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Maxham & Wing

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BY GEORGE LAMING TAYLOR.
No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for Liberty!
No tramp of servile armies
Shall stain Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for Freedom's rights
Is free forevermore!

No slaves beneath those glorious folds
That o'er our father's flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
Knelt, 'neath its shadows then;
And they who now beneath it bow
Forevermore are men!

Go tell the ashes of the brave
Who at Fort Mifflin fell:
Go tell the dust whose holy trust
Stern Wagner guards so well:
Go breathe it softly—slowly—
Where'er the patriot dwells:
For right has fled, and tell the dead
He fills a freeman's grave!

Go tell Kentucky's bondman true,
That he who fights is free!
And let the tale all every tale
That floats o'er Tennessee!
Let all our mighty rivers
The story southward pour
And every wave tell every slave
To be a slave no more!

Go tell the brave of every land,
Who'er that flag has flown—
That youth's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
His stripes are slavery's scars;
No tear-stains stain its azure plain,
Nor dim its golden stars!

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly!
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it,
And when all strife is done,
May Freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

From the Welcomer Guest.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

"Push back the eglantine, Hester. The light is yet too faint. Throw the shutter wide open—there, that is enough." And as he slowly threw aside the black cloth which veiled the picture, a delicate flush crept over the artist's pale, attenuated face, and his hollow eyes forgot their languor and kindled with their old-time enthusiasm. "Look, Hester, it is thy mother."

The young girl had moved forward and now dropped upon her knees before the picture, crossing her hands upon her bosom, in the attitude of a worshipper. For a moment neither spoke, then Hester, looking up with something of mingled reverence and timidity in her glance, said:

"Was she so beautiful, papa? I do not wonder that you loved her so."

The artist scarcely heard. Gazing on the beautiful face before him, his memory wandered far back in the past, when he first loved Mabel Leigh, and rapidly as in the magic scene-shifting of some dramatic show, the tableaux succeeded each other before his mental eye. He saw her in the first flush of her timid surprise at the knowledge of his love for her, in the sweet loveliness of a bride with garments of shining white and with orange-blossoms in her hair, in the holy beauty which invested her like a glory when she held her child in her arms, and later, as day by day the white face grew yet whiter, and the weak hands yet weaker, and, oh, most sad picture of all, there arose before him the snowy, impassive face, the brown hair lying smooth over the calm forehead, the blue, closed lids, the hands meekly folded across the still bosom—loving, suffering, all over upon the earth, and with a sharp groan and a spasm of anguish distorting his features, Ralph Brentley roused himself, took one step backward, and sank pale and trembling upon a couch.

"O papa! papa!"

Hester sprang up and tenderly placed a pillow for his head, and brought the medicine which he had of late kept always by him, in anticipation of these sudden illnesses, but he did not rally immediately, and Hester, alarmed, called, "Mabel, Mabel!" and presently the door opened and a young girl entered, the living image of the beautiful face upon the canvass—the same delicate contour and pensive expression, and rich in the same exquisite blending of color. She was younger than Hester, and of a slighter make. Hester, with much of a delicate face, had still a look of physical strength, while Mabel was so frail that it seemed as if a mere breath might destroy her. The two girls bent over their father, and one would have noticed that Mabel took the nearer place, as if it of right belonged to her. After a few moments he lifted himself slowly and painfully, and putting one arm around Mabel, drew her closer to him.

"It is almost the last time, my love."

Mabel hid her face upon his shoulder, sobbing; but Hester, though her color faded and her lip trembled, did not lose her self-control. She went around to the other side, and putting back the long masses of curling hair which clung around his temples, laid her cheek tenderly upon his.

He did not return her caress, he did not notice her by look or sign, but he clasped Mabel passionately to his breast, and sobbed forth:

"O my darling, my darling, how can I leave you in this cruel world? It seems as if your mother will reproach me for leaving you here alone. O Mabel, if I could live, or you could die too."

"God will take care of me," murmured Mabel, through her tears.

"He did not care for your mother when she was alone in that dreadful trial. God forgive me! That thought does not comfort me. You are like her. You are sensitive as the frailest flower that blooms. I would shield you, but God calls me away. The world will be cruel to you, men will mock at your simplicity, heartless women will sneer at you, and I shall not be here to defend you. Tell me, Hester, tell me, can it be a God of love who does such things, he almost shouted.

Hester kept her hands upon his face and tried to make him look into her eyes, as she said:

"Mamma believed in him. Mamma loved him."

Her father's face changed. The look of wild despair which had been there a moment before, softened into something gentler if still sorrowful. The tears sprang to his eyes.

"So she did—she trusted in him, and I must—I will, but when I think of Mabel—"

Hester left her place by his side and came around where she could look full in his face. There was something almost imposing in her manner and bearing, and yet it was touching, for in all her brave self-sustaining there was yet an intimation of weakness, and one saw well that this young girl, looking forward with cheerful hope to the future, would meet trials at every step which would test her inexperienced severely. But just now she was strong and brave, for it was not of herself she was thinking.

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"Papa," she said, firmly, "I will take care of Mabel."

"Yes, I. Look at me, papa. I am strong, am I not? I have vigorous health, quiet nerves, courage, will, earnestness. Think a moment, papa. In all these years have you ever known me to fail you? Have I not always been braver, stronger, more earnest than you expected? And O papa, have I ever failed in my love? Will you not trust me now when I tell you that I will take care of Mabel? With my own life I will shield her. No evil shall touch her—I will stand between her and it. Papa, your daughter, who never failed in truth or strength or love asks you to trust her. There was an uncertain sound in her voice as she said the last words, and she had much ado to keep back the tears.

Ralph Brentley looked wistfully at Hester. There was trust deepening into perfect faith in the expression of his face; the wavering lines grew firm, and he seemed to gather strength from her courage, and patient hope from her cheerful earnestness.

"You are a good child, Hester; yes, you are generous and strong. I know you would not let your self-love come between Mabel and her happiness."

"I would make any sacrifice for her which it is right to make, papa. I promise you that." "That is generous of you, Hester," said her father, kindly. "Remember, Mabel is not so strong as you—do not exact too much of her. She cannot do as you can. She must not have care and sorrow—it would kill her."

If there was any thought in Hester's mind of the rich growth into spiritual strength and harmony, only attainable through suffering, if she had a dim perception that Mabel would be freed of that unfolding she might otherwise find, by a too careful shielding from the ills of life, she did not express it then; she was too glad in the present, too thankful to have eased her father in some measure of the burden which pressed most heavily upon him, to give voice to any undefined forebodings. Mabel accepted all Hester's promises of love and care like a spoiled child as she was, by a sunny smile into her sister's face or an impulsive caress.

There are natures which expose all the nobleness and gratitude which is in them by such trivial acts as these, and imagine they atone for a whole life of selfishness, just as in pleasant floral fiction, the aloes make amends for a hundred years of leafy ugliness by a transient blossoming into beauty. The momentary passion of the artist was gone. He sank languidly back upon the couch, saying:

"Draw the cloth over the picture again, Hester. I must give it a few more touches—I shall live long enough for that."

Hester moved the picture into a corner of the room and gathered the brushes together; she put the separate colors each by itself, and with economical care hoarded the lavish materials which lay around. This studio was in some measure a type and expression of Ralph Brentley's character and genius. An affluence of splendid materials was his natural dower, but to those he had not added culture, and always giving and never gaining, throwing off his brilliant ideas with the most lavish prodigality, it was inevitable that he should become bankrupt at last, and though in his youth he had achieved some proud successes, he was now only remembered by connoisseurs as an artist of fine promise, which for some unexplained reason was never fulfilled. Persons who believed in the ability of genius to dispense with all the aids which lift ordinary talent to eminence, talked about his unfortunate domestic circumstances, his delicate wife and encumbered estate; but brother artists, taught by sad experience, shook their heads and said sorrowfully to each other, "Brentley's theory of art is wrong. He despises culture and trusts in the opulence of his own gifts. If the well be brimming over, the water will fail at last, if no living springs flow into it. Brentley will miss greatness because he lacks energy to seek it. And then he has no organizing power." And thus it was in life. He took it by fragments—he would not look upon it as a symmetrical whole. He found no place in it for suffering, because he failed to see the relation between its parts, and consequently when some sharp sorrow came to him, he exhausted, in attempts to shirk it, the strength which might have enabled him to bear it manfully, and, like all such persons, he was forced to accept the grief, after all, though he lost the discipline it was meant to give him.

