



7-25-1861

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 03): July 25, 1861

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 03): July 25, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 730.
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BY MARIAN CLYDE.

The last days of July were fast going. It was the twilight time, and a bank of somber clouds lay in the west, with a crimson line low down on the horizon, the last blush of sunset. I sat in the doorway, watching it slowly fade, and thinking as I watched. The katydids were lonesomely chirping, and I could hear the murmur of children's voices at play, for the village of Maydell was only a little distance away.

I had been spending the afternoon, in company with several other young ladies, at the house of Mrs. Scranton, who lived next door to the parsonage. And as Alfred Worthington, our preacher, was a young man, and Mrs. Scranton had several daughters, he awakened a world of interest in her mind.

On the particular afternoon of which I speak, the young minister had been invited to take tea with us. While discussing the beverage, we also fell to discussing the merits and demerits of Sue Harville, one of our village belles.

Sue was an acknowledged favorite in the neighborhood; but Mrs. Scranton, probably fearing the effect of her presence on our young clergyman, had failed to invite her to the tea drinking, and now proceeded to speak of her as a wild, giddy girl, who was already a heart-sore to her parents. Our efforts to take Sue's part were utterly disregarded.

"It is a little surprising," she said, "that increasing years do not bring more steadiness of character. Only the last time she was here, I felt it my duty to reprove her for some undue lightness of manner, but she laughed in my face, and said she intended to obey the divine mandate, 'Laugh life away,' to the letter."

About two weeks after this, there was a Sabbath school picnic near the village, and Mrs. Scranton and her daughter were chief committee. Mr. Worthington addressed the children; and just before dinner, I took an opportunity of introducing him to Sue. But ever busy gossip had whispered in her ear, that the minister held an unfavorable opinion of her, and had already been shocked at stories of her wildness. So my intended kindness was received with indifference. And if she were more wilful and gay than formerly, it did not surprise me.

Summer faded into autumn. The leaves dropped in the forests, and the apples ripened in the orchards. The fields were brown and bare again, and the plough boy whistled at his work while he turned the stubble land into fresh furrows. But, to my sorrow, Sue and Mr. Worthington were no better friends. To my sorrow, I say, for I had wrought out a piece of romance in my day dreams, and made them chief actors in it. However, Sue had come regularly to church, and no voice in the choir was sweeter than hers.

Occasionally, at the social gathering, where old and young mingled together, they met—But Sue had smiles for all but Alfred Worthington; while he seemed to forget that she belonged to his flock, and might expect a kind word from the minister, even if she had not deserved it.

It did no good for me to take his part. She called him too stately; said his face looked like a palm tree; and that really she was afraid to have him come near her. Sometimes she would admit to me that his sermons were beautiful, and with a half sigh wish she were better. But she would never promise to act less per se in his presence.

One evening, early in December, we had attended a lecture in the village, and Sue was accompanying me home. We were alone, but did not feel at all fearful, and were chatting pleasantly, when I heard a step beside us, and Mr. Worthington came up. Sue was silent in a moment, leaving me to entertain the minister as best I might. When we reached the parsonage, his inmate did not forsake us, but asked permission to go the entire way.

Sue was still provocatively silent, and finally he asked her if she was considering the lecture she had heard.

"Oh! no; only the sermon last Sunday," was her reply.

Unfortunately, the Sabbath previous, our minister had said there were better things in life than "mirth, and song, and dance;" that youth should sometimes be earnest and thoughtful in a preparation for coming life or death. Sue had taken some parts of the sermon as meant exclusively for herself.

He now gravely told her he trusted the seed had fallen on good ground, begged pardon for interrupting her, and said he would leave her to her meditation without further interruption.

It was out of all patience with them both. "How could you, Sue?" I exclaimed, as soon as the door closed on him. "Are you two determined never to be friendly?"

"If he preaches at me, surely it is no harm to let him know his words are rightly applied," she answered carelessly.

"I have no idea he was preaching at you," I said, warmly; "his remarks were general." "Oh, fie! Mr. Worthington and perfection are synonymous terms with you," she replied. "Let us not quarrel over such trifling matters." And she began talking of something else.

Mrs. Scranton still continued to exercise a paternal care over Mr. Worthington. One afternoon, he had called for me to visit a sick child, and as we approached her house, she was at the door. When she heard where we were going, her anxiety for the child was great. She called Maria to get her bonnet and shawl and go with us. She could go just as well as not, and if there was any watching to be done, could be spared much better than I.

I felt grateful, but could not help thinking I should have had no cause for gratitude, had not the minister been in the case.

Maria soon appeared. We reached the house, and, no one answering our knock, opened the door. The room was empty, but a door leading to an adjoining one stood open, and we went in. The windows were all darkened save one, and near this sat Sue with little Willy Carson in her arms. The child was dying. There was no mistaking the purple hue of the lips and the death damp on the brow. His mother knelt beside him weeping uncontrollably, and his sister stood holding his hand in hers.

Willy had asked to be taken to the window, and now he looked out upon the snowy earth, and up at the cold sky for the last time. School was just out, and the children were skipping home with many a joyous word and merry shout. Poor little boy! he would never play with them again.

But dear Sue's task was too much for her. I had often heard her say that death was terrible to her, and with that little dying face so close to her own, I knew she suffered. Mr. Worthington seemed to comprehend it at a glance, and gently took the child from her trembling arms.

The shadows grew deeper and deeper around the room, and out of doors the snow began falling, while the wind moaned dismally. The little boy's breath came still more heavily, and the mourners still sobbed on, while the minister,

with words of consolation and prayer, strove to comfort them. At last, with little Mary's kisses on his lips, Willy was dead.

Sue had been with him all the preceding night, and now, worn and weary, she prepared to go home. When ready, she found Mr. Worthington waiting to accompany her. But she insisted there was no need of his going—she had much rather he would stay with us—she did not like to leave us alone.

"But see, Miss Harville, it is storming badly," he said; and opening the door, we heard the storm rushing by. "Besides," he added, regarding her pale face and quivering lips, "you do not look very much like battling with the elements. I think I shall take you home."

She was too weak and overcome to contest the point farther, and so submitted to be wrapped up and taken home.

The next day but one was the funeral. Mr. Worthington preached from: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." One passage in his sermon I remember particularly:

"How awful," he said, "death appears, when we view it as only the stern messenger that takes our loved ones from us; that steals, with his chilling breath, into their hearts; that touches the face till it is marble, and kisses the warm lips till they are pale and still! But if we look further, and behold the shining hosts, who wait to welcome the freed spirit, who strike their harps of gold in praise of melodies to God and the Lamb! If we remember there are no tears, there is no sin in heaven; ah! then death has lost its sting and is swallowed up in victory! And though it is a sad pleasure even to strew the graves of the departed with flowers, is it not joy to know they are not there? Truly, 'Death is the gate to endless day.' Why should we fear to enter there?"

He also spoke of the purity of childhood, and how wrong it seemed to mourn for those taken; and their hearts had grown familiar with the paths of sin, and sown to garner up its bitter fruit.

At last the procession wound slowly to the graveyard, and little Willy was buried. Yet not Willy—only the fair form, from which the soul had gone forth to be with God and the angels.

With Sue and I hand clasped in mine, we passed out the gate, and I was turning toward my own home, when she drew me the other way. As we went lightly up the steps, I asked her if she suffered any inconvenience from the storm the night Mr. Worthington came home with her. She said:

"No, he was a very good escort," and led the way to the sitting room, which we found unoccupied.

"And you did not find him so very disagreeable after all?" I asked.

"Oh! please don't remind me of my foolish speeches about him. I have been very unjust; but, indeed, I have never really disliked him. Only I thought he considered me too trifling to be noticed by one so immaculate as himself, and so I often took pains to do what I thought would shock and displease him."

And then Sue, very earnestly and blushing, told me how weak and exhausted she had been that night, and how tenderly he had cared for her. How, after they reached her home, and she was comfortably resting in her easy-chair, by the fire, he had talked to her of death, seeming to understand all her feelings of dread and terror; and finally, on leaving, he had taken her hand in his, and asked her to forget all their former coldness and prejudice, which he was convinced was but the work of others in the beginning, and be friends with him.

The minister's visits at the Harville mansion were increased in length and number, till, one day in April, when storm had given place to sunshine, and the bravest flowers were coming up, there were vows spoken, and hands clasped, and Sue was a wife.

Poor Maria Scranton!—it nearly killed her. But, in a few weeks, a new lawyer came to the village, and the next Sabbath, she appeared at church, with her curls flowing down her neck longer than ever.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.—A medical writer gives the following method of expanding the chest, which is so simple and easy of attainment, that almost any one may adopt it. Take a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead: to the lower end of the rope, attach a sick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the center of the chest, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing, very moderately, at first—perhaps only bear the weight, it very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle, with the sternum, or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs, and enlarge the chest; and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of blood—and preventing the congestion or deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs, and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But, especially as a preventive, I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life, cultivate a well formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all, should have a swing, upon which to stretch themselves daily; and I am morally certain that if this were to be practiced by the rising generation, in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, thousands would be saved from the ravages of consumption.

GEN. LYON'S BODY GUARD.—One of the principal features of the march are Gen. Lyon and his German body guard. The latter composed of ten athletic St. Louis butchers, each mounted on a powerful horse, and armed with a heavy cavalry sword and a pair of navy revolvers; each wears a light hat turned up on the left side, and decorated with a white ostrich plume. Almost any time Gen. Lyon, accompanied by half a dozen of these savage looking fellows, may be seen spurring along the line, or a small squad of them, or singly galloping fiercely to the front or rear, or straight out into the open country. If the General goes into a house, a half dozen of them will be seen in front, standing like iron statues at the bridle of their horses—if he comes along in advance of the train the clank-

ing of their long sabres is heard beside him—stop, where he will, they may be always seen a solid squad of white plumed horsemen awaiting patiently his movements. They are fearless riders—jump fences on a dead run, leap ditches, gallop down steep descents, and, in fact, never ride less fast than their horses can run, unless compelled by some urgent necessity. Independent of their duty as body guards, they act as messengers, scouts, etc., and, in consequence, have plenty to do. They are commanded by a Lieutenant, and from their appearance and daring horsemanship, will, if occasion demands, whip a dozen times their weight in chivalry.—[Cor. N. Y. Times.]

