

6-6-1861

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 48): June 6, 1861

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 48): June 6, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 723.
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A SINGLE WOMAN'S STORY.

"Life indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out, we hope was dead;
And then we women can not choose our lot."
"If his love should fail me, I might as well
die at once. I should care for nothing else in life."

Aunt Rachel Welles looked up from the
frill she was hemming with a sad smile on her
face.

"A girl's thought, dear," she said, gently;
"only a girl's thought. I believe that Harry
loves you as well as you love him; but even
if he should fail you, there would be many
things, left in life, and it is a true saying, that
blessedness is higher than happiness."

"You know nothing about it," I answered
impatiently. "You who never loved cannot
tell how I feel. What blessedness could I find
without him?"

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst
after righteousness, for they shall be filled."
She paused a moment after these words,
which she uttered in a low, solemn tone. Then
she went on, very gently:

"The blessedness God gives us is not like
the happiness we seek for ourselves. It is
not dependent on what is mortal, and there-
fore changeable; and yet I think it takes a
weary and sorrowful discipline before we are
ready to be satisfied with it. I know how
young hearts hunger and thirst after earthly
and human love; I know how bitter is the
sense of bereavement when one we had thought
all our own is ours no longer; and yet, blessed
be God, I know there is something which
elevates in this life, transcends all the pains and
pleasures of earth and is, even here, a fore-
taste of the eternal peace."

I did not know Aunt Rachel's early history.
I called her aunt, but she was really no relative
of mine. She was a friend of my father's,
in whose care he had left me when he died,
desiring that we should remain together until
I should have another protector. She was
very dear to me—she should have been, for I
think my own mother, who died when I was
ten years old, could never have loved me better,
or striven more earnestly to make me good
and happy. Still she was so quiet, so cheer-
ful, so thoroughly, as it seemed to me destitute
of romance, that I never dreamed her heart
had once known the sweet tortures of love and
jealousy. Her words now excited my suspi-
cions, and aroused my interest, and I proceeded
at once to draw forth her confidence by an ap-
peal to her affection.

"I think, Aunt Rachel, that your heart must
have a history about which I know nothing. I
have kept no secrets from you, but I see you
have not thought me worthy of your confi-
dence."

"It is not that, love; not that; but at my
age one does not love to talk of a youth whose
roses have long ago burned to ashes. And yet
I will tell you all. I have meant to do so ever
since you have been in my charge, and I will
postpone it no longer."

"You would hardly believe me now that I
had ever been pretty; but at your age I had
pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and hair like a
brazed nut in its bright, sunny brown. Thirty
years lie between that day and this, and even
for forty-seven I am not a young looking wo-
man. I had my admirers then, who used to
say I was the handsomest and merriest girl in
Berkshire county, and many were the rustic
tribes I received—the largest apples, the
sweetest blossoms, and the reddest ears at
harvesting."

Reveries Hawthorne and I had grown up
friends and neighbors, as our friends had been
before us. His future career was to be that
of a merchant. He was to go into his uncle's
store in Boston. His uncle was then at the
head of an extensive wholesale house, and
every one who knew Reeves' destination said
that his fortune was made. He went to col-
lege first—they used to say in those days that
a man of business was not spoiled by a liberal
education, and his parents were able to send
him. When he first went he was sixteen, and
I was thirteen; a little girl not old enough to
think of love, and natural and honest enough
to avow my preferences for Reeves Hawthorne
beyond any other boy in the village. I grew
a little shyer in the four years that followed.
When he was at home during his vacations he
always came often to see me; but there was no
thought of love-making between us until the
summer he left college.

He was to go to his uncle in the fall; he
had been studying hard, and he spent the whole
summer at his home in Lennox, with no busi-
ness but that of resting and amusing himself.
I suppose it is a very easy thing for an idle
young man in the country to drift in to love.
What else had he to do? I can speak of that
young, thirty-year-old self of mine as if the
Rachel Welles, spinster, who sits before you
were quite another person. That young
Rachel Welles was the prettiest girl in Len-
nox, and Reeves Hawthorne had a quick eye
for all a woman's fine points. I knew I was
not his equal in learning or accomplishments;
still he never seemed to feel this, and we passed
much of the time together. We rode often on
horseback, for I was a fearless and habitual
rider; we walked together in the breezy pine-
woods, and gathered the bright, lovely mountain
blossoms to fill the old china pitchers which
did duty as vases at home. And yet, now I
look back upon it, it seems to me that all must
have appeared very homely and homespun to
him. He had been out into the world some-
what, but I knew about nothing finer than our
quiet Berkshire ways. The only wonder is
how he came to think I would do for his
wife.

I remember the day and the hour when he
asked me to marry him as well as if it were
but a moment or last year. It was September,
and he was going away the next day. We
had been wandering all the afternoon through
the pine woods, neither of us saying much, both
of us sad, I suppose with the brooding shadow
of our near parting. It gives me a strange,
choking feeling about the heart to this day to
inhale the balsamic odor of a grove of pines.
I never smell it but I live over again that
September sunset.

We sat together on a rock where the moss
was thick and soft as a cushion, and looked out
between the straight, slender tree-trunks toward
the west, where the sun was going down. The
wind blew from the south, and wafted to us,
along with the sweet odor, a savorous murmur,
which seemed, Reeves said, like the lamenting
voice of the dying day. We watched the
clouds after the sun had set. A soft violet
colored island seemed to sleep in a sea of flame,
and to it led a shining rift, as if some bark had
just cut the golden sea and left behind it its
phosphorescent glow. Reeves looked into my
bright eyes—then his hand sought mine. I
remember nothing—it was an odd, incongru-
ous thought at that moment—how brown and
coarse my hand looked lying in his white, at-
tender's palm. We mountain girls never spared
hands or faces when we had anything to ac-
complish, and my fingers were not much like
those of a city lady. I wondered if Reeves
observed it. Had the hand been never so
fair he could hardly have held it more fondly.
He bent over me with his handsome face
eyes looking straight into mine, and he said:

"Rachel, I love you. I do not think any

one else will ever be so dear to me as you are,
and I do not want to leave Lennox without
your promise to be my wife when I am able to
claim you."

I do not know how it was, but his words
brought me more pain than joy, though I loved
him in those days, God forgive me, better than
my own soul. Something seemed to tell me
that it was too much to be true, and I wept a
girl's passionate tears on his bosom where he
had drawn me. He was so temperate, and
this seemed to vex him. He put me away a
little, and cried.

"Have you then no answer for me but weep-
ing, when I offer you all that man can offer to
woman?"

"It is because I am not worthy," I sobbed,
"and because I cannot make it seem real.
Look at me, Reeves, and tell me solemnly,
before God, that whatever may come in the
future, in this hour you love me better than
anything else in the world. There may come
a time when I shall need the memory of such
words."

He held my hand—he looked steadfastly in-
to my eyes—he said,

"Rachel, more than anything else in the
world I love you—beyond all other wishes is
the wish to make you my wife. Do you prom-
ise to marry me?"

I answered that I loved him as well as he
could love me, but I thought he might some
day find a wife to please him better; and we
were both so young, perhaps we had best not
be engaged. But this only vexed him again,
and he made some bitter speeches about my
thinking I should have too long to wait for
him, and not liking to be fettered; so that I
was glad enough to do what I had only hesi-
tated about for his sake, and promise all he
wished. We went home, under the stars, and
elusive lovers, and I thought there had never
been such a night, such stars, such sky, such a
lover. I have not forgotten one throb of that
tremulous joy, though I am forty-seven now,
and a single woman.

The next day he went away, and I was left
behind to hope and to dream. Not that I had
much leisure for dreaming that autumn. There
were apples to pare for drying, corn to husk,
wool to card, and yarn to get ready for the
winter's weaving. Then came the short, busy
winter days, and if I could not have thought
and worked at the same time I should not
have had much opportunity to think of Reeves,
except, indeed, the nights, when I went early
to bed, and lay awake long in the cold and
dark, solacing my memory with every word he
had ever said to me, every look of his hand-
some eyes.

The next summer he came home, but it was
only for two weeks, and he was nobler looking
and more elegant than ever, and farther above
me, I thought sadly, in the depths of my heart.
He was at home for so short a time, and had
so many claims on his attention, that we were
not together as much as I could have wished.
Still he seemed very fond of me, and the last
night before he went away we walked to the
place where we had made the promise which
bound us to each other, and sat and watched
there while the sun went down and the sum-
mer moon came up. Again he told me how
dear I was to him, and bade me remember;
when the days of his absence should seem
long and weary, that he was working to win
the home which some day I should share with
him.

The next morning he went away, and then
followed another year like the preceding one
—full of toil, but full also of fond remem-
brance, and far reaching hope. I did not hear
from him very often. Letters were not such
common things then as now; but I questioned if
any girl, whose absent lover writes to her
every two days, could possibly value his let-
ters as I did those rare, precious epistles which
came at intervals of three or four weeks—
which slept under my pillow at night, and in
my bosom by day—which I never tired of
reading, though every word was written upon
my heart as plainly as upon the paper.

Aunt Rachel paused for a few minutes, and
I thought I saw a slow tear trickle down her
cheek and drop upon her work. I was im-
patient to hear the rest of her story, and recalled
her to it as delicately as I could.

"How much you must have loved him, Aunt
Rachel!"

"Yes, child, yes. I loved him well enough,
but I knew all the time that he had one fault
which did not promise well for my future hap-
piness. I do not mean his quick temper—I
could bear with that. I do not even think it
would ever have troubled me much; for, though
he was exacting and easily angered, he had a
most generous nature, and was incapable of
holding malice against his worst enemies. But
what I dreaded far more, a certain morbid
sensitiveness to the tastes and opinions of others
—a desire to rise in the world which claimed
kindred with vanity rather than pride. In
spite of this one foible I thought him the noblest
man I ever knew. There was so much that
was grand in him—such fine, heroic sense of
honor—such power of self denial and self-
sacrifice, that I felt he would climb to grander
heights than I could ever reach."

