

Bridgton Sentinel.

Devoted to News, Literature, Local Intelligence and the Union.

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From the Atlantic Monthly. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greenward with the spade;
Wile let its hollow bed be made;
There gaily lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly.
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet:
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall hoot and sing and hie her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee;
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room;
For the glad infant's spig of bloom.
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, as gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes overflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heap'd with the orange and the grape,
As far as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Nids and our flag of stripes and star
Shall bear to costs that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grow;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall look, and think of childhood's day,
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of rosy bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loo-en when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower;
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall have no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree,
Oh, when its aged boughs throw
Thin shadows on the sward below
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be,
And the toil, the stripes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Faint to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them;
"A poet of the land was he,
In the rude, but good old times;
And he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

A rebel iron foundry at Edensburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., was destroyed by Federal scouts on the 1st inst.

STELLA.

BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

"Cousin Stella, I promised some days ago to tell you a story. Everybody is gone to-night; we have the house all to ourselves. Come with me to the bay window in the parlor—no, don't bring any lamps, Stella; this mellow moonlight is all the light we need. Sit there, Stella, and I'll take this ottoman opposite you. Now for my story *ma belle Stella*; it is about—myself."

Stella started.
Horace inwardly smiled, but remained outwardly expressionless. He, however, drew his seat a trifle nearer his companion that he might more narrowly observe, though all unseemingly, the effect his narration might produce. His face was in the shadow—he had no wish to be himself observed. Stella apparently did not notice this slight movement, but she drew instinctively back into the deeper shadows of the white rose-bush that draped the outside of the window, thus escaping the full flood of moonlight which before fell upon her face. Horace had done better to have kept his first position.

"The story I was going to tell you," he continued, "is about myself. Though we are nominally cousins, and I have been now these three weeks a favored guest in the house of my uncle, your step-father, yet we are almost wholly strangers, and you know comparatively nothing of my life. This much you and your family know, that I am and have been for years alone in the world. Not a known relative have I except this kind old gentleman, my uncle, whose hospital doors chance, or rather kind Providence, at length has brought me. My father died when I was an infant, so of him I have no remembrance. My mother—blessings on her memory, lived to guard and guide me till my thirteenth year, then she died. How vividly do I remember her death scene—the heavenly smile that irradiated her pale, sweet countenance—the last gentle pressure of her hand upon my head—her faintly uttered words, the last to me: 'My loved son, be good, love God. He will be to you father, mother, friend. He will—and thus she died. Ever since then, when sin has beckoned me forth to the luring pathway of destruction, that gentle hand and voice have entered. When the full tide of desolation has swept over my soul, her mild, sweet smile has come back to cheer me and make me forget that I am alone. This blessed memory of my mother, this constant spiritual companion, if I may so call it, has been the great, effectual barrier between me and vice while among dissolute companions at school, or alone in the populous city toiling to acquire the education necessary to fill honorably and usefully the place I had marked out for myself in life—that of a physician. My toils and studies I will not detail to you. It is perhaps enough to say that with God's blessing and the little heritage my parents left me, which was barely enough with constant economy to clothe, feed, and educate me, I have succeeded even beyond my most sanguine hopes. Now while I am firmly treading the high road to fortune, I walk also in the path of usefulness. When I die, Stella, God keeping me, it shall not be said that I have lived in vain—that the world is no better for my having lived in it."

"In many, in most respects, my life has been an uneventful one. Yet there is a portion of it that may interest you, Stella. I have been, as I have before told you, alone since my mother's death—shut out from all those social bonds that link families and hearts together. More acutely have I felt this desolation when in the midst of the crowded city. Where all around me seemed to have friends or kindred, I had none. You, Stella, blessed as you have been by the common but so sacred associations of

home, can scarcely imagine the desolate isolation from my kind that for years has darkened my life. But the human soul, however solitary, will find for itself companions. Mine, at first solely, were books. But there came a time when my heart took to itself another companion. What human heart has not done so in some period of its existence?"

Did Horace perceive the nervous tremor that for a moment only agitated his auditor? Perhaps not, for he did not pause or hesitate in his narration. "While I was pursuing my studies with Dr. Stowe in the city, I used daily to see a fair young school-girl pass my window. That she was a school-girl I knew by the hours in which she regularly passed up and down the street, by her books, some of which she always had with her, and by the gay young companions that often went back and forth with her. I knew nothing about who she was, what her name, or where her home. I scarcely cared to know—at first. It was enough to know that morning and afternoon, like a stray ray of sunshine, she would flit by my window—enough to revel in dreams of this new divinity, at whose shrine my very soul bowed to do homage. It was my mother's smile in her face that so riveted my gaze on that morning when I first beheld her; and each day as I watched for her advent, she seemed to me the visible embodiment of my mother's gentle spirit. Do you wonder, Stella, that I thought of her only in vague, wild dreams? that the fair apparition was never spoken of to those around me? that I took any steps to ascertain aught concerning her, but only on blindly like one enchanted? If you wonder, you have never dreamed."

Stella drew back still farther into the shadowy recesses of the window, but neither sigh nor stifled sob escaped her. Had Horace's listener been a spirit, she could not have been more noiseless.

"At length my divinity came no more. I watched for her morning—she might be late to school. Late or early she never came. I watched for her afternoons—possibly I had missed her in the crowd that jostled by my window. Ah, no—she was in the crowd no more. Slowly, reluctantly, I admitted the fact—she was gone. I might never see her again. Then I fully realized what a hollow cheat my uncontrolled fancy had been practising upon my too susceptible heart. From that time I was like the father of Ginevra, wandering as in search of something—something I could not find—I knew not what. I indeed pursued my studies and made my daily round of calls on various patients, but through all this I was rather like a automaton than a living, sentient being.

