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THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

By William L. Williams.

"Now, boys, clear out! I won't have you round here, you make too much noise, besides frightening my pigeons and knocking the paint off my fence with your foot-ball. Off with you, I say, or I'll flog every one of you!" This threatening speech proceeded from the mouth of Mr. Gridley Griggs, a crabbed, surly old man, who considered boys as great a nuisance and of as little use as musquitos. A party of ten or a dozen boys were playing in the lane which ran by the side of his house, and although they were earnest in their sport, yet they were doing no harm, but Mr. Griggs liked to quarrel, and this opportunity was too good to be lost.

"We have as much right in the street as you," replied one of the boys, while at the same moment a boy, named Tom Cheney, by a well aimed kick, sent the ball spinning at Mr. Griggs' head. It struck his hat and knocked it off, much to the satisfaction of the boys, who set up a loud cheer.

"You young rascals, I'll pay you for that," exclaimed Griggs, and aiming a blow at the foot-ball with an axe which he had in his hand, he cut through it and spoiled it; the boys, thinking discretion the better part of valor, and fearing lest he should try the weapon on them, ran off to a safe distance, to hold a consultation.

"That old Griggs is a perfect monster," said Charley Kent. "That foot-ball cost me nine shillings and was nearly new, and now it isn't worth a cent."

"He has no business to drive us out of the public street," said Tom Cheney, "and I say, let's go back and play there as long as we choose."

"Let's pay him off for spoiling our foot-ball," suggested Nat Rand.

"How will we do it?" was the question from half a dozen.

"Mark his new fence up with charcoal," said a dead cat to his door handle. "Blow up his pig pen. Throw stones at his pigeons, and numerous other suggestions were made."

Unluckily, among this group of boys were one or two whose reputations as good, honest boys did not stand very high, and as a few drops of alcohol will embitter a whole cup of the purest water, so these two mischief makers influenced the whole group. The plan urged by them, and finally agreed to by the rest, was to blow up with gunpowder the pigeon of the obnoxious Griggs,—it would be such fun to have the old curmudgeon awakened by the noise, and running out, to find his pigs and pen scattered in innumerable fragments.

Joe Kimball, the one who suggested the mischief, agreed to furnish the powder; and Derby Judd, his echo and tool, promised to put the powder under the pen and touch it off. Boys will please notice, that those who plan mean things seldom perform the action themselves, but make a cat's paw of some of their weaker minded acquaintances. The other boys were to take no active part, but merely to be round when the fun came off, and to keep entire silence till then.

The night was appointed and eagerly wished for by the conspirators; singularly enough it chanced to be the fifth day of November, the anniversary of the famous Gunpowder Plot in England, when Guy Fawkes was to blow up King James and his Parliament in a very similar manner to that which threatened Gridley Griggs' pigeon.

There was one boy, however, who did not feel at all comfortable about this affair, and that was Charley Kent, the proprietor of the foot-ball which had been so maliciously destroyed; as the time approached, he regretted having anything to do with it; it was very wrong, he thought, to destroy Mr. Griggs' property, and in such a dangerous manner, too; it might set the barn on fire and do much harm. The more he thought of it, the less inclined he felt to participate in the plot; he even tried to dissuade the others from attempting it, but without avail; for they purchased the powder and determined to carry the thing through. Charley did not like to disclose the secret, for it appeared mean to do so, but he decided to take no part in the matter, either directly or indirectly; except, however, to warn Mr. Griggs of the danger which was approaching his family of pigs. To this end, he wrote a little note, as follows:—

DEAR SIR, This is to warn you that your pig-pen is in danger of being blown up on the fifth of November, after dark.

Charley did not sign any name to this note, but folding it up, he slipped it under Mr. Griggs' door.

Unfortunately, for the welfare of the pigs, this note never reached its destination, for the Griggs baby happening to stroll into the entry, spied the paper and seizing it for a plaything, soon rendered it valueless.

The evening of the fifth of November arrived, and the boys met each other as agreed at the corner of the lane; it was a very dark night, just suited for such actions; the light from Mr. Griggs' sitting room shone into the street just enough to render the outlines of the trees, fences, and buildings visible. Joe Kimball brought the powder, as he had promised, and Derby Judd prepared to perpetrate the deed. Their intention was to bury the powder under the pen, then make a train of powder to lead from that to the store, where they would touch it off and run.

