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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The home of Mr. Clayton and his two children was a small, wood colored house standing back from the road, on an eminence that sloped down to the brook that murmured through the orchard and meadows.

It was a fine location, and with good management and taste it might have been a charming place; but an air of thrift and discomfort pervaded everything; and this was even more apparent in doors than out.

The room where the family were now at breakfast was a most cheerless aspect, in spite of the sunlight that streamed in at the high, narrow windows. The paper on the wall was dingy and soiled, so that it was almost impossible to tell what was its original color and pattern. The seat had fallen down in the broad fireplace, which was without a fireboard. The floor was littered and untidy. The buttery door was open, revealing a medley that beggars description. The table cloth was much soiled, and the table was set with several kinds of dishes, and spread with the plainest fare; fried pork, boiled potatoes with their jackets on, and bread and butter.

Mr. Clayton and Joe wore their working clothes, (blue skirts and overalls,) and Nellie's dress was soiled and torn, and her hair was uncombed and carelessly tucked behind her ears.

"Father," she said, as she poured the coffee, "you know Emily is coming today, and I hardly know what to do. I wish," she added, glancing around, "that we could live nicer; I wish we had a carpet and some better chairs. I remember how pleasant it seemed at Aunt Mary's when I was there. They had nice carpets and pictures, and a great many things we haven't got; and I dread Emily's coming so."

"Well, my daughter," said Mr. Clayton, "I wish I was able to have things different, but you must make the best of it. If you want any groceries, Joe can get them for you when he comes from the field."

"I wouldn't care if I were in your place, sir," said Joe. "For my part, I don't believe I shall like her at all. I suppose she is proud and disagreeable, because she has been off to school, and all that; but I don't mean to mind any thing about her."

"Don't judge your cousin before you see her," said Mr. Clayton, "you may like her after all."

Nellie Clayton had been her father's housekeeper about two years. She was a plump little creature of fifteen, and would have been pretty, if she had taken any pains with her person. But her wayward brown hair was generally twisted into a careless knot behind, and her dresses, which she made herself, were usually scant and ill fitting.

Indeed, poor Nellie was almost discouraged; and, when prayers were over, and her father and brother were gone, she sat down in the doorway and cried, wondering what she should do, what she should wear, wished she was rich, and finally got a dish of crumbs and began feeding the chickens that came around her; and so she idled away half the forenoon before she set herself to work to clear the table and prepare dinner, after which she put the house in as good order as she could, and went up stairs to make her toilet.

She brushed her hair plainly back as was her custom, saying to herself, "It's no use taking any pains; for she hasn't anything fit to wear."

The selected from her scanty wardrobe a lilac colored print, which she thought would be very pretty if it had fitted her. Her simple toilet was soon completed. Just as she was pinning a black velvet ribbon around her neck, she heard the stage horn, and, running to the window, she peeped through the window, while her cousin alighted and came slowly up the walk.

Her cousin was a slight, graceful girl, tastefully and appropriately dressed; and as Nellie noted the long, ample skirt of the brown traveling dress, the neatly gloved hands, and little brown veil thrown carelessly back over the plain straw bonnet, leaving the fair face with its band of dark hair uncovered, her trepidation did not decrease. But go down she must, and the sooner the better. So trying to persuade herself that she didn't care, she went to meet Emily, whose pleasant, easy greeting rather reassured her.

Though Joe had declared his indifference to the expected guest, yet at tea his appearance was much improved.

"I am going to the village, you know," he said half apologetically to Nellie, as he saw her glance at his linen coat and well brushed curls.

The evening passed quite pleasantly; for though the dim light of the tallow candle did not improve the cheerless aspect of the room, nor admit of Emily's busy herself with her needle work, yet she exerted herself to please the rest, and she was seemingly so unconscious of any superiority, that the restraint which Joe and Nellie had both felt at first soon wore off, and the table talk was as free and easy as if they had been old friends.

A week passed, during which time Emily had not been idle. She had helped Nellie about her house work and sewing, had read to her uncle, had played checkers with Joe, and had made herself a general favorite.

One pleasant afternoon, the two girls were seated in the shaded porch at the front door. Emily, with a book, and Nellie with a piece of needlework that she was doing under Emily's supervision. Nellie wore the lilac print, which Emily's skillful fingers had remodeled; and her hair, which Emily had arranged in full soft curls, fell over her neck.

Emily was reading aloud, stopping now and then to show Nellie about the foundation of a leaf or flower, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's a carriage at the gate, and Mr. Gray and Helen and Minnie Lee. I wonder what it means—they never come here."

Emily sprang to her feet, saying hastily, "They were my school friends at Rockland, and ran down the walk to meet them."

The visitors had accidentally heard that Emily was at Clayton Farm, and had rode over to invite her to spend a few days with them.

The party declined Nellie's timid invitation to walk in, and seated themselves in the porch. There was much laughing and talking, reminiscences of old times at Rockland, and discussion of events that had transpired since.

After spending a cheerful hour, the visitors took leave, having obtained Emily's promise to visit them the ensuing week. Nellie was included in the invitation, but, knowing it to be a mere matter of courtesy, she briefly declined.

After they had gone, she sat silent for some time, and Emily noticed that now and then a tear-drop fell on her work. At length, putting her arm around her, Emily said, "What is it, little cousin? Tell me all about it, perhaps I can help you."

Nellie laid her head on Emily's shoulder and sobbed that she was unhappy. "You know how we live here, cousin Emily. I have to work all the time, and father isn't able to get me books and a great many things that I want,

and that other girls have. Nobody comes here that I care about, and when you are gone, I shall be so lonesome. If I could only go away to school, I think, perhaps, I might, after awhile, teach as you do; but, as it is, I don't see any prospect of a change for the better."

Emily kissed her and smiled. "I am glad you want to improve, Nellie; but how is it that uncle is so poor? Don't he own this place?"

"Yes; but a part of the land isn't good for much, and father just keeps out of debt."

Emily thought a few minutes, and then said, "So you have no hope of better times; I have; but I think it depends, in a great measure, upon yourself."

Nellie looked surprised. Emily went on, "You have not enjoyed the training of a judicious mother as I have, and if you will allow me, I will give you the benefit of her teachings, as far as I can. If you will follow my advice, you may bring about a different state of things; but you must not despise the day of small beginnings, and you must learn to make the most and the best of everything. If we are not faithful with a little, how can we hope to be entrusted with more? Why, mother and I have only a few acres of land, and yet we live comfortably and pleasantly. Now if you will try, Nellie, I'll tell you how to manage everything."

"How?" said Nellie.

"Go to the district school, in winter, for two or three years, and learn all you can. Do your best. And if, at the end of three years, you are not able to go to Rockland, I will engage to pay your expenses till you are fitted for teaching, when you can repay me. I am quite independent, you know, as my salary is large."

Nellie's face brightened. "Oh! cousin Emily," she said, "you are so good; I will do anything you tell me, if you will only help me." Emily smiled.

