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Daniel Ripley Wing

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A BATTLE SCENE.

(The following description of a battle, written by B. F. Taylor, has rarely been excelled in the best efforts of the masters of the poet's art.)

Then the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the muffled drums and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burst with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of the hemic fire,
And the splashing of the shattering shells,
And the splintered fire of the shattered shells,
And the great white breath of the cannon smoke,
As the growing guns by the batteries spoke
In syllables dropped from the thunder of God—
The throb of the cloud where the drummer-boy trod!
And the ragged gaps in the walls of ships,
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a breath again,
As he cleaves the din with 'close up, men!'

And the drum from out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beamy look in the dying eye,
As under the cloud the stars go by,
But his soul marched on, the Captain said,
For the soldier in blue can never be dead!

And the troopers all in an ancient hall,
As the statues carved in their noble hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers of the sword hand—
Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed,
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes red-hot,
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod;
Bright into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns, then 'right about
wheel!'

Hurrah! a new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the flag! To the battle, men!

The Old Water-Wheel.

BY REV. J. TODD, D. D.

As you go up to the top of the hill, just before you come in sight of the lake, you see at the left a great, long, high factory. It is a huge building, and in it are spindles by thousands, looms by scores, carding machines and I know not what. All around are small buildings where they scour and clean, and color and dry the wool, before it fairly reaches the factory. But when it comes out, it is beautiful broadcloth, of light blue for soldiers, or drab for the Friends, cassimeres for common folks, or gay and splendid articles for the ladies.

Once upon a time when all the men were busy, and the owners were pressed for goods, and every loom was rattling and every spindle was buzzing, and every machine was at work for life—all of a sudden, the great water-wheel stopped! It was down under the factory, enclosed in a great room, so that no one could fall under it and be crushed by it. He stopped, the old wheel stopped! The men cried, 'What now! The girls at the looms all looked at each other, and every one looked confounded. The owner of the factory was sent for in haste. He came at once, and running down stairs, opened a little door, and looked in upon the wheel. He could see nothing out of the way. Just then he heard a groan—'Oh, dear!' said the wheel.

'Old wheel, what's the matter? What makes you stop?'

'Stop! Why I am tired!'

'Tired of what?'

'Tired of turning round to be sure! Why, sir, I've been shut up in this cold, dark room, with the water dashing on me and drenching me for more than twenty years! I have not seen the sun-light nor smelt the fresh air all that time! Here I've been turning round and round, till I've grown dizzy, and I can't tell which is my head or which is my feet! I have not heard a word to cheer me all this time! Besides, I've done no good to the world. I might as well be dead. All I have done is to pull that great leather strap, (band) round and round. The fact is, I am tired and discouraged, and don't mean to whirl round any more! 'But, my good fellow,' said the owner, 'if you knew you were doing good, and great good, then, would you cheerfully move on again?'

'To be sure I would.'

'Listen then!'

The old wheel listened and heard a great cry of poor workmen and their children, saying, 'Oh, what shall we do for bread? We are cut off from our work and wages, and poor Tommy has no shoes, and the baby is cold and must have the doctor, and poor lame Eldra must have some crutches!—what shall we do if the old wheel won't go any more?'

And then came a loud shout from a whole regiment of soldiers far away from home to save their country at the hazard of life. They had been away so long, they had worn out their clothing, and were suffering from cold. The shout arose at the sight of several great wagons loaded with clothing—made at this factory, and by this very wheel. 'God be praised! Our clothes have come! bless the men who made them, even to the factory and the old water-wheel that moved all!' shouted the men. 'Oh, mother, mother!' cried a poor ragged boy in the city 'do see what a pair of trousers the kind lady has given me! How warm and nice! I shan't feel cold now! How glad I am!'

'I am a poor old man, madam. My children are all dead, as you know, I am feeble, and have no home which I can call mine. But the warm coat you have sent me is a treasure! I know very well the mill where it was made, I know worked in it. May God bless you for your kindness!' 'Oh, sir,' sobbed a poor little girl. 'The day was very cold when they buried my poor widowed mother. They put her into the cold ground, but I was comforted when the lady came and put a warm flannel shroud on her. I knew it did not really make her warm, but it seemed so to me, and I cried for joy.'

