

The Oxford Democrat

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MISCELLANY.

THE PHILOPENA.

"I like you the best, Mr. Abingdon; but I think when I grow up I shall marry Cousin Hulbert." So spoke the infant terrible of the household, standing on tip-toe to get at some nuts left upon the deserted dessert-table, with her five year old eyes. Oh, how sharp they were fixed upon me, and repeating her words slowly—"I like you the best, but when I'm grown I think I shall marry Hulbert."

"Why, Dolly?"

"Why? Oh, he has lots and lots of money."

"Why? How do you know I haven't?"

"Aunt Matilda says so. She told Kate this very morning in her bedroom, and that if she married you she'd—she'd—oh, I remember—she'd starve in a garret. Before that I meant to marry you when I grew up."

A revelation. It was true—I was sure of that. What Dolly heard she repeated verbatim, and generally at the most inappropriate times. A week before she had revealed to Mrs. Dix—the fashionable Mrs. Dix—that Aunt Matilda was frying flap-jacks in the kitchen. She had uttered all those frightful remarks common to the infant terrible as to "Aunt's false teeth" and "Uncle's wig."

She heard much, listening, like a young owl, and repeating it days after with a suddenness that foiled intercession to the very party whom of all others she should have revealed it.

So Mrs. Guion thought Katy would starve in a garret if she married me. Pleasant. And she proposed Cousin Hulbert as a substitute. Pleasant still, delightful altogether. Oh, if I could but know what Katy said! I would too.

"Come here, Dolly," I said coaxingly. "Yes, when I get my almonds."

She filled her pockets—there were three in her ruffled apron—and came treading daintily, in her black slippered feet, over the crimson carpet. I took her upon my knee, and talked to her as she munched.

"What did Katy say, Dolly?"

"I don't want to tell you."

"Why?"

"You'll be mad."

"No."

"Yes. Please crack this almond with your teeth, Mr. Abingdon."

I performed the operation—not, however with my teeth—and the little fingers fished out the nut.

"Now tell me, Dolly."

"Well, Katy said she hated you both, and she wished you would go away."

"I'm obliged to her."

"Are you mad?"

"I hope not. I think I'm sane now Dolly."

"I don't mean mad like a dog. Are you angry?"

"Of course not. Do I look so?"

"You never do; you are pretty. I should like to be your wife when I'm grown up; only Aunt Milly says it would be awful. You are so nice. Oh, oh! a philopena. Eat it with me, Mr. Abingdon."

I took half of the double nut.

"Wait," cried Dolly. "Will it be the same if we save the halves? How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Oh! and I'm five, most six. In ten years I'll be—ten and six—yes, I'll be sixteen, and you—"

"Thirty."

"Oh, what an old man! But I won't say philopena for ten years, because I won't have any money until I'm big, and if you catch me first I shall make you a splendid present. Then I'll marry Cousin Hulbert and be rich."

"Mercenary little wretch—an embryo woman?"

"Oh?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, but I thought you were mad with me. What awful long words. Put the philopena in your pocket."

I did so, put Dolly down, and stalked out of the dining-room of Hickory House. I had been there a week, invited by good old Mr. Guion to spend an indefinite time. For five good months I had worshiped Kitty Guion, and she—Well, men are vain at twenty, and I fancied she loved me, and that Mrs. Guion favored me. The only drop of balm in the conversation above recorded was that Kitty hated Cousin Hulbert also. Still, as I cooled myself down under the hickory trees which gave to the household its name, I reflected. Perhaps Kitty only spoke as a girl will speak when teased about her admirers. Perhaps, after all, she liked me. I would test the truth that afternoon, and if she said "yes," the gates of Paradise would open, and if she said "no"—Dear reader, I'm ashamed to own that in that event I deliberated between hanging myself to the longest branch of the stout tree against which I leaned, or drowning myself in the pond at my feet. Suicide presented itself as a natural and commendable way of arranging matters at such a crisis.

Perhaps a recent perusal of the "Sorrows of Werter" had something to do with it.

So that afternoon I asked Kitty Guion to walk with me, and she went. A tall, slender, very pretty girl of nineteen, with hazel eyes and golden hair, all rings and ripples. She wore a white dress that day, and a broad straw hat with ribbons of cerulean blue, and roses on her bosom. And she walked placidly beside me prattling of a dozen things until we came to a spot in the woods where there were wild flowers and a spring, and white pebbles over which the waters dripped, and a stone slab for a seat. On this rustic bench she reclined, and I knelt at her feet, and words I could not have remembered an hour after to save my life poured from my lips, and in them I told Kitty how I loved her, and asked her whether she loved me.

She didn't.

That I learnt, somehow, before she spoke, and I suppose I acted as an older man would not, when I covered my face with both arms, and buried it in the grass and sobbed. Oh, the passionate, fleeting, glowing first love of a boy! How sweet it is while it lasts.

Kitty was a year younger than I, yet how much more womanly! In a moment her hand rested on my hair, and she said:

"Listen to me, Mr. Abingdon, and do not think hard of me. You seem so young, so boyish, I never thought of this. I can trust you with a secret I know. I have been married months and months—nearly a year, to a gentleman much older than you, past thirty—who will claim me very soon. Mamma and papa objected to him because he was poor, and so—It was wrong, perhaps, but I'm his wife, and there is my wedding ring, and she showed me a circlet of plain gold which glittered on her finger. 'On the wrong hand,' she laughed, 'but I wear it. So you will not be angry,' she said, 'but be my friend always, for I feel almost as though you were a young brother of mine. And now good bye. I am going in to sit with mamma.'"

She left me—to despair, I said and believed. I was very wretched just then, and fancied that Werter's sorrows were nothing to my own, but I did not kill myself, although I went away from Hickory Hall that very night, to the great surprise of old Mr. Guion, who wondered at my forsaking the country "when the shooting was so good."

Ab, I could have told him that the game I sought had escaped me.

Adieus were spoken in the wide hall; invitations to come again. "A pleasant journey," good wishes of all kinds, and I, with my portmanteau, left the gate; but as it swung to, clin hands caught it, and Dolly slipped out into the road.