"But my sun arose again. Oh, what a glorious morning was that to my lonely, stricken heart! This was the manner of its dawning: Dr. Stowe changed his office to a more central portion of the city; for convenience I too changed my lodgings to a place near his new office. One day I had occasion to return to my room at an hour when usually I was engaged at the office, and as I approached the front entrance, my divinity issued therefrom. There was the same smile upon her lip, the same unspeakable expression in her eye that had graced my mother's when she used to caress me, her child, with looks and words of tenderness. I started, grew almost dizzy with emotion, as the vision flitted by me and was lost in the crowd; then I rushed forward through the doorway and up to my room utterly overwhelmed with the new thoughts that struggled in my heart. Did she really live within the same dwelling that sheltered me? Was it possible that I was breathing the same atmosphere with her? that nightly one-roof covered us both? Oh, what blessedness was there in the thought! Who could

prophecy what full fruition of earthly hopes the boundless future should not bring to me? Aye, even to poor desolate me!

"Again for weeks I did not see her. The house in which I hired a solitary room was leased to separate tenants, of whom I knew nothing. If she dwelt there I never chanced to meet her in door or stairway. If she lived elsewhere, and only visited here occasionally, it was while I was absent. There was a mysterious lady who sometimes sang and played upon a piano in the next room. I met her on the stairs occasionally, and sometimes caught sight of her floating drapery just disappearing in the doorway. One day I chanced to hear her speak of her music scholars to another lady that stood upon the landing as I passed. Then I thought this mysterious lady might be her teacher. Perhaps, could I be there at the right hour, I might even catch the silvery tones of her voice—might possibly meet her and find some way of forming her acquaintance. I feigned illness for a few days. I neal scarcely have feigned it, for the mental wear of the last few months had made me quite thin and sorrow. I found my conjectures correct. She came at regular intervals, and I enjoyed the supreme blessedness of listening to her sweet, half childlike voice. What plans I laid to meet and speak with her. What air castles I built for the sunny future. But they were built, alas, on no tangible foundation. Ere I had completed any of my schemes the mysterious lady removed, the voice of my beloved unknown was heard no more, and new conjectures were suggested. I sought my angel, as I fondly called her, all over the city, but I met her nowhere. From thenceforth, Stella, I was changed. I gave up useless visions of love and sympathy, and—her. Hopeless as to the joys of this life, yet earnest in the labor that should tell upon the life to come, I resolutely set myself at work to become a proficient in my calling, that thus I might the better help to lessen the sufferings of humanity. I have made my mother's last words the watchword of my life. And, Stella, even in my comparatively joyless life I have been blessed. But—why are you leaving me so hastily, my cousin? Stay a few moments. Is my story, then, so tiresome?"

Stella had risen suddenly, and like a spirit was gliding from the room. The last words recalled her. She sank down silently upon her seat. If she was agitated, perhaps the shadows concealed it. If she was pale and trembling, how should Horace see it? Should she betray the folly into which she had unconsciously fallen? Should she, in her weakness, allow this stranger to comprehend what she herself had not till to-night—that she loved him? No; she could, she would command both word and manner—she would stay and hear all, though each new sentence struck like a blow upon her heart. Why had she dared to hope, and what had she dared to hope for? Poor child, she had not known her own heart till now—now when it was too late.

Again Horace resumed his tale. "There has been another era in my life, Stella. Since coming to this place I have seen that sweet embodiment of my dreams; aye, have spoken with her—have learned to call her friend. I have found her all my heart had dreamed of—loveliness. Again hopes such as I had believed were utterly dead within me have sprung up to new life; but are these new hopes also doomed to die? must they be trodden in the dust? Stella, do you know what it is to give life for life? Love for love—life for life? Nothing less than this do I seek. This friend of yours and mine, Stella, seems to love me. I believe that I have but to ask and she is mine. But will her little heart be mine—mine

alone? Will she give me love for love—life for life? Of this I have been in doubt. You have a woman's tact, Stella, will you sound her heart for me? Will you—"

This passionate appeal was suddenly broken off, for Stella, pressing her hand against her forehead with quick convulsive movement, rushed from the room. Horace lingered a moment, then went to seek her. She was not in the sitting-room, nor yet in the library. He turned his steps toward the garden. In a retired corner, beneath the thickly over-arching trees, was Stella's favorite resort—a beautiful summer-house. As Horace noiselessly approached, hidden by the dense foliage, heavy, half-suppressed sobs reached his ear—then Stella's own voice, exclaiming, "Oh, this blow—this last, bitter blow—could he not have spared me that!"

"Dearest Stella, have I struck you? Do you then love me wholly? Do you love me, Stella? You alone have been the day-star of my life. It was you, you only, that I so long, so blindly worshipped. Forgive me for thus wounding you. I was selfish, Stella. I would know whether you could be happy without me."

Horace had flung himself at the feet of the weeping fugitive. Again she would have fled from him, but his strong arm detained her—his low voice breathed forth words of tenderness. From that night Horace, the orphan, was no longer alone—no more unloved.

Lady's Friend.