"Listen then," she said. "First of all seek the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, and without which you need not expect to be prosperous in any undertaking. I usually retire early and rise at daybreak; if you will do so, you can easily secure at least an hour in the early morning for reading the Scriptures and prayer, besides having more time for other things than you now do. Do you remember the promises to Israel of old? You know how they were blessed when they were obedient. It seems so strange to me that people will live as if they believed there was no God now to control the affairs of men. But about yourself, Nellie, I want you to be neat, orderly, and industrious. Never be careless about your personal appearance at any time; wear a neat wrapper in the morning, with a linen collar or muslin ruffle; and always brush your hair nicely before you go down stairs. Little things go to make up the great sum of life. I will show you how to fit your dresses; and as to books and other things, you can make a quantity of butter, and raise poultry this summer, and dispose of them in the fall. You can also dry a great many apples, and so not only replenish your wardrobe, but also purchase some articles for the house, such as wall paper, curtains, etc.; and get uncle to subscribe for a good agricultural paper. I think every one who has even a garden should take one, and to a farmer it is indispensable. We take one, and it is a great help about managing our little place."

I have a shrewd suspicion that uncle might realize a great deal more from his land, if he understood the best way of managing it; and every lady ought to take a good ladies' magazine, not only for its literature, but its patterns and valuable instructions in various kinds of useful and ornamental work; I prefer 'Peter-son's' on that account.

"And, Nellie, I noticed a great many old clothes hanging in the woodhouses; I don't think they look well there, and I would take them up stairs; and as you have time during the summer, could cut them up into carpet rags, keeping the colors separate; and I will come in the fall and help you dye some bright colors; and you can get the carpet woven, and we will put it down on the sitting-room floor."

I will show you all I can about economizing time, strength, and means, while I am here; and then I shall be quite anxious to know how you progress, and will come and help you as soon as the term closes."

The remainder of Emily's visit passed quickly. Nellie seemed inspired with new life. She tried to follow Nellie's instructions to the letter, and though she sometimes found it rather irksome to apply herself, yet she persevered.

Mr. Clayton, glad to gratify his daughter, readily gave her permission to dispose of all the butter she could make, and to raise all the poultry she chose, and so the summer passed quickly and pleasantly; and when the autumn leaves were falling, Emily received a letter stating that the carpet rags were all out, the butter, eggs and poultry disposed of, and more apples dried than Nellie had dreamed possible.

"And now," wrote she, "I want you to come, dear Emily, as soon as possible, and help me select my purchases, and give me ever so much advice."

Emily soon responded to the call, and found Nellie impatiently awaiting her. The carpet rags were first dyed and sent away to be woven, so that the carpet might be ready when they wanted it; then some light, pretty wall paper was selected, which Joe put on; Emily arranged some full white muslin curtains, so as to make the windows appear larger inside, and looped them up with blue ribbon; then Joe's assistance was claimed to make a lounge frame, which they covered with some pretty chintz; and finally the new carpet was put down, making the room look so bright and cheerful that Nellie was in ecstasies.

Emily lighted the kerosene lamp, with a ground glass shade, and placed it on the mat of bright worsted, which she had brought to Nellie, saying, "Tallow candles are detestable, and I think a good light makes a room look so cheerful. One thing more," she said, "and then call uncle to see the result of our labors; and he produced a beautiful steel engraving in a gilt frame, which was soon hung in a favorable light, while Nellie ran to call her father."

As Mr. Clayton entered the light, pleasant room, the change seemed to him greater than really was; and he stood silent, while Nellie and Joe both uttered exclamations of delight and surprise. "I never should have thought and satisfaction. 'I never should have thought of it, if it hadn't been for Emily,'" said Nellie;

"and it was all done so easily, too. It doesn't seem like the same room; does it, father?"

"No, my child," he answered; then turning to Emily he continued, "My dear Emily, you have taught us all a lesson which will be invaluable to us through life. Emily had sent Mr. Clayton the agricultural paper during the summer, and he had already begun to profit by it so much that he determined to subscribe for it himself."

Under Emily's skillful supervision, everything was soon arranged for the winter.

Nellie's wardrobe was comfortably though plainly furnished, (and she had quite a little sum left.)

They had made slippers for Mr. Clayton and Joe from some pieces of broadcloth, sewing on the blue and orange from a pattern in Emily's magazine; and Joe, at her suggestion, had procured the soles and sewed them on.

The evening before Emily was to leave them, Nellie put on the dress of soft, bright merino, which they had just finished, and which was the most expensive article she had purchased. Her brown curls fell in graceful profusion about her face and neck, her cheeks were flushed, and her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"My darling little coz," said Emily, "do you know you are very pretty? I would not tell you so, if I did not think you had too much good sense to be vain."

And so, with new incentives to exertion, the winter was passing rapidly away at Clayton Farm.

One evening as Nellie was poring over her algebra, Joe said, "I believe-I must study harder, Nell; for you are really getting ahead of me, and you know I am going to be a scientific farmer. I can make this place a great deal more profitable than it has been. Next summer we'll have such a nice garden, with strawberries like those I saw at Mr. Lee's."

It was like as Joe had said. The march of improvement went steadily on.

There is something in theory, but more in practice and experience," she remarked to Joe, the next summer, as they were discussing their progress.

The next fall, when Nellie returned from a visit to Emily, she was agreeably surprised to find the house painted white, and the windows cut down to the floor, with green blinds.

Time passed. Nellie went to Rockland. But her plan of teaching was defeated, for on her return from school, Mr. Clayton would not consent to part with her again, until Joe brought home Minnie Lee, his fair young bride. Soon after, the eloquence of Fred Gray, now a rising young lawyer, persuaded Nellie to leave the old homestead and grace his city mansion.

VIRGINIA BOASTING.—In the sketch of the life of Caesar Rodney, given in the lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, it is stated that in the Federal Congress the Virginia members were accustomed to vaunt the resources of their own State, at the expense of the others, and to indulge in high-wrought eulogies and gratulations of themselves which sometimes nettled the representatives of other States, who styled this spirit of self-laudation among the Virginians "dominionism." But when the enemy actually approached their borders, the change in the style of their remarks was as obvious as it was mortifying. They introduced a demand for supplies of arms, troops, and assistance of every kind, declaring their State to be destitute in every particular. When their speaker sat down, a moment of surprised silence ensued. It was broken by the shrill voice and the tall figure of Rodney. In a style of sarcastic railery, he deplored the melancholy and prostrate condition of his neighbor, the extensive and hitherto powerful State of Virginia. "But," said he, raising his voice, "let her be of good cheer; she has a friend in need; Delaware will take her under its protection, and insure her safety!"

Very little has Virginia improved since that day. The description is still "to the life!"

WORSE THAN WAR.—There are worse things than war. Deterioration and moral cowardice are worse than death; and when it becomes necessary to die for great truths and principles, how sweet and how beautiful is the sacrifice! Let no one imagine that this is our day of deepest darkness. Twenty millions of people rising as one man, thrilled by one pulse, swept by one spirit of self-sacrifice, holding right and justice to be dearer than life, and that life for these may be and shall be offered up, will appear in history as the brightest open of the century. Civilized and free governments are not to fall here, but to come forth more glorious and secure from trial. This is the clear pointing of the finger of God, and for this He strikes the awful hour and summons men to their duty. Meanwhile we hope that from all the altars of religion will be breathed the holiest selectest influence into the cause of constitutional liberty as the cause of God.

