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Maxham & Wing

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(From Hymns of the Ages.)

EVENING PRAYER.

I come to thee to-night
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee—
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening, on the breeze
Seal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour—
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praise of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orison, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy best Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been,
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the stains which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water 'e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom thou hast called to this own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be thou their solace and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father! take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its stains from every sin and impurity—
For my Redeemer's sake.

From the Welcome Guest.

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

Concluded.

Again he saw Hester, and the water parted before his swift, strong strokes; he had almost reached her when the cruel waters drew her again down into their treacherous bosom. For a brief space the waves closed over them both, but when he rose again, he bore her in his arms. Boats were coming now to the rescue, and in a moment more Philip yielded her to strong arms which lifted her into a place of safety. He then turned his attention to the others, and now, for the first time, perceived the cause of Lieutenant Mervin's inaction. He had succeeded in keeping them from sinking by the help of the floating plank, and as he saw Philip approaching, was sure they would be saved; but just then the cruel demon—cramp—which lurks in the cold waters, caught him in his iron grasp.

"You were not of a moment too soon," said Lieutenant Mervin, with deep emotion. "It was the last time."

The words were like electric fire to Philip, quivering through every nerve. He then had rescued his beloved from that fearful fate. Was she not twice his own? And yet what meant that action of Hester's? It had struck him with surprise at the time. Now he saw its meaning clearly, and as he rowed back to the shore, with her leaning pale and faint near him—mingled with the bliss of having given her again to life, was the knowledge of her deep love for his rival; for what else could have made her resign to him the frail support which was his only hope? Very plainly now Philip saw what lay before him. After he had done all that was needed for others, he went home to his own lodgings, and when the cares of his kind friends had left him he walked his chamber in a misery which could foresee no relief. He was too proud to complain, he was too generous and sweet tempered to be embittered; but it was hours before calmness came to him. When he arose the next morning, he wondered if he should not betray himself if he went to see her. What use would it be to reveal his love? If any doubt had remained to him—but no, he was too sure. He opened his chamber door to go down, but started back upon seeing before him his kind landlady, Mrs. Dave, standing at the entrance with blanched face and trembling lips. In her hand was a white paper. Instantly his thoughts flew back to the home he had left three days before.

"What is it?" he faltered.

She put the paper into his hand. "Don't be too much alarmed," said the good lady, beginning to cry. "It may not be so bad after all."

He ran over the note. It was a telegram, announcing to him the dangerous illness of his mother. What a throng of feelings pressed upon his heart at the word—and in that connection! He looked up in a moment, and mastering himself, said, "I must go in the first train. It is six o'clock now. I have an hour to spare."

He went first to the house of the resident tutor. The few necessary arrangements were speedily made, and then he took the path which led to the cottage, where he had walked so often in happier mood. He had scarcely entered the leafy avenue, when he met Lieutenant Mervin coming toward him. He met him joyously, but broke off suddenly, exclaiming,

"Good heaven, what's the matter, my dear fellow?" and he grasped his hand in sincere sympathy, as Philip told his sorrow in a few words.

"And you are going down to the cottage to say good-by. I've just been in. She looks better this morning than one would expect. Mabel, though, is quite ill."

Philip expressed his regret, and would have passed, but Lieutenant Mervin linked his arm in his and walked with him. "I can never thank you enough for what you did yesterday," he said as they went. "You must see that I am under a peculiar obligation to you."

If it had been another case Philip would have been surprised at the selfishness which could thus obtrude its own hopes and interests at such a moment. Now he felt that this was one drop too much in the bitter cup, and he cut him short with a cold reply. He shook him off at the door, and went in without knocking. The parlor door was half-way open, and he saw Hester standing by a table in one corner. He went straight up to her. She started at the noise he made in entering—looked around and held out her hand. He took it in his own and looked down into her face. "Not looking better than one would expect," he thought. There were wan lines about the temples, and her eyelids drooped heavily. She spoke first.

VOL. XVIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 5, 1864.

NO. 5.

"You saved my life yesterday, Mr. Belden. I cannot find any words to express my feeling, but it is not necessary, for I am sure you understand what it must be. But we two do not stand in any common relation to each other henceforth. You will always let me be your friend, will you not?"

Her beautiful eyes were lifted to his own as she ceased speaking, and Philip made a sudden movement, but a thought recurred to him, and he checked the impulse and tried to speak calmly. Perhaps it was not quite right, but he could not refrain from sealing his assurance of her love for Lieutenant Mervin. "I have already been thanked once this morning," he said. Her eyes fell, and deep blushes suffused her face. She was silent, and presently Philip said, his thoughts going back to his mother with a painful start: "I came to bid you good-by this morning."

She looked up in astonishment, and when he explained, her eyes filled with tears. "I am so sorry for you," she murmured, "so much is expressed to me in that name of mother. I pray Heaven to be merciful to you."

"Will you ask it of him?" said Philip with deep emotion. "And now good-by." He held her hand a moment, then repeating "Good-by, Hester," bent his head and kissed her cheek, and was gone, leaving Hester standing motionless where he had found her. Presently she sat down on a couch close by, and covering her face with her hands, wept. It was a great relief, for in all the excitement of the previous day she had borne up wonderfully, and later, through the night, when she watched by Mabel, and felt the first dim forebodings of that trial which was close upon her. If Philip had known what she had suffered in those still hours, he would not have wondered at her wan looks.

Mabel had been greatly terrified, and was taken to the shore quite overcome by the combined effects of the chill and her fright. All night she had tossed restlessly in her bed, and now and then murmuring a name, at first indistinct, but which finally shaped itself into "Walter." With the first perception of this Hester trembled from head to foot. At intervals through the night it was repeated, and when morning came a black shadow seemed to stand between her and the future. As she sat in the parlor weeping, a slight noise in Mabel's apartment aroused her. She rose immediately and went to her. Mabel was just waking, and as Hester entered, reached out her arms to her. "O, Hester, I have had such fearful dreams all night. I thought Lieutenant Mervin was drowned!" And she hid her face on her sister's shoulder. "Wasn't it dreadful?" she said in a moment. "It seems like coming back from the grave. Did not he come very near drowning?" she asked, shuddering. "O, Hester, if he had!"

"Mabel," whispered Hester, hoarsely, "Mabel, look up, child. I want you to tell me truly, do you love him?" Her voice was scarcely audible, but Mabel heard. She began to cry. "Tell me, Mabel, do you love him?" and she made her look into her face. Mabel, half-frightened at her unwonted sternness, could just frame with her lips the word "yes," and hid her face again. Hester laid her face down upon the pillow, and the two were silent for a long time. It might have been ages that rolled over her when she arose and went about her daily duties—so greatly changed was Hester's face.