'Enough! enough!' cried the old water-wheel, as tears trickled down over every wrinkle on his face.—'I'm not useless! I am doing good, and I will go on, never again to stop till I'm worn out. I see how it is. God has so arranged things that we all can help others, and even those who are lowly and not seen, may be a great power—like the power of prayer—to bless the world. Good morning Mr. Campbell. You will never hear me complaining again!'

Then the old water-wheel began to turn round, and the spindles to whirl, and the looms to chatter, and the people smiled and looked happy—and I never heard of its stopping since! [S. S. Times.]

How TO SWEEP A CARPET.—Take a common wash tub, or some vessel large enough to admit a broom freely, and put in clean cold water to the depth of a foot or more. Then take a broom (one partly worn so as to be a little stiff in the best), dip it in six inches or so and hold over the tub, or go out of doors, and knock off all the drops of water. This can be done most effectually by holding it in one hand and rapping it with the other on the broom comb above where it is wet. Commence brushing lightly at first, going over with it the second time, or more, and if your carpet is very dusty, do not sweep more than a square yard or two before dipping your broom into the water again; this will raise off all particles of dirt adhering to the broom. Rap off the drops of water, as before, and begin again, continuing so to till the whole is cleaned. Should the water get very dirty before completing the room, it can be changed. One who has never tried the experiment, will probably be surprised at the quantity of dirt which will be washed from the broom into the water. A carpet can

be cleaned more effectively in this way than it can possibly be done with a dry broom, as the particles of dirt adhere to the broom instead of rising to fall back on the carpet. There is no danger of injuring even a fancy carpet, if the drops of water are thoroughly removed from the broom. Let no one try who has not time and patience.

WALKING. The English are the handsomest race of men on earth, only because they walk more than any other people. Man is a travelling animal, and a state of rest is unnatural; he outrages nature and propriety when he rides, having been created to walk. The first inventor of wheels might have been better employed; he filled the civilized world with indolence and disease. There are more strange vehicles than can be classed or named. The greatest mechanical geniuses of the age study only to promote locomotion by means of railways, macadamized roads, velocipedes. They are, like lovers, bent upon annihilating time and space. Had Archimedes lived now, he would have studied not to move the world, but to propel a railroad car. The velocipede is the least objectionable of all vehicles; it has a sort of ostrich gait—neither walking nor yet riding. The body rests, but the feet move.

I suppose that after man fell, one of his first propensities was to catch a horse and ride. Cain, probably, had an aversion to walking. Nationally, the best riders are the most barbarous people. The Turk, who seldom walks across the street, and who ties his beautiful wife in a sack and throws her into the Bosphorus, is more at home in the saddle than on the cushion. I was an early walker; while a mere boy I used to walk eight miles to school; and I remember with pride that, in my sports, I never bestrode a twig, to be guilty the way by the imagination of a ride.

SOME THINGS THAT I HAVE LEARNED.—I have learned that a farmer who leaves his legitimate business and embarks in merchandising or any outside speculation, in no wise connected with his farming, is in danger of losing his farm. Nine tenths of those who have lost their farms in the last five years in this country, may attribute their losses to the mistaken notion that they could make money easier and faster some other way.

I have learned that a man who is in the habit of trading at one store and another store, and at half a dozen stores during the season on credit and thinks in the fall he owes about fifty dollars, will be more likely to find when he settles with all that he owes the fifty with the figure 1 at the left hand of it.

I have learned that the only safe way for a poor man is to pay for every thing he consumes in the family at the time of purchase; he will then be more capable of judging which will do him the most good, the merchandise or the money laid out some other way.

I have learned that there are many things we think we need, which by adopting the above rule, we are forced to do without, and we get along just as well and are just as happy.

I have learned that nine-tenths of the agricultural machines offered for sale are of no use whatever, unless it be to line the pockets of the sellers, and some even fail to do that.