Derby Judd took the package of powder and slipped over the fence into Mr. Griggs' yard; he then accosted him, that he would make the train on his way to the pen, so he took a small hole in the paper, and shaking it gently out, left a narrow dark streak of powder as he went along; his course lay very near the sitting room window, where the lights were visible, and he was obliged to creep along very cautiously; at length the pen was reached and Derby found the three fat hogs snugly slumbering in the inner pen, which had a door to it raised two or three inches from the ground; under this door he crawled his package of powder, and then began to make a hole in the ground, under the side of the pen in order to bring the train of powder inside.

In the mean time, Mr. Griggs having finished his supper and nearly finished his evening cigar, laid down the paper which he had been reading, and remarked to his wife, Rebecca:—

"Everything is rising, Becky, and I think pork must go up soon; people can't afford to buy beef, and poultry, and so they must go on to pork and sausage, and pigs feet and such kind of cheap things. I shouldn't wonder if pork should take a sudden start; very soon."

His cigar having burnt down so short as almost to blister the end of his nose, he raised the window near him and threw out the burning stump. Great was his astonishment when his eyes were dazzled by a brilliant flash, which shot like a meteor across his garden and was succeeded by a startling explosion, accompanied by a scream of agony, and the clatter of falling boards. By the momentary flash, Mr. Griggs saw the form and color of his favorite pig, the next moment, all was darkness and gloom, but the loud squeal which issued from the pigpen proclaimed fearful suffering.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Griggs, jumping up, and knocking over in her fright the best Chinese lamp.

"The soundrels!" roared her husband, the truth of the matter flashing upon his mind at about the same time the ignited gunpowder flashed upon his eye-sight. Without stopping for a hat, he ran to his pig pen; the scene which met his vision was sad enough; two of his porkers lay upon the ground, one dead, the other kicking and struggling in the agonies of death; but the most deplorable sight was a human form which lay among the ruins; this was no other than the unfortunate Derby Judd, who had just completed his arrangements when the cigar of Griggs hastened the affair to a far different termination from that which the boys had intended.

A number of neighbors alarmed at the noise, gathered around, and the injured boy was carried into the house of him whose property he was so wantonly destroying. A physician was called, who restored Derby to consciousness; the right side of his face was filled with powder, and the sight of his right eye gone forever. It was a long while before the poor boy could mingle again with his school mates, and when he did, his disfigured face and blinded eye told how dearly he had paid for his folly and wickedness.

Joe Kimball, the leader of the affair, and two or three others, were caught as they were running away, by some of the neighbors who had been aroused by the noise. They were examined before the Justice of the Peace Court, and their fathers had to pay a heavy sum to save them from the disgrace of a prison. Their reputations, however, were blighted indelibly, and years afterwards, the misdeeds of that night hung like a millstone around their necks.

Luckily for Charley Kent, it happened that on the afternoon of the disastrous night, he was sent on an errand to his grandmother's, who lived about three miles distant. Charley liked to visit his grandmother, for she had two dogs and two cats, besides a lot of fancy pigs and chickens; but his chief amusement was in a family of white mice, which lived in a tin cage with a revolving cylinder attached, where they would exercise themselves in trying to run up the sides.

It was after dark when Charley started for home; the way was lonely, but he did not care; he had often traveled it, and every bush and tree was familiar to him. When half of his journey was accomplished, and he was thinking about the plot to overthrow old Griggs' piggery, his attention was attracted by a brilliant flash from the direction of the town, followed in a few seconds by a report.

"There!" said he to himself; "those boys have persisted in their cruel scheme; it is too bad! I am glad I was not there."

Charley then thought of his foot ball which had been so ruthlessly destroyed, and a feeling of satisfaction at Griggs' misfortune began to grow in his heart, but he quickly pulled the poisonous weed before it could take root, and decided that a good action was the best offset to an evil one. At this moment, he heard a grunting in the road and saw a pig running away; naturally enough, he concluded that it must be one of Griggs' pigs, which had escaped from destruction; after some trouble, he succeeded in turning the grunter's course, and driving it before him, brought it at last safely to the owner's door.

Gridley Griggs was very glad to find that one of his three pigs had escaped unharmed, and he was surprised to see Charley Kent restoring the property.

"How's this?" exclaimed he. "Are you one of the boys concerned in this rascally affair?"

"No sir," replied Charley. "I am not so sure about that. Didn't you know any thing about the matter?" inquired Mr. Griggs.

"I knew about it but declined taking any part in it; and besides that I vent you a note to warn you of the danger," said Charley.

