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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 47): May 30, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

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[From Arthur's Home Magazine, for June.]

## THE LUCKY HERRING.

BY PAUL LAURE.

"How do you sell your smoked herring?"  
"Those Scotch herring?—only nine cents a dozen."

"But singly?"  
"A cent apiece, sir."

"I will take two of them,—and one of those rolls—no! the smallest, and have the kindness to wrap them in a piece of paper for me."

The grocer wrapped the herrings and roll together, with one of those slight-of-hand movements peculiar to the trade, and handing the parcel to his customer, counted out six cents in exchange for the dime which the customer deposited on the counter, and then turned to his next customer briskly, with "Well, what can I do for you?" while Baron Doyle slipped his purchase into his coat pocket and walked away. When he had walked a considerable distance, and just as he was turning down towards the levee, for he was going to Ambrose on the morning packet, he encountered his friend Bathurst, whose great misfortune was the possession of more money and time than he knew what to do with.

"Ah! I was just thinking about you, Baron. Have you found that book?" I have been in every store in town, but as yet have failed to procure it. I think you told me your father had a copy.

"Yes, I laid it away the other day for you." By the way, Baron, I want your advice. I am going to have Zschokke and Goldsmith (Tauchnitz edition) bound, and I am hesitating between brown and blue. But I want something new and neat.

"Then," said Baron Doyle, "I have the very thing you want. I have Moore here, in a small volume, brown with—but I'll show it to you." And putting his hand into his pocket he brought forth the paper containing his recent purchase, adding as he proceeded to open it.

"I bought it for my sister, whom I am going to see today; it is a very handsome thing, I assure you, but—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bathurst, as his expectant gaze fell upon a couple of Scotch herrings and a twopenny roll, "ha, ha, ha! Brown they are—smoked, eh? Why, what are you going to do with the herrings, Doyle?"

At that moment the packet for Ambrose tapped her bell. The owner of the fish had not a moment to lose, so hastily cramming the herrings and roll into his pocket again, and muttering something about an explanation at another time, he hurried aboard the boat, leaving his friend standing on the street convulsed with laughter. Baron Doyle was not sorry at the interruption, for unlike those young men who have a lie ready for every dilemma, he had a wholesome respect for the truth; but he was mortified, as who would not be at the age of two and twenty, at being detected with a twopenny roll and Scotch herrings in his pocket. He could easily have said, "What a blunder! But I have the book in my other pocket. I bought these for a joke!" but he preferred silence to a lie. Besides his friend would never guess the truth, or at best he would impute the purchase to a whim.

"Certainly," thought Baron Doyle, as he bestowed a parting look upon his friend as the packet swung out from her landing majestically, "certainly he will never suspect that I bought them with the intention of dining upon them. To explain why Baron Doyle, who, with the manners of a gentleman, was respectfully attired in a dark brown suit, and who had no particular taste for smoked herring, was compelled to dine (or sup, or both) for the packet left Shuttleton at nine A. M., and only reached Ambrose at nine P. M.) on them, it will be necessary to state that he was short of funds; and to explain how it happened that such a handsome young man, with such an honest, energetic manner, could only count six cents in his purse, I must inform the reader that he was compelled by 'circumstances' to dress like a gentleman, board at a respectable boarding house or hotel, and pay his washing bills, out of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. [By the way, he was an expert at mending his own clothes.] As his boarding and washing cost him exactly one hundred and ninety-five dollars a year, it will be apparent that there was but fifty-five dollars left to adorn the outer man.

It may appear marvelous to you, my well-dressed reader; but it is nevertheless a fact that Baron Doyle did not consume fifty-five dollars in clothing in the course of twelve calendar months; notwithstanding he provided himself with respectable attire, hat, boots and linen. Was the young man penurious? Was he suffering from a severe attack of economy, or was he only able to earn that amount in a year? you ask. Not he received a salary of four hundred; but having managed to live on the amount I have mentioned when he was in his twenty-first year, he determined to try it a second year,—and he succeeded, for he had a great object in view. And what was the object that induced him to expose himself to the merciless ridicule of his clever acquaintances who expended their salaries as fast as they earned them?

Baron Doyle was an orphan. His father had been a prominent merchant at Shuttleton; but when Baron was turning twenty, Mr. Doyle encountered severe reverses; his property, which he had placed in the hands of a prudent broker, failed, and he was left a poor man. He was then only a boy, and he was not yet a man; but he was a man of spirit, and he was determined to make his own way in the world. He was then only a boy, and he was not yet a man; but he was a man of spirit, and he was determined to make his own way in the world. He was then only a boy, and he was not yet a man; but he was a man of spirit, and he was determined to make his own way in the world.

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## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1861.

NO. 47.

Not when you reflect that Baron Doyle bought the poems for his sister, whom he was about to visit, and whom he had not seen for a year, and that he had barely three dollars and six cents in his purse, three dollars of which would be required to pay his fare to and from Ambrose, and a night's lodging; the latter, twenty-five or fifty cents; the former, two dollars and a half. The fare to Ambrose, including dinner and supper, was two dollars—one dollar and twenty-five cents, leaving the meals out.

Ah! you forget the absurdity in the brotherly affection and self-denial.

That little volume of poems cost Baron Doyle two sleepless nights, and a summer hat. Think of it! He had hoarded up five dollars and ten cents at the end of May—the end of his second year passed in Mr. Dewey's employment. Considering the fact that he had worn his cap until it had lost its original color, and became dim in the peak; that the season for heavy caps was now over, and that of light summer hats just begun, you may decide his purchase of the poems a piece of folly. But when you reflect that he had only one sister, and that he had never made her a present in his life—ah! you pronounce him a noble fellow.

During the two years he had been employed by Mr. Dewey, he had never asked a single day for himself. When his fellow clerks were off sporting with their friends in the dull summer months, Baron Doyle was at his usual place behind the counter; not because he did not relish a summer day among the trees and flowers, but simply because he had no place to go, and no money to spend in amusement.

No wonder that Mr. Dewey looked up in astonishment when "sober Baron" spoke of taking a day or two to himself. But he was only too glad to find an excuse to rally him.

"Certainly, Baron—certainly; and I hope we may not see your face for a month. We can manage very well without you."

"Thank you," rejoined Baron, "but I will quite likely return on Thursday."

"Going to the country?" demanded his employer.

"No! to Ambrose."

