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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 45): May 16, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 16, 1861.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

**THE SEASON.** If "a rainy May makes a good crop of hay," the first half of the month is all right. Grass is looking exceedingly well, and though the rains have retarded the labors of planting and sowing, there is time enough yet if it is well-improved. But few barnyards are yet clear of dressing, and upon all farms there are dry spots for those who want to keep busy.

In a route of thirty miles through Winslow, Vassalboro' and Augusta, we noticed with surprise how little had been done for the fine orchards all along the way. The great yield of fruit last year ought to suggest a special effort to restore the exhaustion thus caused. The horse is well fed after a hard day's work, and ought to be well rubbed before he is harnessed next morning. The orchard should have a dressing of manure, and be closely trimmed and washed. For the want of this restorative, and in connection with the exhausting crop last year, few orchards will produce much fruit this season. There may be an occasional exception, but it will only be where the remedy has been applied. We noticed one case—and the farm looked as though it belonged to Friend Somebody, for no orchards hereabout fail to "bear testimony" for Quaker theology. It was thoroughly plowed and harrowed, and apparently well dressed and trimmed—though this last process was a light one because it had not been neglected in previous years. Most farmers in this vicinity make most brutal work of trimming their orchards. They do it so seldom that when they get about it they trim the tree to death—as the man who carries his horse but once a month would tear his skin to patches to make up for the neglect. If done in season, the work could generally be done with a pocket knife. The large dead limbs would not then appear. Thus done, the task would be but a tenth part as much, and the benefit ten fold more.

**RAILROAD BRIDGE BURNED.** The bridge over the Kennebec River at Kendall's Mills, belonging to the Pen. & Ken. Railroad, took fire on Monday last, just after the passage of the evening train to Bangor, on the section east of the Island. The flames spread rapidly, and were so inaccessible to the firemen that it was determined to arrest it at an available point towards the eastern shore, by cutting the timbers and letting the burning portion of the bridge fall into the river. This was successfully done, and four hundred and fifty feet of the burning mass fell into the water. Even there the flames still clung to it, and when it went over the Falls at this place, three miles below, it was cheerfully lighted on its way.

Call was made for aid from fire companies here, and in just 15 minutes from the first alarm both our Companies were at the bridge, "ordinances," for reasons unknown, to the contrary notwithstanding, but too late to be of service. The fire is believed to have taken from the locomotive.

**TROOPS FROM BANGOR.** The second regiment of soldiers from Maine passed through this place on Tuesday, from Bangor. The train consisted of nineteen cars, and though they passed our depot without stopping, we could see from the windows and platforms a cheerful, hardy and resolute array of faces, such as the tawny traitors of the South will find little pleasure in meeting. They were saluted with continued and hearty cheers as the long train dragged slowly by, to which they responded in tones that uttered no discord of sympathy or purpose. They are bound to New York by way of Augusta, Portland and Boston. It is said their destiny is Ft. Monroe. Their officers are Col. C. D. Jameson, Lieut. Col. C. W. Roberts, Maj. Geo. Varney, Adj't J. E. Reynolds.

The first regiment is yet in quarters near Portland.

**P. S.**—The 2d regiment arrived at Portland early in the evening, and the papers suggest that the 1st regiment will go with them from there.

**BLACK HAWK GONE.** We learn that Thos. S. Lang, Esq. has sold his interest in the Black Hawk horse "Telegraph," for five thousand dollars. He is to be taken back to Vermont, in the vicinity from which Mr. Lang took him two years ago. In consequence of this sale, the beautiful Morgan horse "General Knox," will remain at the stable in Vassalboro', instead of going into Somerset county, as was contemplated. The benefit derived from the introduction of this stock by Mr. Lang is well appreciated by the raisers of horses, and we doubt not the ultimate benefit will sustain the popularity of the enterprise. "Gen. Knox" is probably one of the best representatives of the Morgan stock in New England, and needs only time to exhibit his claims, in this respect, to the admiration of the farmers and amateur stock raisers of Maine.

**CALIFORNIA.**—The news of the capture of Fort Sumter produced the same effect in California that it did in the Northern and Western States—united the people and concentrated the Union sentiment. That dream of a Pacific Republic, fabled off by secessionists, so hopefully, was a baseless vision and stands no chance of being realized.