"Mr. Abingdon, take care of the philopena, and do just what I said. Good-bye. Kiss me."

I pressed my lips to hers, and her little cheek was hot and wet, and her little arms clasped my neck, and down into my heart sank an indescribable thrill, and, strange to say, on my road cityward in the growing, shrieking train, I thought more of six-year-old Dolly than of her Cousin Kate.

O, fickle boyhood! In a month I had another divinity—in a twelvemonth another. I began to flirt: I was admired. To my studio, where I painted portraits with hard eyes like jet, or sapphire and rosy cheeks of deepest vermilion, and made such idealized imitations of human nature as would have charmed a worshipper of wax dolls after the fashion of enthusiastic beginners—to this studio came dames and damsels, and I painted them to their and my own satisfaction. After a while I began to have dreams of historical pictures, and painted one, with Queen Elizabeth in it, on a ruff of adamant. My best recollection of the production at this day is that her majesty looked like an ancient and vindictive ghost in white tin, (supposed to be satin) and that the background was by far the most prominent and brilliant part of the production. My friend Jenks, an art critic, came to see it and admired it.

"Charming! charming!" he said; "but your style wants mellowing. Go to Italy—go to Italy, my boy! and your country will be proud of you."

My style did want something. I owned that with a pang as I gazed on the "grimly ghost" of good Queen Elizabeth in her metallic raiment. And it might be mellowing, perhaps it was. If Italy would mellow me I would go to Italy.

I told Queen Bess. A romantic widow lady, who thought that the prominent masculine nose resembled myself and told me so, purchased it. And my preparations were made; and when the Martha Jane, Captain Bobkins, sailed, I was on board, on my way to Italy to have my style mellowed. (I didn't quite understand what Jenks meant by the term yet,) leaving A and B and C, my artist friends behind me on the shore, very mellow already with parting glasses and waving their handkerchiefs cheerily.

Does it do any one any good to go to Italy?

ally? I'm not sure. There were hundreds of artists there making bad copies of good pictures, and copying peasant girls with rich complexions and short petticoats, and beggar lads at church porches and old women at wells, who were not mellowed yet, if, by mellowing Jenks meant perfection. But I stayed there, and painted, and time not Italy, softened the eyes. I drew on canvas, and gave some tender half tints instead of those glaring whites and vermilions; and nine years from the day on which I left America, I returned a wiser if not a better man.

No comrades greeted me on the shore. A was dead, B was in England, C rich and aristocratic, holding himself aloof from meaner men, and charging wondrous prices for productions no one would have purchased had they emanated from the pencil of unknown John Smith. It was summer, too, and the city well nigh deserted; so I resolved to leave bricks and mortar, and go upon a sketching tour. A snug farm house, delightfully clean to Italianized eyes used to picturesque ruins, dirt and fleas, received me, and its mistress, a good old lady, took a mighty interest in what she called "pictures."

"If you want to draw a picture," she said, "there's a lovely place—Hickory House—just across the hill. Miss Mills, the minister's daughter, made a picture of that once."

"Hickory Hall!" I cried, and before my eyes arose a vision of Kate Guion and the fountain in the wood.

"Yes," said the old lady. Old Mr. Guion owned it. But he's dead and so's the old lady; and Miss Kitty, she's married to a gentleman by the name of Wilson, and lives there now, with her family and Miss Dorothea—"

"Miss Dorothea!" I remembered no such person, but I thought I should like to see Kate once more, for old times' sake, and as the sun went down I found myself at the gate—a new one—which opened into the garden.

A stout lady, somewhere about thirty stood on the porch, chatting with a grave but pleasant looking man. She lifted her matronly head, the rippling hair knotted at the back, and looked at me politely and inquiringly.

Could it be Kitty?

"Do I address Mrs. Wilson?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the lady, "that is my name; and, dear me! it isn't possible that you are Mr. Abingdon. How glad I am to see you you. This is Mr. Wilson. Come in. You are a stranger."

I was. I did not know her and never did. After awhile I became acquainted with plump, good natured Mrs. Wilson, but Kitty Guion never returned again.

"And do you remember Dolly?" cried Mrs. Wilson. "She remembers you, I know. 'Tom,' to a boy by her side, 'call your Aunt Dorothea—Dolly is sixteen now, Mr. Abingdon.'"

A voice in the passage—a foot on the threshold—a startled glance—a cry of almost childish joy, and Dolly, with both hands extended, came towards me. Little Dolly still, though grown a woman, the same, only more beautiful and more winning. And she knew me at once. There is such a delicate flattery in being known on the instant after many years. Who can resist it!

Again and again, as the summer waned and the hickory leaves grew red in autumn sunlight, I passed the gate and entered at the door. Often I sat with Dolly on the porch, often wandered with her in the garden; at last I came with a fixed purpose in my heart—that of wooing and winning Dolly—the infant terrible of those old times.

Yet perhaps the child, who had so pondered on the probable estate of my wife, might like her cousin Hulbert better for a husband yet, for I was not rich, and could give her but my love.

And so I went a little doubtfully to the house one day, when I knew she was alone, and found her in the window of the old dining-room, knitting with beads and scarlet silk. I came behind her and laid something on her knee—a withered nut—the old long cherished gift of Baby Dolly.

"Philopena?" I said—"Philopena? Do you remember it?"

She blushed rosy red.

"Have you kept it all this while?" she cried—"I thought I was the only silly one, and out of her little needle case she drew the twin to my withered almond."

"I have caught you," I said, "and you are bound to give me a present."

"I will knit you this watch pocket, she said. 'It was for my brother in law, but you shall have it for your philopena.'"

"No," I said—"so Dolly, I want something more precious than that. You promised me a grand present."

"So I did," and she laughed again, "but you see I have nothing very precious so it must be this or a cigar case."

"To be sure, you have one very precious thing," I said—"so precious that I hardly dare ask you for it; a precious little heart—a very pearl. Will you give me that Dolly? Will you give me your heart for a philopena?"