WHAT HAS A LADY TO DO WITH TEMPERANCE?—Much. The gentle elements of her nature have fitted her for command; and God has made the empire of the heart boundless. Love is the bond of sympathy with all intelligent creatures. It is the master principle of society; a spontaneous emotion of the soul, obedient to no motives save those which claim kindred with its own character. Fear cannot inspire it; power cannot suppress it; wealth cannot purchase it; authority cannot command it. A slave in all its malignant passions, the soul is free in every exercise of affection, in every act of benevolence. However other objects may inspire the emotion, woman was made to be mistress of this passion in the soul. If she does not rule in the heart of man, it is usually because goodness does not rule her own. She may light the torch of benevolence and direct its fire wherever she will; her empire is boundless and free. This influence was given to make her both the guardian and ministering angel. Devoted to frivolity, her influence reaches only to the fancy, and neither makes nor retains a permanent conquest, but consecrated to charity, it will die only with the memory of her who was "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre."

Intemperance affects man; but it blasts woman. It lays a withering stroke on her heart, and her beauty consumes like a moth, while her joy goes down to the tomb. Man survives the loss of happiness; woman—never. Man has a thousand chances to secure it, woman has but one. The evils which intemperance lays upon man, come often one at a time; on woman they light all together. We ask her to throw her benevolence into the scale, to secure protection for her own fireside—for her own heart. For aught you can tell, the fate of yonder widow, friendless and forlorn, may soon be yours; for aught you can tell, the destroyer who yesterday wrote the mother childless, tomorrow may lay destruction at your door and break your heart. Whatever may be your power to attract, to persuade, to command, hesitate not to throw that power into this cause, and then, no matter what may be the result, you shall know that you are guiltless.

In the domestic circle is cast the character of men; it gives expression to nations. If purity and peace are not found there, society will be filled with discontent and contention. As sure as intemperance crosses the threshold of domestic life, every pure and high influence will depart. Low indulgence, crawling down through every degree of meanness—even the covered with refinement—drags the soul along, robbing it of noble sensibilities, and introducing it to every form of "swilled insolence," till she entirely loses the divine property of her first being. Let those who preside over the divine sanctities of domestic life, and administer its sacred rites, guard the entrance against the first approach of this monster. If the household gods are not kept in purity, there is not a deity that is safe from pollution.

[Phil. Adv.]

'NO TOOLS TO LEND.'—These words, inscribed on the door of a farmer's tool house, recently caught our eye, and furnished a ready theme for meditation. Borrowing is an ancient and evil custom, the fruitful source of many troubles. In the rudimentary stages of civilization there might have been greater necessity for borrowing than now; but as the world progresses there can be less and less need of it.

The tendency of cultivated humanity is to independent action—the tendency of barbarism is to a servile obligation. The more educated a community, the less they borrow, and consequently the more the borrowing element predominates, the greater their degradation. There are several kinds of borrowers—the careless—the slack and the prompt—and those who expect to pay for the privilege, and those who do not expect to—those who help themselves without permission, and those who forget to return. The careful, prompt, paying borrower is usually a welcome visitor. It is a pleasure to lend to such a man. This class know how to appreciate a favor, and it is of these that Solomon spoke when he said "the borrower is servant to the lender." But there is a class to whom the lender is servant, a degenerate class of borrowers, always to be dreaded. They wear a fair, smooth face to begin with, and a mean, sneaking face to end. They take the precious property of another, and subject it to rougher usage and severer strain than does the owner. The chances are that the article is returned in a broken or damaged condition. A man who can misuse a borrowed thing, seldom has delicacy enough to make amends for an injury. This insult is added to injury, and if complaint arises, neighbors often become enemies. That such are the frequent, final results from borrowing, any one familiar with social life knows.

At that farm house where the inscription above referred to was linned there may have been peculiar reasons for it. Of these reasons we know nothing, and have no desire to. But our sympathies, quickened by trials in this lending line, have led us to recall cases that may have been real. For example, farmer A. keeps all sorts of tools neat, bright, and in perfect order. He prides himself on having tools, and sacrifices other pleasures to save money to buy and pay for them. He has neighbors who are unable or too stingy to buy, and so they live by borrowing, and making old apologies for tools answer instead. They can appreciate good tools, and are willing to save time in using them, as well as anybody, but they never think about the propriety of remuneration.

Farmer A. buys a new corn planter, and the season being backward, several neighbors are behind hand in planting and apply for the use of the machine. The implement costs money; the owner never expecting to, buy another, handles it himself carefully, and reluctantly loans it. Some day after, when farmer A. wants to use his machine, he has to

hunt it up among his neighbors, and finds it dirty, unhoused, a nut lost off, and a wooden linch pin supplying the place of the appropriate iron one. As it has been used by several individuals, each throws the blame of damage upon the other, coolly leaving the owner to pocket the loss and its injury.

Again, farmer A. gets a mowing machine, and puts it in running order some rainy day before the time of using. Soon after a neighboring farmer comes all prepared with his team, and wants to try it in his home lot, intimating that he thinks of buying when he can decide upon its merits. The machine is allowed to depart, and finally returned by the borrower without thanks or offering, but with the cool impudence that it wouldn't do its work. On examination the knives are found gapped and marked by the sticks and bricks through which it has run, and the loss of an important screw is a key to the mystery. Other cases might be enumerated. Suffice it to say there are well-off farmers in almost every town, who for years have depended upon less opulent neighbors for plows, rakes, forks and grind stones. These things ought not to be. Every tub should stand or fall upon its own bottom. It is neither charity or religion to lend to rich men without remuneration. A man's tools are property, and like money are entitled to security and pay. We believe more and more in the sage advice to young men that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Polonius in the play of Hamlet:

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

[Country Gentleman.]

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

Mrs. Solomon Mitchell.

It was the daily bread and water of Mrs. Solomon Mitchell's soul—the meat without which it seemed her life would have been condemned to a perpetual fast, instead of being the perpetual feast that it was—the hearing and the telling some new and evil thing about her neighbors. This habit of gossip, this prying into the history and business of other people never lacked object and opportunity to keep them active and stimulated. No sorrow was so sacred, no silence or privacy so respected, that Mrs. Solomon Mitchell's tongue would not drag it to the light, and slime it all over with her sneers, and suspicions, and calumnies. For, it was the evil, and not the good, this woman always saw in those with whom she was brought in contact. Whatsoever was gracious or generous, whatsoever was good or lovely in others, these she never detected; only the dark side, the wrong, the mistake, or the misfortune.

Certainly, Mrs. Solomon Mitchell was a curse to the neighborhood where she lived, and the people with whom she mingled, because calumny and slander were her especial recreation and delight—because her tongue was like a deadly poison, whose devouring blight fell on all which came within its way. She loved to "rake up" one's antecedents. She would drink in greedily any story which had depreciated another, whether it was of sin committed, or sorrow endured, and no matter what delicate and generous reasons there were for burying some act of one's youth in eternal oblivion—no matter what was the pressure of temptation in some hour of weakness, no matter what reason she had for believing the deed was repented of—forgotten of God, and forgotten of man—Mrs. Solomon Mitchell hunted it up, and and exultantly held it to the light, in all its bareness and deformity.

If anybody was rich, Mrs. Solomon Mitchell could remember the time when they, or their ancestors, could "scarcely keep soul and body together." If anybody was struggling with poverty and an honorable pride, this woman indulged in all kinds of backbitings and whips, calculated to wound and deride them. And the covetous and jealous, the hatreds and heartburnings, the pain and the tears, which lie at the door of Mrs. Solomon Mitchell's soul, are they not written in the book of God's remembrance?

And yet, this woman would in no wise recognize the character which we have painted as her own—she would be wholly appalled if she knew it were attributed to her, and believe herself the most slandered and injured of women, as she now regards herself a respectable, consistent, and valuable member of society.

And Mrs. Solomon Mitchell certainly has her good qualities. Dangerous as her presence is in any household, there is no person in a sick chamber whose hand is more swift and deft than hers—none who, at times, can be outdone in thoughtful generous acts, to the very people whom her words "bite and devour."

Dear reader, it is sad enough that we must write thus of any of our sex; but we ask your own knowledge and experience, whether we have in any wise colored or embellished the facts—whether Mrs. Solomon Mitchell is not a typical representative of a large class of gossips, who leave their whole speech with the gall and bitterness of slander. Of course, we have chosen an extreme case to illustrate this habit, but we are often shocked at the avidity with which intelligent and generally estimable women will hear and tell anything evil of their neighbors and acquaintances.

Persons who would not intentionally injure others, at the root of whose feelings lies neither envy, jealousy, or malice, will, either from a habit of thoughtlessness or curiosity, listen to and relate anything they can get hold of which will injure or deteriorate another, as if they did not know that words would more than blows—as if to speak evil was not often more harmful in its results, than to do it.

What right have you to speak evil of another? If you have nothing good to tell, keep still, unless there is some wrong to be righted, some injustice to expose, which duty demands should be openly condemned. Learn to watch for all that is pleasant and agreeable, and lovely, among those with whom you are thrown. Speak of it to others, and so shall your own heart and character grow sweet and mellow with the charity that is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil.

And where there is, or has been wrong, try and find all the palliating circumstances there may be; be young or ignorant, or education; for, if you go far to excuse many faults and misfortunes.

Good breeding and sound education will, of course, do much to prevent this habit of gossip, and, for this reason alone, we would earnestly advise—"Let every girl be educated;" for her thoughts and feelings will then necessarily have

broader and higher aims; they will move in a wider orbit, and she will have loftier interests than the petty details of her neighbors' affairs.

