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Daniel Ripley Wing

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SONG OF THE RIVER,

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the wiled wall where the church bell rings,
Unfaded, for the unfaded;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Darker and darker the further I go,
Darker and darker the further I go,
Who dare sport with the sin defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong;
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the countless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Unfaded, for the unfaded;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

The Position of Woman.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I could wish that women were happier. This may appear a needless wish to those who look only on the surface; but below the smoothly flowing surface there is an undercurrent which the world knoweth not of. There is a restlessness, an unuttered discontent, a vague longing, which frets and weaves away the cheerfulness and happiness of life, particularly in the young. It is involuntary, unthought, resisted, but all powerful. Ah! the capacity for suffering that there is in girls—the capacity, too for enjoying and for acting. It is weighed and measured by those who are armed for the conflict, girded for the race, but for whom no conflict and no race ever wait. It is the slow wasting away of powers that have nothing to grasp; the silent, subtle corrosion of a heart turned in upon itself. O, girls, everywhere waiting and watching for a day that never comes, I have seen you. I know you. I have followed you through the dreary days that dragged their slow length along. I know how the tramp of the monotonous years seems to you the dead march of your young aspirations,—how the pulse of your heart grows fainter and fainter, beneath the swelling fountain of tears.

"My heart, and hope, and prayers, and tears,
Are all with you, are all with you,"
and therefore I have a right to bid you take heart and hope, for this very unrest is a sign. It is the beating of your soul against its prison-bars. It is a token from above,—a voice from the unseen world, bidding you come up higher. It tells you of a level you have not yet reached; of energies not yet developed; of a life not yet rounded off to full perfection. Your soul is unconsciously sending out feelers, and they find nothing to grasp. The world is six thousand years old, but it has not yet learned to use its resources. It knows not what to do with you, and you know not what to do with yourselves. Your pastors and teachers exhort you to fear God and keep His commandments; and you try to do it. But that does not fill the void, does not stop the aching, non-echo the unrest. No, and it never will. People may talk as much as they choose about the power of religion, but it will not satisfy your hungry heart, any more than it will your hungry stomach. God has given to every appetite its appropriate food, to every emotion its corresponding object. He has given us means and ends, but we blindly work at cross-purposes, and take wrong means for right ones, making His word of none effect by our traditions. When we ask Him for bread, he gives us bread; His children, in all kindness, but ignorantly, give us offenses as stone. Do not reproach or think meanly of yourselves for not being happy. If you were absorbed in dress, visiting, pleasure-seeking, you would have no discontent; but would it be better so? If you were identified with any great work, anything which could enlist your whole being, you feel that it would be different; but women seldom have a great work to do. Their work is great only in its results, in the spirit with which it is done. It is a vast conglomeration of little things. You are where God has placed you, or suffered you to be placed, and for our purposes now it is all the same. If, in truth as in poetry, love could take up the harp of life, and smite on all the chords with might, then this chord of self would, trembling, pass in music out of sight, and this would be better. This self-abnegation is perhaps indispensable to womanly completeness. Until this chord has been touched, there is no diapason. The depths of the soul are unstirred. There is a power lying waste, a fountain sealed. No character can be perfect which is not symmetrical. You may, you ought to love Christ with an overmastering love, but the two are entirely distinct. One cannot take the place of the other. Every earthly affection should indeed be baptized in the heavenly,—but only baptized, not transmuted. I do not think God ever intended it should be.

The Other Side.

The Portland *Advertiser* having copied an article on the declaration of matrimony, from the Newburyport *Herald*, bearing rather severely on women, a lady writing in the *Courier* responds in this wise:

I tell you before hand, Doctor, that I am vexed, severely vexed. In Saturday's *Advertiser* I read an article headed "Declaration of Matrimony," which is an outrageous libel on our sex, and which, as a female, belonging to the 'fashionable circles,' if you please,—I feel bound to resent. I am sick to death of this perpetual fault-finding of females,—this making them the scape goats of all domestic evils. The men—innocent creatures that they are,—have no faults, not they; but it is on the heads of the poor women all the social sins are laid. I am foolish to get vexed at the *Advertiser's* article, I know, for time out of mind we have been thus traduced, and in all time to come we shall have to submit to the same treatment.

But what does this writer say? Heed him.

"Once was the time when the wife was a 'helpmate'; now in a thousand cases you can change the 'meet' to 'eat,' and make it read more truthfully.

Helpmate, indeed! We should like to know who eats the most, the poor wife who has worried herself in preparing the meal; if not absolutely beating herself into a fever over the fire, yet busying herself in a thousand ways, to have everything properly served for her lord and master, or her lot of a husband, who has been, not working like a day laborer, but overseeing his business, as she oversees her household; with this difference, that while he lounges in his counting-room, or jumps into his chair or wagon, and rides to points where his presence may be demanded, she is obliged to go from pillar to post and post to pillar, taking a thousand steps to his one.

Then again he has clerks, to whom he gives his orders—who make a record of all his business transactions—and he feels assured that the whole machinery of trade is moving along harmoniously without any special need of his personal interference. Let us with the wife? If there is beef to roast, fowl or fish

to cook, pudding or pies to bake, can she trust it implicitly to Biddy—even if she be the best of all Biddies? No Sir! there never was yet the 'help' that did not need helping. The wife must be about—must 'see to things,' or there will be the deuce to pay in the kitchen, cellar and chamber, and in the parlor, too, when the good man comes home and does not find everything to suit his fastidious taste.

