



8-15-1861

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 06): August 15, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 06): August 15, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 733.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/733

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

MISCELLANY.

From the Springfield Republican.
MRS. FLUTTER BUDGET.

BY TIMOTHY FITCH.

Mrs. Flutter Budget was at church last Sunday. She always is at church; and she never forgets her fan. I have known her for many years, and have never known her to be in church without a fan in her hand, and some article upon her person that rustled constantly. Her black silk dress is death to devotion to the cause of twenty feet on all sides of her. She fixes the wires in the bonnets of her little girls, then takes their hats off entirely, then wipes their noses, then shakes her head at them, then makes them exchange seats with each other, then reads the text and the hymns for them, then fuses with the cricket, and fans herself unremittently until she can see something else to do. During all this time, and throughout all these exercises, the one article of dress upon her flimsy person that has rustled in it, rustles. It chafes against the walls of silence as a caged bear chafes, with feverish restlessness, against the walls of his cell; and as if the annoyance of one sense were not sufficient, she seems to have adopted a bob and sinker style of trimming, for hat and dress, and hair and cloak, and everything that goes to make up her externals. Little pendants are everywhere—little tassels and balls and little tufts—at the end of little cords; and these are all the time bobbing up and down, and trembling, and threatening to bob up and down, like—

The one red leaf, the last of its clan
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost bough that looks up at the sky.

Any person who sits near Mrs. Flutter Budget, or undertakes to look at her during divine service, loses all sense of repose, and all power of reflection. The most solemn exercises in which the mind engages cannot be carried on with a fly upon the nose; and any teasing of a single sense, whether of sight or sound or touch, is fatal to religious devotion. I presume that if the pastor wishes to find the most sterile portion of his field he needs only to ascertain the names of those who occupy pews in the vicinity of this lively little lady. Her husband died two years ago, of sleeplessness, and a harassing system of nursing.

The Flutter Budgets are a numerous family in America. They are not all as restless as Madame, but the characteristics of the blood are manifest among them all. They never know repose; and, what is worse than this they dread if they do not despise it. They are immense workers—not that they do more work and harder than their neighbors, but they make a great fuss about it, and are always at it. They rise early in the morning, and they sit up late at night; and they do this from year's end to year's end whether they really have anything to do or not. They cannot sit still. They have an unhealthy impression that it is wrong for them not to be 'doing something' all the time. Nothing in the world will make them so uncomfortable and so restless as leisure. Mrs. Flutter Budget could no more sit down without knitting work, or a sock to darn, in her hands, than she could fly. As she has many times remarked, she would die if she could not work. To her, and to all of her name and character, constant action seems to be a necessity. The craving of the smoker for his pipe or cigar, the incessant hankering of the opium eater for his drug, the terrible thirst of the drunkard for his cups—all these are legitimate illustrations of the morbid desire of the Budgets for action or motion. The man who has the habit of using narcotics is not more restless and unhappy without his accustomed stimulus than they are with nothing to do. In truth, I believe the desire for action may become just as morbid a passion of the soul as that which most degrades and demoralizes mankind.

If I were called upon to define happiness, I could possibly give no definition that would shut out the word repose. I do not mean by this that no person can be happy except in a state of repose; but I mean, rather, that no man can be happy to whom repose is impossible. The highest definition of happiness would probably designate the consciousness of healthy powers harmoniously employed as among its prime elements; but there can be no happiness that deserves its name without the consciousness of powers that are able to subside from harmonious action into painless repose. I know a little girl who plays out of doors at night as long as she can see, and who, when called into the house, takes up a book with restless greed for mental excitement, and then begs to be read to sleep after she has been commanded to put down her book and go to bed. She would be called a happy child by those who see her playing among her mates, yet it is easy to perceive that her happiness is limited to a single attitude and condition of body and mind. A happier child is she who can enjoy her open air play, and then quietly sit down at her mother's side and enjoy rest. That is an inharmonious and unhealthy state of mind which chafes with leisure; and he is an unhappy man who cannot sit down for a moment without reaching for a newspaper, or looking about him for some guide to his morbid mind to chew upon. So I count no man truly happy who cannot contentedly sit still when circumstances release his powers from labor, and who does not reckon among his rewards of labor a peaceful repose.

No, Mrs. Flutter Budget is not a happy woman; and, as I have intimated before, she seriously interferes with the happiness and the physical prosperity of those about her. When she can find nothing to do, then she worries those children of hers who worried nearly to death, if in their play, they get any dirt upon their faces, they are sent immediately to take themselves clean. If they soil their clothes, they are shut up until reduced to a proper state of penitence. They are kept out of all draughts of air for fear of a cold; and if they should take cold, why, they must take medicine of the most repulsive character as a remedy. If they cough out of the wrong corner of their mouths, she suspects them of croupy intentions; and if they venture, at some unguarded moment, on a cutaneous eruption, they are immediately charged with the measles or accused of small pox. If they quietly sit down for a moment of repose, she apprehends sickness, and sits them about in order to shake them. Even sleep is not sacred to her, for if she finds a flushed face among the harrassed slumbers, she wakes its owner to make factitious inquiries. Her husband, as I have ready stated, died two years ago. She worked upon his nervous system to such an extent that he was glad to be rid of the world, and of her. I think a man would die, after while, with constantly looking at the motion of a saw mill. The jar of a locomotive makes a tougher iron rail at last; and the wear and tear of a restless wife is beyond the strongest man's endurance.

I have noticed that persons who have influence upon the minds of others maintain constantly a degree of repose. I do not mean at those hours most influence who use their powers incessantly, but that a certain degree of mental repose—or what may possibly be called inaptitude—is necessary to influence. Mrs. Flutter Budget always talks in a hurry,

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1861.

NO. 6.

The Eastern Mail.

and talks of a thousand things, and is easily excited. Her neighbor, carefully avoiding the causes which ruffle her, and preserving the poise of her faculties, insists on her point quietly, and carries it. The repose of equanimity is a charm which dissolves all opposition. The mind which shows itself open to influences from every quarter, and is swayed by them, is not its own master. The mind that never rests is invariably full of freaks and caprices. The mind that has no repose shows its dependence and its lack of self control. There cannot go out of such a mind as this a positive influence, any more than there can go forth from a candle a steady light, when it stands flickering and flaring in the wind, having all it can do to keep its flame from extinction. There must be that repose of mind which springs from conscious self control, and consciousness of the power of self control, under all ordinary circumstances, before a man can hope to have influence of a powerful character upon the minds of others. The driver of a coach and six, with all the ribbons in his hands and a thorough knowledge of his horses and his road, sits upon his box in repose; and that repose inspires me with confidence in him; but if he should be constantly on the lookout for some trick, and constantly examining his harnesses, and constantly fussy and uneasy, I should lose my confidence in him, and wish I were in anybody's care but his.

We do not need to be taught that a restless mind is not a reliable mind. There is an instinct which tells me this. There can be no reliability of character without repose. If I should wish to take a ride, and two horses should be led before me to choose from, I would take the one that stands still, waiting for my burden and his command, rather than the one that occupies the road and his groom with his carolling and curvetting and other signs of restlessness. I should be measurably sure that one would bear me through my journey safely and speedily, and that the other would either throw me, or wear himself out, or so fail of giving me good service. Saint Peter was a restless man—an impatient man. He was always the most impulsive and the most ready to act, as the servant of the high priest had occasion to remember; but he both lied and denied his Lord. It was John, repose upon the breast of Jesus, who most drew forth the Lord's affection. Martha, worrying about the house, cumbered with much serving, chose a part inferior to that of Mary, who reposed at the feet of Jesus. It is only in repose that the powers of the mind are marshaled for great enterprises and for progress. It is in repose, when passion is sleeping and reason is clear-eyed, that the military chieftain marks out his campaign and arranges his forces. He is a poor commander who throws his troops into the field, and fights without order or strategy for no definite end; and there are multitudes of men who throw themselves into life with an immense splutter, and fight the fight of life with a great deal of noise, but who never make any progress, because they have never drawn upon repose for a plan.

Repose is the cradle of power. It is the fashion to say that great men are men of great passions, as if their passions were the cause rather than the concomitant of their greatness. Great elephants have great legs, but the legs, however, are required to move great elephants, and wherever we find great elephants we find great legs. Small men sometimes have great passions, and these passions may so far overcome them that they shall be the weakest of the weak. The possession of great passions is often a disadvantage to weak men and strong men alike, because they furnish so many assailable points for outside forces. A fortress may be very strongly built, but if its doors are open, and scaling ladders are run permanently down from its walls for the accommodation of invading forces, its strength will be of very little practical advantage. Great passions are oftener the weak than the strong points of men. Now I do not believe it possible for a man to exercise a high degree of power upon the hearts and minds of others, and, at the same time, be under the influence of any variety of passion. A man cannot be the shivering subject of an outside force, acting upon him through his passions, and at the same time an effluent center of power. Action and passion are opened to each other, and when one has possession of the soul the other is wanting. They involve two distinct attitudes of the mind, as truly do thanksgiving and petition.

The world often finds fault with great men because they are cold; but they could not be great men if they were not cold. A physician is often preferred by a family or a patient because he is 'so sympathizing,' as they call it. They forget that a physician is necessarily untrustworthy in the degree that he is sympathetic with his patients. A physician may be thoroughly kind, and out of his kindness there may grow a gentle manner which seems to spring from sympathy; but I say unhesitatingly that in the degree by which a physician is sympathetic with his patients, he is unfitted for his work. A dentist who feels in sympathy, the pain that he inflicts upon a child, is unfitted to perform his operation. The surgeon who sensitively sympathizes with a man whose diseased or crushed limb it has fallen to his lot to remove, has lost a portion of his power and skill, and has become a poorer surgeon for his sympathy. Physicians themselves show that they understand this when a case for medical or surgical treatment occurs in their own families. If their wives or their children are sick, they cannot control their sympathies; and the moment they are aware of this, they lose all confidence in themselves. They cannot reduce the fracture of a child's limb, or prescribe for a wife lying dangerously ill, because their sympathies are so greatly excited that their judgment is good for nothing. In other words, they are in an attitude or condition of passion; they are moved and wrought upon by outside forces, to such a degree that they cannot act.