Again, the next summer, he came home,
and this time I think we were more together
than before. He seemed to love me very
dearly, but sometimes I could not help fearing
he was far from satisfied with me. He talked
a great deal of what he wished me to learn
when I should be his wife. French and the
piano, he said, would be indispensable; and of
course my life would be altogether different in
every way. We spent the last evening before
he left talking about these things. We should
be married, he said, the next summer. His
uncle had done so well by him that he should
be quite able to marry then, and he did not
wish me to live such a homeless life any longer.
My mother was dead, and I had, chiefly, the
charge of my brothers and sisters, as well as
the dairy and the housekeeping concerns.

"When I should marry," father would get a
housekeeper, but Reeves was very earnest that
this step should be taken at once. I ought to
have time, he argued, to get a little rest, and
to make preparations for my marriage. Beside,
he said, and he strove to speak playfully,
but I saw that the feeling under his words was
serious, he would like me to be a little more
careful of my fingers. People noticed brides
a good deal; the fairer and smoother her hands
were the better. Perhaps I was foolish, but
this wounded me a little. I tried to be reason-
able, and to realize how natural this feeling
was in one who saw so many delicate and
beautiful women.

After he was gone my father called me to
him, and said he:

"Rachel! Reeves has been talking to me
about getting a housekeeper, and I think I had
better. If I have not done so before, it was
not because I was unwilling to spare you the
toil; but somehow I felt as if you might not
like to have any other person put over you,
and it was a pleasant thing to me to see my
daughter mistress of her father's house."

"You shall see her as still," I answered, as I
kissed him. "God has given me to you. If
He ever gives me to another, it will be time
enough then to lay down the old duties. For
the present no one has so strong a claim on
me as you. When I am Reeves Hawthorne's
wife, I can do what his wife ought."

I know this resolution made my father hap-
py, and that knowledge more than repaid any
sacrifice it cost me. Indeed I was better
pleased myself to have all things remain as
they were. So I went on, keeping the house,
and taking care of the children, and training
my eldest sister, Bessie, who was sixteen by
this time, so that she might be able to take my
place when I was gone, and save my father
from the trial of having a stranger at the head
of his board.

I was busy at every odd moment I could
find in the day, and many hours besides when
others slept, in making my simple preparations
for my bridal. I tried all I could, moreover,
to spare my hands for Reeves Hawthorne's
sake. I made a long handle to my dish cloth,
and swept and dusted with molekin mittens
on; but do what I would my hands would
look like a country girl's still. In spite of
being so busy, I had more sad moments that
year than I had had either of the preceding
years. I was so fearful that I should never be
fine and fair enough for Reeves that he weighed
upon my spirits. His letters were not less
frequent, and in every one some allusion was
made to our near marriage; but there seemed
something in them forced and unnatural. I
mentioned these vague forebodings of sorrow,
but they were only light spots upon the sun of
my joy. In spite of this I believed in Reeves
Hawthorne as I believed in Heaven, and looked
forward to our marriage day with joyful and
confident expectation.

The first of July he came. His uncle had
given him a three months' holiday. At the
end of two months we were to be married, and
spend the remaining four weeks traveling
quietly with a horse and chaise over the
pleasant roads of Massachusetts, and then I was
to go with him to Boston. How delight-
ful all the plans seemed! With what bright
colors life was opening before me!

Reeves had brought from the city an India
muslin for my bridal robe, and a heavy gray
silk for my traveling dress. They excited the
wondering admiration of the few intimate
friends to whom I showed them, no less than
did the soft lace veil, looped with orange
blossoms, which came packed in a box from
a Boston milliner. How kind and thought-
ful he had been—how tender and gentle he was!
And yet a vague disquiet began to trouble my
heart. Why did he never seek to be alone
with me? Why was Bessie so often asked to
be the companion of our rides and walks?—
Why were his eyes so sad and his smiles so
rare? Was this like a lover who was so soon
to marry the woman of his choice?

I said nothing; what could I say? I went
on making my wedding garments, but some-
times my eyes were dim and my fingers trem-
bled. I tried to shake off these feelings. I
laughed hollow laughs at their absurdity, and
I was always cheerful in Reeves' presence.

The Eastern Mail.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1861.

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longing possessed me to know whether he had
loved any other better. I said to myself that
such an assurance would be my best cure, and
I kept down the anguish of my own heart, and
led him on to reveal the secret of his.

I found that the daughter of his uncle's part-
ner was the magnet which had drawn him
from his allegiance to me. He never meant
to love her, he said. The passion had grown
upon him unconsciously, and never by word or
look had he conveyed the slightest intimation
of it to its object. I believed him, for I knew
he was the soul of honor, else I should not
have loved him. He had never thought for
one moment of any other alternative than our
marriage; and he had hoped in the still peace
of domestic life to forget his mad dream of
Constance Gray. But I saw well enough that
his very heart was full of her.

He tried to conceal for my sake, the depth
of his devotion, but cunning in self torture, I
drew it from him. I made him linger over
her charms—the delicacy of her beauty, the
sweetness of her voice, the grace of her man-
ners; and I said to myself, inwardly, "Such
and such is the woman he ought to marry, and
were you blind enough, poor fool, to think you
could please him? Learn wisdom, Rachel
Welles!"

"I do not imagine that he suspected the
depth of my suffering. I meant to make him
think lightly of it, and I believe I succeeded.
I promised him that I would be his sister,
faithful and true, and that in any great strait of
his life I would never fail him; and he seemed
to love me better, now that we had got upon a
true and right footing, than he had done before
since he came home."

"After this he left Lennox almost immedi-
ately. Of course it was not pleasant for him
to stay, and I was glad when he had gone. I
explained everything to my own family, telling
them the whole truth. Beyond them I made
no confidants, leaving it to common rumor to
explain and dilate upon my affairs—doubtless
a pleasant task."

"I should have died, Aunt Rachel, I know
I should," I cried impatiently, taking advan-
tage of her pause, and she answered me as be-
fore—

"Only a girl's thought, dear—a girl's thought!
I did not die, though I do not deny that for a
time I despaired of ever feeling anything like
happiness again. One of the hardest trials
was to put away my wedding things. I laid
them all in the new trunk which had been
bought for me to take away from home. I
folded them carefully—the soft, gray silk; the
white, dainty muslin; the filmy veil, with the
orange blossoms looping it—and scattered lav-
ender over them. The lace and muslin are
yellow now, and the lavender is withered. So
am I."

"After that I went on with my duties as
ever. My father felt for me as tenderly as a
woman. He proposed to send me away from
home for a while. I might go to a boarding-
school, he said, or visit his only sister, who
was settled in a distant city; but I told him I
desired no change. My ambition to be ac-
complished was over—I should be better at
home among the hearts which were my own
true kindred. And so all went on as before.

I saw to the dairy and the housekeeping, and
cared tenderly for the children, and I believe
the Lord was my Helper. I made but one
change. Hitherto my chamber had been on
the side of the house looking toward the pine
wood. Sitting at my open window on summer
nights I had dreamed about my promised hus-
band. The wind had borne to me that pecu-
liar balsamic odor. The savorous, murmuring
music had blent with my thoughts of him—
Now music and odor were alike intolerable.
I moved my few possessions to another room,
on the opposite side of the house, and took my
youngest sister—five years old—"the baby,"
to sleep with me. If any tears fell at night upon
her sunny hair they did not disturb the happy
calm of her restful slumbers."

The next summer Reeves Hawthorne
brought home his bride. Before his arrival a
note came to me telling me of his marriage,
and that he should bring his wife to Lennox.
He called me his dear sister, and begged me
to come and see his Constance, and love her
for his sake. When they had been two days
in town I went. Perhaps pride drove me
there, or a past habit of obedience to Reeves,
or a resolution to look my trouble in the face
steadfastly. No matter. I went.

"I did not wonder that I had lost my lover
when I saw her who had so innocently won
him from me. How beautiful she was! With
just that delicate, high-born beauty which
was Reeves Hawthorne's nature to crave—
She seemed to me like a white lily, so pure, so
fragile, so very fair. No trace of toil had ever
soiled those fingers; no bearing of burdens had
bowed the slender shoulders, or spoiled the
grace of the girlish figure. It needed only to
look at her to see that she was as good as she
was fair. Truth shone in the clear eyes;
tenderness and love hovered round the car-
nation colored lips. I could not blame Reeves.
I saw that she was exactly suited to make him
happy, and I tried not to envy them, or dwell
upon my own grief."

"That fall a blow fell upon us which taxed
my energies to the utmost. Suddenly my
father was stricken blind. We did all we
could to avert this calamity, but the simple
remedies of our country doctor failed utterly.
When Reeves Hawthorne heard of our trouble,
he sent a celebrated oculist from Boston to
ascertain whether there was any possibility of
relief. Our last hope failed when the city
physician told us decidedly that the malady
was incurable, and then we settled our future
plan of life. Bessie relieved me of the house-
keeping, and I devoted myself entirely to
nursing and entertaining my poor father—
During the four years that Heaven spared
him to me, I hope he missed his sight as little
as any one so situated could. I tried faith-
fully to be eyes for him. I think to me this
calamity was a blessing in disguise. It diverted
my thoughts from my own sorrow, and brought
me the healing which always accompanies
earnest endeavor for the sake of others; until,
by and by, a blessedness came to me which
was more than happiness, because its birth-
place was heaven, not earth. Both of Reeves
Hawthorne's parents had died during the first
year of his marriage; but that, after that one
visit, neither he nor his bride were seen any
more in Lennox, and I suppose this circum-
stance helped me in my victory over myself."