But, great a stimulant as ignorance is to gossip, we know that jealousy, and envy, and petty malice, may exist with any cultivation of the intellect, and that a right heart, a heart whose springs are filled with the soft falling rains of God's love—that has in it the spirit that was in Christ, can alone possess that true charity which no good breeding, and no knowledge can bestow—the charity whose silver veil softens and enshrouds the faults of others, as the saintly moonlight falls over bare rocks, and barren fields, and hides them in its still, shining folds.

And, as one day we shall all, standing before God, need alike the eternal love and pity for our own souls—as we hope for mercy then, let us now be charitable, tender hearted, forbearing with, and forgiving one another.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to be refilled before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she gets time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps through the year. Do you call this a small thing?

Try it and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things? the test of character; it is by these "little self denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold.

FANCY DREAMS OF A YOUNG LADY.—Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom—where the cedar tree and the cinnamom tree ever flourish—where the waters of tranquility and sweetness uninterceptedly flow.—Tell them there are briars in that state, though they do not contradict, yet they do not credit you, for they believe that their love, their devotedness for each other, will exempt them from the cares, the vicissitudes, the anxieties which generally pertain to humanity. All lovers, before marriage, conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the general rule. The future with them will be *toujours couleur de rose*. Could you give them a sketch of the pages in their future history, they would not believe a word; they would set you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes—an inimical representer of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spots which the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as shadows of molehills in the moon. If they would but reflect a little, how much misery they might avoid.

During the war of 1812, as the northwestern army was engaged in one of its toilsome expeditions, a private soldier sunk down beneath the hardships of the march and died. General William H. Harrison was careful to arrest the progress of the forces, in order to give this man a Christian burial with coffin and funeral. As some of the military carpenters were engaged in preparing the coffin, he entered the shop and paced the floor in silence, watching the progress of the work, evidently with his feelings aroused by the circumstance. One of the soldiers, presuming perhaps on this exhibition of humane feeling, asked the General as to his plans for the future operations of the army. Pausing in his walk, and elevating himself to a commanding height, Harrison asked:

"Are you a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir, be one!" was the reply; which with the tone, and eye of the speaker, gave the daring soldier a lesson in subordination doubtless never forgotten.

WILLIS ON LINCOLN.—Mr. Willis writes from Washington to the *Home Journal*: The President, of course, is not to be spoken with, except upon urgent business, in these days; but chance gave me a very pleasant exchange of a few words with him last evening. Passing across the interior hall of the White House, toward the Drawing room, where Mrs. Lincoln was to be at home to a few friends without ceremony, I met the chief magistrate on his way from the tea room to his office. Evidently thinking that I was in search of himself he stopped, shook hands, and looked inquiringly; upon which I introduced myself, apologized for interruption, and stood back to let him pass. But, having thus been made to know me, he took the occasion to obviate embarrassment by a few apt words, and ended by most courteously showing me the way to Mrs. Lincoln's reception room.

With my four or five years of "court life," in Europe, I have never seen that awkward matter for a high functionary, an unexpected and brief interview with a stranger, more admirably and winningly done. It was characteristic, for there was no ceremony about it; but while it was full of tact toward me, it was quite as full of simple dignity for himself. Though not courtly manner, it was what courtly manner tries to imitate—a man and presence too absolutely natural and direct for a Brummel to approve, but which would have been exceedingly admired by a Wellington or a Palmerston. It is impossible to look in Mr. Lincoln's face, and hear him speak a few words, without believing in him. He looks as honest as he does tall—and he is taller than most people—while, in the absorbing openness of his frank eyes, and the ready intelligence of his features and expression, there is plenty of promise of capability.

WHO IS COL. SIEGEL?—Col. Siegel, who is distinguishing himself in Missouri, is a native of Baden, Germany, and is about thirty-seven years old. He graduated at the military school of Karlsruhe, and entered the regular army at Baden, and was advanced to the post of chief adjutant in 1847. His sympathies with the first revolution in Southern Germany, lost him his commission. He was appointed general in chief in the beginning of the second revolution

May, 1848, and led the forlorn hope of the liberal party with great energy and zeal. He came to America in 1850, was a professor in Dr. Dulon's Academy, New York, and married Dr. Dulon's daughter. He received a call to a professorship in St. Louis, where he soon became distinguished by his great military talents.

THE 'INVASION' NONSENSE REBUKED.—The Missouri Statesman, published in Boone County, Mo., rebukes the talk about the 'invasion' of the states, in which some northern traitors indulge in good sound style. Seymour of Connecticut, ought to read this paragraph over till he can repeat it verbatim, and by that time he will comprehend the folly of his late transposable speech in the Connecticut Legislature:

"Pray, where does the federal army belong, if not to the states? Where can it raise its ensign and legally pitch its tents, if not in the states? If out of the states it would be in a foreign country, and what right has it there? As a general principle of law there is no other place for the federal army except in the states belonging to the federal government. Missouri is one of these. But Missouri is invaded. Invaded? Who ever heard of a government invading itself? Who ever heard of a man invading his own house? Union is yet a part of the household of the United States, as yet much a part of the domain of the federal government as the ground on which the capital stands, as the District of Columbia, or the state of Massachusetts."

JUST IN PLACE.—Webster once told a good anecdote in a speech. When asked where he got it, he said, "I have had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a good chance to use it till today."

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the rule of three 'or to commit a verse of the bible or catechism.

The answer is this: sometime you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit just in the right place. But it will be just in place sometime, and then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when he was met by a deer.

Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying, said a man who had recently lost his property; "and now I am glad of it. It is just in place; I can get a good situation and a high salary."

Juvenal says: "The greatest reverence is due to a boy." Plutarch relates of Cato the Censor, that, when his youthful son was present, he was as careful of his words as though he was conversing with the Vestal Virgin, whose lives were devoted to perfect purity.—Juvenal adds that nothing unseemly, either in words or appearance, should ever touch the threshold within which the boy dwells. These sayings commend themselves to every one, and they scarcely need illustration or argument to enforce them.

When we consider the comparative purity of a child's mind, his truthfulness, and his ignorance of evil, we feel that there is a sacredness about it which may well command our reverence.

A clergyman relates the following incident in the Pacific Methodist: "A few years ago, as I was preaching at —, Willie, a little boy some two or three years of age, sat on a front seat listening, as I thought, very attentively. He seemed wholly absorbed, and I began to flatter myself that the 'lamb' was being fed as well as the 'sheep.' But just as I finished my sermon, and was in the act of sitting down, he called out, at the top of his voice, 'Mr. Simmons, have you seen my new stockings?' The mystery was solved. He had borne in silence the sermon that he might tell me of his little treasure."

LIFE WITHOUT AND WITHIN.—Seldom do we meet sensitiveness of conscience or discriminating reflection as indigenous growth of a very vigorous physical development. Your true, healthy boy has the breezy, hearty virtues of a Newfoundland dog.—The wildfulness of life of the young race coil. Sentiment, sensibility, delicate perceptions, spiritual aspirations are plants of later growth. But there are—both of men and women—beings born into this world, in whom from childhood the spiritual and the reflective predominate over the physical. In relation to other human beings, they seem to be organized much as birds are in relation to other animals. They are the artists, the poets, the unconscious seers, to whom the purer truths of spiritual instruction are open. Surveying man merely as an animal, these sensitively organized beings, with their feeble physical powers, are imperfect specimens of life. Looking from the spiritual side, they seem to have a noble strength—a divine force. The types of this latter class are more found commonly among women than among men.—[Mrs. Stowe.]

SUGAR COATED.—I am able to state that the message was written and complete before it was shown to a single member of the Cabinet, nor was any change other than merely verbal ones made thereafter. A characteristic illustration of Mr. Lincoln's partiality for strong people's phrases, may be mentioned in this connection. When the proof sheet of the message was under consideration, it was suggested to the president that the phrase "sugar-coated," in the paragraph where he speaks of the Southern politicians having studiously dragged the minds of their people with the sugar coated heresy of States' Rights, was not exactly diplomatic, and might provoke censorious criticism. He considered a moment and replied, "No, let it stand; it is a word the people use; they will know what it means." And so it stood.—[Washington Corr. Cincinnati Commercial.]

A gentleman lately arrived at New York from the South, who has accurate knowledge of the condition of things, says that even in Alabama there is but a bare majority now for secession, and there are counties in the northern part of the State where it is not even yet safe to talk secession. He is confident that Mississippi is yet for the Union, though dragged into secession, and Arkansas is anything but unanimous for secession. He says the great strength of the rebels lies in their belief that Northern men are cowards and will not fight. The first great victory of the government, he thinks, will dispel this illusion and cause a quick collapse of the whole secession movement.

One of the foreign ministers here made a significant remark the other night at a dinner party. The feeling of foreign cabinets towards this government was alluded to, when this diplomatist replied:—"Gentlemen, the cabinets of Europe lie beyond Richmond!" In other words "It is a question merely of fact. If you drive the rebels out of Richmond they cannot achieve their independence—if you do not drive them out they will deserve a recognition, and will get it."

[Wash. Corr. N. Y. Post.]

OFFICIAL OFFICIOUSNESS REBUKED.—While the last Maine Regiment was passing through this city, a very civil and orderly truckman was unloading a dray of flour in Commercial street. He had taken fifteen out of sixteen barrels away, and seeing the troops advancing, he turned his team round as sharp as possible to give them room. A burly, blue

man, with a star, rushed from his position, and seized the horse in order to take the team away. The teamster remonstrated, stating that he had but one barrel left and would be off in a minute; but this did not suffice, the policeman was bound to have his way. One of the officers of the regiment, seeing the transaction, rushed out, seized the policeman by the throat, and ordered him to let the poor man's horse alone, as there was plenty of room. The teamster remarked to the crowd: "there is down east manners for you—that man will fight!"—[Commercial Bulletin.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 25, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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 Bechley's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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

"Waterville Boys all Safe."