Oh, but, the *Advertiser* will say, in 'fashionable circles' the ladies have none of this drudgery to perform—Oh, but, say I, the *Advertiser* knows nothing about the 'inner life' of our fashionable circles. The much abused housewife, fashionable or unfashionable, has her duties to perform as much as the husband—and she performs them.

The *Advertiser* speaks of our being ready to be courted at ten years, married at fifteen and divorced at twenty. Allowing this to be true, it only proves that there is an equal number of fools of the opposite sex who stand ready to court and marry us and run the risk of being divorced. But as to that matter of divorce we would like to place fact against fact, just to see on which part the blame rests. In nearly every case of divorce within my cognizance, the husband has been the cause of it, and I sincerely believe, if we could get at the true facts of the case, in the great majority of instances the fault would lie in the husbands. I am sure this would be so, if the sins of men received the same punishment as the sins of women.

Speaking of modern young ladies, the *Advertiser* asks, "What are they at washing floors?" Very well, what are our young men at sawing or chopping wood—at growing a horse—cleaning a stable, or any other menial work?

That is all left to the "hired man."

Yes, and so our drudgery is left to the "hired woman." If need be, we could get down on our knees and scrub the floor, with better grace than your clerks, quill drivers, and flourishers of yardsticks, if set to manly labor, which would bring in play the muscles.

"What are they at making bread and boiling beef?"

I will tell you. Say what you will of modern ladies—of the way that our girls are brought up—ridicule their little foibles as much as you please, ninety nine out of a hundred of them can enter upon and successfully carry out their "business of life, house-keeping, better than one out of ten of our young men can carry out their "business of life," whatever it may be. Say what you will, there are more worthless young men than young women; and this "Declaration of Matrimony" is more owing to young men being unfit for husbands, than it is for young women being unfit for wives.

I have not half said my say, but I fear I have trespassed too much on your space. I feel just like breaking a tilt with some of these defamers of our sex, who are so ready to detect the moles in our eyes, but are so blissfully ignorant of the beams in their own.

Indignantly yours, MAUD.

WHEN TO SELL.—The following suggestive remarks are from the *American Agriculturist*:

A farmer makes quite as much money by selling at the right time as by cheapness in production. Stock as well as crops are kept too long for the greatest profit. A bushel of potatoes sold in July frequently brings a dollar; in September, forty cents, though the cost of production is the same. A lamb sold in time for three dollars, often brings more net profit than the fat wether sold at two years old. A pig will frequently bring four dollars at eight weeks old. At eight months, well fattened, he will only bring twenty dollars, after eating twenty dollars' worth of provender. With this result it is easy to see the time to sell pigs in some sections. It is not so easy to know when to dispose of a young horse. As a colt he may sell at weaning time, say four months old, for twenty dollars, or fifty if a handsome animal. It has not cost much to raise him, for he has lived on his mother's milk, and she has paid her way by her work. But when he is put up for the winter his keeping begins to count. He can do nothing in the way of self support until three years old, and it were better perhaps not to work him much even then. If well kept he cannot cost much less than a hundred dollars before he is fit to work in any region where hay is worth fifteen dollars a ton. He sell for three hundred dollars or more, but the chances are that he will sell for no more than the cost of his keeping. The farmer may not lose any thing, but he will only have made a fair market for his hay and pasture. In the sale of a colt during his first summer or fall, the price is nearly all profit. There is little risk about it, and the venture is made a certainty. If the sire be a blooded animal the colt will generally sell for enough more to pay for the price of his services, and often to pay for them many times over. It is most in keeping with our calling to make the profits sure, though small.

RELIEF OF NEURALGIA.—As this dreadful disease is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as the doctors have not discovered any method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article, which recommended the application of bruised horseradish to the face, for toothache. As neuralgia and toothache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to cure the other, so we made the application of horseradish, bruised and applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated; it gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying results. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be had within the reach of every one.—*Laurensville Herald*.

NEVER SWEAR.—We had a kind neighbor who sometimes used profane language when he was angry. One day his little daughter came in leading her younger brother, and walking to his mother, said, with a pouting expression, "Mother, little bub swore; little bub can't have any wings when he dies, to fly up to the good place. Poor little bub!" and the little girl began to cry. But the boy looked to his mother's face and said: "But father swore, too. Can't he have any wings when he dies?"

The Eastern Mail.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1862.

NO. 21.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE...NOV. 27, 1862.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seckley's Building, Court-street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

From 'Our Boys.'

We have had the privilege of reading a letter from a member of the 16th Maine Regiment, addressed to friends in our village, and gather from it what follows, for the information of our readers.

The first portion of the letter was written on the 8th inst., at which time the regiment was at Warrenton, having left their old quarters at Sharpsburg two weeks previous. "Warrenton," he says, "is not quite as large as Waterville,—a very pretty, pleasant place, in times of peace, I should judge." When the regiment took up its line of march from Maryland, Capt. Leavitt and Lieut. Brooks, of Co. B, were both sick, and were left behind. The command, therefore devolved upon Lieut. Stevens. Breaking camp towards night, in the midst of a drenching rain, they marched about five miles, and the following extract will show what a good time they had:—