That night Lieutenant Mervin came, but she would not see him. She was trying to gather fortitude, to look her duty in the face, to learn how to bear her burden. She had not thought she would so soon be forced to fulfill the promise made to her father, yet she never shrank for one moment, never faltered in her purpose. A week afterwards Lieutenant Mervin was admitted. Mabel was yet too weak to leave her room and they were alone. He sat down by her and she trembled beneath the fervent love which flamed in his dark eyes.

"You could not hear that morning when I saw you last, what I had to say," he began, hurriedly. "You saved my life, Hester, and to-night I came to tell you how worthless a gift it was unless you add to it your love—yourself. Hester, do you love me—will you let me love you and call you mine?"

"No!"

The word came as from the lips of a statue. It had no sound of her voice in it. He dropped the hand he had been holding—he exclaimed, in utter surprise:

"Hester, don't you love me—wont you be my wife?"

"No!"

Just as before—black, icy. It fell upon him like a stone. He did not speak for a moment, then, as the full meaning gradually grew upon him, he caught her hand, again and exclaimed in tones of passionate fervor:

"Hester, you cannot mean it. You cannot mean to reject me in this cold, cruel way. What has happened? What have I done? Only a week ago I thought—perhaps it was presumptuous, but I could not help thinking that you—that I might teach you to love me. At least you were friendly—now you are cold, unkind. What does it mean?"

He made her look at him; it seemed as though he would penetrate her soul with his keen eyes. She must end this.

"Lieutenant Mervin, it can only be painful to us both to go on talking, so—"

She could not proceed.

"Hester, was it utter indifference to me that made you ready to give up your life to save mine? It cannot be. Something has come between us. What is it?"

"It is only the instinct of humanity to assist any one whom we see in danger. I cannot be accountable for any fancies you may have connected with so natural an act," said Hester, mechanically.

He sprang up.

"Hester! This is too cruel. All our intercourse of the past weeks, our sympathy—was that all my fancy?"

"It is quite possible you may have been mistaken in your view of it."

He looked indignant, and taking up his hat, moved toward the door. There he stopped, looked at her wistfully for a moment and came back.

"Hester, think a moment. I will love you. I will cherish you tenderly. You are alone now—I will be all to you. Hester, will you not accept my devotion?"

How hard it was to reiterate. "No," but she did it, and he started up, cast one glance of

approach upon her and left her. When he was gone Hester rose up to go from the room, but her strength forsook her, and she sank down in a swoon, only awaking at length to the dreadful consciousness that with her own hands she had closed the door upon a whole life of love and happiness, and shut herself out in cold and darkness forever.

The beautiful summer darkened into a dreary autumn. Hester's mournful thoughts kept time to the rhythm of the falling rain. It was dreary in her desolate home, dreary in the school-room where a stranger filled Mr. Belden's place, and most dreary of all in her own heart, lighted though it was by the flames of the sacrificial fire wherein she had offered up her best affections.

Walter Mervin, in the bitterness of his wounded pride and disappointed love, had left the village without seeing her again, and though she was thankful to have her courage spared further trial, it was as if the sunshine had been withdrawn from her life. Mabel mourned undisguisedly over his absence, and every day made Hester more fully aware of the great necessity of her sacrifice. Mabel grew pale, her eyes lost their brightness, her step grew languid, and by all these tokens, Hester knew well that the silver bells of her bridal would have been her sister's death-knell. She cast about for some change for Mabel. Fortune favored her. This autumn Mr. Seaver dissolved his connection with the parish church and his wife went to spend the winter with her friends in N—. It occurred to Hester to send Mabel thither, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting her musical education. She found she could afford the expense by close economy, and the commencement of winter saw Mabel established in the city under Mrs. Seaver's protection. Her first letter home was glad and gay, showing that the cloud was lifted from her heart, but not until the second did she betray the truth, in the simple fact that the ship to which Lieutenant Mervin was attached had been ordered to join the naval force at N—. Hester laid down the letter which brought this news as one might the warrant which condemned him to death, with a cold weight of despair settling down upon her, and yet through it, a vague feeling of satisfaction that the worst was over, and that neither death nor life held anything more terrible. In the midst of her sorrow another letter came which pained her more than she would have supposed anything had power to do now. Philip Belden wrote to her. He had been released from his engagement at Norbury. His mother had died and the family was about to be broken up. He had obtained in some way the means to devote himself to his art, and was about to sail for Italy. Hester had learned all this through the direction of the seminary at Norbury, before his own letter announced it to her, but for the revelation which followed she was utterly unprepared.

"Now that I am going abroad, to be absent many years," he wrote, "I wish you should know how deeply I am indebted to you for inspiration—how far my acquaintance with you has led me into communion with all that is most beautiful in nature and art, how you have led me down into my own soul, and have taught me what peace and strength is wrought out by suffering. It does not avail now to tell you how deeply I have loved you—it will not matter anything to you that I shall always cherish you as the one from all the world whom I have loved, and yet, Hester, in the future, if I connect my name with you with any great work, I would like that you should think, 'I helped him to do that. It was through loving me that he became equal to it,' so I tell you this."

Hereafter Hester thought of him with a reverence which warmed her already earnest friendship into something very tender and almost holy. It was not love—not if that was love which she had felt for Walter Mervin. The letter seemed to open up to her an ideal of lofty manhood which she had not yet hitherto conceived, an ideal which she began to think Walter Mervin did not realize. Not that she had yet outlived her love for him. The first strong impulse of youth is not to be forgotten in any brief time—only as the years go by, and the soul rises to a loftier standpoint, if it cannot take its loves with it, it must perforce leave them on the way.

When in the spring Mabel wrote joyfully of her engagement to Lieutenant Mervin, her first sensation was a poignant sorrow at her own loss, her second a feeling of thankfulness that Mabel was happy. Shortly after her marriage Mabel wrote that she should yield up her share in their father's small property, and begging Hester not to dredge any longer at school-keeping, but to come to her. Hester could not do that but she sold the cottage and went to study art in New York.

Three years went by, and Hester gained renown. Friends gathered around, money flowed in upon her, but nothing was to her like her art. The same peace which followed her sacrifice had given place to a deeper gladness than her enthusiastic youth had ever known. When, five years after Mabel's marriage, she spent a summer with her at N—, she could see with joy that Walter was entirely happy in Mabel's love and she could smile at his sly jest about their "romance." Her friends wondered that among so many from whom she might choose, Hester should remain unmarried, but she laughingly declared her intention to wed only divine art.

