

To-day and To-morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow, Give me the man who'll say, That when a good deed's to be done, Let's do the deed to-day;

Our Sentiments.

This longing after beauty, This sighing after curls— This chasing after Fashion, Wherever fashion whirls—

Keep to the Right.

Keep to the right, as the law directs, For such is the law of the road, Keep to the right, whoever expects Securely to carry life's load.

Miscellaneous.

Hotty Marvin.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17— and set a price on the head of Gov. Griswold, the latter fled to the town of I—

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hotty Marvin stood with her dog Tower, tending the bleaching of the household linen—

Thus sat Hotty Marvin, the youngest daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road, to escape his pursuers.

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed, I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"It's of no use; unless I can deceive them, I am a dead man."

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"Well, you are friends of his. What did he say to you when he came along?"

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true, I hope he won't have to fly far."

"Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you, then, when I asked where he had gone?"

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the tearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.'"

"And, overcome by the fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, she thought she might as well tell the truth."

"Her tormentors did not stay any longer to soothe or question her. They had got as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down to the river."

"The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat, with two men on it, nearly out of sight, and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit."

"Meanwhile, the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her to return to the house for her supper."

"The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and the farm-house; and the governor quietly made his way to the river in safety."

"Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of his little cousin whose truth and shrewdness had saved his life.

"Train, in a late speech, spoke of Lord Brougham in the following complimentary strain: 'The fact is, Lord Brougham is a good illustration of wisdom run to seed.'"

"At Barnum's Dog Show, Mr. Butler exhibited a Spanish Bloodhound which could travel twenty miles an hour, and carry a boy 14 years old upon his back."

"The world is more to be feared when it flatters than when it persecutes."

Eden, Maine.

Mr. BURTON—I notice that "Loch Lomond," your Maine correspondent, in his sketch of the "principal towns" in Hancock County, sets down Eden as one, and then passes it over without note or comment.

"His silence, relative to Eden will be readily accounted for, when it is remembered, that he is not the only historian or antiquarian who is at a loss as to the true location of that ancient 'settlement,' and more especially when he assures us that he does not 'know all about this State' of Maine, even."

"Well, I do not take up my pen to give your readers any new light on the vexed question, neither shall I attempt a history, either of Maine or of Hancock county."

"Eden is a sequestered nook, situated on the island of Mt. Desert, which island is connected by a bridge with the main land."

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Somebody in my Bed.

Few of our readers, perhaps, have ever been placed in the situation in which our doctor once found himself. The following is his story:

"I believe Captain," said the doctor, "I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures."

"No; let's have it," replied the individual addressed, a short, fat, fat man of about fifty, with a highly nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"At the time I attended the lectures, I boarded at a house in which there were no females but the landlady and an old colored cook."

"Here the doctor made a slight pause, and the Captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said:

"Well," said the captain, "I often felt the want of female society to soften the severe labor of my study, and to dispel the ennui to which I was subject."

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Thorn the Murderer.

A correspondent of The Advertiser writing from the State Prison, at Thomaston, gives the following interesting account of this singular character:

There are 115 convicts in the State Prison, of all grades of crime—and of different colors and nations. Seventeen of these are in for life—or about seven per cent of the whole number.

None of them are under sentence to be hanged, whenever the Executive shall issue his warrant to that effect. Ten of the seventeen are in for murder! Conspicuous among these is Thomas Thorn, whom the older people of our country will recollect as murdering the old man, Wilson, in his bed, by slaying him with an axe, as he lay asleep! Poor Thorn! A victim of love and jealousy! He thought, if the old man were out of the way, he could marry his young wife, and he took a short road to his purpose. He stole into his victim's chamber in the dead of night, as Macbeth to the chamber of the King of Scotland, and slew him as he would kill an ox. But here the similitude ends. There was no lady Macbeth urging him on. It was shown in court, after the trial of Thorn, when Mrs. Wilson was arraigned as accessory, that she was innocent; and after an hour or two in showing the strength of their case by the Government, Judge Whitman ordered the trial to stop and the prisoners to be discharged. He said there was no foundation to the suspicion that Mrs. Wilson was implicated in the horrid affair. She received the congratulations of a crowded Court at her triumphant release—for Judge Whitman was too keen and clear-headed not to see there was not the least probability of her participation. And so she departed on that day, and I have never seen her since.