Was it strange that a life based upon such a false foundation should fall into ruin early? It surprised no one but himself that his fame declined, his friends became fewer, his influence diminished, his fortune lessened. It was the public, it was fate, it was anything but the result of his own errors, and those who loved him, and they were many, for with all his whimsies he was one of the most lovable of mortals, dared not to tell him the truth, least they should wound his sensitive nature. Perhaps it was a relief to them all when he sold the remnant of his property in England and crossed the Atlantic. He had sanguine hopes. One could dare to be original there, he said—the public taste was no longer hopeless moulded upon the antique, thought dared to step out of the groves of precedent, competitors were fewer; but, true though these propositions might be, Ralph was not the man to profit by it, and he prospered no better in the new world than in the old. In the metropolis the same dismal experience was lived over again, and afterwards in smaller cities and towns, until finally he invested the few hundreds which remained to him in a small cottage in one of our country villages, and here he gave himself up to that discouragement and depression which for years had been striving to gain the mastery over him. In the first year of his residence here his brave, gentle wife went away from the sorrows and cares of earth, and in the old graveyard on the bleak hillside, no truer, saintlier spirit than Mabel was ever laid to rest. It was a proof of his want of insight that Ralph had never understood his wife, and to the last he persisted in believing her to have been a frail creature, whom a single blow would crush.

What a far different tale would those long years of brave endeavor and cheerful results relate! He scarcely found that it had been she who sustained him—even when he was bereft of her, for though she gave her beauty and

her name to Mabel it was Hester who inherited the richer legacy of her earnest, helpful spirit, and when her mother laid down her life's work, Hester's willing hands took it up.

There was great wondering in the little village at the strange ways of these English folks, and not a little curiosity was exhibited; for the New Englander, in the exuberance of his "faculty" for management, not only keeps a sharp lookout for his own affairs, but exercises a general supervision of the concerns of his neighbors. It is possible the Brentleys preferred that the superfluous Yankee energy should be expended in another direction, for after the first year or two, they were left to themselves—not even the doctor or the dress-maker were privileged persons. There was one exception. Hester had one friend. It was Mrs. Seaver, the minister's wife, with whom she formed a strong and enthusiastic friendship.

So the years went by, till Hester was eighteen and Mabel but two years less, but the time had not passed without working sad changes in Ralph Brentley. He had ceased painting altogether. He seemed to have lost all power of designing. Hester tried to re-awaken his interest in art. She wished to take lessons, she said, and coaxed him into languid compliance; but Hester was an artist by his birthright, and the teacher was soon surpassed by the pupil. Ralph threw down his brush in despair when he found that she excelled him.

"You've stolen from my right hand his cunning," he said mournfully. "I cannot teach you, Hester. You are a better artist than I."

Hester's heart leaped high. Was it possible she might aspire to that high level? The thought thrilled her with inexpressible joy. To her enthusiastic imagination, artists appeared co-equal with the gods, and that she could ever rank among them was wild presumption, only that her father had said it. Hester revered her father, believed in him. He was her ideal of lofty manhood, and yet with this reverent admiration was mingled a protecting fondness. She would not have hesitated at any sacrifice to please him, and he was right in trusting her when she said she would care for Mabel. He might have been sure that, if only for his sake, she would do so. Her care for him was almost ended. One day Hester found him, brush in hand, before her mother's picture. He had commenced it since he became quiet, saying he wished to leave them some memorial of their mother.

"Mabel is like her now," he said sadly, "but though Mabel will grow old and her beauty pass away, the picture will endure." And he worked at it long and steadily, with the enthusiasm of his youth. It caught its tone from the artist's mind, and never was his drawing freer, his coloring richer, in the days of his first renown. He would not let Hester watch him while at work, though Mabel was with him always, and to Hester, who only remembered her mother after years of sorrow had graven their lines upon her face, the unveiled beauty was a new revelation. It was her father's *chef-d'œuvre*, and now that it was completed, his temporary strength failed, and days of languor supervened. But there were yet a few slight changes to be made, some touches to be given it, and on this morning, as we have said, Hester found him brush in hand before the picture. It was a sweet summer day, and the air sweeping over the eglantine, caught up a portion of its fragrance and dropped it again as it entered the low, open window. It played about the artist's head, tossing the curls away from the temples. All day he worked with undiminished ardor—worked in spite of Hester's entreaties.

"It is my last work," he said; "let me do it well."

All day Hester was in and out, passing from the studio to her household duties, and back again to her father's side. As from time to time she looked upon the picture, she marvelled at the change which was there wrought. The face lost its expression of pensive thought, and lighted up with a serene yet glad hope, as if the imprisoned soul had caught a glimpse of the life beyond, and no longer chafed and sorrowed, but waited in joyful patience till its chains should fall. The eyes gained a deeper, sweeter tint, the gold brown hair became like woven sunshine, the drapery swept around the form in freer grace—a whole world of light and life, and heavenly promise shone from the canvass, and Hester, coming suddenly before it, at first fancied that he had painted a halo around the head. She told him so. He smiled—a strange, mystical smile, which thrilled her with a vague fear.

"There is no need," he said. "What you see is but the expression of her inward purity. The saints were painted with a halo enveloping the head, but it was only the emblem of their saintliness which folded them about like a garment. To him who can discern clearly, there is no need of a painter's art to symbolize it forth. It is plain enough. Once I could not have painted this picture as I have done. I did not know I had the power. It is only in the presence of death that we see how great are the opportunities of life. Hester, don't be content with small things. Aim at the highest. I had done so, I should not now, with one foot in the grave, be looking back upon a wasted life. Look, Hester, it is almost done now."

His hand moved faster—magical effects followed every touch of the brush. The last sunbeams stole in between the eglantine boughs. "You will not forget your promise to me about Mabel. Remember you are stronger than she. Push back the shutters," he continued. "There are only one or two more touches. There will be light enough for that. I shall see her soon in a land of eternal light. What does it say, Hester, about the jasper walls? And there shall be no night, Hester, no night—"

The words faltered, the brush dropped from his hand. Hester sprang forward, but ere she reached him he sank down at the foot of the easel. Once he lifted his hand toward the picture, once he murmured "No light, Mabel," and then it was past and the pictured face in its sweet peace smiled down upon the still snowy face, even as she from her heavenly heights looked down upon him, just set free from the limitations of earthly life. The night crept in and filled the room, but the artist was safe in that home where night and sorrow never come, and where genius never fails to do its

high work through ignorance of the uses of its great powers.

The next day the villagers were talking of the decease of Mr. Brentley. They called it sudden, but they did not know that daily and hourly for many months he had looked forward to and longed for the change. It was having a strange feeling for Hester, that of having no one to depend upon, for she had been used to care and self-sacrifice from childhood, and she did not sit down and weakly repine at her loss. Though her heart was full of sorrow, and the sense of desolation lay sore upon her, she called up all the energies of her nature, and cast for some means of sustaining Mabel and herself.

They had been living upon borrowed money, and now that her father was gone, Hester's pride could not endure that this should continue. She must support herself and Mabel—so much was certain, and she hoped that she might be able to cancel the debt without sacrificing their pretty home. But how to do it? Her old artist dream came up to her, but she knew that she had not yet acquired enough of the artist's skill to embody the conceptions of her mind. She could not hope to succeed without more culture. In her trouble her good friend, Mrs. Seaver, came to her aid. She came to the cottage a few days after the funeral and coaxed Hester and Mabel to go out into the lane, rightly judging that intercourse with nature would soothe and console them more than any words of hers. They walked on, sometimes silent sometimes conversing in low tones, watching the fireflies that sparkled in the dusky July evening, when just as they reached a turning, they encountered a young man, who, passing quickly, lifted his hat to Mrs. Seaver and gave a stranger's brief, indifferent glance to the two girls. Scarcely was he out of hearing when Mrs. Seaver exclaimed, in a quick, tone which indicated something pleasant of itself:

"Hester, I have a plan for you. It was meeting Mr. Belden just now that put it into my head. He is the principal of our Seminary, you know, and I remember now that there is no lady teacher engaged—You must have the place. I'll see Mr. Belden this very evening."

"But, Mrs. Seaver, the village people did not like my father. I shall not please them. O, it will never do."

