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THE TWO SCOTCH ROSES.

The scene should have been immortalized by an artist's brush, rather than thus feebly pen-pictured for my readers.

The situation of Scottish-Inverness, as every one knows, is peculiarly picturesque and striking—lying in the midst of a beautiful plain, with the Moray Firth on one side, with a background of variously shaped hills—some richly wooded, and others romantically bleak and bare. Here a rich view of an open, lowland country, and there a glimpse of the wildest Alpine scenery, and beyond them both charming maritime landscapes, challenging the admiration of every gazer whose eye and heart were not alike insensible to the glorious beauty of nature. Yet it was some distance from the town itself, away beyond the seven arched bridge of stone that spans the Ness, out into the open country, in the nicely-kept garden of a neat little cottage, you would have found my heroines on that pleasant July afternoon.

That Rona and Grizelle Dalstone were far above the common class of Scottish peasantry one instantly divined after a single glance at their refined and beautiful faces—an impression still further deepened by their becoming, even elegant costume—Highland essentially, yet with many little adornments, only obtained at London from Parisian artists. So fair and graceful were these young girls, that throughout the whole county they were known as Gardiner Jock's Roses, the Snowie and the Brae. And well did they deserve the name. Grizelle was a slender, delicate creature, with long golden curls falling from the snood of azure ribbon bound around her head; with eyes as blue and tranquil as the waves of the Moray when the midsummer sky smiles down upon it, and complexion as fair and pearly as the petals of the white rose whose name had been given her; while Rona, with her brilliant black eyes, carnation cheeks, and short, glossy, ebony curls, tossing and flying in wilful beauty around her face—Rona, eager, impetuous, vivid with life and beauty—was a fitting type of the crimson-hearted queen of flowers.

It was not so wonderful that Gardiner Jock carried his head high amid the townsfolk, more proud of the fair human blossoms in his cottage home than of the magnificent clusters of bloom in Lord Glenmarlock's conservatory, of which he was the sole and arbitrary master.

Faithful service, induced scarcely more by the sturdy honesty of his nature than by his enthusiastic love for his work amid the plants, had been well rewarded by his noble master—not so much by the generous payment, as by unusual kindness and consideration. Indeed, the old gardener and his family had become more like beloved proteges at the castle than servants of peasant origin.

Lady Glenmarlock, who had daughters herself long since married and flitted away, took much pleasure in the visits of the pretty girls of the gardener, and as they grew older kept them with her for longer and longer intervals; and it was owing to her kindness that their natural beauty had been so appropriately adorned with the refined manners and cultivated minds of the higher classes.

She had insisted upon defraying the expenses of their education, and selected herself the seminary to which they were entrusted, notwithstanding honest Jock ventured to remonstrate saying, grumblingly:

“My laddie is unco’ kindly, but wha wants the lesesome lassies to be skeigh hizzies that wad nee ken their ain daddie?”

Lady Glenmarlock only smiled at the privileged old servant, and sent the girls to the seminary in their own coach. And so it happened, Rona and Grizelle Dalstone, the Brae Rose and the Snowie Rose of Inverness, were fitted by beauty and education to grace the proudest drawing room in Scotland or England.

But all this time we have left them in the garden, just united after their first parting, which had been occasioned by Lady Glenmarlock's taking Grizelle—who was rather the favorite—on a three months' visit to Edinburgh.

Rona, dear, said the elder sister, who was bending a rosy plume, and making no attempt to glance at the other, who leaned lightly against the bench behind her, “do you know I fancy some change has come over you since I have been away? I cannot explain it, but I feel it keenly. You were not half so pleased with the fine brooch I brought you from Edinburgh as you would have been three months back. You are absent minded—forgive me if I say almost fretful—in your manner, and—She paused a moment, and then added hastily, as if fearing her courage would fail before the words were uttered—“And, Rona, darling, you seemed not half so pleased to see me home again as I anticipated.”

As she ceased, a quick gust of tears suffused Grizelle's clear blue eyes.

Rona's face crimsoned, and then grew pale, but she made no reply.

Rona, Rona, repeated Grizelle, vehemently, “is it possible you have changed so entirely as this? Have you indeed ceased to love your sister? I must even believe with aunt Grizy that a glamour hath fallen upon you.”

At the mention of her aunt's name Rona's eyes flashed, and the color came surging into her cheek with a fiery tinge of anger, which passing away immediately left a ripple of mischief lurking around her pretty mouth and a sparkle of mirth in her eye.