"It was then, and had been all day, raining hard, and I never in my life saw roads in such a condition for travel. Perfect porridge mud, almost to a fellow's knees, all the way; and there was no way but to travel right through it, without any finching, which we did in the most soldier-like manner imaginable. It was hard, you may imagine, for those who had only shoes, and still more so for those whose shoes were full of holes, or who were barefooted, as several in the regiment actually were. As you know, I am provided with a pair of good stout, serviceable boots [Merrifield's make, we'll warrant] and in that respect am fortunate, decidedly. By the time we got out four miles from camp it was so dark that we could hardly see our hands before us, and in a deep valley we came upon a battery stuck in the mud and completely filling up the way. To get by them we had to climb the fences and make our way along through the fields on each side, as best we could. That made utter confusion, as, in the darkness, half the men, by the time we reached the road, had lost their companies, and many of them their regiments. Going up a hill, which followed, we found ourselves all mixed up with the New York 9th, and such a thing as getting regulated was an utter impossibility. So we tramped up the hill in this huddled up, confused manner, and at the top of it came to a halt. After standing in the mud for an hour, we turned into the woods to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. It took but a short time to get some roaring fires under way; but that was the roughest, worst night I ever experienced. Many of the men spread their blankets in the rain, on the cold, wet, muddy ground, and lay down. Some of them went to sleep, but all who did so got completely wet through, which was the worst thing they could have done. For myself, I kept on my feet, and never slept a wink during the whole of that night. By keeping close to the fire I managed to keep dry and comparatively comfortable, so that I experienced no evil effects whatever from the exposure. But it was the death of more than one man in the regiment. The first case, a sad one, occurred in our own company. A young man named Hussey, from Leeds—one of the best fellows in the company—who started with us that afternoon in good health, was toward morning attacked with a violent colic. Dr. Baxter, our Assistant Surgeon, who was along with us, gave him some medicine, which seemed to relieve him but little. We took care of him as best we could, and when we started again at 7 in the morning, William Ballentine, of Waterville, (who was one of his tent mates) was left to take care of him, with directions to get him down under the hill, immediately into some house. Shortly after we left, our Surgeon came along with an ambulance. To him Ballentine applied for assistance. The Dr. took Hussey into the ambulance, and carried him a mile; but failing to get him into a house, left him under a straw stack by the roadside, gave him some medicine and went on. Ballentine staid with him, and I have no doubt did the best he could for him. After much suffering during the day and following night, Hussey died Tuesday forenoon. I shall ever believe that his death was hastened by neglect on the part of our surgeon, though the original cause was the effect of that night's exposure upon a naturally weak constitution. From the same cause, another man in Co. B, has since died, and quite a number are sick in the hospital at Berlin."

Monday was clear and cold—so cold that "a pair of gloves—the color of which was originally white—a reminiscence of Arlington and dress parade"—our friend found very serviceable in protecting his hands. The roads being much blocked with troops and trains, the regiment made only two or three miles for the day and encamped at Burkittsville, where they had a good night's rest.

Tuesday night they reached Berlin, where they remained through Wednesday, for the purpose of supplying themselves with tents, shoes, &c., for the campaign. Before they left Berlin, Lieut. Brooks made his appearance, but not having fully recovered decided to remain there.

On Thursday they crossed the Potomac on the pontoon bridge, and, continues the letter, "just as we were going over the bridge, Capt. Leavitt overtook us. He had left Sharpsburg the previous morning. He was not well yet, by any means, but had started as soon as he was able to get out. *Leavitt's grit is good*, and he won't be away from the Co. when he can stand on his feet. I am happy to say that he has since rapidly improved in health, and is now as well and rugged as ever."

Thursday night they encamped at Lovettsville, where they remained through Friday, for mustering, preparatory to being paid. On Saturday they marched about 15 miles and pitched tents at 5 P. M. near Purcellville, about a dozen miles from Snicker's Gap, where they remained during Sunday. Cannonading was heard throughout the day—our advance driving the rebels through Snicker's Gap. Here they had a provoking experience.

"Having occasion late that evening to visit the Colonel's quarters, I received an intimation that the brigade might be turned out, and sure enough we were. At one o'clock we were ordered to turn out the men, have them pack up, cook and eat their breakfasts in all possible haste. In a very few minutes the whole brigade was astir, and for that, a dozen brigades which lay near us. Thousands of men were grumbling at this unwished for interruption of their sound slumbers. Thousands of men rubbed their sleepy eyes, struck their tents, rolled their blankets and then set about providing an early breakfast. All at once was renewed the light of a thousand camp-fires, (the numbers of which had as yet hardly died out) glaring most fitfully and fantastically in the murky darkness, occasioned by the thick heavy clouds which filled the sky and completely obscured the moon and stars. Breakfast eaten, we were ordered to remain under arms, ready to start at a moment's call; and so we did remain for 12 hours before we were moved from the spot. That was the most provoking part of the thing. We have been in service long enough to be accustomed to being called out at any hour of day or night, to expect orders at most unexpected seasons, but when we are routed, we want it to be for some purpose, which is not always the case. In this case the facts were, that it was *expected* that we might be needed before early in the morning, in which case word was to be sent to us. But the rebels had been driven back the previous day. No messenger came, and we were allowed to remain till 1 P. M. Then we started, moved about a dozen miles that P. M., and camped below the village of Snicker's Gap, on ground which 36 hours before was held by the rebels. Here we remained till the next afternoon at 4 o'clock. The roads were full of troops and several whole divisions remained in camp that day, unable to get along. Our division moved a short distance however toward night, about two and a half miles, through the village of Bloomfield, just below which we camped."

They had now got into a land flowing with milk and honey—the property of scotch—and the boys made free to help themselves and fared sumptuously every day. With occasional foraging calls they moved along and Thursday night encamped near Thoroughfare Gap and Bull Run Mountain. On Friday, they reached Warrenton, from which the rebels had just before been driven by our advance, composed of the Maine Cavalry, supported by a large force of infantry. Troops were pouring into Warrenton rapidly while they remained there. "So that," says our friend, "if there were 50,000 when I commenced this letter there must be at least twice that number now." Here he encountered "Jud. Neal," of the Maine Cavalry, a College boy, who told him that Capt. Smith (C. H. Smith, of class of '57, formerly Principal of our High School) was not with the regiment, but was at Frederick, of which city he was Provost Marshal.