If an orator rises in his place and show by the agitation of his nerves, his broken sentences, and his choked utterances that emotion is uppermost in him, he has no more power upon his audience than a baby. We pity his weakness or we sympathize with him; but he cannot move us. He is a mastered man, and until he can choke down his passion he cannot master us. A man rises in an audience in a state of furious excitement, and fumes and yells and gesticulates, but he only moves us to pity, or disgust or laughter. His passion utterly deprives him of power. We call Mr. Gough an actor, as he undoubtedly is; and we pretend to be disgusted with him for stimulating

every night, for a hundred nights in succession, the emotions which move us. We forget that if Mr. Gough should really become the subject of the passions which he illustrates, he would lose his power upon us, and kill himself besides. He takes care never to be mastered, and takes care also that all the machinery which he uses shall contribute to his mastery of us. I do not deny that passion may be made tributary to the power of men. Oil is tributary to the power of machinery by lubricating its points of friction; and warmth, by limbering its joints and bringing its members into more perfect adjustment; but if the machinery were made to wade in oil, or were heated red hot, oil and heat would be a damage to it.

I repeat the proposition, then, that repose is the cradle of power. The man who cannot hold his passions in repose—in perfect repose—can never employ the measure of his power. These 'cold men,' as the world calls them, are the men who move and control their race. But it is not necessary to cling to great men for the illustration of my subject. To say that a Christian philanthropist should not be a sympathetic man would be to say that he should not be a man at all; but nothing is more certain than that if a man should surrender himself to his sympathies it would kill him. In a world where sin and its bitter fruits abound as they do in this, where little children cry for bread, and whole races are sunk in barbarism, and villainy preys upon virtue, and the innocent suffer in the place of the guilty; and sickness lays its hand upon multitudes, and pain holds its victims to a life-long bondage, and death leads through daily to the grave, and leaves other things wild with grief, a sensitively sympathetic man, surrendering himself to all the influences that address him, would lose all power to help the distressed, or even to speak a word of comfort. We are to apprehend the woes of others through our sympathies, and to hold those sympathies in such repose that all the power of our natures will be held ready for, and subject to, intelligent ministry. The woman who faints at the sight of blood is not fit for a hospital. The man who grows pale at hearing a groan will not do for a surgeon. If we mean to do anything in this world for the good of men, we must first compel our sympathies and our passions into repose.

That which is true of power in this matter is true of judgment. It is a widely bruited aphorism that 'all history is a lie, and this aphorism had its birth in the fact that historians become, as it were, magnetized by the characters with which they deal. A man who writes the life of Napoleon finds himself either sympathizing with him, or roused into antipathy by him. In short, he becomes the subject of a passion, wrought upon him by the character which he contemplates and undertakes to paint; and from the moment this passion takes possession of him, he becomes unfitted to write an impartial and reliable word about him. All positive historical characters have all possible historical portraits, simply because the writers are subjects of passion. It is because no man can write of positive characters without being the subject of an influence from them, that no man can be an impartial historian, and that all history must necessarily be a lie. If ever a perfect history shall be written, it will be written by one whose passions are under entire control, and kept in a condition of profound repose—who will look at a historical character as he would upon an impaled beetle in an entomological collection. A man is no competent judge of a character, either in history or in life, with which he strongly sympathizes. I have known many a man utterly unfitted to read the proofs of the villainy of one to whom he had surrendered his sympathies. A woman in love is a very poor judge of character. She can see nothing but excellence where others see nothing but shallowness and rottenness.

Once more, there is no dignity without repose. A restless, uneasy man can never be a dignified man. There can be no dignity about a man or a woman who fumes and frets and fusses, and is full of freaks and caprices. Dignity of manners is always associated with repose. Mrs. Flutter Budget always enters a drawing room as if she were a loaded doll, tossed in by the usher, and goes dodging and tipping about to get her center of gravity, without getting it. Her queenly neighbor comes in as the sun rises—calmly, sweetly, steadily, and all hearts bow to her dignified coming. What would an Archbishop be worth for dignity, who should be continually scratching his ears, and brushing his nose, and crossing and recrossing his legs, and drumming with his fingers? Who would not deem the ermine degraded by a chief justice who should be constantly twitching about upon his bench? It is a fact that has come under the observation of the least observant that the moment a man surrenders himself to his passions, he loses his dignity. A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic to life. A fit of drowsiness is hardly less fatal. So it is in repose, and particularly in the repose of the passion, that we find the happiness, the influence, the power and the dignity of our life. Let us cultivate repose.—[Springfield Republican.]

On a Canadian M. P. on our troubles.—On July 17th, at a reunion in Chateaugay, C. W. Hon. T. Darcy McGee made an address. In the course of it he said:

It may be what is called an error on the right side, but I confess to you, ladies and gentlemen, I would look for the preservation of peace between ourselves and the American people far more to the cultivation of a just and generous style of dealing with the national troubles of that people, than I would to the presence here of a few thousand regulars more or less. We have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by adopting any other tone or any other tactics, and I repeat here, at this earliest opportunity I have had, what I said in my place in the last Parliament, that all the wretched small talk about the failure of the Republican experiment in the United States ought to be frowned down, wherever it appears, by the Canadian public. I am not a Republican in politics; long before these recent troubles came to a head in the American Union, I had ceased to dogmatize upon any abstract scheme of government; but I have no hesitation in declaring my own belief—a belief founded on evidence accumulated through several years of observation—that the American system, so far from having proved a failure, as tyrants and loafers have all over the world wished it to be—that that system will emerge from this, its first, great domestic

trial—purified, consolidated, disciplined for greater usefulness and greater achievements than ever before.

[From the Student and Schoolmate.]
Conversations about Business Matters.
DISPOSAL OF A BILL OF EXCHANGE.

As we have noticed, the Bill of Exchange simplifies business transactions between persons who live in different countries, or under different forms of government. Thus, a person residing in Boston can by a stroke of the pen request his correspondent in England, France, India, or China, to pay over to an entire stranger whatever may be due to himself. The planter at the South may send his cotton, the tanner or shoe manufacturer at the North his productions, as well as the machinist or other producer that which may be wanted in Europe, or elsewhere, so that they can make a profit thereby.

But, in order to do so, he must wait a long time for his pay. If he draws a Bill of Exchange, and employs some party to collect it, he must then wait some time for his money, while his business may require the cash at once. He therefore seeks in one of our large cities an Exchange broker or banker, who is usually ready to pay such a price as will ensure himself a profit in the sale to another party. In this respect there is a difference between inland and foreign Exchange, as there is a difference in the form of the draft. The one, inland, is subject to a discount, as we shall presently see, while the foreign is usually sold at an advance.

Thus J. G. draws on E. & Co., London, for two hundred pounds, payable in ten days after sight. The value in dollars and cents being four dollars forty-four cents and four mills to the pound, amounts to eight hundred and eighty-eight dollars eighty-eight cents. The banker agrees to give him eight per cent. advance, and accordingly he receives nine hundred and sixty dollars for the two hundred pounds. Presently, Y. Z., who has imported dry goods from Manchester, in England, wishes to send forward money in payment, and purchases of the banker the Bill of Exchange which he has himself purchased of J. G. It being much easier to send it in this way than in specie, Y. Z. has no objection to paying at the rate of eight and a half per cent. advance, which amounts to the sum of nine hundred sixty-four dollars and forty-four cents, thus giving the banker four dollars and forty-four cents for his profit. Y. Z. sends the first of Exchange to his correspondent in Manchester, by mail, and allowing fifteen days for the passage of the mail to Manchester, and fifteen days for the acceptance and payment of the Exchange in London, he will in thirty days from the date of purchase, be credited with the sum of two hundred pounds in Manchester. Had he sent the specie instead, it would have required fifteen days or more for it to reach its destination, at an expense for freight, charges, insurance premiums, &c., and then might have proved of short weight and corresponding loss.

The importance of foreign Exchange to adjust business relations between nations, and the facilities afforded by a banker in good credit cannot be over-estimated. If the ship containing a remittance in specie should be destroyed by fire, or founder at sea, the amount of insurance may be secured, but much time will be lost making a new remittance; whereas, if the first of Exchange is sent by one steamer, and the second by one immediately following, one or the other is almost certain to reach its destination. Sometimes a merchant finds a Bill of Exchange at a lower rate than the banker will sell. If the parties are well known as responsible, as well as honorable, it may be safe to purchase; but oftentimes such purchases prove very dear in the end. A banker is presumed to know the relative standing of all such Exchange, and he will usually pay a proper price; while if a merchant happens to remit a bad bill, he not only suffers the loss of the amount, but is liable for damages.

Much money finds its way to Ireland from the earnings of servant girls and laborers, who for five dollars can procure and send a bill for one pound to a needy parent far off in their native land. Remittances may be made to Paris by purchasing francs, at so many francs the dollar to cover Exchange, or by sending the dollar to their peculiar currency, or by sending a sterling bill, payable in London in pounds, shillings, and pence which is denominated English sterling; the currency of England having a value in all lands as a commercial center.

In the collection of an inland or domestic draft, the expenses are regulated by the distance and facilities for collecting through banks or brokers. In ordinary times these expenses vary from one half per cent. to five per cent. As between Boston and New York, or Boston and Portland, one-half or three-quarters of one per cent. will usually cover all charges. Should one want to remit, however, the chances are that he would be obliged to pay a small premium for the accommodation of a bank or broker's check.