"When my father had been blind four years
his eyes were opened—not on earth, indeed.
The flowers, the skies, the fields on which he
looked were fairer than those old Berkshire
ones he had loved so well. The face beside

him on that awaking was one he had laid
away under the churchyard grass nine years
before.

"The children were my charge when he was
gone. Bessie married first; and then the two
boys went out into the world; and, last of all,
"the baby," the little, fair-haired Nell—who
had slept in my bosom when my great trouble
first came and ever afterward—went away
with a husband whom she loved, and so I was
left alone."

"After a while I heard that Reeves Haw-
thorne's wife had died, leaving one child, the
last of many; and then seven more long,
lonely years went by me, bringing no tidings
of him."

"At length, after all these years, a letter
came. Long as it had been since I had looked
upon his handwriting, I knew it at once. The
words which it contained were these:

"Rachel, my sister, you promised once that your
love should not fail me in the great straits of life. If
you would keep your faith with me, come to me now. I
have not long to live, and I want to leave my daughter
in your care. There is no one else on earth to whom I
would so willingly entrust her. Let me place her hand
in yours before my summons comes."

Your brother REEVES.

The secret came home to me as Aunt Rachel
repeated the words of that note, and kneel-
ing down beside her I cried,

"He whom you have called Reeves Haw-
thorne was my father, is it not so? You
have been telling me his story under another
name."

"You are right, dear. When I came here,
one year ago, I came because your father had
written me those words. I had looked upon
him last twenty-five years before—a young
bridegroom, standing by the bride of his choice
—strong, happy, still in the glow and glory of
youth. I was to look on him now—a middle-
aged man, worn and weary with the battle of
life—look on him as he lay a-dying."

"You were not in the room when we met.
He held my hand in his for a moment, then he
drew my face down toward him and kissed me
—the first time in many years."

"Rachel," he said, "I have not been unmin-
dful of you during all these silent years. I have
gloried in your self denial and heroism. But
when I have heard that no one who sought you
for a wife could win you, I have feared that in
taking you at your word I did you a bitter
wrong. I did not mean it, Rachel; but you
saw Constance afterward, and you know that I
could not have helped loving her. I have
longed, inexpressibly, to have your forgiveness
for every pang I ever cost you. Can I have it
now?"

"Fully and freely I forgive you, Reeves," I
answered, struggling with the tears that al-
most choked my utterance. "And yet what do
I say? What have I to forgive? The only
wonder was that you could ever have thought
me a fit wife for you, not that you afterward
loved Constance."

"And you will grant my request, Rachel," he
asked, searching my face with his great, an-
xious eyes—"you will stay here when I am gone,
and be a guardian for my daughter—Con-
stance's child and mine?"

"I will stay," I said, "and be to your child as
nearly a mother as I can."

"Just then you came in, dear, with your
tender eyes, your young bright face—your
mother's very image. You know the rest—
how your father put your hand in mine, and
I took you to my heart, and into my heart—
When he died his last words blessed us both,
and we mourned for him together. Since
then I have loved you better than I ever loved
anything on earth except your father."

I looked at her face as she paused. No one
could have called her old looking now, or unin-
teresting. There was a pink flush on her
cheeks such as they must have worn in her
lost youth; her eyes were blue and tender,
and for one brief moment, lit up by that trans-
figuring glow, I seemed to see in her the pre-
ty Berkshire girl who had sat by my father's
side on the rocks of Lennox, with the pine
trees overhead. I could scarcely have loved
her better had she been his wife and my moth-
er. She was the first to speak:

"Harry is coming tonight, is he not, dear?"

"Yes, Aunt Rachel, Harry is coming, and I
love him. Should it please God to make me
his wife, I will be faithful and true to him to
his life's end or mine; but even if his love
should fail me, you have made me feel that
heaven is above earth, and I would not die
because I had lost happiness, when the Infinite
Father was ready to give me in its stead
blessedness."

"What are VALUABLE LETTERS?—When a
wholesale robbery of the mails takes place,
how often do we hear the question asked, 'was
there much money in the letters?' As if the
real value of the mails were to be estimated
according to the available cash enclosures they
contain! We once had the satisfaction,
while distributing a lot of stolen and mutilated
letters, recovered from a rifled mailbag, of
visiting the sick chamber of a gentleman in
Boston, and handing to him a letter from his
wife, who was several hundred miles distant.
He was a resident of a Western city, and had
gone to Boston for medical advice, and to un-
dergo a dangerous surgical operation. As we
entered his lonely chamber, he was walking
the room, the picture of loneliness and dejection.
The object of the call was at once ex-
plained, and the welcome letter from his ab-
sent companion placed in his hand. His
countenance brightened as he hastily seized
the long-wished for missive of love and affec-
tion from home, and glanced at the well-known
hand-writing, when he addressed us as follows:
"Sir, this is the happiest moment of my life.
You are indeed a welcome visitor. For six
long weeks have I remained here among com-
parative strangers, with physical suffering
and sleepless nights, almost beyond endurance,
without one word of sympathy or information
from my distressed family." He sank into his
chair, and without a word of interruption from
us, hastily ran his eye over the contents of the
letter."

"Thank God for this much," said he, "they
are all alive and well, and I here find that my
good wife has kept her promise to write me
weekly, but this is the first line I have received
from her. What can have become of the other
letters?"

The investigation had already settled that
point. The packages from Milwaukee to Bos-
ton, which had contained the missing letters,
had all been intercepted and burned, according
to the confession of the author of the robberies,
a fact which was corroborated by the records
in Boston post office, showing the failure of
nearly all the Milwaukee packages for several
weeks."

Who will attempt to fix a pecuniary value
upon the lost letters of which we have been
speaking, or undertake to estimate the amount
of sorrow and mental agony occasioned by the
ruthless acts of the guilty author of all this
mischievous? And yet this was only a single
instance of the disappointment and distress
occasioned by off-repeated and reckless depreda-
tions.—[Holbrook's U. S. Mail.

VIRGINIA AS A BATTLE GROUND.—We
could not wish for a more favorable opening
of the campaign. We desire to see all the
secession forces upon the soil of Virginia.—
The rebellion is brought within reach of the
most effective blow we can deal. We can
move our forces into that State in one-fourth
of the expense at which the Secessionists can
place their own there. We could not well fol-
low them to Georgia, Alabama, or Mississippi.
The inhospitable climates of those States
would prove more fatal than the arms of the
rebels. But in Virginia we have an accepta-
ble and healthy battle-field, where we can con-
centrate and put forth our whole power."

There is another reason why Virginia
should be the battle field of all the seceding
States. She has been the greatest offender.
She more than any other State, is responsible
for the great rebellion. Her spirit is the
most vindictive and intolerant of all. A just
retribution is already upon her. In a few
days more a hundred thousand fighting men
will be on her soil which will be devastated
by the terrible storm of war, her people driven
from their homes, their fields blasted, their
property destroyed, and their greatest institu-
tion at the mercy of their foes. Virginia
should never have been a Slave State. For
the first time in her history, it is in our power
to make it a free one.—[N. Y. Times.

The New York Herald says of the decision
of Gen. Butler, endorsed by the Government,
to treat the slaves of rebels as contraband of
war:—

"A righteous distinction between the rebel
and the loyal citizen, and a precedent which,
if followed up, will soon produce a wonderful
Union reaction in the popular slave senti-
ment of Southern Virginia. Let it be proclaimed
to the people of Virginia and of the other
States in arms against the government, that
while the rights of property, negroes and all,
of loyal citizens will be respected and protect-
ed, fugitive slaves to the United States camps,
and slaves captured which are the property
of rebels against the government, will be for-
feited as contraband of war, and very short
work will be made of this whole Southern
rebellion."

The following is an extract from a letter
written within a few days by a distinguished
merchant of Baltimore, who is a true Southern
man in all his interests and feelings, and the
owner also of slaves:—

"Gen. Cooper is in command here, a great
pity. When Butler left us he was about to do
things up right—Caldwell is too easy. I want
to see the *Sum, South and Exchange*,
notified to shut up shop. I go in for the freedom
of the press, but in these times all inciters to
mob violence should be shut up. I want to see
every gun taken from the secessionists. It is neces-
sary for the safety of the decent men of this place
and their wives and little ones. I want to see
Marshall Kane hanged, and I want dreadfully
to be most completely subjugated. It is nec-
essary to keep us up to this work."

EMANCIPATION OF SERFS IN RUSSIA.—On
the third day of March last, the anniversary
of the Emperor of Russia's accession to the
throne, nearly forty millions of human
beings who retired to rest slaves the night pre-
ceding—if indeed they could under such cir-
cumstances the down and sleep—awoke free.

The *London News* thus speaks of

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 6, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PITTELL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "WATERVILLE," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

The War of Redemption.
The blockade has been extended to the mouth of the Mississippi and the ports of Texas.
Fugitive slaves are now received at all the military stations of the Federal army and regarded as contraband of war. About three hundred are at Fortress Monroe—all the able bodied ones being usefully employed for the government.

Roger A. Pryor, the noted Virginia Congressman, disbanded a company of sixty volunteers for voting the Union ticket at Norfolk.

Two citizens of Alexandria, who on their word of honor declared that they were loyal to the United States, were recently granted passes, with permission to return to that city at pleasure. They were beyond the outside guards afterwards, got into the bushes, and fired upon the guards of the U. S. army. They were immediately pursued and shot. The passes referred to were found in their pockets.

The rebels have for some time had a battery at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac, and several attempts have been made to destroy it. The following contains an account of the last action there:—

Washington, 3d.—Capt. Ward has made an official report to the Secretary of the Navy, of the renewal of the bombardment at Aquia Creek, commencing at 11.30 o'clock on Saturday, and terminating at 4.30, from fatigue of the men, the day being warm and the firing incessant on his side. He says the firing on shore was scarcely as spirited as on Friday. The heights were abandoned, the guns apparently being transferred to the earthworks at the Railroad terminus, to replace the battery silenced by us on Friday. During the last hour of the engagement, only 2 or 3 individuals were thrown from the shore, by a few individuals who were seen to stealthily now and then emerge from their concealment and hastily load and fire a single gun.