After a few moments further conversation, Mr. Griggs felt convinced that Charley told the truth, and was at his grandmother's at the time stated. There is an air of confidence and safety about a truth teller, that imparts weight and success to his words; but a liar shows signs of uneasiness, avoids meeting the eyes of his interrogator, and betrays the lack of that courage which the consciousness of truth inspires a man with.

"Whose foot ball was it that I spoiled the other day?" asked Mr. Griggs, after a moment's silence.

"It was mine, sir," answered Charley.

"And yet you the very boy who had most reason to retaliate, was the only one who declined to participate in this plot against me; but on the contrary, have done me a kindness instead. Well, good night, Charley, you will hear from me tomorrow."

Charley bade Mr. Griggs good night, and hastened home, with far happier feelings than his guilty comrades possessed. The next day, he was surprised to receive from Mr. Griggs, a handsome, new foot ball, much larger and better than his old one, and accompanying it was a note to Mr. Kent, congratulating him upon having a son of such integrity and truth as Charley.

Mr. Griggs himself was taught something by this catastrophe, and he afterwards found that kind words and reasonable requests had a much better effect on boys than exasperating threats and unreasonable demands.

THE DRIFT.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveller, says:

It is impossible that any draft shall be made before the middle of May, and it is doubtful if any is made before the middle of June. The draft will first be tried in the State of New York, and will hardly be put on the New England States before August or September. Those States which have filled their previous quotas will be called on last for more troops under the conscription act. It is already predicted here that the conscription act will raise more money than men. We shall soon see if it be true.

AGE OF SEEDS.—The egg plant, various kinds of onions, parsnips and thick-skinned squash are safe only for one year. Beans should not be planted that have been kept more than two years,—nor carrots, celery, spinach or tomato seeds. Asparagus seed is good at three years,—so are lettuce and peas.

But broccoli cauliflower, cabbage, cucumber, melon, radish, squash and turnip seeds are supposed to remain good from five to ten years.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1863.

NO. 41.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... APR. 16, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, 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. TILLEY, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southby Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
[Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.]

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS,
Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

CONSISTENCY.—No political party that ever existed in this country, was ever composed of more elements than the present Copperhead organization. There are those who work with, or lead the party, for the purpose of acquiring political power; a very few honest ones, who go with them because they believe reunion by the war impossible, and reunion by peace and compromise possible, and would desert them in a moment, did they believe the leaders were not laboring for the true interests of the country; and a number, by far the largest number of them all, who, from education or long habit, are ready to follow any banner with the word "Democracy" stamped upon it, without stopping to consider who carries the standard or whether it may lead them. Now I have always been a Democrat, never voted any other ticket, and still hold my former views on all our former issues; and I consider it no disparagement to my political brethren to say, that the men who compose this latter class of the party, are not accustomed to reflect upon the signs of the times, and the peculiar circumstances under which we are placed. They have been so accustomed to hearing the different Administrations berated by the opposition, that they do not consider that there may be such a change in affairs as to require a cessation of such a course. They have so faithfully, and honestly too, opposed, in times of peace, the party now in power, that they do not stop to think it might be better to support it in time of war.

And the failure to reflect upon these things is leading many an honest man, who would consider himself insulted to be called anything but a patriot, into some of the grossest inconsistencies. In the war of 1812, when our country was merely engaged with a foreign foe, the party which finally laid down its course of policy in the Hartford convention, did all in its power to oppose a Democratic Administration then in power. And that has ever since been a subject for derision and scorn and contempt, even by these very men who now oppose the efforts of the government.

Is it less honorable to clog the wheels of government when engaged in foreign war, than when fighting for its very existence? And in the Mexican war, a portion of our people, considering that contest carried on for the acquisition of more territory ultimately to be erected into slave states, opposed its prosecution. These same men who now oppose the prosecution of the war to suppress the rebellion, could never think of any thing too mean to call those men, who they say, were unwilling to help their country while struggling to maintain her rights and her honor. Was that war which resulted in obtaining new territory, more holy than one waged to retain what we have? Was it more mean, more base to oppose an Administration conducting a war for the preservation of the national honor, when the country was in no danger, than it is now, to oppose an Administration conducting a war, not merely to preserve the honor of the nation, but its life even?

It can't be that these men reflect upon their position and their inconsistency. It can't be that they consider whether Copperheadism is lending them. Do they permit their patriotism to be swallowed up in party hatred? Do they wish to be a mockery so long as our country's history shall be read by man? If not, let them turn in their course and come to the rescue of our common country in this hour of distress.