“Have you finished?” asked Rona, gaily, drawing softly through her white fingers a shining rebel ringlet. “Foolish sister of mine, methinks you have learned overmuch of Edinburgh scepticism to doubt thus early your Rona's affection. Pshaw! may I not have my moods like the rest of the world?” and then casting off her light, careless manner, she bent down and kissed the fair, smooth forehead, while she said, passionately—“Grizelle, accuse me of what you will, but never doubt the depths of Rona's love.”

Rona, with her quick intuition, perceived her companion remained far from satisfied, and began a gay conversation, relating, in an arch, witty way, the various little incidents that had transpired during her absence, until Grizelle's laugh echoed as merrily as her own.

“And now,” continued Rona, with a scrutinizing glance at the other's downcast eyes, “have you nothing to tell me of the fine sights of Edinburgh? Rumors have come to us of an English captain, whose admiration for the Snowie Rose of Inverness was so intense, one may not wonder if we see him here anon—even at our homely cottage.”

Grizelle's clear cheek glowed a moment, and her gentle lips, despite their own exertions to the contrary, dimpled away into a happy smile.

“Oh, Rona,” she said, still with shy, downcast glances, “I have been longing so much to tell you, but you seemed so strange and cold. I dared not speak of it. Should I not be thankful? he is so noble and yet so good. Think of his belonging to a grand old English family, and yet coming here to ask my father for his daughter. Sometimes it frightens me to think of his seeing me here where I belong—so though it would change every thing for

him to see how humble and plain we are; or as if I myself was another creature, away from my lady's beautiful rooms. But I have no right to think this,” she added, raising her head proudly. “He could not have dealt more honorably with me had I been the noblest lady in the land. He went directly to Lord Glenmarlock and asked his sanction to his addresses; and though he said naught, I know his lordship tried to discourage him, thinking it was scarcely proper. But Captain Edward stopped him. ‘Ah yes!’ said he, ‘I know from Grizelle that her father is a poor gardener, my lord; and, in fact, so was yours and mine, Glenmarlock, if we only go far enough back for it. Adam, the gardener, doubtless laughs at our pride of pedigree. She is none the less the rose I desire for all that.’ Was it not a grand answer, my sister?”

Rona had listened with a restless flickering of the eye, and when Grizelle paused for her words of sisterly sympathy, she said in a hard, cold voice, that chilled the warmth of the words,

“Grand, indeed; and you are a fortunate girl. I congratulate you on so worthy a lover. Few there are, in truth—much as they may prize their love—who are willing to sacrifice rank and worldly honors for our sakes. The more fools we for loving; but I suppose it is a woman's fate,” she added, with a dry, bitter laugh.

Lost in her own happy thoughts, Grizelle heeded not the reckless mood that had crossed her sister.

At this moment a stout figure emerged from the cottage door. With her broad florid face, keen blue eyes and deliberate movements, she was a good specimen of the Scottish peasant woman.

She came down the path slowly, her short blue skirt and scarlet plaid muffler showing out as vividly from the shrubbery as her shrill voice rang out as sharply on the quiet air—“Bairns, bairns,” said she, using broad Scotch, for aunt Grizy held the more refined English of her nieces' conversation in utter contempt, “an ye stay bleithrin' awn' a' the day in clishmaclaver wha's to clout the biggin' sin, Jean's awn' i' the field? Ye're nae cannie lassies to leave an auld callen, like mysell mind a' the work, while ye're crackin'.”

Dad Jock will be along, and naught light and lift for his comin' home. Deil me care ye think. Dousie was the day my laddie filled ye wi' gentle notions. Nae, Rona, ye nae need to glunsh and glow. I ken, nae, ye're braun' an' bonnie, but ye're daddie's but a servan' for a' that.”

There was a malicious glance flung toward Rona with this little speech, which she replied to by a scornful gesture and a look of fiery impatience; but Grizelle rose up instantly, saying, meekly—

“You are right, dear aunt Grizy. We ought not to leave you all the work. You may well be vexed with us, but Rona and I have been parted so long, we found enough to talk about to make us forget time and work both. We will come in now and make amends for lost time.”

Aunt Grizy's wrath always evaporated with her ire, so she replied, good-humoredly—

“Nae, nae, lassie, yer auld duty will nae cross ye, so ye spake lesesome and dainty; but Rona ayont there, wi' her haughty ways, has made me cranky and crabbed o' late; and something down the ruffle over her sandy locks, Aunt Grizy, completely mollified, turned again to the cottage.

Grizelle looked up into her sister's sullen, gloomy face, and said, sorrowfully—

“What ails you, Rona? You look so strange and fierce. What has come between you and Aunt Grizy since I was at home? You were wont to be the kindest friends.”