Aquia Creek is 55 miles below Washington, and is the terminus of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. In the next attempt, a land force will probably cooperate.

The force at Fortress Monroe is constantly increasing, our troops have taken possession of Hampton; and Newport News Point, of which the rebels failed to possess themselves, has been seized by Gen. Butler and a heavy battery erected there. The same has been done, too, at the Rip Raps, midway between Fortress Monroe and the opposite shore.—Sewall's Point, a formidable work of the rebels, is yet undisturbed. Its continued occupation by them, it is said, will seriously interfere with the maintenance of the national blockade in that quarter.

On the evening of the 31st ult., a force of cavalry and infantry, the former under Lieut. Tompkins and the latter under Lieut. Gordon, attacked the rebels at Fairfax Court House at daybreak. There were only 45 infantry.—Our force met the pickets of the rebels about 4 miles this side of the Hill, the rebels fleeing and alarming the camp. The cavalry then charged on the town, encountering vigorous resistance. They were fired at from the houses on both sides of the streets. Lieut. Tompkins had his horse shot from under him, and his cavalry was surrounded by the infantry, who beset them in front and rear, pouring in volley after volley, but they fought their way through, taking 17 prisoners, all but 5 of whom escaped. The loss of the rebels who numbered about 1500, was from 20 to 25. One of the prisoners, a son of Major Washington, said he never wished to fight against the United States, and took the oath of allegiance.

A force of Virginia and Ohio troops advanced into Western Virginia and occupied Grafton on Thursday last. We get news of their further action as follows:—

Cincinnati, June 3d.—Two columns of troops from Gen. McClellan's command, one under Col. Kelly, composed of Virginia Volunteers, the other under Col. Crittenden, composed of Indiana Volunteers, left Grafton early last night, and after marching the entire night about 20 miles, through a drenching rain, surprised a camp of rebels, two hundred strong, at Phillips, Va., and routed them, killing 15, and capturing a large amount of arms, horses, ammunition, provisions and camp equipment. The surprise was complete, and at the last advice the Federal troops were in hot pursuit of the rebels, and probably more prisoners would be taken. Col. Kelly was mortally wounded, and has since died. Several of the Federal troops were slightly wounded.

Later accounts say that Col. Kelly is not dead, but is likely to recover.

Gen. Lyon succeeds Harney at St. Louis. In some quarters of the State the secessionists are seriously annoying the loyal citizens.

A strong Union feeling, it is said, exists in Western Kentucky.

Tennessee is by no means unanimous for secession, as will be shown. All the Union papers save Brownlow's have been spiked.

Secession mob law and violence rule in Western Kentucky. McGowan is doing all he can to make trouble. Ex Gov. Moorehead, in a recent letter, says:—

Should Lincoln hereafter assume the aspect of war for overrunning and subjugating the seceded States, Kentucky, without counting the cost, ought to take up arms at once against the Government. Until then she should com-

pel both sides to respect the inviolability of her soil.

Jeff Davis, it is said, has warned the Union troops to leave the sacred soil of Virginia. Perhaps they will go at his bidding.

Three vessels of the Mediterranean squadron are on their way home.

Caleb Cushing is evidently anxious to put himself on record on the right side. He addressed a company of soldiers recently, who were leaving Newburyport, on which occasion he was much affected. He said they were to fight in a just and glorious cause, in which our country would shine brighter for the trial it was passing through. He was enthusiastically cheered by a large crowd, and his remarks gave great satisfaction to all.

The Baltimoreans are getting ugly again and are apparently spoiling for a fight. Two guns recently mounted at Fort Mifflin were found to be spiked—the work of Baltimoreans while they were in the street. It is thought by some that a rising against the government is contemplated, in connection with a demonstration from Harper's Ferry where a large force of Southern troops are posted on both sides of the Potomac.

There is nothing of importance from Fort Pickens.

In California and Oregon all party feeling is swallowed up in devotion to the Union.

The New York Seventh Regiment has returned home, but many of the men are anxious to return to the seat of war immediately.

It is said that Marshal Bonifant, of Baltimore, has recently been authorized to arrest all suspicious persons, seize all the arms and ammunition in their possession, and appoint a sufficient force of deputies to guard all the highways leading from the city.

[For the Mail.]

Fish-Way at Augusta.
If salmon and alewives ascend above Augusta this year, it appears that they will be obliged to "climb up some other way" than that provided by the corporators of the dam; and that the public may know how and why they are again disappointed, I will state a few facts.

There is, as I reported once before, a ledge on which a fishway may be easily constructed and safely maintained, inasmuch as the wharf built thereon has never been injured by logs or ice during a freshet. This, therefore, was very properly selected as the site of the proposed fishway; but when the Wardens were ready to commence its construction, they were threatened with prosecution by the owner of the wharf, if they proceeded. Out of regard to the corporators of the dam, who would be the ultimate sufferers, the Wardens consented to have the location of the fishway changed. The result is, that being in a more exposed situation, it has been so damaged by logs and ice that it will be of no use whatever this season.

Whether this rebel force at Augusta, by threats of mob and prosecution, is to ultimately prevail over law and right remains to be seen. I hope the people will be able to see through the policy of those who are determined to do all in their power to prevent the construction of a good and sufficient fishway.—Their cry has been, that the fish were nearly all driven from the river, and that it was too late to endeavor to entice them back: therefore the building of a fishway was a useless labor. The increase of the fish in the river, however, for two years past, has silenced that cry. Many salmon made their way through the lock last year, one of which was taken at Kendall's Mills in June, and another at Benton in October. The report of such of these adventures as lived to return, with that of some of the smaller kinds transported by hand to the ponds above, has no doubt induced a run of fish this year larger than usual.

What is to be the next trig thrown in the way of this enterprise I know not. On other rivers, movements of this kind, as full of promise for the public welfare, have been helped instead of hindered, and have been crowned with success. What has been done elsewhere can be done here. A good and sufficient fishway can be constructed, and those who now throw obstacles in the way may be assured that nothing short of that will satisfy the people. I have no doubt that the corporators of the Augusta Dam, in trying to evade the law, have already expended more than the cost of complying with its just and equitable provisions—and the end is not yet. Sooner or later the fishway must be built, and that, too, at their expense. All we of the Upper Kennebec ask is right and justice, and why not be men and give us that which is ours. Even at this late day, after all our expenditure of time and money to obtain our rights, you have but to do what you ought to have done years ago, and we shall be perfectly satisfied. My own position in this matter has been misrepresented; efforts have been made to buy and frighten me from the course I have pursued; but I have kept steadily on. And notwithstanding my poverty and humble position, I mean to keep this matter before the people until we are once more in possession of our ancient rights and privileges.

A. CROSBY.

Benton, June 1st, 1861.

SKOWHEGAN POST OFFICE.—The unfortunate tangle in regard to the appointment to this office has finally been cleared, and J. H. Philbrick is found to be the lucky man.

Dr. Mowen will be at Skowhegan one day next week—Tuesday, June 11th; at Kendall's Mills two days—Wednesday and Thursday, 12th and 13th; and at Waterville one day—Friday, 14th.

FIRE IN MERCER.—We learn from the Clinton, that on the 24th ult., a large new double house belonging to James C. and Benjamin T. Field, was totally destroyed. There was a small insurance.

The Portland police recently made a descent upon the rum-sellers of that city.

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The amount of reading furnished in each number of this magazine must be, that the most exacting could expect; and the quality for variety and interest, cannot fail to please almost universally. "Without attempting anything like an enumeration of the contents of the June number, we will say that it is full of attractions, literary and artistic. Verona Brent, that charming story, being continued, & scores of engravings published illustrative of scenes and incidents in the present contest at the South. The fashion department is not neglected, notwithstanding the stringency of the times, and the ladies will find it now, as always, full and reliable. Published by Frank Leslie, 10 City Hall Square, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The contents of the May number are as follows:—1. Present Movement of the Church of England. 2. Alexis de Tocqueville. 3. The Poems and Plays of Robert Browning. 4. Bishop Hurd and his Contemporaries. 5. Railway Accidents. 6. Motley's United Netherlands. 7. Berkeley's Idealism. 8. Dr. John Brown's Home Subversion. 9. The Educational Question in Scotland. 10. The Christian Architecture of Europe. 11. The American Secession.

The first article is another effective sketch of the camp of the 'Essayists,' from an orthodox battery, and like that from an opposite direction, shows plainly that their present halting place must be abandoned—they must either advance or retreat. The 2d article has unusual interest at the present time, now that the predictions of this celebrated French writer in regard to the stability of our government seems about to be verified. The third article is a glorification of Robert Browning, who, the writer thinks, narrowly missed being the greatest poet living. The fifth article will be of course be read with interest in this land of railroads. The sixth article is, on the whole, a very favorable review of the labors of our eminent Historian. The seventh article helps one to correct notions of the teachings of Berkeley, whose philosophy has been strangely misunderstood, even by learned men. The eighth article is a pleasant notice of a delightful book. The ninth and tenth articles will have less interest for the general reader; but the last, on American Secession, will be carefully perused, though some of the writer's speculations are rather amusing in the light of late transactions.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two, \$5; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. S. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.—We have received copies of two handbooks for the use of our Volunteer Soldiers, differing in character and design, but both desirable works—The Soldier's Companion, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, at 25 cts., or five copies for a dollar; and The Handy Book for the U. S. Soldier, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia at the same price. We commend these to the attention of our young soldiers.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL.—This new candidate for popular favor has several novel features which must give it a wide circulation. Chief among these are its full and accurate report of Lectures of popular men, biographical sketches, essays, vocal and instrumental music, juvenile department, recipes, lessons in French and German, &c. Part 2, for May, contains a world of reading, in great variety, including a continuation of Mrs. Pullan's story, 'The King's Daughter,' with other interesting tales; a full report of the latest features of fashionable dress, two desirable maps, literary miscellany, wit and humor, &c. To be properly appreciated the work must be seen and read.