REVOLUTIONARY DEFECTIONS.—A writer in the New York Tribune thus recalls some incidents of the Revolutionary struggle suggested by recent events:

"This wide spread infidelity to the government is no new incident in American history. If a modern serpent approached the heroic Scott with infamous proposals, so Duche, whose sublime prayer as Chaplain to the Continental Congress melted the hearts of his audience as often as he bent to repeat it, fell away from his loyalty, and enjoys the sole infamy of having sought to corrupt Washington. While this wretch was praying to Almighty God for the success of the Revolution, his heart was black with treason. The Whigs of Virginia were so alarmed at the idea of Independence that they sent Carter Braxton to turn the vote of that colony against it. If any question on that subject should come up before Congress, though John Adams urged the adoption of the Declaration with impetuous eloquence, yet it was carried with great reluctance, and doubt and hesitation prevailed even in Congress. Jefferson wrote that 'even after the commencement of hostilities, the possibility of separation from England was contemplated with affliction by all.'

John Adams went even further than this, declaring that there was not a moment during the Revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration of the state of things before the contest began; provided we could have had sufficient security for its continuance." Gallows and Allen of Pennsylvania abandoned the Whig cause. So, also, did the Shinners of New Jersey, the

Bayards, De Lanceys, and De Peysters of New York, most of them commanding companies or regiments. William Stark, the brother of the hero of Bennington, left it, and took up arms for the British. Washington's friend, Mackenzie, did the same. Zolby, a delegate in Congress from Georgia, turned traitor outright. Gen. Reed, made timid by Washington's disasters in New Jersey, had his timidity removed only by the victory at Trenton.

Nathan Hale was recognized by one of his own relations while on his perilous mission, and by him was betrayed to a death upon the gallows. Washington's life was several times attempted, and cabals, instigated and shared in by officers of high rank, were formed to disgrace him. The sympathies of even such a man as Alexander Hamilton were at first in favor of the Royal side, as he himself admits in his reply to Wilkins. The kinemen of Van Wart, who captured Andre, were Tories. Every State had its regiment of traitors; just as many have them now.—Arnold, who commanded one, was no worse than Beauregard or Pryor. He sought to give up a single fort. Archibald Hamilton of New York at one time commanded seventeen companies of Tories.

When Charleston was threatened by the British her citizens refused in a body to aid in her defense, and when captured they stocked with disgraceful sycophancy to the enemy's standard, eager to abandon principle for safety."

SUCCESSFUL FISH BREEDING.—We are glad to learn that Mr. Treat's fish experiment is a success. The traditional time for the return of fish to the spawning place is three years, but these little broods of Mr. Treat's failed to find their way back last year, and so much doubt over the experiment that nobody except their grandfather ever expected to see 'fin or scale' of the wanderers. Mr. Treat's faith, however, continued strong, and at the proper time he took his stand on the Plaster Mills bridge, and was amply rewarded for his patience by witnessing the advent of the advance guard on Friday last week.

About thirty were put into Beaver Lake in June, 1857, and in September of the same year, the young fry, small and numerous, some four inches long and numbering indefinitely from twenty to a hundred and fifty thousand, went to sea over the overboard wheel that drives the Plaster Mills. The full grown fish have now, after braving the perils of the deep and swimming four long years among the big fish where custom it is to eat little ones, come back to their native place, and for the last week have been pushing up stream with great vigor, and inquiring the way to Beaver Lake.

At the time of stocking Beaver Lake, Mr. Treat also put some twelve hundred into Shattuck's Lake and cleared out the stream so as to allow them free egress. The number of young in this lake was altogether too great for count, and the exact measurement in acres of the lively little school we are unable to give.—Any way there was enough of them and the only question was, whether after finding their crooked way down the outlet of the river they would not be so thoroughly disgusted with the narrow accommodations as to seek some more comfortable locality to deposit their spawn, when the time of their own maturity should come.

But it seems that a four years' wandering has not afforded them any more desirable place of deposit, and last week they came rushing back in crowds, and for some days have been following Mr. Treat, who stands by with a stick to show them the way up the little rivulet. It has always been supposed that ponds and streams could be cultivated in this way, but it has never been demonstrated, and Mr. Treat has added a new fact to our piscatorial knowledge.—[Calaix (Me) Advertiser.]

A RICHMOND EDITOR'S RAVINGS ABOUT THE "YANKEES."—"To be conquered in an open and manly fight by a nation of gentlemen, and subjected to their way, might not drive us raving distracted with rage and shame; but the Yankees—the most contemptible of God's creation—the vile wretches, whose daily sustenance consists in refuse of all other people—for they eat nothing that anybody else will buy—for them to lord it over us—the English language must be enlarged, new words must be invented to express the extent and depth of our feelings of mortification and shame. No, it is not possible for us to be reduced to a state which there are no words to describe."

Instead of this, we must bring these enfeebled slaves back to their true condition. They have long, very properly, looked upon themselves as our social inferiors—as our serfs—their mean, sordid occupation have ground this conviction into them. But of a sudden, they have come to imagine that their numerical strength gives them power—and they have burst the bonds of servitude, and are running riot with more than the brutal passions of a liberated wild beast. Their spring has all the characteristics of a ferocious servile insurrection. Their first aim is demolition—the destruction of everything which has the appearance of superior virtue, which excites their envy and hate, and which, by contrast, exposes the shameful deformity of their own lives.

They have suggested to us the invasion of their territory and the robbery of their banks and jewelry stores. We may profit by the suggestion, so far as the suggestion goes—for that will enable us to restore them to their normal condition of vassalage, and teach them that cap-in-hand is the proper attitude of the servant before his master. A cock for a sailor, a goose for a soldier—a Yankee for a gentleman—images incongruous and unnatural.

WHAT WILL A GLASS OF WATER HOLD.—It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water, any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow, and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophical truth that in dissolving a body does not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water at a moderate heat, with three ounces of sugar, and when it will no longer receive, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar, and after that for an ounce and a drachm of tartar, and a drachm of green vitriol, nearly six drachms of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, and two drachms and a scruple of alum, and a drachm and a half of borax; when all of these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Oh, don't you remember" the corn, Bell Blair, That waved in the autumn breeze, Like the peaceful flow of a mother's prayer, Or the swell of the singing seas? And how, when the harvest time came on, We hid in its golden sheaves. To wait for the coming of gentle John From under the low barn eaves? I am not ashamed that I loved John Dean. For his heart was pure and true, Though the flowers he culled in the spring-time green Were always given to you. And you crushed them under your feet, Bell Blair, As he lovingly turned away! But I gathered them up to my heart, and there They are all a bloom to-day.

Ah, well I remember the reas, born With his beautiful love for thee— How he freed their stems of the faintest thorn, And the briars were given to me. They are all I shall ever ask, Bell Blair, For I know my briar will bloom To a fragrant flower for my soul to wear. For I smell its heart perfume. Sometimes, when the shadowy mist uncurls From the path my soul will tread, And the rose unfolds 'mid the eddying whirls Of the snow around my head, And now, when the harvest time comes on In heaven I shall gladly wait, And watch for the coming of angel John, At the beautiful golden gate. [Home Journal.]

HEALTHFUL OBSERVATIONS.—1. To eat when you do not feel like it is brutal, nay, this is a slander on the lower animals; they do not so abuse themselves.

2. Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a watcher or a nurse until you feel almost exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient towards yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.

3. Do not sleep in any garment worn during the day.

4. Most grown people are unable to sleep soundly and refreshingly over seven hours in summer, and eight in winter; the attempt to force more sleep on the system by a nap in the daytime, or a "second nap" in the morning, renders the whole of the sleep disturbed and imperfect.

5. Some of the most painful stomach aches are occasioned by indigestion; this generates wind, and hence distension. It is often promptly remedied by kneading the abdomen with the ball of the hand, skin to skin, from one side to another, from the lower edge of the ribs downwards, because the accumulated air is forced on and outwards along the alimentary canal.

6. When you return to your house from a long walk or other exhaustive exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink.

7. In going into a colder atmosphere, keep the mouth closed, and walk with a rapidly sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness.

8. Two pairs of thin stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness than both.

9. The "night sweats" of disease come on towards daylight; their deadly clamminess and coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single, loose, long woolen shirt.

10. The man or woman who drinks a cup of strong tea or coffee, or other stimulant, in order to aid in the better performance of any work or duty, public or private, is a fool, because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got; it is using power in advance, and this can never be done, even once with impunity.

11. The less a man drinks of anything in hot weather the better, for the more we drink, the more we want to drink, until even icy water palls and becomes a metallic taste; hence the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night.

12. Drinking largely at meals, even of cold water or simple teas, is a mere habit, and is always hurtful. No one should drink at any one meal more than a quart of a pint of any liquid, even of cold water, for it always retards, impairs, and interferes with a healthful digestion.

13. If you sleep at all in the daytime, it will interfere with the soundness of your sleep at night much less if the nap be taken in the forenoon.

14. A short nap in the daytime may be necessary to some. Let it not exceed ten minutes; to this end sleep with the forehead resting on a chair-back or edge of the table.

15. Never swallow an atom of food while in a passion, or if under any great mental excitement, whether of a depressing or elevating character; brutes won't do it.

[Country Gentleman.]

FISH BREEDING.—The experiment of Messrs. U. S. Treat & Son, of Robinson, for the breeding of salmon, shad, alewives and other fish, will be remembered. Those gentlemen, having control of ponds connected with the sea, in 1857 placed fish ready to spawn in them, and when the young fish were sufficiently grown, allowed them to go to sea, with the belief that when matured they would return to the same place for propagation. In a letter to the editor of the Eastport Sentinel, Mr. Treat says the fish have this spring returned in great numbers. The importance of this fact to the people of this State is impossible to estimate. The theory that fish will invariably seek the water in which they were bred seems now to be fully established, and a rich mine of wealth awaits but the enterprise to work it.

REMEDY FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated by a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal that a cure for in-growing nails is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says:

"The patient on whom I tried this was a young lady who had been unable to put on a shoe for several months, and decidedly the worst case I had ever seen. The disease had been of long standing. The edge of the nail was deeply undermined; the granulations formed a high ridge, partly covered with skin, and pus constantly oozing from the root of the nail; the whole toe was swollen, and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this: I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, dropping two or three drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was almost magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tested this plan repeatedly

since, with the same satisfactory results. The operation causes little or no pain, if the tallow is properly heated."

DIXIE.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta says that it is a common error that "I wish I was in Dixie" is a Southern song, and offers the following explanation:

"Now I do not wish to spoil a pretty illusion, but the real truth is that Dixie is an indigenous Northern negro refrain, as common to the writer as the lamp posts in New York city seventy or seventy-five years ago. It was one of the every day allusions of boys at that time in all of their outdoor sports. And no one ever heard of Dixie's land being other than Manhattan Island until recently, when it has been erroneously supposed to refer to the South from its connection with pathetic negro allegory.

When slavery existed in New York, one 'Dixie' owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island and a large number of slaves. The increase of the slaves and the increase of the abolition sentiment caused an emigration of the slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections, and the negroes who were thus sent off (many being born there) naturally looked back to their old homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, as they could not imagine any place like Dixie's. Hence it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combining ease, comfort, and material happiness of every description. In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with 'Dixie.' It originated in New York, and assumed the proportions of a song there. In its travels it has been enlarged, and has 'gathered moss.' It has picked up a 'home' here and there. A 'chorus' has been added to it, and from an indistinct 'chant' of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact that it is not a Southern song 'cannot be rubbed out.' The fallacy is so popular to the contrary that I have thus been at pains to state the real origin of it."

THE BATTERIES AND THE TRAITORS.—It is matter for regret of the bitterest sort that the enemies of the country came to so easily supplied with the best rifled cannon, and the amplest supply of war material anywhere accumulated in the public stores. The loss of the Norfolk navy yard was possibly merely a calamity, but probably a crime, and we hope that the last of that catalogue of criminal surrenders of public property has now passed. As a consequence of this Norfolk loss we shall have to encounter a hundred murderous masked batteries in Virginia, when we should not otherwise have found one. With ample time to prepare themselves, and countless guns to put in position, the bloodthirsty rebels have undoubtedly done well in the matter of planting batteries. They lined the Potomac, and are posted at every point of access to the interior. A couple of hundred men to man a battery so placed may do great harm to an advancing column before the guns can be silenced, and we see at this Bethel affair the practical consequences.

[Phil. U. S. Gazette.]

SORREL AND OTHER WEEDS.—Many of our papers are giving directions for killing sorrel. It seems to be a 'lion in the way' with some farmers, and we have heard the assertion that it cannot be killed short of pulling up by hand and being laid on a dry rock.

But where the soil is free of rocks there is no danger of its prevailing to any extent. A good plow, well held, will bury it deep enough to prevent its appearance through the summer, provided that some valuable plant is encouraged to take its place. Every decent soil will bear something in the course of the summer, and when the farmer neglects to improve his land he must expect to find it green with some kind of vegetation.

A good growth of clover will bury all the sorrel and smother it for the whole season. A growth of buckwheat will smother all other vegetation, and come near killing all foul weeds. And buckwheat will grow in very poor soils.—[Corr. Co. Gent.]

THE VIRGINIA REIGN OF TERROR.—A letter from an old citizen of Washington county, Va., in the south western portion of the State, says:

"The intolerance of our revolutionary leaders equals that of the French Revolution. The violent few, rule the order loving many."

I am a slaveholder, and identified with the South by both interest and affection. My children are Southerners 'to the manner born.' Yet, if I had voted against the Ordinance of Secession, I should today be an exile, or a corpse. The vote throughout the State is worse than a mockery, it is an outrage. But I am getting too bold. I write to thank you for the Enquirer that you were so kind as to have sent me. What an antagonism between many of the speeches of members of the Convention, and their subsequent acts."

COUSININGS.—Camp meeting John Allen, narrates the following good story in the Farmington Chronicle:

"Yesterday being from home attending a funeral, a person in the form of a man, calling his name Leonard, on his journey to Canton, came some five miles out of his way to put up with me, assigning as a reason, that he had heard me preach in Dexter some 18 years since, and that subsequently we had put up together at his cousin Hobbs in Fairfield, and furthermore that I had taken him into my carriage and carried him a number of miles gratis—from the above considerations he wished entertainment for himself and horse. My wife permitted him to put his horse into the stable, but said he could not be accommodated with lodging. When I returned home he made inquiry after A. M. Beedy of this place saying he was acquainted with Elder Eli a

The Eastern Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 20, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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."