## OUR TABLE.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.**—June issue, in the number for next month, is a sweet picture, nicely chosen for the season. The illustrations of the fashion department are numerous and include many attractive novelties, pretty and useful. The reading matter, as usual, is made up of good stories and poetry, with a collection of recipes well worth the price of the number. A new volume will commence with the next number, affording a favorable opportunity for commencing new subscriptions. Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

[For the Eastern Mail]

## West Waterville—Natural and Artificial.

We go now with the 'batch' of scythes, through the furnace room into the 'grinding room.' Here are two huge stones grinding with fearful velocity. In this room you can hear but little better than in the furnace room, for the rumbling of the machinery and the sharp hissing sound of the scythes on the stone are so loud as to prevent conversation. 'Sam,' a practiced ear, however, hears the door shut behind us and he raises his 'grit' bespattered face and gives us a smile and nod of recognition. All things in this room, the walls, the windows, and the clothing, arms, and faces of the men, are of a rusty clay color, produced by the mingling of the 'grit' or mud worn from the scythes. Let us watch 'Sam' for a moment. Now he takes a scythe by the heel with his right hand, and grasping the point in his left, places the back upon the stone in a direction at right angles with the axis. As he stands by the side of the stone, a swinging motion of the arms right and left, brings every part of the back in contact with the quickly moving periphery, and it is soon ground to smoothness. It is the last one of a batch, and he mounts now astride the box or case which covers the stone, excepting that through an opening in the top about 15 inches of the periphery may be seen, and takes from a trough of water near by a curved stick nearly as long as the scythe, with one side convex and the other made to fit the side of the scythe. Placing this upon a scythe he holds them firmly together in his hands and presses the scythe crosswise upon the grindstone, passing it backward and forward across the stone till the iron is ground off sufficiently to leave the steel at the edge exposed.

Again we follow the scythes through the furnace, and heel-turning, and tempering rooms into the 'inspecting' or 'overhauling' and 'polishing' department. The inspecting is done by the 'foreman' of the establishment, Mr. J. E. Stevens, of whom it is no flattery to say that he is as near the *beau ideal* of a 'Christian Gentleman,' as one often sees in these days. Here we can talk without any difficulty, and from him we learn that it is necessary in inspecting to draw the edge of every scythe across a piece of steel made as hard as possible in order to ascertain if the scythe has been ground so as to leave the steel edge free from iron. If this has not been done the faulty place is marked and the scythe sent back to the grindstone. There also the scythes are straightened by the aid of the hammer and the fork-shaped bit of steel before mentioned. We learn also from Bro. S., that at the two shops of the Company between twenty and thirty men are employed in the manufacture of scythes, and that they produce between 4000 and 5000 dozens in a year. That at the upper shop about 1600 dozens of axes are produced per year. That in the scythe department, each 'welder' produces about 7 dozens of rods per day, and that two welders are required to supply rods for one 'plater' and one 'finisher.'

At the other side of the inspecting room, is the polishing wheel, where a 'hardy' man is engaged in smoothing up, or, as he facetiously informs us, 'putting on the shine.' From this room we pass through the packing room into the 'paint-shop,' where the scythes are painted with a mixture of Prussian blue and varnish, and laid upon racks to dry. When dry, they are assorted into dozens, according to length, one of the longest (in ordinary scythes about 48 inches) being first taken, and others of different lengths ranged in each side of it. This is the 'strawing' or packing room. The 'strawer' now takes his dozen scythes to a frame near the 'strawing machine,' or 'lathe,' drops the heels into a sort of screw clamps, and by turning the screw presses the heels firmly together. He then takes them up, and placing the heels upon the floor, and holding them upright between his knees, inserts a wisp of straw and the end of straw rope (wound upon a huge reel above him) between the points of the longest scythes, and taking a turn or two around the points with the rope divides the wisp, bringing the parts down on either side of the points. Then with a turn or two more he fastens them there, and places the bunch in the 'strawing lathe,' where they are made to revolve horizontally while he regulates the straw rope so as to wind it on them compactly from point to heel, when they are taken out, the points placed upon the floor, the clamps taken off, two of the heels pulled apart, the rope inserted and drawn down until it is 'jammed' and cut off, and the scythes are ready for market.