And that was nearly twenty years ago. Poor Thorn! For more than nineteen years he has been an occupant of this dreary place! The "oldest inhabitant" by more than six years, of any one here. They have all passed in and out before him, as years have waned, but there is no exodus for him but through the grave!

I conversed with Thorn several times, during my strolls through the prison. He was glad to see me, and recollect me very well. I told him of his confession, which I took down in his cell in Portland jail just before he took his departure for this town. He is the same frivolous, vain fellow as ever. His step is as light and alacrity, and his bow as genteel, as when he was sparring among the lasses of Harpswell. Said a lady, who has frequent interviews with the prisoners, "Thorn thinks that every woman who looks at him is in love with him." That is it exactly. Full of vanity, it was his ruin. Orr's Island had its "Pearl," in the old man, Connell's granddaughter "Mara," and has been made classic forever by the wizard power of Mrs. Stowe. It had its demon in Thomas Thorn, who marked its history page with blood, by murder most foul and unnatural.

For a few of his first years here, Thorn was very troublesome and dangerous. But more lately, the officers told me, he is tractable. The iron rule which this murderer has won, his broken down, at last, so far as conduct is concerned, and he wheels in, level, and shows his hand through the iron door, as readily as any. He lives on hope—and sees the day ahead, when he will be pardoned. Wonders it has not occurred long ago. Let him hope on. It is all the poor fellow has left to keep him up. It would be a shame to knock it from beneath his tottering feet.

When Thorn came here, he was 21 years old. He is now 41. With his light and youthful style, he does not look a day older. The wear of solitary confinement, the punishment for bad conduct, the long years that he has been locked up of nights with not a soul to speak to, have been all cheerless and broken of their force, by the everlasting well-spring of hope in his breast. What a boon was that vouchsafed to universal man! None so low or poor, but solace may be drawn from that spring.

Thorn occupies a bench in the shoe-shop. Twenty years have made him a finished workman. He thinks his time is most out-poor-fellow, what if he should pass these grim portals at some future day? Friends dead and gone. The familiar scenes of his youth so changed as not to be known. No hand in all the world to take his with the grasp of friendship or love. Like the "old man of the Bastille," who when the walls of that infernal dungeon were battered down, tottered forth to find home and its locality even unrecognizable, and wife and children all dead—as the shades of evening fell, wept bitterly for his cell—so, very like, with Thorn—but few hours would elapse, before he would sigh for the company of those who only him in all the world he knew, his fellow prisoners, and weep to return to the only spot that knew him! To much for Thomas Thorn, who is really waiting to be hung—but in his fancy to be pardoned.

To shake off trouble, you must set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have found this the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, seeing that the horse was getting tired, dismounted, put the potatoes on his own shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the potatoes, as he was fresher than the poor baste."

The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian, in 539, rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with odor.

The Woman who never Gossips.

Oh, no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my own business, without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith.

Why, there's Mrs. Croaker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale. It does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be worn out; but, no, there's no danger of that. It everybody was like me, there wouldn't be much trouble in the world.—Oh, no, I never gossip.

But did you know that Miss Elliot had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't? Well, she has. It's a real brocade. I saw it myself; and I do say it's a shame for her to be so extravagant. I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did. Why, it's only two months since her father failed; and now see her dash out in this style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Jones; but I think she'll find herself mistaken. He's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's that upstart dressmaker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctor's son. The impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part. I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when anybody's about. My word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't.

Then she says she is only seventeen.—Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia, and she is—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen; but I ain't ashamed to say so, either, but I think Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.—Some folks call her handsome. Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane. The way she does up her hair in such fly away curls, and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair as straight as my Maria's. Impertinence. If she'd let curling papers and curling irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her, well, all I can say is you've got peculiar taste. Why, she's as proud as Lucifer—been married a whole week and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then, above all things, to get that little girlish looking thing. Why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now. And she's just about the right age for him. What do you say—that Arabella Lucretia is two years older than the minister? I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith. If some folks would only mind their own business as I do mine, I'd thank them.

