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7-29-1864

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 04): July 29, 1864

Maxham & Wing

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WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O the weary solemn silence  
Of a house without the children,  
O the strange oppressive stillness  
Where the children come no more!

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

BY ANANDA M. HALE.

Mabel, the spoiled child, fretted a little, and grew pale and thin. "It was so lonely at home, she said, and Hester, who, always keenly alive to the least change in her, puzzled her brain to devise a change. If she could procure a music-master for her! but after thinking over the project for a long time, and counting up the income and outgoes of the year, Hester shook her head mournfully and gave it up. It was one Saturday that she came to this decision, and while her mind had been working swiftly, her fingers had been equally busy in her usual weekly household arrangements. She went to put away a print in a drawer, and by chance her eye fell upon a pile of drawings which lay there. She took them out, ran them over absentmindedly, when she saw, in a far corner of the spacious, old-fashioned side-board, a half-dozen pieces of oils, done by herself a year or two before. She turned them over, and their half-forgotten beauty struck her anew. They were mostly landscapes, some English views, but there was one head which Hester had always thought her best work. As she stood looking at them, half-fondly, as we always regard that which has given us pleasure in the execution, she thought suddenly occurred to her that these might be sold. Her heart leaped with a sudden joy. Mabel could have music lessons. But what to do she considered. She did not know any one who cared for pictures except Mr. Belden. She smiled with delight at the thought. "Why did not I occur to her at first?" She resolved to consult him in regard to the disposition of the pictures. He was so kind, she knew he would help her. That night, while her female colleague was waiting to hear the lesson of some idle scholars, Hester tapped at the door of Mr. Belden's recreation room. "Come in," he said, and Hester timidly opened the door. He started up. "I beg pardon, Miss Bently. I thought it was a scholar." And he offered her a chair. Hester sat down a little embarrassed. She wished she had waited—had not determined to consult him, for now she found it awkward. He stood quietly, and presently made some indifferent remark. Hester replied, and then she said, hesitatingly:—"I wanted to see you, Mr. Belden—"

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before. He liked to see her white hand poise a moment over the canvass, and then to watch the curve of the bended taper fingers, as she lifted the drawings. He asked a good many questions, for somehow her voice had grown to have a charm for him of late, and he affected ignorance of the theme and style in order to give himself the pleasure of hearing it from her. The landscapes pleased him by their harmonious coloring, and mingled strength and sweetness of tone; but at last he laid them all down, and took up for the third time the head which Hester thought her *chef-d'oeuvre*. It was a woman's face, calm, grand and serene but full of tender feelings. "Who is this?" he asked, looking up. "Ariadne," returned Hester. "And who was Ariadne?" "Her name was Ariadne," said Hester. "Pardon me," he said, "I only wanted to hear the story from your lips. But Miss Bently, do you know you have made this like yourself?" "Like myself!" she repeated, greatly surprised. "Yes. See, that is your forehead—the sweep of the hair is yours, and the eyes—how wonderfully like, only I pray that there may never be that depth of suffering in them which you have painted here. You must have identified yourself with your subject, and so, as it became a part of you, you gave expression to your own soul. How could it be otherwise than like you?" "It is very strange," said Hester, now herself perceiving the resemblance he had suggested. "Not at all strange," he said; "I will take this picture, and when I have disposed of it you shall know it." And he was gone. The next day he sent the picture to the nearest city, but in the following week it was returned to him, set in a simple, elegant frame. He placed it in his room, and many an evening the sunset light shone in upon Philip Belden, sitting in company with that beautiful face. It won him from the books he loved best, and those sweet, sorrowful eyes became to him more than poem or melody. Meantime Hester waited. In her own mind she had fixed upon a week which should terminate her uncertainty in regard to the fate of her picture, and true to her inward premonition, on the last day of the week the answer came. She was in her recreation room in the morning before her classes had been sent to her, when a little girl came in and placed a volume on the table. "Mr. Belden told me to bring it to you," she said. Hester's thought divined the meaning, and she hastily opened the book. An envelope lay within, and she quickly drew forth the folded paper—a fifty dollar note lay *perdu* inside, and Hester read:—"I found a ready purchaser for 'Ariadne.' Enclosed is the remuneration. P. B."