This was the cheering word that passed rapidly through our village yesterday morning, as announced by a telegram from Maj. J. H. Plaisted, of the 3d regiment. This we knew could only refer to that regiment, and did not include some six or more Waterville boys in other regiments; and yet there was comfort in the brief sentence that went to all hearts. Since the commencement of the battle nothing had been heard of individuals, and as it was known that three or four Maine regiments were in the midst of the fight, anxiety to learn the fate of relatives and friends was intense. The brief sentence, "Waterville Boys all safe" passed rapidly from one to another, till in a few minutes every anxious household in our village had been relieved. Mothers who had shut themselves for long hours in the seclusion prompted by their terrible fears, went cheerfully to their duties, and friend greeted friend in the streets with a cheerfulness that had not been seen for days past. Thank God! there is some consolation in the depth of gloom. Sad as are the tidings to thousands, the sharp-edged arrows have passed by us. Thank God! that "the Waterville Boys are all safe."

A RECORD OF YR. OLDEN TIME.—Peltah Penney, formerly employed in our office, a member of Capt. Heath's Company, who came home on a short furlough a few days ago, brought us, as a curiosity, something which one would hardly have expected to find in the city of Washington, at this late day, viz., a copy of the "Waterville Intelligencer," Wm. Hastings, Proprietor, the first paper published in our village. It is yellow with age, and, as we learn by the direction, was originally sent to Rev. L. Rice. It bears date January 5, 1826, and though we find in it few items of local news, yet from the advertisements we glean something of the history of the past. Railroads, of course, were not dreamed of in those days, but we find recorded the proceedings of a convention of delegates from the towns on the Kennebec river, assembled at Kimball's Hall, in Waterville, [in the Ticonic House of a later day, now occupied by W. Chipman] "for the purpose of adopting measures to remove the obstructions to the navigation of said river, and to consider the practicability and expediency of uniting the waters of the Kennebec and St. Lawrence." What think ye of that, degenerate Watervillians, who stand idly looking on while your noble water power runs to waste and the springs of business are one after another drying up. However wild the project may seem to us it at least showed life, energy and far reaching enterprise. Bryce McEllan of Bloomfield was in the chair, resolutions were passed and the following committee chosen to make a proper presentation of the subject to Congress:—

Gen. William King, Bath; James L. Cooper, Esq., Pittston; Robert H. Gardner, Esq., Gardiner; Dr. Amos Noorse, Hallowell; John Davis, Esq., Augusta; Philip Leach, Esq., Vassalboro'; Hon. Thomas Rice, Winslow; George Stickney, Esq., Clinton; Hon. Timothy Boutelle, Waterville; Gen. William Kendall, Fairfield; Hon. Judah M. Cullen, Bloomfield; Samuel Weston, Esq., Milburn; Dr. James Bates, Norridgewock; and Hon. Daniel Steward Jr., Anson.

James Crommett advertises three sheep taken up astray; Johnson Williams & Co. want Cattle and Horses; Blackwell & Loring want Shingles, Boards, Joist, and Bees Wax; Farrar & Sanger want Hay, Shingles and Clapboards, and offer for sale English, India, French, West India and American Goods, including W. I. and N. E. Rum, and various other liquors; Joseph H. Hallet offers his farm for sale; M. Philbrook of Fairfield, wants lumber; J. Partridge has received new goods; C. Walker, tailor, (or, as we boys, by reading it backwards, used to make it in Indian) "Tailor-walker-see" has just opened a large assortment of cloths; M. P. Norton offers his services as Attorney at Law; and finally, wonderful to tell, the printer offers to pay cash for rags. Printers nowadays are covered with them.

"FARMINGTON CHRONICLE" AND "COUNTY RECORD."—These two papers have recently been united, and Messrs. Prescott and Swift, having joined forces and fortunes, now issue a very neatly printed and well-filled sheet twice a week. Mr. Swift has long been connected with the press. We remember him as editor and publisher of the *Literary Record*, printed at Sebasticdiggin, in 1832, and his name has since appeared in many other papers.

Several persons whose names were appended to the call for the treasurership convention at Bangor, say that it was done without their consent, and that they repudiate the whole affair.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The August number, says the Boston Journal, "opens with one of Wilson Fugge's fresh and natural sketches entitled 'Trees in Autumn,' which is almost as agreeable as the shade of the said tree." 'Fibilla' is devoted to the discussion of textile fabrics in general, and to the new process of flax culture in particular, and throws much light on this latter subject. 'Nat Turner's Insurrection,' written in the most captivating style of narrative by Mr. Higginson, will be read with special interest at the present time. A brief but readable paper is devoted to 'Reminiscences of Stephen A. Douglas.' A thoughtful paper follows, attributed to the pen of Judge Hoar, on the question, 'Where will the rebellion leave us?' We cordially agree with the writer in his main opinions. 'Concerning Veal' is one of the 'Country Parson's' taking essays. The memory of Theodore Winthrop receives just and graceful honor at the hands of his friend, George W. Curtis. The article on 'Mail Chud Steamers,' by G. H. Derby, is very instructive. The poetry of the number is good, including one of Whittier's gems. With these names and these articles the reader will at once see that the August *Atlantic* is fully up with the times, and worthy of them. It is very rarely that this magazine reaches a second or third edition, but we understand the June and July numbers of the *Atlantic* have been reprinted eight times.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for August contains a suggestive leading engraving—"The Nose out of Joint." It also has a finely colored fashion plate, other colored illustrations and several good stories, one of which is by T. S. Arthur. The single subscription price is \$2.00 a year.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK for August has over 20 illustrations among which are "Maid Your Step" and a Double Extension colored Fashion Plate, very beautiful. A leading article is entitled "How to make a Cup of Coffee," which alone is worth the cost of the magazine.

FROM OUR BOYS.

DEAR MAIL:—Being slightly unwell, besides very busy, prevented my writing sooner to you; knowing also that you had other friends in camp who could keep you informed of our welfare better than myself. But having a little leisure this morning I thought I would improve it by writing a short letter to you, informing you that the general health of the Waterville company is very good. Some few, upon whom a soldier's life has borne heavily, showing them that the health of the body, and strength of muscle is full as essential in this case as willingness of spirit, will return home soon; but I will not mention their names for it is not yet fully known who will go, and no one will be disappointed.

Of our removal from Meridian Hill to Alexandria, no doubt you have already been informed. At present we are encamped about five miles from Alexandria, on the Alexandria and Fairfax Railroad, and directly in front of the residence of Commodore Forest, who is at present in the Secession army. His son is second Lieut. in an Alexandria Co., the one that went out double quick from one end of the street as the Zouaves marched in at the other. He is a relative of the late Judge Douglas, is a Douglas Democrat, and his friends claim that he is a Union man detained against his will in their service.—Douglas Forest, the son, was a lawyer in Alexandria, just commencing business when he joined the company, and had one or two good cases on his hands when the company was formed ostensibly for the protection of the Capitol, but went over, carrying him with them, and his honor prevented him leaving his Co.

Last Tuesday the two Waterville companies and Co. I, of Augusta, Capt. Lakeman, with Col. Howard at their head, marched out to Mt. Vernon, about ten miles from camp. We started about noon of the hottest day we have had, and the roads were quite dusty, filling our eyes and mouths, making the journey still more uncomfortable; but the men marched at quick time and eagerly forward. Capt. Heselstine was absent from camp, on business, when the order came to move, and so the company went on without him, but when about four or five miles from camp, and the Col. had halted to rest, he was seen coming up at double quick and joined his men amid the cheers of the company. A private, who happened to be left behind, told me they came nearly the whole distance at double quick, and that at another half mile he should have had to yield the command entirely to the Captain. He said the Captain remarked on the way, that "if there was going to be a fight he wished to be with the boys," and there was a small prospect for sport when we started. A small party was reported to have been seen on the road a day or two before. We arrived somewhat exhausted at the Home of Washington, and secured our arms in an outbuilding just in time to escape a heavy shower, which cooled the air but which had the effect of changing the dust into mud—Virginia mud—which rendered the march back very disagreeable.

I need hardly attempt to describe Mt. Vernon, for your readers are probably as well informed of its appearance as they well can be from descriptions by other visitors; but I will give an outline of a few of the most important points. We turned from the main road, running nearly north and south, to the left hand, where there had been brick porter lodges, which were now nearly fallen to ruins, down a narrow road, which in some places looked like the bed of a stream, and in others like a Down east logging road. Approaching the Mansion from the west, we passed the garden wall and negro quarters in a ruined condition, and next a dilapidated negro dwelling near the gate, through which we entered an enclosure formed by the main house and outbuildings, in the centre of which was a circular lawn smoothly shorn. On the south east of this was the road leading to the stables, and to the Tomb. The main building is a large two story frame, covered with black sheathing, painted and sanded to resemble sandstone, fronting the Potomac with a piazza reaching to the eaves. There is nothing to distinguish it from many other Virginian houses, except that it looks neat and clean which a great many do not. The Tomb is built of brick, like any common tomb, with two grated doors in front through which are seen the marble sarcophagus of Washington and also of Martha Washington. In front are two plain marble shafts, one in honor of Bushrod Washington, the other of

John Augustine Washington, and near by is where the Prince of Wales planted a tree, which has died, been pulled up and thrown away. Having but a short time to spend on the grounds, and somewhat exhausted, also, we could not examine anything very carefully but hope to spend another hour there before we return. It is a splendid situation for a residence and "fit place for such an one to dwell."

After an hour's rest we started on our return and reached our camp somewhat weary, but gratified that we had had the pleasure of visiting that spot, ever hallowed, ever venerated by us from childhood; and I could not help remarking that the men gathered around the Tomb, with sober, saddened faces, spoke in an undertone, and seemed awestricken as it were, like children visiting the tomb of a parent.