GEN. BUTLER'S GREAT SPEECH.—There was an immense gathering in New York, last week, to give a formal reception to Gen. Butler. The enthusiasm was intense, and every body vied in cheering the man who had "done all he was told to do." The General's speech, some two hours long, is one of the best of its kind—pithy in its hits at all opponents of the war, pointed in its advocacy of emancipation and pungent in its denunciation of British interference. We make an extract:—

Up to the time that disunion took place, I went as far as the farthest in sustaining the constitutional rights of the States, however bitter or however distasteful to me were the obligations my father had made for me in the compromises of the Constitution, and among them it was not for me to pick out the sweet from the bitter; and fellow democrats, I took them all [loud cheers] because they were constitutional obligations [applause]; and taking them all, I stood by the South and by Southern rights, under the Constitution until I advanced and looked into the very pit of disunion, and not liking the prospect, I quietly withdrew. [Immense applause and laughter.] And we were from that hour apart, how far apart you can judge when I tell you that on the 23d of December, 1860, I shook hands on terms of personal friendship with Jefferson Davis, and on the 26th of December, 1862, I had the pleasure of reading his proclamation that I was to be hanged at night. [Great applause and laughter.] And now, my friends, if you will allow me to pass on for a moment in this line of thought, as we come up to the point of time when these men laid down their constitutional obligations: What were my rights and what were theirs? At that hour they repudiated the Constitution of the United States, by solemn vote in solemn convention, and not only that, but they took arms in their hands, and undertook by force to rend from the Government what seemed to them the fairest portion of the heritage which my fathers had given to me as a rich legacy to my children. When they did that, they abrogated, abnegated, and forfeited every constitutional right, and released me from every constitutional obligation. [Loud cheers.] And when I was thus called upon to say what should be my action with regard to slavery, I was left to the natural instincts of my heart, as prompted by a Christian education in New England, and I dealt with it accordingly, being no longer bound. [Immense applause.] Then I undertake, earnestly and respectfully, to maintain that the same sense of duty to my constitutional obligations and to State rights, which required me so long as they remained under the Constitution, to support the system of Slavery, and the same sense of duty and right, after they had gone out from under that Constitution, caused me to follow the dictates of my own conscience, untrammelled. [Cheers.] So my friends, you see how wrongminded I may have been—and I speak to my old Democratic friends—I claim we went along step by step together up to that point, and we should still go along step by step; for except the right to hold slaves was made a part of the compromises made by our fathers in the Constitution, and if their State rights were to be respected because of their allegiance to the Constitution, yet when that sacred obligation was taken away, and as well as the negroes were disenthralled, why should not we follow the dictates of God's law and humanity? [Tremendous applause, and cries of bravo bravo!]

There is one question I am frequently asked—"Why, Gen. Butler, what is your experience? Will the negroes fight?" To that I answer, I have no personal experience, because I left the Department of the Gulf before they were fairly brought into action. But they did fight under Jackson, at Chalmette. More than that. Let Napoleon III., answer, who has hired them to do what the veterans of the Crimea cannot do—to whip the M-zicans, who were whipped out from San Domingo, say whether they will fight, or not. What has been the demoralizing effect upon such a race by their contact with white men, I know not; but I cannot forget that their fathers would not have been slaves, but that they were captives in war. And, if you want to know any more than that, I can only advise you to try them.

SICK SOLDIERS.—In late hospital returns we find the following cases reported: In the Maine Cavalry Regimental Hospital, March 27.—A. E. Davis, Fairfield, fever, no improvement. In the second Regimental Hospital, March 23d, Charles H. McMaster, foot out. In the Third Regimental Hospital, March 23d, Charles Stone, Vassalboro, injury. In the Nineteenth Regimental Hospital, March 26th, Musician, Hollis S. Spear, Benton, jaundice and sore throat, no better; Bradley B. Whitney, Winslow; Charles H. Libby, Albion, measles; Alfred F. Allen, Fairfield, chronic diarrhea, no improvement. In the Twentieth Regimental Hospital, March 25th—Alonso Wixon, Sidney, cold, convalescent; David S. Wadsworth, Clinton, bad cold, convalescent. In the Division Hospital, 3d Brig., 1st Div., March 26th—Albert Ames, Clinton, typhoid pneumonia, no better; Eli Goodwin, Clinton, convalescent; Merritt Stinson, Clinton, convalescent.