He struck her most favorably. Lieutenant Mervin had visited the village earlier in the summer, and had won enthusiastic praises from Mabel, but Hester had not chance to meet him. She was curious now to see the face which Mabel had admired so much. Mabel was out of the room, but presently entered with lights. Lieutenant Mervin rose to assist her in disposing of them, and Hester saw that he had a grave, handsome face, which lighted up slowly into a winning smile at some sparkling *bon mot* of Mabel's. He crossed the room presently, and sat down by Hester. "You were in the fields late tonight. Do you often ramble so far?" was the commonplace remark he made, but he lifted those fine large eyes to hers, and the words fell from his lips round and clear. Hester replied, and they were soon deep in the discussion of some botanical question. Lieutenant Mervin could talk well. There was not perhaps, much originality or suggestiveness in his remarks, but they showed a fine taste, familiarity with art and literature, and knowledge of life in manifold forms. He had been a traveller too, and Hester listened with delight to the polished sentences in which he discussed the wondrous sights he had seen abroad. He had wandered through "old hushed Egypt and its sands," followed the Nile far into the mysterious silence of mid Africa, and visited those holy islands of southern seas, which the embracing ocean wreaths in perpetual verdure. Hester had a spice of fondness for adventure in her nature, and such conversation was a rare treat to her. It seemed that Lieutenant Mervin was an amateur in the arts, for after he had listened with much apparent delight to Mabel's music, Mrs. Seaver entreated Hester to show her drawings. "It would give Walter a great deal of pleasure," she said, and so Hester brought out her portfolios, and the whole group gathered around. "Where is the Ariadne?" asked Mabel. "It is not here," returned Hester gravely. She had not told Mabel that she had disposed of the picture. "One can see that," said the lieutenant, smiling. Hester hastened to direct his attention to something else and the evening passed away without further allusion to the subject. After this Lieutenant Mervin came frequently to the cottage. With the polished gallantry of a man of the world, he divided his attentions equally between the sisters, that a casual observer would not have been able to decide which he admired most, but one who watched closely would have seen that his glance rested on Hester more tenderly than upon Mabel—that his admiration for her was touched by a softer feeling. Hester could hardly fail to inspire it. There was so much enthusiasm in her nature that it went out voluntarily toward whatever seemed good or beautiful to her. Perhaps it was this undisguised interest which awakened Lieutenant Mervin's love for her. He saw that she listened to his conversation with pleasure, and there was something in this natural homage of a gifted woman, exceedingly gratifying to a man of sensitive pride like Walter Mervin. He felt himself stimulated in her society, and this put him upon the best of terms with her and himself. But it was not many weeks before this loving admiration grew into a deeper, tenderer feeling. Her sweet womanliness completed the conquest which her beauty and graces had commenced. Mabel perceived nothing of all this. She was perfectly self-conscious, and the idea of Hester's rivaling her never once entered her mind. "Over Hester the magnetism of Lieutenant Mervin's presence was exerting an influence not less profound than subtle. She had never been accustomed to analyze her own sensations; and when the knowledge of her real feeling should come to her, it could not fail to rock her soul with mighty power. She wondered to herself that the world had never seemed half so beautiful as in these sweet summer weeks. For her silent forests, the starlit skies, the sunrise and sunset had a new, sweet language, whose lightest tone was melody. The earth was invested with a glory it had never worn before. Strange that one being can so influence another. It was now almost time for Hester to resume her labors, and the anticipation of them was the only thought which disturbed her otherwise perfect enjoyment. One evening she was in the porch, replacing some trailing stems of the honeysuckle, when an afternoon shower had beaten down, she heard the gate creak and a footstep on the gravelly walk. She dropped the vine, but before she could turn she felt a pair of hands placed over her eyes, and was conscious of a tall figure bending over her. She started at first, trembled a little, and then said, laughingly, "Who is it?" And she put up her hand to touch those which blinded her. "Who I dare say? Somebody you'll be sorry to see I dare say." "Mr. Belden!" exclaimed Hester in surprise, and simultaneously the two hands clasped her own. He turned her round facing him, and looked at her half-joyously, half-wisfully, and said, "Well, are you sorry?" "Do I look so?" demanded Hester, her face radiant, for she was really glad to see him. "Not very," he returned smiling, still holding hands. Hester drew them away and said, "When did you come?" "A frown crept over his face. "You know perfectly well that I came to-night in the six o'clock train. I did not have a very pleasant journey. Left my friends at home quite well, thank you."

"No," said Hester, smiling, "upon much more substantial diet, namely, wheaten bread and new milk." "I don't believe it. You are not glad to see me, Miss Bently." "You surprised me so," said Hester, in self-defence, thinking that perhaps her manner was a little constrained. "Did I?" he answered in a softer tone. "Pray for me then. I am glad to see you looking so well. I wish it was always vacation with you." "You can easily bring that about," suggested Hester. "How?" Hester looked up at him, smiling, and he said, slowly, "I have a great mind to turn you out. Would you care very much?" Just then there was a quick tripping along the path, the gate opened, and Mrs. Seaver ran up the walk. "Good evening, Hester, dear. Why Mr. Belden, is that you? How do you do? When did you come? No, I thank you, I can't stop to sit. I just run over to tell you that we have planned an excursion to Wyoming Lake to-morrow. We are going to make a picnic affair of it—have a nice sail and a pleasant time. You will both go, won't you? It's your last holiday, you know. Walter was coming over to ask you, but some tiresome man or other came in, and so he sent his compliments, and hoped you would excuse him. I have a note for you, Mr. Belden, which I meant to leave at Mrs. Dane's—but now I can give you its contents *rien roge*. We should be very happy to have you join us." And the lively little lady ended her speech quite out of breath. Mr. Belden replied with a laughing bow and a cold "thank you." And having obtained Hester's acceptance of the invitation, Mrs. Seaver hurried away. "Who is Walter?" asked Mr. Belden, in a tone of displeasure. "Walter Mervin—Lieutenant Mervin, Mrs. Seaver's brother," replied Mabel, who had come to the door on Mrs. Seaver's entrance. A shadow passed over Philip Belden's face, but it was unseen in the denser shadow which the evening twilight threw around them. He took a constrained leave soon, and walked home, a sharp pang of apprehension poisoning the joy he had felt at seeing Hester again. He said to himself that he would not join the picnic party, but somehow at nine o'clock he found himself at Mrs. Seaver's rendezvous. Hester and Mabel were already there, chatting gaily with the lieutenant and Mr. Seaver. Philip Belden fathomed his rival at a glance. It would have been a satisfaction to him if he could have seen some decided fault, but the lieutenant was altogether too *comme il faut* to be lightly contemned. Real superiority may look down upon mediocrity, but in the conflicts of life mediocrity rarely comes off second best. So Philip Belden, indeed, his more original cast of mind, his undeveloped genius seemed almost worthless in comparison with Lieutenant Mervin's more available talents; yet he felt something within that assured him of his own greater worthiness to mate with Hester. Even his modesty could not blind him to this truth, though it was great and sincere—one of his most charming qualities. The party was not large enough for its members to pair off, yet it chanced that Lieutenant Mervin was always by Hester and throughout the long summer morning Philip found little opportunity to see her. The whole party collected under the trees, the water party collected in a kind of natural arbor, formed by some interlacing boughs, where a most charming and picturesque view was had of the lake and its sloping shores. "You must make a sketch of this, Hester," exclaimed Mrs. Seaver, as they remarked upon the beauty of the scene. Lieutenant Mervin caught at the idea. Hester had her pencils and a blank leaf from a large volume Mabel had brought for the purpose of pressing flowers, was soon at service, and Philip watched with the keenest pleasure he had known that day, as her skillful hand transferred to the paper the outlines of the shadowy lake and its embosoming woods. Her art seemed to ally her with him; instinctively she turned to him for his opinion in regard to some feature of the drawing, and Lieutenant Mervin felt temporarily into the background. The group looked on, criticizing and admiring. "Now put us in the foreground," said Lieutenant Mervin, "and be sure you make yourself like," Hester blushed a little, and then rapidly filled in the figures, throwing her own into shadow and hiding her face in her hat, in an entirely unregardable manner. "Bravo! that is capital!" exclaimed Mervin, as he beheld his own tall figure rising over Mabel's curly head. "But what! Miss Bently, you're quite too shy of notice." "I should think so, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Seaver. "The rest of us are admirable, but who would have even known that girl, half-buried in her Lehghorn, for Hester?" Philip reached out his hand and took the paper. Hester, half-suspecting his purpose, kept the pencil he would have taken. "Give it to me," he said, smiling. "I am going to prove you a bungling artist." She gave it to him, and with a low rapid, bold stroke, Hester's own face and figure took its place in the group, the most life-like and picturesque of them all. "O, how good!" exclaimed Mabel. "Papa could not have done better." "Very good—admirable, upon my word," said the lieutenant. "You are really an artist, Mr. Belden." "Do you think so?" returned Philip, carelessly. "Will you give it to me, Miss Bently?" holding up the sketch. Hester looked doubtfully at Lieutenant Mervin. "I half-promised it—" she began. "O, I resign my claim," returned the lieutenant in an offended tone. "Perhaps Mr. Belden has a better right to it than I, having added some touches of his own." "O, no! I won't presume upon that," returned Philip, good-naturedly, but coloring a little, and he gave the sketch to Hester. "I think I'll keep it myself," said Hester, playfully. "I think you ought; who has a better right to it than the artist? And now who is for a sail on the lake?" said Mrs. Seaver, springing up. "I for one." And the lieutenant rose too. Mabel assented joyfully, and Hester, who was timid upon the water, yielded to persuasion.