"To Ambrose—oh!" and Mr. Dewey, who was a young man, and rather handsome, elevated his eyebrows, and stroked his whiskers gently, as he crooked an elbow significantly. It was immaterial to Baron Doyle what his employer thought; at the same time, he concluded to inform him of the nature of his errand.

"No, sir; nothing of the kind, I assure you. My sister is at the seminary; I am simply going to see her. I have not seen her for a year."

"Ah!—I was not aware," began Mr. Dewey, visibly surprised; then, altering his tone, "The fact is, Baron, we know so little about you, that the mere mention of your sister surprised me. So you have a sister, then. Have you more than one?"

"No!" replied Baron. "There is just the two of us."

"Ah! h-m! h-m! Has your sister been at Ambrose long?"

"Just one year."

Mr. Dewey cleared his throat a third time, and began to thrum upon the back of his chair with his fingers, bending his head forward, and gazing upon the floor abstractedly.

"He is wondering who supports my sister, thought Baron."

"By the way," began Mr. Dewey suddenly, "do you know the Ralstons in Ambrose?"

"No!"

"Or the Taylors?"

"I am not acquainted with any one in Ambrose," responded Baron.

A gentleman entering the office at that moment, called Mr. Dewey aside, and Baron resumed his position behind the counter, waiting for his employer's questions and strange manner. The reader may learn from the above conversation something of Baron Doyle's nature. He never spoke of his own performances, much less of his self-denial or single-heartedness.

To take up the thread of my story again: Baron and the herring, and the volume of poems, were aboard of the magnificent packet which plied daily between the charming village of Ambrose, and the noisy, sooty city of Shuttleton. Baron admired the scenery of *La Belle Rivière*, the handsome cabin, the rich furniture. He drank in the river breeze, and flattered himself that, after all, few people were happier than himself. He was delighted with everything—with the changing views the shore presented, and—But no. He did not enjoy the tempting viands which were served up to the host of passengers. He did not even witness their disposal, but betook himself to the engine room, for the purpose of examining the machinery, and nibbling his roll and herrings, stepping now this way, now that, and looking intently at the complicated iron and steel which surrounded him. Only once he uttered an exclamation—

"I'll never rely upon a Scotchman's word again! Scotch herring, indeed!" From which I infer that the herring was not altogether to his taste.

He had consumed half of his roll, and part of one of the herrings, when he was interrupted by a strange voice, and looking around, he perceived an elderly gentleman almost at his elbow.

"How do you like it, sir?" repeated the strange gentleman, as he steadied himself upon his gold-headed cane, and bent his positive black eyes upon the young man, who secreted the roll and herrings, hastily glancing at his interlocutor furtively, but too much discomfited to hazard a reply. Considering that the young man had fasted eight hours, perhaps the herring was not so very disagreeable after all; still, he could not imagine how such a fact could interest a stranger.

"Do you understand the principle of the new 'cut off'?"

"The 'cut off'?"—oh!—ah! yes, I understand—that is, I understand what you mean, but I do not understand the 'cut off,' stammered the owner of the herrings.

"Umph! I thought you were in the business."

"No sir; still I can admire the workmanship displayed here."

"Umph! h-m! you should visit my establishment, corner of Iron and Steel streets. You will see much better work than this there, although we thought we were doing something handsome when we turned this out."

"So he is only the manufacturer, and is simply gazing over his old work—I thought he had seen the herring and roll," thought

Baron Doyle, as he turned away, and sought the cabin, resolving to avoid farther risk of detection. Since he dressed like a gentleman, it behooved him to deport himself like a gentleman; and what gentleman was ever known to eat a Scotch herring in a stifling engine room on a warm June day, when a table just over his head groaned with the choicest viands? Had he worn a coarse coat, and driven a cart, he could have tolerated the imputation of poverty, and possibly vulgarity; but, to be suspected of stinginess—that was more than Baron Doyle could bear. So he carried his herring and the remainder of the roll to Ambrose.

When he reached Ambrose, he proceeded at once to the seminary, where he inquired for his sister. Mrs. Carver, who presided over the establishment, bestowed a gracious smile upon him, when he mentioned his name.

Miss Doyle is visiting the Ralstons at present. The session commences tomorrow, you are aware. Miss Doyle proposed remaining with us, but her friends prevailed upon her to give them a week or two. However I will send a message to her immediately.

The room into which Baron was shown was almost bare of furniture, and totally unlike his conception of the parlor of a model seminary. However, it was a lovely night, and as the parlor door swung back heavily, he heard the patter of dainty feet, passing and repassing the door. They belonged to the lovely pupils, who were flitting about, humming snatches of song, whispering, laughing, talking, and scolding. Scarcely five minutes passed, ere Mrs. Carver reentered the parlor, attended by her son, a boy of ten.

Your sister requests you to call upon her at her friends, Mr. Doyle. My son will accompany you; it is but a little distance.

Mr. Doyle bowed and took his leave. When young Master Carver parted from him at Mrs. Ralston's door, and just as he extended a hand to the bell, he observed a familiar face approaching him from the garden. The next moment, his sister was twining her fingers in his hair, and smothering him with kisses. What was a score of sleepless nights, or as many summer heats, compared with that one moment?

Miss Doyle led the way into the drawing room, and presented him to Mrs. Ralston, a widow lady and her two daughters, who greeted the young man with a charming simplicity, that dissipated at once his last fear of formality. In a few minutes, Baron Doyle, who seldom went into society, felt perfectly at ease, and conversed as freely with the ladies, as though he had known them as many years. The conversation turning on the fine arts and poetry, Baron Doyle took advantage of a momentary lull, to address his sister—

"By the way, Emma, speaking of authors, I have a present for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Miss Doyle. It is Moore's Poems. I know it is—and you have it in your pocket—I feel it. Ah! how glad I am! And as she spoke, she darted her little hand into his pocket, and brought forth a small parcel, saying, "How I shall enjoy Moore, now!" As she proceeded to open it, while Mrs. Ralston and her daughters looked on with a smile, that seemed to say, "That's as brother and sister should be!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, hastily, as he caught his sister's hands, and endeavored to take the parcel from her.

"Now, Baron!—for shame!"

"But I—I assure you you have made a mistake," returned the brother holding her hands tightly. "Besides, you should wait until I present it to you. I shall report to Mrs. Carver."

"Nonsense! when I have only one brother, can I not control him? I must see what it is that you value so much; if it is not the poems, it is something equally valuable."