"Not a word of objection, Hester. I've settled it already. You're to teach French, music and the sciences. Mr. Belden will take the mathematics and Greek. I understand these things. You know I stepped from the pedagogue's platform into the pastoral desk. The people shall like you, though you are the proud English girl, and they will, if you'll only lay aside a little of your Zenobia ways."

Hester was doubtful, but the worldly advantage was very tempting.

"The salary is three hundred dollars a year," Mrs. Seaver went on. "You can provide for Mabel and yourself, and lay up something beside, that will be the nucleus of a fund which will sometime enable you to pursue your beloved art-studies. As for the debt, the proceeds of your first picture will cancel that."

Hester went home to dream of school and school duties. The next evening, just as the gloaming darkened the valley, Mr. Belden leisurely sauntered down the lane which led to the cottage. He went along with a careless step, continually going astray from the path to gather some attractive blossom or chase a bird home to its nest, now stopping to listen to the many sounds that rustled in the air, and now striding forward with bent head and folded arms. He was deep in thought when he reached the garden gate, and as he opened it mechanically, the rattle of the chain as it swung back to its place, brought back his fancy with a sudden jerk from the airy visions of the future to the prosaic realities of the present. He started suddenly and pushed back his hat from over his brows, smiling a little to himself as he did so, as if he would say, "Your business is not now to dream dreams, but simply to bargain for a schoolmistress."—He passed in under a vine-covered trellis and lifted the old-fashioned brass knocker. In a moment a soft step was heard and presently the door opened.

"Is Miss Brentley at home?" inquired Mr. Belden, removing his hat and experiencing an emotion of surprise at the delicate ethereal loveliness of the young girl before him.

"Mabel—for it was she—answered in the affirmative, and in a moment more he was sitting alone in the little parlor. He glanced about him with a sense of satisfaction at the pleasant home-look of the apartment. The walls were low and hung with paper in those hideous artistic designs common among us, but they were so thickly covered with pictures of rare beauty that the eye lingered upon them, forgetting the ugly background. Statuettes occupied every corner, and vases filled with fragrant vivid flowers stood upon the piano. For the rest the furniture was plain and unadorned, chairs of antique patterns, a round table of curiously twisted legs, and a chintz covered sofa, suggestive of pleasant naps in drowsy summer afternoons. Philip Belden was a home-loving, mother-petted boy, and somehow the aspect of this room brought back more than anything else he had seen for many months, the quiet sitting-room hundreds of miles away, where he had sat when a child, listening to his mother's Bible stories on a Sabbath morning. He almost seemed to hear again the tones become confused and indistinct, as sleep settled down upon his eyes, when the door opened and Hester came in. She stood by him in the simple, unaffected dignity of her usual bearing.—He had never seen her plainly before, and now as he glanced up into her face, marked the serenity which looked from her calm eyes, let his eye wander over the smooth white forehead, the round cheek and the shining bands of her dark hair, it he was not taken captive by her beauty, he experienced a deeper fascination. His charm lay in the quiet, earnest spirit—it was beneath the outward; its effects could not be defined in words. There was a feeling of pity mingled with his admiration. It was sorrowful to think of this young girl thrown adrift upon the world, without friends or fortune. He wished he had an office whose emoluments should amount to thousands to offer her, instead of the paltry one at his command. But trifling as it was, it was much to her, as he saw by the flush of pleasure which lit up her face when he broached the subject. It did not require long to arrange the details of the affair, and whatever diffidence either might

have felt was worn away by the little business prelude, and when it was over they easily fell to talking of other things.

"Is this a fancy sketch or a portrait?" he asked, indicating her mother's picture, but before Hester could answer, he had gone nearer and exclaimed, with a look of sympathy, "Ah! pardon me. I see what it is. It is very beautiful."

Just then Mabel came in, and when the introduction was over, he turned again to the picture.

"It was my father's last work," said Hester.

He looked up, but did not reply. Presently he said:

"Whom do you think it like?"

Hester was silent a moment, then she said reluctantly:

"Mabel resembles mamma, I think."

He turned towards Mabel and glanced back at the picture. Then he smiled and shook his head doubtfully.

"Do you not think so?" asked Hester surprised.

"There may be a superficial resemblance."

"Papa thought I was like her," interposed Mabel, in a vexed tone.

"I have just admitted it," returned Mr. Belden, with a little irony in his voice, and he walked to another part of the room, pausing before a copy of Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola*. "That is good," he said. "I saw the original in the Pitti palace."

"Oh, have you been there?" asked Hester, delight ed. "Poor papa was always talking of Italy, but the time never came for him to go. Tell me, Mr. Belden, what is Italy?"

"Italy!" he said, with enthusiasm. "It is a dream of beauty—all beauty of sky, and earth, and sea, of picture and sculpture, ruins and mighty temples, unfolded in one rapacious dream. You should see the grouping of the ruins of Paestum, Miss Brentley. It is as if those old Romans worked for the modern painter, they are so artistically arranged. I wish I could describe them to you. Stay—here is a crayon and paper."

He caught them up, and with a half dozen bold strokes presented the picture which was in his mind.

"Why, you are an artist, Mr. Belden!"—said Hester, quickly detecting with her artist's eye the precision and freedom of the drawing.

"Not yet," he replied, coloring slightly.

"But you will be one?"

"I don't know—if I can?"

"Oh, I am sure you can. You draw already so much better than—"

She stopped and blushed.

"Thank you?" he said, laughingly.

"Yes, I draw very badly," said Hester, with naivete.

"I thank you for telling me that you draw at all. Let me see your sketches."

Hester refused. Mr. Belden insisted, and after a time prevailed. Hester brought out her huge portfolio, and he sat turning over the sheets until the tall clock in the corner, with much effort and a deal of loose rattling, struck nine. He sprang up and said, abruptly:

"I see I shall spoil a good artist to make a poor school-teacher."

"I shall not be a poor school-teacher," said Hester, with spirit, a little vexed at his brusque frankness.

"Why," said he, looking at her, "why should you cramp your genius? Why put forth your strength to teach a set of dullards?"

"Because it is right always to do one's best. Because it will be a duty to do so," returned Hester, proudly.

"Ah, that is your theory!" And with an abrupt good-night, he was off.

Hester went back to the parlor and set down her light thoughtfully.

"I am not sure whether I like him or not," she said, at length.

"I am very sure that I don't," yawned Mabel. "How very rude he is! I hope he went home here often."

"I think you were wrong in saying that Mr. Belden is rude," said Hester, as a few days after she stood in the parlor, pulling off her gloves. She had just come in from school, and perhaps it was a remembrance of the thoughtful kindness he had shown in arranging the classes so as to spare her whatever might be painful, that induced the remark.

"Oh, never mind him. I want to tell you who has been here to-day. It is Mrs. Seaver's brother—a lieutenant in the navy. I'm sorry you were not here." And Mabel chattered on in voluble praises of her new acquaintance.

Hester listened rather absently. This new life of intercourse with the outward world, though it was only the world of an obscure country village, was so different from the entire isolation in which they had lived, that she scarcely knew herself. She wanted to understand her position. She had found the pupils tractable and intelligent. The institution of which she had now become a part, had been in earlier times a great favorite with the public, and though the prestige of its former greatness was not wholly gone, it had fallen behind the times in many respects, and hence had diminished in numbers and popularity. There was a chemical and philosophical apparatus, but since no one piece of either was ever in an unutilized state, it could not render essential service to the cause of learning. The library found verge and room enough for a small closet, but its possible advantage to the students was materially lessened by the fact that the key to the closet was in a chronic state of being lost, and only appeared at rare and long separate intervals. Hester's heart sank at the thought of thus making bricks without straw, but she tried to be brave and to equal her vault to Mr. Belden. She found her reward in it.

What she had begun as task-work, became a real pleasure. Her pupils gave back to her in generous measure the love she bestowed upon them. The contact with young fresh minds was good for Hester. Her life had been too lonely for her affections to find full development. She had learned to concentrate them, but the heart which gathers its love upon one or a few objects, rarely fails to love selfishly. That Hester did not do so was because there was a constant demand upon her for self-sacrifice, and this kept the

fountain of her love pure, still there had been always in her heart an unsatisfied void; the kind feelings that welled up from it were forever seeking an overflow, and hitherto she had had no companions of her age. It was pleasant to her to be thrown into intimate relations with these young girls, many of whom were scarcely younger than herself. Hester developed in this genial atmosphere. At home she was so bright and happy that Mabel, who had always known her rather grave and sad, was surprised and not altogether pleased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REBEL DESPERATION. The rebels are desperately in earnest. Originally few, they make intensely of venom alone for paucity of numbers. They clutch their own section, compelling every white man or boy to fight, every black man or woman to work for the triumph of their treason. They tolerate no dissent or demur where they have power to suppress it. Their conspirators and bloodhounds (as an Alabamian quaintly said) "take every one who hasn't been dead more than two days." The conscript must either march or be shot—take your choice but no words! They pay no bounties, make no provisions for their soldiers, families, and have given over the farce of pretending to pay their men. Once in their ranks there is no release till the end of the War. They have ceased to have Finances; they regard all private property as Confederate, and take whatever they want wherever they find it. There is no business—little trade—no speculation among them—nothing but deadly war.