Saturday night they made a forced march to Rappahannock Station, where their services were thought to be needed in supporting the advance which had just driven the rebels across the river. Here they remained at the date of the latter portion of the letter (Nov. 15th) having had a very quiet time of it for a week, though the rebels were just across the river. In closing the writer scolds a little at the removal of McClellan, whose hold upon the affections of the army has always been strong. There were between thirty and forty thousand Union troops at this point, who were faring well, the rebels leaving large quantities of provisions in their hasty retreat. On the assumption of command by Burnside, active operations were of course inaugurated anew and the 16th had probably changed its quarters there.

FROM N. ORLEANS.—A letter from J. B. Farnsworth, in command of a company in the 4th Wisconsin regiment, to his sister in this place (Mrs. Wm. Marston), represents the health of the troops about N. Orleans as very much improved, and matters generally bearing a cheerful aspect. Mr. F. is a son of Judge Farnsworth, of Augusta.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The December number rounds up the measure of good things for the year, and contributes its full proportion to the fulfillment of the promise of the publishers to give its readers the best essays, the best stories, and the best poems, which American talent can furnish. Without making an examination of its contents, it may be well to say that the number contains a continuation of 'Mr. Astell'; 'The Procession of Flowers,' by Higginson; 'About Warwick,' by Hawthorne; 'The Cumberland,' a poem, by Longfellow; 'My Hunt after the Captain,' by Holmes; a continuation of Winthrop's 'Life in the Open Air,' &c. &c.

Of the future of the *Atlantic* the publishers say that, for the coming year, the same writers, by whose means the Magazine has gained its present high position, will still be constant contributors. These names belong to the first poets and prose writers of the land, many of whom make the *Atlantic* their only medium of communication with the public. With such a staff of writers the publishers might well be content, feeling that through them the *Atlantic* could fairly be deemed an expression of the best intellect and culture of the country. But they do not rest here. The crisis through which the nation is passing is one to stimulate thought and develop new phases of talent. It is the aim of the conductors of the *Atlantic* to add to their present list of eminent names, such new talent as the exigency of the times may call forth, and thus, while secure of the aid of authors of established fame, to make their Magazine at the same time a receptacle for the best productions of rising American writers. As an earnest of the excellence of the coming volume, it is announced that the January number will contain a Christmas Story, by the Author of 'Margret Howth'; an Essay by Gail Hamilton 'The Record of a Gifted Woman,' by Nathaniel Hawthorne; 'In the Half-Way House,' by J. R. Lowell; Poems, by O. W. Holmes and J. G. Whittier; 'A letter to the women of England,' by Harriet Beecher Stowe; A Paper by George William Curtis; and other contributions from always welcome American authors.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The October number of this able review, just received, has the following table of contents:—

Essays and Reviews.—Dr. Lushington's Judgment. The British Sea Fisheries. Railways—their Cost and Profits. Gibraltar. The Encyclopedia Britannica. J. E. Cairnes's new work with the same title. Of the scope and design of the volume the reviewer says:—

"After sweeping away the idle notion, which never could have been entertained by any one conversant with the position and circumstances of a constant enemy of the slave, that the Slave Power, whose character and aims are the cause of the American contest, is 'the most formidable antagonist to civilized progress which has appeared for many centuries, representing a system of social and economic retrograde and aggressive, a system which, containing within it no germ' from which improvement can spring, gravitates inevitably towards barbarism, while it is impelled by exigencies inherent in its position and circumstances to a constant extension of its territorial domain." This is what a man of distinguished ability, thinks of the new power, which England, by the moral influence of its opinion and sympathy, is helping to raise.

The sympathies of the *Westminster*, as shown in this article, in its shorter criticisms of 'Contemporary Literature,' are all with freedom and the North. But who would have believed that of the four British Quarterly, this, the organ of the free thinking rationalists, that we might be needed before early in the morning, in which case word was to be sent to us. But the rebels had been driven back the previous day. No messenger came, and we were allowed to remain till 1 P. M. Then we started, moved about a dozen miles that P. M., and camped below the village of Snicker's Gap, on ground which 36 hours before was held by the rebels. Here we remained till the next afternoon at 4 o'clock. The roads were full of troops and several whole divisions remained in camp that day, unable to get along. Our division moved a short distance however toward night, about two and a half miles, through the village of Bloomfield, just below which we camped."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The December number is at hand with interesting political articles from Hon. Robert J. Walker, Prof. C. S. Henry, Hon. F. P. Stanton, Hon. Horace Greeley; continuations of interesting stories by Edmund Kirke and Richard B. Kimball; and much miscellaneous reading from other lands. From the well filled 'Editor's Table' we take the following items:—

A friend of mine, questioning the other day a small boy as to his home playmates and amusements, asked him of the number and age of the children of a neighbor, at whose house there was, unknown to her, a brand new baby. "Oh," answered the five year old, with a scorn, "she hasn't got but two, one of 'em's' bout as big as me, and the other—the other's' out's' just begun."

We have heard of many an instance where the expression was not what was intended; but in the following, the idea, the expression, and everything else are about as thoroughly mixed up as one could well conceive. We were questioning a young lady as to the standing of a clergyman in the town where we resided. "Oh," said she, "he is too popular to be liked very much."

We rejoice, most of the time, in a house pet, a human puppet, a domestic toy, in the shape of 'Donny.' Would you ever believe that the name ind. ten original Charles, and passed, by the subtle alchemy of nicknames, to its present form? Donny lately dogged for the first time his first suit of jockey and trousers.