So saying, she withdrew her hands from his suddenly, and darting across the room, laughingly, she opened the paper, exposing to the wondering gaze of Mrs. Ralston and her daughters a part of a twopenny roll, and a Scotch herring.

Oh, what a blunder was that, Emma Doyle! The hot blood rushed to her face, and tingled in her palms, as she withdrew her gaze from the tell-tale fragments, and fastened it upon her brother's face. And Baron—how purpled his face became as he met her gaze. One moment Miss Doyle held the fragments in her hand; then, crossing to her brother's side, replaced them in his pocket.

"See, now!" Baron managed to stammer at last, "you are a child, that I must carry a penny roll for you—and I'm sure you don't like Scotch herring as well as—but I shant say who; but, rest assured, I am not fond of them. But come now; there is Moore for you, and don't puzzle your head anything about the herring. I'll explain that sometime again."

As he ceased speaking, his glance met that of Miss Ralston's, upon whose countenance he observed a singular expression.

"Well, I don't think you can give a sensible reason for carrying nasty old fish in your pocket," retorted his sister, with affected anger; but notwithstanding her manner, her annoyance was apparent. As it was then growing late, her brother signified his intention to take his leave; but he was immediately overruled by Mrs. Ralston, who prevailed upon him to accept a bed in her house.

When Baron Doyle awoke the next morning, his first movement was to throw open the shutters, that the brilliant sunlight might light up his room. As he stood beside the window, a murmur of voices beneath it arrested his attention.

"Say what you will, Bell; I am sure I am right."

"And I am just as positive that you are wrong."

"He is either stingy or vulgar, and yet he would pass for a gentleman."

"I declare, Clara, you will never be convinced that riches are not necessary to breeding. Do you not like Emma? and is her brother not handsome and intelligent, with the manners of a gentleman?"

"And a passion for smoked herring, permit me to add. But I was not aware he had made such a favorable impression upon you, Bell."

There was an impatient rejoinder. Baron Doyle's eyes brightened, and his heart beat quicker as he caught the tone.

"Ah!" pursued the sister, "it needed but that to convince me that I was right. But pray how do you account for the herring?"

"That is more than I am inclined to undertake," replied Miss Ralston, for Baron had recognized the sisters' voices, "but it is possible

that he could not afford a dinner on the packet, and so—"

"Dined on smoked herrings! ha! ha! Oh! Bell, that is simply absurd!—simply absurd, when one thinks of his dress, manners and fine sentiments."

"Have you not heard Emma saying he supported her, and that he is only a poor clerk?"

"Which only renders him more ridiculous. If he is able to support her, why does he carry herrings about with him? Surely you observed his embarrassment when Emma opened the paper?"

"I did, and I felt for him, Clara. He is kind to his sister, and I believe he is a gentleman."

"Tra-la-la! tra-la-la! la-la! la-la! Well, well! I perceive you are in love with this knight of the herrings, and when one is in love!—there, there, Bell, I won't say another word; but I do declare your handsome gentleman has a decidedly queer taste!"

"You are not annoying me in the least, Clara; go on."

"But what will the fastidious Fred Dewey say to his intended brother's taste, Bell?"

Baron Doyle started.

"I think he will give himself less concern about it than you and I have done. He loves Emma, and I have no doubt he will marry her as soon as she leaves Ambrose. But a! There she is now, Clara; will you open the door?"

Baron Doyle paced his room and meditated. Frederick Dewey, his employer, was his sister's impossible! She had never hinted at such a thing in her letters. There must be some mistake. And yet, now that he recollected it, Mr. Dewey's manner was very singular when he inquired if he (Baron) was acquainted with the Ralstons. Before he took his leave of them, Baron found an opportunity to speak a word or two to his sister alone.

"O, Baron! how stupid I was last night," said his sister, as they stood alone in the parlor, "I had dreamed that—"

"Say no more," replied the brother, "it was my own fault."

"But what were you doing with the fish, Baron? Surely—"

"Indeed they were for myself then, Emma. Is there any crime in dining on Scotch herrings when one is too poor to obtain better fare? I should have said nothing about it if it had not been for the affair of last night."

"But you came on the boat, Baron?"

"But I did not know that I would lodge with a friend of yours, and I had barely fifty-six cents in my pocket, besides my fare here and back, not including meals on the boat; but I had resolved to see you, and so I came."

"And yet you bought Moore for me! You are a dear, good old fellow, Baron, and I never can repay you for your kindness to me, never."

There was a rustle in the next room, as if some person were passing the door, but it was so faint that Miss Doyle did not hear it. Baron waited a moment, until he was satisfied that the person had left the room, and then said,

"Emma, have you ever met Mr. Dewey here?" She blushed vividly, as she replied slowly,

"I have, Baron—why do you ask?"

"Does he love you?" inquired her brother, paying no attention to her question in his eagerness.

"I think he does. But how did you learn this, Baron? I was going to write to you about it, and then—"

"Well, no matter what prevented you. I am not so anxious to get rid of my little sister; not I, birdie; but I respect Mr. Dewey, and I will have no fear in trusting my sister's happiness in his keeping."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! what do you mean? Surely I know my own employer!"

"Your employer?"

"I don't understand this, Emma."

"I thought your employer was an old man—a married man, stammered the sister. He is only five years older than myself, and a very handsome bachelor at that! So you did not know that you were about to marry my employer? Did he never mention me?"

"No! Somehow I never thought of mentioning your employment either; but, and here Miss Doyle blushed again, 'we only met five or six times. To be sure, it was here, and Mr. Dewey was in the house all the time nearly, for he is a great favorite here; I think he is some sort of a relation too. But you must tell me, Baron, how you found it out.'"

"Nothing simpler. I overheard two young ladies talking this morning, and when they mentioned Mr. Dewey's name in connection with yours—"

"I see! I see! That was Clara's tongue. I am sure she teases me continually. But it is time we should break up our council—it is only ten minutes to nine."

I need scarcely say that Baron Doyle returned to noisy Shuttleton in a gay humor. About a week afterwards his employer overtook him as he was leaving the store, and running his hand through Baron's arm carelessly said,

"I have just received a letter from Ambrose. You see what your secretiveness has done; I never knew till today that Miss Doyle was your sister. What an amusing mistake that was! Ha! ha! I laughed over it, or rather over her description of the person she imagined employed you, till my sides were sore. Rather amusing all round—I hope we may laugh over it when we are both gray-haired, unless one or both of us takes to a wild and fifty a year, Baron. Well, wonders will never cease. Do you know, I have wasted as much in a month, and yet no one ever called me extravagant. You have learned me a lesson which I hope I may never forget, Baron."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Baron Doyle, "nonsense!" but his eyes were half dim with tears.