Various causes operate to change the rate of both foreign and domestic exchange. The present war has in some instances raised the cost of collecting money from three per cent. to thirty per cent., and sometimes the difference has been still greater. Were it not a necessary war, and to be the harbinger of brighter days to our republic, we might lament for this feature.

But when once again peace is restored, and trade resumes its wonted channels, when the whole nation shall unite its energies to pay off the enormous debt created by this war, then we may hope that some measures will be taken to equalize and make permanent some system of internal Exchange that will guarantee a trader a return of his just dues, at a reasonable cost for collection. Such a system would knit together the extreme sections of our country, and so unite their interests that when young readers become the business men of the country, the terrible experience of these days could not be repeated. Wicked men might talk of disunion, preach secession and other monstrous inconsistencies, but the great commercial interest, based upon the principles of integrity and truth, would say, 'Of a truth we are one people, one heart, and one utterance; cease, then, thy vain babblings, and engage in honest labor for the good of all.' Then could the motto be, 'Each for all, and all for each.'

DELICATE OR SILVER CAKE.—CHERRY AND GOOD.—The following is to be credited to this

American Agriculturist, which is 'responsible'—no matter now who furnished the recipe: Take 2 teaspoonfuls of white sugar; 3 4 cup of butter; 1 cup of sweet milk; 4 cups of flour; the whites of 4 eggs beaten to a froth; 1 teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar; and flavor with vanilla, nutmeg, or lemon, or as you like. First rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and then add the other ingredients. Bake in a quick oven.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

'Playing in the Dirt'—Bathing.

'Oh let them play in the dirt, it's a whole some,' we heard a mother say, when informed that her children were making mud pies by the roadside. Play is wholesome, particularly in the open air, but filth is not; yet many persons have strangely imbibed the notion that unwashed, neglected children thrive the best. They say 'look at the hardness of the little street vagabonds that throng our cities and compare their toughness with the pale faces and puny limbs of the mother's darlings that are never permitted to enjoy themselves for fear of soiling their clothing.' But they take no account of the thousands of 'nobody's children' that every year die of diseases contracted or aggravated by want of cleanliness. Those who survive, do so because of natural strength of constitution, which carries them safely through danger. As stated above, outside exposure is indispensable to high health, and it is want of this, not clean clothing, which injures the 'mother's darlings.'

A coating of Just upon the skin interferes with its proper function. If this covering of the body be examined with a magnifier of high power, there will be discovered myriads of little orifices called pores which are outlets for a large part of the waste matter or dead particles of the body. If this poisonous matter be kept in the system, it will overload and derange other organs, and if it occur to any great extent, will cause active disease. A person vanishes over completely, so as to stop all the pores, would die, after a time.

Few things tend to the promotion of sound health more than frequent ablution of the whole person. If laborers would take a morning bath twice or three times a week, and thus keep the skin well cleansed, they would be abundantly repaid in the comfort and vigor which the process would impart.

REMARKS.—We have nothing to say against the general plea of 'Salus,' for neatness. But there has been not a little nonsense written and spoken concerning bathing, within a few years past. It is a question whether more lives have not been lost than saved by the morning bath in cold water. We will not deny that a person of vigorous constitution may break ice in the water, and take a brief wash or plunge in it, with no injurious effect, and even with benefit if a speedy reaction is unfailingly secured; but the fact is, few persons will secure the proper reaction unless under the immediate direction and oversight of a skillful physician. We have tried a daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, and then a weekly morning cold bath, and caught many a cold, notwithstanding all the skill and 'science' we could bring to bear. This cold water morning bathing may be 'meat' to some, but it is 'death' to us, and to many others we wot of. We now luxuriate on a weekly, or semi-weekly bath, in a comfortable room, with the chill taken off the water, and but little time occupied in the process, finishing off with a brisk rubbing, with a moderately coarse towel, not with a curry comb, epilint brush, or half-batched flax towel.

A common mistake is, that those laboring outdoors, in dust and sweat, must need to bathe. Such persons sweat off the accumulations upon the skin, and though frequent bathing will conduce to their 'good looks,' to their comfort, and to lessening the labor of washing their garments, yet they need this operation much less, so far as health is concerned, than your caged ladies and gentlemen who seldom put forth effort enough to get up a free perspiration. The filthiest, most unhealthy skin, belongs to the neat body who dwells on Brussels carpets, where not a particle of dust is permitted to rise, but who never exerts herself enough to 'raise a dust.'

Our lives are artificial, in part, and we cannot, in all respects follow the indications of nature; yet if constant bathing is essential to health, it must have been an oversight in the order of nature, that we were not born with glands and fins.

The most unhealthy skin would seem to be one from which the delicate oily secretions, naturally provided to lubricate the seven millions tubes of the skin, is kept constantly removed by ablutions of soaps alkalies and water.—[Ed.]

WORKY.—Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon their worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast whizzing is hardly heard thro' the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat where you may rest and rest yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and impudence of your boys; unless, indeed, it be the supercilious bow with which Mrs. Snooks that afternoon passed your wife, and the fact that the pleasant dinner party at which you assisted the evening before, at Mr. Smith's, has been ascertained to have been one of a second rate character, his more honored guests having dined on the previous day. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline, brings all parties to a silky and snappish frame of mind. And instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody silence over your books—books which you are not likely for this evening to much appreciate or enjoy. Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering

it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case, and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pigsty.—[Country Parson.]

A Blister in the Palm a Remedy for Disease!

We proclaim another mode of treating disease—a treatment that casts homoeopathy, hydropathy, steam-doctoring, the movement cure, and the science of therapeutics itself entirely into the shade. It is well known that all these systems, though they make a loud noise in the world, really accomplish very little; nearly all patients who recover under the treatment of physicians of any school, would have recovered without the aid of the physician, and it is very seldom indeed that fatal diseases are diverted from their course by putting drugs into the stomach. But our system is effectual; it will cure many of the worst diseases to which mankind are subject, and it will prevent them all. It is as simple as it is powerful; it is nothing more than raising a blister in the palm of the hand. The blister must not be raised by cantharides or other poisonous irritants, but must be produced by friction, accompanied with an alternate contraction and extension of the muscles. If the operation acts as a sudorific, inducing a sensible perspiration between the clavicles and above the eyebrows, it is all the more efficacious. Almost any solid substance may be employed for administering the friction, though it has been discovered that the best substance for the purpose is the handle of some tool, such as a hammer, saw or plane; the very best of all being the handle of a plow or hoe.

This treatment produces the good effects of all the articles in the whole materia medica, and with more power and certainty than they. For instance, it is a more powerful opiate than opium, and, while the sleep induced by narcotics is succeeded by nausea and debility, that resulting from this treatment is wholly refreshing and invigorating, and is followed by a peculiarly healthy and buoyant exhilaration.

As a tonic it is more beneficial than bark or iron, not only strengthening the muscles, but actually enlarging their volume.

To give an appetite, it is better than any dinner pill. If the epicure who sits down to his table with indifference, and forces a few mouthfuls of his dainty viands into his stomach, where they give him great distress, will adopt this treatment, he will come to the table with a keen desire that will give a relish to the plainest food; and digestion waits upon an appetite thus produced.

It is a better remedy for incipient consumption than cod-liver oil, and is a sovereign cure for dyspepsia, jaundice, liver complaint and a long train of chronic diseases.

It will not only remove bodily ills, but is the best of all medicines for a mind diseased. If a man who is suffering from hypochondriasis, who feels that the burdens of life are greater than he can bear, and who sees the clouds of despair settling over his future, will take hold of a shovel handle and raise a blister in the palm of his hand, he will be surprised to see how the troubles that have oppressed him are brushed away, and the future before him is brightened. New beauties will come upon the face of nature, and new joys and hopes will spring up in his heart. This is the true elixir of life.

While other modes of treatment are expensive, this not only costs absolutely nothing, but it is a source of revenue to the patient. It removes not only sickness and despondency, but poverty also. It is a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Though this system is the best of any for the cure of complaints, its great superiority is as a prophylactic. If properly administered to a healthy subject, it will prevent all disease. The next neighbor to the writer of this died at 94 of old age. A few days before his death, in conversation with him, we asked him if he had ever consulted a physician. He replied that he never had.

'Were you ever sick?'

'No.'

'Not a day.'

'No.'

'Not an hour?'

'No.'

'You were never sick in your life?'

'No.'

This man knew nothing of physiology; he had never practiced any system of dieting; but every day, Sundays and all, for more than eighty years, and generally, excepting Sundays, through the whole day from before sunrise till after sunset, he had applied friction to the palms of his hands.—[Sci. Amer.]

A NOBLE SOLDIER.—The government at Washington is said to have information through an intercepted letter written in the rebel camp at Pensacola, that a soldier from Fort Pickens, being carried by the wind and tide, while bathing, into the vicinity of the rebel fortifications, gave himself up to the enemy, who treated him shamefully, but could not succeed in shaking his courage or his fidelity to his country. The writer, evidently a person of honorable impulses, says:

'He appeared to be a noble fellow.' When asked whether he was a deserter, he replied, 'No, sir, I am a gentleman.' Major Gregory tried to get some information from him as regards the state of defense in which Pickens was, but he refused to give any; upon which Gregory ordered him to be gagged—horrible—and sent to Barrancas prison. This may be the rule of war; but may Heaven deliver us from ever maltreating a defenseless foe.

The Madison Rifles consulted about the propriety of suffering the order to be carried out, but they were advised by their own officers not to interfere; that if they did they would be punished for mutiny, beside they did not know the true real cause of this treatment.

11 o'clock.—Just returned from a small group of friends, who were discussing animatedly the question whether or not the prisoner was treated justly. They came to the conclusion that he was not only treated unjustly, but cruelly, and they have determined to report the commander of the Fort to headquarters. What good it will do we cannot tell; but such acts of unkindness should not be left unnoticed. I think that Gen. Brad will express his indignation at the bad manner in which the prisoner was treated, and will, if possible, redress the injury.