"Wont you come?" said the lieutenant addressing Philip. "No, thank you. I'll keep Mr. Seaver company on shore." But he walked down to the beach and assisted them off. It was a broad, beautiful sheet of water, which for hundreds of years had nestled there in the wilderness, reflecting the heavens in its crystal waters, and rippling softly on its pebbled shore. It would not have answered any geographical description of a lake; but to the sentimental tastes of summer visitors, Wyoming Lake seemed a far more euphonious appellation than Narhuck Pond, and so it had yielded up its primitive name and been re-christened to suit the romantic genius of young America. It had not, however, in these latter days lost anything of its old time seclusion. The hotel which accommodated its visitors, was a quarter of a mile away, and on this summer afternoon when the party spread the sail and the tiny boat floated away over the waters, there were none to watch the graceful sight save Philip Belden and Mr. Seaver. The two stood together in the shade of the trees, and naturally commenced speaking of those who had just left them. "Lieutenant Mervin is a fine fellow," remarked Mr. Seaver. Philip assented. "I fancy something pleasant will come of this acquaintance with Miss Bently," continued the good-minister, quite ignorant of the pain he was causing. "He seems to admire her very much, and Mrs. Seaver thinks she is not disinclined to him." Philip bowed. "It will be an excellent match," he went on. "Walter is well contented, and has quite a fair property of his own, besides his pay, which is a considerable income." Philip restlessly broke the twig from an alderbush near him, thinking of his own unsettled position and uncertain prospects. O, world-old story—worldly wisdom! Scoring *satisfability*, as you highly praise it, in external, and never looking to see if vast unfitness may not underlie them. Philip had not outlived the dreams of youth as had his companion, and he chafed under these wise sayings. "Miss Bently is looking much better than when the term closed." "Yes, the vacation has done wonders for her. I never thought her pretty before. Mabel has always seemed to me the most beautiful." "How could you have thought so?" said Philip, softly, as Hester's face came before his mental vision, and he glanced out over the blue waters at the white sail, which rose over where she was sitting. It was a cloudless day, and no one had noticed that now and then the wind blew in sudden gusts, which might menace the safety of the party upon the lake. "A boat under sail is a pretty sight, is it not?" said Mr. Seaver, noticing that Philip was watching the boat. "Yes. One always thinks of white-winged birds. Good Heavens! what is the matter with the boat?" Both sprang forward and gazed an instant in terror. Where a moment before the white sail beat to the wind, there was now only a wide stretch of dark water. The party had disappeared as if forever. One by one they rose to the surface, and the sight broke the trance which bound Philip and his friend. Philip sprang to the water's edge, where a small row-boat was moored. To his indubitably dismay he found that the oars were not there. "Run to the hotel—rouse the people—bring the oars—be quick, Mr. Seaver. I'll go round and try to reach them by swimming." Mr. Seaver was almost paralyzed with fright, and Philip lost one or two precious moments in trying to rouse him to some efficiency. Then he started to run round the head of the lake. How he thanked God for the speed and strength which he needed so much. The water rounded to the west, and a mile of woody shore must be crossed before he could reach a point, opposite where he had seen the boat capsized. Once there, Philip knew he could be of use, but the distance was long. If he should be too late! The agony of the thought nerved him to almost superhuman effort, and with a thrill of thankfulness he found himself opposite the drowning party. They had nearly reached the shore when a sudden flow of wind upset the lightly loaded boat; there was no one except Lieut. Mervin and the boy who assisted him as sailor, to aid the frightened, helpless women; and yet when Philip reached the shore, they were all clinging to the boards which had floated from the boat, the skill itself having drifted away with the current. As Philip threw himself into the water, he observed Hester let go the plank by which she held, and push it toward Lieutenant Mervin, who was swimming near. In a moment more he could not see her, and Lieutenant Mervin shouted, "For God's sake be quick, we are sinking!"