"You may 'pooh! pooh!' and say 'nonsense!' but I understand you now, Baron—I only wish I had known you as well two years ago. But it is not too late yet; and I flatter myself that—"

Here Mr. Dewey checked himself suddenly. "You are like all the rest of the world," said Baron. "If a man only does his duty, you straightway set him up as a model and eulogize him."

Doubtless there was a great deal of truth in the remark; nevertheless, it is very refreshing to find men or women who have the courage to perform their duty.

When nine months rolled around, Miss Doyle became Mrs. Dewey. The Deweys have many a laugh and joke over a tolerable picture which hangs over the mantel-piece in the dining room. The picture was painted by Mrs. Dewey herself, and is a very simple thing. It merely represents part of a twopenny roll and a Scotch herring on a piece of brown paper.

But I forgot to mention that Baron Doyle has visited Ambrose several times since his sister's marriage. I may relate part of a conversation which occurred between Miss Ralston or rather Bel Ralston, as her friends and acquaintances call her, and Baron Doyle, upon the occasion of his last visit.

"Will you tell me one thing, Bel. I have often wondered why you favored a poor clerk, when so many wealthy suitors were at hand."

"I think I can explain it to your satisfaction," responded the lady demurely. "Do you remember your first visit here?"

"Distinctly; I think I can never forget it."

"Then you remember a little incident."

"Perfectly well do I remember the 'incident,' Bel."

"Well, Baron, I obtained a glimpse at your real nature when your sister opened the paper containing the smoked herring. I surmised the truth at once; afterwards I overheard you talking with Emma, and I said to myself, a man who practices so much self-denial for a sister will surely be attentive to a wife."

"Then you were guilty of eavesdropping! So it appears after all that I owe my good fortune to a SCOTCH HERRING."

Hired help.—Four or five years ago, I heard a farmer complaining bitterly because he had to pay so high for farm help. "I said to him in reply, can your man, (for he had a family,) buy as much corn, flour, meat, potatoes, &c., for his family, with what you pay him now, as he could with his wages a few years before they came up as high as they now are? After reflecting a few moments, he said no. Very well, said I—then what reason have you to complain? Has not your man rather the reason to complain, if any one has occasion to do so? He did not make much reply, for evidently he had not taken the view of the subject which this conversation suggested; for he admitted that he could pay his man with a less amount of produce than formerly when wages ruled low, as he readily granted.

Now wages are high or low, not according to what a man receives, absolutely considered, but according to what he can buy if he has a family to shelter, to feed and to clothe. If a farm hand has \$20 a month, and flour is \$10 a barrel, and other things accordingly, or \$15 a month, and flour is \$5 a barrel, with other things at the same ratio, any one will see that the latter wages, though a lower figure, are better than the former. What a man receives, then, must be estimated as high or low, not according to the figure, absolutely considered, but its ratio to the prices of goods and provisions.



had constructed under his platform what he called a 'baptistry'; and he informed me very coolly that he kept his hand upon the wrench, and when any body advanced sentiments in his pulpit which were not agreeable to him, he turned the wrench, and under the man went. That taken in connection with his intentional biding of himself this evening, reminds me of a text upon which a good Methodist brother preached against the doctrine of immersion. He found no text, until with great shrewdness and good sense he hit upon this: 'Beware of divers—and strange doctrines.' If Mr. Beecher will come forward, we will accept his apology. It will be understood, of course, that whatever Mr. Beecher says will be confidential.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was greeted with great applause as he wended his way to the speaker's stand. He said: 'I would say to my brother, although he got off dry the last time he was in my church, I'll see that he is wet the next time.'

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . MAY 30, 1861.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, 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.  
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Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'Eastern Mail Office.'

### What is Treason?

To give 'aid and comfort to the enemy' is treason, and any course that openly and wrongfully weakens the national cause, is treason too. A drunken man may be 'intolerably saucy' to an opponent—as was recently the case in Waterville—and even break his walking stick, with the fact known to himself that he had not money to replace it—and yet give very little aid or comfort to his own side of the question, and offer no apology for old and staid men to countenance a mob in riding him upon a rail. Drunkenness is no more treason, than a mob is order, and those who can't make the distinction deserve little credit for defending a constitution whose guarantee they so readily violate. A democrat may assert that the republicans have brought the present trouble upon the country, and yet not be worthy of trial for treason,—even if no republican is bold enough to admit the charge, and contend that it confers honor. With the same weakness and corruption that marked other men, the republicans might have permitted the heart of the nation to cease beating. Who can doubt that without their lead this would have been the result?—for it is no treason to say that republican resistance to outrageous wrong has fired and braced the soul of the North for this emergency, and thus brought about the 'trouble,' if trouble it be. Men may censure the government, or express their honest convictions of its duties, its policy or its measures, and yet be only enjoying the freedom of speech which the constitution distinctly pledges to every citizen. They may even wax hot in arguing the abuses of the government, without forfeiting any of the protection in the power of that government to give. Free speech as rightfully belongs to the individual as the free press to community; and those who now contend so nobly for the constitution should know and feel that they do so because that constitution secures to them, and to all men, free speech in all that is honest and true. It is this rich guarantee that renders it worthy of the sacrifices a free people are now offering. Without this feature it might rank with Jeff. Davis's, and be as little worthy of affection or defense.

It does not follow, however, that men may not both speak and write treason under the pretense of constitutional permission. This is done daily, in the utterance of what is false and injurious to the government, and what is staying up the hands of those who now labor to destroy it; and we can hardly doubt that if public attention were so far called to this matter as to weigh it carefully, in the light of the best political prudence, some of the northern presses which are prolonging the war by giving aid and comfort to the southern rebellion, would be promptly suppressed in their nefarious work by the statutes against national treason. Under the false claim of constitutional right they are doing all in their power to weaken the government and aid the rebellion that threatens to destroy it. These efforts win so little credit at home that they are considered harmless, while at the South they are magnified by necessity into a dignity that gives them unnatural importance, and renders them in the same proportion reasonable. These emissaries of rebellion are not only published here but circulated there by the aid of southern money and for the advancement of the special interests of secession. They are more treasonable than secession, because they claim the protection of the government and constitution they aim, assassin like, to destroy without the manliness of open contest. One of the most reckless and ruthless of these papers is the Bangor Democrat. With a courage based upon the most positive and obvious obtuseness of intellect and perception, and with proportionate disregard of veracity and honor, it has bartered slander and falsehood for southern money as though this exchange were the 'one idea' of political mythology. How the people of Bangor, with their marked devotion to the Union, have tolerated it so long, is more than we can understand,—unless, as we conclude, they know it to be ambitious for a martyrdom of which they regard it unworthy. With less familiar—and to our mind better—acquaintance we would counsel the gratification of its most exalted aspirations.