Sheep and Wool.

The farmers of Maine have a growing interest in sheep, as farm stock. They have all the advantages for making them profitable that are possessed in Vermont and New Hampshire. Other interests have interfered, or the number of sheep in the State would be double what it is. Thousands of acres of the land over which the lumberman has left his withering footsteps, spread here and there in every section of the State, and worth hardly enough to warrant the payment of taxes, ought today to be giving sustenance to a million of sheep. It has been the great error of our farmers, and one that they are now just beginning to see, that they have not made the sheep an instrument in bringing into usefulness these waste lands. Millions would thus have been added to the capital, and hundred of thousands to the agricultural population of the State.

To remedy this error in the little measure now available, they must come to a better appreciation of the sheep, by learning how to secure from them the profit that others have so long controlled. The wealth of Vermont could never have come from any other source. Neat stock and the dairy have been brought to greatly increased profit by their agency, in increasing the fruitfulness of the fields, and converting barren hill-sides into fruitful pastures; while within themselves directly, they have brought to their owners a greater annual profit than any other farm stock. To be made to do this, they have not merely to be well fed, but their entire management, embracing every step to their conversion into cash, must be controlled by the best and broadest experience. Crossing must be conducted upon the best known principles; feeding must be managed with the closest economy; shearing and securing the fleece, upon which much depends, must be done in the most judicious manner; and in the disposal of lambs, mutton and wool, a wise policy must be adopted to secure the best market prices. In all these respects the management of the flocks of Maine is evidently behind that of Vermont and other sections of the country where wool growing is a more controlling interest. The weight of fleece and average prices of sheep and wool are evidences of this. It is no uncommon thing that the best wool growers select from their flocks a dozen bearing ewes that average ten pounds to the fleece. And the wool from such flocks brings prices much above the average in this section. Brown's Monthly Wool Circular gives the following prices of wool, under date of June 1:—Choice selected Saxony fleeces, 45 to 47c; Saxony fleeces, 43 to 45c; full blood merino fleeces, 40 to 42c; half and three quarter blood fleeces, 34 to 36c; common fleeces, 31 to 33c; Canada fleeces, 28 to 30c. These quotations refer to the best flocks, and are considerably above any sales likely to be made in this vicinity at present. It is only by the most complete system of managing the entire business that the farmers of Maine can hope to receive ultimately the net profits known to be attainable from this branch of business.

We call attention at this time to one of the most important points to be regarded—the preparation of the clip for market. Ammi Willard, an extensive and leading wool agent of Boston, has this Spring presented this matter in its length and breadth through the agricultural papers. His directions are—

First, before washing, tag your sheep and sell the tags to peddlers, or get them worked for family use. Second, wash immediately after a rain; if not convenient to do this, take your flock to the water and dip each sheep in till you go through the lot, then commence washing on the first dip, and wash till the water runs clear. Third, after washing, drive to a clean grass pasture, and, if dry weather, then commence shearing in four days, and never let them run over six or eight days at most; if rainy so as to delay, get your sheep under cover, and keep them in a close place for a few hours, and they will soon dry from animal heat. Fourth, shear in a good clean place, and keep all dirt and filth away from the wool; do up the fleeces sheared side out, use the small twine, neglect the large wholly, do not roll them, too tight, and pass pass the twine round each fleece from two to four times, being sure to trim all loose ends of the twine from every fleece, as these on the wool make it appear very bad. Fifth, pack your fleeces in a clean, light place, and put all unwashed and heavy buck's fleeces by themselves; then the buyer can see all your wool at once, without handling but little, and be prepared to make you an offer. Keep your wool out of all hogheads and boxes, for in them it always shows bad.

Mr. Willard says that buyers are determined to effect a reform of the abuses heretofore practiced in this matter, and that none but discriminating buyers will be employed, with instructions to make an example of all who neglect to put up their wool in good order.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The recent Congressional election in Maryland shows a large Union majority. Winter Davis was defeated, it is true, but his successful competitor professes to be a good Union man, and the secessionists were defeated in every district.

BACK AGAIN.—George B. Moore, Esq., who for several years has wasted his time and talents in "sitting at the receipt of customs" for Uncle Sam, is once more installed in the chair editorial of the Belfast Journal. Heartily rejoicing at Brother Moore's release from

his painful drudgery at the desk's dead wood, we cordially welcome him back to a more congenial employment, and congratulate the readers of the Journal upon their good fortune.

From Our Boys.

CAMP MORRILL, MERRIDIAN HILL,
Washington, D. C., June 11.

Editors Mail:—It may not be unacceptable to your readers to learn through the medium of your sheet, of the welfare of their friends, in and about Washington. The journey was not marked by any incident of note, although we look upon a fine collation on Boston Common, gotten up in the best Bay State style, and the gift of a splendid banner by the "sons of Maine," resident in New York, as pleasant diversions. And now we are ready for a night trip across the Jerseys, reaching Philadelphia at one o'clock. Although the hour was so early, the people were astir, and an abundant supply of hot coffee "free for volunteers" was ready for the weary men. We are off at eight in the morning, and soon leave behind the trim cottages of New England and the Middle States, and see instead the planter's home, surrounded by its cluster of negro shanties, telling that we have left "free soil," and must now be prepared for action. Before the cars reached Baltimore, the order to "load" passed through the train, and when the cars drew up at the depot, the companies filed out, each man with bayonet fixed and a ball and buck cartridge quickly sleeping at the bottom of those long, bright tubes that look so innocuous at dress parade, but for the most part, "The sullen march was dumb" if we omit the affectionate solicitude manifested by some in regard to the condition of our arms. They seemed perfectly satisfied on learning that the guns were all loaded and capped. At the corner of one street, a pistol was raised by a rowdy, to fire on the flag, but he was prevented by the police. It was evidently an act of kindness to him on the part of the policeman, for eyes were on him that in such case would not look in vain. At the centre of the city, the regiment was hailed by three rousing cheers from the mechanics, who had collected to express their preferences. After reaching the southern depot, a different spirit seemed to prevail, and some hearty cheers for "the Union," arose from the dense throng that crowded around to see the embarkation. We found every bridge and point from here, guarded, though the precaution seemed hardly necessary, as the people showed almost as much enthusiasm as New England can boast of; but security and progress seem to be the motto of those in power. Washington is entirely surrounded by troops, which are being sent away as fast as others come to supply their places. The forces are all being concentrated around Harper's Ferry and the neighboring points. The three regiments from Maine are at present camped on a hill at the west of the city of Washington, which is in full view. The men are in good health and spirits, and anxious to march a little further South. We hope to be heard from next at the seat of war.