The Household Journal is published in monthly parts of 64 large quarto pages each, at \$2 a year, by A. Hartwell & Co., 20 North William St., New York.

Departure of the Third Regiment.

The third regiment of Maine troops left Augusta yesterday morning. They go direct to Washington, thence to go to Fort Monroe, or some place in the vicinity of the capital. It is reported that Gov. Washburn has the assurance of Gen. Scott that they shall not be exposed to a dangerous climate—as Maine troops would be, if sent into the interior of the South during hot weather.

An excursion train of the S. & K. Railroad carried some six or eight hundred visitors to Augusta on Tuesday, who spent three or four hours in seeing the troops and taking leave of friends among them. The best of health prevailed in the regiment, and the soldiers were preparing for their departure with a most commendable degree of energy and cheerfulness. They were receiving the first instalment of their pay—the principal part of which many of them were sending to their families or committing to the hands of friends for safe keeping.

The two Waterville companies are said to compare well with the rest of the regiment. This is in appearance only; but we at home, who know them further, and who have sons, brothers and dear friends among them, are excusable if we think them more than an average in their intellectual and social, as well as their educational and moral qualities. It remains to be seen how far they will excel as soldiers; but that a large portion of them are gone forth with the broad sense of duty and warm love of country that make the practical patriot and soldier, we have the best evidence. They are, emphatically, well officered, and possess all the advantages, with an open field and a fair fight, for sending home an honorable report.

We regret to state that a certain sergeant F. O. Smiley, of Capt. Heselstine's company, is temporarily—so we hope—detained from duty by illness, and is confined to his room at the Williams House, in this place. Sergeant Geo. A. McIntire temporarily fills his place.

We have failed to procure a list of the members of Capt. Heath's company—having been some changes from the list published a few weeks ago. The commissioned officers remain the same—Capt. Wm. S. Heath, Lt. F. E. Heath, 2d Lt. John R. Day. Captain and Lieutenant Heath are brothers, sons of Hon. Solomon Heath of this place—the former a graduate of Waterville College, and a lawyer by profession; the latter trained to business behind the counter. Lieut. Day was in the boat and shoe business, is a practical mechanic and business man, with excellent points for his present position. A large proportion of this company are men trained to hard labor in the various departments of the lumber business, sprinkled with farmers and mechanics, and collectively well qualified to protect themselves and work out their own way to victory, if the chances offer.

Capt. Heselstine's company contains twelve or fifteen students of Waterville College, and

is composed largely of young men of education and social position. Capt. H. was himself a member of College, as was also 2d Lieut. Hatch. Lieut. Nath'l Hanson was from the farm and workshop; and the three are a joint demonstration of the proverbial 'six feet' necessary to make a Downeaster. Our town has more of its own sons in this than in the other company; so that though there be no 'Cassars' among them, Cassars' 'fortunes' are deeply invested. The following is the list of this company, as given us a few days ago:

FRANK S. HESSELTINE, Captain.
NATHANIEL HANSCOM, 1st Lieutenant.
WILLIAM A. HATCH, 2d Lieutenant.

F. O. Smiley,	Sergeants
G. A. McIntire,	
Chas W. Low	
Sam'l Hamblin	
Wm H. Copp,	
W. S. Howe	Corporals
W. E. Brown	
A. K. Small	
C. F. Ellis	
L. E. Hodges	Musicians

Geo. S. Rollins	Edward S. Persivel
Atwood Croby	E. P. Stearns
Chas A. Hendrickson	H. W. Sawtelle
Ass Pollard	Geo. P. Benson
Geo. Lashus	Albert D. Foss
Hadley P. Dyer	Horatio A. Reed
Geo. H. Bassett	A. M. Herriman
A. H. Brown	Cyrus Hunter
C. A. Hinds	H. N. Fairbanks
Frank Haskell	Wm. W. Wyman
James M. Curtis	F. D. Pullen
Orin Austin	Henry Gould
Phileander Hunter	Geo. Littlefield
Tyler W. Atherton	Homer Proctor
Nath'l Perley	David Bates
C. H. Buswell	Geo. C. Drummond
Wm. H. Farnham	Horace Hunter
Jacob Sherborne	A. Bigelow, Jr.
Geo. W. Davis	Henry Pollard
Augustus M. Sawtelle	J. F. Ricker
Geo. W. Nason	Charles F. Selden
Augustine P. Smiley	Samuel E. Frost
Chas. A. Fenno	J. A. Philbrook
Geo. L. Wheeler	Moses W. Young
Albert Austin	A. P. Herrick
Geo. W. Boulter	B. B. Wildes
Geo. H. Chadwick	Simon Grover
Hiram C. Webber	C. C. Grover
Leander T. Hallert	Chas B. Randlett
Geo. A. Ellis	Otis Pollard
Luther N. Kames	M. McFadden
John E. Fossett	Henry P. Perley
Henry Field	Chas H. Arnold
Simon McCausland	Chas W. Derouher

NEW YORK ATLANTIC.—This Nestor of the Sunday press, which recently entered upon its twenty fourth volume is doing good service for the Union, and deals some of its severest blows upon its former political associates at North, who are now found apologizing for treason and covertly assailing the government. Its support of the administration is hearty and honest, and its course is in marked contrast to that of some Northern democratic prints, which while loudly boasting of their love for the Union are doing infinite mischief by sly treasonable threats at its very vitals.

DEATH OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The country was partially prepared for this event, by daily reports of his dangerous condition; and yet the final blow seemed to fall with stunning effect. His loss at this peculiar juncture is justly regarded as a national calamity, and all the land is in mourning. Flags are at half mast, minute guns have been fired, bells tolled, and the Secretary of War has issued a general order deploring the death of Mr. Douglas, to be read to the whole army, and ordering the regimental colors to be draped in mourning. His death occurred on Monday last, at which time he was a little more than 48 years of age.

BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.—This paper which reaches us at 10 o'clock A. M., anticipates the news by the Boston papers about seven hours—a great gain in these exciting times. While no paper is responsible for what comes by telegraph, and many startling items are printed one day to be contradicted the next, we are sure that our Bangor friends are very careful not to give undue prominence to doubtful reports for the purpose of selling a few additional copies, and in this way have earned an enviable reputation for their sheet. Carter has it, always.

Some of the democratic papers of our State are calling for a convention, to nominate party candidates for office, as usual, but others condemn the movement. Hon. E. K. Smart, the democratic candidate for Governor last year, declines a re-nomination, and patriotically favors a suspension of party conflicts. In a letter he says:—

In this great crisis I wish to do what I can to strengthen the hands of the patriotic men who are struggling to save our beloved country, and in reference to the coming election I can best do that by withdrawing my name and acting with those who, without respect to the differences of the past, are ready to disregard mere party organizations and to stand solely upon the issue of the Union of all the States.

Oh, no!—Having wronged, outraged, and insulted the North, for many years, until they have at last aroused it to the fighting point, some of these Southern papers are a little alarmed at the storm of righteous indignation impending over their guilty heads, and to escape it they are willing to concede that the Yankees are as brave as anybody. A practical demonstration of the fact, at the expense of the South, is what they have little relief for. Hear the New Orleans Delta, of recent date:—

Now in order to save our valiant northern friends the necessity of proving that they are not cowards, and the peril and expense involved in the task of demonstration, we propose to admit the fact in advance. We are perfectly willing to agree that they are not cowards; to confess that, in a good cause, they might fight as well as other people, and to allow them the possession of martial qualities to any extent they may demand. We think they would act just a little like sensible men, and not quite so much like idiots or lunatics, if they would accept our proposition and spare both countries the expenses of a campaign and its consequent calamities.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin of Saturday is confident of a speedy revival of business in this portion of the country.

OUR COUNTRY.

When Britain sought to rule
Our fathers, o'er the sea,
Not granting right to represent,
Lay tax upon their tea,
They rose in might,
To strike for right,
Resolved it should not be!

On Bunker's Hill they stood,
To meet the coming foe,
Whose glancing ranks pressed proudly on,
Till patriots laid them low,
"My home, for thee,
My country, free I!"
Nerved every stalwart blow.

Again the ranks are filled
By Britain's hireling crew,
While speaks from every patriot's eye,
"Death waits for me or you!"
Again the foe
Quails at the blow,
And flees from marksmen true.

When ammunition failed,
And bayonets were but few,
Their musket clubs were firmly swung—
Unconquered they withdrew.
With glorious thrill
Cried Bunker Hill,
Their children ever view!

When "Liberty or death!"
Rung forth throughout the land,
And Washington was chosen chief
Of all the patriot band,
"We'll meet the foe!
We'll strike the blow!"
Pledged every heart and hand.

May, "every heart?" ah, no!
For traitors there will be
For gold or power to sell their souls,
Their country's liberty!
But traitorous knaves
Are Satan's slaves,
Unworthy to be free!

Our fathers fought their way
While yet in numbers few;
Dark, weary days, and years of toil,
Blood mark'd their passage through
To that blest goal
Of patriots' soul,
A Freedom's home for you!

God's law of manhood's right,
Their banner they unfurled,
"Equal and free all men are born!"
And waved it o'er the world:—
"To all are free
Life, Liberty!"
To tyrants' ears they hurled.

In peril's darkest hour
They looked to God for aid,
And at the infant nation's birth
His future hopes they laid
On Virtue's might,
Instruction's light,
All truth that God has made.