Postal service has been suspended in all the seceding States, with the exception of Tenn. and Western Virginia.

### OUR TABLE.

**LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—On the Coast of Mt. Desert, in the June number, was a well executed picture of the wild and grand, will be prized by everybody; but for Maine people, it must have a special interest. The other picture is a lifelike portrait of Rev. Glezen Fillmore. Among the articles in this number are—brief biographical sketches of the great commentator, Adam Clarke, and Hannah More; with many excellent stories, and other good reading. We took a few bits of small talk.

**AS THEY CAME.**—An artist friend allowed Fanny to look over his work, while he drew a landscape for her. After watching for a few moments the progress of the picture, she exclaimed, 'O, Mr. Wells, do tell me how you make way off so beautifully. The artist prided that compliment, although the critic was only three and a half years old.'

**MOKE TOMBS.**—Our little Keweenaw, a bright-eyed little fellow with two of his little sisters, Eva and Ada, looking at the smoke as it ascended from the chimneys of the surrounding houses. His sisters had left him and returned to the house, when, looking up, he saw the clouds as they were carried from north to south. He called to his sisters to come back and 'see do make tommin out of do make Man's house.'

**DOOR IN A HARD KNOT.**—On another occasion he was alone with his little sister, Fanny. His father having business to go out he shut the door after him. The little fellow did not like to be left alone; he accordingly went to the door and tried to open it, but could not. He immediately commenced crying, and his mother hearing him came to the door and asked him what was the matter. He answered her by saying that 'do door's in a hard knot.'

**BRANDLE WITH NO FRONT TEETH.**—It is wonderful how ignorant of natural history many men remain who enjoy the very best opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with it. A friend of ours who had spent all his life in the country, when asked recently whether cows, in getting up, rose on their hind or fore legs first, replied: 'Upon their fore legs, of course.' Here is another illustrative incident:

The editor of the Adams News tells of a musician, a neighbor of his, who recently undertook to trade cows with a certain neighbor. He, after some hawking, got a little 'spunk,' and told the musician that his 'cow was worth a song; she was so old she had no front teeth on her upper jaw and couldn't chew anything but young grass.'

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—It is published for the M. E. Church, by Poe and Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR JUNE** is full of good reading, a sample of which we give on our first page. A fine steel engraving—'A Mother's Defence,' is given, with many wood engravings of much merit. So far as the magazine can be found, and its low price puts it within the reach of every body. A new volume will begin with the next number.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**THE STUDENT AND SCHOLAR.**—An abundance of good stories and pretty pictures please little folks, as we know they do, the June number of this delightful juvenile must prove a rich treat to its youthful readers. Some of our most popular writers for children have exerted themselves for their amusement in this number, and some spirited declamations and poems are provided for young patriots. Published by Gates James & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE** for May contains two capital stories, 'Mrs. Beauchamp's Vengeance,' and 'The Executioner,' a poem entitled 'The Origin of Species,' which gives as the humorous side of the latest theory of the savants; The other articles are—'The Ministry and the Budget,' 'Mottley's History of the Netherlands,' 'The Euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire,' 'Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Earl Stanhope.' The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—\$4 a year of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any one Review \$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 postage added to clubs. In the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage.

When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

**THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.**—Kingston's story of 'The Three Fishermen in China,' runs along in the June number with unabated interest; and 'The Fish Head Carver,' and the History of the Discovery of America. Other interesting reading is given, with a rich provision for the amusement of the little folks, in the shape of jokes, puzzles, &c. Published by Wm. L. Jones, 152 Sixth Avenue, New York, at 75 cents a year.

[For the Mail.]

**How shall we compromise?**  
We sometimes hear it said that the difficulties pending between the North and South, ought to be compromised without more expense of money, or sacrifice of blood. But what has the Government to compromise, in this matter? Certain rebel States have seceded one after another, seizing the federal property, arsenals and arms, and have put the laws of the nation at defiance; and now demand of the Federal Government either to let them alone, or be whipped.

We do not think the fear of the latter alternative should deter the Government from its duty.

The life census shows that the free States, which adhere to the Government, have a population of males, between eighteen and forty-five, of three millions seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand; and all the slave States have only one million, six hundred and fifty-five thousand; while the seceding States, excluding Virginia and Tennessee, have but five hundred and twenty-one thousand.

Add to this the fact, that the financial resources of the Southern Confederacy are already exhausted, their army unpaid, and worthless scrip, two dollars for one, is being issued, to carry on the war; while the contrary, the loyal States are tendering the Government more money than it wants.

Every man in the rebel States, who is able to carry weapons of war, is compelled to do so. They have no reserve left, and if Jeff. Davis should lose his present army he could not raise another; while the federal Government could raise half a million troops in three months.

No European power has yet acknowledged their banded Government. It has only a small army, no navy, its ports are all blockaded, a vessel cannot enter or go from its harbors, its agricultural resources cannot sustain its government a single season, its cotton is worthless, because it cannot be exported, neither can it be manufactured at home. They do not know how to do it. They have no manufacturing of firearms, and only one powder mill in their precincts, and in addition they have the elements of civil war and insurrection in their midst, which have to be guarded as carefully as a powder magazine.

They say Northern troops are 'all cowards,' a low-down, dirty tribe of scoundrels, the slime and scum of society, drafted from the sewers and prisons of Northern cities. We know they utter this. The world knows it, and is looking to us to see if we refute it. The world is looking anxiously on, as well as we.

manity, to see if we can sustain our boasted Government, and to see whether there is courage and muscle in the North, or whether the appointed Jeff. Davis shall divide our Government as he pleases, mark out his bounds at libitum, establish a military despotism in the precincts of the United States, and proclaim himself Napoleon Jeff. Davis the 1st.