VOICE OF THE BRITISH PRESS.—The *Manchester Republican*, a paper thoroughly devoted to the cotton spinning interests, expresses the following noble and generous sentiments—sentiments which will no doubt be so loudly re-echoed by the English people as to compel a more friendly policy by the English government:

A rough but sure instinct has already told this country to which side its sympathy is due. The very arguments addressed to it by the secessionists were sufficient to show their true character, and to put them in the wrong. "England," they said, "cannot do without our cotton, and therefore cannot afford to be against us. An embargo on our ports means, for her, a rebellion in Lancashire." The mere use of such an argument is sufficient to show how utterly the American slave owners misunderstand the feelings of those whom it most concerns. It is one of the class which betray the motives actuating those who use them, by exhibiting their notion of the inducements likely to operate upon others. It supposed that Englishmen were simply hypocritical, in their protestations against slavery, and would throw their objections to the winds in order to secure their own material prosperity. It has already received its answer. This country proved the sincerity of its aversion to the horrible system by the price it paid for the emancipation of the slaves in its own colonies. But it has never been slow to recognize the difficulties which have opposed a similar step in the United States. So long as slavery was there regarded in the light thrown upon it by the first founders of the Union, as a great but inseparable evil, so long its existence was treated by Englishmen as an occasion rather for pity than reproach. It was not till they saw it openly defended as a blessing, justified by texts of scripture, supported by ministers of the Gospel, that they began to revolt against the people who could maintain such outrageous doctrines.

We are glad to think that political liberty, as well as moral justice, and the right of defense against unprovoked aggression, is on the side of the North in this great quarrel. The South is fighting, it may be said, under the pirate's flag. If the usual penalty is not inflicted on prisoners taken from the ranks, it will be because humanity, after all, revolts from such Draconian justice, and not because the sentence would be undeserved.

This country must, therefore, rejoice in the unanimity with which the North has arisen to put down these abominations, to put them down not merely for the moment, but for once and forever.

The North, slow, perhaps, like Englishmen, to move, but when moved, acting with the resolution and energy which have seldom failed to secure success in the end, has risen as one man to meet the conflict forced upon it. We like to read that the colors we ourselves know so well, the red, white and blue, which have been seen in various forms in the van of every battle fought for freedom in modern times, are now conspicuous on every breast throughout the Northern States.

Parson Brownlow, in the *Knoxville Whig* of the 1st inst., thus disposes of certain rumors:

"One report is, that we have determined not to publish after the June election, and another, that we are going to remove to the North. We are going to stay in Knoxville and nowhere

else, and when we remove from the dwelling we own and occupy it will be to the cemetery in this vicinity. And as to the paper, we shall edit it and publish it until our office is destroyed, or our windpipe is cut!"

BRITISH OPINION.—The *North British Review*, regarding secession as a fixed fact, and feeling sure that our country, now divided, can never unite, indulges in some speculation upon the future destiny of the two sections, the concluding portions of which, in each case, we copy below. And first of the South:—

We shrink from the attempt to dogmatize upon the more remote future of the Confederate Republic, complicated as it is with the destinies of 4,000,000 Africans; for we cannot see any attribute of the righteous Ruler of the universe which can be exercised in favor of an empire founded upon a repudiation of the very essence of Divine law, and the adoption of the barbarous and demoralizing institution of slavery as its central and controlling influence. We do not deny it the prospect of an inflated prosperity under its new commercial code, after its separate existence has been fairly recognized, but we anticipate that such prosperity will be of short duration. We have too much confidence in the justice of the Divine government, to believe in the stability and growth of an empire under such malignant auspices and conditions. The Confederate States may carry their nomadic civilization to Panama if they will, and Africanize new territories if they can—finding the land as 'the garden of Eden,' and leaving it 'a desolate wilderness'—but we believe that 'the Lone Star of their Empire,' which they boast 'is attracting their political need to the tropics,' will prove the falsest light that ever lured a nation to disaster—the surest guide to anarchy, confusion and decay.

And now of the North, in a more hopeful strain:—

There surely cannot be a permanent retrogression and decay in a nation planted in the noblest principles of right and liberty, and combining, in marvellously adjusted proportions, the vigorous and energetic elements of the world's master races, in the midst of which the tone is given and the march is led by that one of them which has never faltered in its onward course, and which is possessed of such tenacity and versatility, that it is every where successful. The present calamity and confusion probably form the crucible fires, in which the Union is to be purified, mellowed, hitherto, and tried, in order that she may take her destined place in the van of the world's progress in Christianity and civilization, fulfilling in the restless march of her dominant Anglo-Saxon race across the American continent one grand part of the Divine scheme for the spread of that Gospel, which shall survive all changes, overthrow all evils, and achieve its mightiest triumphs in the later days of our world's history.

O SHAPE!—Excuses are useless—there is no apology for the abuses the "Associated Press" are palming off upon the public, in their daily reports of news from the seat of war. We admit that "men ought to have what they are willing to pay for," and that "three red cents" are a fair price for soul and body—with some men—and yet these presses are rendering themselves contemptible, and wounding the honest truth in the house of its friends, by the absurd degree to which they carry their impositions. Apologies don't avail. Common sense knows better, and those who participate in the pilfering game will learn better if they live long enough. If the press is ever to have a name for veracity, a reform should begin at once. It is becoming a by-word of falsehood; and all because an association of men have bought it up with money, and are selling it out to the Father of Lies for the root of all evil. Today a lie, that everybody buys and doubts—tomorrow a contradiction, that sells for three cents more, without being any more reliable—and the next day a resort to first principles carries us back, to go over the same ground again—and all because the immaculate "Associated Press" control the wires, and are willing to pull them at three cents a jerk. How long this state of things will continue is only known to those who can foresee how long the market price of lies will be three cents a dozen. We are tired of it, already, and shall be glad when the time comes that itching ears will refuse to be scratched at any such price.

"Rebels confident of taking Washington!" stares us in big letters, and we buy a paper to learn that a woman who came through some Southern nigger-hole saw only a very few rebel soldiers; but heard them talk of taking the national capital! And the "Associated Press" sell this rare piece of nonsense to twenty millions of persons, who shake in their shoes till the next paper tells them the woman was mistaken! "Desperate Fight"—2500 rebels behind a masked battery!—and we buy and read, to find that there were "5 killed and 6 wounded!" Alas, what a desperate fight, when four thousand men leave five bodies upon the ground to verify the terrible conflict! How like Falstaff's "men in buckram" they must have fought!—unless the Associated Press out-herald the lying old rascal who reported them. What an age of the marvellous, when the right hand swears to what the left hand knows to be false!

But we of the weekly press—the tame, plodding weekly press—the sober, honest weekly press, need not repine. We may well hope to outwind the penny-grabbling liars, when they throw out their gammon in such rump. Plain, honest men will learn in time to keep their hands out of their pockets, and wait for a "common report" to tell them the news of the day—while we tell them the news of the week.

Mr. Everett W. Patterson, one of our correspondents, whose name appears in our hymeneal record this week, is Ordinary Sergeant in Company I, of West Roxbury, Mass., which will leave for the seat of war next week. We trust he will continue to let his old friends hear from him occasionally through the columns of the *Eastern Mail*. His sons are more for Waterville College.

DEATH OF COUNT CAUVOUR.—The last foreign arrival brings news of the death of this eminent Italian statesman, on the 6th inst. The event made a profound sensation, and the Paris correspondent of the *London Herald* ex-

presses that Italian independence will be buried in Cavour's grave, and the peninsula become a mere dependency of France;—but that opinion may have its birth in British jealousy of Louis Napoleon.

