nov. 21st, remaining until Friday evening, Dec. 24, where he can daily be consulted on
DEAFNESS, CATARRH,
Discharges from the Ear, and diseases of the Ear and Throat.
Artificial Eyes inserted without pain.
A Pamphlet entitled,
CATARRH,
its causes, symptoms, and effects, by
DR. LIGHTHILL,
can be obtained gratis at the office of this paper. Persons afflicted should obtain the pamphlet by all means.
2c-18

B. STRENGTH TO THE WEAK!
YOUTH TO THE AGED
BIOKRENE,
OR
LIFE REJUVENATOR.
This preparation is unequalled as a Rejuvenator and Restorer of wasted or inert functions.
This aged should be certain to make the Biokrene a household good, inasmuch as it will render them youthful in feeling and strength, and enable them to live over again the days of their primeval vigor. It not only exalts but strengthens, and is really an available blessing, especially to those who have been reduced to a condition of sterility, self-doubt, misfortune, or ordinary sickness. No matter what is the cause of the impotency of any human organ, this superb preparation will remove the effect at once and forever.
BIOKRENE
CURES IMPOTENCY, GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUS INCAPACITY, PROSTRATION, DEPRESSION, LOSS OF APPETITE, LOW SPIRITS, WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS OF GENERATION, IMBECILITY, MENTAL INDOLENCE, EMACIATION, ANXIETY. IT HAS A MOST DEPENDABLE, DESIRABLE AND NOVEL EFFECT UPON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, and all who have been in any way prostrated by nervous debilities are earnestly advised to seek a cure in this most excellent and unequalled preparation.
Persons who, by hypochondria, have lost their NATURAL VIGOR, will find a speedy and permanent cure in the
BIOKRENE.
THE FEMALE, the LANGUID, the DESPAIRING, the OLD, should give this valuable discovery a trial; it will be found fully different from all other articles for the same purpose.
TO FEMALES.—This preparation is invaluable in nervous weakness of all kinds, as it will correct the worst strength with wonderful permanence.
It is also a grand tonic and will give relief in Dyspepsia with the first dose. A brief perusal in its use will renovate the stomach to a degree of perfect health, and banish Dyspepsia forever.
One bottle per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sold by Drugists generally.
Sent by express anywhere, by addressing
HUTCHINGS & HILLYER, Proprietors,
81 Cedar Street New York.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.
THE WINTER TERM will commence Tuesday, Nov. 29th, and continue six weeks.
While special attention will be given to those preparing for college, those attending the Academy as well as those pursuing any other specific course of study shall be thoroughly instructed.
The Academy is a boarding school, and all arrangements have been made for a club, should a sufficient number make application. Rooms for this purpose or self-boarding can be obtained by applying to the principal.
The enormous advance in everything requisite to the maintenance of a school compels us to change our rates of tuition as follows:
Languages, \$8.00; Higher English, \$5.00; Common English, \$3.00.
Waterville, Nov. 24, 1864. J. W. LANG, Principal.

Sewing Machine.
FOR SALE
A SECOND HAND WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE, that has been used but very little, will be sold on moderate terms.
WADSWORTH CHAPMAN, Corner Main and Temple Sts.
Waterville, Nov. 2, 1864.
LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE AT WATERVILLE, SEPT. 1, 1864.
LADIES' LISTS.
Ayer, Miss Caroline
Haynes, Miss Margaret
Hudson, Mrs. Sophia
GENTLEMEN'S LISTS.
Andrew, H. O.
Arnold, J. H.
Bartholomew, Henry
Bush, Mr.
Carmichael, Franklin
Cummings, A. C.
Dunlop, A. C.
Goodwin, W. B.
Holmes, Alexander G.
Hayes, A. W.
Oscar hours from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M.
To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for Advertiser's Letters, give the date of this list and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.
C. R. McADAM, P.M.
Lost or Stolen.
A SMALL black and white spotted dog, called "Pedro," was lost by the undersigned will be liberally rewarded.
Waterville, Oct. 25, 1864. R. NOYES.
For Sale.
TO FARMERS who are packing Apples and Potatoes are respectfully informed that the Subscriber has on hand a few bushels of early potatoes, which he is selling at the lowest market price.
Inquire of W. L. Leslie, under the Mail Office, of J. H. Higginson, opposite to William Hooker's, or of the Subscriber, Elm St.
Waterville, October 20, 1864. R. L. LAWRENCE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
SIR JAMES CLARKE'S
Celebrated Female Pills!
Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.
This well-known medicine is no imposture, but a sure and safe remedy for the Female Diseases, from any cause whatever, and, although a powerful remedy, it contains nothing hurtful to the Constitution.
To MARRIED LADIES it is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, pain in the Back and Limbs, Headaches, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Hysterics, Sick Headache, Whites, and all the painful diseases occasioned by a disordered system, these pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed.
THESE PILLS HAVE NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL, WHERE THE DIRECTIONS OF THE 2d PAGE OF FAMILIARITY ARE WELL OBSERVED. For full particulars, get a pamphlet, free of charge. Sold by all Druggists.
Sole United States Agent,
J. O. MOORE, 57 Cortlandt St., New York.
N. B.—51 and 62 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized agent, will insure a bottle containing over 50 pills by return of mail.