One balfest star they saw
Yawn from the heavenly sky,
Whose dismal ray they sought to shun,
And hoped that it would die!
But slavers' stars,
With dreadful glare,
Now dazzles every eye!

And it fires the hearts of men
With its maddening flames of sin,
Till they breathe out death to liberty,
Which our fathers fought to win,
And hate, with scorn,
The Northern born,
Whose hearts beat right, within.

With traitorous hearts, they plan
With meanest hands they steal,
While still within the Union folds,
And sworn to Union weal,
No Arnold's fall
E'er gave such call
For help instead of steel!

And freedom bear the shame,
With patience strange and long,
And seem to merit all the taunts
Of Southern gibe and song:
But hark, the shock!
No longer mock,
Hear Sumner's notes prolong!

The banner we have loved,
Which floated to the breeze,
Its stars and stripes, our country's pride,
O'er all the earth's wide seas,
Hope of the world,
In shame now faded,
Waits for our swift release.

It waiteth not in vain,
The electric fire hath sped
From heart to heart of millions free,
Who vow they will be led
To strike the blow,
Till o'er the foe
It waves round Sumner's head!

And as we march to fight,
A blow in righteous give,
To save the stars and stripes again
O'er every Union height,
The watchword be
"All men are free!"
And God be with the right!

Waterville, May 29, 1861. G. F. HATHAWAY.

THE RIGHT TALK.—The Bath Times, one of the ablest papers in the State as well as the most truly democratic and patriotic, in rebuking one of its contemporaries—who, while pretending to support the government, is yet covertly doing what it can to weaken it—comes nobly up to the support of the administration, and says magnanimously and frankly:—

The assertion that any reasonable compromise by the last Congress—anything to which a man could honorably submit—would have checked secession is one which no sensible man should make in the light of existing historical facts. The editor of the Democrat knows that the secessionists always scouted the idea of being checked by compromise; he knows that when Mr. Guthrie's really Union proposition passed the Peace Convention, John Tyler and other conspirators who had been pleading for compromise, left Washington with a threat to carry their States out of the Union. It is perfectly evident that the politicians of the John Tyler stripe were acting upon the "rule or ruin" policy, and practicing a feint in the Peace Convention, merely to gain time; that secession was their grand purpose, to be averted only by the extortion from the federal government of terms which would have been disgraceful and humiliating to the last degree.

INQUEST.—An inquest was held on the 29th of May, on the body of Stephen Cole, of Clinton Gore, supposed to have been murdered in the "Learned Woods" in Burnham. The testimony showed that the deceased had been drinking, and went in company with Mr. Burnham, to the house of Benj. M. Parsons, in Burnham, where he got into an affray with Parsons and his wife, during which he received blows. His companion with assistance of others, got him into the wagon, and after proceeding a short distance allowed him to get out and lie down by the side of the road. He left him there, where he was found the next

day in a senseless state, and died in a few hours. A post mortem examination revealed about three ounces of clotted blood between the membranes of the brain, caused by blows inflicted by Parsons and wife, in self-defence; also an extensive congestion of the lungs caused by exposure.

WHERE'S BOWDOIN?—Bowdoin must look to her laurels. Underrated Waterville, with a little more than a hundred students, furnishes fourteen volunteers for the present war, while among her graduates are Capt. Heath of the Maine 3d Regiment, Col. Dannel of the 5th, Gen. Butler of Massachusetts, and others whom we might enumerate conspicuous for their patriotism and public spirit. Bowdoin—petted, favored, glorious old Bowdoin, from which Jeff. Davis obtained his degree of LL. D.—furnishes not a single soldier from her large number of students; but they are drilling as a home guard (Sparrowgrass kind, eh?); two or three, says a correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, were heard saying they wished to go, when the Bangor regiment went through Brunswick; and the Senior Class are planning a scientific pleasure excursion to the Bay of Fundy during the coming heated term. Perhaps that is glory enough for Bowdoin.

FISHWAY AT THE AUGUSTA DAM.—The editors of the Age and Journal have had their windows up this Spring, and looking out upon the river have seen much not even dreamed of in the philosophy of ordinary mortals, but they have failed to note the condition of that "good and sufficient fishway" over the construction of which they so complacently cackled last fall. Friend Crosby, however, has been down there, and makes a report which we hope no one will fail to read. Their fishway turns out a miserable sham, and we are cheated once more. Let the Fish Wardens do their duty and see that the law is enforced.

SOMETHING GAINED.—The Bangor secession organ will vent its treason once a week, hereafter—the daily having been suspended for lack of support. If the weekly should make its exit in the same quiet way, the country would no doubt be benefited.

ONE OF THE HORSES.—Those who have heard of the horse "Rising Star," will be glad to learn that he may be seen at the stable of T. R. Doolittle, on the Kendall's Mill road. His marked recommendation is the great proportion of his stock that have been sold for high prices on account of their speed. From one to three thousand dollars has so often been paid for them, that those who look for speed can hardly be more sure of it elsewhere. Mr. D. will at least be entitled to the candid judgment of farmers and others, for having purchased and brought this distinguished horse within their reach. So long as "blood tells" they should inquire what it tells.

Notwithstanding the protest of our government, Spain has resolved to accept the cession of San Domingo.

MAINE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.—B. F. Thorndike, favorably known as an active and efficient worker in the temperance cause, has taken the editorial supervision of this paper and flings out the old banner unmitigated. His introductory is exceedingly brief, and he makes no rash promises. "Judge me by what I shall do," he says; and the new life and vigor which is infused into the paper, by his presence augurs well for its future usefulness. We have now two good temperance papers in Maine, which is one more than can be properly supported. They ought to be harmoniously consolidated.

SOUTHERN CURRENT.—The chivalric city of Charleston, which started with the notion of speedily bankrupting and starving the North, has been itself driven to issue ship-ladders for half a day, reading as follows:—

"The Council of the City of Charleston, S. C., C. S. A., certify that this may pass for five (5) cents."

A Wall street New Yorker desirous of learning the real sentiments of the people of Virginia, paid a visit a few days since to the "Old Dominion," and makes the following report to the Commercial Advertiser:—

"He reports that, penetrating beyond the line of our pickets, he visited all the farm houses for miles around the country, and although received curiously by some, yet most cordially by other occupants. He says that the majority of the people seem to be entirely ignorant of the cause for strife. That they entertain the idea that the Northern people are about to make war upon the South for the purpose of freeing their slaves, and destroying their domestic institutions. That he had an interview with several officers of a Virginia cavalry company, who, although men of more than ordinary intelligence, and of apparently good social position, seemed to hold the same opinion of the occupation of Virginia by the Northern troops, as did the more ignorant farmers."

After long, earnest and familiar conversation, the captain of the troops expressed to him his opinion that they had committed a mistake; had mis

MISCELLANY.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

OLDEN RIDDLE RHYMES.

A water there is I must pass,
A broader water never was;
And yet of all waters I ever did see,
To pass over with less jeopardy.

There is a bird of great renown,
Useful in kind and town;
None would like to see him do;
He's yellow, black, red and green,
A very pretty bird, I ween;
Yet he's both fierce and fell;
I count him worse than can this tell.

Over the water
And under the water,
And always with his head down!

Two legs at four legs,
With four legs standing by;
Four then were drawn by ten;
Four my middle eye saw,
However much ye try.

Black within and without,
Four corners round about.

As I was going over you moor of moss,
I met a man on a grey horse;
He whipped and he would,
He asked him what he said;
He said he was going to his father's funeral,
Who died seven years before he was born.

A house full, a yard full,
And yet it can't catch a bowl full.

The calf, the goose, the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.

Banks full, brass full,
Though ye gather all day
He said he was going to his father's funeral,
Who died seven years before he was born.

The land was white,
The seed was black;
It will take a good scholar
To riddle me that.

[From the Portland Transcript.
Letter from Ethan Spike.

HORNBURY, MAY 23,

We lotted out to be Zooners, but the fore-
go antydescent out from an old paper has
changed our ticktacks:

The Zooners of the French army are for-
midable, but the Turcomen are terrible.

This settled the question. We want to be
terrible—therefore the Turcomen line is bet-
ter kallykated to develop our interior an-
timosities. The following regulation order No.
916, was immediately issued.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY

The Zooner drill heretofore in practice by the legions
of Hornbury is hereby pronounced an—do to speak—dried
up.

Heretofore this date the forces of this Suverinty will
be known as appreciated as "Turkymen"—or, as short
for the same, "Terrible Turkymen"—an will conduct
themselves accordingly.

PARADEMAN PRAEDITY,
Quartermaster General, by Rev. only

I've tried to learn the new drill but he's only
gone far enough to get a sprained ankle and
two fore teeth knocked out. The drill sergeant
says this is well as far as it goes, but thinks
I'll never make a very terrible turkey, a
kinder insinuated that such in the goose
line would agree better with me. I've bin
thinkin of his remarks ever since. If I
thought he intended to insinuate anything agin
my moral turpitude, why of course military
discipline will require that I should kick him
as soon as my foot gets well enough; but as
he's big enough to kick three of me—I'll be
damned if I don't think my foot will trouble
me pretty nigh all summer.

We've had a good deal of trouble in organiz-
ing our army on account of no one bin
willing to serve lower than a corporal.
Consequence is, we've got more officers than we
know what to do with an only three privates—
one of which is under guard for whistling
Yankee doodle, another has seceded an set up
on his own account. Tother poor cusses, hev in
to stand the hull hunt, is fast been drilled to
death. All the officers has a lick at him.—
They rout him out at 5 in the mornin an' rot
him round till pitch dark. Latterly he's got
so wound up, his wife says, that he might just
as well not go to bed at all, havin become a
regier somnambulist, an trains all night about
on the cold floor with nothin on but his
that is, I mean say—no rather she mean say—
say—or perhaps both of us mean say—with-
out his uniform on. He looks dreadfully mis-
erable—about all the nourishment he takes is
rum and turkerack, an of they make a turkey
of him it must be one of Job's kind. I'd say
ther he be a terrible goose than belong to that
flock anyhow.