Is the North prepared to emulate this?

If yes let us call out all the men that we need, and put the war through by daylight. By this means success is certain; otherwise not. Is the North at length prepared for war in earnest? This question is fairly in order, and must be answered forthwith. Trifling is perilous; equivocation is ruin. Let the North arise or be forever fallen?—[N. Y. Tribune.]

THE "DEAR BABIES."—Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, as a matter of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know, in the depths of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. A baby is a specimen of human nature uncontrolled by principle. It is a being of fierce instincts, with no morals. Infant Neros and Caligulas are plenty as blackberries, but where will you find your sucking Howards? Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not gouge. Do they not all seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exulting war whoops, as if they longed to scalp us? Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Are they not guilty of the most ferocious assaults upon the commissariat whence they derive their hourly rations? Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotions of gratitude? Do they not murder our sleep, out of sheer malice, compelling parents to rise at the dead hour of the night, and walk marches against time, until daylight? Is it not a common thing to see them become partially apoplectic with unbridled passion? And then look at their hypocrisy. Do they not indulge in blood-curdling shrieks of seeming agony, and when addressed in consequence of suspicion of pins, do they not kick up their heels and crow at the thought of having vexed the mothers that bore them? It is all very well to say that

"Heaven is near us in our infancy,"

but the majority of parents know from bitter experience that it is quite the reverse. It is the opinion of observant persons, who have studied babies from a philosophical standpoint, that, if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had, "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstances to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, without money and without price, but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in." The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

Fanny Fern says—and she ought to know—

"It is a great plague to be a woman. I think I've said that before, but it will bear repeating. Now the wharves are a great passion of mine; I like to sit on a pile of boards there, with my boots dangling over the water, and listen to the far-off 'heave-ho' of the sailors in their specks of red shirts, and see the vessels unload, with their foreign fruits, and dream away a delicious hour, imagining the places they come from; and I like to climb up the sides of ships, and poke round generally, just where Mrs. Grundy would lay her irritating hand on my arm and exclaim—'What will people think of you?'"

THE INFLATION OF PRICES. The New York Tribune says there never was a tolerable reason, a plausible excuse, for carrying gold above 150 or pork above \$25, or flour at wholesale above \$8 per barrel—and other staples in proportion. All beyond these rates was a gigantic bubble, blown by treason and rapacity favored by cowardice. Had our great banks, and leading bankers chosen to feed the market with gold, even at the rate of one million per week, for the last ten or twelve weeks, the prices need not be exceeded. And, even now, if the banks will but loyally and fearlessly take the part of the people and their Government against the gold-buffers, pork-buffers, whiskey-buffers, and rebel conspirators generally, we shall very soon have a full Treasury, a paid-up army, meat and flour at reasonable prices, and the country well on the road to Peace and Prosperity.

TO MAKE A SENSATION NOVEL.—First take your bank-note and put it in a desk or drawer accidentally left open. Have ready two families, one demonically bad, the other angelically good. Pepper the former, and bone the latter from any book which you are acquainted. Let the bad familiar crib the note, and accuse a good familiar of the deed, till the owner's wrath boils over. Put the good family into a stew, but let all come right in the end. Insert a mysterious murder or to where the interest flags; garnish with bad French, and serve in three volumes. Call it "The Hallibackcrackery," or, Mrs. Hallibackcrackery's Misfortunes." This is the novel a la Madame Henri de Bois.

Or, Another Way.—Take a handsome

der one of them. Vary by letting some one else commit the murder and accuse her of it. Put her into a lunatic asylum. Throw the other husbands into wells, and take them out or not as suits your fancy. Call it "Temple Bar Secret," or "Aurora Dangerous," or "The Captain of the Audley Floyds." Serve in eight editions. This is the novel a la—

Or, Another Way.—Procure something and envelope it in mystery. Take two sisters, one strong-minded and dark, the other weak-minded and fair, or vice versa. Get some "scenes," butter well, and place the sisters in them with a foreigner who likes white mice or toads. Roast the reader over a slow fire till done. Give it no name whatever. This is the novel a la Cilkie Wolins!

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 22, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. E. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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

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

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. All such names will be printed, that they may know what to depend upon.

THE EDITORS' CONVENTION.—We never realized the utter insignificance of the popular wish for Commencement, till we noticed that Waterville College had set its annual festival for the same day with the convention of editors, at Portland. Bowdoin first interfered, and when the convention was adjourned to the following week on that account, in stepped Waterville with her literary flummies, to attract some of the chief pillars of the proposed jubilee. We are able to overlook the loss of the double delegation of the Mail, because our modesty claims the sacrifice; and even the weighty representation of the Clarion, which makes Commencement the occasion of its annual posting-up in literature, could be spared from the supper table, or from the excursion in the harbor if the craft be small; but Mr. Dingley, of the Lewiston Journal, loves his Alma Mater as Brutus loved Rome, and how can the dinner be relished without him! And shall Commencement at Waterville stand unreported in Portland and Bangor and Augusta? Sooner let the State-house go by default! We have no favors to ask, but the stars are against us. We wanted to see the city hall—and ride round the harbor—and eat turtle soup—and have a good time at the expense of somebody besides ourselves. But Waterville College—and we speak of her respectfully even in our vacation—has taken the very bread from our mouths, and the sunshine from our hearts, by compelling us to dine at home on the very day when we hoped to dine out. But there is no help. (?)

It gives us pleasure to announce that Stephen D. Savage, of the 19th Maine, who has been for some weeks at his home on Church-street, is now recovering, both of his wound and of his incidental sickness. He was wounded by a ball through the thigh, about half-way between the knee and the hip joint; and his wound was thought to be doing well when he left Washington. It afterwards broke out again, and a fever setting in, he was brought very low. He is now apparently threatened with nothing worse than being a cripple for life—and we hope not so bad. Like all good soldiers, he bears his trial cheerfully.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—During the shower on Monday evening, the 11th inst., the lightning struck the large barn of Dr. B. N. Harris, in the north part of Winslow. The fluid entered the ventilator, at the center of the roof, and dividing into three streams, one passed down a post in the center of the barn, nearly under the ventilator, while the other two went down separate rafters to posts in the outer frame, and thence into the cellar—a distance of 40 feet from the top of the roof. In a stall directly between the centre post and the other two down which the fluid ran, stood a mare and colt, and in the cellar were three cows and three hogs, not one of which was injured; but a hog 40 feet from the barn was killed by the shock, though there was no mark upon him. Singular enough, though straw and hay were piled against the posts that were shivered by the fluid, nothing was set on fire, and the damage was only what may readily be

repaired. The house was 30 feet from the barn, and was uninjured, though the shock to the inmates was severe.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—It surprised and pained us to see in the Bath Sentinel, appended to our notice of a recent donation to this institution, the following gratuitous query:—"When will that institution give up begging?" We felt sure that it was none of Brother Lincoln's work; and in this we were right, for in a recent issue he disclaims it. A correspondent of the Sentinel, in calling the editor's attention to the offensive query, makes the following statements:—

"This institution has never been a beggar. It has not been a burden to any, except those who have had the immediate control of its affairs. All that it has received since its foundation in operation, is about \$100,000. Of this amount, it now has on hand only about \$40,000, besides a portion of land still not sold. The remainder has been expended in the erection of buildings, purchasing books and apparatus and in defraying the current expenses of the college—the tuition never having been sufficient for this. This is no less true of other colleges than of this; but they have had the benefit of the proceeds of a large permanent fund. It is just such a fund that Waterville College needs, and which her friends are making efforts to raise. In this, they are only doing what the friends of Bowdoin, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown and other Colleges have long since done.