How TO TEACH CATTLE BAD HABITS.—We are too apt to underestimate the intelligence of the domestic animals under our charge—and yet a moment's reflection should teach every farmer that cows, horses, sheep and pigs are very apt pupils; and most farmers and farmer's boys are quite proficient in teaching them to do mischief. Thus we find many persons, when turning stock into or out of a pasture, instead of letting down all the bars, leaving two or three of the lower rails in their place; and then, by shouting or beating perhaps, force the animals to leap over. This is capital training, the results of which are seen in the after disposition of the animals to try their powers of jumping, where a top rail happens to be off, and this accomplished, to set all fences to defiance, and make a descent on the barn or grain field, as their inclination, oily or hunger may prompt them. Another good lesson is to open a gate but a little way, and then, as in case of the bars force the cattle forward, and by threats and blows, compel them to pass through it. The result of this teaching is shown in the determined spirit manifested by some cattle to make a forcible entry into the stable yards, fields, or in fact, to almost every place where a gate or door may, by accident, be left slightly open.—Republican Times.

A female writer says that nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings. Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look a darned sight worse than darned ones.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

A lawyer's brief will be brief, before a freethinker thinks freely.

Some must be very good, indeed, to be as good as good nonsense.

Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones; they have had much longer practice.

A great many drop a tear at the door of poverty, when they should rather drop a sixpence.

Satan can never undo a man without his aid; but a man may easily undo himself without Satan's.

Would you make men trustworthy? Trust them. Would you make men true? Believe them.

It is a greater mystery that evil oftentimes results from good, than that good springs from evil.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

We should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

KILL THE MILLERS. The following from a farmer in New Jersey may be of interest to many. He says:—"Some ten years ago I purchased the property where I now live. The former owner being quite a man for fruit, had set a large variety of trees. The farm was noted for producing more fruit, and greater variety, probably, than any other farm in the neighborhood. At the time of my purchase the trees were on the decline. The cherry and plum trees were covered with black knots, and the fruit was wormy and worthless, so that I was about to cut them down and supply their places with shade trees; but desisting to part with the fruit and observing that the enemies were at one stage of existence in the form of a miller, my plan was to destroy them while in that stage. With that object in view, and observing that they were fond of a light, in the early part of the summer of 1856 I commenced their destruction. To do this I elevated a brick blaze about five feet from the ground in the vicinity of my trees. The first evening, between eight and eleven o'clock the millers destroyed, might have been counted by hundreds, which gradually diminished, so that at the end of one week there were none to destroy. I then discontinued my fire until the latter part of summer, when I discovered another crop of millers, and again built them a blaze. I have followed the same course whenever the candles have drawn themselves, to give them a light of their own, which has been twice in the summer. Now for the result; my trees have gradually resumed their former rich green; the knots have fallen from the cherry and plum trees; and this year the crop of Morella cherries has been probably as large as they ever were, and that on trees that were considered worthless five years since, and the fruit, both cherries and plums, no wormy."—Essex County Mercury.

ROOT CROPS.—Those who have neglected to grow carrots, beets, and other root crops, are still in time for turnips and cauliflower.

For early use, the strap-leaved red-top turnip is the best and most easily grown. They may be sown broadcast on any fair soil, and among other crops the cultivation of which has ceased, such as corn, etc.—

For later use, and particularly for the table, the best turnip known is the Orange Jersey Turnip. It is fine grained, a good keeper, and entirely more desirable than the Ruta Baga. For use in spring, especially in late spring, the Ruta Baga is the best turnip for feeding cattle, and although not so delicate in texture or flavor as the Orange Jersey, still it may be used later in the spring. Both the Orange Jersey and the Ruta Baga should be grown in rows, and cultivated with care; they pay for full cultivation and liberal manuring with super-phosphates. The Caula Rapa or Cabbage Turnip is a superior vegetable, and will grow at all seasons; no plant can be more readily transplanted, and when half grown it is a fine table vegetable.