SPEECH.—A Captain in an Iowa regiment having been informed that his company had subscribed a handsome sum for the purpose of presenting him with an elegant sash and sword called his men together, and delivered himself of the following model speech. It is full of straightforward common sense and pure, disinterested patriotism combined:—

"Boys, if you have money to spare, send it home to your families, if they need it; if not, keep it until you need it yourselves. I will by my own sword. Should you do it and should it come to disgrace in these hands, you could but regret the gift; or should I accept it from you, and some day find it my imperative duty to kick some one of the donors out of this company, it might be unpleasant to think that I was under obligations to that person as a contributor to the elegant sword fund. For these reasons I most firmly and kindly decline the favor which your loyal hearts prompt you to bestow. Wait until the war is over; wait until the tide of battle shall have been stayed,—[ill the raging billows of this cursed rebellion shall have been rolled back; wait until I have proved myself worthy to receive so noble a gift,—until you have shown yourselves by deeds of daring and feats of bravery worthy to bestow it upon me; then perchance, I may be happy to accept of you some lasting testimonial of your confidence and esteem. Till then, wait!"

Mr. EVERETT'S ADDRESS.—Hon. Edward Everett, whose position as a candidate with Mr. Bell, in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, has rendered his opinions touching the war somewhat questionable, made a speech in Boston last week, in which he took the most entire ground for the Union and the war. One point worthy of note is, that he candidly admits that he was mistaken in the opinion he once held, that the adoption of the Crittenden plan of compromise would have averted the rebellion. The address is timely, and will do its share in cementing a general bond of Union throughout the North.

Seward Dill writes home from camp, where he has been sent by the State to look after the Maine soldiers:—"Don't send mince pies; for they make well men sick and sick men worse. They spoil before reaching here, yet they eat them because they are from home. Send dried apples, dried or smoked fish, pickles, well put up in kegs, butter, cheese, and all kinds of dried fruit."

CHANGING. The great change in public feeling towards the war, witnessed within a few weeks, is the best evidence of the improving and hopeful condition of affairs. Every body seems to regard it as a matter of course that the rebellion is to be crushed, and that the days of the copperheads are numbered. Matters look better abroad, and the hope of the rebels for foreign aid is more completely extinguished. Those who have stood aloof, or have been trying to embarrass the war party, are beginning to remember the torments of the revolution, and to see themselves in a new light. Nasty fellows are less troubled for fear the 'niggers' will help us; and some of them are beginning to listen more to the words of the revolution, and to see themselves in a new light. Nasty fellows are less troubled for fear the 'niggers' will help us; and some of them are beginning to listen more to the words of the revolution, and to see themselves in a new light.

At a meeting held in the Baptist Church on Sabbath evening, the claims of the 'Christian Commission,' (an organization for religious labor in the army,) were presented by Rev. T. G. Grassie. At the close a collection in aid of the Commission was taken up, and the following note acknowledging its receipt has since been returned:—

Boston, April 14, 1863.

Rev. G. D. B. PERRY:—Dear Sir, I have this day paid me \$10.00, as a collection taken in Waterville for the 'Christian Commission.' It is very opportunely, as we are much in need of funds for reading matter. The calls from the armies of Generals Hooker, Rosecrans, Grant, Banks, and Hunter, are very urgent. In the army of the Potomac there is a very general religious interest, and some thirty delegates of the Commission are there, laboring with great success.

Will you please communicate this receipt to those interested. Yours very truly, C. DEMOND, For Christian Commission.

Henry A. Dolly, who killed his wife at Fort Fairfield, Aroostook county, in February, and on the plea of insanity being set up, was sent to the Asylum in Augusta, for observation, died in that institution, of hemorrhage of the lungs, on Wednesday last.

REMEMBER, ye who want fruit trees, that Mr. Gilbreth, whose advertisement you may see in another column, has a fine variety at the Island Nursery, Kendall's Mills. Buy, when you can, of a responsible man, who has too much at stake to allow of his deceiving you, in kind or quality.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The long expected attack on Charleston was made on Tuesday of last week: but our fleet failed to pass the forts—not because the best of the iron clads could not sustain the terrific fire rained on them, but in consequence of obstructions in the channel, which could not be removed.

One of the iron clads, the Keokuk, built on the Whitney plan, was completely riddled and sunk; but the others nobly withstood the awful fire and came out but little injured. Two of them were taken to Port Royal for repairs, which are said to be already made, but the others remained inside the harbor at last accounts, ready to renew the conflict at any time. Some damage was done to the walls of Sumter, but its defensive capacity is not probably impaired. The casualties on our side were very few—one killed and about a dozen wounded. It remains to be seen whether means will be devised to remove the obstructions in the channels, and whether the attempt will be renewed without the co-operation of a land force. With our fleet inside of the bar the blockade of Charleston can be much more effectively maintained, and with a less number of vessels.