She did not say "no" she did not say "yes"—she never spoke—but her eyes did, and I caught her to my heart; and I knew then, as I have ever since, that a gift rarer than rubies or diamonds had been given me when I won my philopena.

[N. Y. Sunday Times.]

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY. The rattlesnake finds a superior foe in the deer and the black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself around its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnakes are about meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with fire or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while watching the countenance of the victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

HINT TO MOTHERS—SPEAK LOW. I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp angry tones resound through them from morning till night and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrott has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while many a house where the low firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times the heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low; they will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children? [N. Y. Chronicle.]

A YANKEE NOTION. An American capitalist came to me not many months since says a sculptor, and opened the conversation by saying:—"Sir your name is Robson."

"I admitted my name was Robson."

"And you are a statuary," said he. I admitted this fact, also, substituting sculptor.

"Sir," continued he, "I will give you a commission." I bowed and begged him to be seated.

"Robson, sir," said he, drawing a paper from his pocket. "I am a remarkable man. I was born in the environs of Boston city, and began life by selling matches at five cents the bunch; I am worth this moment, a million of dollars."

I bowed again, and said I was glad to hear it.

"Sir," he went on to say, "how I aimed that million of dollars—show from selling matches I came to running of errands; to taking care of hoes; to trading in dogs, tobacco, cottons, corns and sugars, and how I came to be the man that I am, you'll find all made out on this paper, dates, and facts correct. Sir, its a very remarkable statement." I replied that I had no doubt of it; but that I could not see what it had to do with the matter in hand.

"Sir," said my capitalist, "everything." I wish to perpetuate my name. You have a pretty thing, sir, here in Rome—a pillar with a procession twisting up all around it and a figure up at the top. I think you call it Trajan's column. Now Robson, sir, I wish you to make me one exactly like it—same height, same size, and money no object.

You shall re-present my career in all my va-ri-ous trades a twisting round the column, beginning with the small chap selling matches at five cents the bunch, and ending with a full length figure of me on the summit, with one hand thus in my bo-som, and the other under my coat-tails!"

BREVITIES.

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon water; it shines deceitfully, but can easily be skimmed off.

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed—as getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart.

It is always right to make the best of a bad position, but not to put ourselves in a bad position because we can make the best of it.

A countryman wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor woman has gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you go there."

If you would render your children helpless all their lives, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

An Irishman, swearing an anathema against his three sons, thus concluded:—"The only one of my children that does me any real filial affection, is my youngest son Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

A Pike's Peaker, to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold!

An old millionaire paid his addresses to one of the prettiest girls in the place. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her: "Miss C—, I am old and you are very young will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

When there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

Ambition often puts men to do the meanest offices, as climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

Not in unmanly characters does mildness charm, but in manly ones, as energy does not in unwomanly ones, but in the womanly.

A fountain in a park near Stockbridge, Mass., represents a dog worrying a cat, while the latter bristles up and spits—the jets of water—at him.

Thanksgiving morning, a widowed lady was summoned to her door to receive a splendid turkey. "Who sent it?" inquired the lady. "I was told not to liep," replied the filibertian. "Ah! I can guess," responded the lady, "Bodad that's just what I told Deacon Grant."

Everything within and about us goes to show that it never was intended that man should be idle. Our own health and comfort and the welfare and happiness of those around us, all require that man should labor. Mind, body, soul, all alike suffer and rust out by idleness; the idler is a source of mental and moral offence to everybody around. He is a nuisance to the world and needs abatement for the public good like any other source of pestilence.

When Adam asked his sons what style of houses they would like to live in, they winked at the old boy and said they wanted cottages with E(a)sies.

Prentice says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their neck to get kissed.

All women are good; good for something or good for nothing.

The price of newspapers in London during the French war was fourteen cents each.

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the reply.

The following rules are posted in a New Jersey school house—"No kissing in school time. No licking by the master during holidays."

The following is rather shocking than otherwise;—"Why is the present incursion of the rebels into Maryland, like a rily? Because Solomon in all his glory was not a rild like one of these."

The Oxford Democrat

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 5, 1864.

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

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OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
OF TENNESSEE.

FOR CONGRESS.

2d District.—**SIDNEY PERHAM.**

FOR GOVERNOR.

SAMUEL CONY,
OF AUGUSTA.

Oxford County Ticket.

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THOMAS CHASE of Buckfield.

FOR SHERIFF.

HORATIO AUSTIN of Canton.

FOR CO. ATTORNEY.

WILLIAM W. BOLSTER of Dixfield.

FOR REG. OF PROBATE.

JOSIAH S. HOBBS of Paris.

FOR CO. COMMISSIONER.

NOAH B. HUBBARD of Hiram.

FOR CO. TREASURER.

WILLIAM A. PIDGIN of Paris.

National Fast.

Thursday, August 4th, the day we usually print our paper, is the day appointed by the President, as a day of Fasting and Prayer, for our country. In consequence of this we issue the paper this week, one day earlier than usual, that those connected with the establishment may "abstain from their usual avocations" upon that day. We trust the recommendations of the President will be generally heeded.

The Last Call for Men.

The President has called for 500,000 more men and we have until the 5th day of September to raise them without a draft. What is the duty of the people in response to this call? Why, certainly to raise the men. None of us want to see a draft. None of us want to see the experiment of last year repeated; yet unless the men are raised before the time above mentioned, a draft must come. This question of more troops is a plain practical one. To close up the war and finish the rebellion, the government must have the men, and unless they have them it cannot be done. We all had hoped that more men would not have been necessary, but facts demonstrate that the government needs them. The two great campaigns of the season cannot be successfully consummated without reinforcements. Whatever may be said to the contrary we have full faith that Gen. Grant will take Richmond. We know the man, his iron will, his indomitable energy, his keen military sagacity, his perseverance and final triumph in every great field of conflict where he has operated in the past. His plans are undoubtedly well matured. But in order successfully to carry them out he needs reinforcements. Undoubtedly these plans look to the destruction of the Rail Roads and other means of communication leading to and from Richmond and the final reduction of the place by siege. These means of communication being once destroyed must be held in order to accomplish the great object intended, and to do it a large force it is imperative. Gen. Sherman has thus far made one of the most brilliant campaigns of this or any other war. His march from Chattanooga to Atlanta has been a glorious succession of military triumphs, almost unparalleled in the history of military warfare. At no distant day he will be safely quartered in Atlanta. His gallant troops should then be partially relieved and have a little time for rest. To do this and carry out his plans of occupation he should be reinforced. We have a great country to hold, a great country to defend and strong fortifications to reduce to finish up our triumph. To accomplish these great objects and close up the war the government should not be crippled for want of men. The rebels have made their last desperation, they have put into the field their whole available force. Not so with us. We have the men, the country needs them and they should be cheerfully furnished. If the country is to be saved we must put the means into the hands of the government to do it. Then let there be no delay in putting forth the necessary means to raise our quota of troops under the last call. Undoubtedly it will be the last call. It will put it in the power of the government to crush out the rebellion, close up the war and bring what we all desire to see, a permanent honorable peace.