JEFF. DAVIS'S NAVY.—Southern privateers which were to sweep northern commerce from the ocean, are not realizing the anticipations of either friends or foes. The Savannah, commanded by T. Harrison-Baker, has just been taken off Charleston, by the U. S. Brig Perry, and sent to New York, and the others are shut up closely in port by the blockading squadron. The present attitude of England, too, is anything but encouraging to the secessionists—the last news being that the British Government will not permit privateers or armed vessels to take prizes into British ports.

PRESENTATION OF SWORDS.—We learn since the departure of the Waterville companies with the Third Regiment at Washington received, just before their departure from home, handsome swords from the hands of friends: A sword was presented by Joshua Nye, Esq., to Capt. Hesselstine; one by the members of the Ticonic Engine Company, through their Foreman, Joshua Bartlett, Esq., to Lieut. Day; one by Solyman Heath, Esq., to his son, Capt. W. S. Heath; and one by Dr. Noyes to Lieut. F. E. Heath.

UNION MEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A gentleman recently returned from South Carolina communicates some statements to the *New York Evening Post*, from which we copy the following, as differing very materially from the general impression:

"In the South Carolina Convention these Union men came nearer defeating the secession ordinance than is generally known—the vote standing for more than five hours at 30 against 31 for. At last, by proper manipulation, the majority was slightly increased, and then voted to be declared unanimous."

Of matters in Missouri the *St. Louis correspondent* of the *New York Times* writes as follows. It is hoped that the vigorous measures of Gen. Lyon will put a stop to the outrages of Gov. Jackson and his minions:

Gov. Jackson is resolved to fight to the bitter end, and leave no stone unturned to accomplish his one sole object of handing Missouri over to Jeff. Davis as another battlefield, on which the chivalric sons of the cotton States can fight without danger of melting away under the burning rays of their tropical sun. Rendered desperate by his situation, Gov. Jackson is now resorting to the most desperate means to effect his purpose. His tools are enforcing the Military bill in all parts of the State, where they feel strong enough to elude resistance, and Union men are left to the only alternative of enlisting under the infamous provisions of that bill—swearing supreme allegiance to the State of Missouri and implicit obedience to the orders of the Governor—or leaving the State at once, with what little of their property they may be able to take along in the hurry of the moment.

Accounts from the southeastern part of Missouri picture scenes of deepest distress. The secession party has grown so insolent there that hundreds of peaceable citizens are compelled to leave. Jackson's tools spy into every family, and each individual who is able to bear arms, they compel to enlist under the Military Bill. If any refuse they are ordered to leave the State, and not to show their faces again, on penalty of death. Happy are they who are allowed to leave unmolested in this way, for these traitors use less ceremony with men who avow Union sentiments than they would with horse thieves. Instances have occurred where men have been tied to trees and flogged, or cruelly ducked into streams, till they were nearly suffocated; who had committed no other crime than to refuse to swear an oath which would make them traitors to their Government. Those who enlist are formed into companies and regularly drilled. Arms are furnished them from Jefferson City, the headquarters of this infamous conspiracy to rush Missouri into ruin, and from over the Arkansas border.

BALTIMORE AT THE LATE ELECTION.—The *New York Times* correspondent gives the following as the generally understood reason of the quiet at the late election in Baltimore:

"The peace and quiet of the election in Baltimore is said to be due to the energy of Gen. Banks. Previous to the election he addressed a note to the Mayor, stating that he had detailed a force to sustain the civil authorities in maintaining public order, and that he had instructed them to be vigilant and prompt, and to make his orders effective, he had given each man forty rounds of ball cartridge." The Mayor and Marshal Kane appeared to be so daunted that they refused to demand that last remark.

FIRE IN BANGOR.—Property to the amount of \$40,000, was destroyed by fire in Bangor, on Friday night last. The fire commenced in the large shingle storehouse of A. M. Roberts & Son, on Washington street, at the head of their dock. A large amount of lumber on the adjacent wharves was destroyed, and two small dwelling houses opposite. It was no doubt of incendiary origin.

Three or four buildings were burned at Camden, on Friday last, including Alden's Oakum and Block Factory, and a machine shop.

STEAMER LOST.—The British steamship Canadian, bound from Quebec for Liverpool, struck a field of sunken ice eight miles south of Belle Isle, on the 4th inst., and sunk in about half an hour. There were about 200 persons on board, of whom 20 or 30 were lost, including 6 cabin passengers.

NATIONAL GREATNESS THROUGH NATION.—AL SUPERIOR. Alton has the following philosophical reflections which seem to be applicable to the condition of our country at the present time:

"It is in periods of apparent disaster during the suffering of the whole generation, that the greatest improvements on human character have been effected, and a foundation laid for those changes which ultimately prove most beneficial to the species. The wars of the Republic, the Norman Conquest, the Contest of the Roses, the Great Rebellion, are apparently the most disastrous periods of our annals; those in which civil discord was most furious, and the public suffering most universal. Yet these are precisely the periods in which its peculiar temper was given to the

English character, and the greatest addition made to the causes of English prosperity; in which courage arose out of the extremity of misfortune, national union out of foreign oppression, public emancipation out of aristocratic dispersion. General freedom out of regal ambition. The national character which we now possess, the public benefits we now enjoy, the freedom by which we have been distinguished, the energy by which we are sustained, are in a great measure owing to the renovating storms, which have, in former ages, passed over our country."

The War of Redemption.

The event of the week has been the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the rebels, the advance of federal troops from various points making it a military necessity. Before leaving, they burned the remaining government buildings and destroyed the great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The bridge was a thousand feet long and had six spans. The body trestling on which the road is supported from the bridge to the end, is about a half mile long, and is nearly all destroyed, as well as the upper bridge, which is one hundred and twenty feet in length over the government canal. The telegraph station and other railroad works were destroyed. The loss to the government in buildings must be four or five hundred thousand dollars, while the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have suffered scarcely less. The people of the neighborhood say that the company incurred the serious hostility of the rebel troops by the supposed want of concert it had shown with them, and by the loyalty of its employees. This corporation was at first supposed to sympathize with the rebels; but the influences of the company have been thrown in favor of the Union lately. The stock and bondholders of that work, and the city of Baltimore, which lent its liberal assistance, have at length realized how the apples of disunion turn to ashes on the lips.

A portion of the force stationed at Harper's Ferry went Southward to join Beauregard and Lee at Manassas junction, and another portion, it is thought, have marched to join Wise near Romney, who is to oppose the advance of Gen. McClellan's column from the West.

Col. Wallace, with a portion of the Indiana Zouaves, advanced from Cumberland on the 12th, and surprised 500 rebel troops at Romney, routing them, after a sharp conflict, capturing some prisoners, killing two, wounding one, and taking all their first class camp equipage, provisions, medical stores and arms.

A large rebel force is now concentrated at Manassas Junction, and last week the city of Washington was much excited by rumors of a threatened attack from that direction, but without good cause.

On the afternoon of the 17th a federal force of about 700 men left Alexandria by railroad, for Vienna. Dropping men along the road at various points for its defence, they arrived at Vienna, with three companies, where at a curve in the road they were fired at from a washed battery, killing 4 and wounding ten or a dozen. Finding the enemy to number about 1500 our forces slowly retired about four miles, not being pursued by the enemy. About five thousand Federal troops are now in that vicinity with Rawson's battery.