time to begin and to stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practise, and let both go together. Farming is healthy, moral and respectable; in the long run it may be profitable. The farmers should keep good stock and out of debt. The farm is the best place to begin and end life, and hence so many in the cities and professional life covet a rural home. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, omit bathing, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill ventilated apartments and expose themselves to the cold. Nine tenths of the human diseases arise from colds or intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable, so is fresh air, deliberation at the dinner table and rest after a meal. By adorning the home. Nothing is lost by a pleasant home. Books, papers, pictures, music and reading should all be brought to bear upon the indoor family entertainment; and neatness, comfort, order, shrubbery, flowers and fruit should harmonize all without. Home should be a sanctuary so happy and holy that children will love it, women delight in it, manhood crave it and old age enjoy it. There would be less desertions of old homesteads if pains were taken to make them agreeable. Ease, order, health and beauty are compatible with farm life and were ordained to go with it. THE MILITARY SITUATION. The progress of the war has vastly simplified its operation. Instead of being waged in detail at a multitude of points along border lines and coast lines, with intervals of hundreds, and even thousands of miles, it now is made to bear almost exclusively upon two points—Richmond and Atlanta; the one recognized to be the key to the north eastern, the other to the south western portion of the "Confederacy." If these places are captured, and the armies which defend them are compelled to surrender, an end at once is made of the rebellion, for the rebels have no other forces numerous enough to make any stand, and no remaining unbroken population from which to raise such forces. If the places are captured, and the rebel armies escape, these armies, in order to save their communications, will be compelled to fall back to the south-eastern portion of the "Confederacy," embracing North Carolina, South Carolina, and perhaps the eastern third of Georgia. Cooped up into this narrow compass, they will be beleaguered on all sides by the national armies. When it once comes to that, there can be but one result, and that not long delayed. The rebel armies may fortify themselves ever so impregably, they may keep the national armies at bay ever so completely, they will yet find it impossible to supply themselves from the arable ground within that limited region, with their necessary subsistence. There are no two States east of the Mississippi—Florida excepted, yet almost an unbroken wilderness—whose cultivated soil bears so small a proportion to the area of the State as North Carolina and South Carolina. There are no two States, with that exception, so extensively covered by pine barrens and swamps. It is not a natural possibility for them to furnish, in addition to their own home necessities, a quarter of the subsistence that would be required by the two great rebel armies, if once forced back into their limits. Even were not a gun fired on our side in assault, the question of the surrender of Lee and Johnston would be simply a question of months. The war will be virtually settled from the bay the national armies close in upon them, on or near the line of the Savannah River on the one side, and on the line stretching west from the Albemarle Sound on the other. The really decisive work, then, is the capturing of Richmond and Atlanta. If this be a correct view of the present military situation it is evident that to guarantee success, more men are needed in both of our armies. Gen. Grant needs them to prevent a repetition of such rebel movements into Maryland as that which has just occurred, which might have wrought, though it did not, prodigious harm. Gen. Sherman needs them to protect his line of communications, the interruption of which for any continued period would oblige him to retreat, and might even produce the destruction of his army. It is not necessary that veteran troops should be used to any great extent for either of these purposes. Properly officered, and with proper protective works at the right positions, the force necessary to hold the valley of the Shenandoah in Northern Virginia and the line of the railroad in Northern Georgia, might as well consist of short-term recruits. Were they sufficiently numerous, no such thorough discipline would be necessary for the defensive work, as is requisite when one of the grand armies is pitted in the broad field against the other. A RUSSIAN FABLE.—As an illustration of the art with which the precepts of religion may be evaded, even beyond the ingenuity of Satan himself, it is told in one of Kryloff's fables how a peasant attempted to violate the law of fasting without breaking its letter. The words of the precept are, "Ye shall not eat on fast days any kind of flesh, nor shall ye boil eggs in water upon your hearths and eat such eggs." The peasant alluded to drives a nail into the wall and hangs an egg from it by means of a wire. He then places his lamp under the egg, and cooks it in that manner. Being caught in this trick by the priest, he alleges as an excuse that he thought he was not breaking the commandment. "Why, the devil must have taught you that," cries the priest, peevishly. "Ah, yes, father; I confess the devil did teach me." "No; it is not true," shouts the devil, who has been present during the conversation, and seated on the stove, chuckles at the sight of the suspended egg; "in deed I have not taught him this, for upon my word, it is the first time I have seen the trick." [National Quarterly Review.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRAVAGANCE AND WAR.—The Providence Journal, one of the thoroughly loyal and best conducted papers in New England, contains the following timely advice:

"The high price of the raw material, and all articles used in manufacturing and mechanical business, must throw many out of employment, and already many are looking forward to a hard winter. In view of all this, what shall be done? Let the rich set the example of economy, not to hoard, but to help the poor, the soldier, and the government. Let all buy for cash and go without what you can't pay for. Pay your tailor on delivery, and give your wife or daughter money enough to buy their goods with cash. If we cannot afford to ride we can walk; if we cannot afford to go to a watering place, stay at home for your country's sake. The poor can save more than they are aware of. Let banks withhold loans from speculators, and greatly restrict their circulation, not by violent contraction, but as soon as it may be done compatibly with business interests. Let every man and let every woman do what they can in the way of economy and industry, and have the consolation of feeling that we have all done what we could to aid our suffering soldiers, and to preserve a country and government."

FARMING may be rendered more attractive by less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late. By more system. Farmers should have a

OPPOSITION TO THE REBELLION IN NORTH CAROLINA. It appears from the following that the brave loyalists of North Carolina do not despair of bringing back to the Union fold their down-trodden and persecuted State. The extract is from a letter written by Brig. Gen. Holmes to a brother officer in Ewell's corps, and found by our soldiers at Silver Springs, Md.