No one was in the house save the half blind nurse who put them on. And poor Donny wished so much to be admired! All dressed up and nobody to see, he felt struck dumb. He paddled off for the nursery. I was behind the bushes and noted him. Wait! long in great state before a party of hens, he cried aloud:—

"Look at me, chickens!"

A new volume will commence with the next number, and in making up your list for the next year do not omit to give the claims of this our proper consideration.

THE CONTINENTAL is published by John F. Trow, 50 Greene St., New York, at \$3 a year; two copies for \$5, and a still farther reduction for a larger number.

SEE HERE!—Dodge will sing here next Monday evening. Five hundred persons will attend, and no more, for that is all that can get into the Hall, with close packing. Every one of these persons will lay on an addition of two pounds of fat under Dodge's rib-tickling administration. Consequently there would be an addition of half a ton to the weight of this community, were it not for one drawback. Several hundreds will be disappointed in a seat, in consequence of the crowded state of the Hall, and they will lose at least a half a pound each; but the net gain will probably not be far from seven hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois. Go early, and enter yourself among the lucky ones.

Clothes line thieves are operating about town—probably in consequence of the rise in cotton cloth. Find something for these people to do, and keep them out of mischief.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Weather pleasant and mild; sun shining brightly; just snow enough to make good travelling, which the young people seem to be improving; poultry plenty and cheap, so that even a poor editor can look at a nice large turkey free of charge, while cheapening a sparerib; every body joyfully happy and bent on a pleasant time; o'clocks enjoying the fine sermon, knowing there is a good dinner at the end of it. Lads and lasses, sharing the protection of the same sleigh robe, are dashing about at 240 speed, their voices chiming pleasantly with the music of the sleigh bells; while young America, full of goodlies, present and prospective, is out with sled or skates, so *kinkey* that he cannot hold still, and as noisy as a snare drum well beaten. Verily, we are all gladly grateful, on this glorious Thanksgiving Day.

The news from Europe this week is quite important. It seems that a serious proposal for intervention in our affairs was made by France to England and Russia. The latter has not yet replied. Earl Russell, in a dispatch to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, expresses the opinion that the time has not yet come for such action, but he will communicate any intelligence deemed important on the subject to the French Government.

LADIES!—Merrifield, who is always on the lookout for novelties, in his line, for your especial benefit,—wishes you all to call at the Parlor Shoe Store and examine some for lined balmoreal boots with anklets—new inventions, for the protection of the feet and ankles during the cold season. Politeness is such a habit with him, that he will take pleasure in showing you the goods whether you purchase or not.

People should be careful what sort of stamps they put upon letters, if they are desirous of having them speedily forwarded. Letters addressed to the following persons are in the Waterville office, held for postage—the stamps used being either cancelled or of the old design.

Capt. J. P. Garland, East New York.
Miss Martha Wyman, Athens.
Seth Goodwin, Esq., Augusta.

BRACELET LOST.—See notice in advertising columns.

THE RISK IN PAPER.—The effect of this is seen, already, in various quarters in an increase of price or a reduction in the size of newspapers. The Portland Temperance Journal is diminished one half, and is a good paper still and well worth the asking price; the Scientific American raises its subscription from two dollars to three; and most of the city dailies do about the same.

President Lincoln pays an income tax of his salary, notwithstanding he is specially exempted by law.

The Farmington Chronicle announces the death of the venerable Thomas Wendell, Esq., of that town at the age of 92. Mr. Wendell has resided at Farmington nearly all his life, having gone to Farmington, as the Chronicle says, when the whole surrounding region was comparatively a wilderness.

Col. Elliot of Brunswick, recently arrested and consigned to Fort Preble, Joseph Hubbard, of Eustis Plantation, for discouraging enlistments.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—The importance of this, it will be remembered, was fully set forth by Dr. Miller, in his recent lectures; and it was plainly shown that a person may have an abundance of exercise and yet, for lack of knowledge, do but little, comparatively, for his physical culture. *Lewis's Gymnastic Monthly* furnishes this knowledge, with illustrations and explanations, making the lessons so plain that the dullest scholar need not err. Published by Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, at \$1 a year.

SICK SOLDIERS.—In a list of sick soldiers in the New York Hospitals, we find the following:—

S. Bickford, 6th battery, Belgrade, ribs broken—discharged Oct. 8.

M. M. Penny, 6th bat., Belgrade, left shoulder dislocated.

M. Hamlen, D. Sharpshooter, Winslow, dis. ase in back and hip.

M. Haggerty, A. 4th, Uirry, heart disease.

E. H. Young, H. 3d, Waterville, spine.

W. C. Fitzgerald, F. 7th, Canaan, chronic diarrhea and debility.

Lewis has voted, almost unanimously, in favor of accepting a city charter.

THE PARENT STATUS OF THE NEGRO.—At Memphis, a State Judge of Tennessee, having charged a jury in a manner to lead to a collision of authority, General Sherman has ordered the Provost Marshal to issue a proclamation to the following effect:—

"Any attempt to execute State Laws at variance with the orders of the President and military commanders, will be construed as a contempt of the authority of the United States, and will be summarily punished. The status of the negro is involved in the war now existing, and will in its progress be clearly determined. In the meantime, runaway slaves must be treated as free, and people encouraged to give them employment as such."