I have learned that whoever buys a machine or any other thing on credit and pays for it when he agrees to, can buy again on credit when he has occasion.—[Ex.]

THE SITUATION. The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

Now it is useless to longer attempt to conceal that the battle of Chancellorsville was disastrous in its results: that Stoneman's raid failed to accomplish what had been allotted to that general; that Richmond has not been taken or in danger; that our losses of men and munitions have been heavy, and that the commander of the army of the Potomac has never dreamed of recrossing the Rappahannock or of moving 'On to Richmond' by any other route until his forces have been reorganized, recruited and re-equipped. But when the people are honestly told that another attempt to take the rebel capital has proved a failure, it will be found that they are equal to the crisis.

Dr. Charles Jewett, the veteran lecturer on temperance, is laboring in Illinois. He is collecting facts to show the connection of liquor drinking with the rebellion. In mingling with temperance men, he has almost universally found them loyal to the government. 'All over the Northern States, the men who have been most opposed to restraining the liquor traffic are now most ready to give aid and comfort to the rebellion. Every journal, from Maine to Iowa, that utters treason, has been opposed to the temperance reform.'

WINE. A gentleman in New Jersey has a vineyard of some 38 acres where he is cultivating the Portugal grape with signal success, from which an excellent wine is made, which is better than port, and has been adapted for medicinal purposes in the hospitals of New York, Philadelphia and Washington. The vines are made to grow from sixteen to twenty feet high, bearing fruit nearly as large as the Isabella grape; full of juice and rich in saccharine matter. They ripen from the middle of August to middle of September, and contain valuable medicinal properties. The wine is the pure juice, without adding any sugar or liquor of any kind, but it requires four years to perfect it. [Springfield Republican.]

HORRIBLE SIGNS.—After noting the decline in the price of cotton, the New Orleans Era of the 10th inst. continues:

'All the products of the South, except tobacco, are still on the downward road—sinking just as fast as the popular faith in the early extermination of the rebellion rises. The Government currency is much stronger now than for a long time heretofore, and in this fact, for the first time this year, Treasury notes are preferred in the market to bank notes. The belief that the days of rebellion are numbered, and by very small figures too, is universal, and commerce grows itself accordingly.—The owners of New York and New Orleans steamships are likely to do great business for months to come. It is almost impossible now to engage a passage on any ship to leave this port within the next two months. The immense quantity of cotton and sugar coming in from Western Louisiana promises ample freight.'

The meanest man I ever saw was the one who stole a sugar whistle from a nigger boy to sweeten a cup of rice soup with.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1863.

NO. 47.

The Eastern Mail.

BPH MAXHAM, J. DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 28, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the EASTERN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. S. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bolyard's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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

Letter from the South.

Steamer Matanzas, New Orleans, La. May 6, 1863.

Dear Mail.—It is now nearly four weeks since we left New York and it has been to us all little else than one long pleasure excursion. Upon the ocean the time dragged heavily.

The sun rose as from a sea of glass, shone without obscuration and sunk into the rippling water at night, for days in succession—no sail in sight—no cloud—nothing but the sea and sky. We ran out of our course to ascertain the condition of things at Charleston, but the sun was well down the west before we made the fleet and we had not time to go inside the bar but we saw enough to satisfy us that the Sodom of America was still in the hands of traitors.

We dropped into midsummer on the coast of Florida, making land first near Jupiter Inlet and feasted our eyes upon the glories of a tropical forest. We ran close along shore for several hundred miles, at times near enough to distinguish the varied foliage of the trees, and at night turned into the Gulf Stream for security from the dangerous reefs close in shore, as all lighthouses are destroyed by the insane spirits who have deluged our land in blood. At Key West we secured a conveyance, the U. S. gunboat De Soto, which accompanied us to the bar at southwest pass. We anchored during the night at the head of the passes and thus secured the view of the beautiful scenery by daylight from thence to the city, and of the locality about Forts Jackson and St. Philip, now become historical.