"Gov. Vance speaks in Morgantown next Tuesday. I think he will be elected Governor. If Holden could be elected he would bring another war upon her. We would then have to fight not only the Yankees, who threaten us on every side, but domestic traitors, who are only awaiting the signal to arise in revolt against the Confederate Government. Gov. Vance has not backbone enough, and were it not for the free use of a military spur in his side the State of North Carolina would long ago have gone over to the Yankees by default. I am ashamed to own it, but the majority of the North Carolinians not in the army are traitors to our cause."

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE ... JULY 29, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. DETERING & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 21 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

End of Volume XVII.

A class of "long-winded" subscribers, are reminded that at the present prices of paper we cannot continue to carry their names upon our list. Unless they pay immediately we shall commit them to an attorney for collection.

PEACE.—The past week has been enlivened by a queer project for peace. Horace Greeley was authorized by the President to talk the matter over with "whom it may concern," on condition that the basis of the negotiation should be the restoration of the Union and the extermination of slavery.

THE DROUTH.—It is some consolation for the injury to other crops, that the continued dry weather has been highly favorable for securing the hay crop. This is almost the only crop that has not already suffered very seriously by the drouth.

BRAGGADOCIA.—Now and then some penny-a-line or newspaper correspondent, here at the north, outrages good taste and brings a blush to the cheek of modest loyalty, by untimely boasting and stilly prognostication; but what is here exceptional is the rule south of Mason and Dixon's line.

A pamphlet statement of the Suffolk Gold Mining Co., gotten up in magnificent style, on paper with an auriferous tint, has been sent us with a modest request to "please notice."

A GOOD RETURN.—The New York Journal of Commerce, quoting the oft-repeated commonplace "that the rebellion is on its last legs," asks peevishly how many legs has the Rebellion got?

Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle at market last week, 1013, was about 300 less than the week previous; while the number of sheep, 5070, was about 2000 larger.

We quote from the New England Farmer as follows:—First quality heaves, \$12.00 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$9.00 to \$11.00; extra, \$13.00 to \$14.00.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—Hon Edward P. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, gives notice that the opening term of the State Normal School at Farmington, will commence on Wednesday, August 24th, and makes the following announcements:—

Every arrangement will be made, as the law requires, to accommodate two hundred young ladies and gentlemen with board, at reasonable rates, and furnish the instruction specially needed in a school for the training of teachers.

HI YAH!—One of our Chinese cousins, has come to honor, it seems. The Springfield Republican states that Yung Wing, a young Chinese, who graduated some ten years since at Yale, has recently returned to this country with the rank of Mandarin, and a commission from the Imperial government empowering him to inspect and purchase machinery of various kinds, with the view of introducing into China the modern improvements in science and arts made by the Western nations, and especially our own.

THE WORCESTER TRANSCRIPT SAYS:—"The rapid drifting away from all social economy among our women is the bane of our national prosperity." Moving in this direction, some of the women are, no doubt, of their own accord; but the most of them are drifting in the wake of reckless and extravagant men, while very many are towed along against their inclination, and the dictates of their better judgment.

HANG IT UP.—Two maps upon one sheet—one showing our country as traitors would have it, and the other representing it as it is and ought to be kept, one and indivisible—have recently been issued by H. H. Lloyd & Co. of Boston. It is neatly colored and sells for 35 cts.

Capt. J. R. Day, of Co. H, Maine Third Regiment, is a prisoner at Macon, Georgia.

THE PORTLAND COURIER informs us that the Editors' Convention was postponed on account of the President's Fast, and not out of regard to Bowdoin College. Well, it is all one to us: our porringer is just as effectually upset, either way.

THE DROUTH still continues and the air is full of smoke from the fires all about which are doing great damage, destroying wood, timber, bark, buildings and growing crops. It has been found necessary to put on a large force to protect the Bangor railroad.

"PEACE, PEACE, WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE."—At about the time of the springing of the copperhead peace trap at Niagara, we learned of an honest but misguided attempt by other parties to do something to bring about peace between the contending forces in this distracted country.

THE VISIT OF REV. COL. JAMES F. JAGUES to Richmond seems to have been undertaken in furtherance of a plan of his own for the settlement of our national difficulties, or perhaps to make an effort to re-unite the northern and southern branches of the Methodist church, for which object he has before labored in Tennessee. Certain it is that he visited Richmond, that he was aided in his plan by the administration, and that he was well received and treated by Jeff Davis and his officials.

OLD PAPERS.—Don't use them for kindling your fires, but bring them to the Mail office, where they pay cash for old papers, books, magazines, etc.

RECRUITS who enlist prior to the draft receive \$100 Government bounty, and \$300 State bounty, at the time they are mustered into the service.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The August number of this first of American magazines is filled with reading nicely adapted to the heated season, being rich, racy and varied. The following list of articles and authors, will show the reader what is in store for him:—

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—Many of the articles in the August number of this sterling monthly are very able and interesting. The following is a list of the contents:—American Civilization, Second Paper, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa S. Colton; The English Press, by Nicholas Rowe, London; Our Martyrs, by Katie Putnam; Zouave Chapters, X and XI; The First Christian Emperor, by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff; Causes of the Minnesota Massacre, by January Searle; Buried Alive, A Dirge, by Martha Walker Cook; Negro Troops, by H. Everett Russell; Colors and their Meaning, by Mrs. M. E. G. Gage; Battle of the Wilderness, by E. A. Warriner; Tardy Truths, by H. K. Kalusowski; An Army: Its Organization and Movements, Third Paper, by Lieut.-Col. G. W. Tolles, A. Q. M.; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The embellishments in the August number are—Thou, a charming view in Switzerland, and a lifelike portrait of Wm. H. Prescott. A biographical sketch accompanies the portrait of the eminent historian, and the number is full of excellent reading in great variety. This work, which is published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is now in the editorial charge of Rev. I. W. Willey, A. M. Though a religious magazine it is by no means narrowly sectarian; but it is characterized by a catholic spirit that will commend it to good people of every sect.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The August number is embellished with a fine steel engraving entitled "The Gleaner;" "The Sick Child," a full page wood engraving, and the usual number of patterns and designs for ladies' use. The literary department is well cared for. "Rachel, or Was it Fate or Providence," by Mrs. M. A. Denison, is continued, and so is "The Way Through," a sequel to the story of Janet Strong, by Virginia F. Townsend. Other good reading, varied and interesting, is also given.