I admire the prisoner. He seemed to feel no fear of foes or death. When clothes were given him he said that if he ever lived to get back he would return their equivalent in money. When told that he would be shot if he did not answer the questions put to him, he told Gregory to shoot if he chose, that one death was all a soldier could die.

At one time he was highly insulted at the treatment, and even prepared to spit upon the insolent man who dared to try to force him to betray his friends.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . AUG. 15, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or 'THE EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'"

Commencement.

The depression that weighs so heavily upon the public mind, had led to the expectation that this would be a dull anniversary of Waterville College. And so far as Commencement, in years past, was made up of a mass of men and women who filled the streets, it has been, this year, a failure. But in all the literary and other festivities its interest has been well sustained. Visitors from abroad have been numerous, and full houses have in all cases listened to interesting exercises.

On Sunday evening commenced the preliminaries of Commencement, in the annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society. This was by Rev. Mr. Ridgway, of Portland; subject, "The Liberal Character of the Gospel." It seemed to be received as a neat and scholarly production, rather elegant in its composition, and, in its spirit, theology and oratory, well toned to the age, time and occasion.

Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Boston, gave the annual sermon before the Education Society, on Monday afternoon. We did not hear it, but venture from the report of others to say that it was listened to with marked appreciation.

On Monday evening the Prize Declamations of the Junior Class secured a large audience. As a whole, this exercise was emphatically an entertainment of high order, and drew from good judges expressions of most unqualified credit to this department of instruction in the college. This exhibition, but recently introduced here, promises not only good attractions for an audience, but great usefulness to the students—to whose credit it may be said, that they have entered into it in the best spirit of emulation. This annual offering will hereafter be regarded by the public as one of the most attractive features of Commencement. The following was the order of exercises:

1. ANIMAL LIFE. Augustus Champlin, Waterville.
2. AMERICAN LITERATURE. Albert Quincy Marsh, Hebron.
3. THE FUTURE OF AMERICA. Arch Dorrisious Leavitt, Turner.
4. QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PULPIT. William Eustis Brooks, Bloomfield.
5. MILTON AS A POLITICIAN. Zeno Augustus Smith, Hodgdon.
6. WORTH AND COST. Isaiah Record, East Livermore.
7. EFFORT AND RESULT. Alonzo Buckner, Atkinson.
8. THE PROSLAVERY REBELLION. George Adam Wilson, Waterville.
9. ESTHETIC CULTURE. Nelson Allen Luce, Burnham.
10. EXCELSIOR. John Francis Liscomb, Portland.
11. DUTY. Asa Lyman Lane, Yarmouth.
12. TANTALUS. George Alvah Gifford, Vassalboro.
13. THE AGE OF CRITICISM. George Langford Hunt, Woburn, Mass.

There were two prizes, to be awarded by Rev. N. M. Wood, of Lewiston, Rev. Dr. Shailer of Portland, and L. Dunton, Esq. of Bath, as judges. The first prize was given to Geo. L. Hunt, of Woburn, Mass., and the second to N. A. Luce, of Burnham.

As usual, Tuesday evening was assigned to the oration and poem of the literary societies;—the former by Rev. W. A. Alger, of Boston, and the latter by S. B. Beckett, Esq., of Portland. Mr. Alger's subject, "The Traitor," was well designed to secure attention. He gave it an appropriate preface; and upon its announcement, said, the distinguishing mark of the traitor was the unmitigated detestation of mankind. Dante pictured the horrors of hell, but lower than all other of its inhabitants was the traitor. The traitor was one who betrayed a trust, to the injury of those who put faith in him. The country rests upon the truth of her sworn subjects, and her betrayers are rather parasites than mere criminals. Treachery results from circumstances, and the worst of traitors is one who is made such through cowardice; while the more dangerous is a traitor from cover of ambition. The motive of treachery is always supremely selfish, its language always being, "What will ye give me and I will betray him unto you?" And the frightful results of treason warranted the deep and universal execration in which it is held. It breaks the most sacred social bands, and tramples upon the highest human principles. He applied his discourse to the present manifestation of treason against our government, and in the application gave the traitors a most scathing castigation. The South, he said, would fill a prominent and everlasting niche in the world's gallery of traitors, to be hated through all time. The oration was eminently a success.

Without hearing Mr. Beckett's poem, we can safely pronounce it better than the judgment awarded to it. Observation for many years has proved that no similar effort has won laurels for anything but the most muscle-moving, button-busting and rib-breaking wit, and he who aims at applause without it is "condemned already." The author of "Heater" has at least considerable merit as a poet, however he may have failed to re-arouse an exhausted midnight audience on this occasion. The hardest judgment we have heard is, that the poem would probably "read well." Such poems, then, are made to be read.

The graduating class was small, and met a "damp" in the drizzling rain with which the morning opened; so that the audience, though in the best sense good, was not so densely crowded as usual on this great day of the festival. The following was the order of exercises:

1. ENGLISH ORATION.—"The World the School of Philosophy." Frederick Dana Blake, Boston, Mass.
2. ORATION.—"The Necessity of War." George Stickney Frost, Clinton.
3. EXCELSIOR.—"The Fame of Bad Men." Albert Prescott Marble, Waterville.

4. POEM.—"Of the Class of an English Oration." Amos Messer Jackson, Littlefield.
5. ENGLISH ORATION.—"Influence Eternal." Randall Elvin Jones, Jefferson.
6. ORATION for the Degree of Master of Arts.—"The Plastic Imagination." Amos Lunt Hinds, Benton.

We believe the best judgment of the audience conceded to this class a high rank with the best of its predecessors. We do not speak of it in detail, though it presents "strong points" that would bear marked commendation.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the graduating class; the degree of A. M., in course, upon Amos L. Hinds of Benton, Charles P. Baldwin of New Sharon, I. S. Hamblen of Lovell, and Horace B. Marshall of Hebron; and out of course upon Selden Fletcher Neal of Lewiston, class of '52—Geo. B. Gow, same class, of South Groton, Mass. No honorary degrees were conferred.

The usual "Commencement Dinner" was served at Elmwood Hall. It was tastefully served and excellent in quality, and was very actively complimented by a large company of the alumni and guests of the college. The decorations of the hall were tasteful and artistic, the patriotic devices wrought by the varied drapery of the national flag, eliciting much admiration. Following the first general course of luxuries, in response to the call of President Champlin, came a series of brief and pleasant speeches.

Col. A. W. Wildes, of the Governor's staff, who appeared as the representative of his Excellency, was first called upon. The Governor's interest in the welfare and prosperity of this and kindred institutions was well known, and he regretted his inability to be present at this literary festival, but in excuse for his absence he pleaded the perilous state of the country, which first demanded his attention; he was confident that Waterville College, which had done so much for the same great and glorious cause, would very readily overlook his unavoidable absence.

Rev. Mr. Cheney, Principal of the Lewiston Seminary, was then called upon. He protested that he was one of those who never could talk unless he had something to say; on the present occasion he had nothing in particular to say, and therefore could not be expected to make a speech. However, while up he would express his warmest wishes for the prosperity of the College, and his earnest prayer for its success. He alluded to the President's morning prayer, and his expression that the College had its birth in prayer. In view of the condition of the country, the present was emphatically a time for prayer. Without a country, we need no colleges; and for both we must look to God in prayer.

E. P. Weston, Superintendent of Common Schools, being next called, said that it was well understood that these occasions are the exclusive property of the Alumni—they pay for the dinner and make the speeches, and he had no wish to interfere with their vested rights. A graduate of a sister institution, however, he recognized a near relationship; though not a mother to him, Waterville College was certainly an aunt, and he claimed those about him as his cousins; certainly he had "come a-cousining" very much to his advantage this time and he should be encouraged to repeat the visit. He had been called upon because of his official relations to the Common Schools of the State; the College also held an important position in relation to Common Schools, and both of these institutions were necessary. Common Schools were the foundation, and the College the friend and promoter of Common Schools. He enjoined upon graduates and friends of Colleges generally to sustain Common Schools. He enjoyed a pleasant social gathering like the present, and hoped all set and formal speeches had been lost by the way; and in this connection alluded to several model speeches made at the Brunswick festival. He closed with thanks to the president for the honor of the call, and kind wishes for the prosperity of the College.

Hon. Stephen Coburn, being called upon as a member of Congress and a citizen of Bloomfield, protested the draft, inasmuch as he was neither one nor the other—and besides, he said, a proper knowledge of the rules that govern political strife, would have shown the President that he had no right to meddle with matters outside of his district.

Chaplain Knox, of the 1st Regiment, when called upon, said he hardly knew how to go to work to make a speech. He was gratified to be present, however, on so pleasant an occasion, and reminded the company that many of the College boys were in the army and denied the privilege of participating in the exercises of the day. He spoke of the late disastrous defeat, and said that when the matter was probed to the bottom and a full investigation made, Maine would have no cause to blush for her sons. Their courage and endurance was wonderful. Men left the hospital to join the advancing column, and persistently pressed on until they dropped from sheer exhaustion.—One individual had told him that for three miles every step he took seemed as though it must be his last, and yet he managed to reach the battle field and stood under fire of a battery for an hour and a half. A fratricidal war like the present was most painful to contemplate, but his prayer was that it might be overruled for the glory of God and the good of man.

As a fitting close to the festival the President called upon the company to sing the 116th hymn, beginning—
Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger days we saw,
And which our fathers told.

This was "deaconed" in good old style by Rev. Mr. Myrick, and sung with great unction. Patriotism and piety being twin sisters, some of the younger portion of the company called for "America," and this best of national odes was sung with even greater enthusiasm than that elicited by the good old hymn—whether because the ode was a home production while the hymn was an imported article, or for the reason that more of the company were familiar

with the air of the piece last sung, we cannot state with certainty; but one thing we do know, "America" was sung with a will. With three cheers for the Stars and Stripes—the good old flag which appeared at each end of the hall—the company separated, bearing away pleasant recollections of the Commencement of 1861.