A SAD CASE.—Mr. J. B. Winslow of Grafton, Me., was discharged from the 13th Maine Regiment at New York, and so great was his anxiety to reach home that he rode night and day. He was taken out of the cars at Bethel and cared for by kind friends, who desired him to remain and rest a little. With a consumptive's hopes, he declared that he felt better, though every one saw that he must soon die. Home was before him and he must reach it that night. A friend accompanied him in the stage. He arrived within an hour's ride of his dear home, where his wife and children stood ready to receive him, when, unknown to his companion, his spirit took its flight from the body. It was a sad and touching sight. [Portland Press.]

TAY KINDNESS.—I once had a very awkward horse to shoe, said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still. My shop was just before the kitchen window, and my wife who is a kind hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, and patted it, stood up close to it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done anything with it." Oh, that people would try kindness. It is a mighty cheap cure.

THE EASTERN MAIL, An Independent Family Newspaper.

Published every Thursday, by
MAXHAM AND WING,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,
At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.
KPB. MAXHAM. DAN L. R. WING.

TERMS.
If paid in advance or within one month, \$1.50
paid within six months, 1.75
paid within the year, 2.00

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.
Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. lowest 9 A.M.
Augusta " " 10 " " 9 A.M.
Boston " " 10 " " 9 A.M.
New York " " 10 " " 9 A.M.
Portland " " 10 " " 9 A.M.
Belfast " " 10 " " 9 A.M.
Office hours—From 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

MARY OF THE GLEN.

BY CHARLES G. BATHMAN.

"Has anybody spoke for you,
Mary of the Glen?
Is there a heart that broke for you,
Mary of the Glen?
I have lands and I have leaves,
I have gold and cattle too,
I have sheep with fleeces of success—
Can I marry you?"

"Nobody, sir, has spoke for me,
Mary of the Glen—
There's no heart that broke for me,
Mary of the Glen—
But there's a blue-eyed Willie
Who labors with the mow—
He brings the sweetest melody
To Mary of the Glen."

"He has neither lands nor leaves,
Nor gold nor cattle too,
And though he's never spoke for me,
I know he loves me true,
And his heart would be broke for me
If I should marry you?"

The editor of a paper in Indiana wants to know if
western whiskey was ever seen coming "the other way."

RESIGNATION.—Colonel Staples of the Third Maine
has resigned.

Many churches are so attached to their pastor, that if
he leaves or dies they go down. This is wrong, and the
result of men-worship. The truth, and not the minister
is the guarantee of success.

"Going, going, just going!" cried out an auctioneer.
"Where are you going?" asked a passer-by. "Well,"
replied the auctioneer, "I'm going up to the
Zoological Garden, to tell the managers one of their
business is loose."

SEEK A WOMAN. In another column, picking Sambo's
Grapes for Sybil's Wine. It is an admirable article
written in Hospital and by the first class families in Paris
and New York, in preference to Old Port Wine.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—For a week or
more the hostile forces have been gathering
in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, the rebels
evidently being determined to resist the
advance of our army on Richmond at that point.
For some reason Sumner has not opened upon
the city, as he threatened, though the place
was promptly evacuated by the inhabitants;
and many well informed persons begin to doubt
whether the advance upon Richmond by this
route is not a feint to cover a movement from
another quarter, while others surmise that
several columns will move upon the rebel capital
simultaneously, preparations for which are
actively progressing. Our folks, at last ac-
counts, were busily engaged in repairing roads
and bridges between Aquia Creek and Fal-
mouth.

Bank's force is probably about by this time
and his destination may be James River in-
stead of Texas.

The rebels are in force and determined to
give battle at Manassasboro, Tenn.

Jackson has no doubt abandoned the valley
of the Shenandoah and gone to assist in the
defense of Richmond.

It is rumored from the Kanawha Valley that
Gen. Cox will go into winter quarters in a
few days. It is said he has neither force nor
transportation for pushing on to Staunton as
has been talked of.

A St. Louis letter in the New York Com-
mercial states that nearly twenty steamers
have been dispatched down the river from that
point to St. Genevieve or Cape Girardeau to
knob to some point below Memphis. These
troops are all veterans, the flower of the army
which fought the battle of Pea Ridge, and
comprise the division under Gen. Steele, late
brought to St. Louis from Helena.

The Herald has a Fernandez letter of the
10th giving an account of the bombardment
of St. Marys by the gunboat Mohawk, with
the steamer Neptune with a detachment of the
9th Maine, Col. Rich. The expedition pro-
ceeded to St. Marys on the 9th. The troops
landed and were fired upon by the rebels—
One of our men was wounded severely. The
rebels then mustered strongly, and the Neu-
ptune with the troops left the wharf, whereupon
the Mohawk fired shells for 20 minutes into
the town. The firing ceased in consequence
of a female bearing a flag approaching the ship.
Lieut. Durand went ashore and communicated
with her. On his return Capt. Hughes hauled
off with the intention of returning to Fernan-
dina. The rebels fired a volley of musketry
at the ship, she shot grazing the Captain's cap.
He instantly returned abreast of the town,
and kept up an incessant fire for an hour and
a half. Half the town was reduced to ashes
and almost every house more or less injured.
Previous to firing the second time Capt.
Hughes invited all the women on board his
ship, but they refused. No guns were aimed
at the houses in which they ensconced them-
selves.

The Albany (Ind.) Ledger says the great
Mississippi expedition under Gen. John A.
McClernand, now preparing at Columbus,
will consist of ten regiments from Indiana, twelve
from Illinois, four from Iowa, four from Wis-
consin and two from Minnesota, besides some
10,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery from the
army now in Kentucky. The gunboat fleet
under command of Com. Porter will co-operate,
and will comprise ten gunboats, carrying 120
guns. Beside this fleet, Com. Farragut will
have another below Vicksburg to take part in
the grand assault. The expedition will be
ready to move by the 10th of December, per-
haps sooner. It will be followed by the gun-
boats of General Elliot who will have upon

armed transports a large force of infantry,
cavalry and artillery, to keep the river clear
of guerrillas and rebel batteries.