If you have seen and heard enough of these brassy-armed, brown-visaged 'Scythians' and their works of 'art,' come with me to the knoll yonder, a dozen rods further down the stream, and you shall see a picture of Nature's own painting and framing such as you will hardly find on the continent. Now turn, and look. Your eyes are just upon a level with the smooth surface of the pond formed by the dam of the shop we have just left. A farlong up the stream is the Cascade of the Messalonuskee—as seen from here, a waving, shimmering, broken mass of foam, most beautifully relieved by the dark green of the perpendicular banks of the gorge through which you see it. The east bank is not quite perpendicular, but very nearly so, and is from eighty to ninety feet high, thickly covered with hemlocks, pines,

birches, and other trees, to the water's edge. The west bank, about sixty feet high, overhangs the water in many places, and its face is to a considerable extent overgrown with shrubs, and trees of considerable size leaning out over the water. But you are not satisfied with this distant view, and we go up toward the fall. Passing through the shop again, and crossing the foot bridge over the 'canal,' we follow a footpath up the west bank of the stream. In many places the path runs near to the edge, and at one of these, where there is a sheer descent of sixty feet to the water, we pause a moment to listen to the account, from the friend who accompanies us, of a hair-breadth escape. The former proprietor of the land, a Mr. Hale, was passing along just here upon the frozen snow, or 'crust,' when his feet slipped, and falling, he slid down to and partially over the brink of the precipice, saving himself by catching some shrubs growing upon the edge, while a pail containing a 'luncheon' which he was carrying to his workmen, with its dishes and a couple of silver spoons, went over and were seen never more. We shudder at the thought of such danger as we venture up to the brink and take one timid look over, stepping back very carefully lest our foot slip and we take an involuntary plunge bath, with sixty feet of fall to give it emphasis. We stand now upon the bank, above the fall, and see just at our feet a sort of natural stairway, somewhat irregular it is true, but nevertheless feasible, by which we may descend to a natural platform thirty feet below. We clamber down, holding by shrubs and points of ledge, until we stand only a few feet above the foot of the upper fall, for there are two, the upper being between thirty and forty feet in height, and the lower, about thirty feet farther down the stream, eight or ten. At the lower fall the whole body of water falls thro' a narrow passage in the ledge, and plunges into a deep basin, making it 'boil' like a pot. The best view of this 'pot' is to be had from the lower end of our 'platform' which juts out over the edge of it at a height of ten or twelve feet. The strata of the ledge here run in the same direction as the stream, and stand at an angle of not less than 85 degrees with the horizon, so that the water runs upon and falls over the jagged edges, breaking up in its fall into a thousand little cascades, and becoming so shattered in its descent that the fall is but a mass of moving, rolling, falling, tumbling, shifting foam—and so softened and mellowed is the sound that we can converse easily where we stand, at the very foot of the main fall. We can clamber down still farther and stand where the water will dash around our feet, and by crawling around that joint of rock, next the fall, can almost thrust our hand into the falling foam. When I last visited the fall, a rock of irregularly hemispherical shape, lay just upon the brink of the fall, close to the west bank, rocking almost off as the water dashed around it, yet subsiding into its place again, as the waters subsided a little, momentarily. Wet with the flying spray, we climb the rock again and walking a few steps up the stream, step out upon the roots of a white birch tree growing out of the bank, and we are directly over the fall. From this point we see that the plateau between the fall and the dam above it, a distance of about 60 feet, is divided longitudinally into two portions, of which the western, occupying a little more than half the width of the stream, is the higher, by three or four feet, making a great number of diagonal and sideways falls. The whole surface of the plateau is also broken up into innumerable fissures and ridges by the wearing away of the softer strata of the ledge; so that even here the water is broken into little jets and shooting masses of foam. The dam does not, like most artificial additions to Nature's works, detract from the beauty of the cascade, but rather adds to it by distributing over the whole surface of the plateau the water which must otherwise, except in high freshets, have run exclusively along the lower channel of the eastern side, thus narrowing down the fall to about one-third its present width. Having gazed here till the distant whistle of the train as it approaches the 'East Village' warns us that it is time to move toward the depot, and yet not satisfied with gazing, we resist the temptation to clamber down the rocks again, and linger another hour about the lovely and musical place, and wishing for wings that we might play at will in the mist-cloud curling up from the foot of the fall, we turn away, and with one view more we bid it adieu. This is gained from the bridge a few rods above the dam. From a point near the middle of this, at any time between the hour of 10 A. M. and sunset, a beautiful rainbow may be seen continually playing, with ever changing hues and forms, in the cloud of mist that rises from the foaming waters. And now, with the pleasant consciousness of having given to our memory another thing of beauty to be kept and enjoyed forever, mingled with a feeling of regret at parting so soon from it, we move reluctantly away, and as we do so, as did Hawthorne's bride, we