CHLORIDE OF LIME FOR INSECTS. Scatter chloride of lime on the plank of a stable, when all kinds of flies, but more especially biting flies, will be quickly got rid of. Sprinkling beds of vegetables with even a weak solution of this salt effectually preserves them from caterpillars, butterflies, mottles, slugs, &c. It has the same effect when sprinkled on the foliage of fruit trees. A paste of one part of lime and one half part of some fatty matter, placed in a narrow band round the trunk of the tree, prevents insects from creeping up to it. It has been noticed that rats and mice quit places in which a certain quantity of chloride of lime has been spread. This salt, dried and finely powdered, can, no doubt, be employed for the same purpose as flour of sulphur, and be spared by the same means.

FRUIT CUP.—The report from all parts of the county seem to accord as to the promising fruit crop; everywhere it is most abundant. The cherry trees, which failed generally last year, are in full fruit this year; while pears, apples, and peaches promise to be more abundant than for many years past.—Working Farmer.

ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.—TO PRESERVE THEM.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES OR RASPBERRIES FOR CREAMS OR ICES, WITHOUT BOTTLING.—Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalk directly, weigh it, turn it into a bowl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix it with an equal weight of fine dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and the bladders over the tops.—Keep them in a cool place or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be kept perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next to the cork.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTE.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; and a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear, and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine pale paste.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

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We should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

WAR NEWS.

From Washington.—From the Richmond Papers.—Nashville in Danger. There seems to be no doubt that Congress, before the close of the present session, will provide for the scarcity of specie by authorizing the issue of two dollar and a half notes...

Richmond, Va., 13th. Gen. Halleck's command entered Culpeper yesterday, and attacked and repulsed about 10,000 rebels, said to belong to the 8th Louisiana, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Portland, 15th. Gov. Washburn telegraphs to the Associated Press, that the State will pay a bounty of \$30.00 to each recruit mustered into the U. S. service in new regiments, and \$35.00 in old regiments. The banks advance the money. This week the S. payments, will make an advance of 75.00. The city will offer no additional bounty, as that will prejudice enlistments in the country where no bounty will be offered.

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FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1862. VOLUME VIII, NUMBER XXVI. FOR GOVERNOR: ABNER COBURN OF SKOWHEGAN. FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS: First District—JAMES G. BLAINE. Third District—FREDERICK A. PIKE. Anniversary of the Ellsworth Village Baptist Sabbath School. The first anniversary of this school took place on Sunday afternoon last at the Baptist meeting house. The house was well filled at an early hour, by the friends of the school and interested spectators.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS. MILITIA ELECTIONS.—The various militia companies of this town, agreeably to warrants issued, met and chose officers as follows, Joseph T. Grant, Esq., presiding: Company A, on Wednesday forenoon, at nine o'clock. Captain, Josiah H. Higgins. 1st Lieut, Edward W. Chamberlain. 2d " A. W. Clark. 3d " Thos. H. Hurdwell. 4th " W. A. Jordan. Company B, on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock. Captain, Martin L. Hall. 1st Lieut, Josiah W. Coombs. 2d " Chas. A. Usher. 3d " Edward K. Hopkins. 4th " Benj. J. Tinker. Company C, on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. Captain, Jasper N. Gray. 1st Lieut, Edward W. Falk. 2d " Samuel Royal, Jr. 3d " Hamilton Campbell. 4th " Stephen Monaghan. Company D, on Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock. Captain, Isaac Y. Murch. 1st Lieut, John P. Whitcomb. 2d " Wm. Webber. 3d " Emerson Robbins. 4th " Samuel Morrison.