The only compromise the Government can make with him is to hang him, and the compromise that should be made with the South is that the stars and stripes shall triumphantly float from every pinnacle and flagstaff in every valley and harbor from Maine to Florida, from South Carolina to California.

This is the compromise the people will accept and no other.

**THE CASE WELL STATED.**—A Virginia vicegerent of the Mount Vernon Association lately sent a circular to her associates in the Free States, inviting a peace convention of women to settle the national difficulties. The Rhode Island vicegerent sent back a reply which states the whole case handsomely, and says:

'The question which moves the heart of the North as the heart of one man, is that of government or no government, freedom or anarchy, loyalty to the flag of our country, or rebellion against it. There is no middle course. The democrat shoulders his musket in the ranks side by side with the Lincoln Republican, and their wives and daughters sew together on the same clothing for the soldiers, and offer themselves with equal readiness to serve as nurses in the hospitals; the millionaires and the Irish laborer fight together in the same company with equal enthusiasm and devotion to their common country. There is no interference towards the South; no desire to interfere with its rights. It is not a war of passion, but of principle; an unflinching determination to support not Mr. Lincoln or any other man, but the majesty of law, the authority of government. For this all are ready to shed the last drop of their blood, to spend the last penny of their fortunes. The fixed, resolute determination of the North, to which there is no dissenting voice, is to have a country, a government, at whatever cost it may be purchased. The time for peace conventions is past. The time for government to use the voice of authority has come. I have a brother and four nephews serving today as volunteers. They go as Patriots, not as Republicans, for but one of the five voted for Mr. Lincoln, but they are ready to give their lives, if need be, to save the most beneficent government which the world has ever seen, from falling before traitor hands. We have had one Peace Congress, and where is its President now?'

**MAJOR ANDERSON ON THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.**—The South Bend (Indiana) Register, edited by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, has an account of the bombardment of Sumter, as narrated by Major, now Colonel Anderson, from which we select the following interesting facts:

'The Major evidently does not credit the South Carolina story that no one was hurt on their side; but, with his usual caution, expressed no positive opinion on the subject, having no means of knowing what are the actual facts.

Although the batteries kept up the fire on the fort, at intervals, all night, to prevent the men from sleeping, they failed in their object. He ordered the men to bed, and they slept soundly while the sentinels alone kept duty. Although Anderson had been up the night before in the correspondence and conferences with Beauregard's side, he stayed up this night also, thinking that by a bare possibility some small boats from the relief squadron might work their way up to the fort. But they did not; and he was satisfied that relief was an impossibility. It was 'too late,' and he was rejoiced that the fleet did not endanger themselves by the attempt.

The reports that were telegraphed from Charleston to the North, that when his barracks were on fire relief was proffered him—that when his flag was shot down, another one was tendered—that, after the evacuation, he was the guest of Beauregard—are all equally untrue. When his fort was fired with the smoke of his burning quarters, the hostile batteries redoubled their fire on him. He says that though the Charleston Mercury is now denouncing him for having spoken in condemnation of this at the North, he has the satisfaction of remembering that he spoke of it with equal frankness to the Carolinians. At the evacuation, he said to one of the officers: 'If our cases had been reversed, and your quarters had been on fire, I should have stopped firing, and offered aid to extinguish the flames. War is a bad business at best, and we should strive to humanize it as much as possible.' The officer replied, 'We did just right.' Then, said Anderson, 'We need have no further conversation, sir.'

He said that all the time he was in Sumter he was in a genteel State Prison. Visits could only be made to him, even by his sick and anxious wife, by consent of the Carolina authorities—when they chose they would refuse to let him buy any potatoes—and a present of two cases of tobacco, from New York, to the soldiers, was kept in Charleston, after being examined, three weeks before they were allowed to taste what was such luxury to them, and of which they had been for so long time deprived.

Alluding to an 'impregnable fort' being on fire inside, which caused so much remark during the bombardment, he said he had always disapproved of wooden barracks being erected in such localities, and that for years he had been convinced that iron was the proper material.

We asked him what he thought of the famous floating battery, and his reply was that its guns were very effective, but that, from their not anchoring it in the river near the fort, but mooring it at Sullivan's Island, its builders seemed to lack confidence in its boasted impregnability.

The Administration, in view of Major Anderson's long confinement in Sumter, the terrible baptism of fire and smoke through which he had passed, and which has impaired his health, proffered him a furlough from active service for any length of time he might desire, to go to Europe or reinvigorate his health at home. But he declined accepting it. He said at such a time as this he felt it a duty to stand by his country in its hour of peril; and he goes this week to his native State of Kentucky to unfurl the flag of the Union and the Constitution, and to command her brave sons who will rally around it.

**GREAT FIRE.**—A great fire occurred at White River junction, Vt., on Tuesday last, by which property to the amount of \$50,000 was destroyed, including factory buildings, passenger and freight depot, car house, lumber, &c.

### The War of Redemption.

On the night of Thursday last, a forward movement of great importance was made by the federal troops at Washington. This was an advance into Virginia, the occupation of Alexandria, six miles distant from the Capital, and the seizure of Arlington heights. This was quietly and successfully accomplished during the night and following morning—the rebels retiring on the approach of our forces, with the exception of a few stragglers who were taken prisoners. In this first offensive movement the District forces were largely employed, with the New York Seventh and other Regiments, some Massachusetts, New Jersey and Michigan troops, a small body of Regulars, who crossed the Long Bridge, and the Fire Zouaves, who went by steamer. The only unhappy event connected with this movement was the killing of that popular and efficient officer, Col. Ellsworth of the Zouaves, which is thus detailed:

Proceeding up town, Colonel Ellsworth saw a secession flag waving over the Marshall House, kept by James Jackson, a well known secessionist. Instantly entering the house, with four or five of his men, Colonel Ellsworth proceeded to the house top, tore down the flag, and trampled it under foot. In descending the stairs the party were encountered by the keeper of the house, double-barrelled gun in hand. He raised the gun to shoot the foremost Zouave, who knuckled aside his aim, when Jackson instantly turned it upon Col. Ellsworth, and firing discharged the load of one barrel into the heart of that gallant officer, who fell dead upon the stairs. Jackson as quickly snatched the other barrel at a Zouave standing next to Colonel Ellsworth, when private Brownell, another of the Zouaves, accompanying Ellsworth to take down the flag, discharged the contents of his musket into Jackson's brain, bayoneting his body as he fell, pinning it to the steps.