War of Redemption.

We have no news from the army in front of Petersburg, and are obliged to content ourselves with the assurance that affairs are progressing satisfactorily.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned by reports of another rebel raid, attended with serious disaster to the federal force, the death of Averill, Mulligan and Kelly. The rebels were said to be advancing in overwhelming force for a monster raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland, the capture of Washington, Baltimore, etc. Latest advices, however, seem to discredit the idea of another raid into free territory, but indicate that, after being reinforced, the rebels turned upon Averill and forced him back to Harper's Ferry with severe loss, the enemy occupying Martinsburg. Col. Mulligan was among the killed. It is reported that our forces have since re-occupied Martinsburg, and that the war department anticipate nothing serious from this return of the rebels.

A desperate battle was fought in front of Atlanta on Friday, in which the rebels were defeated with great slaughter, their loss being set at 7000, while ours was about 2000. In this action the gallant Gen. McPherson was killed by a rebel sharpshooter—a great loss as he was one of our best officers. Rebel deserters say that Gen. Hood, who succeeded Johnson, was killed on Friday. Sherman now holds the first line of the enemy's entrenchments, and with his cavalry under Rosseau has destroyed the railroads leading from Atlanta, so that there is hope of capturing a large share of the rebel army with Atlanta.

Gen. A. J. Smith has defeated Forrest in Mississippi, at Tupelo, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, fighting five battles in three days. Our loss was 500 men, while that of the rebels was 3000, including several officers of distinction.

Guerillas are mischievously active in Missouri, and the loyal population are arming for their defeat and destruction. An arrival at Memphis from Vicksburg states that Gen. Slocum's expedition had returned to Vicksburg, in defeating 2000 rebels under Wirt Adams, after a short fight at Grand Gulf on the 17th. The rebels retreated in confusion, with severe loss, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Among the prisoners are two rebel colonels. Our loss was trifling.

RECRUITING MEETING.—At the meeting of citizens, yesterday, which was fully attended, it was voted to pay \$100 to each recruit and to every drafted man—the money to be raised by the aid of an indemnifying bond signed by some of the prominent citizens—with the expectation that the Legislature will legalize the action of the town next winter. Our quota is not yet ascertained, we believe, but it is supposed it will be about seventy, on which we have a credit of two. Now let every man constitute himself a recruiting officer and we may escape a draft.

"Able Bodied" says there will be no draft in Waterville. So many have been exempted, that without the unnecessary formality of a draft, the remainder, barely sufficient to fill the quota, will be notified to shoulder arms and march.

MOSES TAYLOR, Esq., an eminent New York merchant, has been appointed assistant treasurer of the United States for that district, in place of Mr. Cisco.

A TEACHERS' CONVENTION for Somerset County will be held at Hartland, to continue five days, commencing on Monday, Aug. 20th. The services of able lecturers have been secured, and Hon. E. P. Weston, State Sup't. of Common Schools, will be present during the session.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS, IN BRIEF.—The Boston Advertiser thus condenses the news by the last arrival:—

On the 15th, the Marquis Clanricarde, the Bishop of Chichester, and others waited upon Lord Palmerston to urge mediation in American affairs. They received the reply that the Government did not consider it a suitable time to make such proposals. The London Herald asserts that Mr. Mason had a very satisfactory interview with Lord Palmerston. The London Times notices in its city article the continued great demand for Federal securities at Frankfurt. There was nothing to confirm the story of the naval engagement off Jersey, but mention is still made of the Florida, as if she were in the English channel, and the arrival of another cruiser, the General Lee, was reported. It is said that the Danish commissioners had obtained a truce until July 1st, and in the meantime peace propositions would be discussed.

THE BLUEHOSES of St. John are so very neutral that a poor organ grinder was not allowed to play Yankee Doodle there on the 4th of July. They had better boast of a free country.

THE GRAND MENAGERIE failed to come to time, to-day, greatly to the disappointment of all the little folks and some of the big ones.

THE FRIENDS OF THE REBELS. The following sentences are extracted from the Atlanta (Georgia—rebel) Register:—

Ex-President Pierce, Mr. Seymour of Connecticut, Vallandigham, Reed, Wood, Richardson, and hundreds of others are as hostile to the war as they are to Black Republicanism. These men are doing us an indirect service.

We can do nothing by denouncing them. We may lose much by presenting a hostile front to their peace movements. Live with them under the same government we never will. But, meanwhile if they will use the ball-box against Mr. Lincoln, whilst we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other, and both co-operate in accomplishing the greatest work which this country and the continent have witnessed.

WHAT CARLETON SAYS.—Carlton in his letter says:—

"It is my firm conviction that the prospects of crushing the rebellion never have been so bright as at the present time. It is my calm, deliberate judgment, based on the following reasons:—

- 1. Position. Grant is close to his base of supplies. He is striking at the spinal cord of Lee's communications.
2. Present preparations. I am not at liberty to state what they are, but the army is not idle, although lying still. I can only say that if big guns and mortars, and gun-powder are of any value, Lee will have enough to keep his lines intact during the month of August.
3. The determination of the men. They mean to take Petersburg. There is no sign of despondency. Their elasticity of spirits is wonderful.
4. General Grant's obstinacy and persistence, and expectation. He expects to take it. He has weighed the matter. He is laying out his work intelligently and deliberately. These men, usually successful in building towers who count the cost. "I knew I should take Fort Henry. I weighed every circumstance, told the men to keep cool, take good aim, fire slow, but to keep firing!"
5. Captain Winslow prepared to meet the Alabama—fixed his cables to protect his machinery, kept cool, fired slow, but kept firing. Semmes acted differently and we have the result. Gen. Grant is a man of the same stamp. There is but one great chance for failure—want of men. Give Grant the troops he needs now and this gigantic struggle will speedily come to an end.