It was a sad summer that Hester spent by the seaside, though they tried to be as gay as possible. Mabel was fading—the delicate blossom had lived out its brief life upon earth, and when the autumn came it was gathered to bloom in the heavenly gardens. It was a great grief to Hester. What would it have been if she could have reproached herself? She was more than ever thankful that the brief life had been a sunny one. She went back to New York and found what consolation she could in her art.

One evening the next autumn Philip Belden was in his studio in Florence packing a picture which was to go home by the next steamer. He had left few friends at home, and of those he had almost lost sight in his long residence in Italy. He heard casually of Lieutenant Mervin's marriage to Miss Brentley, and since then he had not sought to know more. In search of something he wanted to-night, his eye fell upon an old newspaper, lying with many others in a rarely disturbed corner. A fami-

lar name caught his attention; he took it up and read the death of "Mabel, wife of Lieut. Walter Mervin." It roused old feelings which he long thought dead. He found that old love now vivid and strong as ever. With his ready insight he divined at once how it was. He saw through Hester's noble act, and loved her for it. A vague hope sprang up in his heart. But Lieutenant Mervin was now free. Perhaps Hester loved him still, perhaps she had already given her love to another. He was tossed about with hope and doubt all night but when morning came his resolution was taken. He would go home—it was time that he should do so. His fame had grown rapidly—he could afford to rest upon his laurels.

It was just dark one winter night, and Hester was reluctantly putting away her palette where she could no longer see the colors, when she heard a quick rap at the door and before she could answer the call a man entered the room wrapped in a paletot. By the light of the few coals that burned dimly she could see a dark face and a strong athletic figure. She went forward and bade the stranger good evening, but the voice which replied sent all the blood back to her heart with a sudden rush.

"Hester!" and in another moment she was folded close in his arms.

"I am very glad to see you," she exclaimed, in a joyous tone.

"I know you are. I saw that in a moment," said Philip.

"You are come back just the same," said Hester, the feeling of old days now coming strongly over her.

"Would you have liked it better if I had come back changed?" he asked.

"No."

She sent her errand-boy to bring lights. When they came she began to feel a little shy. A feeling of strangeness crept over her. He had changed outwardly. He was bronzed by a southern sun, and grown into a sterner manhood than his youth had promised. He spoke, and that dissolved the spell.

"Don't you like me as well as formerly?"

"I haven't decided," Hester replied, laughingly. "How did you find us out?"

"By a very simple process. I looked in the city directory and found there the name of Hester Brentley, artist. You have realized your old dream, Hester."

"And you?"

"I have also. Do you never hear of me?"

"O yes, often," with a little sigh.

He glanced around the studio.

"These are your pictures?"

"Yes. Will you look at them?"

"Thank you. I prefer to look at you for the present. By the way, I have a picture of my own to show you."

He went to the valise he had brought with him and took from it a roll of canvas. He unrolled it and fastened it upon her easel. Hester went near curiously. It was a copy of her own Ariadne, vivid with a richer coloring than she had been able to give it, and bespeaking the hand of a better artist, but otherwise the same.

"O, where did you get that?" she said, wondering.

"He came and stood behind her."

"I copied it the last thing before I left Florence. The original is in my studio there."

"Did you care to keep it so long ago as that?" said Hester, greatly moved.

He went on without replying.

"I did think of giving this to you, but I am afraid you will not pay my price for it. Will you?"

"Will you, Hester?"

She went a step forward and put up her hand to take the picture from the easel, but a stronger hand than hers clasped both her and it, and Hester yielded to that loving imprisonment.

HOW TO MAKE ICE CREAM.—Ice cream is usually considered a luxury not to be indulged in by farmers' families. It is set down as a city dish, though most of the articles used in its preparation are obtained from the country. It is not generally known that the best ice cream can be made without a costly freezer, in any family where ice and milk are at hand. To make it proceed thus: Take two quarts of fresh milk—if a little cream be added all the better, though ice cream as ordinarily made is innocent of cream. Scald the milk, stirring in three table-spoonfuls of corn starch or arrow root to give it body. These may be omitted, if not at hand. Stir well to keep from burning. Beat up four to eight eggs, according to convenience, or as a rich dish is wanted, and pour the scalding milk on the eggs, stirring well. When cold add sugar and essence of lemon, or extract of vanilla, to suit the taste. A very little salt also improves it. Pour the cooled contents into a deep tin pail or can holding say three quarts; put on the cover, and set in an ordinary wooden water pail. Pound up ice to the size of small hen's eggs and less—some of course will be quite fine—pack it in around the tin can, mixing in about one pint of either medium or fine salt. Pack this till it reaches nearly to the top of the can containing the mixture to be frozen, but be careful none enters it. Now move the tin can or pail around by means of its bail, lifting the cover occasionally to scrape off the frozen cream on the inside, so that other portions may come in contact with the freezing surface. From fifteen to twenty minutes will be sufficient, and the dish may either be served up at once or set away, without removing from the wooden pail, in a cool place for several hours, covering with a flannel cloth. Try it, and see if you need hereafter forego the ice cream because no freezer is at hand.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Mr. Charles Babbage in his second book of reminiscences under the title of "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," relates the following anecdote of the poet Rogers and himself: "Once at a large dinner party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass; it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, 'Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a

friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on, consequently I catch no cold at all.' This silly produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but, odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect that I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited."

STORY OF AN AFRICAN PRINCESS.

Mr. Reade in his work on "Savage Africa," tells the following story of the daughter of a native chief, at whose village he was detained for some time:

As I was seated in my house, the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered, accompanied by Oshuppi. She was tall and finely moulded, her hands and feet exquisitely small; her complexion of the deep warm bronze color, which is as different from the animal blackness of the Coast negroes as it is from the sickly yellow of the Hindoos. Her eyes were large, and filled with a soft and melancholy expression. She came gracefully towards me, and holding out her hand, murmured in a soft voice, *Mboko*.

This young lady was an emblem of hospitality. She told me, through Oshuppi, that the king, her father, had ordered her to attend upon me in person, (for that is the highest honor that can be paid to a guest,) and, having asked me if I was pleased with the arrangement of the house, she smiled and went out.

We spent hours every day in each others society. At first she was full of timidity, for she had never seen a white man before; but this she disguised, lest she should hurt my feelings, and I could read it only in her fluttering eyes, and in her poor little heart, which used to throb so loudly when we were alone.