It is said that the rebels are threatening New Orleans, and that Banks is concentrating his forces to repel the attack. The rebels are also threatening the city of Suffolk, and the view of remaining reinforcements being sent to the relief of Gen. Foster. The attacks were repelled.

Admiral Farragut still holds the Mississippi, between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The Queen of the West is up Red River. We get little intimation of what is doing in the vicinity of Vicksburg.

The rebel General, Van Dorn, attacked our forces at Franklin, Tenn, on the 11th inst., but was repulsed with a loss of about 300 in

plundering.

Gen. Foster, with 1200 men, has been shut up at Washington, N. C., the rebels having obtained command of a battery on the river, below him, which prevented the ascent of gunboats for his relief. The latest reports are, that the gunboats have finally forced the passage of the river, and brought him and his troops off in safety.

Twenty thousand Union soldiers are to be immediately raised in Kentucky.

The enemy, under Wico, are still reported in force at Williamsburg.

LIQUOR SEIZURES.—Liquor was seized at twenty-one places in Lewiston, on Thursday—about 3000 gallons in all. A good work well begun.

Dr. George G. Percival, of Waterville, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Twentieth Maine Regiment.

We are under obligations to Hon. L. M. Morrill, for favorably received.

Young Blossom, reported shot by a deserter, turns up all right.

Spring is here. The ice last saw on Tuesday and the river is now all clear below. Our streets are drying off rapidly, but outside the mud is probably deepening every day.

The Greek National Assembly has unanimously proclaimed Prince William of Denmark King of Greece.

J. B. Hall, Esq., recently of the Portland Press, and formerly of the Aroostook Herald, has connected himself with the Courier, a live evening paper published in Portland.

WHITENASHES.—1. One ounce of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) and three ounces of common salt to every four pounds of good fresh lime, that is, lime which has not fallen into dry powder from exposure to the atmosphere, with water enough to make it sufficiently thin to be applied with a brush, yields a durable out door whitewash. 2. Take a clean water-tight barrel, or other wooden cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime in its state, pour enough boiling water on it to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly until it is dissolved or thoroughly 'slacked'; then put in more water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc—that is, white vitriol—and one pound of common salt; these harden the wash and prevent cracking; this may be colored according to taste by adding three pounds of yellow ochre for a cream color; four pounds of umber for a fawn color, with a pound each of Indian red and lamp-black. 3. Mix up half a pail of lime and water ready for whitewashing; make a starch of half a pint of flour and pour it, while hot, into the lime water while it is hot. This does not rub off easily. 4. A good door whitewash for a house of six or eight rooms is made thus: take three pounds of Paris white and one pound of white glue; dissolve the glue in hot water, and make a thick wash with the Paris white and hot water, then add the dissolved glue and sufficient water to make it of the proper consistency for applying with a brush. If any is left over, it hardens by the morning; but it may be dissolved with hot water; still it is best to make only enough to be used each day; and spread it on while it is warm. It is said to add to the value and lastingness of any finish if the vessel in which it is slacking is kept covered with a cloth; this not only confines the heat, but keeps the very finest of the particles of lime from being carried off by steam, wind, or otherwise. When it is taken into account how much buildings and fences are protected against the destructive influence of the weather, if they are plentifully whitewashed in April and November, to say nothing of the cheeriness, beauty, and purity which it adds to any dwelling, it is greatly to be desired that the practice of liberally whitewashing, twice a year, should be adopted by every household in the nation, where paint cannot be afforded, and on every farm.

[Scientific American.]

TRESPASS IN LEGAL PHRASE.—"Bless me, Mr. Pounce, what is this?" [He reads.] "For that, said John Snooks, on the 10th day of May, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain house of the plaintiff, and made a great noise and disturbance therein, and so continued to make a disturbance for the space of twenty-four hours."

"That sir, is the declaration in trespass."

"But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours."

"A mere formal allegation, Sir, is not necessary to be proved."

"But he didn't break in doors, to wit: twenty doors."

"Pooh, Sir, don't you see that it is laid under a verdict?"

"Laid under a what?"

"A verdict; that means you must prove the allegation if it is immaterial; but if material you must."

"But what is the use of it then?"

"The use of it, my dear Sir, is that you don't understand these things—they are vocabularies."

"And what may that be?"

"Why words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the professional man to make the most of a very small case."