At a meeting of the alumni, held after the dinner, we learn that a committee was chosen to make arrangements for an oration and dinner, on the day following Commencement, two years hence.

The President's levee, the concert and the ball divided the seekers of social enjoyment in the evening, and closed at a late hour the colloquials of Commencement.

ATTENTION!—The friends of the soldiers are making up a box, in Waterville, to send to "our boys" in Virginia. It will probably be forwarded on Wednesday next; and we are requested to say that articles left with Mrs. Appleton, corner of Main and Appleton streets, previous to that time, will be enclosed and transmitted according to direction, whether they are general contributions or designed for particular individuals. It has been suggested by some one well informed, that no more acceptable offering for our soldiers could be found at the present time than a supply of towels; and we are confident that but a slight hint is needed to ensure for the absent ones these and many other articles which will promote their health and comfort.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—The attendance at Augusta, on Wednesday of last week, was larger than was looked for. The best sort of spirit prevailed among the delegates assembled, and Gov. Washburn was unanimously nominated for re-election. Spirited patriotic resolves were passed pledging the Republicans of Maine to the hearty support of the government in its present contest with traitors. J. G. Dickerson, a prominent democrat, and an office holder under Buchanan, was present and gave in his adhesion to the Republicans—with what qualifications we do not know, for we have only Pike's funny report of the affair as yet.

A friend at Somerset Mills sends us a letter for publication, written by a member of the 2d Maine Regiment, whom he endorses as a true soldier and a reliable man. The writer was actively engaged in the battle of Bull Run, and his story is like that of others which we have already published—troops hurried to exhaustion in reaching a battle field where they were exposed to the fire of heavy batteries and a concealed foe. He himself escaped without a scratch, though death was busy all around, and lives to avenge his fallen comrades in some future conflict.

A bust of Rev. Dr. Pattison, the former venerable President of Waterville College, has been executed by Frank Simmons, the talented young sculptor, and was placed in the library a few days since. It was executed by direction and at the expense of the alumni, and is pronounced an excellent likeness and a fine work of art.

CAPT. MONTGOMERY ON CONTRABANDS.—This famous Kansas partisan fighter, in a recent letter thus defines his position on the negro question:

Contraband bipeds are coming in freely, but I am not able to solve your problem and state clearly what is best to be done with them.—This much I think I may safely say: It is always right to do right, and I am sure it is right to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. It is right because God commands it, and shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?

TROTTING AT THE PARK.—Three purses, one of \$50, one of \$25, and one of \$10, were offered by the N. Ken. Ag. Society on Commencement day. The weather was unfavorable, but there was a tolerable audience, and the two first prizes were smartly contested. The first was taken by "Gipsy Queen," entered by Mr. Shaw of Bangor, against "Betsy Baker," owned by I. R. Doolittle of this town. The best time made was 243. The second purse was taken by a beautiful 4 year old, entered by Mr. Emery of Skowhegan. Best time 244.

The third purse was taken without any commendable effort, or any addition to the interest of the exhibition, at the end of one heat, the hind horse having been withdrawn. Who is to blame is a matter for those present to decide.

The editor of the Lewiston Journal says his experience don't permit him to contemplate hanging and matrimony "in the same day." What a base insinuation! Which will he defer till tomorrow? Dare he answer?

In the list of prisoners at Richmond, we find the following information in regard to members of the 3d Regiment:—Uninjured, John F. Goodwin and Atwood Crosby; Wounded, Horace Hunter, died Aug. 7th; N. B. Gowen wounded in both legs; Augustine Crosby, in the side; Seth Hunt, in the back, died July 27th.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY.—By advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the Fall term will commence Sept. 2d. This school is in a very flourishing condition, and the attendance at the recent session was very full.

The traitors' convention was not held at Bangor, the secessionists being probably content with the victory at Augusta. A rousing Union-meeting took its place, however, at which high toned and patriotic speeches were made, and some excellent resolutions were passed.

The difficulties in St. Domingo have been amicably arranged. Slavery is forever abolished in the Spanish territory and great inducements are held out to emigrants from the United States.

Cotton cloths are advancing in price, and are now about a cent higher than they were a fortnight ago.

The War of Redemption.

The great event of the week has been the battle in Missouri and the death of Gen. Lyon, of which we have the following account:—

Our army marched out from Springfield Friday evening, with only 5500 men, the Home Guards remaining in Springfield. Our forces slept on the prairie a portion of the night, and about sunrise Saturday morning drove in the outposts of the enemy, and soon after the attack became general. The attack was made in two columns by Gen. Lyon and Sturgis, Gen. Siegel leading a flanking force of about 1000 men and four guns on the south of the enemy's camp.

The fire raged from sunrise till one or two o'clock in the afternoon. The rebels in an overwhelming force charged on Captain Totten's battery three distinct times, but were repulsed with great slaughter.

General Lyon fell early in the day. He had been previously wounded in the leg, and had a horse shot from under him. The colonel of one of the Kansas regiments having become disabled, the boys cried out, "General, you come and lead us on." He did so, at once putting himself in front, and while cheering his men on to the charge, received a bullet in the left breast, and fell from his horse. He was asked if he was hurt, and replied, "Not much"; but in five minutes he died without a struggle.

Gen. Siegel had a very severe struggle, and lost three of his four guns. His artillery horses were shot in their harness, and their pieces disabled. He endeavored to haul them off, with the number of prisoners he had taken, but was finally compelled to abandon them, first, however, spiking the guns, and disabling the carriages.

About one o'clock the enemy seemed to be in great confusion and retreating, setting fire to their train of baggage wagons. Our forces were too much fatigued and cut up to pursue; so the battle may be considered a drawn one.

Gen. Siegel is confident he could have held Springfield against the force they had engaged, but he was fearful of reinforcements to the enemy from the southwest, and that his line of communication to Rolla would be cut off.

Gen. Price was not killed, as at first reported, nor Ben. McCulloch. Our loss, at first stated to be 800, probably includes the killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy is said to be about 2000 killed and wounded.

On Sunday morning Gen. Siegel fearing the enemy might recover and attempt to cut his command off from Springfield, fell back on that city where the Home Guards were stationed. Then fearing the great numbers of the enemy might induce them to get between him and Rolla, he concluded to fall back on Rolla with his provision train and meet reinforcements.

At the time of the departure of the messenger the enemy had not been seen, and it is probable that Gen. Siegel was not disturbed on his march. Ninety rebels were captured, including a colonel of distinction, the messenger not remembering his name. The sword and horse of Gen. McCulloch were among the trophies.

Reinforcements are on the way to Rolla, and Gen. Siegel and his army may be considered safe.

Springfield, where the battle was fought, is in the southwest part of Missouri, near the Arkansas line, and between two and three hundred miles from St. Louis.

Fremont, in the meantime, is active. He has forwarded reinforcements to Siegel; mounted heavy siege guns for the protection of St. Louis; put the Home Guards under arms; taken possession of the police office, and proclaimed martial law in the city and county. It is reported that rebel reinforcements are advancing from Arkansas, but it is hoped that the loyalists of Missouri, with Federal assistance, will be able to clear the State of all traitors, foreign and domestic.

The Confederates have been busy with many of the Indian tribes, some of whom have been induced to renounce their allegiance to Federal authority. Under white leadership they have committed great excesses in the border counties of Kansas. The Mormons, too, are reported to be assuming an attitude of hostility to the government, having lately seized army stores and appropriated them to their own use.

The Wheeling (Va.) *Intelligencer* states that the success of their new State Government is beyond the most sanguine expectations of its warmest friends. Every day more and more demonstrates the wisdom that governs the councils of its organization. The news comes in constantly that people, by communities and by counties, wherever our victorious arms have spread, are gladly rallying to its support and defense. Company after company, both for State and United States service, are being mustered in, and ere the Summer is gone we shall see some ten thousand of the true and patriotic sons of Western Virginia in the field under the glorious flag of our country.

The rebels have by no means given up the contest in Western Virginia, and will take the first opportunity to attempt an invasion of that quarter. A band of 200 secessionists was recently scattered near Webster.

Gen. Anderson, it is said, notwithstanding the advice of his physician to refrain from active duty, is determined to take the field immediately.

It is gratifying to learn that the labors of the Porter Investigating Committee have been attended with some degree of success. Upward of one hundred secessionist sympathizers have already been rooted out of the departments, where they were receiving the pay of the government, while they were furnishing aid and comfort to the rebels. The general feeling is that too much leniency has been shown those who, as this investigation has revealed, have taken advantage of their position to carry out their treasonable designs.

J. Laibrop Motley, the eminent historian, will probably be appointed Minister to Austria. All of our representatives abroad are now true men.

Hampton, near Fort Monroe, was burned by the rebels on the 8th. A few minutes past midnight Col. Magruder, with about five hundred rebels, some belonging to Hampton, en-

tered the town and immediately fired the buildings. The greater part of the 500 buildings were of wood, and being very dry, the strong south wind soon produced a terrible conflagration. There were, perhaps, 20 white people and forty negroes in the town from inability to move, some of whom were in their houses when they were fired, and the rebels did not awake them. Several of the whites and negroes were hurried away to be impressed into the rebel service. A company of rebels attempted to force the passage of the bridge, but were repulsed with the loss of 8 killed and 4 wounded. The fire raged all night. The greater part of the rebels withdrew about morning, and at noon, but about seven or eight houses were standing.

Gen. Wool, we are glad to learn, has been ordered to Fort Monroe.

Under McClellan, a better state of discipline is prevailing in the army and about Washington, and this extends alike to high and low. Major Worth, of the regular army, was met a day or two ago by the infantry patrol of Washington, who demanded to see his pass. Being unable to show the necessary document, the officer of the patrol told him he must arrest him. Major Worth rolled up his sleeves, and said "he proposed to discuss that." The officer told him he must discuss it elsewhere, and forthwith made him march off with the file.