It is impossible to imagine a more delicious study than this pretty savage afforded me. I found her as chaste, as coquettish, and as full of innocent mischief as a girl of sixteen would have been in England. In a little while I found myself becoming fond of her.

At daybreak every morning she presented me with a cup of tea, which Oshuppi had taught her to make, and with cakes made of ground nuts and plantains pounded together. When I came back from the forest, worn out and dispirited, she was there to receive me, and to bathe my weary feet. She would bring me my dinner, which she had cooked with her own hands, like the daughters of the ancient Patriarchs; she would stand by me all the while; for she would not let one wait on me but her; and, by devouring me with her looks, would anticipate my wants.

When I had finished my dinner, we would sit side by side, and I would look at my face in her eyes—the only mirror which I possessed. But, though one can exchange glances of eloquence with the eyes, it is difficult to sustain a lengthened conversation. We soon tried to invent some method of conveying tangible ideas. She would point to something and pronounce its name in *Mpongwe*. I would say it after her; if incorrectly, she would laugh and clap her hands, and repeat it with emphasis. If I pronounced it correctly, she would utter a long sonorous *Y-o-o*, the affirmative of pleasure.

One day Ananga reproached me with being artificial. "What made me wear so many clothes?" she asked, with inexpressible scorn. I replied that it was one of the foolish fashions of my country. And was it a fashion of my country, she asked, to wear the hair of a wild beast on my head, and to paint my face white? On my replying that Njamini had thought fit to create me with these deformities, she uttered a cry of derision, and taking hold of my hair, pulled it severely. When it did not come out, her eyes dilated, and she looked at me in stupefaction. Then, wetting her finger, she rubbed my cheek with it, and fled in terror to my interpreters. They laughed at her uproariously, and she came back in a shamefaced manner, and sat beside me without speaking.

One day I put my hands in my pockets. The sudden disappearance of these two important members filled her with dismay; but, when I explained the phenomenon, she went into convulsions of delight. Nothing would now content her but diving her hands all day long into these wonderful "holes," as she called them; and she used even to hold *soirees*, to which her numerous sisters were invited, in which she would put my hands in my pockets at least fifty times an evening; and my hands themselves were passed from one to the other, and examined by these young philosophers, as if they were newly discovered fossils.

One day Ananga came into my house with a pipe in her mouth. I snatched it from her furiously. She called Matuk, who usually acted as our interpreter, and said gently that she would not smoke if I disliked it; but how was it offensive to me? She had seen her father smoke in my presence without my appearing to be annoyed.

I said that it was proper for men to smoke, but that it was not proper for women to smoke.

She glanced superciliously at my clothes, and asked whether that was another fashion of my country. I replied that it was. She asked why it was not considered proper for the women to smoke in my country.

I said that there were very good reasons.

"Ah!" she cried, clapping her hands, "I know why. Tobacco is very dear in your country, so you will not give any to your wives!"

I assured her, with some indignation, that she was mistaken. In our country, I said, the women have the same rights as the men.

"Then why do they not smoke tobacco?"

"Because they do not like it," said I, despatchedly.

"Then, if they like tobacco, they can smoke it," continued the inexorable Ananga.

"No," said I, "the men in our country know that tobacco is not good for women, and that they would not like it, so they make a law that no woman shall smoke it."

Ananga shook her little head.

"If women try it, they like it," she said.

"You do not let them try it, because you fear they like it. Dirt is not good to eat: you do not make law that no woman eat dirt. To-

bacco is good to smoke, so you make law that woman do not smoke tobacco. I should not like to go to your country. I think the women work very hard there."

"Oh no," said I, brightening up; "a fine lady in my country has no work to do at all. You are the daughter of a king, but you have to beat up food and cook your father's dinner. In my country the servants do all that, and the fine lady has plenty of money, and beautiful clothes, and can have her hair dressed all day long if she likes."

"Eh!" cried Ananga, clapping her hands, "that country of yours is a fine place! If I was a fine lady there, I would take my canoe and my slaves, and go where I pleased, and not ask leave of my father."

"No," said I, "our fine ladies cannot do that. They must not go out alone."

"Why not?"

I was puzzled again. How could she understand these refinements of decorum? I could only reply that it was a fashion of my country.

"Ah!" said Ananga, curling her lip, "I see the fashion of your country. You keep your women like slaves, for fear they run away to the Bush and smoke tobacco."

Our evenings were spent in festivity. When the moon, that great silver globe light, was suspended in the sky, the young people met in the centre of the town to dance and sing. They would range themselves in two lines, the men opposite the women. They would advance and retire like long undulating waves, singing in turn and clapping their hands in time. These songs were sometimes witty, but almost always impossible to translate—exceeding in grossness all that I have heard among tribes in that country, thieves in Whitechapel, or costermongers in the New Cut.

But, one evening I discovered a new and an innocent pleasure—one which you, in your wretched Europe can never hope to enjoy.

To bestow a kiss upon lips which tremble with love for the first time is certainly an epoch in man's existence. Then imagine what it must be to kiss one who has never dreamt that human lips could be applied to such a purpose!

I will own, however, that the romance was preceded by a touch of the ridiculous. Ananga and I were seated side by side on the threshold of my house. The sun had sunk into an ocean of foliage; the earth, released from its burning rays, exhaled her sweetest scents and songs. The blue river glistened softly, and kissed the palm trees' fringed and drooping leaves. The parrots flew to roost. As it grew darker and darker, fires, one by one, blazed on the earth, stars in the sky, fireflies in the air.

From a distant cottage came the voice of a young girl, and

with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellicies is as follows: I use a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felly an hour, for a common sized felly. The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil be not hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible to water, and the timber is much more durable. I was amused some years ago when I told a blacksmith how to keep tires tight on wheels, by his telling me it was a profitable business to tighten tires, and the wagon maker will say it is profitable to him to make and repair wheels—but what will the farmer who supports the wheelwright and smith, say?

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 5, 1864.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 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.
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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.
Including all letters 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.

Commencement Week.
The exercises of Commencement week at Waterville College will be as follows:—
Sunday Evening, Aug. 7th.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. Wm. H. Shailer, D. D., of Portland, at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Monday Evening, Aug. 8th.—Prize Declaration by the Junior Class.
Aug. 9th.—In the forenoon, exercises of Class Day, at the Class Tree, on the College Grounds, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Arrangements had been made for the usual exercises of the Church; but the sickness of Mr. Knowlton and the death of Mr. Littlefield's brother, rendered it impossible for either poet or orator to fulfill their engagements. It is a great disappointment, for much was expected of both of these gentlemen. In the afternoon, at 4 o'clock, Oration before the Alumni, by Rev. Abraham H. Granger, of Providence, R. I. In the evening, Oration before the Literary Societies, by E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston, and a Poem by David Barker, Esq., of Exeter.