hear the fall of Messalonuskee,  
Calling to us from the distance;  
Hear the laughing, singing water,  
Calling from its rugged ledges;  
While its voice grows faint with distance—  
Fare thee well, O Nature's lover!"

ORWIN.

**MAINE STANDARD.**—A new paper, with this title, has been started in Portland, published under the auspices of the Maine Board of Trustees of Temperance. According to its 'salutatory,' this new paper will be 'thoroughly devoted to Temperance and Freedom, and as decidedly against whatever opposes itself thereto. It will reflect the opinions and aid the objects of every organization established to promote the cause of Temperance.' Temperance has too often been an instrument in the hands of designing politicians. It is high time it was rescued from this perilous condition, and placed where it will exert its legitimate influence. To this end we bespeak the prompt and efficient co-operation of the

friends of Temperance in every portion of the State.

The Standard is published at No. 79 Middle St., at \$1 a year. Dr. Colby, the State Agent, will immediately take the field to solicit subscriptions.

**FESTIVE.** Another social levee was tendered to the Waterville soldiers on Tuesday evening, at Town Hall. Brief addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Champlin and Rev. Mr. Pepper; and the evening was enlivened to a temperate hour with refreshments and vocal music. The soldiers were in good heart, but evidently more impatient to be on their way to the seat of war than for any other 'entertainment.' They are daily looking for orders, and will probably leave soon.

**BORDER STATES.**—In Arkansas, the Act of Secession is said to be complete and final. In Kentucky, the recent election of members of the State Convention has resulted in the triumph of the Union men; and it is hoped, notwithstanding the treasonable action of the Governor and other secession sympathizers, that this State will not ally itself to the Southern Confederacy. The Legislature has called for the correspondence between the Governor and Jeff. Davis's officials, which is regarded as an indication that the loyal citizens are determined to unearthen the traitors.

Tennessee is fully committed to rebellion by the action of the Governor and Legislature, without any regard to the will of the people. The ordinance of secession is to be voted upon on the eighth of June, but the conspirators do not consider it necessary to wait for that, and proceed as though secession was an accomplished fact. A military bill was passed, calling for 60,000 troops, and appropriating \$2,000,000 unconditionally, and \$3,000,000 conditionally—the military force to be turned over to the control of the Southern Confederacy, with all the public property, munitions of war, &c., stolen from the United States.

In Maryland, the idea of a convention has been abandoned. Of course there are many rabid secessionists in the State, whose sympathies are with the South, and who are only kept in check by the presence of the Federal troops. Lawless bands patrol some sections bent upon mischief, and many Baltimoreans, conscious of guilt and anxious to fraternize with their fellow traitors, have left the city and joined the Virginian camp at Harper's Ferry. Several arrests of parties implicated in the riot, have been made in Baltimore, and on Monday evening, about a thousand U. S. troops were sent into the city from the Relay House and took post at Federal Hill on the south side of the harbor. They were warmly welcomed by the citizens.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson recently made a strong Union speech at Frederick city, which was well received. The occupation of the Maryland shore, opposite Harper's Ferry, by Virginian troops, excites much indignation in Washington county.

In Missouri, the Governor was evidently preparing to precipitate the State into the gulf of secession, but the prompt action of the Federal officers in disarming the State troops at Camp Jackson blocked the game. Details of this affair and the unfortunate occurrences which followed, will be found among our telegraphic items. A good deal of ill feeling has been stirred up by these events, but Missouri will be held to a loyal position.