The loyal citizens of Alexandria regard Colonel Ellsworth's death as murder. Jackson was begged Thursday night to make no resistance, but swore he would die in defense of his flag. He was a very impulsive man.

More troops have, since been moved into Virginia, the railroad bridges burned to prevent the advance of rebel troops, and fortifications on Arlington heights erected. Alexandria will not soon be attacked by the secessionists, who will have their hands full elsewhere. Many of the secessionists have left, but little business is doing there, but the negroes are represented as jubilant. The Zouaves finding a negro locked up in a slave pen picked the lock and set him free. He was adopted by the Michigan regiment as their cook. He likes cooking, but says he must have a musket if fighting is to be done.

Major General Sanford has circulated the following proclamation through Fairfax County:

'Fairfax county being occupied by troops under my command, I deem it proper to repeat publicly the assurances I have given to many of the good citizens about me, that all the inhabitants may return to or remain in their homes and usual pacific occupations in peace and confidence and with assured protection to their persons and property, as the United States forces in Virginia will be employed for no other purpose than that of suppressing unlawful combinations against the Constitution and Union, and causing the laws thereof to be duly respected and executed.'

Great activity is reported among the rebels at Richmond, where much alarm is felt. The movement on Alexandria is the constant theme of conversation and speculation. At Manassas Gap which is twenty-eight miles from Alexandria, are five thousand rebels who expect an attack from the Federal troops. No advance is contemplated, and they were throwing up fortifications.

Rumors of fighting at Harper's Ferry have passed over the wires several times, but the rebel forces at that point have not been disturbed. There is also a rebel force at Williamsport, which has occasioned some alarm to loyal citizens in Maryland and Pennsylvania; but Ohio troops have recently crossed into Virginia at Marietta, for the purpose of sustaining the Union men of the Western portion of the State, and perhaps ultimately assisting in dislodging the rebel forces at the above points.

We get no reliable news of anything having been done in the vicinity of Norfolk, though several reports of a battle at Sewall's Point have been published. The capture of Norfolk, strengthened and defended as it is, will be no easy job, but Butler will eventually succeed in the undertaking, no doubt, if properly supported.

There has been no movement yet on Cairo, which is being strengthened daily.

Lieut. Slemmer and command have arrived from Fort Pickens which has not yet been attacked.

All is quiet in Missouri, where the State troops with secession sympathies have been disbanded.

In Kentucky, the signs are hopeful, notwithstanding the hostility of the Governor.

In Baltimore, and other parts of Maryland, there are no doubt many ardent and dangerous secession sympathizers, who only wait for an opportunity to do mischief. They will only bring ruin on their own heads, eventually, if they move, for they are no doubt vigilantly watched. John Merriam, a wealthy Baltimorean, charged with burning railroad bridges, has been arrested. A writ of habeas corpus has been served on Gen. Cadwallader, but he declines to surrender the prisoner until he hears from Washington. Two regiments of Massachusetts troops, with Cook's Flying Battery, remain at the Relay House.

The Irish sentiment toward Great Britain finds expression in the Irish American thus:

'Let the Administration be explicit with the British representative in forbidding all undue interference in our domestic relations. They may be sure that they will be fully sustained by the people, so long as they uphold the national dignity. It is not too much to say that there are at least twenty thousand Irish Americans now in arms to defend the integrity of the Republic. Let British breathe but a menace against this land, and ten times that number will spring up to hurl defiance in

her teeth, and carry the war, if necessary, to her very doors.'

The following letter, the last ever penned by Col. Ellsworth, will be read with a melancholy interest:

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST ZOUAVES,  
CAMP LINCOLN, Washington, May 23.

**My Dear Father and Mother:**—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner.

Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever loved parents good bye. God bless, protect and care for you.

ELMER.

**EXCURSION.**—A goodly number of men, women and children made an excursion to Augusta yesterday, to see the soldiers and benefit the railroad. There is some hope that the soldiers may 'return the call' before they leave, especially if the 'united heart of the South' is as faint as reports indicate. What with the patriotism of the next generation be worth, if the Waterville soldiers find the fight chilled out of the South by these northern breezes, before they get a summons to go to the aid of their old friend Ben. Butler? The ladies report that the soldiers are in fine heart and looking exceedingly well. This leave-taking was not as moist as the others have been, following so closely; and the cheers were more hearty and less husky.

**TREASON.**—The machinery of two of our war steamers, repaired and fitted out at Charles Town Navy Yard, was purposely placed in such a condition as to fail at some critical moment of its working, and thus produce mischief and seriously impair their efficiency. Very fortunately a timely discovery of this nefarious scheme frustrated the traitorous design. One Michael Quinn, late Chief Engineer in the Navy, who has since resigned and joined the secessionists, is the author of this nefarious scheme. He is a Virginian, of course, for no body but one of the illustrious F. F. V.'s would be guilty of an act so meanly dishonest.

Long John Abbott, a Lieutenant in one of the companies of Fletcher Webster's Regiment, was drummed out of camp at Fort Warren, on Monday last for traitorous utterances. Abbott was formerly a democratic editor in Maine.

**PORTLAND AND NEW YORK STEAMERS.**—The steamer that leaves New York Wednesday and Portland Saturdays has discontinued her trips for the present, thus leaving but one steamer on the route. Due notice will be given when she resumes her trips.

**GOOD YANKEE GUSSING.**—Recently near Alexandria, according to the statement of a Washington letter writer, a picket guard of the Anderson Rifles heard a clattering of sabres in the bushes near them. They kept a sharp lookout, and soon two men appeared, and said to the men on duty, 'I guess you are our prisoners.' One of the guard cocked his rifle, and presenting it replied, 'I guess not, but reckon you are ours.' The two new comers were disarmed and taken into custody, and immediately lodged in the armory of the Rifles. Their names are Capt. M. D. Bail and Kirby, members of the Fairfax Cavalry. They were armed with regulation sabres and old fashioned rifled carbines, altered for percussion locks.

By the following from the Washington correspondence of the Philadelphia Press, it appears that the New York Seventh Regiment have placed themselves entirely at the disposal of Gen. Scott:

'The New York Seventh Regiment place themselves at the disposal of Gen. Scott in regard to their future movements. The time for which they were sworn in (thirty days) has expired, and as nearly every man in the ranks is in business in New York, many of them feel a desire to be relieved, if possible without inconvenience to the War Department; but the entire regiment of over fourteen hundred men place themselves entirely at the disposal of General Scott. They were reviewed yesterday by Adjutant General Thomas, and it was then informally intimated that General Scott would probably order the regiment to Long Island for the purpose of drilling recruits gathered into the central encampments there.