A letter from the 18th regiment, dated the
19th, says that it was then on the way to Ac-
quia Creek.

COLORS SPECTACLES.—Many persons
who have weak eyes wear colored spectacles,
which they are positively injurious. On no
account should colored glasses be worn on a
day, in the dusk of the evening, or, as a
general rule, in mild artificial light. The
reasons for such caution in the use of glasses
are, that the power of the eyes becomes im-
paired to endure strong light by accustoming
them to the impressions of feeble illumina-
tions.

Some persons who have delicate organs may
occasionally employ spectacles of lightly tinted
glass for reading and writing, but they
should be avoided if possible. Colored glasses
are useful to protect the eye from the
brilliant reflection of snow and the bright
rays of the oxyhydrogen and electric light,
and for this purpose they should be a deep
green. Persons recovered from inflamma-
tion of the eyes should also use such glasses,
but they ought to be laid aside as soon as pos-
sible. The eye should be accustomed to en-
dure strong sunlight, when not reflected from
dazzling surfaces, such as bodies of water,
white sand and snow.

FIGHTING.—A soldier in the Mexican war
thus gives his experience in the line of his
professional duties:—"Fighting is a very hard
work; the man who has passed through a two
hours' fight has lived through a great amount
of mental labor. At the end of a battle I al-
ways found that I had perished so profusely
as to wet through all my clothes. I was as
sore as if I had been beaten all over with a
club. When the battle commences the feel-
ings undergo a change. Did you ever see
your house on fire? If so, it was then you
rushed into great danger; it was then you
went over places, climbed over walls, lifted
heavy loads, which you never could have done
in your cooler moments; you have then ex-
perienced some of the excitement of a soldier
in battle. I always knew my danger—that at
any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such
was my excitement that I never fully realiz-
ed it. All men are not alike; some are cool,
some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are
so prostrated by fear that they are completely
unmanned—an awful sinking and relaxation of
their energies takes place, awful to behold;
they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches
and covert places, cry like children, and are
totally incapable to shame—dead to every
emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant
death. We had a few, and but a few, of such
in our army."

WATER PROOF BOOT SOLES.—If hot tar
is applied to boot soles, it will make them
water proof. Let it be as hot as the leather
will bear without injury, applying it with a
swab and drying it in by fire. The operation
may be repeated two or three times during the
winter, if necessary. It makes the surface
of the leather quite hard, so that it wears
long, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or
grease softens the sole, and does not do much
in keeping the water out. It is a good plan
to provide boots for winter during summer,
and prepare the soles by tarring, as they will
then become, before they are wanted to wear,
almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as
long as those unprepared.

NOTICES.

COURAGE, INVALIDS!

Clem's Summer Cure & Howes' Cough Pills.

By the concurrent testimony of many sufferers, the
fact has been established,
That for the cure of Rheumatism or Dysentery in persons
of all ages, no medicine has ever come to the knowledge
of mankind so effectually does its work and at the same
time leaves the bowels in an active, healthy condition
as

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE.

That for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all
other ailments of the Throat and Lungs, no medicine has
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THE ELEPHANT IS IN TOWN!
MERRIFIELD IS AT HOME!
Boots and Shoes made to order.
Remember the place—
Opposite Eldon & Merrifield's,
Main Street.
A PRISH arrival of Youth's COPPER TIPPED BOOTS, at
MERRIFIELD'S.

Lost!
On Monday evening last, somewhere on Main street in this
village, a Portmanteau, containing about fourteen dollars.
The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the
Drug Store of Mr. Wm. Dyer.

BEAUTIFUL!
LADIES' FUR LINED BALMORAL BOOTS, with ANKLETS,
entirely new styles, just received and for sale by
GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD.

NE PLUS ULTIMA!
THE LITTLE PAULOR SHOE STORE.
CHUCK full of Boots and Shoes—open day and evening,
to rich and poor, high and low, great and small, with good
bargains for all.
GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD.

Lost!
IN this village or immediate vicinity, a Coral Bracelet,
with a Coralline Heart attached. The finder will be
suitably rewarded on leaving it at
MERRIFIELD'S.

Oversees! Oversees!
MEN'S ARCTIC OVERSHOES, just received at
MERRIFIELD'S.

LADIES' RUBBER BOOTS.—A large assortment
at MERRIFIELD'S.

LUBRICANTS.—Men's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Rub-
ber Boots at MERRIFIELD'S.

GRIST AND PLASTER MILLS.
KENDALL'S MILLS.
THE undersigned would give notice to the citizens of Ken-
dall's Mills and vicinity, that they have made a thorough
repair of their Grist Mill at the above place, the past season,
by putting in new wheels, and new machinery for grinding
corn, which is for sale at the old grist mill, and for this
purpose. We are now prepared to do all kinds of
CUSTOM GRINDING, from the cracking and grinding of corn
to the manufacture of the finest of flour, in as perfect
a manner as at any mill in the State. They have also on hand
200 Tons Blue Plaster,
of the first quality, which will be sold low for cash or produce.
Nov. 20—2020 DUNN, ALLEN & CO.

Stray Heifer.
TAKEN up by the subscriber, on the 14th of November inst.,
a YEARLING HEIFER, dark red, with high horns, and
some white on her belly. The owner can have her by pro-
viding property a day's payance.
Winslow, Nov. 18, 1862. WINSLOW SIMPSON.