The government claims to control the telegraph to a certain extent, and the newspapers. Not so much is talked lately, but there is good reason to suppose that a great deal is being done.

There is a report that a project is planned by the rebels for the subjugation of Lower California, but the audacious attempt cannot succeed.

Both parties are in force on opposite sides of the Potomac above Washington, and shooings and captures are of daily occurrence. Gen. Banks is crippled for lack of troops.

It is confidently stated that a Major Generalship has been tendered to Garibaldi by the American government.

The privateer Sumter was recently at Curacao, where she was permitted to coal, against the protest of the U. S. Consul.

The New York Herald gives the names of fifteen rebel privateers now upon the sea, ten being steamers, besides four whose names are unknown. It is stated that more are preparing to leave.

Great activity is reported in the Navy department, both in providing for an efficient enforcement of the blockade and the capture of privateers. One hundred vessels have just been engaged of private parties.

The rebel Congress has passed an act for the imprisonment or expulsion of all Union men.

About 1200 Federal prisoners are now held at Richmond. Twenty-two were recently released on parole, including Surgeon N. H. Allen of the 2d Maine Regiment.

The Banks of N. York, Boston and Philadelphia, have agreed to take fifty million dollars of the Government loan, they to be sole recipients of treasury notes.

The trial of Col. Miles, charged with unofficial conduct at Centerville, on the day of the late battle, is progressing.

Small pox is said to be raging among the rebels at Manassas.

The 2d Maine Regiment, which has shown signs of insubordination, is now cheerfully doing duty. It has been joined to Sherman's brigade.

Late and reliable information shows that the rebels are slowly moving their forces to the Potomac, in prosecution of their programme to enter Maryland and encourage support revolutionary traitors in that State, with ultimate designs on Washington.

Noticing the "heading" under which we chronicle the war news, the New York *Atlas* says:—

"The War of Redemption" is the happy title bestowed by one of our exchanges, upon the present struggle. Good, is it not? What is the war, but one to redeem nearly half the Union from the foul tread of treason and the death grip of secession? What crusade ever was so holy, and who can doubt the issue?

NEWSPAPERS SQUERLED.—During a false alarm of fire, about 1 o'clock on Monday afternoon, the office of the Bangor Democrat, a rank secession sheet, was entered by a crowd of people, and the establishment completely gutted. The press, types, and fixtures were thrown into the street and burned. A barber named Jones, who commenced an assault on a Union man, was also visited and his place of business cleaned out in a similar manner.

Per contra, Parson Brownlow's paper, the Knoxville Whig, has been suppressed by Gen. Zollicoffer at the head of the Tennessee troops.

Rev. H. C. LEONARD.—A letter from the Chaplain of the 3d Regiment, published in this week's *Banner*, gives a hopeful view of the condition of our forces, and shows that Brother Leonard takes kindly to camp life, of which he had had some experience in peaceful vocations.

The company at Kendall's Mills has been organized, and is now in camp at Augusta. Selden Connor was chosen captain, and J. W. Channing 1st Lieutenant. Besides this and the Houlton company, there are also companies at Augusta from China and Unity.

NATIONAL HYMN.—Though no less than twelve hundred pieces were offered to the committee, not one was thought worthy to stand as a national hymn.

Waterville Academy commences its Fall term under the charge of Mr. R. E. Jones, a graduate of Wat. College. The patrons of the Academy expect for it a good degree of prosperity in his hands. His experience and success as a teacher, and the aid of an efficient board of assistants, will commend this school to a generous patronage.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The loyal democrats were caught napping at the Augusta Convention. The secession leaders managed to get a majority of delegates of their stripe elected, and anti-war resolutions were passed, whereupon the Douglas wing seceded and nominated Col. Jameson for Governor, the other party putting John W. Dana on the gubernatorial track. A correspondent of the Bangor Whig says:

When the Convention, on a test vote, each member voting as his name was called, expressed opposition to the war thus qualified, then it was that Hon. Albert G. Jewett, one of the Vice Presidents, in words of scorching invective, and laying bare the scope and effect of the decision of the Convention, indignantly resigned his position and withdrew from the Convention. Hon. James H. Bradbury, rising to the ears of the Convention that they had voted substantially that they were opposed to war even to sustain the government and support the laws. A. W. Johnson told them that they had substantially declared to the heroic Jameson, and Berry, and Knowles, and other democratic officers and their democratic soldiers, that they had made fools of themselves; and in such declaration he would not join, while a spark of manhood was left in him. Hon. S. A. Blake, Hon. B. A. G. Fuller, Hon. Joseph S. Rice, and others, did a similar work; and shaking the vile dust of a traitorous Convention from their feet, they left the hall to the number of one hundred and eighty-five persons, with a majority of the officers, and organized a new Convention, to reflect the loyal spirit of the Democratic party, and put in nomination, on a respectable platform, Col. C. D. Jameson for Governor of Maine. The split in the Democratic party is effectual and decisive.

GEN. McDOWELL'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

From Gen. McDowell's official report we make the following extracts. The divisions were ordered to march at 2 1/2 o'clock A. M., to arrive on the ground early in the day, and thus avoid the heat which is to be expected at this season. There was delay in the first division getting out of its camp on the road, and the other divisions were in consequence between two and three hours behind the time appointed—a great misfortune, as events turned out. About 18,000 men of all arms crossed Bull Run, and engaged in the main action:

"I could not, as I have said, more early push on or faster, nor could I delay. A large and the best part of my forces were three months' volunteers, whose term of service was about to expire, but who were sent forward as having time enough to serve for the purposes of the expedition. On the eve of the battle the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment of volunteers and the battery of volunteer artillery of the New York Eighth Militia, whose term of service expired, insisted on their discharge. I wrote to the regiment, expressing a request for them to remain a short time, and the Hon. Secretary of War, who was at the time on the ground, tried to induce the battery to remain at least five days. But in vain. They insisted on their discharge that night. It was granted, and the next morning, when the army moved forward into battle, these troops moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon.

In the next few days, day by day, I should have lost ten thousand of the best aimed, drilled, officered and disciplined troops in the army. In other words, every day which added to the strength of the enemy made us weaker. In conclusion, I desire to say, in reference to the events of the 21st ult., that the general order for the battle to which I referred, was, with slight modifications, literally conformed to; that the corps were brought over Bull Run in the manner proposed, and put into action as before arranged, and that up to late in the afternoon every movement ordered was carried out successfully to the object we had proposed before starting—that of getting to the railroad leading from Manassas to the valley of Virginia, and going on it far enough to break up and destroy the communication and intercourse between the force under Beauregard and those under Johnston. And could we have fought a day or a few hours sooner, there is everything to show how we could have continued successful, even against the odds with which we contended."

Coppis, one of John Brown's little invading army, is a lieutenant in the Kansas Third Regiment.

The army worm is reported at Ellsworth, Biddeford, and Caratunk in Somerset county. In all these places, and some others previously named, it is doing much damage.

Counterfeit five's and two's on the Prescott Bank of Lowell, Mass. are in the market.—They are so nicely done that some of the best judges have taken them for genuine.

Jerry Cawden, one of the most notorious and dangerous counterfeiters and forgers in this country, has been arrested and committed to prison in New York.

President Lincoln has appointed the last Thursday of September to be observed as a National Fastday.

A GRAND IDEA.—The *Calmis Advertiser* has the following:

A coffin manufacturer in this city, finding business in his line rather slack, owing to the good sanitary condition of the city, has added to his establishment a rum shop, and is now doing a smart business in making corpses and coffins. Eleven of his customers left their measures there on Sunday morning last.

A writer in the Richmond Whig seems to have a lively sense of what the white Southern population ought to be. He says:

The art military should constitute a leading part in every white man's education. The right of voting should be a high privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who are worthy to exercise it. In a word, the whole white population of the South should be wrought into a high toned aristocracy, duly impressed with a sense of its superiority to Yankee trickery, and of its own functions, and its obligations to freedom and civilization.

UNCOMFORTABLE NEAR A COINCIDENCE.

In the late battle at Bull Run, a soldier around whom the cannon shot were flying particularly, on seeing one strike and bury itself in a bank near him, sprang to the hole it had scooped out, remarking, "Shoot away, you can't hit twice in the same place." At the instant, another shot struck at a few feet distant, almost covering the fellow with sand and gravel. Emerging from what had so nearly become his grave, he continued his yet unfinished sentence, "but you can come so peck near it that the first hole is uncomfortable."

MISCELLANY.

MARION MOORE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Gone, art thou Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that singeth;
Gone, like a flower by the wayside that springeth;
Gone, like the leaf of the tree that clongeth;
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore,
Dear wert thou Marion, Marion Moore!
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul of my memory sobbing;
Sorrow my life of life tones is robbing—
Wasting in all the glad beauty of yore.
I will remember thee, Marion Moore!
I shall remember thee, Marion Moore!
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.
Gone, art thou Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, like the day from the gray mountain goeth—
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.
Peace to thee Marion, Marion Moore!
Peace from the queen of the earth cannot borrow;
Peace from kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow;
O! how happy will the hour that I met thee
Who would not fly from this desolate shore!

BARBARA BLYTHE.

[From Merry's Museum.]

The snow flakes were busy making a patch-work quilt for mother earth. They were driving about in a great hurry, and the air was sharp. So the girls had pinned their shawls close, and the boys' caps were tied over their ears.

But the children had something on their minds, and were not thinking of the cold weather. They were talking about a prize which had been promised to the best scholar at close of school. Some pouted, and said 'they shouldn't try for it—they didn't care.' And these were the stupid ones, you might know. They hadn't looked nervous, and said 'if they hadn't staid at home and got behind, they might try, but as it was, they didn't call it fair play.'

There was one little girl with thoughtful gray eyes, who heard what the others were talking about but said nothing herself. Her name was Barbara Blythe. She was directly behind Willy Harlow, the lame boy, though he did not know it.