Ayer's Pills.
Are you sick, or do you complain? Are you out of order with your system, or do you feel uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some of the sickness is creeping upon you, and should be checked by a timely remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease a cold settled humor in the body and derange its natural functions. These pills are sold in every country. They are the surrounding of our name, and are a general agent, suffering and derangement. While in this condition, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with the buoyant feeling of health again. It is true, and as apparent as the sun, that the natural action of the system is true in every of the deep seated and dangerous disorders. The same purgative effect exists. Caused by similar causes, and derangement of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly and many of them cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these pills will neglect to employ them in ailing from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Catarrhs, Constipation, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Worms and Suppression when taken in large doses. They are Sugar-Coated, so that the most sensitive can take them easily, and they are purely the best purgative medicine yet discovered.

Ayer's Aque Cure.
For the speedy and certain cure of Intermittent Fever, or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chills, Fever, and Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases, originating in malarial derangement, caused by the malarial influence of the climate. This remedy has been found to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other remedies, that it relieves the patient without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or any other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinine or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking bottles of the Aque Cure, and you will witness these assertions.
It is sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by Ira H. Low, Waterville, sold at Wholesale by W. F. Phillips, Portland; S. A. Hewes & Co., Belfast; W. L. Alden & Co., Bangor, Me.

Editor of Mail:
Dear Sir—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper, that I have returned home to all who wish it (free) a Recipe, with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in two days, Pimples, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, and all impurities of the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. All applications answered by return mail without charge.
Respectfully,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
881 Broadway, New York.

Marriages.
In Palmyra, Oct. 26th, Wm. Bachelder to Paulina Burgess, of Newport.
Deaths.
In Canaan, Oct. 22, Mrs. Cynthia Goodwin, wife of Wm. Goodwin, aged 40 years.

The Old "Chip" in a New Block.
"NEVER SAY DIE!"

W. CHIPMAN.
with a fine new stock of
W. L. Goods and Groceries.
His Goods are all bought since the decline of prices; and as he has a good stock to loan money on, he will sell at the very lowest market of present market rates. Those who doubt will do well to call and inquire.
"Poor Chip" seeks "neither poverty nor riches," and will devote himself entirely to the benevolent work of selling goods as low as will warrant him the little comfort of life usually enjoyed by his neighbors. In this good enterprise he very humbly asks for his share of public patronage.
W. CHIPMAN, Corner Main and Temple Sts.
Waterville, October 23, 1864.

Dress Making and Machine Sewing.
MRS. M. T. FELLOWS,
At the house of Noah Boothby, on Water Street, is prepared to make and sew on all styles of dresses, and to make DRESSES AND CLOAKS cut and made promptly in the latest styles; also
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
She is also prepared to do machine work, and trusts that whatever is entrusted to her care will give satisfaction.
Waterville, Nov. 3, 1864.

New Goods! New Styles!
BREAKFAST SHAWLS—SEA-FOAM HOSIERY, Children's Worsted Caps and Hoods.
Also, Checked and Plain—Waterfall combs—Jett Buttons and Umbrellas—Remained in stock.
Just received, and for sale by the
MISSISS FISHER.

Masonic Notice.
THERE will be a regular meeting of Waterville Lodge, next Monday evening, Nov. 7, at 7 P.M. W. E. WEBB, Sec'y.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.
THE WINTER TERM will commence Tuesday, Nov. 29th, and continue six weeks.
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Oscar hours from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M.
To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for Advertiser's Letters, give the date of this list and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.
C. R. McADAM, P.M.