The alluvial deposit of the Mississippi, for ages before the flood, made the state of Louisiana an agricultural Paradise, exhaustless in fertility and a mine of wealth to the owners of the soil. Here along the banks of this mighty river and its innumerable bayous and tributaries, dwelt in almost princely mansions, in luxurious ease, the autocrats of Sugarland—lords of a manor—owners of a village and its inhabitants.

I looked upon their estates, mapped out in broad acres, green, even now; with painfully long rows of cane, their immense sugar mills, clusters of white-washed huts indispensable to a scene of southern domesticity and above all the substantial comforts and expensive luxuries of the home, with its verandas and queer angles, half hid in orange groves, loaded now with golden fruit, magnolias, plantains and fig-trees, or ornamented with rows of the strawberry tree, the loco or the oleander, and wondered at the insanity of these men; who would risk upon a single throw of the dice what upon the one hand must work their ruin and at best could not improve their condition, add to their security or happiness or their material wealth. Their epitaph must be 'I was well, I wished to be better and here I am.'

The weather is delightful. Quite warm to be sure, about like July in Maine, but with cool nights which would be comfortable but for the southern scourge, the mosquito, scarcely more troublesome than the flies by day.

Every variety of roses, flowers and shrubs are in bloom—with many colored petunias, nasturtiums, tiger and parrot flowers, and a hundred varieties of new and beautiful plants; exotics with us and some unknown. Vegetables of all kinds are served at the table d'hôte and can be seen in many of the gardens. String beans, peas, potatoes, asparagus, lettuce, &c., are abundant. Corn is six feet high in the gardens, and with sugar cane on the plantations is about two feet high. Thus much for the climate and the season.

I have not time to give you some interesting details I have just received from Banks' expedition up the Bayou Teche whither we anticipate following him as soon as we can hear from the Gen. The expedition is one of the most important in its results of any movement ever made in this Department. Farragut had blockaded the Red River but another great highway for the transportation of supplies had to be cut off. Seven miles west of New Iberia, near Vermilion Bay, is a large salt mine. Immense quantities of this precious article had been constantly on the way to the rebel army, by means of bayous leading into the Red River. Foundries were in operation which sent great quantities of ordnance stores. A sawmill was manufacturing lumber for rebel use. Immense quantities of sugar, molasses, sawn lumber, beef cattle, horses, corn and cotton were in the hands of the enemy. They had fortifications armed and garrisoned, and lastly they had a navy which included the Queen of the West cruising among the bayous south of the Red River. All these have fallen into our hands, the enemy in rapid flight before us and the rich country quietly occupied. The money value of captured property is immense. 200,000 bales of cotton, 8000 head of cattle, 5000 horses, and immense stores of corn.

The brilliant achievements of Banks are for the nonce eclipsed by the raid of Col. Grierson from Tennessee to Baton Rouge, particulars of which you will have heard before this. As a commentary upon the commercial prosperity of New Orleans, the fourth city in importance in the United States, I quote the following from the Commercial Reports, Monday eve, May 4th, 'Sales of cotton one bale damaged a 12-2 cts.' 'Well! well! is written upon its archives and the desertion of streets and levees is really painful. Secessionists look glum here and Union men jubilant.'

This evening at 9 o'clock a beautiful horse and equipments are to be presented to Col. Grierson by the Union people of the city, for his gallantry in his daring and successful raid. The presentation takes place in front of the St. Charles Hotel and 'may I be there to see.'

Very truly, I. S. B.