But I must close by mentioning two of the most important items at present before us. One is that three secessionists were captured yesterday by the Pickets of the Maine 4th, 5th, and two or three Fire Zouaves, in the direction of Fairfax, and were taken down to Alexandria last night. They belonged to a party of ten—the rest managing to escape. One is said to have been captured before, and released after taking the oath of allegiance. The other item is that we have orders to be ready to march at fifteen minutes notice (probably tomorrow morning) and take nothing with us but our blankets and two days' provisions. Destination unknown. More soon, if possible. A.

Temperance Rally.

At a meeting of the citizens of Waterville, held at the Baptist Church on the evening of the 19th July, to take into consideration the alarming growth of the evil of Intemperance, and the best method of suppressing it. On motion of President Champlin, Hon. D. L. Milliken was chosen Chairman, and H. Percival, Secretary.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Pepper, a Committee was appointed by the Chair, consisting of Rev. Mr. Pepper, Rev. Dr. Champlin, and I. S. Johnson, Esq., to prepare and present Resolutions, expressing the sense of this meeting, in regard to the evil of Intemperance.

The following Resolves were presented, discussed and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the vice of Intemperance is increasingly prevalent, to the detriment of this community, and the ruin of our young men. Resolved, That we hereby express our unqualified condemnation of the use, whether social or occasional, of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and earnestly entreat all to abstain wholly from such use henceforth and forever.

Resolved, That the enticing of young men to drink, however, by whomsoever, or for whatever purpose done, is criminal in the extreme, and merits, as it receives, our indignant execrations.

Resolved, That in view of the long continued prevalence of Intemperance, we each recognize an urgent plea for increased personal effort for removing this evil from among us, both in its causes and effects.

Resolved, That the best and only decisive method of promoting the cause of Temperance in this place, is to rigidly enforce the Maine Liquor Law.

Resolved, That, since the instructions given to the Select Men by the Town, make it their duty to enforce this law, we as voters and members of the community can be satisfied with nothing less than the faithful performance of this duty.

Mr. Maxham introduced the following pledge:—

We the undersigned, advocates of the Maine Law, and having full faith in the propriety and duty of executing it in Waterville in the present emergency, do hereby band together and pledge ourselves to each other and to this community, that to the utmost extent of our ability we will enforce the law against all persons engaged in the illegal traffic in intoxicating liquors. We promise to commence the work forthwith, against high and low, and to continue it so long as duty may seem to demand.

On motion of President Champlin, the following committee was appointed to circulate the above pledge for signatures:—J. T. Champlin, Franklin Smith, Sam'l Doollittle, I. S. Johnson, Edwin Noyes, William Dyer, J. P. Blunt, F. P. Haviland, J. Nye, Chas. M. Morse.

Voted to adjourn.

D. L. MILLIKEN, Chairman.

H. PERCIVAL, Secretary.

NEW GARDEN CROPS.—Experiments are the order of the day; and so we notice two new crops in the garden of Dr. Waters, across the way from our office. He is raising a couple of young hen-hawks, and has already got them as high as the top of his shed. Whether they indicate the doctor's affection for birds, or his peculiar taste for poultry, must be learned from the "small bills," but thus far the "posters" insure a sad waiting among the birds in the vicinity, while the screams of his pets is a new note in his peculiar idea of the music of birds. We wish him a successful harvest of his new crop before the next annual arrival of the robins—if perchance they ever venture here again. As a speculation, it is sure enough that domestication cannot make their bills worse than their notes, as now issued,—but the Doctor's taste for the crop is what bothers us!

We have a detailed account of the recent battles in Western Virginia, for which we are under obligation to Dr. J. Bowman, who resides at Slaterville, on the Ohio River. As the news has all been anticipated by the newspapers, and our room is limited, we set it aside for fresher matter, contenting ourselves with the closing extract, which shows how gratified the loyal citizens of Virginia are for the aid extended by the Government:—

"I think Gen. Scott made an admirable and profitable selection when he appointed Major Gen. Geo. B. McClellan to command the forces in Western Va. and Ohio. He came to our rescue when we had no arms or munitions of war, or money, and still the people in Western Va. are not prepared to defend themselves, owing to the distracted condition our state government has been placed in during the last five or six months. But under our

new Government and Legislature and Senate, now sitting at Wheeling, we hope to have matters so arranged in time that we can control the rebels in our state, and supplant and quiet them in our midst; for as yet they are very troublesome and annoying."

We had a severe thunder shower on Friday afternoon, but we do not learn that any damage was done by lightning in this vicinity. The tempest covered a large territory, however, and in other portions of the State houses were struck and a number of cattle killed, but we learn of no loss of human life.

The War of Redemption.

On Wednesday of last week, the federal forces under Gen. McDowell commenced their forward movement, and between 9 and 11 o'clock occupied Fairfax Court House, the enemy, numbering about 3000, precipitately retreating before them. The few Union people who remained in the village on the approach of the troops, received them with great rejoicing, and seemed thankful that they were about to be delivered from the tyranny of the rebels. Trees had been felled across the road at three points, to obstruct the march, but they proved but feeble impediments. Half a mile this side of Fairfax, an embankment had been thrown up across the road, and half a mile in length, with embrasures for four or five guns, and sand bag protections, but no guns mounted. There were no pitfalls or masked batteries.

On Thursday, the troops advanced to Centerville, beyond which a reconnaissance in force was made in the direction of Manassas, and after some severe fighting at Bull's Run, in which our loss in killed and wounded was about one hundred, the federal force retired to Centerville.

On Sunday, fighting was resumed at Bull's Run, after a road had been cut through the woods by the Maine lumberman. The forces were engaged for about nine hours, during which the loss on both sides was heavy. A special reporter to the Boston Journal, gives the following account of the affair:—

The battle was fought on Warrington turnpike, which crosses Bull's Run. Thirty-five thousand Federal and eighty thousand rebel troops were engaged. The rebels were commanded by Jeff. Davis in person, assisted by Generals Beauregard and Johnston. The latter made a junction with the main Southern army on Saturday.

Gen. Tyler's division moved directly along the turnpike, while Hunter, Heintzelman and Burnside moved further up in order to gain the rear of the rebels. Col. Miles was kept in reserve at Centerville.

Col. Hunter, acting Major General, commenced the cannonade early. The infantry first engaged at 11:30 A. M. Their fire, which was very heavy, was returned with terrible effect from the enemy's batteries in the woods. Large masses of men were continually marching down from Manassas. Dense clouds of dust filled the air. It is thought that the Federal troops were outnumbered two to one.

Our troops gained inch by inch, made several charges, captured prisoners, and compelled the enemy to retire to their positions; but not being supported, were obliged to fall back. A hot fire was commenced almost immediately.

At 2:30 P. M. Capt. Alexander informed me that we were gaining, but that the result of the contest was doubtful. Immediately afterward Colonels Burnside's and Howard's commands made a charge and drove the rebels, but were terribly cut up. No description can give an idea of the fire that belched from the enemy's lines, as well as our own, and large bodies of rebels could be seen flying in all directions.

A little later a strong reinforcement was sent to hasten up, and the fire was renewed with great energy on both sides, but gradually our forces worked their way in crossing the Run and occupying a position. The pontoon train was then ordered up, and everybody felt that the day was ours. The fire slackened, and was kept up only by cannon at intervals. Schenck's brigade, with Sherman's and Carlisle's batteries, were on the left wing, nearest to Centerville.

At 4:20 P. M. I saw a body of rebel troops in position across the Run, on our extreme left flank. They were sent undoubtedly to attract attention. Carlisle opened on them with his batteries. They returned the fire at intervals. I also observed a cloud of dust far in our rear, and was told Gen. Ranks had made forced marches, and was close at hand. We had no pickets in our rear.

Suddenly at five o'clock about 4000 cavalry burst upon Schenck's command from the woods. The first intimation our troops had of the approach of the rebels was by being shot in the back. One of our hospitals was there and hundreds of citizens were congregated there.

Instantly, while men were exulting that the day was ours, there followed a complete stampede. Carlisle's and a portion of Sherman's batteries were taken, also Burnside's and Griffin's, together with a heavy 32 pound rifled gun, which had done such terrible execution against the enemy.

Gov. Sprague, who, during the day had exhibited the utmost coolness and bravery, spiked the Rhode Island pieces with his own hands.

It is reported that Gen. Schenck gave the order for every man to look out for himself. There was a terrible commotion, artillery, infantry, baggage, and private vehicles and thousands of men fleeing toward our bridge across Cub Run, a small stream west of Centerville. Everything was abandoned. The reserve, meanwhile was driven up on the hill to cover the retreat. Skirmishers were thrown out, the lines were formed and batteries put in position. Behind the fugitives were gathered some were rallied while others took the road to Fairfax. Richardson's Brigade also retreated to Centerville.

The entire road to Fairfax was a scene of indescribable confusion. Two New Jersey regiments, which had been ordered on from Vienna, arrived and became a rallying corps. The enemy advanced and opened fire, but were met with desperate firmness and held at bay till the entire body could be withdrawn to Fairfax, where most of them now are.

Our troops behaved nobly, fought bravely, won the field, and then were subjected to a complete rout.

three months men, whose time soon expires. Gen. McClellan has been summoned to command the army of the Potomac. Gen. Rosencrantz takes his place in Western Virginia.

The army at Washington is to be immediately re-organized and increased, and reinforcements are already on their way there. Requisitions have been made upon several States for additional forces.

The disaster to the federal army was hailed with joy by the secessionists of Baltimore, but their riotous demonstrations soon subsided under the prompt measures of Gen. Banks.

Affairs in Missouri are in a condition favorable for the Union.

Neither of the privateer vessels have yet been taken, though some of their prizes have been recaptured.