GEN. HOWARD. Advice from Gen. Sherman's headquarters, announce the assignment of Gen. Howard to the command of the army and department of Tennessee, the position made vacant by the death of Gen. McPherson. Gen. Howard's chief staff, will be Lieut. Col. Warren, formerly of the 7th Ohio.

The subscription price of the Zion's Advocate has been raised to \$2.00 in advance. An advance not one-fourth the actual increase in the cost of issuing the paper.

How they do it and how it will end.

It is now quite apparent that the wicked schemes and grasping avarice of the big land sharks, to compel every body to pay tribute to them, will be at least in a good degree defeated. The recent attempts of certain unprincipled speculators to get control of the flour, pork and provision market and raise flour to twenty dollars a barrel, pork to seventy-five, and groceries in proportion is likely to fail. The truth is, there is no real scarcity in any of these articles. The store houses of our large cities are literally crammed full of these very articles, now being held under the grasp of stock jobbers and plunderers of other people's pockets. They are holding on to them to compel an advance. But the thing doesn't work just to their liking. Pork and flour and other commodities have been going down, day by day and men having great quantities of this kind of merchandise on hand, have nearly every successive morning waked up to find themselves poorer instead of richer. Another thing, these speculators who have gone headlong into their operations beyond their real means, have got to pay their notes and many of them in order to do this must sell for what they can get. Unless there is a scarcity of an article of merchandise, trade generally will regulate itself. Our war taxes are heavy, very heavy but they are but a "drop in the bucket" compared with what the people have to pay to grasping speculators. Commercial pirates in the large cities have amassed their millions in a day, which in the end is ground out of the hard earnings of the laboring industrial classes. But the same wheel which has ground others may yet grind them. Speculation prices in the end, always have to come down. This is the great law of trade. Then those under the load have to bear it. One turn of the wheel of fortune sometimes makes men rich, another turn reduces them to beggary. And when a man of this class goes down, then there are but few mourners. He is only reaping the just reward of his own doings.

State Normal School.

We see by a notice published in the city papers under the hand of E. P. Weston, Superintendent of Public Schools, that the State Normal School is to be opened at Farmington on the 24th day of August. Arrangements have been made to accommodate two hundred scholars. Board will be furnished at reasonable rates; an entrance fee of one dollar will be charged, while tuition will be free. Competent teachers have been employed and lectures given during the term. This school is got up under the patronage of the State under the Law of 1863. It is designed to qualify teachers of common schools for the profession, and all students entering are requested to give a pledge to become teachers of common schools in this State.

As this is the first experiment of a Normal School in Maine it is to be hoped that a good number of those designing to teach in our common schools will avail themselves of its privileges. Persons attending the school will be permitted to pass both ways over the Androscoggin Road for one fare.

THE DROUGHT IS BROKEN. On Tuesday we were visited with a refreshing rain, which seems to have thoroughly wet the ground, and put an end to the terrible drought we have endured. It will be of incalculable benefit.

The dry period just closed, according to exchanges has no parallel in this century; in many sections. In this region it has not been so severe as we have heard described by men who are not yet become old. It was a melancholy spectacle to drive through the country. The grain was hardly able to stand in many places to cover the ground, and was leading, while too short to mow. The corn was curled tight, and the lower leaves dead and dry. We saw many places where the leaves on the trees were dead, and scattered on the ground like autumn, the maples in some instances showing their scarlet tints. Yet these were all exceptions, and we trust that in most of this region the present rain will start up the crops so as to give something like an average.

We think that a song of thanksgiving should be added to the services of Fast Day, for the rains which have so opportunely fallen.

THE GROUND FOR HIS HOPE. At the funeral of Hon. Josiah Quincy, Dr. Ellis of Charlestown, is reported to have uttered the following grandiloquent strain:

"Dying in Quincy, receiving funeral honors in Boston, borne to his grave thro' Cambridge, and resting now on the slope of Harvard Hill, in Mount Auburn, we may share his own strong hope of immortality, and believe that his life is rounded by something better than a sleep."

To which the Springfield Republican responds:

Extract from a Sermon.

Delivered in Summer, July 24, 1864, by Rev. B. O. Withey, at the funeral of Samuel Stetson.

Mr. Stetson was a soldier from Summer, who died at one of the military hospitals in Washington recently, from a wound received while skirmishing with the rebels near Petersburg Va. The sermon, taken from Genesis 43—14, was occupied mainly with considerations addressed to the near relatives of the deceased for composure of mind at his death.