To genuine Watervillians it is of course a matter of perfect indifference what envious outside barbarians say of them and their delectable homes; and yet we cannot refrain from copying the following whimsical notice by that droll fellow, the editor of the Gardiner Home Journal:—

WATERVILLE. We made a flying visit to this beautiful town, a few days since. For elegant residences, we think Waterville excels any town in Maine. It seems to be in fact finished, and doesn't grow,—merely aggregates, the same as a stone. Its inhabitants do nothing except what is absolutely necessary for comfort, or as an auxiliary to elegant living—have a few stores, because its nabobs even, must have something to eat and wear,—have a few frog shops, because they must drink. Indeed, we think they rather overdo this branch of trade, and we fear they will ruin the business by doing too much. We presume it has a blacksmith shop or two, (though we do not know that to be the fact,) in which the gentry's horses are shod. It did once have some mills, in which large quantities of lumber were manufactured, but the pursuit was too plebeian, and so they were burnt up or torn down. In fine to do anything in Waterville to show that one is alive, is highly improper; and no one who wants to work for a living is needed there; but those who are able to live on the interest of their money, will find it a sort of quiet respectable paradise. Such fine dwellings, and such elegant gardens can be found nowhere else in Maine; such literary people, such refined ladies, such eminently proper man, nowhere else do congregate in this region. Everything is highly respectable and quiet—the noisy sect of Methodists have no society there—indeed, even their religion must be a quiet one. So, Maxham & Wing, you be quiet, and don't contradict this flattering notice.

Now see in what different terms this distinguished visitor from Slab City speaks of Kendall's Mills, a place in which he felt more at home, inasmuch as he found the inhabitants ignobly working for a living, and not only laboring themselves but compelling the very water in the river to help them!—

KENDALL'S MILLS. This is just the reverse of Waterville—just as homely as that is pretty, just as busy as that is quiet. Every body works for a living, and the place grows from its own inherent vitality. Here the Methodists have the biggest society in the place, and run an annual camping meeting. Every thing round the town shows that the people are a wide awake, go ahead set, and are bound not only to spend money but to make it. Business is not sacrificed to dullness and propriety; and the ladies will not faint away if they see a man in his shirt sleeves. The gardens are not near so beautiful as in her sister town, and potatoes are cultivated in preference to hyacinths, and onions instead of dahlias. Any man who wants to work for a living, and will add his share to the business of the place will be welcome at Kendall's Mills.

After that dose of 'sawder,' the artful fellow very innocently inquires if some of his friends there will not send him a list of subscribers. They certainly ought.

THE UNION.—At the Baptist Church, Sunday evening, a large audience listened to a most excellent discourse upon the war, by Rev. Mr. Wood, late pastor of that church, now of Lewiston. It was full of encouragement, not only to those who look for evidence that God is overruling this war, but to such as hope and pray that he may work out of it the utter extinction of slavery. Evidence of both was presented in abundance, and in the simple but strong style peculiar to the speaker. We hope he may find opportunity to favor other audiences with this discourse. It will do them good.

A Democratic mass meeting was held at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 20th, at which a good deal of excitement prevailed, and during the day several arrests were made for carrying concealed weapons and shouting for Jeff. Davis. At night, when the trains were starting from the city, the excursionists on board commenced firing on the Soldier's Home and the houses on the line of the road. The cars being promptly stopped by military authority, 500 revolvers were taken and numerous arrests made.

ANOTHER.—A letter from Serg't Maj. C. W. Thning, of this place, now in the 14th Me. Reg't, brings intelligence of the death of David B. Gibbs, Jr. son of Mr. David B. Gibbs, of this village. He died in hospital at Bonnet Carre, La., on the 31st of March, of chronic diarrhoea, aged 18 years and 6 months. He was a worthy young man, and his character as a soldier is mentioned in high commendation by his officers.

We hope that the Wardens will see that the Fishway at the Augusta Dam is in a proper condition for the ascent of fish. It never has been kept so, we believe, during the proper season.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The June number is a good one—unusually good, we think, even for the best of American magazines. The first article, 'Weak Lungs and how to make them Strong,' by Dr. Dio Lewis, is full of valuable information; 'Violet Planting,' and 'Spring at the Capitol,' are two sweet poems by Mrs. Paul Akers; 'Paul Blecker,' a characteristic story by the author of 'Life in the Iron Mills,' is continued, with growing interest; Arthur Gilman gives an entertaining history of 'The Hancock House and its Founder,' and George Arnold tells us 'Why Thomas was discharged'; Donald G. Mitchell continues his very pleasant 'Wet-Weather Work'; food for mirth is found in 'The Member from Foxden'; Agassiz discusses heartily of 'Mountain and their Origin'; 'Camilla's Concert,' by 'Gail Hamilton,' is an appreciative discourse on music, in which the fun, cross out characteristically at every turn; and we are presented with another chapter of 'The Horrors of San Domingo,' by John Weiss, and some well written Reviews and literary notices follow.