Lost or Stolen.
A SMALL black and white spotted dog, called "Pedro," was lost by the undersigned will be liberally rewarded.
Waterville, Oct. 25, 1864. R. NOYES.
For Sale.
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Inquire of W. L. Leslie, under the Mail Office, of J. H. Higginson, opposite to William Hooker's, or of the Subscriber, Elm St.
Waterville, October 20, 1864. R. L. LAWRENCE.

Eye, Ear, and Catarrh.
DR. CARPENTER,
OCULIST AND AURIST.
Would inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he devotes his whole time and attention to the scientific treatment and cure of
DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS, CATARRH,
Discharges from the Ear, Defective Hearing, Scrofula, Sore Eyes, Defective Sight, Films, Opacities, and all Diseases incident to the Eye and Ear.
Having had an extensive practical experience, the Doctor feels warranted in assuring those afflicted with the above named diseases, that he can guarantee relief to all, and in most cases perform a permanent cure.
Relief from that loathsome but very common disease CATARRH, usually experienced after a few days treatment, and a permanent cure effected in a few weeks.
The doctor's method of treatment does not detain the patient from business or household matters to any considerable extent, and can be applied at home if necessary.
The Doctor can be consulted at his Rooms at the CENTRAL HOUSE, on Thursday, Dec. 1st.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.
Office hours, Sunday excepted, from 9 to 12 A.M., from 2 to 5 P.M., and for the convenience of those occupied during the day, from 7 to 8 each evening.

SARATOGA-FLORA-AND TURBAN.
HATS,
IN FELT AND STRAW.
A LEO
FELT CAPS—something new, for Misses and children, VELVETS—plaid and plain; colors, for sale by the
MISSISS FISHER.
Waterville Oct. 15th, 1864.

OPENING.
MRS. WILLIAMS—NORTH VASSALBORO'
Will open her new stock of
BONNETS,
and other MILLINERY GOODS, on
Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25th and 26th.
To be sold at the lowest cash price. 3c-18

IMPORTANT
TO ALL
INVALIDS!
IRON IN THE BLOOD!
It is well known to the Medical Profession that IRON is the Vital Principle or Life Element of the blood. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from any cause whatever, the necessary quantity of iron is not taken into circulation, or becomes reduced, the whole system suffers. The blood, which will irritate the heart, will cling to the lungs, will stopper the brain, will charact the liver, and will send its disease-producing elements to all parts of the system, and every one will suffer in what every organ may be predisposed to disease.
The great want of

IRON AS A MEDICINE
is well known and acknowledged by all medical men. The difficulty has been to obtain such a preparation of it as will enter the circulation and assimilate at once with the blood. This point, says Dr. Hayes, Massachusetts State Chemist, has been attained in the PERUVIAN SYRUP, by combination in a way before unknown.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
Is a Protected Solution of the PROTOXIDE OF IRON, a New Discovery in Medicine that strikes at the Root of Disease, by supplying the blood with the Vital Principle or Life Element, IRON.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Loss of Energy, Low Spirits.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
Infuses strength, vigor and new life into the system, and builds up an "Iron Constitution."

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP
Is a SPECIFIC for all diseases originating in a BAD STATE OF THE BLOOD, or accompanied by Debility or a Low State of the System.

Pamphlets containing certificates of cures, and recommendations from some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, and others will be sent FREE to any address. We select a few of the names to show the character of the testimonials.
Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. Warren Burleigh, M.D., Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, S. H. Kendall, M.D., Rev. Aug. R. Pope, S. R. Chisholm, M.D., Rev. Gordon Robins, Francis Dana, M.D., Rev. Sylvester Coleman, John H. Pond, M.D., Rev. T. Star King, Jose Antonio Sanchez, M.D., Rev. Osborn Myrick, Marcelino Aranda, M.D., Rev. Ephraim Nute, Jr., Abraham Weidell, M.D., Rev. Thomas H. Post, Rev. H. H. Post, J. R. Chilton, M.D., Rev. Richard Metcalf, H. E. Kinney, M.D., Rev. J. M. Clench, Thomas C. Dexter, Esq., Rev. A. M. Jackson, James C. Espartero, Esq., Rev. H. R. Cawley, Rev. Henry Upham, Rev. S. H. Riddell, Rev. P. C. Headley, Rev. John W. Olmstead, Prof. E. V. Scherff, Ferdinand Andrews, Esq., for sale by
SETH W. FOWLE & CO., 18 Tremont Street, Boston; and by all Druggists and Grocers and at all Country Stores.
J. P. DINSMORE, 491 Broadway, New York; and by all Druggists.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!
FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
Has fully established the superiority of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE over all other healing preparations.