THE COTTON PROSPECTS FOR 1864.—The English journals continue to discuss the subject of the cotton prospects for 1864. The latest and fullest paper on the subject appears in the Manchester Examiner, in which the writer, after an exhaustive review of the facts in the case, presents the following results:—First, that the production of cotton in other countries than the Southern States of America is steadily increasing, the imports of 1863 exceeding probably those of 1862 by one million of bales, thus lessening exclusive dependence upon one source of supply; secondly, that the three countries which have shown the most desire to contribute to this result—Egypt, Turkey and Italy—possess advantages in climate, soil and facility of access to the English market, which enable them to compete successfully with the Southern States of America, not only in quality, but also in cost of production. The writer is confident in a few years the coast of the Mediterranean will furnish an annual supply of two million of bales. Of India he does not take so hopeful a view.

PATRICK'S WARDROBE. At a sale of furniture which took place in a country town, among the lockers-on were a few Irish laborers, and upon a trunk being put up for sale one of them said to his neighbor:

"Pat, I think you should buy that trunk." "An' what should I do with it?" replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment. "Why, put your clothes in it, was his advisor's reply."

Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise and then with that laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed, "an' go naked."

A Methodist minister in Kansas, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the nonpaying trustees that he must have his money, as he was suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" replied the trustees, "you preach for money? We thought you preached for the good of souls?" "souls!" responded the reverend, "I can't eat souls—and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

DR. WINDSHIP RAISES TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED POUNDS.

Dr. George B. Windship now raises daily the extraordinary weight of twenty-six hundred pounds. His office in Park street, Church Building, Boston, is daily thronged with the curious, as well as those desirous of learning the art of how to be strong. In one corner of the room stands his famous lifting apparatus. This consists of a solid frame-work of wood, about seven feet in height, with a platform about half way up, upon which the doctor stands to go through his daily exercise. A shoulder-bar and two heavy chains form the connection between himself and the weights, which are suspended directly under the platform and consist of iron discs of a circular form resting one upon the other, and held together by means of a stout iron rod running through the centre of each. Surrounding these discs are long, slim bars of iron, running transversely, and made so as to be detached or joined to the main body. They are arranged in this manner so as to graduate the weight—one being added as often as is required by the increasing strength of the practitioner. They are each of twenty-five pounds weight. The whole weight of iron suspended in this manner, and which is raised daily by Dr. Windship, 2,600 lbs. He thinks he shall continue his experiment until he can raise 3,000 lbs. This, he believes, is the practical limit for one of his organization and constitution, but he is of the opinion that men superior to him in these last mentioned points, may be trained to raise far greater weights.

In another corner of the room a small horse-shoe magnet, suspended by a cord, attracts the attention of all visitors. Curiosity centres upon this trifle from the following circumstances: Dr. Windship began his experiments by suspending an ordinary horse-shoe magnet, and adding a little weight every day to the poles. Finding that the sustaining power of the magnet became at length very much increased, it occurred to him that the power of his own body might be wonderfully strengthened by subjecting it to a somewhat similar process. Putting in practice the idea thus suggested, he has succeeded in augmenting more than six fold his original lifting power, and that, too, without meeting with a single serious accident.

Among the objects of interest in the Dr.'s apartment, are an iron club of one hundred and thirty-seven lbs, a dumb-bell of one hundred and eighty, a lifting apparatus for patients, etc., etc.

We understand that the doctor does not advise carrying development to its extreme, yet he insists on a judicious course of graduated lifting and exercises for the body, in connection with medical treatment, as an invaluable remedial agent in dyspepsia, bilary affections, general debility, and several forms of pulmonary disease.—*Evening Express*.

The Lafayette Courier knows a man in Lafayette, one of the stingiest men in existence, who has got an idea into his head that he will die before the 1st of January next, and is now engaged in wearing out all his good clothes for fear they will fit his wife's next husband.

At Saxo's lecture, in Cohoes, the other evening, a prize was offered by the managers to the gentleman who would bring the largest number of ladies. An individual named William Moore received the reward, having brought forty-eight fair damsels to the lecture.

The soldiers who went home from Augusta to enjoy Thanksgiving brought back 80 new men with them. That's good.

The Portsmouth Chronicle is to rise, on the first of January, twenty-five per cent. on advertising.

YOUNG MEN FOR WAR.

The question whether the call for volunteers shall be met within the period to which it is limited, the New York Times considers depend mainly upon the public spirit of the young men. To enforce activity on the part of this class, it presents some suggestions addressed particularly to them, a few of which we copy as worthy of consideration by our own community.

"Young men for war," is the accepted maxim in all nations. Their physical vigor and endurance, their elasticity and dash, particularly fit them for the field. The loyal states are very powerful in this class of population. Notwithstanding all the drain that has been made upon them, they still contain over two million of men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. A six part of this number, properly armed, drilled and disciplined, and incorporated with our armies already in the field, might sweep off all that remains of this rebellion before next summer. There never was a more sacred call. Every young man who has a spark of manhood in his breast ought to give heed to it. The country has a right to the service of its stoutest army without compelling that service; and it is far more honorable to go to the field as a volunteer than as a conscript.

Never has there been in the history of this country, and never probably will there be again such another opportunity for young men who desire such a noble career. War is the most stirring of all human doings—the sphere of action which calls out the greatest energies of nature. In it real superiority tells the quickest and the surest. In civil life more circumstances have a great deal to do in shaping a young man's destiny. But war in its stern necessities, brings the young man surely to the fairest of tests; and when it is once proved that he has the true steel in him, there is no rank which he may not hope to reach. It is a matter of comparatively small consequence where he begins. No young private, however friendless or unknown, can exhibit a superior intelligence and promptness in the camp, or superior gallantry in the field without attracting the notice of his superiors. Promotion is sure to come to him, because it is of vital interest to the entire army that it should be officered as efficiently as possible. He will not have to wait long, inasmuch as vacancies are constantly occurring both from the casualties of battle and from the forced resignations of those whose unfitness has been proved.—From the day he puts his foot into the ranks, the road to honor opens before him, broad and high; it is for him alone to fix his mark.—Many of our best Colonels and even Generals began their career as privates. The places thus won are far more valuable than any obtained by personal favor.