Another consideration for composure of mind in reference to the death of the son mourned to day is, the services he rendered his country and the object for which he gave his life. This was a great one, and worthy no doubt the sacrifice he made for it. Life has a value, a high value, and yet there are things of higher value; things for which life should be freely given. There are human enterprises for prosecuting which, a man might glory even to have a son expend his very existence in this world. There can be no doubt of this. Let another expedition be fitting out in this country, with another Columbus at its head, to discover a new continent with good prospects of success as that which sailed from Palos in Spain in 1492; who would not rejoice to have a son take part in it, and if he perished while returning from it, having made the discovery, might not well feel that his son had given his life for a worthy object. Take another case illustrating the same thought. Be it the fact that after the example of former times, an expedition were now being formed from these American shores to discover Lord Franklin and his crew, formerly having sailed on a polar expedition, to learn if possible whether they were dead or yet alive, who would not cheerfully give his dearest son to help in it, and if he died in the course of its prosecution would not feel himself amply consoled in the benevolence and grandeur of the enterprise. Take another case still more illustrative of the point before us, because appealing more directly to our tender sensibilities. You stand on the seashore and see a vessel in distress. She is wrecked. Her masts have been carried off by the fierceness of the winds. Her sails are torn and streaming in the gale. The sea around her is lashed into foam and boils like a pot. The crew on board her, men, women and children, lift up imploring hands and cry for help, their cries are repeatedly, and urgently uttered. You pity them and would help if you could. By the side of you stands your son with vigilant eye and heart of kindness responsive to your own. His bosom heaves with indescribable emotions. He is young, strong, and proposes to go and if possible save them from a watery grave, would you refuse his proposition? How could you? Rather would you not say, go my boy! go and God go with you. You consent cheerfully. He goes. With form erect and nerves all strained to the work, and most skillful management of the paddle, he drives the first boat he can find out to the scene of distress. The perishing ones hail him as a hero come to deliver. They fill the boat to its utmost capacity and he carries them back safe to land. He repeats his trips till most are saved. At length, perhaps with the very last one taken from the wreck, through exhaustion of strength or other cause the boat is swamped and he goes down to the ocean depths, himself and precious freight. They all perish together. Now the question is would you regret that son? Would you regret its conception or its attempted execution by him since it cost him so much, his very life. No indeed, you would not.

In place of it you would say, he is a noble boy. I approve of his splendid deed of daring in behalf of suffering humanity. I give him up freely in view of his so gloriously ending his life. And now dear mourning friends I speak more especially to the father who mourns the death of his dear son. Do you regret having given your son to the work of helping save the nation, its union, its freedom from the power of the mighty, infamous rebellion that has risen up against you. You see how it agitates the nation's aims through intensest energy to cover the whole face of it with desolation and ruin, would you take back now a single thing you have done or given, your dear child even to help save it. Forgive me if I ask an unnecessary question—one that may seem to impeach your patriotism in the least. I ask it with no such intent or feeling. I ask it to open your heart and lips. I ask it to let your love of country flow out to view. I ask it to hear you say, I gave my son at first a cheerful offering to help save this land from disunion and oppression. Now he has met death in consequence of it. I have no regrets, in having given him. I know how I must flow in this second war for independence and right as it has in other good causes; and if need be am as willing my son should shed his in it, as that others should shed theirs in it. One thought more and then we shall close. The lasting grateful memory of the son you mourn to day is safe. It is treasured in the hearts of a thousand survivors. There it will remain sacred and enduring. Various means are taken to preserve recollections of the dead. Some embalm their lifeless bodies. But the rock or marble will waste in time, and yet when in the lapse of years this shall be, when the most solid substances shall crumble with age and the inscriptions they bare with them, even then, the memories of those who may fall in the existing contest for the life and integrity of our dear native land, shall be fresh as the amaranth and green as the verdure that lays on the lap of spring.

The new 7-30 loan is meeting with great success.

Bethel Items.

Mr. A. E. Verrill of Norway, for several years past a pupil of Agassiz, has been elected Professor of Zoology in Yale College. He is a thorough and persevering naturalist.

Thermometer on Sunday last 91° at an elevation of 660 feet above the level of the sea. Monday Aug 1st, it stood at 93° at 1 P. M., the highest ever recorded in Bethel.

The long Woodshed at the depot in this village caught fire Monday afternoon near the centre, and before the alarm could be given and assistance come, large volumes of smoke issued from the burning wood. The roof caught fire and burst through, and it seemed almost impossible for a few minutes to prevent the whole railroad property from being destroyed, but by almost superhuman effort the citizens and employees of the road grappled with the fiery element, and after an hour's hard fighting, it was subdued. Much credit is due to quite a number of spirited ladies who brought water from a distance which aided materially in putting out the fire.

Moses Patten, Esq., of this village was thrown from his wagon last week and dislocated his shoulder.

It is thought that there is quite as much travel to this town as last year at this time. At any rate all the places of interest are pretty thoroughly visited by parties from the different houses.

Israel Adams has purchased the Androscoggin House on the north side of the river, and fitted it up for boarders.

The hay crop on the intervals is good. On upland and meadow it will be light. The great freshet last fall was of immense benefit to most intervals. There has been no rain here to prevent a man from laboring out of doors for more than two hours at a time since the snow went off.

There was 5 inches of snow on Mt. Washington on the morning of July 29. The temperature was very low in all the adjacent country.

Sudden Death.

WEST PARIS, Aug. 1st, 1864.
Editor of Democrat: On Saturday last, the body of Mr. Nathaniel H. Fuller of Woodstock, was found dead in the road, but a few rods from Mr. Perkins' residence in So. Woodstock. No signs of violence could be found, and the circumstances were such that his friends think he must have dropped dead, from disease of the heart.

Mr. Fuller was 26 years of age and unmarried; a man of strictly temperate and moral habits, and leaves a large circle of mourning relatives and friends. Last fall, in company with many others from this vicinity, he enlisted in the service of his country, and at the time of his decease was home on a furlough; having been some time in hospital, on account of sickness. He expected soon to rejoin his company, but it is otherwise directed, and our country must mourn his loss, yet we cherish his many virtues, and remember his patriotic example. He was a member of Capt. Noyes' Co., 32d Me. Reg. H. G. BROWN.

THE ENROLLMENT. The Provost-Marshal of this District advises that any person whose name is upon the enrollment lists, may appear before the Board, and if found to be not liable to draft, his name will be stricken off. The causes are: alienage; non-residence; over-age; or permanent physical disability of such a degree as to render the person not a proper subject for enrollment under the law and regulations. He invites all prominent citizens to give such information in the correction and revision thereof. It has been stated that the lists will be open for revision until the draft, so that it will at once be seen that it is of great importance that the names of all persons manifestly exempt should be stricken from the list. For every four names thus taken off, one man may be taken from the quota of five who attend to the duty promptly. We learn that some places are making active efforts in this direction.