NOTICE.
"Custom Calf Boots."
ON account of the rise in Stock of all kinds, and especially
of Calf Boots, my prices will, from this date,
be as follows:—
Gents Calf Boots from \$5.50 to 6.00.
Army Boots, \$6.00 to 7.00.
sewed " \$7.50.
GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD.
Nov. 11, 1862.

Great Battle at the Parlor Shoe Store.
The Parlor Shoe Store in Full Blast!—Greater
Sales than ever before!
It is now fully admitted by all that the Parlor Shoe Store is
the most popular institution of the kind in Waterville, and
the best Boots and Shoes, the greatest variety, and kept in
the latest manner. "The BEST work at reasonable prices!"
is the motto of the concern.
GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD.
Opp. Eldon & Merrifield's, Main St.

NEW GOODS!—NEW GOODS!
LOOK into the Parlor Shoe Store and see the heaps of Boots
and Shoes—new Styles—square toes and NEW prices!

A Large Assortment
Of Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubbers.
Now opening at Merrifield's.

TWO CASES
Men's Moccasin Boots.
Just rec'd at Merrifield's.

NOTICE.—Whereas my wife, Martha Horn, has left my
bed and board for cause unknown, I hereby forbid all per-
sons harboring or trusting her on my account, and shall pay
no debts of her contracting after this date.
Waterville, Nov. 6, 1862. NATHANIEL HORN.

PERFECT FAST COLORS.
A saving of \$40 per Cent.
In every family there is to be found more or less of wearing
articles that should be dyed, and made to look as well as new.
Many articles that become a little worn, soiled, or out of style,
are thrown aside. By using these Dyes, they can be changed
to any color or shade in a very short time, at a small expense.
You can have a number of shades from the same dye, and
the latest shade to the full color, by following the directions
on the inside of the package.
At every store where these Dyes are sold, can be seen sam-
ples of each color, on Silk and Wool.
All who have used these Family Dye Colors pronounce them
to be a useful, economical and perfect article.
Numerous testimonials can be given from ladies who have
used these Dyes, but in this case it is not required, as its real
value and usefulness are found upon trial.
Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, Practical Chemists,
at 258 Broadway, New York.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

FAMILY DYE COLORS.
Dyeing Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods, Shawls,
Scarves, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery,
Hats, Felted Hats, &c.
Children's Clothing, & all kinds of Wearing Apparel.
WITH PERFECT FAST COLORS.

LIST OF COLORS.—Black, Dark Brown, Buff Brown,
Light Brown, Dark Blue, Light Blue, Green, Purple,
Slate, Crimson, Salmon, Scarlet, Dark Blue, Light Blue,
Yellow, Light Yellow, Orange, Magenta, Celadon, French
Blue, Royal Purple, Violet.

These Dyes are expressly for family use, having been
perfected, at great expense, after many years of study and
experiment. The goods are ready to wear in from one to
three hours' time. The process is simple, and any one can use
the dyes with perfect success.

GREAT ECONOMY.
A saving of \$40 per Cent.
In every family there is to be found more or less of wearing
articles that should be dyed, and made to look as well as new.
Many articles that become a little worn, soiled, or out of style,
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at 258 Broadway, New York.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

BATCHLOR'S HAIR DYE.
The Best in the World.
WILLIAM A. BATCHLOR, celebrated Hair Dye producer, a
color not to be distinguished from nature—served not to
improve the hair in the least. remedies the ill effects of bad
dyes, and restores the hair for life. GRAY, RED or RUSSY
hair instantly turns a splendid black or brown, leaving the
hair soft and beautiful. Sold by all Druggists &c.
The genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHLOR on the
four sides of each box.
FACTORY, No. 81 Barclay St. (late 538 Broadway and 16
and 17th Streets), NEW YORK.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.
Published for the benefit, and as a warning and a caution to
one who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay,
&c.—supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure.
one who has cured himself after being put to great expense
through medical imposture and quackery. By enclosing a
post-paid addressed envelope, six-cent copies may be had of the
author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings Co., N.Y.

Marriages.
In Fairfield, Thanksgiving Eve, by Rev. Mr. Stratton,
Mr. Robert F. Hobbs, and Miss Ellen E. Low, daughter
of A. W. Low.
In Hallowell, 18th inst., W. P. Chism, of Augusta,
and Ellen G. Getchell, of Hallowell.
In Fairfield, 24 inst., Isaac T. Brooks and Miss Char-
ity J. Perkins.

Deaths.
In Waterville, Nov. 19, Joseph M. Penney, Sergeant
of Company B, 7th Maine Regiment, aged 26.
In Hartford Nov. 1st, Barnabas Howard, aged 37.
In East Windsor, Nov. 18th, Elizabeth E., wife of
David Cargill, Esq., aged 41.
In China Nov. 18th, Mary, wife of John Taylor, and
daughter of L. F. and Elizabeth Hunsawell, aged 23.
In Palermo, 10th inst., Ralph Baker, Esq., formerly
of Albion, aged 72.
In Hallowell, 24 inst., Mrs. Lizette, wife of Capt. Henry
Nichols, of Pittsford, aged 33.

POSITIVELY FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!
OSSIAN E. DODGE
and **WILLIAM HAYWARD**
Will give one of their
PECULIAR CONCERTS
In Waterville, on Monday Eve, Dec. 1st,
at 8 O'CLOCK.
In Stockholm, Tuesday Eve, Dec. 2d.

For particulars see small bills.

Now is Your Time
To buy your Fall and Winter
Boots and Shoes, as Prices are
continually advancing, and
MAXWELL'S IS THE PLACE
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