The Union feeling in Western Virginia is said to be increasing, and the neighboring free States have been pledged for the support of the true men in that section.

**A TRAVELLER TO "THAT BOURNE."**—This morning a column of granite 16 feet long by 4 feet at the base and 3 ft. 6 inches at the top, passed along Temple st., from the lower depot, on its way to Pine Grove Cemetery. Its weight is probably from 16 to 18 tons. It was a section of the monument of the Dingley family, Winslow. Its form, complete, will be precisely that of the Bunker Hill monument. It was drawn by nineteen yoke of oxen.

The New York Atlas insists that the treasonable utterances of the Herald, News and Day Book, must be stopped, 'either by the arm of the law, or that other arm which sometimes steps forward to take the place of weak and inefficient law.' This suggestion, be it remembered, comes from no fanatical Black Republican, but from a paper which has been strongly democratic from its origin. There is no doubt that many northern papers in our midst are doing much mischief, openly or covertly, to the Union cause.

Injustice has been done to the Firemen Zouaves, by various newspaper reports. Individual members of this famous corps are bad enough, without doubt, as in most military organizations, but the main body are much better men than they have been represented.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian of the revolution, has just returned from a trip through the South, having been as far as New Orleans. In the Poughkeepsie Eagle he gives interesting particulars of what he saw and heard. His general conclusions are as follows:

'My conclusions are that, underlying the secession sentiment that covers the whole surface of society at the South, there is a deep and abiding love of the old Union, silently praying for deliverance from a despotism which has few parallels in the history of the world. It needs only to be informed and assured to become fearfully energetic. Thoroughly unbecome its limbs by the strong arm of federal power, it will become speedily omnipotent in crushing the eggs of selfish rebellion out of which are hatched the foul serpents of dissension. Let the government give that assurance by quick, powerful and effective action, and convey the truth to a deceived people at the mouth of the cannon, if necessary, and all will be well soon. Yet the government has a foe to meet not to be despised.

The chief rebels are desperate and determined men, endowed with superior talents and furnished with many resources. It is now with them, a question of life or death, honor or dishonor, glory or infamy. Those who are involved in this treason by taking up arms for

them, are in the same desperate condition.—And in the emergencies when the flag of our common country called for defenders, they have shown an alacrity and courage in response not to be surpassed. In a good cause they make puissant cohorts. Let the Government and the Northern States, then, be prepared for a desperate conflict.'

**PRESENTATION.**—On Thursday evening, by special invitation, our two companies of volunteers marched into the large ironing hall of Mr. C. F. Hathaway's Shirt Manufactory, where they found the employees of the establishment assembled, with a few ladies and gentlemen of the village. A copious supply of pure cold water was served to the men, who had been marching around the streets for some time, and then followed music by the Waterville Band, who were in attendance, the singing of patriotic songs by some of our musical amateurs—after which, at the suggestion of our excellent drill-master, Mr. Tyler, of Medford, Mass., three hearty cheers were given for the "Red, White and Blue," with which the room was decorated. Mr. Hathaway then called the assembly to order and addressed them briefly but pertinently in explanation of the object of the meeting, concluding with a few words of timely advice, to the volunteers, some of whom, as he said he might never meet again. The respectful attention of the men showed that they fully appreciated the honesty and sincerity of the speaker and were moved by his allusion to their present and future welfare. In fulfillment of his published offer, Mr. H. then presented to each of the volunteers from the village a pair of fine French flannel shirts; and then, finding that the ample supply exceeded the demand, he was equally liberal to every volunteer from the west village; after which the remainder (provided by our citizens and made up by the ladies of the village) were divided among the others, giving one shirt apiece. As if enough had not yet been done, Mr. H. then presented a pair to each member of the Waterville Cornet Band, a brief acknowledgment of which favor was made by Mr. Kendall. Including the last lot of 22, two hundred shirts had been given away by Hathaway alone—the making of which had been a free will offering on the part of the young ladies in his employ. Enveloped in one of these garments, into which has been wrought so much that is pure and holy, the man who could do anything mean or cowardly, might well despair of mercy, fearing he had committed an unpardonable sin.