“She angers and crosses me whenever she can,” was Rona's peevish reply. “Why does she always taunt me about my father's being a servant?”

“And yet it is true,” replied Grizelle, gently, “and the truth should never anger us?”

“I know it is true; so also is the rest she says about my lady's kindness being a curse instead of a blessing. If we had not been educated to require better things, we might have been happy in our own station; now—

“And what now? O, Rona, Rona, surely you have not learned to despise our home, our kind old father, and honest Aunt Grizy—she who has cared for us with all a mother's anxiety, ever since we were orphan weans. Alack, this is change indeed!”

“It is very well for you to talk,” said Rona, impatiently; “you have just told me of the rich lover who will take you away to the very society for which we are both fitted by education, but for me it is another thing—” and pausing abruptly, she dropped her face into her hands, and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

The perplexed sister strove to calm her agitation, entreating her to explain to her sisterly sympathy whatever sorrow had thus overwhelmed her. Rona shook her head sadly, wiped her drenched face, and turning resolutely towards the cottage, only said—

“Come, we have forgotten Aunt Grizy again. Let us help her prepare for father's return from the castle.”

They went in silently, and exchanged no further conversation until the quiet meal was over, and the house, to use Aunt Grizy's expression, “ha' been tidied up,” while Gardener Jock and his worthy sister with her knitting in the but an' ben (or country kitchen and parlor united in one) were established for their accustomed demure consultation over the day's events.

Then the sisters, taking their plaids, strolled out into the moor behind the garden.

The gold and purple curtains of the west had been drawn around the couch of the retiring monarch of day, and the starry pall of night loomed silently between the firth and the river, and the roofs and spires of the town veiled themselves with a cloud of misty darkness, till presently the round full moon came sailing up gloriously from behind the hills.

These young girls stood in silence, with arms affectionately interlocked, and eyes alike fixed upon the scenes spread out before them. There is a nameless but potent and irresistible influence, emanating from the full moon that rises up so resplendent, so magnificent, and yet so utterly silent, sailing fearlessly amid the far away, unknown waves of ether. Light, trivial and false words will die off from the lip while the eye is following that majestic course. The invisible and ethereal seem to reach out to us a palpable and living hand, to lift us away

from earthly cares and doubts up to the calm plains of celestial truth.

So as they followed the bright orb wheeling through the sky, both Rona and Grizelle grew grave and thoughtful, and stood leaning against each other in breathless silence. Yet the expression on their faces was strangely different.

Grizelle's blue eyes wore a shining look of blissful content, and a warm smile of happy gratitude took from the pensive face every shade of sadness. She was thinking of the gallant, noble lover, who, caring not for kith or kin, for poverty or noble birth, held the closer to his generous heart the Scottish rose who had won his love. He too, perchance, gazed even then upon the smiling queen of night, and the benediction her heart was breathing glorified her face with its fervor.

But the lustrous, dark eye beside her turned to the silvery disc with a wistful, imploring look, as of piteous appeal for compassion, in answer to some stern rebuke. The proud lip quivered and writhed beneath the sad task of repressing the moan and sob that ever and anon sent a strong shiver through the slender form.

Even Grizelle noticed it at length, and withdrawing her dazzled gaze, said, tenderly, while she folded her arm more closely around her sister—

“What is it, dear? you are trembling sadly.”

“The air is a little chill,” replied Rona; turning her face away.

“Rona,” persisted the other, “why do you conceal so much from me? My father tells me you, too, have found a lover.”

Rona started. “A lover—my father—what mean you, Grizelle?”

“Nay, there is no cause for alarm,” answered Grizelle, playfully, “it seemed no secret. Even Aunt Grizy alluded with pride to Laird Dumberlie's visits, and explained at length to me how the honor of such a suitor had turned your head and made you crabbit and crankous.”

Her careless laugh seemed to jar painfully upon some sensitive chord. Rona flung off her arm, wheeled around fiercely, and said, with panting, quivering breath—

“Grizelle Dalstone, do not you jest with me, or I shall indeed grow mad. Laird Dumberlie! I tell you I despise, abhor—utterly loathe him. I will have naught to do with him, and my father knows it; and she stamped her little foot violently into the turf.

Her sister was silent a moment with astonishment, and then said, slowly, “You surprise me, Rona. From what was said to me, I supposed it all settled.”

“Aye,” returned Rona, bitterly, “so my father would have it. His will is strong, but he will find mine as stubborn.”

“And yet,” pursued the perplexed Grizelle, “you liked the laird once—methought you even sought to attract his attentions.”