The most contradictory and confused accounts prevail, both as to the losses in the recent disastrous affair in Virginia and the present position of things. One moment we learn that our forces retreated pell mell, not stopping until they reached Alexandria; the next we hear that a large force held possession of Centerville. Sherman's battery is lost and rescued in the same breath, as it were. Now the loss is set at six thousand, and anon it drops to as many hundreds; and the very latest dispatch has it that the rebel force was as badly frightened as ours, and that while we were running to Washington, they were scouring the road to Richmond. Verily this affair has its humorous side.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—Two good temperance meetings have been held here since our last issue. The first was at the Baptist Church, on Friday evening, and its earnest and practical character was shown by the hearty response of the audience to the plain and pointed speeches made on the occasion, as well as in the recorded action. Many of our foremost men came forward and warmly pledged themselves to do their whole duty, including some who have not before been identified with the temperance movement.

The second meeting was on Sunday evening, on which occasion the people filled the Congregational Church to its utmost capacity to listen to a discourse by Rev. Mr. Hawes, on their responsibilities and duties in relation to the temperance cause. The address was most excellent—highly impassioned and eloquent, and abounding in valuable practical suggestions. Reminiscing, with its supports and supporters, was handled without gloves; and it the people are as faithful in the performance of their duty as the speaker was in discharging his, a different state of things will be speedily inaugurated in our midst. God speed the good work; but remember that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

The Concert by Madame Charlotte Varian, on Wednesday evening of last week, was a complete musical and financial success—the Town Hall being crowded with delighted listeners. All of the pieces were well received, and the Star Spangled Banner aroused a perfect storm of enthusiastic applause.

Dr. Aaron Moses Grant, a well known philanthropic citizen of Boston, died in that city on Tuesday.

Col. Jameson is not killed, as at first reported, and the officers of all the Maine regiments are reported safe.

Rev. H. C. Leonard, the newly appointed Chaplain of the 3d Maine Regiment, left on Monday for the seat of war.

The army worm has made its appearance in Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Anniversary of the Theological Seminary at Bangor occurs on Thursday, Aug. 1. The examination will commence on Tuesday previous at 9 o'clock A. M. The sermon before the Alumni will be by Josiah Merrill of Wiscasset. The Oration before the Rhetorical Society, by President Champlin, of Waterville College, on Wednesday eve. The Address to the Society of Inquiry, by Rev. Jos. B. Thompson, D. D., of New York, on Thursday, P. M.

STATE CONVENTION.—The Republicans of Maine will meet in convention in Augusta, on Wednesday, the 7th day of August, to nominate a candidate for Governor.

STYLE.—The *Farmington Record* introduces an article on the President's Message in this way:—

"The sickening odor of the bonnyclabber spatterings of the soft heads that occasionally beat out their political brains against the everlasting logic of President Lincoln's Message, sometimes needs some disinfecting antidote like the following.

The saw mills, at Gardiner, are nearly all employed in manufacturing lumber to be used in building barracks at Key West for the United States government.

The saw mills of Waterville are all used—

up; we haven't a single one on Ticonic Falls—the whole force of the Kennebec being wasted, except what is used in propelling the wheels of one grist mill and a sash and blind factory. What a blessing is a great water power, and how much it does for the prosperity of a place.

Death continues to point his darts at brilliant persons, and so to run up a fine list of victims for 1861. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died, on the 26th of June, at Florence. She was 52 years old, but had been known as a writer for five-and-thirty years. As a poet she ranked first among the writers of our time, and she has left no superior. She was an out and out liberal in politics, and Italy and the Italians have through her death lost a true, able, and unflinching friend. She was, too, an admirable woman, and literally irreproachable in all the relations of life. Her memory will ever be green.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Letters from Raleigh report that the Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided the 'stay law' of that State to be null and void. The judges say it is opposed to the provisions of the United States and the Confederate States, both of which declare that no State shall pass an ex post facto law, or a law impairing the obligation of contracts.

Drink for Haying and Harvest.

"Each flower holds up
A blossom cup,
To catch the rain and dew;
The drink for flowers,
Poured out in showers,
Is just the drink for you."

I am not going to pen a temperance lecture, directly, but I will simply make a few suggestions about drink for haying and harvest, for drink of some kind is very necessary.

Perhaps there is no beverage equal to pure cold water for quenching thirst in summer. But there is great danger of drinking so much of it, as to injure our health, very seriously. When our systems have been heated by exertion in hot weather, it is very dangerous to take more than a swallow or two of cold water into our stomachs at once. Thousands of healthy people have destroyed their lives in a few days, by only taking a little too much water; and tens of thousands have come to a miserable end by drinking other beverages besides water.

I have always labored in the harvest and hay fields with those who must have cider, or beer, or switched, or cold water by the gallon, and must drink about six times per hour, and sometimes not less than a quart at once; and I am satisfied that most drink at a great deal too much not only for their comfort, but to enable them to endure the heat as well as they might.

Suppose we should allow our horses and oxen to swallow as much water as they could, when puffing and lolling and the perspiration dropping from them? Of course we could not expect to have such animals any great length of time.

When our stomachs are full of healthy food, or any kind of food, and we keep pouring down any kind of liquid, the gastric juice is often diluted to such an extent that digestion is checked, and then fermentation commences, and our mouths are parched with thirst, and a gallon of good drink will not quench thirst. Therefore we perceive that drinking too much often causes thirst. After digestion is complete, and the stomach is empty, and a laboring man becomes faint and thirsty, a few swallows of cool water will be very refreshing; but large draughts will soon produce headache, and weaken him.

My practice always has been in hot weather to abstain from drinking as much as possible. There is little danger from temporary thirst, and since we must suffer on account of thirst, it is infinitely better to endure patiently the little suffering for want of drink, than to suffer on account of having swallowed too much.

When I felt as though it would be most refreshing to pour down a gallon of ice water, my rule would be to drink one or two swallows at a time, and wait between them long enough for it to become warmed a little in the stomach before taking another.

When the weather is very sultry I have often found that a bowl of boiled rice and milk two or three hours after having eaten a regular meal would quench thirst more effectually than any thing else. Sometimes we have been accustomed to make barley coffee to carry into the field, and a cupful or two of this, with pie and cake, at the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, will give laborers new strength, and enable them to endure the heat infinitely better than all the pop beer, or other stimulating beverages that can be produced. Laborers are often very thirsty because there is no food in their stomachs, and if farmers would practice giving their workmen a little food in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, instead of such vast quantities of drink, which tends to stimulate and produce thirst more than to quench it, they would soon learn that their laborers would be able to perform much more work, and with far less inconvenience. One of the best kinds of food in the world for quenching thirst in hot weather is a Graham cracker or two, sweetened a little for some persons, with a tumbler of milk.

The food that we eat has far more influence in enabling us to endure the heat than we are accustomed to suppose. A good crust of bread will quench the thirst of some people better than any other substance, either solid or liquid.

I would not recommend a crust of bread, boiled rice, pie or cake, or any other nourishment, often after once between regular meals, because if a little nourishment be taken very often, the energies of the stomach will be very much weakened and indigestion will ensue.

When a person is perspiring profusely, and is very thirsty, he should dash a little water in his hands and bathe his temples, and hold a little water in his mouth, and sprinkle his garments well with it, and treat his stomach as a thing of life, and not as a spacious water tank to a steam engine.—[Corr. Country Gent.]

ROW.—"BAD REM."—There was a drunken row in Center street on Saturday last, between Irishmen and soldiers. Several of the soldiers were put in the lock-up, a contemporary says, "until the effects of bad rum had passed off." A good deal is said of late about 'bad rum,' 'bad whiskey,' etc. It is all bad; there is, not there never was, good rum, or good whiskey, for a drink; and it would puzzle the sharpest intellect to tell the difference between drunkenness produced by 'good' rum or whiskey, and that caused by 'bad'.

"Sound liquors" and "safe wines" are out of the question to begin with; but if the genuine could be procured, their use as a drink would be productive of nothing but mischief. It is quite true, therefore, to have done with the foolish talk about 'bad rum,' since it is all alike bad, and the bane of civilization.—[Temperance Standard.]

ROOT BEER.—For ten gallons of beer take 3 pounds of common buckroot, 1 do. of Dandelion, half pound of sassafras root, or one ounce of essence, half pound of good hops, and one pint of corn roasted to a dark brown. Boil all together, in six gallons of pure water, until the strength of the material is obtained; then strain, while hot, into a keg, adding enough cold water to make ten gallons. When very nearly cold, put in good clean molasses, or syrup, until the liquid is palatable, but not sickly sweet. Add also as much yeast, or yeast-cake, as would raise a batch of eight honest loaves of bread. Place the keg in a cellar, or some other cool place, and in about forty-eight hours, if the rule has been faithfully followed, you will have a keg of famous root beer, sparkling as champagne, delicious and perfectly healthy.—[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

Mrs. Andrew Dally, a widow lady of Belmont, has but two sons, both stalwart young men over six feet high, one of them a minor, and both have enlisted in the grand army, leaving to their mother the sole care of the farm. Her patriotic neighbors, determined that this shall not suffer from the absence of the boys, have turned out and taken care of the growing crops, and will doubtless see that the widow does not suffer while her noble sons are fighting for the country's flag.

FIRE IN ELLSWORTH.—The saw mill, shingle mill and edge belonging to Mr. Benjamin Franklin of this town, situated on Reed's Brook stream, was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday night last, with about one hundred thousand of sawed lumber. No insurance. Loss \$3000.—[Ellsworth American.]

MISCELLANY.

"THROUGH BALTIMORE."

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

The Voice of the Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"Twas Friday morn, the train drew near
The city and the shore;
Far through the sunshine, soft and clear,
We saw the dear old flags appear,
And in our hearts arose a cheer
For Baltimore.

Across the broad Patuxet's wave,
Old Fort Mifflin bore
The starry banner of the brave,
As when our fathers went to save,
Or in the trenches died a grave
For Baltimore.

Before us, pillared in the sky,
We saw the statue soar
Of Washington, serene and high—
Could trappers view that form, nor fly?
Could patriots see, nor gladly die
For Baltimore.