On Wednesday, Aug. 10th.—Exercises of the Graduating Class, with the usual entertainments in the evening, among which will be a Concert at the Baptist Church, by Hall's Band, of Boston, who will furnish the music for the several exercises.

RAIN!—A gentle but copious rain, has at length watered the thirsty earth. It commenced on Tuesday; the effect upon crops will be immediate, and no doubt we shall hear, as usual in such cases, that many kinds of produce have revived more than was thought to be possible. Potatoes, apples and corn have suffered very seriously. Potatoes will immediately revive. Our farmers are casting off their long and sombre faces, and everybody seems to be growing young and cheerful since the storm commenced.

ARREST AT AUGUSTA.—On Tuesday morning, by direction of Marshal Davis, under an order of Gen. Dix, Assistant Marshal J. P. Hill arrested Mr. Geo. H. Starrett, who is now held for further orders. Starrett claims to be ignorant of any cause for his arrest;—says that at the commencement of the war he was in Richmond, Va., where he had resided for several years, though a native of Maine; that he entered our lines by permission of President Lincoln, to escape persecution and abuse in Virginia. It remains to be disclosed for what reason the arrest is made, though no doubt there is a cause. His wife was with him.

CORRECTION.—No provision was made for the relief of drafted men at the citizens' meeting, as we stated last week; but \$100 was voted for each recruit credited on the quota of the town.

The pretty sail boat, White Peugh, Capt. Wade, is said to be doing a fine summer's work on North Pond. There is no better place for fishing parties.

Cattle Markets.

About three hundred more cattle were reported at market last week than the previous week; consequently, although the best quality sold well the poorer animals went slowly and at reduced prices. The number of sheep was increased by a little more than two thousand, being a thousand more than have been reported before in any week during the present year. With this large supply the market dragged and prices declined from 50 cts. to \$1.00 on both sheep and lambs.

The reporter of the *New England Farmer* gives the following explanation of the situation, for the enlightenment of the farmers and the relief of the drovers:—

"Extra beef is scarce and prices consequently are high. But no matter what it may cost, there are families and public houses in Boston and its vicinity that will have the best market or the country affords. The question is shall we report the high prices that are actually paid for this kind of beef? Some of the Northern drovers have lately given us a talking to for our quotations; alleging that they are from 1 to 1 1/2 cts. per lb. higher than the best New England cattle can be sold for in this market. Farmers they say read of 14 and 15 cts. per lb., and believe the drovers are trying to pull wool over their eyes when they tell them that their best steers and oxen will not sell for over 12 to 13 cts. per pound. We have no faith in the imputed ignorance of farmers. They know the difference between rich stall-fed and ordinary pasture oxen; or if they don't, we intend they shall if they continue to read our reports. There are at this market every week some of the best cattle that can be bought from the corn-growing regions of the West; but no better than can be made, no better than some are made in New England every year. If Northern farmers will feed all the corn they raise to a single pair of oxen, and then buy more meal if that is not enough to cover their ribs just right, we will engage that they shall realize our highest quotations. Every farmer knows that some horses are worth from five to fifteen hundred dollars in this market; but does he expect any such price for every little runt of a colt he has for sale? Believing that they understand as well the difference in the value of beehives, we must continue to report the market as we find it, hoping that farmers won't be too hard on the poor drovers.

As to the beef market this week we conclude that No. 1 actually costs full 1-2c per lb. more than last week, No. 2 about the same, and Nos. 3 and 4 from 50 cts. to \$1 per 100 lbs. less than one week ago, and pretty much all the cattle are disposed of.

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

First quality beefs, \$12.00 to \$13.00; second do., \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$8.00 to \$10.75; extra, \$13.50 to \$14.50.
Working oxen—None.
Sheep—6 to 8 cts. per lb. on live weight sheared. Lambs \$1 to \$1.75.
Veals \$6 to \$11 each.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION will meet in Portland, on Tuesday, August 15th, and continue in session three days. This well-known Association has its center of operations at Boston, and makes a summer excursion to some other part of New England for its annual meetings, which are usually of very great interest. The exercises will consist of addresses, lectures, discussions, etc., and teachers especially will find it for their interest to attend. The fare on the railroad will be reduced to those in attendance.

The New York Post says that the protracted droughts, to which we have of late years been subjected, are caused by the destruction of the forests; and thinks the State that first takes measures to remedy the evil by restoring the trees, would show its wisdom. We believe the drought has been as severe in the northern and eastern counties of Maine as in the older portions of the State; and if the trees in the Aroostook could not prevent a drought, the evil is past cure. — Guess again.

"THE TEXT-BOOK OF TEMPERANCE."—Mr. Z. Pope Vose, of Rockland, will publish, on the 1st of next January, "The Text-Book of Temperance, by F. R. Lees, M. D. L. L. D. F. R. S. A., adapted for the Instruction of Youth, in Families, Juvenile Temperance Societies and Schools." It will make a volume of 200 pages, and will be divided into five parts:—Historical, Biblical, Physiological, Experimental, and Philosophical. The price will be 87 cents to subscribers.

GLAD OF IT!—The Lewiston Journal says "it is quite true that drunkenness is rapidly decreasing" in that city. We think that is the general report from most parts of the State. The Journal thanks the city marshal and his aids "for the improvement" of that place.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS THINK. We like the tone of the following extract from a letter, written by a Massachusetts officer, which we find in the Boston Advertiser:—

"Col. Gregory, of the 91st Pennsylvania, is now in command of our brigade. He is a good soldier and a Christian gentleman, and about as moderate in his views on the anti-slavery question as you are, and there are many more like him. No more patchwork is the universal feeling. A peace, that, leaving slavery a foothold, would be stigmatized by the army as ignominious and foolish. We have struggled too long, to accept as the price of our labor anything but a 'Christian and Genial Nationality.' 'Hope deferred' shall not make the heart sick, in this instance, but kindle anew patriotic pride in every fibre. I regard with unmitigated contempt the grumblers at home, whose patriotism is measured by the amount of money they make, whose loyalty is bought by subservience, who know to much 'too be shot at.' I have no penchant for the African race in the abstract, but I had rather fight for it than for such miscreants and their posterity; but God is great, and will fully enlighten ensuing generations. In my humble opinion the darkies will lead the young copperheads in the march of improvement."

BRING your old paper and rags to the Mail office and exchange them for good currency, and thus rid yourselves of an incubus and put money in your purse.