It will be seen by the official statement furnished us by the Provost-Marshal that but 23 men are credited to Paris. We have an official statement, previously made giving us 29. This discrepancy occurs by the August calculations and will probably be set right hereafter.

FIFTH MAINE. From a table published in the Portland Advertiser, we gather the following facts: Number of original enlistments, 865; recruits, 262; discharges, 456; transferred, 242; killed in action, 131; deserted, 119; missing in action, 22; mustered out 193.

PUBLISHER'S CONVENTION. A convention of the editors and publishers in Maine, will be held in Portland next week. The programme announced semi-officially, promises a meeting for business Wednesday forenoon, on which occasion Hon. Chas. Holden will deliver an address. In the evening will be a supper and a promenade concert. Thursday will be occupied by an excursion in the harbor.

THE MAINE MONTHLY for August is at hand. There is a great variety of matter and so far as we have examined the articles are of general interest. The Magazine should have a wide circulation. Bailey & Noyes, Portland, publishers. Terms \$2.00.

In India gold and silver are so abundant as to produce a plethora in the market. The silver rupee, worth 50 cents, is said to only purchase as much as would 25 cents in ordinary times.

The Quotas.

We are indebted to Capt. John S. Baker, Provost-Marshal, for the following statement of the number of men to be furnished under the last call, with the credits to the several towns in this County.

Town	Quota	By last call	Def. under former calls	By State	No. to be furnished
Albany	16	11	5	5	11
Andover	15	9	6	6	9
Bethel	43	35	8	8	35
Buckfield	23	2	21	21	2
Byron	4	4	0	0	4
Canton	16	16	0	0	16
Denmark	22	1	21	21	1
Dixfield	16	18	2	2	18
Fryeburg	37	13	24	24	13
Gilead	8	4	4	4	4
Grafton	3	3	0	0	3
Greenwood	16	13	3	3	13
Hanover	6	9	3	3	9
Hartford	20	12	8	8	12
Hebron	14	5	9	9	5
Hiram	23	3	20	20	3
Lovell	22	10	12	12	10
Mason	2	3	1	1	3
Mexico	10	2	8	8	2
Newry	31	18	13	13	18
Norway	22	12	10	10	12
Oxford	55	23	32	32	23
Paris	16	10	6	6	10
Peru	27	4	23	23	4
Porter	5	1	4	4	1
Roxbury	22	28	6	6	28
Rumford	7	2	5	5	2
Stonewham	7	7	0	0	7
Summer	22	10	12	12	10
Sweden	12	8	4	4	8
Upton	3	1	2	2	1
Woodstock	18	22	4	4	22
Waterford	26	5	21	21	5
Franklin Plantation	5	1	4	4	1
Fryeburg Acad. Grant	1	1	0	0	1
Hamlin Grant	2	2	0	0	2
Lincoln Plantation	1	1	0	0	1
Milton Plantation	5	2	3	3	2
Riley	1	1	0	0	1
Township No. 5, R. 1	1	2	1	1	2

CERTIFICATES OF CHARACTER. It is well known that the rebel agents who lately presumed to talk of peace at Niagara are all heavy defaulters to our government. Sanders is behind some \$30,000 as Navy Agent under Buchanan at New York. Tucker defrauded the government out of about \$80,000 through the Liverpool Consulate, given him by Buchanan; and Thompson, as Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, engineered the great Indian bond fraud of \$800,000.

The Farmington Chronicle says: "We listened to a stirring discourse from Rev. Mr. Jacques, at the Methodist Chapel on Sunday afternoon last, on 'The Duty of the hour.' Text, Exodus x. 7. 'Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God.'"

A telegraph office was established on the top of Mt. Washington, last Saturday, by the American telegraph Company.

We learn that Stephen A. Emery, son of the late Judge Emery, who has been spending some years in Germany studying music, has lately returned. He will establish himself in Portland, as a teacher.

The publishers and job printers of New Hampshire have had a meeting and agreed that the prices of newspapers and job work should be increased.

The New York Tribune, after finding that the white paper costs more than its subscription price, has discontinued its clubbing terms.

The steam cutter Mahoning has been ordered to Portland. She is under the command of Lieut. Ritchie, who gallantly saved the colors of the cutter at New Orleans whose captain in the beginning of the war proved a traitor, and the vessel was burned.

The Press says the Coroner's verdict, in the case of the recent collision on the Grand Trunk railway charges the blame upon the engineer and conductor of the construction train, which was using the track, when it belonged to No. 16 freight. Henry B. Hussey, the engineer of the special, has been arrested.

The Law Court, before adjournment, announced the following decisions in Oxford cases: Lorenzo D. Stacy vs. Jordan Stacy. Dismissed from Law docket. Silas P. Somes vs. Wm. Farris Trustee. "Neither party" to be entered.

Late advices from Gen. Chamberlain represent the crisis in his case to be passed. He has a good appetite, and is rapidly gaining strength.

EXCISE LAWS. Brown Thurston has just issued in neat pamphlet form, the Excise law passed at the last session of Congress. Sent to any address on receipt of 20 cents.

At a meeting of citizens of Waterville it was voted to pay \$100 to each recruit and to every drafted man, the money to be raised by the aid of indemnifying bonds signed by some of the prominent citizens with the expectation that the Legislature will legalize the action of the town next winter.

We are requested to state that Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Portland, will preach in the Union Chapel, Buckfield, on Sunday, Aug. 7th.

SPRUCE GUM. Mr. Frank Dresser of Andover, a trader at Andover Corner, informed us that he lately sent to market in one lot thirty barrels of Spruce gum. This quantity was but a portion of the amount he has forwarded. The gum is procured from the forests in the north part of this County.