A new volume of this sterling monthly will commence with the next number, in which many good things are promised from the pens of Hawthorne, Holmes, Robert Dale Owen, Gail Hamilton, Agassiz, and others. Of the moral and political status of the Atlantic the publishers say:—

Began in 1857, it has now reached its sixty-eighth number. Its circulation increasing largely from the start has given it such a currency throughout the country as no other American magazine has ever acquired. Its faith in impartial Liberty as a principle, and its war against despotism in every form, have made it a welcome visitor, far and wide, every month. It does not abate, in these our days of trial and battle, one jot of that firm belief in the brighter days to come which Right and Justice are sure always to win, but its future pages will show an increased activity in placing before the minds of the people an unflinching confidence in the power of the North to limit the existence of a rebellion founded in cruel injustice and oppression.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year, and is for sale by periodical dealers everywhere.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for June contains a fine engraving entitled 'Just like Mamma,' a full page wood engraving, 'Baby's Bids,' numerous plates of the fashions, &c., with an attractive table of contents. A new volume will begin with the next number. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The May number contains the following articles:—Wilson's Prehistoric Man; Part 10th of Gaxton; 'On Certain Principles of Art in Works of Imagination; The Life of General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart.; Italian Brigandage; Ludwig Uhland; My Investment in the Far West; The Landscape of Ancient Italy, as delineated in the Pompeian Paintings; American State Papers; The Budget.

The article devoted to American affairs is amusingly malignant, as usual.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co 38 Walker st., New York. Terms of subscription. For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to be paid by the U. States will be 24 cents a year, for 'Blackwood,' and but 41 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

New Music.—The following new pieces of music have just been issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—

The young Volunteer Good-Bye. Words by J. H. Elliot, music by Mary W. Brown.

To Canaan.—Song of the Six Hundred Thousand. Music by W. Williams; words by W. E. Thayer.

I love, I love thee. A Romance, from 'Simon Boccanegra,' by Verdi. Adapted to English words by George Linley.

The Cumberland. Words by Longfellow; music by F. Boott.

Domino Galop. For the Piano, by C. Coote, Jr.

Light-Hearted Mazurka. For Piano; by E. T. Baldwin.

For sale by all dealers in music.

THE WEEKLY JUNIOR REGISTER.—This is the title of a paper which comes to us from Franklin, Louisiana, published by Jona. C. White and Chas. G. Wing, Editors and Proprietors—the Junior member of the firm being a graduate of our office. The Register speaks encouragingly of the improved state of things since the advent of the federals into that section of country.

From the same office we have received specimens of printed, of various dates, several of them printed on the back of dingy wall paper, and containing, with a very little news and miscellaneous reading, long lists of advertised deserters and runaway negroes. They are truly curiosities, and show, as one Southern editor wittily confesses, that they have been literally 'driven to the wall.' We find in them several articles copied approvingly from the New York Leader, and the Caucasian, abusive of our national administration. Also a lengthy and ingenious parallel between Gog of the Land of Magog and President Lincoln, taking for a text the 38th verse of the 39th chapter of Ezekiel and part of the 11th chapter of Daniel. 'Anaconda,' of which we have heard so much, the writer maintains is typified by the 'great and crooked serpent,' mentioned in the 17th verse, and 'tidings out of the East and out of the North,' spoken of in the 39th chapter of Ezekiel, which it is said, 'shall trouble Magog,' show what foreign intervention and the northern peace party will do for the South. We copy the following bits for the amusement of our readers.

An exchange says that should the issue of paper money increase as rapidly for the next six months as it has during the past twelve, we may see a return of the times spoken of by old Dr. Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, when creditors were seen running away from their debtors who were pursuing them in triumph, and paying them without mercy.'