"Oh, city of our country's song,
By that swift aid we bore
When sorely pressed, receive the throng,
Who go to shield our flag from wrong,
And give us a welcome, warm and strong,
In Baltimore!"

We had no arms; as friends we came,
As brothers evermore,
To rally round one sacred name,
The charter of our power and fame:
We never dreamed of guilt and shame
In Baltimore.

The coward mob upon us fell:
Mc Henry's flag they tore;
Surprised, borne backward by the well,
Beat down with mud, infatuate hell,
Before us yawned a traitorous well,
In Baltimore!

The streets our soldier fathers trod
Blushed with their children's gore;
We saw the craven rulers nod,
And dip in blood the civic rod,
Shall such things be, oh, righteous God,
In Baltimore?

No never! By that outrage black,
A solemn oath we swore:
To bring the Keystone's thousands back,
Strike down the dastards who attack,
And leave a red and fiery track
Through Baltimore.

Bow down, in haste, thy guilty head!
God's wrath is swift and sore;
The sky with gathering bolts is red—
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter shed,
Or make thyself an ashen bed!
Oh, Baltimore!

The Mystery of Comets' Tails.

There is nothing in nature more mysterious than the growth and motion of the trains of comets. When a comet is first discovered by a telescope it generally has no tail, appearing like a faint star seen through a haze. As it approaches the sun the tail is developed, starting out on the side next the sun, but being immediately turned back, as if it were a flame acted on by a powerful blast coming from the sun. The nucleus or head of the comet is matter, though lighter than the thinnest fog, but the tail is either not matter at all, or it is acted on by forces which do not manifest themselves on this earth. If the train were simply matter, acted on by gravitation, it would follow the head in its track around the sun, consequently bending, as the head sweeps around the part of its orbit nearest the sun, into nearly a semicircular curve. Instead of this, the train always points from the sun, swinging around as the stream of light from a lantern in the fog does when the lantern is turned. As the trains are sometimes of such length that they would reach from the sun to the earth, and as the comet when nearest the sun moves through many degrees of its orbit in a few hours, the end of the train is swept around with a velocity which forbids the belief of its being matter possessed with the property of inertia.

The velocity, too, with which the tail is shot forth is irreconcilable with the idea of its being subject to the law of inertia. The tail of the great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than sixty millions of miles in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body.

One of the most singular phenomena of comets' tails is the violent commotion observed in them. Flames stream forth from the nucleus in fan-shaped and various other and swiftly changing forms, toward the sun at first, but bending quickly back as if encountered by a furious blast, and then streaming away millions of miles into the sky. This may be owing to the intense heat to which they are exposed from their proximity to the sun. The great comet of 1843 approached the sun with in about a seventh part of the sun's radius. Sir John Herschel calculates that at this distance the heat of the sun would be 47,042 times greater than it is at this earth, and at least 24 1/2 times greater than the heat in the focus of Parker's great lens, which melted cornelian, agate and rock crystal.

Usually, as the comet moves away from the sun, the train, which it is now pushing partly before it, gradually diminishes till it disappears altogether. Sometimes, however, the train is obliterated in the vicinity of the sun, the comet emerging from the sun's light with out any tail whatever. At other times the tail is the longest just after the perihelion passage; at others there are two or three or more tails branching out like a fan. They are frequently curved like Donat's in 1858, and exhibit a great variety of singular phenomena, which are an incomprehensible mystery to the students of astronomy.

At about the same time Prof. and Prof. Pierce, each independently of the other, offered the suggestion that the trains of comets may be electricity. Perhaps they are simply light; the sun's rays, in their passage through the unknown substance of the nucleus, may acquire the power—analogue to polarization—of producing the vibrations which constitute light.

The heads of comets are unquestionably formed of material substance, as they are acted on by gravitation, and reflect the sun's light, but this substance is generally of extreme tenuity. Stars of the smallest magnitude have been seen through the densest portion of the head, and in the language of Sir John Herschel, "The most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet." In some, however, a very minute stellar point has been seen, indicating the existence of a solid body.

Among the mysterious phenomena presented by the head, is its diminution in size as it approaches the sun, and its re-expansion during its retreat. It also throws off nebulous envelopes one after another, during the formation of the train, in a very curious manner.

Many of the comets move in elliptical orbits, and continue to revolve around the sun. But the orbits of a few have been ascertained to be hyperbolas, and these consequently will never return. Light, ethereal volumes of vapor, they come from unmeasured distances above, below, or on either hand, with constantly accelerating velocity, rush in strange turmoil around the sun, and then move more and more slowly away on their solitary courses into the depths of space.—[Scientific American.

when well dressed, that, until some startling developments have rendered it imperative, we have refrained from saying a word against the extravagant outlays that are now made for female dress. We think that we do not stretch the truth in stating that the dress of a woman costs two dollars now where it did one ten years ago. It is now silk everywhere, or an expensive fabric of wool; and cotton is universally at a discount. The shop girl stands in silk behind the counter, and as the shop girl wears the dress that the fashionable woman did ten years ago, the latter is obliged to adopt a fabric of a more costly character, so that where the dollar silk was once good enough, the three dollar *moire antique* will alone suffice. Ten to twenty dollars are now paid for a hat, where five and ten dollars were once considered extravagant. It is thus in every department of female dress. This tendency to over dress was once considered an American vulgarity; but there is no lack of extravagance abroad now, and societies have already been formed in European continental cities for its suppression.

The singular fact has been pretty widely published that in Boston, during the past year, the number of marriages has been reduced twenty per cent. from the previous year. Now we have not the slightest doubt that fact grows out of the conscious inability of young men, starting in life and business, to support wives in a manner consonant with the present requisites of social life. Girls must keep house and keep it in grand style, or they must board in a costly boarding house, and dress in a manner corresponding to that entertained by the daughters of the millionaire.

There is no more of the occupation of the humble home at first, no more of the self dependence by which the wife becomes the sharer of the young husband's poverty and struggles; no more of adaptation of life to circumstances by which the wife grows up with the husband into fortune; but marriage must now bring at once all the advantage and show of fortune, or it may not be indulged. In other words, marriage has become a costly and rare luxury, to be had only for money, and not that natural and unrestricted connection of accordant loves and lives which is necessary to the happiness of both man and woman, and essential to the purity and progress of society.

This puts a serious face upon the matter—a very serious face. In the history of every nation, that which has operated as a bar to marriage of the sexes has been the nurse of vice. A man who has really made up his mind that he cannot afford to be married, and that he must lay aside all hope of it for years, at least, is in a dangerous position. He has lost some of the most powerful restraints from vice that have ever influenced him; and while he adopts a course that unfits him for the pure pleasures of home and conjugal life, the 'un gathered roses' still cling to the 'ancestral tree,' and wither where they hang. However much men may feel the cost of woman's extravagance and however little they can afford it, woman feels it still more and can afford it still less.

The general idea of living is altogether above the mark of Christian prudence, or social policy. The prudent reduction of the cost of living indirectly increases the property of business. Men complain that they cannot make money, and yet they earn money enough. Five hundred dollars saved from an annual expenditure of \$2,000 is a snug little sum to lay up every year, and there are few families expending this sum who would not be just as well, nay, better off, with the reduction. We would by no means exempt men from the charge of extravagance, but we do not think their expenses have been increased in the degree of those of their wives and daughters. It is hard denying women anything, but if they are true women they will ask nothing unreasonable.

A DEFINITION IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?

The question was put to a husband, who had been lucky enough to be tied up to a political economist in petticoats.

"Oh yes, my dear, I think I begin to see."

"Indeed!" responded the lady.

"Yes," replied the husband.

"For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That is your real value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would swap wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

A CURE FOR DIARRHEA.—The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—"Numerous requests have been made to republish the recipe for diarrhea and cholera symptoms which we gave in our paper some weeks ago, and which was used by the troops during the Mexican war with great success, we give it below, with a very important correction of an error made in the first formula as to the size of the dose to be given:—

Mix all together. Dose: a teaspoonful in a little water, or a half teaspoonful repeated in an hour afterward in a tablespoonful of brandy. This preparation will check diarrhea in ten minutes, and abate other pre-monitory symptoms of cholera immediately. In cases of cholera, it has been used with great success to restore reaction by outward application."

[Scientific American.]

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—As our soldiers at the seat of war are much exposed to that painful disorder, rheumatism, a friend who has experienced great benefit from the following prescription, desires us to make it public. The prescription was prepared by a regular physician, and has speedily cured a number of our informant. We therefore confidently recommend it to the attention of our brave volunteers:—

For Rheumatism, especially the Sciatica.—Two drachms iodide of potassium, four ounces cinnamon water—mixed.

Take one teaspoonful three daily before eating. Perhaps its efficacy is more doubtful in cases of inflammatory rheumatism. It is also a relief or cure for dyspepsia, and most excellent for many humors of the blood.

COMMENCEMENT AT BOWDOIN.—Commencement at Bowdoin will take place on Monday, August 5th. Orator, Samuel Fessenden, of Portland; Poet, F. M. Rhea, of South Windham—in the evening the prize Declaration of the Junior Class, and a ball in the evening at Tontine Hall, under the direction of the Seniors. Tuesday afternoon the University of the United Literary Societies will be held. Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, delivers the Oration, and Morimer Thompson, Esq. (Dorchester) the poem; in the evening a concert by the Mendelssohn Quartette Club, of Boston. Wednesday, commencement day, proper, will be devoted to College exercises in the church, the distribution of diplomas, etc.

In the evening the President's Levee. Thursday, Oration before the Alumni, by Rev. George L. Prentiss, of New York.

AN ASTONISHED SOUTHERNER.—The Northern Courier says that a gentleman arrived in that town last week from Columbus, Miss., who believed until he reached the loyal States, that Congress was in session at Chicago. The belief that it is doing business there, and that all the archives of the government, have been removed there, is universal at the South. He was greatly astonished to learn that Congress was quietly in session 'at the old stand' in Washington.