A hot blush of shame went over her face, but the girl swept away the jutting curls from her eyes, and looking upward, answered—

“We thought yonder star glorious in radiance, until the queen of night wheeled her effulgent car before us, and now we know how small and feeble is its ray.”

“You speak in riddles. Why do you not confide in me?” said Grizelle, reproachfully.

“Hark!” interrupted Rona, closing her hands almost harshly upon the other's arm.

A shrill, clear note, like the cry of some hovering bird, rang out above the low rustle of the trees, the ripple of the waves, and the myriad whirrings of homeward-bound bumblebees and insects. Again it sounded louder and higher.

“Grizelle,” cried Rona, hurriedly, wait here a moment. I will soon return, and without waiting for an answer, she darted hastily away.

In perplexed astonishment, Grizelle remained watching anxiously the dim outline of the shrubbery into which she had vanished.

An hour—two hours—three hours wore away, and still chill, and damp, and frightened Grizelle waited at the stile, not daring to return to the house alone, lest her sister's absence should occasion unpleasant remark—She had noticed, some little time, a glow against the sky, in the direction of the town. It kindled swiftly, and its light outshone the moon, and went eddying upward in red columns of sparks and smoke. From the distance came to her wild shouts of hurrying multitudes, and the clang and clash of the bells. She heard her father's voice at the cottage door, and his echoing footsteps passing down the road, but spoke not, nor answered the sharp call of aunt Grizy.

“Bairns, bairns, where are ye asteen?”

She only remained nervously watching for her sister's reappearance. She came at last, and was dashed hastily by her when Grizelle's voice arrested her.

“Ah, I had forgotten. Have you waited all this time? I meant not to go so far,” she said, apologetically. “Come, let us go in—you must be chilly.”

But when they reached the house, Rona took the candle at once and sought her chamber. Grizelle followed in a moment, and as she entered, saw her sister thrusting something between the mattress and the bedstead. Rona looked startled and confused, went up to the candle, took it up, set it down again, and then turning around, began shaking out her hair for the night.

Then it was Grizelle saw a long black crook upon the fair white hand, and looking up inquiringly into Rona's face, she saw it crimson with a painful and guilty blush. More and more pained, the gentle-hearted Grizelle knelt down alone to her devotions.

“Where is your snood, Rona?” asked she, after she had laid herself upon the couch, while her sister still flitted restlessly around the room. “How comes it you wore it not to-day?”

“My head ached, and I left it off,” replied Rona, with another burning blush. “Don't talk so much—it aches now,” she added pettishly.

Grizelle turned to her pillow, and ere long was wrapped in slumber, leaving her sister busily repairing a rent in her checked skirt. But the moment Rona was conscious of freedom from espionage, the work fell from her hands, and her face sank into them, with a look of heart rending grief on those youthful, lovely features, as starting as it was painful.

Grizelle was the first to rise in the morning. Her sister still slept heavily, and as she bent over to kiss her softly, Grizelle noticed the dark rings around her eyes, betraying last night's excessive weeping.

“Poor Rona, why will you hide your grief from me?” murmured she.

The words seemed to reach the sleeper's ear. She stirred uneasily, flung an arm upward, and exclaimed in a quick, sharp voice—

“Do you know the horrible punishment for setting fire to such a building? Heaven help me, it is found out!”

Grizelle started as if a sword had pierced her heart, and hurried down into the kitchen, where her father and aunt Grizy were eagerly discussing the fire.

“Did ye ken, Grizelle, the skirrin' ye'reen was one o' Laird Dumberlie's biggins, and that poor boddie, Jean Maclean, wa' burned to death?”

“Horrible!” exclaimed Grizelle. “And how did it happen?”

“They ken wha did it,” answered her father, “but the laird e'en keeps it whist.”

They were still discussing the fire when Rona came down from the chamber. At the first allusion to the poor wretch who had perished in the flames she turned around and asked anxiously—

“What did you say? Surely there were no lives lost at the fire?”

“Aye, but there waer. Puir Jean Maclean had gane to bed and wa' killed wi' the smoke, and nae bit o' her boddie but is black as a coal now.”

Rona grew white even to her very lip, and clung a moment to the oaken settle to steady herself from falling. No one but Grizelle heeded her agitation, and she, without understanding its cause, kindly strove to shield her excitement from observation. As soon as possible after her pretence at breakfasting, Rona hurried up stairs again.

While they were yet discussing the casualty, two men made their appearance at the cottage door. Gardener Jock looked somewhat surprised, but said heartily to the foremost—

“Come along—come along, baillie; wha's the news aboon?”