With more music, and more singing, the company finally separated, well pleased with the evening's interview.

**PATRIOTISM.**—Capt. S. R. Devereux, of the Casine company of volunteers, was recently appointed Collector of that port, but has gone to the war. Government will continue him in the place. Capt. Herman Bartlett, of the Bangor Light Infantry, too, had an appointment in the Bangor Custom House, but that did not prevent his going with his company.

**UNITY.**—We learn that a company of volunteers was organized on Saturday last, the following officers being chosen:—Charles H. Robinson, Captain; Amos S. Moore, 1st Lieut.;—Myrick, 2d Lieut.

**READING FOR THE SOLDIERS.**—To meet the wants of the troops at Washington, who are famishing for reading, Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, will soon issue an army number of their popular magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will be made up of contributions from our ablest writers, and will no doubt prove very acceptable to others than those for whom it is specially designed.

**MAINE CONFERENCE.**—The following are among the appointments made at the recent session of the Maine Methodist Episcopal Conference:—

E. Robinson, Presiding Elder of the Gardiner District, and H. Nickerson, of the Readfield District. Gardiner, C. Munger; Richmond and So. Gardiner, F. A. Crafts and T. H. Blair; Monmouth, W. B. Bartlett; Augusta, A. J. Church; Hallowell, W. H. Siron; No. Augusta, A. C. Trafton; Kendall's Mills, B. Foster; Fairfield, I. Lord; Skowhegan, C. F. Allen; Solon, W. H. Foster; Madison and Anson, T. Whittier; New Sharon, J. Fairbanks; Mercer, J. W. Hathaway.

**N. VASSALBORO!**—A splendid flag staff, considerably higher than that of the Threes of Waterville, was raised at N. Vassalboro' yesterday. Soldiers, music, speeches, and other tokens of patriotic feeling, marked the occasion.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has issued his proclamation commanding the citizens of that State that they do not, under any pretence whatever, remit, transfer, or pay to the Government of the United States, or any one of the States composing said Government, which is known as a free-soil State, or to any citizen of any such State, any money, bills, drafts, or other things of value, either in payment of any debt due, or hereafter to become due, or for or on account of any other cause whatever, until the termination of hostilities. A similar command has been made on the banks of Georgia, and is done in pursuance of a law of the State.

The following stirring appeal from the loyal Germans of Missouri appears in the St. Louis Democrat:

**Fellow Citizens in the Free States:**  
Placed on an advanced post of liberty in the present struggle for the maintenance of our government, we have, in obedience to the call of our President, organized the four regiments of volunteers from Missouri. As citizens of a State whose executive is, as you well know, opposed to the government of the United States, we, as a matter of course, cannot expect support from him, or the State government, for furthering the purposes of our federal government. We are, therefore, compelled to appeal to the sympathies of our fellow citizens in the free States, who have with unprecedented unanimity come to the support of our government for the necessary means of providing our first equipment. Many of our men are destitute of the means to purchase the necessary uniform, blankets, &c. Having no claim on our general government until after three months' service, we appeal to the sym-

pathy of our Union loving fellow citizens in the free States for the necessary assistance and support, fully satisfied that a part of that patriotic liberality so freely shown to their own volunteers, will not be withheld from us.—Anticipating such sympathy, we will strain every nerve to uphold the authority of our federal government in this remote and important post of the great West, against treason and rebellion, in order that the wishes of the patriots and Union loving men of this country may soon be fulfilled, and that rebellion be forever crushed, and the cause of right and justice be triumphant over treason and secession.

The paper is signed by Frank P. Blair, Henry Boernstein, F. Sigel and Nicholas Schuttner, each of whom is Colonel of a regiment of volunteers. They ask Judge Thomas Russell to act in their behalf in Boston.

**UNWELCOME UNANIMITY.**—The fact of the Northern people 'dwelling together in unity' in this crisis is not pleasant to see, if we may judge from the tone of the secession organs. It is disagreeable, hateful. They pronounce it strange and unnatural, and if they had not partially got over an old habit, we have no doubt they would stigmatize it as 'unconstitutional.' The Charleston Courier says:

'The present revolution develops strange scenes in the North. We hear of an English regiment about to march side by side with an Irish regiment, headed by Thomas Francis Meagher. Truly, the lion and the lamb will lie down together and forget their ancient feud. Then, only think of the Massachusetts regiments marching in company with their adopted fellow countrymen of the Catholic faith!'