Is it not just as commendable in the friends of Waterville College to ask the Baptist denomination and the public for contributions, as it is in the friends of Dartmouth or Bowdoin to ask subscriptions for their institutions?"

Waterville is most certainly as worthy as any other institution in the land of the benevolence of the people, and I hope her friends will not cease their efforts till a sufficient fund is raised to place the institution above want."

THE MAINE FIFTH.—This regiment is still at Portland, not yet mustered out or paid; though report says it will be, on Tuesday of next week. The Portland Courier answers our inquiries for the cause of this delay, by saying that the time is consumed in "hunting up the company's papers." The death of many of the officers, he says, has caused the loss or mutilation of some of the papers; which their successors find it difficult to hunt up. We are willing to make the best of this explanation; but, if perchance some of these papers are not found, are the soldiers to remain in camp during life? Who will believe it right that these men are thus detained in camp more than a month after their time is out, in order that some dead man's papers may be "hunted up?"

DR. E. F. SANGER.—This old resident of Waterville, who has been serving his country at New Orleans for several years, is to have employment nearer home. We find the following announcement in the Era of that city, of the 9th inst.:—

The Department of the Gulf this morning loses an able and efficient officer. Surgeon E. F. Sanger, for some time past Medical Director of the 19th Army Corps, goes North on the Evening Star, having been ordered to report to Baltimore, from whence he will probably be sent to the Army of the Potomac. We have seen Dr. Sanger actively engaged in his painful duties on the field of battle, and have had opportunities for judging of his merits as Chief Surgeon of a corps, and can most truthfully say that a more careful, competent and gentlemanly officer we have never met with. The doctor will carry with him the esteem and good will of hosts of friends, both in the army and civil life, and their best wishes for his future success and happiness.

DEATH OF MAJ. JONES.—The death of Maj. James P. Jones, of the 7th Maine, who fell in defending Fort Stevens, near Washington, from the late attack, has already been announced. He was the son of Eli Jones, of China, a distinguished Quaker gentleman; and up to the fall of Sumter, was in fellowship with the peace principles of that denomination. He enlisted a company, was appointed their captain, and participated in all the principal battles of the Potomac. He has been wounded several times, and had just returned to duty at the time he was killed. Up to the time of his enlistment he was principal of China Academy. He has secured an excellent name, as a scholar and officer and a man. He has left a wife and two children.

LOSS.—Mr. Martin V. Hersom, now of Boston, lost \$500 in household furniture stored in the house of his father, Benj. Hersom, Esq., at W. Waterville, which was recently destroyed by fire. It was soon to be removed to Boston, where Mr. H. holds the office of deputy provost marshal, having just closed the duties of enrolling officer for the 3d district of Massachusetts. We trust that a faithful apprentice to Uncle Sam will in time make up his loss.

THE GREAT CARAVAN, which comes to Waterville on Friday of next week, is having a rich harvest on its way. At Portland the crowd was so pressing that the managers opened an exhibition forenoon, afternoon and evening. They have many rare animals, and their collection is said to be large and in fine condition. The exhibition will no doubt be of great interest, and attract an immense crowd in this place. The procession will enter the village by the river road from Sidney, about 10 o'clock in the morning. It promises to be "nearly" a mile in length.

The threatened raid on Maine struck at Calais, where four men made an attempt, on the 18th inst., to rob the Calais bank. They were foiled in their purpose, however, and they speedily found themselves disarmed and in the lock-up. One of them claimed to be Capt. Collins, of the 15th Mississippi regiment, who said they expected to meet a larger party on the same errand, but they had failed to come to time.

OUR TABLE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for August has a fine steel engraving, entitled "Summer Morning," a colored fashion plate, several wood engravings, and numerous patterns and designs of the latest articles of dress and ornament. The number is full of good stories and other interesting and attractive reading.

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

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The embellishments in the August number of this magazine are—a beautiful steel engraving, entitled "Harvest Time;" a colored double fashion plate; and many wood engravings. The literary contents are varied and excellent and include many interesting stories by popular authors.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.—The Army and Navy Journal, reviewing the facts of the recent rebel incursion, says:

The annual expedition of the Confederate forces into Maryland and Pennsylvania has been inaugurated this year at about the same time, and with rather more than the usual success. This series of demonstrations has been hitherto maintained with as much regularity as the series of annual counter-movements of our army against Richmond; but, let us be thankful, it has never yet accomplished anything equal to popular fears. The uniformity of the enemy's appearance around Harper's Ferry should now be nearly sufficient to establish one of Buckle's "averages," or at least to furnish the July almanac makers with another "About this time may be expected." It is only paralleled by the uniformity with which Maryland and Pennsylvania are left unguarded and exposed until the rebel cavaliers leap their barn-yard fences, and begin untethering their horses and wringing the necks of fowls. After that is done, the stable-door is vigorously shut. Heated proclamations from various Governors call out troops to eject the invader, and there is an annual "uprising of the North." It should seem to raise a blush on our cheeks to ask once more, with trembling knee-joints, for local militias, to check that "invader" who has often been officially announced as "thoroughly demoralized." Let us hope still that, in the future defence of the Eastern Border States, we may grow wise by experience.

In order to understand the raid, it will be necessary to look beyond the recent telegrams, so many of which are only the stories of a stammering pack of cowardly and selfish fugitive farmers. One of the facts established by the Maryland raid is, that "reliable gentlemen" may be reliable, but certainly are not trustworthy. "Reliable" like the adjective of Polonius, is getting to be "a vile phrase" in every sense, as it always has been in the sense etymological. After his recent extravagances, the reliable gentleman ought, as a narrator of facts, to make way again for the intelligent contraband, whom he improperly supplanted in public esteem.

The natural line of military approach to Washington from Richmond is that of the Shenandoah valley. This fact has been so clearly demonstrated by experience that it needs no prescience to determine long ago that, in the summer campaign of 1864, a force must be posted in the valley, to hold it at all hazards. The particular reasons, together with the proper disposition of the required force, have been so often set forth in this Journal that we need not now revert to them. This task, in effect, was assigned to General Sigel, with instructions to press slowly down the valley. He did so, but, on encountering the enemy, was defeated, and immediately displaced by General Hunter. The latter is an excellent officer, to whose peculiar talents, however, justice was not done by putting him in command of the valley. It was another instance of what can be noticed here and there during the war—the failure to put "the right men to the right places." General Hunter soon moved down the valley and occupied Staunton, after handsomely defeating the enemy. So obviously did he menace Lynchburg, also, that Lee, although in great straits just then, despatched a large force to his relief. Had Gen. Hunter been able to move with the rapidity which distinguishes some of the more dashing officers, the affair at Lynchburg would have been different. But, not to speculate on what might have been, as a fact, Hunter was repulsed and retired from the heavy force which, under Early, had been thrown into Lynchburg. Instead of retreating up the Shenandoah, the retention of which was the prime object of Hunter's column, it was thought most expedient to strike northwesterly through the mountains into the Kanawha Valley, by way of Gauley Bridge; and, on the last days of June, Hunter approached Charleston, which lies at the junction of the Elk with the Kanawha, thirty-five miles from the Ohio line.

Meanwhile, Early, finding that he had no enemy in his front, and that now, in view of affairs at Petersburg, there was less need than ever of returning to Lee, because a small force could hold the Petersburg entrenchments, very naturally moved up the Shenandoah Valley, now for the first time left open during the campaign. Whether this manoeuvre was a previous prepared scheme of northern invasion, such as has been promised, is an undecided question. But it is more probable that Gen. Lee seized the occasion of the attack on Lynchburg to but for a new combination, in which he would save the latter city, divert troops from Petersburg, and gain plunder and prestige by a northern raid. Thus the several campaigns against Richmond present curious analogies, and this one, which opened so diversely from its predecessors, gains more resemblance to them as it unfolds. The two armies sway back and forth like a huge pendulum, swung midway between Washington and Richmond. Just now the enemy moves through the northern arc.