SNOW STORM ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

IN JULY. A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Crawford's, White Mountains, July 24 describes the recent snow storm on Mount Washington and the consequent exposure and suffering of a number of tourists. We quote:

"A party of eight left the Glen House on Thursday morning in a wagon with four horses. The weather was warm and the atmosphere hazy below; but we had taken the precaution to provide against a sudden change of temperature by being clad in full winter costume, the need of which was realized before our team reached the Half-Way House. Upon ascending the first ledge we entered a thick cloud of mist that was driven against us by the wind with fearful violence. Part of the company enveloped themselves in a woolen shawl, and with head and ears covered were protected against the deluge that was carried by the swirling wind from the mountain side. The Tip-Top House was reached in safety and the comfort of a good fire and better dinner compensated for the exposure of the ascent."

But there was no view; we were in the midst of a heavy cloud, which continued driving over the mountain all day. Night came, and brought no relief, except the warm stove and comfortable beds in the Summit House, where we lodged with feelings of tolerable security.

When the light of Friday broke upon us we could not realize that our location had not been changed to the Arctic regions. The window panes were covered with ice, and we soon found that old King Frost, signed supreme. Every stone and rock, and every stick and blade of grass and moss, was covered with ice. The air was filled with a heavy cloud of fine snow or hail, and the wind blew almost a perfect hurricane. Sometimes the snow fell thick and fast, covering the ground and filling the air, so that one could not see ten feet ahead.

Parties came up from the Glen House, and some of them suffered severely. A large party of thirty persons came up on horseback from the Crawford House and two young ladies from Chicago were so overcome by the cold exposure and fatigue that they were brought into the house insensible, and it required several hours to bring them to consciousness. They had started from Crawford's but they were prepared to endure the terrible storm they encountered ascending on the mountain. Their sufferings were terrible, but the kind attention of the other ladies who were on hand to minister to their necessities soon relieved them.

The storm increased during the day. Although the thermometer did not fall below thirty degrees, the air felt as though it might be at zero. Staw hats and linen coats were at a discount, though unfortunately there were several ladies and gentlemen in the company who by this time were on the mountain with no better protection from the storm. One party decided to return to the Glen House, and started in the midst of the storm. They were stopped in their descent by a collision with an ascending team; the air was so thick with the sleet and snow the drivers could not see each other. In the confusion one lady was blown over the ledge, but not seriously hurt; one horse was also blown over, and after the passengers left the coach to walk back to the house four horses and the wagon were blown bodily over among the rocks below. The driver escaped, the wagon was broken and one of the horses badly hurt. It was an exciting and perilous event, and induced all the party to remain contented as possible all night. These forty-three lodgers at the Summit House on Friday night, all of who can testify that the storm was both grand and fearful, as the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and seemed as though it would carry the very rocks away from their place on the mountain."

ONLY A NIGGER. Lieut. Hunt of Utica (U. S. regular artillery) recently fell overboard from a tug in the James river, and was drowned. His body not being recovered by the tug, some relatives went down and dragged the river for it in vain, being afforded every facility by our naval officers. Finally, they inquired along the river bank, and found two negroes who told them of another negro who had buried the body of a Federal officer which he found on the river bank. Proceeding to that negro's hut, they met his wife, who showed them the clothing, spurs, &c., of the buried officer, which they readily recognized as Lieut. Hunt's. She also produced and gave them \$57 in cash with his wallet, which her husband had taken before burying the body, decently shrouded in coarse cloth in the best coffin he was able to make. In a little while, the husband returned, and, before aiding them to exhum the remains, produced, \$300 more, with certain important papers, which he had also taken from the body, but which he had carefully concealed even from his wife, because (he said) the guerrillas often came there, and they might frighten her into giving up to them documents and money which they ought not to have. All these were brought away with the body. [Tribune.]

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

A man named Curson from Brunswick informed the city marshal that his daughter of 20 years was abducted on the 4th of July and has not been heard from since. A warrant was made out and the suspected individual is being sought out. [Journal.]

The Biddeford Journal says there is a story in circulation that on the "Garland farm," in South Farnsworth, there is a phenomenon of fire issuing underneath a rock, and the place has been visited by a large number to see the sight.

Charles F. Moore, son of J. D. Moore, Esq., of Augusta, has been promoted to Acting Ensign in the navy.

1000 shares of the Oxford Plumbago Mining Company, sold in Boston on Saturday at 13 cents.

War News.

The people have within the past week been much excited by another raid into Pennsylvania. Chambersburg has been burned to the ground, involving a loss of \$1,000,000. The reports would show that the attacking party numbered but two hundred, and that they were badly beaten by Averill shortly after. The citizens must have been exceedingly brave to have yielded their town to destruction by such a squad.

Another movement has been commenced by the Army of the Potomac. A portion of the army made a diversion upon the river, by which means a portion of Lee's army was hurried to Richmond. On Saturday morning Grant blew up a fort in front of Petersburg. As soon as the explosion took place 120 guns opened upon the enemy, and a charge was made by the 9th corps, supported by the 18th. The entire line of fortifications was occupied, and an advance made upon the enemy, who suffered severely from an enfilading fire. Some of the inner lines were carried but were only temporarily occupied. Later advice states that our forces were not able to hold permanently all the ground gained. The situation is more favorable than before.

Gen. Sherman's engagements, south of Atlanta, with Hood, have been very severe. It appears that Hood assaulted our columns seven times, and was repulsed on each occasion. He holds his old position. The Governor of Georgia has called for a levy of all men of 17 and from 50 to 55 years, for the army. His proclamation is depending in time, and contains the truthful statement, that with the loss of Atlanta the Key of the Confederate arch will be taken away. Johnston's removal was caused by his declining to hold Atlanta, he claiming that it would result in the capture of the rebel army. The last account states that 2000 dead rebels have been buried, with 1000 more to enter.

St. Louis, Mo., 27th.—Late advice from Little Rock, Ark., say Price's army was at Camden and that Price himself was at Shreveport. Marmaduke is said to be crossing square of his men over the Mississippi River near James' Landing. Kirby Smith is attempting to prevent reinforcements being sent from Gen. Banks' Department to Gen. Steele.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24. The Herald's Nashville dispatch of the 21st gives a congratulatory address from Gen. Thomas to the army of the Cumberland on the brilliant success in the late battles.