Originally it was fixed that our forces
should be divided into three grand corps.
One destined to take Augusta, another to occupy
Portland an tother to harass Sacarapay, but
owin to our trouble with Virginy, and the
great skersity of privates, the arrangement was
gin up an consolidated into the grand army of
okoperation. What we're goin to okkyp ain't
sartin—most probably this ere moonisopportunity
unless we're driven out, in which case, okkupa-
tion will be more or less permiskious.

In fact we come pretty nigh clearin aout a
few nights ago. Some incendiary undermined
Major General Libby's thunderin gret wood
pile over by the metunus. That was more'n
50 cords into it an the crash was awful. We
all thought we was Shelled! The falanx
however, turned about promptly an got better
than two miles away from aown afore they
faunted what it was. General Libby rode after
them, told em what it was, an that they needn't
be scared. So arter sendin a advance picket rear
guard to reinter, they marched back agin to
the pump where the general publicly thanked
them in form for their prompt action. It is
looked upon as a gret warty that the general
thought to ride arter them—if he hadn't,
hev bin now, as when he come up with em they
was precisin the Zooner trot toward Kaner-
dy.

Perhaps I orter hev said before, that Vir-
giny havin apologized for the treatment of
our envoy an offered to supply us with all
the niggers we want, we shall comply with her
request to let her alone, which we shall do as
soon as we can.

Wot we most fear is a blockade,—though
Pelish Peaslee, on account of the studyin law,
bin gin up on once of bein cross eyed,
says he's looked all through the Twoun Of-
fice, likewise Chitty on Bills, an don't find
that the State has any right to do it.

Aour letters of mark hav bin unfortin so
fur. Tim Kyer an Pete Libby are the only
two who hev bin commissioned. Tim was
cothied in a fox trap a week ago last night,
in a hin coast over to Tetterville, where he was
arter "repitals"—as he says—though I've no
doubt he was arter the bane. He was licked
half out of his shin and then released on
parole. Pete captured a hoss somers over
Bethel way, an the wretched half starved
mercenary of Gov. Washburn hev not saved
the haybuss corpus acor, bin of human rights
an human endurance, an put him in Paris

jail! But let the oppressors tremble!—Horn-
by will avenge the indignity offered to her
gallant sons. Good Heavens! What are we
comin to when men with letters of mark in
their pockets are shut up in jails or caught in
traps like woodchucks!

What do the hirelins of Washburn mean?
All we ask is—just let us alone—are our rights
to be tuk away on account of a few hosses an
hins an sich like—more or less? Do they
think to conjugate us? Could they see the
spirit that runs through—bills and rampages
the people of this Suverinty, they would know
that sich people can never be conjugated.
Could they hear the bunkum speeches of aour
invinible warriors, Washburn and his blood-
thirsty mermaids would see that—though—

"Worlds may rack,
An matter crash—"

Likewise—
"Leaves has their time to fall—"

Yet the Woodchuck flag of the free an hum of
the brave—
"—Shall yet terrify burn—"

Let us alone!
We only want to grub round an pick up
what we want. We don't intend to take any
thing we don't want. Why can't you let us
alone? If you won't listen to reason, why
then come on. Bring on your mercenaryes—
an see if you kin kitch us. On that day we
shant be there.

Isn't it a onalainable right laid down in the
Constitution that every day as he has a
minder? That's all we want, that an nothin
shorter.

There's a party detached for secret sarving
to night. It seems that an old woman from
Portland up here on a visit to her darter, an
Brig Gen. Squelet with a squad of pick-
ed men is detailed to surprise an cut her off. Ef
the General is successful, it will add gratly to
his already numerous laurels, an greatly en-
courage aour troops, as she is said to be as
high strung as a sitin hin. Ef we get her
we shall most likely pick her pockets an swop
her off for aour distressed feller citizen—Pete
Libby—now languishin in the furin dungeons
of the haughty oppressor.

I don't know but I've mentioned it before
—however it will bear repeatin—Let us
alone!

Aour troops shot at a tin pedlar the tother
day, but missin their aim they mortally wound-
ed the widder Peasboby's caw in some vital
part, an the pedlar escaped. The commander
of the detachment has been promoted.

Finally—why in thunder can't you LET US
ALONE!

ETHAN SPIKE.

RUBBER BLANKETS.—The Rockland Demo-
crat says that in a recent conversation with
Dr. Buxton of Warren, he gave it as his opin-
ion that the rubber blanket is the worst thing
which a man can take, as he knows by experi-
ence while camping in California. It is
always wet whether above or below. He
considers the woolen blanket, lined with drilling
as the best.

RUBBARD STREP.—The apert quality of
green rubber, and its conduciveness to
health, being now so well known, its useful-
ness does not admit of a doubt; but allow me
to remark it is best used in the form of a
syrup eaten with plain bread, as are all
cooked fruits; and not with pastry, especially
by invalid persons who have bilious constitu-
tions. Pastry is like strong drinks; it only
serves to indulge the appetite, rather than to
impart to it any real good, causing secretions
in the stomach beyond their natural order.
To make rubbardsyrup simply to cut it into small
pieces, simmer it over a slow fire one hour,
with a very little water; or it may be baked
in a jar, then strain it and add sugar to the
palate. When it is young it is, like apples,
unnecessary to be peeled. If sweetened with
the best of sugars (loaf is best), it will, if pre-
served air tight, and set in a cool place, keep
good for many months, and will be found to
be pleasant and refreshing at all times and
seasons.—[Gardener's Chronicle, London.

TO CORN BEEF.—Most of the corn beef
bought of regular dealers, is so much impreg-
nated with salt as to be unreliable and some-
times uneatable by common jaws. The best
way is to do your own curing, which may be
satisfactorily accomplished as follows: To eight
gallons of water, add two pounds of brown
sugar, one quart of molasses, four ounces of
saltpetre, and fine salt, until it will float an
egg. Then purchase your own beef, fresh
from the butcher and immerse it. It will keep
for months, and be tender and toothsome.
[Country Gent.

Says the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette:
"A man in Berks Co., Pa., has a rosebush in
his garden which blossoms with red, white and
blue roses. So says a reliable exchange—"

We can better this, for Mr. Jones, of Cambridge
assures us that he has got a lilac bush that is
budded with miniature American flags and
patriotic breasplings, and that a robin comes
there every morning and whistles Yankee
Doodle on it.

"Three Days Later from Boston."

ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.

I have just returned from Boston
with a fresh lot of

Boots and Shoes,
of all kinds consisting in part of

GENTLEMEN'S GOLF AND PAT-
ENT CONGRESS BOOTS.

OXFORD TIES, FRENCH OPERA
BOOTS, SCOTCH LACE BOOTS,
BOYS' AND YOUTH'S GOLF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

of different kinds,
Ladies' Boots, Street Boots, Sigs
and Kid Congress, French and American Slippers, Men's and
Children's Boots and Shoes, of every variety, together with all
other articles comprising the stock of a shoe store, all of
which are new and good goods, and will be sold at the
lowest cash prices.

Grateful for your patronage and many favors in commencing
I would solicit a continuance of the same, hoping to retain
your confidence and enlarge my trade.

Boots and Shoes of all Styles,
sewed or pegged, made to order in the "neatest possible man-
ner."

Respects due in "tip top" shape.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please call and look at my goods, and
remember I can sell you as good work, and as low prices as
any one in town.

GEO. A. L. MERRILLFIELD,
opposite Eldon & Herick's,
Main St., Waterville, Me.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINE.

WITH
NEW IMPROVEMENTS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

The Wheeler & Wilson
Manufacturing Company
having gained all their
patents at law, with in-
fringing manufactures of
Sewing Machines, pro-
prietors of the same, and
the public shall be ben-
efited thereby, and ac-
cordingly reduced the price
of their Sewing Machine.
After this date they will
be sold at rates that will pay
a fair profit on the cost of
manufacture, capital invest-
ed, and expense of making
them, with prices as will
enable them to make first
class machines, and at the
same time, guarantee them
every particular.

20 NEEDLES & PHILLIPS, Agents, for Waterville, Me.

LOAN WANTED.

\$800 wanted immediately for a term of years, on good
Mortgage and notes in this village. Enquire at the
Western Mail office.
March 14, 1861.

POTAMUS for sale at
J. P. CAFFEY'S

Kendalls Mills Advmts.

DR. A. PINKHAM,

SURGEON DENTIST.

CONTINUOUS to receive all orders for their need of dental
Office—Third door south of Railroad Bridge, Main Street,
Kendall's Mills, Me.

N. B.—Teeth extracted without pain by a new process
numbing the gums, which is entirely different from freezing,
and can be used in all cases with perfect safety.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.

Counselor at Law
No. 6 Middle Street,
PORTLAND.

DRUMMOND & WEBB.

Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIAL PUBLIC,
WATERVILLE, ME.

Office over G. K. Mathews' Book Store, lately occupied by
Drummond & Webb. 5 BROWN F. WEBB.

ORIN T. GRAY.

Counselor at Law,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Office on Main Street,
nearly opposite the "Western Mail," lately occupied by
P. L. Chandler. 37

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. CAMPBELL,
HAYING supplied himself, while in Europe, and since his
return with a great variety of Surgical Instruments and
Apparatus, including

WELCH'S CUTTING PERCUSSIONS,
now used by the best Surgeons for the treatment of fractures,
will pay particular attention to the treatment of

PRACTICE OF SURGERY
in its various branches. Residence and Office on Center-st.
Waterville, Oct. 9, 1860. 1914

Medical Notice.