It cures all kinds of SORES, SCALDS, BURNS, ROLLS, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, STIES, PILES, COHNS, SORE LIPS, SORE EYES, &c. &c. &c. REMOVING THE PAIN AT ONCE, AND BRINGING THE MOST ANGRY, LOOKING SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATIONS AS IF BY MAGIC.
Only Twenty-five Cents a Box.
—For sale by—
SETH W. FOWLE & CO., 18 Tremont Street, Boston; and by all Druggists and Grocers and at all Country Stores.
J. P. DINSMORE, 491 Broadway, New York; and by all Druggists.

MILLINERY.
THE MISSISS FISHER
And now prepared to show Customers ALL STYLES of Fall and Winter Millinery, at their store,
Corner Main and Temple Sts.
Waterville.

REDUCTION
IN PRICE OF DRY GOODS!
M. BLUMENTHAL & CO.,
are just opening
A Large and Well-selected Stock of DRY GOODS, consisting, in part, of
French Merinos,
Thibets,
Silks,
Poplins,
Alpacas,
All Wool Plaids,
Pole de Chevre, and
Delaines.

Large New York Auction Sales, for Cash.
We invite the attention of our customers and the public to the above named Goods in PARTICULAR, as well as to
OUR WHOLE STOCK
in general, with the assurance that we are always ready to give them every inducement the market offers.
M. BLUMENTHAL & CO.
To Let.
AT KENDALL'S MILLS.
THE Store lately occupied by Henry Kelly, Esq., on Main Street, suitable for a Dry or Fancy Goods Store, (and such store is very much needed here). Terms, moderate. Possession given to William Hooker, or to the Subscriber, at the option of the lessee.
Kendall's Mills, Oct. 7, 1864. R. L. MURRAY.

U. S. 7-30 Loan.
The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent per annum,—principal interest both to be paid in lawful money.
These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six or eight gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.
The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.
As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.
Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent, which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon a receipt for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.
SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.
It is a NATIONAL SAVING BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the BEST SECURITY. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying the least circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.
It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collateral for discounts.
Convertible into a Six per cent 5-20 Gold Bond.
In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent, per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 bonds is not less than nine per cent. PREMIUM, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. Notes was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent, per annum.

SEWING MACHINES.
Singers, and Wheeler & Wilson's,
Which make the celebrated LOCK STITCH, alike on both sides, are for sale by
MEADER & PHILLIPS.
Singer & Co.'s "LETTER A" FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, with all the new improvements, is the BEST and CHEAPEST, and most beautiful of all Sewing Machines. This Machine will sew anything—from the running of a tack in Tailor's to the fine stitching of an Overcoat. It can FELL, HEM, BIND, REPAIR, PATCH, TUCK, GATHER, and has capacity for a great variety of ornamental work. This is not the only Machine that can fell, hem, bind, head, etc., but it will do so better than any other. The new and improved Hemmer is added without extra charge. The Braider is one of the most valuable of the recent improvements.
The "LETTER A" Family Sewing Machine may be adjusted for sewing heavy or light textures, anything from pilot or beaver cloth, down to the softest gauze or gossamer tissue, with ease and rapidity.
The "LETTER A" Family Sewing Machine is so simple in structure, that a child can learn to use it, and having no fly to get out of order, it is never liable to go to work.
Every one who has Sewing Machines to sell, claims that his is the best. It is the business of the buyer to find out the best, and not to purchase on mere hearsay or imagination. It is the business of the buyer to see that the Machine about to be purchased will do all that is claimed for it—to see that it is easy to learn to use it—that it can be adjusted for all kinds of work—that it is durable, and that it can be used without liability to get out of order.
The "LETTER A" Family Machine is ready for each and all of these tests.
Price—\$15 and upwards.
Waterville, Dec. 10, 1863.