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—We have received the August number of this valuable monthly, filled with excellent articles, literary, historical and military.

The contents are, Our Painters, by John Neal; A Week in Scotland, by F. M. Ray; Springs in the Desert, by Foxton; A Mountain Sketch; Six Weeks with the Soldiers; The Overseer's Story; The Betrothal, by Mrs. O. A. S. Seal; The Portland Theatre in 1803; The State Normal School; Sir Walter Raleigh; Jennie Wade, the Heroine of Gettysburg; Our Boston Letter; Strawberry Culture; The State Prison; Editorial Department; Military affairs, including the monthly review, military appointments, and letters from the Army, etc., etc.

Published by Bailey & Noyes, Portland, for E. W. Weston, Editor and Proprietor, at \$2 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for August, is full of the nicest reading for the little folks, with many bright pictures to please the eye. It is a very good number; but that may be said of this work, with truth, twelve times in a year. Published by J. N. Stearns, New York, at \$1 a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMASTER.—Another chapter of "Work and Play, or Paul Clifford's Vacation." Oliver Optic's new story, appears in the August number of this excellent juvenile magazine, which contains much other good reading, a piece for declamation, a dialogue, piece of music, etc. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1 a year.

COMMENCEMENT is at hand. And as the hotel accommodations are somewhat more limited than formerly, it is hoped that the citizens will take particular pains to be hospitable. Should any families be willing to entertain extra company, either as guests or as boarders, they are requested to make it known to some member of the College Faculty.

CONCERT.—We take the liberty to call attention to the Concert of Hall's Cornet Band, advertised for the evening of Commencement Day, at the Baptist Church. The concert, it will be remembered, is, in fact, for the benefit of the senior class, whose graduating bills are lessened by the amount of the receipts. Our citizens are treated to many free entertainments, both literary and musical, during the year at the expense of the students, and they will but prove themselves properly grateful for favors secured by liberally patronizing this concert. This, will, however, be as much a pleasure as a duty; for the band engaged stands, second to none in the country, and a musical treat, rich and rare, may confidently be expected.

FREDERICK D. BLAKE, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '61, and who has just completed a three years course at Newton, was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Gardiner, on Wednesday last.

COMMENCEMENT DAY. Fare Reduced.—A special train will be run on the Maine Central Railroad next Wednesday, arriving in Waterville at half past 9 o'clock A.M., and leaving at half past 5 o'clock P.M., with one fare for the round trip.

Percival Doney, a last year's graduate of Waterville College, and now a resident of Washington City, delivered an oration before the Alumni and Alumnae of Bates College, at the anniversary, last week. A correspondent of the Portland Press says it "was a scholarly production, delivered in a manner of once graceful and full of power, and was approvingly received by the best of the audience which have attended these literary performances."

Mr. Oliver Noble, of Pittsfield, lost his house and barn, with their contents, one day last week. A house and barn, belonging to Wm. Lancy, Esq., were also burned, with the hay in the field. A family had vacated the house a few days previous. The fires took from burning woods.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have published a list of the Stamp Duties, in convenient form, which they sell for 15 cts.

Little Denmark, having been driven to the wall by her powerful adversaries, and finding herself abandoned by her perfidious ally, Great Britain, has sued for peace, and hostilities are suspended for the present.

Among the wounded in the fight on the north side of James river was John H. Parker, of the 11th Maine—in face and back severe.

Among the commissions lately issued we notice the following:—Frederick C. Low, Bangor, Capt. Co. B. 1st Regiment Heavy Artillery; John W. Channing, Fairfield, Major of the Seventh Regiment.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—See advertisement of this institution—one of the best in the country—in another column.

SALE.—John M. Libby, Esq., of West Waterville, has sold the hotel stand which has so long been his residence in that place. The purchaser is a Mr. Cornforth, we think from Unity. It is to be continued as a public house, and more exclusively than it was devoted to that object by the late proprietor.

AMERICAN SNAKES IN CANADA.—Canada is just now the receptacle for criminals, traitors and malecontents of the United States. At present, says the Boston Transcript, there is a stream of emigrants to the colony of all persons who have left their country for its good. They are of three classes—runaways from the South, who want their section to win, but are too cowardly to fight; refugees from the North, who dread being called to fight for their country; and a few timid persons from both North and South, who fear to lose their little property in the commotion of war. All in all they are a company that can well be spared, and to which the Canadians are very welcome. A letter from Niagara Falls to the St. Louis Republican speaks of these refugees in the following not very complimentary terms:

Prominent among those here—and they may be found also at Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston and Windsor—is the typical Southern fire eater,

whose appetite for war is immense. He can himself whip five detestable Yankees. He belongs to earth's nobility; has never believed in the d—d Yankee Government; in fact has been a true descendant of a Tory family. Sad to say, this *beau chevelier* is seely and out at elbows. His pungent oaths startle not the stolid but practical Britons. There is a cant of respectability which should be backed up by clean linen and an honest face, to be successful. Among them are some who have heads for schemes and plots; of which they are ever full, but they are mainly harmless; nothing more desperate than the seizing of a trading vessel from her married officers.

Then there is a sprinkling of snarling, disappointed office holders and place-seekers.—These are the representative "Copperheads," though, strangely enough, they differ from Mr. Vallandigham about reconstruction.—They allege "the South will never return to the Union on any terms." We suppose there is one condition they do not reckon on—defeat!

Among the poor, miserable fellows who linger and sponge around the hotels here, are certain parties known as "bounty jumpers," that is persons who successively enlist in some of the cities at the North, get the bounty and desert, and keep repeating the process. As many as nine were pointed out to me to-day. One of them, however, named Moore, was recently sent back from Baltimore in his coffin, being detected in the act of deserting. There are besides, a goodly share of men who claim to be "escaped prisoners," from Camp Chase, Kelley's Island and elsewhere. Perhaps half of them are impostors who never were prisoners of war, but I fear very many of the rebels are not held in our hands, but are slipping through our fingers. It is a forcible comment upon the devotion to the South and its prospects, that they are quite contented to remain in Canada, and insist that it is impossible for them to get back South.

War of Redemption.