—It is estimated that there are now on through fifty thousand enlisted men, most of whom are in a condition to rejoin their regiments. This fact will account for the thinned ranks of our army. We see every day men wearing the army uniform who are absent from their true place for some cause, other than their real sickness. Some body has been to Maine. THE REASONS WHY?—Enlist in the Union army because it is a duty you owe your country. Because it is a duty you owe to your family, which enjoys its blessings. Because it is a duty you owe to the town, the State, the cause of Liberty and Union and your posterity. —A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Eastbrook on Saturday evening to devise the best method of raising promptly the quota of men called for by the Governor. —The Lewiston Journal learns that a company of volunteers is being organized by the students at Waterville College. —Our loss in killed in the seven day battle has been reduced to eighteen hundred and one. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing, according to official accounts, is eleven thousand. —The Belfast Gas Light Company, propose to manage their works so as to make gas from coal. The price of rosin having risen to such an extent as to utterly forbid its use. The alteration in the works will cost about \$2000. —Hans Pennie Morrison's—Call public meetings in every town in the county, and let there be patriotic speaking, a patriotic Union for the sake of the Union and Republican Liberty, and the enrollment of the names of the patriotic young men in the volunteer enlistment papers. —The Bangor papers publish a call for a citizens' meeting, on this (Thursday) evening, signed by one hundred citizens, to take measures to raise volunteers for the new call of 200,000 men. —Hon. J. O. J. Smith of Portland makes the liberal offer through the Portland Advertiser, to be one of six to deposit with Gov. Washburn \$25,000 to be used as a bounty to the 3000 volunteers now called for. The money heretofore to be reimbursed by the State. —A writer, speaking of the New York meeting of anti-secessionists, says of "Jim" Beck, that "he indulged in a characteristic tirade against New England, which on some occasions produced him. He is a native of Maine, somewhere in the region of St. George. —The papers from the "natural secession" are now bragging that there has been sent to that city a rebel cavalry horse. Capt. L. Bradford of the Maine 6th regiment sent home to this town a rebel horse nearly a year ago, and our people never thought of such a thing as bragging about it. Nothing like living in a big city. —On Thursday last some villains tampered with the rails on the road above Canterbury with a view of throwing the train down the embankment as it came along. Fortin, the train was going slow and the engineer discovered the state of the rails in time to prevent the threatened catastrophe. —Sr. Cross Herald. —During the celebration of the Fourth, at Monroe, a gun from which a salute was being fired, exploded prematurely, blowing off the left arm of Ezra Mason, a young man of 18. Joseph Mason was also injured, losing a portion of one his hands. The accident was caused by rapid and careless firing. —A dealer in the wooden ware line tells us that there is now more call for spinning wheels than any time for the past twenty years. Farmers seem to be returning as much as possible to the old time economy, depending with superfluities, and producing at home as many as possible of the necessities of life.—Republican Journal. —Congress has passed a general pension act, giving private disabled in the war \$5 per month, and line officers from \$14 to \$17, while lieutenant colonels and all over that rank are to receive \$20 per month. The pension list for the year amounts at the present time to ten millions per year, and will doubtless be doubled before the end of the war. —At Waldoboro several vessels are now in construction, as follows: Joseph Clark & Son are building a ship of about 1200 tons; Schwartz & Chamber and Capt. Charles Conroy are building a bark of about 450 tons; Good, Wolt & Co. a double deck brig of 400 tons, and a schooner of 300 tons; Wm. Fish Jr., a schooner of about 500 tons; W. F. Stearns also going to build a schooner of about 300 tons. —Who ESCAPE DRAINING IN THE U. S. LAWS? The following persons are exempted from enrollment by the laws of the United States: Officers judicial and executive of the Government of the United States, the members of both houses of Congress and their respective officers, Custom House officers and their clerks, Inspectors of exports, pilots and masters employed in the sea service of a citizen or merchant within the United States, postmasters, assistant postmasters and their clerks, post officers, postriders, stage drivers, in the care and conveyance of the mail of the United States, gerymen employed at any ferry on the post road, and the artificers and workmen in the United States Armories and arsenals. —Sanitary Commission. Mr. Jordan received the following letter in response to the second remittance forwarded by him. The first one was for one hundred dollars and the second one for one hundred and twenty-three dollars. Total two hundred and twenty-three dollars. PORTLAND, July 15th, 1862. L. D. JORDAN, Esq., DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 10th inst. was received this morning on my return from a tour in the country. I regret that it should have remained so long unanswered. Its contents were most welcome in this hour of trial. I have not a doubt but that the patriotic and heroic defenders who have fallen by sickness and wounds, I most heartily thank you and your generous co-laborers and contributors. I herewith send a receipt for the amount— one hundred and twenty-three dollars— (\$123). Very respectfully yours, Wm. H. HADLEY.