Not only military distinctions are to be won in the service for which the country now calls, but the best chances for future civil preferment. There is no country in the world in which military gallantry is more honored than in this; and he who has once proved himself true and faithful to the flag of the Republic, in the storm of battle, has a passport to the popular confidence that nothing else can give. It is certain that for the present generation the great majority of our officers of trust, from the Presidency down, will be filled by men who have periled their lives for the Stars and Stripes. The people will devote their trusts upon the tried soldier, both because they will love to honor them, and because they are thoroughly tired of professional politicians. No sordid, corrupt, faithless nature can belong to a true soldier, and the people instinctively feel it.

Every young man, who seeks an honorable future, who cares to figure in the grand drama of the century, who has spirit enough to feel that

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,"

who has soul enough to realize how sacred a thing is patriotism, should hasten to the help of his country in this its last decisive grapple with the monster treason, now as never before desperate. Duty and glory alike urge it.

—Conservatism is copperheadism in its Sunday clothes; the devil with his hoofs in his boots and his tail tucked in his breeches; indifferent whisky labelled 'extract of Sarsaparilla.' Mrs. Potiphar traipsed for a street promenade to entrap the verdant. It is as bad an ism as the rheumatism.—Nashville Union.

—A Chicago physician recommends equal parts of roasted rye and roots of dandelion, as a cheap, agreeable and excellent substitute for coffee; beneficial for dyspeptic and bilious habits.

—The United States Vice Consul at Halifax, who has shown much efficiency in securing the recapture of the Chesapeake, is Rev. N. Gunnison, formerly pastor of the Universalist Church in Hallowell.

Bridgton Sentinel.

BRIDGTON, Saturday, Jan. 2d, 1864.

1863-4.

The old year is passing, and before this number of our paper reaches many of its readers will be gone and its events completed to the last second of its time. Let us in the briefest manner glance at its record. It is no exaggeration to say that 1863 is a period that will be memorable in the history of the nation and the world. No year has ever passed over the country so crowded with momentous events as this.

Its commencement was auspicious, for on the first day of January the President issued his proclamation of freedom, and on the second, as an earnest of what might be expected, Rosecrans fought and won the great battle of Murfreesboro. At the close of the year 1862, our affairs were in a gloomy condition. The army had met with a disastrous repulse at Fredericksburg. There was imminent danger of foreign intervention in favor of the rebels. The credit of government was impaired, and financial ruin seemed near at hand. Worse than all the abettors of treason were rampant and exulting throughout the North, and having carried by false pretence the elections in some of the most important states of the Union confidently expected to break down the government, and extend the rule of Davis and his associates over the whole country.

At this juncture the administration wisely determined to cease the attempt to conciliate a set of men who gave every indication that they did not mean to be conciliated.

Weak men feared the result and strove against a vigorous policy, but without avail. Mr. Lincoln showed that although he might not move so fast as many thought desirable he took no backward steps. After the Battle of Murfreesboro the military situation remained unchanged until Hooker's advance across the Rappahannock. This engagement which was heralded as a triumph of the South and a great disaster to the Union, was not so in reality. The destruction of the Southern army and the capture of Richmond were not accomplished, as contemplated, but by the death of Stonewall Jackson the confederacy lost its main support.—No other man has ever been able to make headway against our forces. He alone of all the southern leaders exhibited that feeling of chivalry on which they so much pride themselves. The fourth of July brought Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Helena, and soon after followed the surrender of Port Hudson and the capture of Morgan. The defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga has apparently given the final stroke to rebellion in the West.

The political aspects of the year have been as remarkable as the military. The defeat of the mis-called Democracy has been as signal and irrefragable, as that of their allies in the field. Encouraged by their seeming success in the elections of 62 they boldly unmasked their hideous designs, not doubting that the people would follow them to inevitable destruction. The nomination of Vallandigham and the New York riots were some of the measures they adopted for the pacification of the country. Although not successful in bringing about peace on the basis they desired, they were themselves effectually quieted by the elections of this year, and since their occurrence they have retired from observation forlorn and shirtless, despairing of ever being clothed at the expense of the public again. Even "Pharmidiaw" now votes for paying bounties to colored soldiers.

The results of the policy adopted by the administration at the opening of the year have been the recovery of the larger portion of the territory held by the rebels, the addition of more than one hundred thousand efficient men to the service of the government, who had hitherto been excluded on account of color, the restoration of public credit, the sympathy of foreign nations turned in our favor, and the utter annihilation of the political foes of the country.

The prospects of the new year are hopeful. Three hundred thousand new troops will enter the field as soon as the season for active operations shall arrive, the weight of this additional force will probably be sufficient to bear down all resistance. Presidential election will occur during the year and there is little doubt that the friends of justice and freedom will be found in the ascendancy.—Gen. G. B. Mc. has already entered the field as a candidate. He means to be in season so that he may have time to carry out that system of "slow approaches" by which he was so successful in filling graves on the Peninsula.

—Arthur's Home Magazine has been received for January. It sustains its former reputation as being a first class monthly. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co. 323 Walnut St. Philadelphia, at \$2. a year.

LYCEUM LECTURE.

Monday night, Rev. Cyril Pearl commenced a course of four lectures. Below we give the main points of the first lecture. The lecturer spoke in a vigorous and fluent style, and was listened to with deep attention throughout.