In regard to the purpose of the rebels, it says:

Our own belief is that no serious attack on either Baltimore or Washington was intended by the leaders of the present expedition. Had such an assault been intended, its only chance of success would have been in the immediate direction of all columns against the city to be assaulted. But the enemy is found to be occupying ten days in marching a distance which could have been traversed in five, and to be dividing up into battalions and squads, plundering villages, exacting money from shopmen, and collecting great droves of cattle and horses, and trains of forage and provisions. The object of the demonstration was manifest. First, it saved Lynchburg, and put it out of danger for a month. Next, it relieved Petersburg for a time as effectually as by an attack on our lines at that point. It drew off a part of the investing forces, and made the city temporarily safer. General Lee perceived that he must not suffer his opponent to have his own way in establishing his siege guns and making his lines and communications impregnable. Finally, the main object of the raid was, as has been said,

to procure supplies. The Shenandoah Valley is now in fine condition. The magnificence of the waving crops can hardly be realized except by one who looks upon them. The enemy bides his time. He does not reap unripe harvests. He sent his fighting force in advance everywhere, and even the demonstration in front of Fort Stevens was probably only the cover for the working parties gleaning behind from farms and stores. It seems to us that the ease with which the enemy were driven from their position, shows not only the paucity of their numbers but their lack of sincerity in the demonstration.

Cattle Markets.

The number of cattle at market last week was nearly twice as large as the week previous, while the sheep fell off nearly one half. Notwithstanding the full supply of beef, trade was brisk and prices well maintained, the butchers having used up their old stock unusually clean. Sheep and veals, too, were in good demand, and the drovers left the market well pleased with the course of trade.

We quote from the *New England Farmer* as follows:—

First quality heaves, \$12.50 to \$13.50; second do., \$11.50 to \$12.50; third quality, \$9.00 to \$11.22; extra, \$14.00 to \$15.00.

Working oxen.—None.

Sheep—6 to 7 cts. per lb. on live weight, sheared. Lambs \$4 to \$6.50.

Veals \$6—to \$12 each.

NEW ORLEANS YANKEES.—A highly intelligent writer in the Wisconsin State Journal, one who evidently knows of what he speaks, gives the following answer to the question, "Can white men live and work in the climate of New Orleans?"

"The answer is, they can. Full nine-tenths of the stevedores, draymen and laborers of New Orleans, who do the hardest work in the open air, are white. Nearly every plantation has more or less whites upon it, who toil in the sun as much as the negro. Nearly the whole soil was cleared by the labor of white men, and it is idle to talk about negroes standing the climate better than whites. The darkey was used because a slave, and not because white men could not work—because his labor cost nothing, and theirs did. As soon as by confiscations or sales, a chance is opened to buy lands, the white men will vindicate themselves as against the negro."

"BARNUM."—Any man in low life, or low spirits, ought to be willing to be humbugged in high life and on a high scale; and as Barnum is a "prince" by universal consent, we of course ought to submit to be humbugged by "Barnum the Prince of Humbugs." Yea, verily, and so we pocket the four tickets to his museum, which he sends us, and advise everybody to do as everybody does who goes to New York, and go and see Barnum's Museum. The "wooly horse" is dead, and the "bearded woman" has been voted a slave, but Barnum will have something in their places.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The following is a list of the officers for Class Day:—

Harry M. Pratt, Treasurer, President; Edward C. Littlefield, Chesterville, Orator; W. Smith Knowlton, East Sanguenville, Poet; Stanley T. Pullen, Foxcroft, Historian; William P. Young, Kenduskeag, Prophet; Henry J. Cushing, Skowhegan, Address at the Tree; Cyrus P. Richardson, O. list.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!—The President has issued a proclamation calling for 500,000 more men, to keep our armies up to the effective standard. A draft is ordered in all precincts delinquent on the 5th of September. Hurry up the volunteers, and spot every man who looks towards Canada.

THE NEW YORK ATLAS.—The Nestor of the Sunday press—comes to us this week in quarto form and printed with new type, making a very handsome appearance. The Atlas is a very readable paper, and if one must have a wicked, democratic sheet of this class, it is as spicily as can be found. Published by Aaron Herrick & Sons, 113 Nassau St., at \$2 a year.

PICK THEM UP BOYS!—Pick up the old magazines, newspapers, worn out books, scraps of paper, and rags—and bring them to the Mail Office and get money for them. They bring a good price.

In the third volume of Carlyle's history of Frederick the Second, occurs the following "fearfully and wonderfully made" sentence:—Let us try and select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of these historical dead heaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena or physiognomic procedures of Frederick in his first weeks of his kingship, by way of contribution to some portraiture of his then inner man."

DIED.—Mr. Augustine Perkins, of this place, for over twenty years cashier of Ticonic and Waterville banks, died on Sunday last, at his residence on Silver-street, after a long illness, at the age of 55 years.

The Brunswick Telegraph gives the following programme of Commencement at Bowdoin:—

On Monday evening Aug. 1st, will take place, Junior prize Declaration; on Tuesday, the exercises before the United Literary Societies, the oration by Walter Wells, Esq., of Portland, the poem by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of Boston; on Wednesday, graduation; on Thursday, the meeting of the Alumni, with addresses from a large number of distinguished gentlemen. Concert on Tuesday evening.

Among the recent promotions is that of Charles P. Garland, of Winslow, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. H, 19th Maine reg't, in place of Hunter, promoted.

J. H. Manley Esq., of Augusta, has been appointed commissioner of deeds for the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York.

A leading Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia is attempting to initiate a new order of

Baptists. He proposes to retain the distinguishing doctrines and ordinances of the denomination, but to change their church government to the Episcopal form. In the first attempt to exercise the rule of the bishop, he has succeeded so far as to split his own church.

War of Redemption.

The rebel raiders, we are ashamed to say, were enabled to make their way across the Potomac, without being called to stand and deliver their stolen property. They made a rich haul of plunder, of great value to them, and they thoroughly frightened the people of Maryland, especially the citizens of Baltimore. Their loss in front of Washington is set as high as 1500, which is almost too good to be true; and there is a report that Gen. Crook overtook them at Snickers' Gap, and after a sharp fight captured 300 wagons, laden with grain, and took many prisoners, the enemy leaving their dead and wounded on the field. We wish we were sure of even this little crumb of comfort for wounded pride.

About seven hundred prisoners were captured from the rebels during their recent raid, and the latest estimate of their whole loss sets it at 2000.

The guerrillas are unusually busy in Missouri, robbing and murdering Union men, and five thousand true men are called for to keep these marauders in subjection.

We have very little news from the army of the Potomac. The batteries are not idle on either side, but there has been no fighting of any consequence for some time. There are rumors afloat that Lee has attacked Grant, but they are not credited.

The rebels are making desperate efforts to blockade the James river, and the gunboats have quite a task to keep the shore clear of batteries.

The rebels planted a battery of two rifled guns on Malvern hill and opened on our fleet early Saturday morning. The engagement lasted nearly all the forenoon and the firing was heavy. The elevated position of the batteries rendered our fire rather ineffectual, but the enemy was dislodged. Our loss was one killed and two wounded.

FROM VICKSBURG.—The Vicksburg Herald of the 12th states that our forces moved from Black river on the 3d, under Gen. Dennis. Gen. Slocum joined the expedition at Champion Hills. The whole numbered less than 3000. The enemy were not encountered in any considerable force until the 5th, when they were found strongly on the east bank of a creek, three miles west of Jackson. A flanking force, under Col. Coates of the 11th Illinois, compelled them to abandon the position. Our forces occupied Jackson that night. The following day, as our troops were leaving town, a citizen climbed to the State House and signaled the rebel cavalry, who were drawn up in line of battle north of the town, for which the man was summarily shot. The enemy attacked our advance in strong force, but were driven back. The next morning the rebels assaulted our rear near Clinton, and were again repulsed. The ground was strewn with their dead and wounded. Our total loss is less than 100 killed and 50 wounded. We captured 300 or 400 prisoners. No cotton was brought in. The railroad from Vicksburg to Jackson is being repaired. Communication will soon be had with the interior of the State.

The Atlanta Confederacy says of the situation in Georgia.

If Johnston cannot hold the enemy in check along the Chattahoochee, he cannot anywhere below, and the only temporary check will be the capture of Atlanta, to stay the invader's spurious appetite for conquest. No doubt the federal commander will garrison Atlanta as a base for future operations.

A letter written by the rebel Gen. Holmes, picked up at Silver Spring, after the retreat of the rebels from Washington, says: "I am ashamed to own it, but the majority of the North Carolinians not in the army are traitors to our cause."

Vicksburg advices of the 12th instant report all quiet. General Slocum's expedition, having been reinforced by cavalry, was marching again for the interior of Mississippi. Gen. Smith was near the Pontotoc. There were reports that a large expedition was ready to start from New Orleans for some point unknown.