DOCTOR NOLAN
Will hereafter practice Medicine and Surgery at Water-
ville, permanently and without interruption.
His charges and fees are the same as those of
other Physicians in the place.

He will continue to give special attention to treatment of
Diseases of
EYE AND EAR.

Residence and office for the present at Elmwood Hotel.
Dec. 20, 1860. 47

Wm. W. BROWN
Having made some improve-
ments in his establishment,
respectfully requests his sin-
cere patrons to call on him at
Waterville and Ken's Mills,
and solicit a continuance of
their patronage. He has se-
cured a competent and super-
ior foreman, and feels com-
petent to meet the expectations
of the public.

Bread, Crackers, Cakes and Pies.
Will be regularly furnished from the Cart, or at the Shop
heretofore.

On and after Monday, May 13, his Cart will make its daily
trips through this village; and on Tuesday and Friday fore-
noon, will visit Kendall's Mills. BROWN BREAD distributed
every Wednesday and Saturday, and on Sunday morning at
the Shop.

Pies and parties furnished at short notice, and at low
prices.

He pledges himself to use the very best of stock, and to
make all reasonable calls on his customers; and in return
hopes for their continued confidence and patronage.
No credit given.
Waterville, May 9, 1861.

HILL & SAVAGE.

TAKE this method of informing their patrons, and other
that they have returned to Waterville, and intend dicary
the PAINTING BUSINESS in its various branches, such as

House, Sign and Carriage Painting,
GRAINING, GLAZING, PAPER-HANGING, & MARBLING

Feeling confident of their ability to do all work entrusted to
them in a workmanlike manner, they would solicit a share of
the public patronage.

Shop at William Stillson's old stand.
Particular attention given to Sign & Carriage Painting
Marshall's Corner, March 31, 1861.

PICTURE FRAMES!

Just received, a great variety of Gilt and Rose Wood
Mouldings for PICTURE FRAMES, which will fitted
for customers in the most workmanlike manner, at lower
prices than they have been paying for Mouldings alone.

Prices of Moulding from 3 cts. to 18 cts. per foot.
OVAL and CIRCULAR FRAMES furnished to order at
moderate prices.

CANVAS STRETCHERS for OIL PAINTING, made at much
lower prices than elsewhere.
W. A. CAFFEY,
No. 3 Boutelle Block.
July, 1860. 21r

REMOVAL.

The subscriber has removed his
Chair and Saddle Manufacturing
Establishment to
Hartland, N. H.

from West Waterville to Hartland, N. H., Mr. J. V. MOOR
as a partner. The business will be carried on hereafter under
the firm of

H. A. BACHELDER & CO.
All orders will be promptly attended to. He respectfully
solicits the patronage of his former customers, for the New
Firm.
Hartland, November, 1860. HENRY A. BACHELDER.

LOOK AT THIS.

HARNES MAKING AND TRIMMING.
MR. G. B. BROAD
would respectfully inform the citizens
of Waterville and vicinity that he has
moved a shop at

Main Street, nearly opposite
Marston's Block.

Where he intends to keep a good
assortment of HARNESSES, which he
will sell cheap for cash.

Jobbing done on the most reasonable terms.
With close application to business he hopes to receive a
share of public patronage.
Waterville, Nov. 20, 1860. 20

DENTISTRY.

EDWIN DUNBAR,
Takes this method to inform the Inhabitants
of Waterville and adjoining towns that he has
removed to the building of S. WING, where he is prepared
to perform all operations in the dental line.
Examinations and advice gratis.

Business Notice.

THE subscribers having purchased the stock and taken the
entire management of J. M. ELLIOTT, respectfully invite atten-
tion to their full assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STOVES, AND TIN WARE.
NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS AND OILS.

Cordage and all the usual variety of a FIRST CLASS HARD-
WARE STORE, which they intend to keep on hand for the
use of all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for
Wholesale and Retail Trade. They are prepared to receive
Orders, and will give particular attention to that
branch of the business.

Also as above a great variety of PUMPS, including
"KNOWLTON'S PATENT"

a new and cheap Force Pump, very desirable for Deep
Wells.
Shot Iron, Zinc and Tin work made in the best
manner.
Waterville, June 6, 1860. 48

NOTICE TO THE AFFLICTED.

MRS. E. C. MORSE, PHYSICIAN.
Respectfully informs the public and especially the Ladies
of Waterville and vicinity, that she has taken the Rooms
formerly occupied by the late Mrs. HARRIS, on Main Street,
opposite the head of a great street, where she has perma-
nently located for the practice of her profession. Though she
may fallow measure the high place of her predecessor in the esteem
of her patrons, she pledges her best endeavors to deserve their
confidence and favors. Special attention given to Cancer,
Tumors and Diseases of the Blood. Patients attended at their
residences, in or out of town, when desired.
Several years successful practice gives her confidence that
she can be of service to the afflicted generally.
Waterville, Feb.

FOR SALE.

Three Percuss of Rock. Estate.
HOUSE AND LOT
next South of Dr. Porter's.

House and lot, about 11/2 acres situated about two miles from
the village west. Formerly property of the late J. O. LITCH-
FIELD. For further information inquire of H. FOSTER.

"Nothing Like Leather."

55 SIZES LINED BOLE LEATHER,
5 down American Calf Skins,
25 down Wash Leather,
25 down Black and Grained Leather,
For sale by G. A. L. MERRILLFIELD,
Main Street, Waterville.

Paper Hangings!
5000 ROLLS ROLL PAPER, New Patterns, bought for
cash, selling very low at
O. T. GRAY'S,
opposite the Post Office.

For Sale.

THE house and lot occupied by Hon. W. D. B. Mac, on Front
Street. Apply to
J. L. E. FRAYER.

VISIT O. S. NEWELL'S, Book and Shoe Store, opposite the
Post Office, if you wish to select some large stock at
very low prices.

NOTICE.

THE House and Lot on College Street, owned by
J. L. E. FRAYER, is for sale.
Consentation given immediately.

Notice.
14 SHOES, selling Cheap at
W. L. B. opposite the Post Office.

Portland Advertisements.

BAILEY & NOYES,

(LATE FRANCIS BAILEY)
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationer,
Books constantly on hand.

One of the best selected and largest Stock of Books to be
found in the State, which they offer at Wholesale and Retail at
fair prices.

The numerous customers of the old house are respectfully
solicited to continue their patronage, and they may rely that
no pains will be spared to supply their wants.

In connection with our Store we have a large bindery in
the State and are prepared to bind Manuscripts, Music, pamphlets
and in fact every kind of book from a primer to a folio bible.
W. BAILEY JAMES NOYES.

Orders for Binding may be left with MATTHEW & WING, at the
"Eastern Mail" Office, Waterville.

H. WARREN LANCEY,
IMPORTER & WHOLESALE DEALER IN
HARD WARE,
CUTLERY AND WINDOW GLASS,
147 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME. 1560

McGILVER, RYAN & DAVIS,
SHIP CHANDLERS,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CORDAGE, AND CHAINS,
Country orders filled promptly,
Commercial Street, PORTLAND, ME. 1560

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT -- 1861.
On and after Monday, April 16th 1861, Trains will leave
Waterville for Portland at 10.15 A. M. for Bangor at
6.30 A. M. and 6 P. M. Freight Train for Portland at 6 A. M.
Returning—Passenger Train from Portland will arrive
at 5 P. M. and from Bangor at 7 P. M.
EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.

Portland and Boston Line.
The splendid new sea going Steamer ORIST
CITY, LEWISTON, and MONTREAL, will
until further notice, run as follows:
Leave Atlantic Wharf, Portland, every Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and
leave Boston at 10 o'clock, P. M., and return to Portland,
Thursday, and Friday, at 6 o'clock P. M.
Fare, in Cabin \$1.25

N. B. Each boat is furnished with a large number of State
Rooms, for the accommodation of ladies and families, and trav-
elers are reminded that by taking this line, much saving of
time and expense will be made, and the inconvenience of arriv-
ing in Boston at late hours of the night will be avoided.

The boats arrive in season for passengers to take the earliest
trains out of the city.

The Company are not responsible for baggage to an amount
exceeding \$25 in value, and that personal, unless notice is
given and paid for the rate of one passenger for every \$50
of baggage.

Freight taken as usual.
May 1, 1861. L. BILLING, Agent

Portland and New York Steamers

SEMI WEEKLY LINE
SPRING ARRANGEMENT.
The splendid and fast Steamship CHESAPEAKE, Capt. J. H. LEE,
will leave Portland for New York, every Wednesday, at 8 P. M.,
and return to Portland, every Saturday, at 8 P. M.

Leave New York for Portland, every Wednesday and Sat-
urday, at 6 o'clock P. M., and return to Portland, every
Wednesday and Saturday, at 8 P. M.

The vessels are fitted up with fine accommodations for pas-
sengers, and the crew are of the very best quality.

Passage including Fare and State Rooms, \$5.00
Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec
Bangor, Bath, Augustus, and St. John. They also
connect with steamers for Baltimore, Savannah and Wash-
ington.

Shippers are requested to send their freight to the Boat be-
fore 4 P. M. on the day she leaves Portland.

For Freight or Passage apply to
J. H. LEE, Agent, at the office of the Company, in the
City of Portland, Maine.

Goods delivered at the House in the Village.
H. B. CROMWELL & CO., Proprietors, 12 N. York,
May 30, 1861.

Lincoln's Grocery.

Wm. M. LINCOLN, No. 3, Ticonic Row, is happy to inform
the public that he has received a large stock of
BEST FAMILY GROCERIES, he is enabled to offer at all times
and at the lowest prices a choice selection of

Teas
Coffee
Sugar
Corn
Stoves
Woolen Ware
Spices
Canned
Fruit
Pickles
Sausages
Cakes
Mackerel
Buckling
Canned
Fruit
Pickles
Sausages
Cakes
Mackerel
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