LOOK TO YOUR CELLARS.—The German town Telegraph, well says:—Those who have in charge the care of the household, should frequently think of their cellars, and though they may not be often exposed to the eyes of strangers, take care that they are always kept in a cleanly condition, from annoyances and nuisances of all kinds. A neglected cellar has much to do with the health of a family, especially in the spring of the year, or where ever heat and are introduced into houses. No vegetables except potatoes, should be stored in the cellar. Especially should cabbage, beets, celery and turnips be excluded. All these are offensive in themselves, and injurious to health, while at the same time they are all preserved in a much superior manner out of doors. A cellar should be thoroughly whitewashed at least once a year, and swept and put in order twice a month.

The air in a properly kept cellar will not become impure, when the weather becomes sufficiently cold to render necessary the closing up of the open windows, while on the other hand the air of a cellar, so closed up, which is suitably kept, and filled with vegetables, some of them in a decayed state, may well be imagined. All cellars, however, should have the outside doors thrown open for an hour or two in midday open days, when the temperature is above freezing point.

GRUB IN THE REAR OF SLACK.—Dr. Daid, in a communication to the Prairie Farmer, says the only way to prevent grub in the head of sheep, is to put plenty of wholesome grub into the stomach of the animal—and that it is a well known fact that sheep properly attended to, well fed and housed, are never troubled with the parasite known as the grub.

killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss was about 100.

Gen. Foster, with 1200 men, has been shut up at Washington, N. C., the rebels having obtained command of a battery on the river, below him, which prevented the ascent of gunboats for his relief. The latest reports are, that the gunboats have finally forced the passage of the river, and brought him and his troops off in safety.

Twenty thousand Union soldiers are to be immediately raised in Kentucky.

The enemy, under Wico, are still reported in force at Williamsburg.

LIQUOR SEIZURES.—Liquor was seized at twenty-one places in Lewiston, on Thursday—about 3000 gallons in all. A good work well begun.

Dr. George G. Percival, of Waterville, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Twentieth Maine Regiment.

We are under obligations to Hon. L. M. Morrill, for favorably received.

Young Blossom, reported shot by a deserter, turns up all right.

Spring is here. The ice last saw on Tuesday and the river is now all clear below. Our streets are drying off rapidly, but outside the mud is probably deepening every day.

The Greek National Assembly has unanimously proclaimed Prince William of Denmark King of Greece.

J. B. Hall, Esq., recently of the Portland Press, and formerly of the Aroostook Herald, has connected himself with the Courier, a live evening paper published in Portland.

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THE GREAT INDIAN REMEDY FOR FEMALES.

Dr. Mattison's Indian Emmenagogue

This celebrated Female Medicine, passes in
virtues unknown to any thing else of the kind,
and proving effective after all others have fail-
ed, is specially designed for both married
and single ladies, and is the very best thing
known for the relief of all the troubles arising on
the monthly sickness in cases of debility; after
all other remedies of the kind have been tried
in vain.

OVER 3000 Bottles have now been sold

without a single failure when taken as directed, and without injury to health in any case.

It is put up in bottles of three different strengths, with full directions for using, and sent by Express, CLOSELY SEALED, to all parts of the country.

PRICES.—Full Strength, \$1.00; Half Strength 55¢; Quarter Strength, 25¢ per bottle.

REMEMBER!! This medicine is *discontinued*.

OSTIMATE CASES, which all other remedies of the kind have failed to cure; also that it is warranted as represented in every respect, or the price will be refunded.

Beware of imitations! None genuine and warranted unless purchased of **DR. M. or at his HERMIDAL INSTITUTE FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, No. 28 UNION ST. PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

This specialty embraces all diseases of a Private nature both of **MEN and WOMEN**, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his **WHOLE ATTENTION** to them.

Consultations, by letter or otherwise are **strictly confidential**.


CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually by New England alone, without any benefit to those who pay it. Most of this sum comes out of a class of people who are the least able to lose it, but once paid they can never get it back, and they are compelled to suffer the wrong in silence, not daring to expose themselves as having deceived themselves. All this comes from trusting without inquiry.

...like destitute of honor, character, and skill, and whose only recommendation is their own false and extravagant assertion in praise of themselves. If, therefore, you would avoid being humbugged, take no man's word, no matter what his pretensions are, but **READ INQUIRY**—it will cost you nothing, and will save you many a needless regret; for, as advertising physicians, in line come out of the crowd, and boast of their ability in trusting any of them, unless you know who and what they are.