It is reported that the government has received intelligence that General Sherman has crossed the Chattahoochee river and advanced five miles south of it without molestation, Johnston having retreated within the defences of Atlanta.

The latest official information from General Sherman says his army crossed the Chattahoochee at several different points north of the railroad bridge. The movement was made with such celerity as to take the rebels by surprise. Our cavalry were at once sent to operate on the railroad east of Decatur, one of the objects being to cut off Augusta from communication with Atlanta, thus preventing the removal of stores to the latter place, and reinforcements from reaching Johnston. Our main army was within ten miles of Atlanta. All the operations of the army are highly favorable.

General Canby is reported to be actively preparing a base of operations at Morgana, Louisiana, from which the force under Reynolds is to operate.

EXTRAORDINARY RAID INTO NORTH CAROLINA.—A Knoxville letter of July 8, to the Cincinnati Commercial, gives the following account of a remarkable raid into North Carolina:—

Col. G. W. Kirk returned to this place last night from the most brilliant raid in this section. Left on the 12th of June with 130 men. Their first work was at Boswell, where they killed Capt. T. H. Osborne, the most notorious guerrilla in East Tennessee, and thirteen men. From this point they marched 150 miles through lonely mountain paths, when they arrived at Camp Vance, North Carolina, near Morgantown. Here 325 North Carolina troops surrendered, but Major Flinn, their commander, escaped. Gov. Vance and Brig. Gen. Gofford had left only the day previous. The property destroyed here was: engine and train, 2000

bushels of corn, 300 bales of cotton, 2000 pairs of English made shoes, a large lot of bacon, &c. At McFarland Station, on the Salisbury and Morgantown railroad, they destroyed the station and bridge and captured twenty-five men. From here they returned, skirmishing with bushwhackers all the way, but losing only one man in the whole trip. They dispersed several bands of militia on the road and captured much stock. They arrived with 150 prisoners, (7 officers,) 90 negroes, and 75 horses, being compelled to parole many prisoners who could not be brought through.

GEN. SHERMAN has at last arrived before the fortifications of Atlanta, after a march unequalled in the war, except by Grant's advance from the Rappahannock to the James. From Chattanooga to Atlanta is 138 miles, of which Gen. Sherman has traversed in the face of the enemy, about 120 miles. For the whole of that distance every inch of ground has been contested, ground, too, extremely favorable for defense, and much of it fortified long in advance. As the region was substantially unknown, some unwelcome surprises have been encountered, resulting in bloody conflicts. Still, Sherman has gone steadily onward, flanking where direct assault would not avail, but never declining a hand-to-hand grapple with the foe, and in the whole of his march never once having had his lines broken or a regiment stampeded. Such stubborn success guarantees a worthy consummation now that the goal of his advance has been reached.

The Kearsage is reported at Dover, and the Sacramento at Cherbourg. Semmes is not yet afloat again.

Two trains on the Erie railroad collided near Lackawanna, Penn., on the 15th, killing and wounding nearly a hundred soldiers, a large portion of whom were rebel prisoners.

CROPS AND PRICES.—The Boston Daily Advertiser of Saturday says:—

"All attempts to sustain the produce market appear to fail and prices continue to recede. Speculation has carried prices far above the relative value of gold. The crops promise well throughout the West, and the increasing exports and reshipments of foreign merchandise are rapidly reducing the rates of foreign exchange.

General Washburn, at Memphis, has adopted a novel but efficient measure to protect railroad trains against the murderous tricks of the secessionists to blow them up or throw them from the track. He has ordered the arrest of forty of the most prominent and better class of secessionists in and between Memphis and La Grange, and that twenty of them each day be placed upon cars, in most conspicuous positions, one being placed each side of the engines, and no train will be allowed to leave Memphis without such a "scorch guard," until the attempts to demolish the trains are desisted from.

The great State of Pennsylvania, ought to be put under guardianship, until she organizes and drills her militia say some 10,000 of them, as a barrier and protection from the annual Rebel invasion. The State seems to have had neither forethought nor ordinary sense in the administration of affairs for three years past.

At a Sanitary fair in the town of Catawasi, Pennsylvania, the male citizens agreed to decide by vote who was the prettiest girl in town, and it was declared in favor of Miss Hattie S. Reifsnyder, by a majority of two hundred and eighty votes. Each vote was accompanied by the sum of twenty-five cents, and the proceeds were given to the Sanitary fair as the contribution of the favorite beauty. What makes the matter more interesting, is the fact that Miss Reifsnyder is nursing wounded soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.

The steamer Havana at New York brings Mexican news to the 30th ult., via Havana. Maximilian had invited President Juarez and other liberal chiefs to come to the city of Mexico and consult together on a plan for the restoration of peace and the firm establishment of the Empire, guaranteeing full protection and safety. It is said that they all refused to hold any communication, except by arms, with the agent of Napoleon. The Emperor has taken up his residence at Chapultepec, five miles from the capital. No minister has yet been appointed to the United States.

Their time in the service being out, the Fifth Wisconsin, and Sixth Maine Regiments were in Washington on their way home when the rebels appeared in front. Both regiments volunteered to remain till the danger was over, and their services were accepted.

SAD ACCIDENT. Drowned at Madison Bridge, 14th inst. J. Ettie Whittier aged 11 years. Ettie, with two other companions, went into the river to bathe, when getting beyond her depth, she was drowned. She was a bright, intelligent child, and endeared to all her acquaintances.—Clarion.

The Secretary of the Treasury is having prepared, and will soon issue, 7-20 Treasury Notes, running 8 years, convertible at maturity, into United States bonds—interest payable semi-annually. These notes are not to be used as legal tender.

In view of the fact that General Grant has found very few negroes in his recent movements, and that General Sherman reports but few able bodied negro men in the country occupied by him, as well as from information by other sources, it is believed that operations under the order allowing recruiting in the rebel States, will not yield men in any great numbers.

General Banks is reported to have spoken as follows in a Fourth of July speech in New Orleans:—"I confess, sir, that I believe the first duty of the people is to make such sacrifice on the field of battle as success may demand, and also that the settlement of our difficulties must proceed from the moral power of this country, which is greater and more efficacious than military power—the pen is mightier than the sword. This power will command the assent of the people of the country and the respect of all courts, either judicial or political on the face of the earth."

The Post says the amount of imported goods stored in New York is greater than ever before. The warehouses of all classes are filled with them; the cellars and even yards are occupied. The speculators in tea, coffee and sugar are carrying immense amounts of these articles, and paying 1 per cent a month interest to do it. The New York banks are talking of shutting down upon them, which would bring about a collapse, and let prices down sensibly. So says an exchange.

MISCELLANY.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. BAKE.

(It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries, that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as twenty-one to twenty; accordingly, in respect to marriages, every twenty-first man is naturally superfluous.)

I long have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already engaged,
And I'm a superfluous man!

These clever statistical claps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world
Is twenty to twenty-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since women are so scarce,
For every continental case,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Is a Wat of a conjugal mate!
But while they are so in scores
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To sulk and over-inclined;
I don't that I am a miser,
In morals, or manners, or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was superfluous—
And I'm the superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among the value of men,
I fancy myself in the van—
But what is the cause, then,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis true, to struggle with fate,
For to quarrel as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times—
With women so pretty and plenty—
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty;
But when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

Old-Fashioned Comforts.

Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, inured to hardships from the cradle; they were content to be almost without the luxuries of life, but they enjoyed some of its comforts, which many of us are strangers (old-fashioned comforts, we may say); and among these the old fire-place, as it is used to be termed, held no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time come to our mind, with its plain furniture and sanded floor, innocent of paint, but as white as the nearest of housewives could make it! In one corner stood the clock, its very face smiling an aspect of good cheer, and seeming to wear benignantly upon a miniature moon over its head, which tradition said, had, at a remote period, followed the rising and setting of its great prototype in the heavens, though its days of active service were long ago over.

But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor; nor the high desk with its pigeon holes and secret drawers, which no venturesome youngster ever dared to invade; nor yet the old clock ticking so musically in the corner; but it was the old-fashioned fire-place, with its blazing embers, huge back-logs, and iron fire-dogs, that shed glory over the whole room, gilded the plain and homely furniture with its light, and rendered the place a type of true New England in "ye olden times."