We are ashamed to record another raid into Pennsylvania, in which, as usual, a mere handful of rebels advance almost unopposed, do much mischief, and effect a safe retreat. On Saturday last, a body of mounted rebel infantry, at first stated to be 800 strong, but since set as low as 200—entered Chambersburg, Penn., and finding that much of the valuable property had been removed, demanded \$100,000 to save the town from being burnt. This sum not being forthcoming, they fired the town in several places and destroyed 250 houses, turning the homeless inhabitants into the fields and woods. As soon as this was done they decamped, with Gen. Averill in close pursuit. It has been said that our forces overtook and defeated them at McConnellsburg, but of this we have nothing very definite or reliable. As usual, Gov. Curtin immediately called out a large force of militia, for the defence of points not endangered, that will be immediately disbanded until the rebels make another raid. In connection with the reports of this raid, it was said that 50,000 rebels were advancing for the capture of Washington, &c., but they have not yet made their appearance. Gen. Kelly, it is said, now occupies Martinsburg, and the rebel force in that section has not probably been reinforced. The rebels have control of the Shenandoah valley and are securing the crops.

Once more there is something doing in Grant's department, though it is not to be supposed that the forces there have at any time been idle. On Tuesday last week, a considerable body of troops was moved to the north bank of the James river, where a smart little fight was had in which the rebels were defeated and driven from their position, leaving in our hands four twenty-four pound Parrot guns and about a hundred prisoners. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded. On Thursday there was a brilliant cavalry skirmish in which Gregg's division was engaged in which our side had the best of it.

This whole movement, however, was only a feint, to draw attention from more important work in front of Petersburg, which was so far successful that large bodies of rebel troops were sent to the vicinity from Petersburg. On Friday our troops recrossed the river, and on Saturday morning a mine, in front of Potter's division of the 9th corps, was exploded with tremendous effect, destroying one of the enemy's forts and killing a large number of their men. A heavy fire of artillery was at once opened along our lines on the rebels, under cover of which our troops advanced and took possession of the damaged works, capturing about 350 prisoners. The rebel fortifications were so constructed, however, that they were enabled to concentrate upon this position so hot a fire that it was found to be untenable, and our force was finally compelled to abandon it with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The whole affair, it is said, was well planned, but 'somebody blundered,' and the affair came to a sad conclusion. Our loss is set at 2,500 in killed and wounded alone—which is probably too small—and the dead and wounded yet lie on the field, the enemy declining a flag of truce. Our loss in prisoners was probably about equal to the number of rebels captured by our forces. Gen. Burdette, it is said, was slightly wounded while attempting to rally his men.

The following is the latest from Atlanta: "Trustworthy account from Chattanooga states that on the twenty-second the rebels attacked Sherman seven times. The rebel loss in killed was over three thousand. We captured over two thousand prisoners, eighteen stands of colors, and over five thousand stands of arms. The total loss of the enemy that day cannot fall short of ten thousand to twelve thousand men. In the battle of the twentieth, the enemy's loss was six thousand and a stand of colors. Our army is right on Atlanta and in good condition. Our total loss on the twenty-second was three thousand five hundred men and ten guns."

Gen. Rosecrans has called for nine regiments of State volunteers to rid Missouri from guerrillas. Gov. Hall urges the people to fill these regiments immediately.

The latest reports from Early set his force at 35,000 men, and there is a report of a rumor that he is advancing into Maryland.

A change in the command of the army of the Potomac is rumored—Hooker to relieve Meade.

The latest estimate of our loss at Petersburg is 3,000, of whom 1,300 are prisoners. The 31st and 32d Maine were taken in a body.

Our dead and wounded were finally recovered under a flag of truce on Monday.

Mr. Judson Littlefield, of the firm of R. Morse & Co., wholesale shoe dealers of Portland, was shot near Danville, Kentucky, on the 26th ult., by Union pickets, and fearing the challenge came from guerrillas he hurried on and was shot. This is the second partner Mr. Morse has lost in that State.

The Mr. Littlefield mentioned above was a brother to Mr. E. C. Littlefield, of the Senior Class of Waterville College.

PAPER CURRENCY—NATIONAL ABILITY.—Senator Sherman of Ohio, in referring to Secretary Fessenden and the finances, says:—

"We have reached the limit of paper money, and will hear no more about inflated currency. Those among you who will transact business on the idea that the currency of the country is to disappear like the assignats of the French revolution, will surely meet ruin and disaster. This country can carry on the war on the present basis of expenditure without borrowing from any traitor, croaker or coward, and although the debt that we may impose on posterity will be large, very large, yet we must remember that every ten years doubles our ability to pay."

THE SITUATION IN GEORGIA.—The Army and Navy Journal, in its article on the progress of the campaign, thus briefly treats of the campaign in Georgia:—

"Coming, then, to Atlanta, we find Gen. Sherman, after a brilliant campaign of three months, and a march through a hostile, mountainous country of 150 miles, with no gunboat or transport to aid him, in sight of the outworks of Atlanta. He has crossed the Chattahoochee, and sustained a battle far exceeding in severity and importance its predecessors at Resaca, and Kenesaw. The battle was brought on by Gen. Hood, and conducted by him with much skill. He attacked his adversary before the latter's order of battle had been entirely established, and sought to pour his troops through a gap, or a thin surface, in the line, seizing a moment when the army, having just crossed the river, was not yet entrenched. He first spread the delusion that he had abandoned Atlanta, by sending out pretended deserters with plausible stories, and by drawing his skirmishers back upon his main lines. The results of the brilliant action which followed were divided. The enemy undoubtedly lost much more severely than we, from the obstinacy of their charges and the fine position of our artillery. We lost McPherson, calamity enough to measure against the capture of many men. We seem to have remained masters of the field. But the advance was checked, and our troops went to entrenching, while the Confederate flag still flies over Atlanta. In one word, it remains to be seen whether the enemy are at bay here, as in Virginia, and will yield the possession of Atlanta, as of Petersburg, only after a long struggle. But the aspect of Georgia is very bright. Rousseau's raid and the movement on Decatur, besides annoying the enemy, show that he is not strong enough to prevent cutting his communications with impunity. The loss in his desperate attempt to break Sherman's lines, is a very serious disaster to him. End when it may, the campaign against Atlanta, hitherto, has been conducted with praiseworthy skill."

"COERCING A STATE."—Says the Richmond Examiner, backing its menaces of force by a fallacy:—

"Now, if North Carolina cease to be a part of the Confederacy and become a part of the federal Union, which is at war with us, she thereby, on the instant, declares war against the Confederacy. That a state did, in the middle of the war, abandon her allies, deny her act, eat her words, and join her enemies against her friends, might be a brilliant historic record in the future; but it would not be peace; it would be only the beginning of war. It is not to be supposed that Virginia and South Carolina would submit to be cut asunder by the intervening country, if that country should declare itself an enemy instead of a friend. They, of course, would treat it as an enemy; would make unceremonious use of its railroads and short work of its towns. We do not see that the Old North State would gain much by reconciling herself to Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and declaring war against South Carolina and Virginia."