Alice Greene was saying—
'I guess you'll get the prize, Willy; I'm sure I hope so.'

A pink color flushed Willy's pale face, and he looked very eager for a moment, then said, sadly:
'It's no use, Alice; perhaps I might, if it wasn't for Barbara Blythe; but she'll get it, you see!'

As he spoke, he seemed to lean more heavily on his crutch and walk lammer than ever. His words sank deep into Barbara's heart, and her eyes filled with tears; the pleasant excitement she had felt was all gone in a moment.

Now every one had a very tender regard for Willy. It was his sad fate to suffer through life, though he never murmured, poor child! He had been struck by a foot ball some years before this, and dreadfully injured—beyond hope of recovery, so the doctors told his mother.

When Barbara got home, she did not rush into her mother's room with her hood swinging by one string, and try out, 'We're going to have a prize! No—she only told her story soberly, and in few words.

'Well,' said Mrs. Blythe, looking up from her sewing, 'you mean to try, I suppose?'

'I don't know,' said poor little Barbara with quivering lips; 'I don't care much.'

For Willy's words, 'Barbara will get it,' had gone down to the very deepest place in her heart, and each word seemed to weigh a pound. She could not help thinking how glad old Mrs. Harlow would be if Willy should have the prize, and how few things the boy had to make him happy.

'Oh dear! I wish I didn't learn my lessons so easily,' said the child. 'Those that study so much harder than I do, and then get marks—it makes me feel ashamed!'

Mrs. Blythe saw that something had happened to grieve her little daughter, but being a wise woman she asked no questions—only desired Barbara to go into the kitchen and tell Jane to put some apple-puffs to warm.

At the tea-table Barbara had to swallow so many tears that she could swallow little beside. Her brother James, who never talked anything but nonsense when he could help it, declared she ate nothing but the hole of a doughnut.

That may be, but I know she came down to breakfast next morning with a very bright face. Somehow her trouble was all gone. The truth was, 'she had an idea in her head.' Perhaps you will see for yourself what it was before long.

She carried her dinner that day, for the roads were drifted a little. Willy carried his dinner too. He usually did, and then played 'Simon' or 'chip-chop' with the girls, who always liked to amuse him. He could not bear the rough sports of the boys, though there was not a boy who did not love him, and not one so cruel as to laugh at him.

To-day there was something in his Greenleaf's Arithmetic which puzzled him exceedingly. He did not care for play. There he sat leaning his head on his hand—such a hand! You could trace the course of the veins over it like the blue lines on a sheet of white paper.

'Now what is it?' said the sweet voice of Barbara, as she came and leaned over his shoulder her face covered with smiles. 'I do believe you are puzzling over the same thing that bothered me so. Don't you want me to show you? Only a little speck? for you'll be getting the headache if you think so hard.'

Willy gave a sigh of relief.

'Well, I don't know, Barb,' replied he, looking up with a grateful glance. 'Things seem to go right round and round. It's as slippery as an eel. If I could only get hold of something to start with, I could do it well enough.'

'That's just the way,' said Barbara. 'There, now! you see if A and B can do the work in two days, of course they can do just half as much in one day—now can't they? And if B—'

But no matter about the rest. Barbara never waited till Willy's eyes brightened, and he cried out:
'Poh! Wasn't I a dunce not to see thro' that before? Why, it's just as easy—you do beat all in Arithmetic, Barb!'

Then Willy laid aside his books and whistled a tune—he could whistle like a bird. And Barbara sat down by the stove to eat her dinner, thinking how nicely apple pie and cheese went together, and how very light-hearted she was.

'I wonder why I never helped Willy before!' thought she. 'I've been real selfish.'

Days passed on. Willy's face, Arithmetic had always been the plague of his life; but now that Barbara had undertaken to help him, somehow he could see into it better than before. Barbara could pick out the hard knots for him—and then she had such a faculty for

explaining. She did not look—as poor, tired Mr. Garland sometimes did—as if she thought a boy who couldn't catch an idea at once was very much to blame.

'Mother, I tell you what it is, Willy would say sometimes, 'if I can't get the prize, I hope it will be Barbara Blythe, for she's the best girl in school.'

His mother was glad he felt so kindly toward his rival, but she sighed as she looked at her boy's pale face and thought of the weary hours he had spent in study while other boys were at play.

It was March, and the white hills were blotted with specks of bare ground, when examination day came.

All the boys who had linen collars wore them; and the girls came in their very best dresses, with smooth hair brushed the very last thing.

Al! who does not know the flutter at the heart when the three 'committee-men' knock, and are solemnly asked in and seated? Some of us have felt this flutter for the last time; but, children, you can understand precisely how the scholars felt that day, with their parents and older sisters and neighbors to look on and criticize.

Willy was in his old seat. There was a beautiful pink glow on his cheeks, which every one knew was the flush of excitement.

And over by the window on the right sat thoughtful little Barbara, looking very tidy in her red dress and white apron. Everybody wondered which of these two best scholars would get the prize.

The 'committee' asked the questions, and such a drilling as the children went through—one could not have 'drilled' the eye of a needle more carefully.

Barbara's gray eyes lit up with earnestness, and the hectic flame in Willy's cheeks burned a deeper crimson.

'Spelling: so many odd words were 'put out'—words they had almost forgotten were in the Spelling-Book; but though they might hesitate, it was hard to catch Barbara or Willy tripping. All the others missed, but they two held their ground.

At last the word 'pillory' was given. Barbara spelled it with an 'a' instead of an 'o.' She knew the mistake in a second, and Mr. Reynolds paused, willing she should correct herself; but no—Barbara was at once too proud and too generous.

The flash in Willy's eyes as he spelled the word after her was not one of triumph. He was really sorry that Barbara had not done better for herself.

Next came Arithmetic. This had always been Willy's weak point, and Mr. Reynolds at first asked questions slowly, to be sure and give him time to think. But it was soon evident that he knew very well what he was about, and could not be easily puzzled. To be sure Barbara had gone over more ground, but this the committee would not have known if the teacher, Mr. Garland, had not informed them in a side whisper.

'Ah, yes, yes,' said Mr. Reynolds, nodding his head and peeping over his spectacles at Barbara, as if he would have added, 'Well done, well done.'

In Geography, Willy and Barbara were well matched. If there was any difference, Willy excelled in giving long descriptions of places, for his verbal memory was unusual.

The committee were really surprised to find the two rivals so well informed, while at the same time they were puzzled how to decide the matter. They whispered to one another and smiled, and Mr. Reynolds rubbed his spectacles as if they would help him to see his way clear, and Dr. Snow scratched his head, and Mr. Allen leaned back in his chair to reflect as he pleased.

The spectators felt somewhat as people do in a court-room while the jury are out making up their minds on a verdict. Willy's mother was there in her faded black dress, looking at her son from time to time anxiously, as if she feared the excitement would be too much for him.

All the while the prize was lying on the desk wrapped in brown paper. What it was no one knew, but it seemed about the size of a large family Bible. The scholars were growing uneasy, and the teacher himself walked the floor as if he thought it nearly time a decision was made.

At last, when Mr. Reynolds had finished rubbing his spectacles, he took from the brown paper wrapper a beautiful rosewood writing desk, and held it up to view, opening it to show the elegant workmanship.

'Now,' said he, 'I would like the attention of the school for a few moments. Upon examination we find two of you so nearly equal, that it is no easy matter to decide which deserves the prize. Miss Barbara does well, exceedingly well. Her composition, which we have read we consider superior to Willy's, and her copy-book is neater.'

'The—ah—the truth is, we wish we had two prizes to give instead of one. But as that cannot be, we have at last concluded to award this writing-desk to—William Harlow.'

'We wish you distinctly to understand why we do this,' continued he, placing the tips of his forefingers together. 'It is because we think the progress he has made in Arithmetic, since the last examination, deserves a reward. He has always been a good student; but within the past few weeks his progress in Arithmetic has been remarkable.'

There was a general hum of satisfaction. Poor Mrs. Harlow was fairly trembling with joy, and Willy looked as if a star had dropped from the sky at his feet.

As for Barbara, her heart was so full that she could hardly hold back the tears. They shouldn't fall, if she could help it; no, indeed; for of course nobody would guess she was crying for joy!

When Willy whispered to Barbara that night, 'Barbara, I shouldn't have got it, if it hadn't been for you,' it would be hard to tell which was the happiest—grateful Willy or noble Barbara.

Mrs. Blythe furnished the desk with the choicest writing materials. It gave her pleasure to do so, for nothing in her daughter's conduct had ever touched her like her disinterested kindness to Willy.

This writing desk was Willy's greatest comfort for two years. He often said it was a brother and a sister to him. Dear boy! at that time he was fading away. Not the tender love of his mother could avail, though she would have poured out her life freely, if that could have saved him.

After he died, no one could look on his still face, so lovely in death, without dropping tears of sorrow. But as Barbara went with the other school children to take a last look at Willy, there was one sweet thought which softened her grief—it was the thought of the prize, which might have been hers if she had chosen.

Mrs. Harlow did not survive her boy many months. Before she died, she said to a friend, 'Give Willy's writing desk to Barbara Blythe, and tell her to keep it to remember him by.'

And Barbara will keep it sacredly as long as she lives.

DAVID HUME.—The following characteristic anecdote of Hume by Lord Clarendon, quoted by Mr. Burton, from 'Hardy's Memoirs of Clarendon,' is worth keeping on record—
'He' (Hume) 'never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give due praise to everything tolerable that was either said or written against him.'

One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing and apparently well pleased.
'What has put you into this good humor, Hume?' said I.
'Why, man,' he replied, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures put upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written my volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter and yet that for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces.'