DON'T STINT THE COLTS.—At no time in the life of colts, do English farmers pay so much attention to these animals, or feed them better, than during their first winter; and these men contend that if you inform them correctly how a colt is fed and cared for the first year, they will predict what kind of a horse he will make.

Just as soon as a colt is weaned, he should have a few handfuls of good oats, bruised, per day, a few pounds of cut straw, and a few pounds of hay cut. All else that he procures in the pasture will fill up the gap in his stomach (which occurs between meals) and he will not over distend that organ, nor his intestines, simply because the wants of nature have to a great extent been satisfied, or rather provided for, by feeding the articles just alluded to. Some persons may object to feeding colts in a generous manner, on account of the expense; but if good fodder makes strong, healthy and vigorous colts, and such colts make valuable horses, then I think that such investment must pay well. Finally, the principal effect produced on the growing animal by an insufficient nutrition, is to hinder his best development. Therefore, I say, don't stint the colts.—Dr. [Dadd].

JOSH BILLINGS ON SHANGHAI.—The shanghai rooster is a gentle, and speaks in a furry tun. He is bit on tiles like a Sandy Hill crane. If he had 4 legs he wud resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often cums off sekund best in a ruff an tumble fit; like the injuns that kant stand sivilization, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar tve the mud turtle. Tha often go to sleep standin, and sometimes pitch over, and when tha dew, tha enter the ground like a pick-axe.

There food consist of korn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass, troubled with bronkesucks. Tha will eat az much to onst az a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tve keep from tipping over. Tha are dreful unhandy tve cook, yu hev tve bile em eend up them to a time, yu kant git them awt into a potash kittle to onst. The femail reuster lays an egg az big az a kokernut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of yung shanghai she has tve brood them standin, and then kant kiver but 3 or them, the rest stand round on the outside, like boys round a circus tent gettin a peep under the kanvass whenever tha can. The man who fust brought the breed into the kuntry ort tve be obliged tve own them all an be obliged tve feed them on grasshoppers, caught by hand. I never own but one and he got choked tve death by a kink in a clothesline, but not tve he had swallowed eighteen feet or it. Not tve shanghai for me, if yu pleze; I wud rather board a travellin kolporter, and as for eating one giv me a billed owl rare dun, or a turkie buzzard roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injin rubber tubes, but not enny shanghai for me, not a shanghai.

A REPORTED NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY.—A despatch from St. Louis, on Saturday says:—"Much surprise" was created here a short time since by the arrest of several very prominent secessionists of this city, whose offense was unknown at the time, but has lately come to light. They were connected with a conspiracy extending throughout the entire Mississippi valley, having for its object the erection of a Northwestern Confederacy. Assistant Provost-Marshal General Sanderson has been gathering evidence in the matter for several months. This testimony is now in possession of the Washington authorities. It implicates many prominent men, and shows that a very dangerous organization had been formed. It is believed that the recent guerilla movements in this State have connection with this great conspiracy, particularly as Thornton, in a speech at Platte, said: "The Knights of the Golden Circle are organized and armed and ready to rise throughout the free States." Thornton also said that Vallandigham was with them, and that he (Thornton) had troops in every county in the State, and that his men were coming up from the South, and that 1500 men had been destroying the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad on their march. During Col. Sanderson's investigation of this conspiracy he discovered the intended renewal of boat burning on the Western rivers, and was able in several instances to avert most serious consequences."

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Of all the miraculous escapes from death on the battle field which have been recorded, that which we are about to relate is, we think, the most marvelous. Calvin Aldus of this city who belongs to the 7th regiment was one of a storming party upon one of the rebel fortifications near Petersburg. As they were advancing he received no less than fifteen bullets through his clothes without however inflicting a scratch. As he mounted the rebel breastwork he was hit, the ball striking the skull and glancing off, and he fell senseless upon the breastwork. While lying here not less than four charges back and forth were made over his body. Coming to his senses while the rebels held possession for the time being, and finding his position uncomfortable in consequence of lying across a gun, he attempted to remove it. The rebels seeing the motion and supposing he was getting at the gun to discharge it, fired upon him, one ball lodging in his shoulder another making a severe flesh wound in his side, another passing through his thigh, and four more passing through different parts of his body. Our forces again charged the battery and succeeded in holding it. Just as the rebels were retreating, however, one of them seeing that he was not dead, hit him on the head with his musket. He lay for some hours after our forces got possession, everybody supposing him to be dead. He finally revived again and was taken up and sent to the hospital. He was brought to Augusta with one of the first installments of our wounded soldiers, and, one morning soon after, was missing. It appears that he escaped from the hospital, forged a pass to get to the front, and got as far as Baltimore, when being seen to be in an unfit condition by the surgeon he was refused a pass and sent back. He is now in this city, but bound to get back at the first opportunity. He is one of three brothers sons of Mrs. M. Aldus of this city, who have enlisted in the service.—[Belfast Age.]

HINT TO MOTHERS.—SPEAK LOW. I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Pol Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight. O mothers, it is a great deal to cultivate that "most excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous pranks of your little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low; they will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—[N. Y. Chronicle.]