**HINTS FOR OUR SOLDIERS.**—An experienced gentleman, for twenty years, well acquainted with the South and the Southern climate, wishes us to make the following suggestions for the benefit of our troops: A bunch of green leaves worn under the crown of the hat will effectually prevent sun strokes. Northern troops must keep entirely clear of ardent spirits, or else more will be killed in that way than by the secessionists.

## Latest Telegraphic Items.

**St. Louis, 10.**  
Gen. Frost's brigade of the Missouri militia encamped at Camp Jackson surrendered unconditionally this afternoon, on demand of Capt. Lyon, commander of the U. S. forces in this city. Capt. Lyon marched on Camp Jackson with some 6000 volunteers, surrounded it and planted 8 field pieces on the adjoining eminence. Capt. Lyon sent the following letter to Gen. Frost:

Head quarters of the U. S. troops, St. Louis, 10th.—To Gen. D. H. Frost, Sir:—Your command is regarded as evidently hostile to the Government of the United States. It is for the most part made up of those secessionists who have openly avowed their hostility to the General Government, and have been plotting at the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority. You are openly in communication with the so called Southern Confederacy, which is now at war with the United States, and you are receiving at your camp from said Confederacy under its flag large supplies and materials of war, most of which are known to be the property of the United States. These extraordinary preparations plainly indicate none other than the well known purposes of the Governor of this State, under whose orders you are acting, and whose purpose was recently communicated to the Legislature, and has just been responded to by that body in unparalleled legislation, and having in a direct view hostilities to the General Government and in cooperation with its enemies. In view of these considerations, and your failure to disperse in obedience to the Proclamation of the President and of the imminent necessity of State policy, and of the welfare and obligation imposed on us by instructions from Washington, it is my duty to demand, and I do hereby demand of you an immediate surrender of your command, with no other condition than that all the persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated. Believing myself prepared to enforce this demand, one-half hour's time before doing so will be allowed for your compliance therewith.

Signed, N. Lyon, Capt. 2d Infantry.  
It is understood that Frost says this letter was not received until his camp was surrounded. He then replied that the encampment was organized under a law of the State, simply for organizing and drilling the volunteer militia of this military district; and not expecting any demonstration he was unprepared successfully to resist the attack. He therefore accepted the terms specified, and surrendered his command; about 800 men being in the camp, a large number being in the city at large. They then laid down their arms and were escorted to the city as prisoners of war. Release on parole was tendered to the officers and troops, providing they took the oath not to take up arms against the U. S. government; which they declined on the ground that it implied that they had already taken up arms, which they disclaimed.

Just before the troops left for the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the lines of the volunteers, several rocks were thrown at the volunteers, and a few pistol shots were fired by excited parties in the surrounding crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens, including many women. One shot took effect in the leg of Capt. Blawie, and as he fell he gave the order to fire, which was obeyed by two or three companies, resulting in the death of upwards of twenty persons, including two women and several children; and badly wounding several others. Intense excitement exists in the city and large bodies of men throng the streets. The Democrat and American officers were threatened, but the promptness of the chief of police prevented any violent demonstrations thus far. All gun shops in the city are guarded by armed police, and 200 are detailed to protect the Democrat and American offices.

**New York, 11.**  
The Washington correspondent of the Times says that Government is in constant reception of offers for private expeditions against the seceded States, but none will be accepted. Sec'y Cameron has already received proffers of upward of 90,000 men—20,000 more than called for.

**Washington, 10.**  
The Tribune has advice from Tennessee which indicates a terrible struggle on the question of secession, at the July election, and it may end in civil war between the Union men and the traitors. Col. Campbell will be the Union candidate for Governor at the August election, and will take the field against the secessionists.

**New York, 11.**  
A special dispatch from Washington to the Sun, says the cabinet has decided to sustain the Unionists in Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri, with prompt and efficient force. Several prominent New Yorkers at Washington raised \$15,000 to purchase arms for the Western Virginia Unionists. More money is yet to come.