The doctors of Richmond have no scruples now about coercing a State, but they find, what we of the North should find, if we accepted their constitutional theories, that we should be either utterly disunited or kept in a state of perpetual war.

HOW GEN. MCPHERSON WAS KILLED.—General McPherson's department held the left of the line in the fighting before Atlanta. The corps were arranged in echelon. The general had ridden from left to right, in superintending the advance of his skirmish line, and was returning again to the right, when a party of rebel bushwhackers, in ambush, ran from their covert, between the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, and crying out, "There they come; give them hell," fired. A couple of staff officers and two orderlies accompanied the general, all of whom escaped, except the general, who fell, and expired almost instantly, the ball having cut the aorta. The enemy rushed forward to rifle the body. Officers and orderlies meeting Col. Strong, Inspector General, and Captain Buell, both of General McPherson's staff, accompanied by a few orderlies, related the circumstance. Colonel Strong instantly drew the party into line and ordered a charge. This handful of brave and impetuous men, regardless of the foe in front, dashed gallantly ahead and drove off the thieving enemy, and while Captain Buell with his revolver kept them at bay, Colonel Strong, assisted by the orderlies, lifted the nude body stripped of every article of clothing save a glove and sock, to his own horse and bore it safely from the field. Beneath the light glove covering the left hand was a diamond ring, which the vandals had failed to discover, and which will be forwarded to the general's friends in Ohio.

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, which went in for Fremont and the Cleveland platform, has caved. It now says that the Fremont movement is a practical alliance with the copper-head tacticians.

A LESSON TWO CENTURIES OLD.—The "broadside," which are fired by the New England Loyal Publication Society, have a long range but do great execution. In one recently published, we find the following extract from "Good thoughts for Bad times" by the quaint old English divine, Thomas Fuller, who, during the civil war of his own day, wrote this fable, for the faint-hearted:—

"All Done, Undone." "I saw one, whether out of haste or want of skill, put up his sword the wrong way; it cut even when it was sheathed, the edge being transposed where the back should have been; so that, perceiving his error, he was fain to draw it out, that he might put it up again."

"Wearied and wasted with civil war, we that formerly loathed the manna of peace, because common, could now be content to feed on it, though full of worms and putridity; some so desirous thereof, that they care not on what terms the war be ended, so it be ended; but such a peace would be but a truce, and the conditions thereof would no longer be in force than whilst they are in force. Let us pray that the sword be sheathed the right way; . . . otherwise it may justly be suspected that the sword put up will be drawn out again, and the articles of an ill agreement, though engrossed in parchment, not take effect so long as paper would continue."

THE GOLD BUG.—A few days ago the cashier of one of our banks went to New York with several thousand dollars in gold to sell for the benefit of the owners thereof. The honest brokers of Gotham had their bulletins out announcing that the shining ore was worth 235. Many of these worthy men were called upon, but none would offer above 210; and didn't want to buy at that. They had just bought all that they wanted, or something of that sort. These brokers are good men, and as Iago says, "Honest? My lord!"

The milkman in our town was a funny old genius, and drove a steed whose architectural proportions rivaled the famous Rosinante.

One day in front of the Post Office, he was trying by a vigorous application of raw hide, to coax the beast into something faster than a slow walk, when Tom Parsons, a pert young fellow, who thought that he knew almost everything, came out and hailed him:

"I say, Allen, do you know what happened to Balaam?"

Quick as thought came the answer.

"The same as happened to me—an ass spake to him."

Mr. Wm. E. S. Whitman of Augusta is engaged in writing a history of what Maine has done in the war for the Union. He is assisted in his labors by Mr. Charles H. True, also of Augusta. The work will number some five hundred pages, octavo, and will be published by Mr. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston. It will be got up in fine style, handsomely illustrated with steel engravings of eminent Maine officers, and contain a faithful record of every corps that has gone from this State to battle for the maintenance of the Government. (The work has the approval of Gov. Cony and Adjutant-General Holdson, and may be regarded as semi-official.)

BATES COLLEGE. The late anniversary exercises of Bates College passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned, and gave evidence of that progress which ought to characterize a live institution of learning. The audience in attendance was larger than ever before, and a new interest seemed to be evoked by the fact that the institution had safely passed through its infancy and early trials, and to-day stands before the people of New England as a New England College, successfully inaugurated and placed on a firm and permanent basis.

[Lewiston Journal skill.]

A Frederick correspondent of the N. Y. Times says that there is in Shenandoah valley, breadstuffs enough to feed Lee's army for a twelvemonth, and it is a lamentable fact that autumn after autumn the rebels have been able to come and take possession of this great granary. This spring the work of planting was allowed by us to go on undisturbed, and now the enemy comes to reap the harvest prepared for him.

CHIRIQUEI IMAGES.—We have had the pleasure of examining a quantity of gold received by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., from Honduras, in payment for their medicines, which are extensively sold throughout Central America. Among massive crosses, bracelets, and chains, are the rude images which have been taken from the graves of the Chiriquei chiefs—birds, turtles, serpents, bugs and reptiles done in solid gold. They carry us back beyond historic times, to periods and places where barbarism reigned supreme. They seem to come here now in mute appeal from the winding sheets of their ancestors, to ask for the simple Indians in the mountains, medical protection from cultivated skill, against diseases which gather them up in too early graves. Ignorant and unlettered as they are, they have learned of the white man enough to know where to apply for relief, and what will bring it. Our well known townsmen, above named, inform us that they require their remittances from foreign countries now to be made in silver and gold.

[Lowell (Mass) Sentinel.]

It seems that Ex-President Buchanan is writing letters urging the nomination of Judge Samuel Nelson for President, and Mr. Voorhees of Indiana for Vice President, at the Chicago Convention, and the New York Herald calls them "voices from the dead."

The article on the late Theodore Parker, in the last Christian Examiner, states positively, from the knowledge of the writer, that Mr. Parker conferred with John Brown, and the designs which the latter seriously endeavored to carry out were jointly matured between them.

It has been authoritatively settled, by the decision of the War Department, approved by the Secretary of War, that the one hundred days' men will be exempt from any draft which is made while they are in the service.

Army pies are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand the other day where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out, "I say old woman, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

Pieces are higher by a hundred per cent. in India than they ever were before. The silver rupee worth about fifty cents, will not buy as much as twenty-five cents will in England. Articles of ladies' dresses there cost five times as much as they do at home. And yet India is draining Europe of specie and keeps it all. A plethora of gold appears to be as bad as a plethora of paper.