Never were there such apples as those which swung around and around upon strings before the bright fire of a winter's evening, never such baked potatoes as those buried deep in the ashes upon the hearth, never such corn-stalks as those which caught golden hue from the blazing embers, or turkey, like those turned upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors so suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was the wooden settle, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evening, telling stories, cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their superiors, and anon gazing in silence into the bright fire, and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque fanciful images from among the burning coals. No fabled genii, with their magic lamps of enchantment; could build such gorgeous palaces, or create such grand castles as the old-fashioned fire-place.

And we must not neglect the chimney corner, where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat, his hair silvered with the snows of many winters—a venerable man, to whom old age had come "frostily but kindly," and whose last days were like those of an Indian summer, serene and beautiful, even till the stars appeared in heaven.

How pure was the air in those days! The huge fire-place, with its brick draught, carried off the impurities of the atmosphere, and left the pure air, life-giving and healthful. Now, we can crouch around hot cooking-stoves, and think it strange that we feel so stupid and drowsy of an evening; or we huddle about air-tight stoves, and wonder that the air seems burned and impure; or we sit down in chilly rooms heated by a furnace, and marvel that with all our costly furniture, soft carpets, bright mirrors and damask curtains, they are cheerless places—so unlike our idyls of a New England home.

Alas! that with all the so-called improvements of our advanced civilization, the fire should be permitted to go out forever in our old-fashioned fire-places, thus burying in ashes of the past so many means of health, home comfort, good cheer and happiness.

[Scientific American.]

A shrewd genius in Norfolk, Litchfield county, who appreciates the high price of things now-a-days, says that a shoe dealer in that town bought a stock of children's shoes lately and commenced marketing their value upon the heel. Every morning he made a new mark, and as goods went up the marks went up, until they covered the whole sole, and then went over the upper leather. Since then that dealer won't buy anything smaller than No. 10's, so that he can have sufficient margin for the advanced prices.

A Liverpool magistrate having had occasion to give an opinion as to a matrimonial difficulty which came up before him, touched it with a needle when he concluded his remarks with the following opinion: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people to have relatives living in the same house with them—whether high or low, rich or poor, it is unwise to have a wife's sister, or a brother, or other relatives living in the same house with them."



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Gout, Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by the action of other causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical elements; no fiery excitant; but is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs, and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is well to be forewarned against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against malice engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventive and inflexible as a remedy, and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge, and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients after being filled with quinine for months in vain, will find it cured with little danger, and it is not infrequently resorted to with safety within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated, and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, it is as useful as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the constipation superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Sleep, and Fits of Langor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of Bile is immediately asserted by a single dose of the stimulant, and is immediately followed by the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a general Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, PREMATURE DECAY and Debility and Depletion arising from Old Age, it exercises the electric influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-energize and re-establish them.

As a general Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from the acid elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

No family medicine has been so universally, and it may be truly said, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Storekeepers everywhere.

HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Rheumatic Swellings.

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Catarrhal deposits and all unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For Rheumatism arising from Excesses, Habits of Disipation, Early Indulgence in abuse, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Lassitude, Headache, Difficulty of Breathing, Trembling, Neuralgia, Horrid Discharge, Pain in the Back, Pain in the Neck, Flushing of the Face, Swelling of the Body, Painful Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably cures, are: Impotency, Fatality, Epileptic Fits, and in one of which the patient may expire.

Who can say that they are not frequently followed by these "Direful Diseases?"

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION"

Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, BUT NONE WILL CONSIDER THE RECORDS OF THE INSANE.

And Melancholy Deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.

The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of Medicine to Strengthen and Invigorate the System.

Which HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. A Tonic will continue the most specific.

TRUE & MANLEY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Corner of Bridge and Water Streets, AUGUSTA, ME.
H. W. TRUE, J. H. MANLEY.
Particular attention paid to the COLLECTION OF DEBTS.

NEW GOODS AT THE PARLOR SHOE STORE EVERY WEEK!!

DR. MATTISON'S SURE REMEDIES FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

INDIAN ENMENAGOGUE. This celebrated Female Medicine, is designed especially for both married and single ladies, and is superior to anything else for the purpose, as it will regulate the system in cases of obstruction, freest water, and is therefore of the greatest value to married ladies, who from ill health or other causes may wish to avoid an evil to which they are liable. If taken as directed, it will cure any case, curable by medicine, and it is also perfectly safe at all times, in all situations, and in all seasons.

DIURETIC COMPOUND. For the Special Diseases of the Urinary Organs, resulting from impudence and contagion. This new remedy contains neither Opium, Cubebs, Turpentine, or any other dangerous drug, but is a simple and safe medicine, and is especially adapted to the treatment of all cases of Urinary Diseases, whether arising from impudence or contagion, and is therefore of the greatest value to married ladies, who from ill health or other causes may wish to avoid an evil to which they are liable.

APERTIVE SYRUP. For Impurities of the Blood resulting from impudence and contagion, or abuse of Mercury, causing Eruptions on the skin; Swellings of the Neck; Loss of Memory; Irritable Temper; Swellings of the Face; and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether arising from impudence or contagion, and is therefore of the greatest value to married ladies, who from ill health or other causes may wish to avoid an evil to which they are liable.

NERVE INVIGORATOR. For Nervous Debility; Femoral Weakness; Loss of Power; Confusion of the Mind; Loss of Memory; Irritable Temper; Swellings of the Face; and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether arising from impudence or contagion, and is therefore of the greatest value to married ladies, who from ill health or other causes may wish to avoid an evil to which they are liable.

IMPORTANT CAUTION. Thousands of Dollars are paid to swindling quacks for the cure of their diseases, who are not only deceived, but their health is ruined, and their property is lost. Beware of Impostors! and especially those who are not only deceived, but their health is ruined, and their property is lost.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS. R. H. EDDY, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

THE LADIES. The celebrated DR. L. DIX, a Quack Doctor, is now in the city, and is offering his services to the ladies. He is a Quack Doctor, and is offering his services to the ladies.

CLOTHES WRINGER. A new invention, which will wring clothes out, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will wring clothes out, and is offered for sale.

Fish's Lamp Heating Apparatus. A new invention, which will heat fish, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will heat fish, and is offered for sale.

THE UNION ATTACHMENT. A new invention, which will attach things, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will attach things, and is offered for sale.

YARNS! YARNS! A new invention, which will yarn things, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will yarn things, and is offered for sale.

FLOR and GROCERIES. A new invention, which will flor and groceries, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will flor and groceries, and is offered for sale.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS. A new invention, which will children's boots, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will children's boots, and is offered for sale.

SHINE YER BOOTS, Sir! A new invention, which will shine yer boots, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will shine yer boots, and is offered for sale.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS. A new invention, which will children's boots, and is offered for sale. It is a new invention, which will children's boots, and is offered for sale.

ARNOLD & MEADER, Successors to ELDER & ARNOLD, Dealers in

Hardware, Cutlery, and Saddlery. Iron, Steel, Springs, Axes, Anvils, and Vices. Screw Plates, Bolts, Hubs, Bands, Dasher Rods, and Castings—Harnes, Bismell, and Dasher Leather—BUILDING MATERIALS, in all varieties, including G. and A. Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., Carpenters' and Machinists' Tools;—Carriage Trimmings; A large stock of Cook & Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Registers, &c. White Mountain Cooking Stove.

ALL kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work made and repaired. W. B. ARNOLD, No. 4, Boutelle Block, ... Waterville, Me.

SELF-ABUSE AND SOLITARY HABITS. Their effects and consequences; SPECIAL AILMENTS AND SITUATIONS, Incident to Married and Single Ladies; SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS; Mercenary Affections; Eruptions and all Diseases of the Skin; Ulcers of the Neck, Throat and Body; Pimples on the Face; Swellings of the Neck; Nervousness, Constipation, and other Weaknesses in Youth, and the more advanced, at all ages.

BOTH SEXES, SINGLE OR MARRIED. DR. L. DIX'S PRIVATE MEDICAL OFFICE, 21 Endicott Street, Boston, Mass.

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Kendall's Mills Adv's. DR. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST

Teeth extracted without Pain! By the aid of a Harmless and Agreeable substitute for Ether and Chloroform.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Summer Arrangement. Commencing June 27th, 1864.

Portland and Boston Line. The splendid new going Steamer FOREST, CITY, LEWISTON, and MONTREAL, will until further notice, run as follows:

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FAMILY DYE COLORS. Patented October 13, 1863.

Black, Blue, Green, Red, Yellow, and all other colors. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

For a SAVING OF 80 PER CENT. For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost one dollar.

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