As recruits are drilled much more effectually by being placed in the ranks of a well drilled company, this arrangement would seem to commend itself, especially as the Seventh would still be under the orders of the general government, and would be held in readiness to march to any point at six hours notice. Under all circumstances however, they are entirely subject to their movements to orders from the War Department.'

The Washington correspondent of the New York Post says:

'A prominent military man, who is supposed to understand the plans of the War Department, remarked yesterday: "We have great fears at present of losing ground through the imprudence of a very important General." Indeed, who is he? "He is the instant demand." His name is General Impudence," was the reply. This remark gave a shrewd hint of the opinions of General Scott and the War Department.'

**GOOD FOR BEN.**—We hope the following is true, for we think it shows a great improvement in the mode of dealing with fugitive slaves and their claimants:

Three fugitive slaves, the property of Col. Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought in by our picket guard yesterday. They represented that they were about to be sent South and hence sought protection. Major Corry came with a flag of truce and claimed rendition under the Fugitive Slave law, but was informed by Gen. Butler that under the peculiar circumstances he considered the fugitives contraband of war, and had set them to work inside the Fortress, and

Col. Mallory was politely informed that as soon as he should visit the Fortress and take a solemn oath to obey the laws of the United States, his property would promptly be restored. Another party came in this morning with a flag of truce, but with no better success. On their return it is supposed they set fire to Hampton bridge, an immense volume of smoke being now visible in that direction.

The Southern papers boast extravagantly of the 'high toned' and 'gentlemanly' character of their troops. A scathing comment upon their boasting is contained in the following advertisement from the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist of May 19:

**'FOR DESERTERS.'**

Thirty dollars apiece will be paid for the apprehension and delivery, at the Augusta Arsenal, of the following deserters:

And then follows a list giving a minute description of no less than twenty 'brave and gallant' soldiers who had deserted their colors during the previous twenty-four hours!

**THE PINK AND THE PALM.**—A very handsomely printed and well filled paper comes to us from Boston, with the above title. It is principally devoted to the encouragement of Haytian emigration, as an important preliminary measure in a grand scheme for the redemption and elevation of the colored race. There is evidence of a great deal of talent in the editorial management, though respectable political conservatism will throw up its hands in holy horror at some of the measures and sentiments proposed and advocated. Wendell Phillips's eloquent Oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture is given in a supplement. The Pink and Palm is published by James Redpath, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**THE RAIN.**—A great quantity of rain fell at this place Monday and Tuesday, much to the advantage of pastures and hay crop, but somewhat to the inconvenience of those who would plant on wet land. But there's time enough yet, with careful watching and early rising, to plant as much as the barnyard will warrant—and those who plant more, will be sure to find the ground either too wet or too dry.

**ENGLAND'S POSITION.**—The proclamation of the Queen declares that England will maintain a strict neutrality in the contest between our Government and the Southern Rebels, and warns British subjects that they interfere at their own risk. The blockade is recognized; and whatever others may think, we do not believe that privateers, sailing under authority of J. F. Davis's Letters of marque, will be allowed to take their prize into English ports.

J. C. Fremont, now on his way home from Europe, has been appointed Brigadier General. Ex Governor Banks has been appointed Commissary General.

**VIRGINIA VOTE.**—All the counties from which returns have been published, including some occupied by secession troops, give Union majorities. All the northwestern counties are largely Union, and three of the eastern gave anti-secession majorities. All this was done, too, under a threat to expatriate all Union voters, and after thousands were actually driven from the State.

**OFFICERS OF THE 3d REGIMENT.**—At an election for officers of the 3d Regiment, on Tuesday afternoon, Oliver B. Howard, (professor at West Point) was chosen Colonel, Albert H. K. Lory, of Lewiston, Lieut. Colonel, and Henry G. Staples, of Augusta, Major.

**Latest from Virginia.**—A force of 2500 men from Fortress Monroe have taken their way up Hampton Roads, and entrenched themselves at New Point, about six miles from Hampton. This body commands the mouth of the James river, which is the water route to Richmond. At the same time, a large body of Ohio troops entered the western portion of the State and took possession of the Northwestern Virginia Railroad, and moved in the direction of Granton.

**SEWALL'S POINT BATTERY.**—Sewall's Point is just about three miles from Fortress Monroe, to the southwest, on the opposite side of Hampton Roads. It commands the entrance to Elizabeth River on which, right miles to the south, is the Gosport Navy Yard. The strategic importance of the place is thus sufficiently seen. The battery is said to be fortified with three short 32 pounders and two six inch rifled peaces. The earthworks are somewhat elevated and, therefore, not much exposed to injury from vessels low in the water. A partition of between one and two thousand men is behind the works. Lynnhaven, where Gen. Butler, according to report, is to land his forces, for co-operating with Com. Stringham, is five or six miles to the eastward of Sewall's Point.

The State Department have received no dispatches whatever from our Legation abroad and the assertion that Great Britain has refused to accept our recognition of the resolution of the Paris Congress respecting privateering, is a pure fiction.

The Pittsburg Gazette says: 'A party of seventeen fugitive slaves passed through this city a day or two since, on their way northward. They were well known to be fugitives and being satisfied that, under existing circumstances, no opposition would be offered to their passage, they did not attempt to conceal themselves, but passed along in open day. A very heavy business is now doing on the Underground railroad.'

**KANSAS.**—Judge Army has tendered the President three regiments from Kansas, to co-operate with the Iowa regiments, encamped at Keokuk, and the Illinois regiments at Quincy, to protect Union men in southwestern Missouri and secure a safe transit for stores over the St. Joseph and Hannibal Railroad to the West. Orders have been issued by the War Department to Captain Reno, at Fort Leavenworth, to supply the Kansas regiments with arms, equipments, and horse equipments for cavalry. This arrangement will furnish at once 10,000 men, who will remain in camp, ready to take possession of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad between these points.

Judge Army reports the crops in Kansas very flourishing. The State militia is being organized into eleven regiments, and they will be equipped as well as possible for home defense. A supply of suitable clothing for the Kansas militia has been granted by the President.