Davis and Beauregard are both said to be at Manassas, with a force of about 23,000. Our force is daily being enlarged on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

At Fortress Monroe affairs remain about as they were. Gen. Butler has called for 15,000 more troops, and there will no doubt be warm work in that vicinity soon.

Satisfactory experimental ascensions have been made with Prof. Lowe's army balloon at Washington.

The rebel battery at Aquia creek has recently been strengthened by the addition of more heavy guns, and a New Jersey schooner, bound for Alexandria, was seized by the rebels at Mathias's Point, on the Potomac, on Saturday and burned.

Late accounts from Harper's Ferry say that the obstructions on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have been removed and the road reopened; also that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal will be opened in twenty days, and the Harper's Ferry bridge speedily rebuilt.

The Wheeling Convention is proceeding quietly and steadily in freeing that portion of the State from secession domination.

Missouri is in a ferment, the end of which will be the violent squelching of the secessionists. About a week ago, that arch rebel, Gov. Jackson, coolly demanded of General Lyon that the Federal forces in Missouri should be disbanded and withdrawn, kindly promising if that was done, the State militia should be disbanded. On receiving a refusal to his modest request, Gov. Jackson started for Jefferson City, from whence he issued a reasonable proclamation, denouncing the Government, and calling upon the citizens to rally to the defense of the State from Federal usurpation. This elicited a spirited counter proclamation from Gen. Lyon. On the 13th the Governor left Jefferson City, taking all the locomotives and cars, and burning the bridge three miles west of the city. On the 15th a Federal force, under Gen. Lyon, took possession of Jefferson City and were well received by the citizens. This movement of the Governor is probably made with the understanding that he is to be assisted from Arkansas and Northern Texas; but Illinois and Iowa troops are moving in to block that game.

We have a report that a fight between the opposing forces has taken place at Boonesville, in which the State forces were routed with a loss of 150 killed and 600 prisoners. Gen. Price being among the mortally wounded. The loss on our side is said to be 17. Of this report has since been confirmed.

An advance on Fairfax Court House is reported, with some brisk skirmishing, and the rebel force is said to be retreating to Manassas Junction. The rebels have been seen near Fairfax, and are reported to be retreating to Manassas Junction. The rebels have been seen near Fairfax, and are reported to be retreating to Manassas Junction.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.—How times change!—for it must be time, and not Madame Bishop; for only last year she drew an immense audience to the great Boston Music Hall, to listen to the sweetest and most popular ballad singer in the world. Nobody but Jenny Lind would contend with her, and she not in the rendering of rich old English songs. In these she is without a rival—so the world has decided beyond doubt. But this war turns the world upside down, and brings Madame Bishop to sing "The Flag of our Union" to the patriotic people of Waterville. In her day, Jenny Lind could not have been more welcome; and now nobody in the world could be more welcome than Madame Bishop. The brilliant position she has so long occupied in the musical world renders this opportunity to hear her one of great attraction. She sings this evening at Appleton Hall. See her advertisement in another column.

GREAT BETHEL.—The disastrous affair at Great Bethel is regarded as a sore point by our folks, and the blame is laid now at one door and then at another. In some quarters there seems to be a determination to impute Gen. Pierce, while others are sure that Butler is measurably responsible. Pierce asks for a suspension of public opinion until he can be heard, and that is surely not an unreasonable request. The unfortunate encounter, in the beginning of the affair, mistaking friends for foes and treating them to a greeting of cold lead, was not the only blunder. After a commencement so inauspicious, demoralizing our forces and warning the enemy of their approach, to attack Great Bethel at all was a blunder, and to order a retreat just as that attack was proving a successful one, was another. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, who was in the fight, says:

"From this time on the cry of the men is, 'Give us men from the regular army, if he be only a Lieut. to lead us—a man whose business it is to fight—and we will follow him rather than any civilian officer. Had poor Greble who was murdered—and every man who died was murdered—led us, we would have taken the place doubtless with the loss of scarce a life."

A sergeant major who is here, an Italian, who has studied seven years in the military schools of Italy, has held a major's commission under Garibaldi, fought with him both in Europe and South America, and now carries four scars of wounds received in battle, makes the following criticisms. "It was a blunder to take out raw recruits at night. It was a blunder to start in the night with a force three times as large as that of the enemy. It was a blunder to start off without a train of siege pieces, when a fine park was in the fort. It was a blunder to start off when the General did not know the character of the position he was to attack. It was a blunder to start without ambulances, &c., for the wounded. Everything of that kind we were compelled to plunder from the inhabitants."

One Southern account of the fight states the loss on the secession side at 17.

Do always say you're right.—Long before the press had the aid of the telegraph in making blunders, Byron defined "Glory" to be—"A bullet in the brain and your name misspelled in the Gazette." In these days of hurry and excitement the evil is wonderfully increased, and a name has to travel but a little way to be beyond the recognition of its owner. The telegraph told us, a few days since, that "James" Pollard of the Third Maine Regiment had been accidentally shot. Private report direct from Washington changed that name to *Asa*; but just before going to press last week, hearing that there was a letter in town from a member of Capt. Hesselstine's company, to which the wounded man belonged, we thought we would "make assurance doubly sure" by further enquiry. Much to our surprise, that document made the name *Oris*. "I am really glad to see you taking pains to get at the truth," said our informant; "for newspapers generally lie so, now-a-days, that you can't find out much by them." "There is no mistake this time?" we queried. "Oh, no; saw the letter myself; of course, a member of the same company would have it right." So we printed it *Oris* Pollard, only to find, since that the person injured was neither James, nor Asa, nor Oris, but *Harry* Pollard. We are glad to be able to state that after all this bashing of his name, the wounded man is doing well.

We will also state that another member of Capt. Hesselstine's company—Mr. C. H. Buswell—accidentally put a pistol ball through his hand one day last week. He has returned to his home in Waterville, and we have seen him with his arm in a sling, otherwise we should hardly dare to speak so confidently.

MAINE RECRUITS.—The fourth regiment left Rockland, on Monday last, for the seat of war. One of "our boys" goes with it—Eugene Waters, youngest son of Mr. Gardner Waters of this village. The fifth and sixth regiments will also leave soon, two more regiments having been called for from this State. Mr. Richard C. Shannon, of Saco, a member of the Junior Class in Waterville College, is in the fifth regiment.

Will our neighbors of the Kennebec Journal be good enough to tell us of the actual condition of the Fish-way at the Dam? We have been informed that fish could not possibly pass through it if they were ever so well disposed. "A good and sufficient fish-way" is what is "nominated in the bond." If that has been provided, and the fish alone are faulty, no more need be said or done. But if the contrary is true, the Journal is neither wise nor honest to cold friend Crosby so harshly for the shortcomings of those nearer home.

P. S.—Later advice, by Maine Farmer of this week, informs us that the fish-way is a wreck—knocked to pieces by the freshet—but assurances are held out, which we hope are well founded, that another attempt to construct a fish-way will be made some time this season.

Two more letters from "Our Boys" at Burlington, reported by Austria, it is said, will be appointed Minister to China.