Kendalls Mills Adv'ts.

DR. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST

CONTINUOUSLY to take orders for those in need of dental services. Office—First door south of Railroad Bridge, Main Street, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

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

NEW AND ELEGANT VARIETY. The Furniture Warehouse of W. A. CAFFEY, Mayor of Waterville, Me., will, until further notice, run as follows:

Leave Brown's Wharf, Portland, every Wednesday and Saturday, at 5 o'clock P. M., and leave Pier 12 North River, New York, every Wednesday and Saturday at 8 P. M. The vessels are fitted with the most comfortable accommodations for passengers, making this the most speedy, safe and comfortable route for travelers between New York and Waterville, Me. Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Bath, Augusta, Eastport and St. John. They also connect with steamers for Portland, Savannah and Washington.

Shippers are requested to send their freight to the Boat before P. M. on the day they leave Portland. For Freight or Passage apply to the Agent.

The Steamer that leaves New York Wednesday, and Portland Saturday, has a new set of the latest and most improved Machinery, for the manufacture of the above named articles. All kinds of

DOORS, SASH, AND BLINDS. Of seasoned lumber and Kiln-dried, constantly on hand, and at very low prices.

This work also for sale at JAMES WOOD'S, Lewiston; ELIJAH WYMAN'S, Newport; ALBA ABERTS, Skowhegan; JEREMIAH PERCH, Waterville, Oct. 25, 1860.

H. R. GONNELL, No. 12 N. E. New York, May, 30, 1861.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Counsellor at Law, No. 64 Middle Street, PORTLAND.

DRUMMOND & WEBB, Counsellors at Law, AND NOTARIES PUBLIC, WATERVILLE, ME.

Office over C. K. Mathews' Book Store, lately occupied by Drummond & Webb. EVERETT R. DRUMMOND, 5 EDMUND F. WEBB.

ORIN T. GRAY, Counsellor at Law, WATERVILLE, ME. MAINE.

Office on Main Street, nearly opposite the Williams House, lately occupied by P. L. Chandler.

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\$150,000,000!! Appropriated by Congress to carry on the war!

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House, Sign and Carriage Painting, GRADING, GLAZING, PAPEL-HANGING, & MARBLING. Special attention paid to carriage work, for which their establishment has been particularly fitted up.

We are grateful for past favors and hope by preserving a union between ourselves and our business, to merit a continuance of the same. June 13th, 1861.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The subscriber will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the copy of a Series of Lectures by which he is cured of that fatal disease Consumption.

Suffered with Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any lung affection, he cheerfully will try this recipe, well satisfied if they do so they will be more than satisfied with the result. This is not a humbug, but a true and reliable remedy, and is now in the hands of every sufferer of the means of cure. Those wishing the recipe with full directions, &c., will please call on or address

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It will entirely cure, or greatly relieve the following distressing complaints:—Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Rheumatism, General Debility, Nervousness, Uterine Pains, Jaundice, Dysentery, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Erysipelas, and the entire catalogue of ailments, most of which originate in a low state of blood.

Get our new Pamphlet, and read it. JEWETT & COMPANY, No. 39 Summer Street, Boston.

For sale by all Druggists.

"Three Days Later from Boston." ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.

I have just returned from Boston with a fresh lot of

Boots and Shoes, GENTLEMEN'S CALF AND PATENT CONGRESS BOOTS, OXFORD TIES, FRENCH OPERA BOOTS, SOUTHERN LACE BOOTS, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CONG. BOOTS AND SHOES.

of different kinds, Ladies' Button Street Boots, Suede and Kid Congress, French and American Slippers, Men's and Childrens Boots and Shoes, of every variety, together with all other articles comprising the stock of a Shoe Store, all of which are now on hand, 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 secure your trade.

Boots and Shoes of all Styles, sewed or pegged, made to order in the neatest possible manner.

REPAIRING done in "a tip top" shape. Ladies and Gentlemen, please call and look at my goods, and remember I can sell you as good work, and at as low prices as any one in town.

GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD, opposite H. H. Herriek's, Maine St., Waterville, Me.

ISLAND NURSERY. KENDALL'S MILLS.

This nursery comprises about sixty thousand Apple Trees of choice varieties, from three to five years of age, many of which are now ready for sale and at very low prices. Below are some of the kinds now ready for the market, viz:

Summer Apples, Autumnal Red, Rough Leaf Sweet, Early Strawberry, Early Joe, Golden Sweeting, Primrose, Fall Pippin, Fall Greening, Fall Winesap, Gravenstein, Hawley (Dove), Jersey Sweet, Porter, St. Lawrence, Baldwin, Winter Apples, Bellflower (Hollander), Yellow.

Orders filled with dispatch and Trees carefully packed and delivered at the Depot if requested. J. H. GILBERT, Kendall's Mills, April 1861.

MONEY FOUND. FOUND, on the afternoon of July 24, at Kendall's Mills, a sum of money, which the owner can have by proving property to the satisfaction of S. D. TRASK, Kendall's Mills, July 24, 1861.

Stray Horses. (CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 20th of June, two horses—one a light roan, with light mane and tail, and a white stripe in the face—the other about the same description, except little darker color. Both well shod, and apparently a pair of work horses. Fairfield, July 6, 1861. ANDREW J. EMERY

Cheaper than Ever! LADIES' Nice Silk gowns Congress Boots for one dollar, at J. H. GILBERT, opposite the Post Office.

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

W. A. CAFFEY, At the New Ware-Room, No. 3 Boutelle Block.

Offers for sale a large and complete assortment of FURNITURE, Dining-Room and Common Furniture, Sofas, Mahogany Chairs, Mirrors, Mattresses, Chamber Suits, &c.

And every article of Cabinet Furniture, necessary to a first class Ware-Room. Also, a general assortment of READY-MADE COFFINS. Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order. Waterville, June 25, 1861.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING, Also, Graining, Glazing and Papering.

G. H. ESTY, continues to take orders for the above in a manner that has given satisfaction to the best judges, for a period of ten years. Orders promptly attended to on application at this shop. Main Street, opposite Waterville's Block, WATERVILLE, ME.

Mixed Paint and Putty for sale, and Brushes to lend.

LATEST STYLE! 1861. J. PEAVY & BROTHERS.

HAVE the Fall Style HATS of the most approved patterns, and of all qualities. Gent's Soft Felt Hats of the latest style and colors. Youths and Children's Caps and Fancy Felt Hats, of new and beautiful patterns which they offer at great bargains. Given them a call. Waterville, Jan. 1, 1861.

DOORS, SASH, AND WINDOW FRAMES, FURNISH & DRUMMOND.

HAVE commenced again in their new Shop in Moor's building, Waterville, with a new set of the latest and most improved Machinery, for the manufacture of the above named articles. All kinds of

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ISLAND NURSERY. KENDALL'S MILLS.

This nursery comprises about sixty thousand Apple Trees of choice varieties, from three to five years of age, many of which are now ready for sale and at very low prices. Below are some of the kinds now ready for the market, viz:

Summer Apples, Autumnal Red, Rough Leaf Sweet, Early Strawberry, Early Joe, Golden Sweeting, Primrose, Fall Pippin, Fall Greening, Fall Winesap, Gravenstein, Hawley (Dove), Jersey Sweet, Porter, St. Lawrence, Baldwin, Winter Apples, Bellflower (Hollander), Yellow.

Orders filled with dispatch and Trees carefully packed and delivered at the Depot if requested. J. H. GILBERT, Kendall's Mills, April 1861.

MONEY FOUND. FOUND, on the afternoon of July 24, at Kendall's Mills, a sum of money, which the owner can have by proving property to the satisfaction of S. D. TRASK, Kendall's Mills, July 24, 1861.

Stray Horses. (CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 20th of June, two horses—one a light roan, with light mane and tail, and a white stripe in the face—the other about the same description, except little darker color. Both well shod, and apparently a pair of work horses. Fairfield, July 6, 1861. ANDREW J. EMERY

Cheaper than Ever! LADIES' Nice Silk gowns Congress Boots for one dollar, at J. H. GILBERT, opposite the Post Office.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.

W. A. CAFFEY, At the New Ware-Room, No. 3 Boutelle Block.

Offers for sale a large and complete assortment of FURNITURE, Dining-Room and Common Furniture, Sofas, Mahogany Chairs, Mirrors, Mattresses, Chamber Suits, &c.

And every article of Cabinet Furniture, necessary to a first class Ware-Room. Also, a general assortment of READY-MADE COFFINS. Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order. Waterville, June 25, 1861.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING, Also, Graining, Glazing and Papering.

G. H. ESTY, continues to take orders for the above in a manner that has given satisfaction to the best judges, for a period of ten years. Orders promptly attended to on application at this shop. Main Street, opposite Waterville's Block, WATERVILLE, ME.

Mixed Paint and Putty for sale, and Brushes to lend.

LATEST STYLE! 1861. J. PEAVY & BROTHERS.

HAVE the Fall Style HATS of the most approved patterns, and of all qualities. Gent's Soft Felt Hats of the latest style and colors. Youths and Children's Caps and Fancy Felt Hats, of new and beautiful patterns which they offer at great bargains. Given them a call. Waterville, Jan. 1, 1861.

DOORS, SASH, AND WINDOW FRAMES, FURNISH & DRUMMOND.

HAVE commenced again in their new Shop in Moor's building, Waterville, with a new set of the latest and most improved Machinery, for the manufacture of the above named articles. All kinds of

DOORS, SASH, AND BLINDS. Of seasoned lumber and Kiln-dried, constantly on hand, and at very low prices.

This work also for sale at JAMES WOOD'S, Lewiston; ELIJAH WYMAN'S, Newport; ALBA ABERTS, Skowhegan; JEREMIAH PERCH, Waterville, Oct. 25, 1860.

H. R. GONNELL, No. 12 N. E. New York, May, 30, 1861.