'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of the case, that after having written many inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'

NOTICE.
The subscriber, thankful to the clients of Waterville, Maine, for the liberal share of patronage, would respectfully call their attention to his new and well selected stock of
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.
Comprising almost every kind and style of
LADIES' MISSES' BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS AND GAITERS,
all of which will be sold lower than can be purchased elsewhere on the Kennebec. Particular attention paid to the making of ladies' custom work. Repairing of all kinds in the best style at short notice.
C. S. NEWELL,
Opposite the Post Office,
Waterville, Me.

NEW AND ELEGANT VARIETY.
At the Furniture Warehouse of W. A. CAFFEY, may be found a great variety of patterns, of
Gilt & Rosewood Oval Picture Frames,
of all sizes and prices, from fifty cents upwards.—Also
MOULDINGS FOR PICTURE FRAMES,
which will be fitted for customers in the most workmanlike manner, at lower prices than has been paying for Mouldings elsewhere.
Prices of Moulding from 4 cts. to \$1 per foot.
Square and Oval Mirrors,
of Gilt and Rosewood, both low and high priced.
CASSIUS STRETCHERS for Oil Pictures, made at much lower prices than heretofore paid.
W. A. CAFFEY,
July, 1860. 217 No. 3 Bontelle Block.

NEW RECRUITS!
JUST ARRIVED.—not
FROM THE SOUTH.
BUT
From the Old Bay State.
A New Recruit of
BOOTS AND SHOES
OF VARIOUS KINDS AND QUALITY,
Which I offer to the public at reduced prices,—that being the order of the day.
—Quick Sales and Small Profits—
will be the motto for the present, as each is hard to get a harder to keep. Buy what you need, and trust luck for rest.
—We still continue to manufacture
Those Calf Boots, to order,
that have gained a wide reputation for their neatness and durability.
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
S. T. MAXWELL,
12

REMOVAL.
The subscriber has removed his
Chair and Settee Manufacturing
Business,
from West Waterville to Hartland, and taken Mr. J. V. MOOR as a partner. The business will be carried on hereafter under the firm of
H. A. BACHELDER & CO.
All orders will be promptly attended to. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his former customers, for the New Firm.
HENRY A. BACHELDER.
Hartland, November, 1860.

DISOLUTION.
KNOW all men, by these presents, that the partnership existing under the name and style of H. A. BACHELDER & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the said partnership, are to be closed by JAMES V. MOOR.
Hartland, July, 24th, 1861.

\$150,000,000!!
Appropriated by Congress to carry on the war!
NOTWITHSTANDING all this, HILL & SAVAGE believe in their post office in a private station.
Accordingly they have fitted up their shop anew and are ready to attend to all orders in the painting line.
House, Sign and Carriage Painting, GRADING, GLAZING, PAPER-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 continuation of the same.
June 18th, 1861.

'Three Days Later from Boston.'
ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.
I have just returned from Boston with a fresh lot of—
Boots and Shoes,
of all kinds consisting in part of
GENTLEMEN'S OXFORD AND PATENT CONGRESS BOOTS, OXFORD TIES, FRENCH OPERA BOOTS, SOUTH LACE BOOTS, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BOOTS AND SHOES.
of different kinds,
Ladies' Button Street Boots, Suede and Kid Congress, French and American Slippers, Misses' and Childrens boots and shoes, of every variety, together with all other articles comprising the stock of a Shoe Store, all of which are new and good goods, and will be sold at the lowest Cash Prices.
Grateful for your patronage and many favors in commencing I would solicit a continuance of the same, hoping to retain your business and enlarge my trade.
Boots and Shoes of all styles,
new 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 else town.
GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD,
opposite Elden & Herriek's,
Main St., Waterville Me.

Cheaper than Ever!
[ADDS: Nice Silk Gore Congress Boots for one Dollar, at the Post Office, opposite the Post Office.

NOTICE.
Corn, Lime, Cement, Coal and Wood!
Constantly on hand and for sale by
J. M. THING,
Waterville, July 2. 1 at the Post Office House.

Foreclosure of Mortgage.
WHEREAS Hiram Mullen, of Winslow, in the County of Kennebec, has died, and his estate is administered by the undersigned, and he has conveyed to me his undivided half of a certain parcel of real estate and all his interest in the same, situated in the town of Winslow, as particularly described in the said mortgage, which mortgage was recorded in the Registry of Deeds of the County of Kennebec on June 18th, 1854, in Book 185 page 12, and record reference may be had for a description thereof; and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, I claim to foreclose the same.
Winslow, August 5, 1861. & DAVID SMILEY.

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—1861.
On and after Monday, April 16th 1861 Trains will leave Waterville for Portland at 10.15 A. M. for Bangor, at 6.00 A. M. and 5 P. M. Freight Train for Portland, at 5 A. M. returning—Passenger Train from Portland will arrive at Waterville at 10.15 A. M. and 5 P. M. BANGOR, at 11.15 A. M. and 5 P. M. EDWIN NOYES, Supt.

Portland and Boston Line.
The splendid new sea going Steamers FOREST CITY, LEWISTON, and MONTREAL, will sail from Portland, on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 10 o'clock, P. M. and leave Atlantic Wharf, Portland, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 6 o'clock P. M. Fare, in Cabin \$1.25
N. B. Each boat is furnished with a large number of State Rooms, for the accommodation of ladies and families, and travelers are reminded that by taking this line, much saving of time and expense will be made, and the inconvenience of arriving in Boston at late hours of the night will be avoided. The boats arrive in season for passengers to take the earliest trains out of the city.
The Company are not responsible for baggage to an amount exceeding \$50 in value, and that personal, unless notice is given and paid for the rate of one passenger for every \$50 additional baggage.
Freight taken as usual.
May, 1 1861. L. BILLING, Agent

Portland and New York Steamers.
SEMI WEEKLY LINE.
The splendid and new Steamships CHESAPEAKE, Capt. Sawyer, and the CHESAPEAKE, Capt. E. Vail, will, under their notice, run as follows:
Leave Brown's Wharf, Portland, every Wednesday and Saturday at 12 P. M. and leave Pier 12 North River, New York, every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 P. M. The vessels are fitted up with fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most speedy, safe and comfortable route for travelers between New York and Maine.
Passage including Fare and State Rooms, \$5.00
Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Bath, Augusta, Eastport and St. John. They also connect with steamers for Baltimore, Savannah and Washington.
Shippers are requested to send their freight to the Boat before 4 P. M. on the day she leaves Portland.
For Freight or Passage apply to the Agents of the line, at 127 Bowdoin Street, New York City, and Portland, Me.
The steamer that leaves New York Wednesdays, and Portland Saturdays, has discontinue trips for the present, this leaving but one steamer on the route.
EMERY & FOX, Brown's Wharf Portland, Me.
H. B. CROMWELL & Co., Pier 12 N. Y., New York, May, 1861.

OLD SACHEM BITTERS.
IT IS THE FINEST AND BEST
SPRING MEDICINE
KNOWN.
IT IS AN UNEQUALLED
Purifier and Regulator of the Blood.
IT IS A DELICIOUS TONIC.
Try it and it will do you good.
Wm. GOODRICH, Proprietor
36 Principal Depot, 145 Water St., New York.

THE GREAT INDIAN REMEDY
FOR FEMALES.
Dr. Mattison's Indian Emmeagogue, possessing virtue unknown to any other medicine of the kind, and proving effective after all others have failed, and with no injury to the system, and both married and single ladies, and is the very best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.
OVER 2000 BOTTLES have now been prepared without a single failure when taken as directed, and with no injury to the system in any case. It is put up in bottles of three different strengths, with full directions for origin, and sent by Express, closest rates, to all parts of the country.
PRICE.—Full Strength, \$10; Half Strength, \$5; Quarter Strength, \$3 per bottle.
REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

REMEMBER! This medicine is designed expressly for OBSTRUCTED CASES, by a regularly educated physician of twenty years' practice giving his whole attention to them. Consultations, by letter or otherwise are strictly confidential, and Medicine, sent free of charge, to all parts of the United States. Also, accommodations for patients from abroad, willing for a secure and quiet retreat, at the residence of Dr. M. at 25 Union St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAUTION.—It has been estimated that over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars are paid to swindling quacks annually in the United States, and the bulk of this is paid for the medicine of the kind, which is sold by the quack, and is the best thing known for the purpose, as it will bring on the monthly sickness in cases of obstruction, after all other remedies of the kind have been tried in vain.

Kendalls Mills Advmts.
DR. A. PINKHAM,
SURGEON DENTIST.
CONTINUES to receive all orders for those in need of dental services.
Office—First door south of Railroad Bridge, Main Street, Waterville, Me.
N. B.—Teeth extracted without pain by a new process, numbing the gums, which is entirely different from freetings, and can be used in all cases with perfect safety.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.
W. A. CAFFEY,
At the New Ware-Room, No. 3 Bontelle Block.
Offers for sale a large and complete assortment of
FURNITURE,
Sofas, Mahogany Chairs, Mirrors, Mattresses, Chamber Suits,
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 28, 1860. 50

PAINTING,
Also, Graining, Glazing and Papering.
G. H. ESTY continues to receive all orders for those in need of painting, graining, glazing and papering, and is prepared to execute all orders in the most workmanlike manner, and at the lowest prices. Orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Main Street, opposite Marston's Block, WATERVILLE, ME.

DOORS, SASH, AND WINDOW FRAMES,
FURBISH & DRUMMOND,
HAY commenced again in their new shop in Moor's building, on 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 sold at very low prices.
This work also for sale at JAMES WOODS, Lewiston; ELIJAH WYMAN'S, Newport; ALBA ABBOTS, Skowhegan; JEREMIAH FURNISH, Waterville, Oct. 25, 1860. 16

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. CAMPBELL.
HAVING supplied himself, while in Europe, and since his return, with a great variety of Surgical Instruments and Apparatus, including
WELCH'S CUTTING PERCUSSOR SPINTERS,
now used by the best Surgeons for the treatment of fractures, will