OUR COUNTRY, ITS MISSION, ITS CRISIS, ITS DENVERANCE AND SAFETY. No great nation was ever broken up, or destroyed without damage to other nations. In no previous age could the breaking up of a nation so affect all others as at present when steam and lightning annihilating time and space bringing nations into neighborhoods, and commerce links them in mutual dependence.

There has never been a nation in the past or present, whose destruction would do damage all nations and all races of men as would the disruption and destruction of these United States. Their position on the earth between the two great areas of the world's commerce—stretching across this continent—all varieties of soil, climate—resources required for a great nation. Its lakes and rivers opening its vast interior—the country, held in reserve for a higher development than the race had reached before—the experiences of past ages giving light to this experiment. The lofty motives which inspired the early settlement—the genius of the institutions planted with tears and consecrated with sacrifice and blood, all conspire to mark out for this experiment a higher national destiny than was ever reached before. Here the weak and helpless of all nations had found home and country, wealth and social education which reaching on all nations was leading humanity to a higher place and—a nobler destiny by the force of example and the impulse of ideas. The world has never seen the like—all nations felt its power.

But with the germs of freedom, civil and religious, that came in the Mayflower, there came also other forces—as of old Satan came among the sons of God to test and try them—so the forces of evil, the germs of destruction and oppression were landed on a more genial soil—beneath balmy skies to test at length the strength of this new experiment and settle the questions that have been in conflict in past for all coming time. The question at issue between despotism and freedom—the oppressor and the oppressed. Thus it came to pass when necessity required a common defense for a common danger—a united nationality as a pro-
compelled the uniting of those antagonist forces in a National Union—So judged our fathers who must meet the crisis. How wonderful that even the Grand Charta of Union should be so framed as to read a right and stand a proud monument of their love of liberty, when slavery should have died out! The two forces thus blended, acknowledged in theory a Grand Charta of Liberty which is now on trial. But slavery did not die out—its struggles for existence made constant demands for new vitality, and constant encroachments on the spirit of the Charta.

When at last the President was roused to the issue, he could only wait in despair that while there was no right of Secession he could find no authority under the constitution to suppress it by force!—As if a national executive could find no warrant for saving the life of his government!

The first result was to send home \$300 millions to \$400 millions in bonds and stocks which were bought up here at the North at 30 and 50 per cent at discount—the interest hereafter to be paid here instead of in Europe. The government thus shut out of European markets, and the banks of this country suspending specie, appealed to the people. They have responded and what seemed to threaten us with financial ruin is to result in giving us the best financial system in the world. We shall now have from necessity a national currency with a basis as broad and solid as the immense resources of this whole territory known as the United States.

The Continental for January has been received. It contains a large amount of interesting matter on political, and other subjects, one article gives a clear exposition of the enrollment act now in force. This magazine will be found of value to all who are interested in public affairs.

We have received the first number of a New Magazine, the Lady's Friend, published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut St. Philadelphia, at two dollars a year in advance. Edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, it is a finely got up Magazine, and bids fair to take the front rank. Every lady should have it.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Bailey & Noyes. This firm carries on a large amount of business and can accommodate their customers with every variety of goods in their department of trade.

Remember the lost half of Mr. Geo's dancing school commencing Dec. 31st.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

The weather, the state of the roads, and other circumstances combined to bring out a large concourse to the Town Hall on Thursday evening. The Hall was tastefully decorated and in the brilliant light presented a beautiful appearance. The exercises of the evening opened with patriotic songs sung by children. "The Star Spangled Banner" as performed by these youthful artists had a pleasing effect, after these songs came a solo in which the little dairy maid charmed the audience with her simplicity and plainness of utterance.

The Glee Club now favored the audience with two pieces, which they performed in a style to increase their former high reputation.

A dialogue comprising three scenes, was now performed. Aunt Hepzibah's preparation for the Donation party, her appearance there, and her private interview with Mr. Buebee. A great degree of dramatic power was exhibited in this performance. It was greeted with tumultuous applause. The part of Miss Octavia Gibbs was particularly worthy of commendation. Too much cannot be said in her praise where fun is the element. This part of the entertainment closed with a masked concert, which alone was declared by many well worth the price of admission. It consisted of two duets, and a solo, besides the chorus in which all the performers joined. They were introduced in true minstrel style. The first Duet was a National one. The words—

"If Lincoln wants a million men,
Let him tell us where and when,
They'll be ready there and then,"

were sung with the true ring. In the solo that followed, Mademoiselle struck the true operative attitude, while her dress and general style formed a capital "take off" for modern opera singers. The closing duet consisted of the renowned dirge for the grasshopper, sung with many variations, while the effect was heightened by the "choruses". For the prize tree, there were about one hundred and fifty tickets, which sold very rapidly and double the number would doubtless have found a ready sale.

The gypsies, with their picturesque costume formed a pleasing feature in the entertainment.

The distribution of articles on the gift tree closed the entertainment.

A large sum was realized for the benefit of the soldiers, and the whole affair is successful that ever occurred in this town.

ENLIST AT ONCE.

We have seen a note signed by the Provost Marshall of this District which states positively that no United States bounties will be paid to those who enlist after the fifth of January, with the exception of a small one provided by act of congress.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE. We are requested to say that Rev. Zenas Thompson will preach at the Universalist House on Sunday January 10th.

A large number of the town's quota of volunteers returned from Augusta, on Wednesday night, their impressions of camp life are very favorable. All seemed to be in good spirits.