He states that our loss on the 20th was 1733 killed wounded and missing. On the 22d, 10 cannon. The rebel loss on the 20th was 6000. Seven stands of colors were taken.

On the 22d 18 stands of colors were taken and 5000 stand of arms.

The rebel loss in killed was 3200, besides 3200 prisoners.

Gen. Stanley succeeds Gen. Howard in command of the 4th corps. The latter succeeds Gen. McPherson. Gen. H. Oker has passed through Nashville en route for duty elsewhere. Gen. Rousseau succeeds him in command of the 20th corps.

The same correspondent says the battle of the 28th was as complete a defeat of the rebels as that of the 22d. Six hundred and forty-two rebel dead were buried by our forces after the battle. The report of the wounding of Gen. Stephen Lee is not confirmed, nor is it positively known that his forces have reached Atlanta.

GEN. CRANT'S CAMPAIGN. The Chicago Journal says that Ex-Governor Ramsey, U. S. Senator from Minnesota, who has just returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, gives a very encouraging account of the situation and prospects. Gen. Grant told him to request the people of the North to "possess their souls with patience"—that all would come out right—that his success is beyond doubt—that his grand plan has been successfully carried out so far, and is certain to be successful in the end. General Grant has never felt greater confidence of success than he feels now. But it is a stupendous work he has before him, and the people must not be unreasonable in their anticipation; they must not expect that to be done in a week which cannot be done in a month; for if they will have patience, they will in due time be fully repaid for exercise of that virtue, by the splendid success that will crown the efforts of the Army of the Potomac to overwhelm the chief army of the rebellion.

Will the people ever understand that the point at issue between the contending parties admits of no compromise which is not wholly on the one side or the other? The only way to restore the Union now is to conquer the rebels. They will not yield unless they are conquered,—nor will we.

The Lewiston Journal says there are a couple of spinsters in Greene—monomaniacs in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches the alarming number of four hundred and forty cats and kittens.

It is supposed the 19th army corps is in the vicinity of Washington or Harpers Ferry. In this corps are the 12th, 29th and 30th regiments.

The telegraph says it is believed that in the election in Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, all the amendments allowing soldiers to vote were carried.

NOTICE.

The Maine Sabbath School Association No. 1, will hold its annual meeting and picnic at West Paris, on the last Wednesday in August, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Should the day appointed be unfavorable, the meeting will be on the first pleasant day following.

The Superintendent, with their Committee, are requested to meet on the Monday previous to the day appointed, to make the necessary arrangements. A. HILL, Clerk.

WEST PARIS, Aug. 23, 1864.

The Press says Henry B. Hussey, the engineer on the construction train that collided with the regular freight train on the Grand Trunk Railway, last week, was arraigned for manslaughter, and bound over in the sum of \$2500, for appearance at the Nov. Term of S. J. Court.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The beneficial effects resulting from the use of this Remedy and its extensive use for Coughs, Colds and Throat Affections, has brought out many imitations, most of which contain injurious ingredients. The Troches have proved their efficacy.

A number of years have elapsed since the introduction of HOSSETT'S CELEBRATED BITTERS to the public. The prejudice existing in the minds of many persons against what is called a "bitter," and at the same time a "remedy," has, as its virtues and merits become known, this latter of prejudice was overcome, and the demand increased so rapidly that in a few years a village situated in the United States in which the afflicted had not experienced the benefits arising from the use of the "Bitters," and at the present day there are to be found IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD countries for the great merits of the article. No greater cure for Dyspepsia can be found.

See advertisement. For sale by Druggists generally everywhere.

DIED.

In Dixfield July 13, George Evans, son of Geo. S. and Hannah Holman, aged 18 months.

In Watford, July 29, Mr. Daniel Brown.

Norway Liberal Institute,

NORWAY, ME.

The Fall term will commence on Tuesday, September 6th, 1864, and continue eleven weeks.

G. F. Leonard, A. M., Principal.

Miss M. F. Holmes, Preceptress, and teacher of French.

Miss H. E. Denison, Teacher of Music.

Miss H. Leonard, Drawing and Painting.

A NORMAL CLASS will be formed for those who intend to teach.

Tuition: Common English, \$3.50; Higher English, 4.00; Languages, 4.50.

Or 40, 45 and 50 cents per week.

Music, including use of Piano, 5.00.

BOARD, including wood, washing and lights, \$1.50 to \$2.75 per week.

Students wishing for rooms should make early application to the Principal.

WHEREAS, it has been reported and represented that a partnership had been formed by and between one H. Clay Smith of Boston, and one John D. Cornwall of Portland, in the County of York, and State of Maine, under the firm and name of Smith & Cornwall, whereby said Smith & Cornwall had obtained credit in the name and on the credit of said firm. Therefore it is known that no such firm exists or has existed, no such partnership having ever been formed, and in order to prevent a fraud being perpetrated upon innocent persons, all persons are hereby notified that I am responsible for no acts of said Smith in the name of such firm or in any capacity, and that I shall pay no demands against the same.

Respectfully, JOHN D. CORNWALL.

Respectfully, May 1st, 1864.

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HOWE & BROOKS,

WEST PARIS, ME.

Would inform their friends and the public that they have just received a new stock of

CHOICE SUMMER DRY GOODS.

DRESS GOODS.

Of all kinds, which the Ladies are respectfully

requested to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

WOOLEN GOODS,

HATS & CAPS of every description for Gent's wear.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Of a choice selection.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for any kind of COUNTRY PRODUCE for which we will allow the highest market price.

LUMBER.

SPRUCE AND PINE.

Clear Pine from 1 to 2 inches thick.

Also Laths.

FOR SALE BY

HOWE & BROOKS,

WEST PARIS, ME.

To the Hon. Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, next to be held at Paris, on the 31st day of September, 1864.

Harriet R. Thompson, in the County of York, and State of Maine, do hereby certify that I am responsible for no acts of said Smith in the name of such firm or in any capacity, and that I shall pay no demands against the same.

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