Two negroes belonging to Mr. Nance, of Pickens county, Ala., ran away to the Federals some time since. They have lately returned to their master minus their ears—these having been cut off close to their heads by their Abolition friends. The negroes, it is said, are now violent batters of Yankees, and their adventures and experience are a terror to negroes of that region, who learn a lesson from their brethren whose ears are left in Lincolnland.

It is facetiously suggested that the reason so many Yankees are shot in the head, is the desire on the part of the boys to get clothes without any holes in them.

We are indebted to Lt. Col. I. S. Bangs, now at Baton Rouge, for late New Orleans papers, and also a letter, which we know our readers will be pleased to find in this week's 'Mail.'

Admiral Foote, we notice, has just laid aside his crutches, and is anxious for active service.

Yallandigham has been sent South and not to Fort Warren as at first reported.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—A series of battles have been fought in the rear of Vicksburg, with all the results in our favor so far as we have heard, which is up to the 22d. Grant has beaten Pemberton and Johnson, taking many cannon and nearly a thousand prisoners. Our fleet is acting in concert, bombarding the city in front, and we hope soon to hear of its capture.

Some people profess to be apprehensive of a rebel invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

There are intimations that the forts in Charleston are to be reduced by regular siege. Thirty thousand rebel soldiers are reported on the Blackwater.

The work of enlisting and organizing colored forces in Banks' department is progressing favorably. Government will extend full protection both to officers and soldiers; and if the rebels attempt any outrage on either there will be prompt retaliation.

The best preparation for the making of soap and rendering hard water soft, for household purposes is the saponifier or concentrated Lye emanating from the Pennsylvania Manufacturing Company's work. The genuine is packed in iron boxes. Beware of counterfeits. See advertisement in this paper.

SIGNS.—The Confederate loan in Europe is declining rapidly, and the price of gold at home is moving in the same direction.

The French have been compelled to retire from Puebla with a loss of 6000 men, and it is thought they will be obliged to make their way to the seaboard.

Spencer, the murderer of the Warden of the State Prison, has been sentenced to be hung.

DIED.—A letter to relatives in this place brings intelligence of the death of Cyrus M. Osgood, formerly of Waterville, and son of the late Nealand Osgood. He was killed by a shell, near Camp Grove, Va., while serving as a pioneer in his regiment, on the 15th inst. The letter of Lt. Rob't Smith, commanding the company, says of him, 'He was one of the best men in my company.' He leaves a family.

RARE CHANCE.—See the advertisement of J. M. Crocker, in another column. Such an opportunity for a good establishment in business is worthy the attention of any man competent to fill it.

J. A. Philbrook of Co. G. Maine Third, reported missing in the late fight, has returned and is now at Annapolis, a paroled prisoner.

Later.—Rumors of the fall of Vicksburg are rife, but they are not well founded. An intercepted dispatch from Davis to Pemberton, promises him 100,000 men if he will hold out two weeks. Grant, it is said, has been re-inforced, and now has a force of 60,000.

Yazoo City has been captured by our forces and the Navy Yard burned.

The report of the capture of Helena, Ark., by the rebels, is contradicted.

Latest—Thursday morning.—Official advices from Grant's army represent matters progressing favorably, with the utmost confidence in the speedy capture of Vicksburg.

Among the deaths of Maine soldiers at Baton Rouge, are the following: George Lander, Co. A, of Fairfield, and Abraham Adams, Co. K, of Skowhegan, both of 21st Me.

REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Neptune is in a fair way to be deprived of a portion of his honors, if we may credit the following prescription said to be sovereign against sea sickness: The surgeon of the steamship Great Britain has found the most successful remedy to be the nitro-hydro chloric acid, with sulphate of magnesia. He offers this formula: dilute hydrochloric acid, two drachms; dilute nitric acid, one drachm; hydro-tannic acid, sixteen drops; water, eight ounces—mix. Two table-spoonfuls to be taken every three or four hours. [Medical and Surgical Reporter.]