ACCIDENT. A little daughter of Mr. E. D. Wight of this village, fell and severely fractured her arm last week.

—For once, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an advertisement—that of Howe & Stevens' "Family Dye Colors," in this day's paper. These Dyes have become a household necessity, and so general in their use that many a well dressed lady finds that many an article once rejected as out of date, is, by the aid of these Dyes, made as good as new.

The Nashua Telegraph is informed that Mr. Charles Lamson, formerly editor of the Bridgton Reporter, afterwards publisher of the Electric, a spiritual paper, afterwards editor and publisher of the Marblehead Mirror, and Rev. O. D. Miller, formerly pastor of the Universalist Society in Nashua, have bought out the Manchester Union for the sum of \$1000, to begin its publication on the 1st proximo.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE. A New Hampshire paper relates that a singular occurrence took place in the town of Canaan a few days ago. It appears that a widow lady, by the name of Susan Heath, left her home on Sunday, the 13th inst., and went into the house of one of her neighbors and wanted to remain all night, but the lady was afraid to keep her from the fact that she was insane. The woman went away and was not heard from for four days. Some uneasiness was felt by her friends in relation to her whereabouts. A man by the name of James further then related a dream he had had the night before. He dreamed she was dead in a pasture near by, and, on searching, the dead body of the woman was found on the very spot where he had dreamed she was.

NEWS SUMMARY.

—There are no military movements of magnitude to chronicle this week. The army of the Potomac are making themselves as comfortable as their circumstances will admit. Gen. Averill has made a successful cavalry raid on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, a large amount of military stores were destroyed. The telegraph and railroad were greatly damaged. There are rumors of a concentration of rebel forces in Georgia for the purpose of retrieving the recent losses in that quarter. It is said that Lee will be placed in command there. The rebels have been repulsed with loss in Arkansas. Immense Union meetings are being held in that State and the prospect is hopeful that it will soon return to loyalty and become a strong supporter of the administration and of freedom.

—It is rumored that Magruder is marching from Texas, with a view of capturing the forts below New Orleans by means of a rear attack and thus again closing the navigation of the river to all sea-going vessels. It is said that two powerful rebel rams will aid in the movement, and suspicious vessels are already reported as having been seen in the Gulf. It is now charged that the late affair at Fort Jackson was a conspiracy between the rebel prisoners confined there, and their guard of negro troops, with a view of seizing the fort and wait the arrival of the rebel forces. The report certainly seems plausible, taken in connection with the plot said to be on foot by Magruder.

INTemperance.—At a meeting in Lewiston on Sunday evening, Prof. Packard of Bowdoin College, who was present, stated that his experience of 40 years in dealing with young men, had demonstrated that there was no other vice so much to be dreaded and which had made shipwreck of so many promising youths as intemperance. That experience had also shown that the young man who had taken the first glass was in terrible danger.

Any one who looks at a large map of Mississippi river can notice, just below Vicksburg, an immense bend enclosing a space of the shape of a horse shoe with the heels pinched close together. This peninsula contains the plantations of Jeff Davis and his brother Joe Davis. Government has taken possession of the property and is to establish a camp for the collection and employment of prisoners. At the neck of the peninsula, less than half a mile across, an entrenchment will be thrown up, and a suitable guard of negro troops will be kept to defend the place against guerrillas. The camp will be conducted after the plan of those at island No 10 and at the mouth of White river.

A kerosene lamp exploded in a New York horse-car, Thursday, with a report like that of a pistol. The burning fluid was scattered over one of the passengers, who took his coat off, and thus saved himself from fearful injury. The straw on the floor was also set on fire, but was soon extinguished. The car was full, and the greatest consternation prevailed for a few minutes.

—The Rev. J. C. Fletcher has returned home after a rapid visit of between three and four months to Brazil, having travelled sixteen thousand miles in one hundred consecutive days. He had a very gratifying interview with the Emperor, at which His Majesty, who is a cultivated and accomplished man, manifested much interest in American literature and science, and made many intelligent inquiries respecting our poets, statesmen and men of science, especially Longfellow, Agassiz, Bryant and Whitier. Bath Sentinel.

—GOOD FELLOWS.—The Oxford Democrat tells the following:

Since the last call twenty-seven men have enlisted from the town of Stoneham. Last Monday seventeen of her young men were engaged in shaving red oak staves, for shooks.—They held a brief consultation, in which it was decided that while it would be no harder to carry a gun than to shave red oak staves,—the former employment would give them money enough to buy a comfortable farm, and the latter barely afforded a living. Accordingly, the whole number threw down shaves, and enrolled themselves in the national service.

—There was a terrible gale on the coast of England from the 3d to the 5th inst., causing an immense destruction of property. The list of casualties extends over thirty columns of the London papers and embraces almost every locality on the coast of the United Kingdom, and many points on the adjacent continental seaboard. The most serious disaster recorded was the loss of a Hamburg ship with emigrants for Australia. Of the crew and passengers forty-four were saved and three hundred perished.

—A mortgage was lately put on record in Illinois, which had \$1000 worth of Government stamps attached to it.