PUNNAM CLOTHES WRINGER.
IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE
SELF-ADJUSTING WRINGER.
NO WOOD-WORK TO SWELL OR SPLIT.
NO THUMB-SCREWS TO GET OUT OF ORDER.
Warranted with or without Cog-Wheels.
It took the FIRST PREMIUM at Fifty-seventh State and County Fairs in 1863, and is without an exception, the best Wringer ever made.
Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town, in all parts of the world.
Energetic agents can make from \$3 to \$10 per day.
Sample Wringer sent Express-paid on receipt of price.
No. 2, 60c; No. 1, \$1.50; No. 3, \$3.00; No. 4, \$5.00.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by
THE PUNNAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 13 1/2th Street, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; and Bennington, Vt. S. C. NORTHOFF, Agent.
WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, viz:—
That a Garment wringer is not a complicated affair.
That a Garment wringer should be self-adjusting, durable and efficient.
That a Garment wringer should be simple, cheap and reliable.
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First NATIONAL BANKS OF
Augusta, Bangor, Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, and Portland, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and
ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS
throughout the country will give further information and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.
1864

THE HARP OF JUDAH.
As Specimens of the Contents of
THE HARP OF JUDAH.
Sent free of Postage. Send your address to
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
13 Boston.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.
The Best Book by which to learn Piano-Forte Playing
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Best Book for Young pupils of Piano Music
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book by which to learn Piano-Forte Thoroughly
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book that makes Piano Studies Attractive
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Best Book of Exercises for Piano Practice
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book that is given to Pupils by Teachers
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book that contains No Dry and Tedious Lessons
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book that interests both Young and Old
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
The Book of which 10,000 are sold annually
IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
Richardson's New Method for the Piano.
Price \$3.75 Sent by mail, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
Boston.

MEAT, FISH AND VEGETABLE MARKET.
WM. H. EMERY & CO.
Respectfully inform the Patrons of the late firm of Toner & Redington and the public generally, that having taken the stand
Corner of Main and Temple Sts.
They are prepared to supply the best quality of all kinds of Meat, Fish, Vegetables, and other articles in their line, at prices as low as the times will admit.

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS & SHOES.
AT GALLERT'S.
Who has just returned from Market with a superior and well selected assortment, which he is now offering
At the Old Stand.
AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY,
Are respectfully invited to call and examine his Stock. He has no hesitation in recommending it as the very best remedy for coughs, colds, and for children in cases of croup, CHARLES HAYWARD, Bangor, Sept. 10th, 1864.

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS & SHOES.
AT GALLERT'S.
Who has just returned from Market with a superior and well selected assortment, which he is now offering
At the Old Stand.
AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY,
Are respectfully invited to call and examine his Stock. He has no hesitation in recommending it as the very best remedy for coughs, colds, and for children in cases of croup, CHARLES HAYWARD, Bangor, Sept. 10th, 1864.

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VERY IMPORTANT!
Let the Afflicted read,
AND
Know of the Astonishing Efficacy
OF THE
GREAT
HUMOR REMEDY!
HOWARD'S
VEGETABLE
CANCER AND CANKER
SYRUP.
Surpasses in efficacy, and is destined to supersede all other known remedies in the treatment of those diseases for which it is recommended.
It has cured CANCER in its worst forms in hundreds of cases.
It has always cured SALT RHEUM when a trial has been given it, a disease that every one knows is exceedingly troublesome, and difficult to cure.
It has cured SCROFULA in hundreds of cases, many of them of the most obstinate character.
It cures KIDNEY EVIL.
It has cured many cases of NURSING SORE MOUTH when all other remedies have failed to benefit.
It has cured SORES of the worst kind have been cured by it. SUDARY has been cured by it in every case in which it has been used, and they are cured with a certainty no other medicine has.
It removes from the face all BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, &c. which, though not very painful, perhaps, are extremely unpleasant to have.
It has been used in EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, and never fails to benefit the patient.
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SEWING MACHINES.
Singers, and Wheeler & Wilson's,
Which make the celebrated LOCK STITCH, alike on both sides, are for sale by
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Singer & Co.'s "LETTER A" FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, with all the new improvements, is the BEST and CHEAPEST, and most beautiful of all Sewing Machines. This Machine will sew anything—from the running of a tack in Tailor's to the fine stitching of an Overcoat. It can FELL, HEM, BIND, REPAIR, PATCH, TUCK, GATHER, and has capacity for a great variety of ornamental work. This is not the only Machine that can fell, hem, bind, head, etc., but it will do so better than any other. The new and improved Hemmer is added without extra charge. The Braider is one of the most valuable of the recent improvements.
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