☞ **Dr. M.** will send **PAPER**, by enclosing one stamp as above. A Pamphlet on **DISEASES OF WOMAN**, and on **Private Diseases** generally, giving full information, with the most un-

Orders by mail promptly attended to. Write your address plainly, and direct to Dr. MATTISON, as above. 358

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 that indicates some experience
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 promptly attended to on appli-
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Main Street,
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 WATERVILLE.

CLOTHS & CLOTHING.
We have now on hand a splendid stock of
Cloths and Ready Made Clothing,
comprising all the varieties adapted to the different season
and the taste and means of all classes of purchasers.
Our prices have recently been **MARKED DOWN**, in conformity
to the times, and we offer strong inducements to all who
wish to secure a nice suit for little money.

waterworks Aug. 1, 1861. J. LEAVY & BROS.

BOOTS

AND

SHOES!



The illustration shows two men standing and facing each other. The man on the left is wearing a military uniform with a high collar and a sash. The man on the right is wearing a dark suit and a top hat. They appear to be in conversation.

Now is Your Time

To buy your Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes, as Prices are continually advancing, ——— and

MAXWELL'S IS THE PLACE

To buy, for he has just received a NEW Stock of Goods, and will sell them at a small advance for Cash.

Those Nice Calf Boots

Are still manufactured at the old place, as usual.
ALL persons having an account will please call and settle be-
fore the first day of January next, and are wishing to buy
can have any of my goods for CASH; but NOT on credit.

17 S. T. MAXWELL.

PERFECT COLOR



FAMILY DYE COLORS

Dyeing Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods. Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Corsets, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, & all kinds of Wearing Apparel.
WITH PERFECT FAST COLORS.

LIST OF COLORS.—Black, Dark Brown, Soot Brown, Light Brown, Ark Blue, Light Blue, Dark Green, Pink, Purple, Slate, Crimson, Salmon, Scarlet, Dark Drab, Light Drab,

White, Light Yellow, Orange, Magenta, Solerino, French Blue, Royal Purple, Violet.

These Dye Colors are precisely 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 80 per Cent.

In every family there is to be found more or less of wearing apparel which could be dyed, and made to look 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, from the palest shade to the darkest color; by following the directions on the inside of the package.

At every store where there Dyes are sold, can be seen samples 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.

Everyone's testimonials could be given from ladies who have used these Dyes.

value and usefulness are found upon one trial.
Manufactured by **BOWE & STEVENS**, Practical Chem-
ists, 258 Broadway, Boston.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

WARREN'S COUGH BALSAM.
Has been found, by experience, to be the
BEST REMEDY
For the various Diseases of the Lungs, and Throat, such as
Croup, Whooping Cough, &c.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, or Inflammation of the Lungs.

In these Complaints this Medicine has NO SUPERIOR, and while thus efficacious, it is perfectly **SAFE** to administer to persons of all ages. At all times of the year this Balsam is found useful, especially in the Autumn, Winter and Spring; and many Colds and Coughs, which, if neglected, might prove fatal, may be **CURED** at once by a few doses of this Balsam.

The Cough Balsam of the two-fold variety of

ing as once visible as a preventive of all the diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchia.

IN DIPHTHERIA this Balsam has proved itself unexpectantly efficacious. When given at the first onset of the Pestilence, it has cured it once; and in many cases it is believed, by those who have taken it, to have saved their lives.

IN ASTHMA, however violent and distressing, this Balsam gives prompt relief.

IN BRONCHITIS and PNEUMONIA it relieves the irritation, loosens the Cough, and promotes a favorable expectoration.

IN CROUP its powers are almost magical. This infectious

IN WHOOPING COUGH it moderates the paroxysms, prevents the disease from assuming its severest and dangerous form, and shortens its course.

Every family should keep it in the house, and thus avoid the dangerous delay of consulting a physician by sending out for the medicine when needed for immediate use.

The best recommendation for a good medicine is found in its use. If the following certificate, from one who has used it, does not give you confidence in it, try one bottle on yourself,

Did you Will be convinced. It will cost you but twenty-five cents, and may save you as many dollars in time and doctors' bills.

Letter from Colonel Roberts.

FAIRBANKS WARREN—Allow me to thank you for the beautiful supply of Cough Lotion received by me from you, through Dr. Brighton. I have used it with great success, as well as officer, have experienced the beneficial effects of the same. We all pronounce the article sound—so does our Brigade Surgeon, Dr. Lyman, of Boston, to whom I have presented a bottle.

CHARLES W. ROBERTS.

Colonel Commanding 24th Regt. M.C. (Vol.)
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