REBEL RAID ON THE LAKES.—The editor of the Buffalo Courier had an interview recently with a gentleman who recently made a business tour to the Canada, and spent some time in Montreal from whom the following information was obtained:

We learn from him that the threat of a rebel raid upon the lake cities was the carnard many supposed it to be a carefully matured scheme, which, through the bad faith of one of the conspirators. He derived his information from one of the number, and was induced, when in Montreal to several hands. They were mostly Southern agents, organized by a rebel officer, came to Montreal with ample means to carry out the plan, which was to visit as nearly the same time as possible all the lake cities and destroy all the railroads and shipping. The object was not plunder, but to cripple the resources of the North. The leaders had made maps of every city from Chicago to Buffalo, showing the exact position of the elevators, and warehouse, and design those which were especially dangerous. Every elevator in this city was mapped, even those not yet completed. The number of the band was stated from four to five hundred, and about of them were in Montreal at the time the informant was there. In his opinion plan was ever more carefully laid, nothing but the exposure to the Canadian Government prevented its execution. Buffalo owes a lasting debt of gratitude to the Canadian authorities for promptness.

We clip the following account of an amusing occurrence in New York from the correspondence of the Boston Journal.

"An incident of an unusual and amusing character occurred in this city the other night. Two gentlemen engaged in business in New York, lived side in the same block. Their habits were not unlike. A stranger would easily mistake the one for the other.

That security for which are remarkable the night key of the one not only unlocked the door of his immediate neighbor, but also every house in the block. The front door of the one a drain was over which he stumbled for many a night on his way to his rest. But these friends were out quite late on same night. On their return home they found the one house closed and an aperture opened before the door of other. A little mystified by the lateness of the hour, one of the parties, the drain as his beacon, unlocked neighbor's door, put out his gas and to bed. His neighbor coming he avoided of course, the door where drain was, unlocked his neighbor's put out the gas in the hall, and went to bed, both of them in the wrong bed and both in the wrong bed. Things remained quiet until the morning, the houses were alarmed at an early hour, and mutual explanations were given. But murder will out, and the neighborhood has had a hearty laugh.

—John Comstock, the hermit, whose residence has been in the woods of Beverly, occasionally visiting this city and its towns for a few days, but then giving no account of his origin or purpose, was identified by a brother residing in Cincinnati, and induced to take up residence with him. He came from a country with Capt. Allen of Manchester and is believed to be a Norwegian, first settled in Connecticut, but left many years ago, leaving no clue by which relatives could communicate with him, and no statement of the reasons which influenced him in making this singular move. But no pains have been spared during the 33 years of his absence to discover his retreat, which was finally accomplished by means of a descriptive experience him and his manner of life, which was given in the Herald a half dozen ago, that led to correspondence, and the hermit was traced to his "hodge in some wilderness"—in Beverly; and his friends came on to identify him. The Salem Gazette says that so striking was the likeness between the two brothers, that bystanders could not doubt that the recognition was mutual, although he gave no sign or word of welcome, persistently denied his name and kindred until the information that a snug fortune of \$15,000, awaited him, made him willing to confess his identity with the long sought wanderer.—buryport Herald.

A N. Y. omnibus horse fell on its way, could not rise, and became helpless. The owner left him, the police no authority, the city inspector could nothing because the animal was not and the poor beast remained there lying for two days in the center of New York delirium.

—the Farmington Chronicle says there has been no case of murder in the county of Franklin, that has come to its knowledge, since its last issue.

Marriages.

In Casco, 24th inst., by D. M. Cook, Esq., Mr. Royal B. Todd, of Portland, to Mrs. Lydia R. Hall, of Casco.

Deaths.

In this Town, Dec. 28th, Nellie H., daughter of George and Ellen J. Taylor, aged 7 years 1 month.
In Waterford 23d inst., Mr. Eben Rice, aged 71 years, 10 months.

Special Notices.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

Have received the warmest encomiums from the press and people throughout the Union as a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Constipation, and general nervous debility. It cannot be approached. Every day new cases of its great effect are chronicled through our principal public journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment to which the afflicted experience when using this valuable specific. Its mild tone, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, and the cleansing of the entire human body should recommend it to all classes of our community.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally everywhere.

DR. TOBIAS' V.L. VENETIAN V.L. LINIMENT.

A certain cure for pains and aches and warranted superior to any other. Group it positively cures; relief is absolutely sure immediately it is used. Mothers remember this, and arm yourselves with a bottle without delay. Group is a disease which gives no notice, frequently attacking a child in the dead hour of the night; before a physician can be summoned it may be too late. Remember the Venetian never fails. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle sold by all Druggists. Office 56 Court Street, N. Y.

Cap. Elizabeth, July 1, 1863.
Sir—During my connection with the State Reform School, as a teacher, I. F. Atwood's Bitters were introduced there and used with marked success, particularly in Bilious affections. Yours, &c.,
A. P. HILLMAN.

Dear Sir—I have used L. F. Atwood's Bitters for some 10 or 15 years. I have tried a great number of medicines for Dyspepsia, but without effect. These Bitters are the only remedy that have ever relieved me of this distressing complaint. My neighbors have also been greatly benefited by the use of them.

Be aware of Counterfeits and base imitations, some of which are signed "M. F. J. instead of L. F. Atwood. The genuine is signed L. F. Atwood, and as a safeguard against impostors bears an EXTRA L. on the counter-signature. H. H. HAY, Druggist, Portland, Me., sole General Agent.

For sale by respectable dealers in medicine generally.

Why is CRISTADORO'S Hair Dye Popular?

Read the universal answer to this question.

BECAUSE
It imparts a natural black or brown.
It does not crisp or burn the hair.
It does not soil the fairest skin.
It is applied in ten minutes.

THEREFORE
The Man of Taste approves it.
Those who value Silken Hair use it.
The Ladies everywhere prefer it.
Those to whom time is valuable patronize it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LUMBERMEN.

A LOG BOOK Containing a Table for Measuring Logs, whereby the quantity may be ascertained before they are sawed. For sale at this office, by
A. L. PHELPS.

\$100 REWARD!