EATING ECONOMICALLY. What kind of food has the most nourishment and costs the least, is a question of great practical importance. A dollar's worth of meat, at twenty-five cents a pound, goes as far as fifty cents worth of butter at half a dollar a pound. Three pounds of flour, at eight cents a pound, is said to contain as much nutriment as nine pounds of roast beef, which at twenty-five cents is \$2.25; that is, that twenty-five cents' worth of flour goes as far as nine times that much money spent for roast beef as weighed at the butcher's stall. A pint of white beans, weighing one pound and costing seven cents, contains as much nutriment as three pounds and a half of roast beef, costing eighty-seven and a half cents. Of all articles that can be eaten, the cheapest are bread, butter, molasses, beans and rice. A pound of corn meal (Indian) goes as far as a pound of flour, so that, fine family flour at sixteen dollars a barrel in New York City in July, 1864, and corn meal at four cents, the latter is just one-half less expensive. If corn and wheat were ground, and the whole product, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. of nutriment would be saved, with much greater healthfulness.

Excellent paper is now being manufactured from corn husks. The editor of the Providence Journal says: "We have never seen more beautiful, or firmer, smoother, or tougher paper of every variety, from the coarsest to the finest, than that made of corn husks; indeed, they excel any we have ever seen from cotton or linen."

MARRIAGE FOR SHOW.—To the question often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps, this may be so; but as a general thing, the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this again we see a false view of marriage, a looking to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with a loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men of industrious habits who cannot maintain a wife, if they are willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not content to begin life humbly, and together work their way in the world—the husband in his calling, and she by dispensing with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by fine houses and fine clothes. Secretary Fessenden, gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Treasury notes to an amount not exceeding \$200,000,000, payable in three years from August 25, 1864, and bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money. These notes can be converted at maturity at the option of the holder into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable in twenty years from August 15, 1867. Mr. Fessenden earnestly urges all loyal men to come forward to the support of the government. The advertisement for the new loan will not appear before Tuesday. The accompanying appeal of Secretary Fessenden will take a favorable view of the financial and military situation, and he will urge the people to subscribe, not only to assist in carrying on the war, but also in order to reduce the volume of the currency, and thus lower the price of the necessities of life, and check speculation. The Department is in receipt of numerous letters indicative that the loan will be popular, and will be promptly taken. The 10-40 loan will not at present be withdrawn from the market. The secretary's estimate of receipts from Internal Revenue are considerably larger than those submitted by Mr. Chase to Congress, on the 1st of July. NORTHERN DESPOTISM.—If Ben Wood had published his News in Richmond, and had written off Jeff. Davis as he has of President Lincoln, he would have been hung long ago. The fact that he still lives, still writes, still cries for peace, still opposes the war, still mourns over union successes, and still tries to stop volunteering, confuses and contradicts all his balderdash about Northern despotism. Everybody knows this and laughs at him. [N. Y. Herald.]

THE KENTUCKY PHYSICIANS held a meeting the other day and decided to raise the fees to five dollars a visit. The New York Herald commends this action, and thinks that the advanced rate of doctor's fees will prove to be a public good. It says: "There is nothing so dangerous in a community as cheap doctors, unless it be cheap whiskey. The presence of both is a great temptation, with weak-minded people, to indirect suicide." FIRES.—On Tuesday the 23d, inst., the house, barn, and outbuildings of Wm. H. Metcalf, in Anson, near Madison Bridge, were entirely consumed by fire. We understand most of the furniture in the house was saved. We learn that the dwelling house of Mr. Rodney Hawthorn, of Athens, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. The fire caught on the roof from a spark.—[Union Advocate.]

EXAGGERATED RUMORS IN RICHMOND.—The rebels in Richmond had a good time over the reports from their raid in Maryland. They had it that Baltimore was captured—fifteen thousand of the natives, armed with brick-bats and bowie knives, having assisted their troops in the assault. Washington, also, had been carried by storm, and Lincoln and his Cabinet taken prisoners. The report was asserted to have been confirmed by a New York Herald of the 14th inst., which a great many people were willing to swear, or bet all they were worth, had been received and read at the War Department. Their "reliable" reports were that Fort Lincoln and Stevens were captured. Rev. Henry Powers, of Mittenague, Mass., and Rev. Edward Hawes, of Waterville, Me., have just completed a lecturing tour in the principal towns in Vermont in behalf of the Christian Commission. They addressed some fifty meetings the last two months, and collected over \$10,000 for the Commission. We learn a good story of a person who had a certain amount of greenbacks, but not regarding them as good, endeavored to get them off his hands as soon as possible. So he bought a wood lot. A few days since, the woods got on fire and the wood lot is completely used up. So much for that. Better have thought more of Uncle Sam's currency.—[Bath Times.]

Hobart W. Richardson, formerly connected with the editorial staff of the Press, and recently a clerk in the Land-office at Washington, is now in this city, and will be employed here by the Government in making astronomical and tidal observations. Mr. Richardson is a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments. [Portland Press.]

THE POPHAM ANNIVERSARY will be celebrated on the twenty-ninth day of August. The public address will be delivered by Hon. Judge Bourne of Kennebec, in the City Hall, Bath. The difficulty of procuring suitable steamboat accommodations to Port Popham, and the lack of convenient landings for passengers, have led to the celebration being held at Bath. The occasion will be one of interest, and the discourse by Judge Bourne will be worthy of attention, as he never leaves his subject in an unfinished state. The Times Washington despatch says Mr. Lincoln in private conversation, previous to the issue of the new call for 500,000 men, recognized all the elements of dissatisfaction which that measure was likely to bring with it and to breed, but he stated most emphatically that the men were needed and must be had, and that should he fall in consequence he would at least have the satisfaction of going down with the colors flying.

OVER-REACHING. To prevent horses over-reaching in travelling, let the blacksmith make the heel corks of the fore shoes high and the toe corks low; and the toe corks of the hind shoes high and the heel corks low. An infallible remedy.

An English married lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, as she married her husband for his money that money being all spent, she is not a widow and at liberty to marry again. Decision reserved.