For a Medicine that will cure
COUGHS,
INFLUENZA,
TICKLING in the THROAT,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
Or relieve CONSUMPTIVE COUGHS,
as quick as
COE'S
Cough Balsam.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND BOTTLES have been sold in its native town, and not a single instance of its failure is known. We have, in our possession, any quantity of certificates, some of them from
EMINENT PHYSICIANS,

who have used it in their practice, and given it the prominence over any other compound.
It does not dry up a Cough,
but loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expectorate freely.
Two or Three Doses will invariably cure
Tickling of the Throat.
A HALF BOTTLE has often completely cured the most
STUBBORN COUGH,
and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, it is perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste, and may be administered to children of any age.
In cases of Croup we will guarantee a Cure.

If taken in season.
No family should be without it.
It is within the reach of all, the price being
ONLY 25 CENTS.

And if an investment and thorough trial does not "back up" the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this knowing its merits, and feel confident that every trial will secure for it a home in every household.
Do not waste away with Coughing, when a small investment will cure you. It may be had of any respectable Druggist in town who will furnish you with a circular of genuine certificates of cures it has made.

C. C. CLARK & CO.,
PROPRIETORS, NEW HAVEN, Ct.
At wholesale, by
D. S. BARNES & CO., New York,
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For sale by Druggists in City, county and everywhere.

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Keep one of the largest and best selected stocks of

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LOWEST PRICES.

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Every Description of Book Binding, such as Music, Magazines, Pamphlets, &c., bound to pattern or order. Old Books rebound. PRICES LOW! Stock and workmanship of the first order.

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Of the Firm of
HOLDEN & PEABODY,

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Gives particular attention to Probate business in all its departments. Administrators, Executors and Guardians will incur less expense and transact their business in the Probate Court with greater facility by entrusting it to us, than by giving their personal attendance.

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If you wish to find a large Stock of Goods,

At Low Prices!

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES,

Crockery, Glass, Iron, Hardware, Paints,

Oils, and Dye Stuffs,

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Bridgton, Dec. 12, 1863.

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ALWAYS READY.



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Long marches, sore and stiff joints, blistered and inflamed feet, all these the soldier must endure. MOTHERS REMEMBER THIS, when your sons are grasping their muskets to meet danger; think what relief a single pot of this ALL HEALING AND COOLING Salve will give to the one you love when far away from home and friends. It hardens and makes tough the feet so that they can endure great fatigue. It soothes and relieves the inflamed and stiff joints, leaving them supple, strong and vigorous, while for

Saber Cuts and Gunshot Wounds.

It stands unequalled, removing and preventing every vestige of inflammation, and gently drawing the edges together, it quickly and completely heals the most frightful wounds.

Wives and Sisters of our Brave Volunteers.

You can not put into the Knapsacks of your husbands and Brothers a more valuable or more necessary gift than a supply of this

Ex r ordinary Military Salve.

The lonely sentry walking his rounds at night, exposed to drenching rains and chill night air, is often seized with VIOLENT PAINS COUGH and Suffocating Hoarseness, but if supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, all danger is averted, a few Pills taken night and morning, and the Ointment briskly rubbed twice a day over the throat and chest will remove the SEVEREST PAINS, and stop the most distressing or DANGEROUS COUGH. Therefore we say to the whole army!

Soldiers Attention!!

See to your own health, do not trust to the army supplies, although most valuable. Their PILLS and OINTMENT have been thoroughly tested, they are the only remedies used in the European Camps and Barracks; for over forty years Dr. Holloway has supplied all the Armies of Europe, and during the CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN he established a depot at Balaklava, for the exclusive sale of these GREAT REMEDIES. Many a time his special Agent there has sold over a ton in weight of the Ointment in a single day. These terrible and fatal enemies of the SOLDIER IN CAMP, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, SCURVY, SORES, and SCROFULOUS Eruptions, all disappear like a charm before these PILLS and OINTMENT, and now, while the cry rings through the land,

To Arms! To Arms!!

Do not let these brave men perish by disease, place in their hands these PRECIOUS REMEDIES that will enable them to resist the dangerous exposure, the Fever, the Chills, and the wounds which they cannot avoid, and what is more, cannot frequently get success in the moment of need, whereas if our brave men have only to put their hands into their Knapsacks and find there a sure remedy for all the casualties of the battle field, how many thousands of lives would thus be saved who would otherwise perish before relief could be obtained.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY, NEW-YORK AND LONDON" are printed on the wrapper.

Every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by turning the leaf to the light. A handkerchief will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same knowing them to be spurious.

** Sold at the manufacture of Professor Holloway 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, throughout the civilized world in Pots at 25 cents, 62 cents and \$1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., sent them, FREE OF EXPENSE by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FAMILY DYE COLORS.

Black, Dark Blue, Light Blue, French, Claret Brn, Dark Brn, Light, Snuff, Crimson, Dark Drab, Light Drab, Dark Green, Light
Magenta, Maroon, Orange, Pink, Purple, Royal Pur, Salmon, Scarlet, Slate, Saffron, Violet, Yellow.

For Dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feather, Kid, Joves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Weaving Apparel.

A SAVING OF 80 PER CENT.

For 25 cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. Various shades can be produced from the same Dye. The process is simple and any one can use the Dye with perfect success.

Directions in English, French and German, inside of each package.

For further information in Dyeing, and giving a perfect knowledge what colors are best adapted to dye over others, (with many valuable recipes), purchase Howe & Stevens' Treatise on Dyeing and Coloring. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Manufactured by

HOWE & STEVENS,

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For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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