Baillie Bourne, the town sheriff, nodded gravely in reply, and shuffling first on one foot and then on another, answered, in embarrassment—

“Aweel, aweel, gudeman Jock; these be dousie times—many strange things gang asteen. I wad like to see yer lassie Rona—she that be ca'd the Brae Rose of Inverness.”

“Ca' the lass, Grizy,” said the gardener, with another look of surprise but not the slightest appearance of apprehension.

Grizelle started up, pale as ashes, and then, faint and trembling, sank back into her seat, while her arm cailed at the foot of the stairs for Rona. She came down at once, grave and pale, but calm and s-date, and bowing courteously in answer to the baillie's respectful salutation, waited to hear what was required of her.

It was even more painful a task for poor Baillie Bourne than he had anticipated. He grew red and hot, and then white and cold. He looked wistfully into her beautiful face, and then hastily darted his glance out of the window as far off as possible. He stammered, hesitated, and finally went off into so rapid an utterance that his words were scarcely intelligible, but at length the astounded family comprehended his meaning. He had come with the proper warrant to arrest Rona Dalstone for arson and murder, upon the accusation of Laird Dumberlie.

Grizelle flew to her sister's side with a low cry of anguish and consternation. Aunt Grizy held up both hands in horror, while Gardener Jock, shaking his gray head fiercely, exclaimed, “Gang awa, gang awa, Baillie Bourne! Flow dunt ye ken him awa' wi' insull an' unco' jee?”

“Nae, nae, nae, it's nae epression o' mine. Ye ken I mun do my duty. Wha the law threaps I mun e'en mind' sin' she choose, the lassie may show herself innocent.”

Gardener Jock's arm dropped heavily to his side, while he turned to Rona.

“My poor bonnie bairn, be nae afeared, sin' a mickle misteuk has happened.”

Rona had remained upright, rigid and passive as though transformed into a statue by the announcement. Her eyes were a wild, glassy stare, that frightened Grizelle, while her slender hands were clenched until the muscles showed out like cords beneath the delicate skin.

“What reason have you for this strange proceeding?” asked she, fixing her burning eyes upon the startled officer of the law.

“What has led to this extraordinary suspicion?”

“I dinna ken, mair than that the laird and another saw ye yestreen at the biggin, and they hie a piece o' stuff caught i' the briars, sic as the gowls ye're wearin' now. And summat else. I nae believe their lees mysell, but ye ken I mun do wha I am bid; so ye'll please be gunging wi' me a liddle whiles. Be nae crankous, neebie Jock. She shall hae my gude wife's care till the trial!”

Gardener Jock shook his huge form as if to assure himself he was still in his senses.

“The trial!” groaned he. “Alack! hae bairn o' mine come to this sore straight, to stan' trial for life o' death?”

At these words Rona shivered, and flinging herself into his arms, cried faintly: “Don't let them take me away; they will murder me if you do! Oh, that I were only safe at rest in my mother's grave!”

“But, Rona,” whispered Grizelle, “if you are innocent you can prove it speedily.”

“I can prove nothing. I shall be murdered if you let me go!”

Poor Grizelle looked into the ashy, despairing face, and scarcely dared listen to her fearful thoughts; and so she said nothing, only stroking softly the shining black curls, while she wiped away the tears with her other hand.

“Ye've forgot the ither thing, baillie,” said the man who had hitherto remained silent. “We were to mind to look for the ither part o' this,” and he held up a small, rather peculiar bronze snail bound with silver, which appeared to be the cover of a tinder-box.

Not a single one of the group but felt their hearts sink with the dark suspicion of her guilt, as they saw the look of horror come over the face of the unhappy girl when she beheld it. Scarcely knowing what she did, Rona flew from the room, and darted upstairs.

The baillie's companion sprang after her, and reached the chamber in time to see her fling something from the window. He hurried out for it, and returning in a few moments, held up triumphantly the box to which the cover fitted.

The baillie groaned. Gardener Jock took a sudden step toward Rona with a fiercely flashing eye, and then suddenly tottering to a seat, bowed his head in his hands, and his whole frame shook as with an ague. She went forward, flung herself at his feet, and clasping his knees with her arms, cried piteously—

“Father, father, do not grieve so terribly! I am not worthy of it! I am not—”

She paused, as if stung with some sudden recollection, and wringing her hands, cried bitterly—

“Oh, I cannot speak—I cannot speak a single word of explanation! Take me away, baillie!—take me away, before I have spoken any harm!”

Grieving deeply for the misery he left behind him, the kind-hearted officer complied, and in this humiliating and sorrowful way was the Brae Rose of Inverness borne away to the walls of a prison.

[Remainder next week.]

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—Do my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us?—Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of those little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sent it to the earth.

“I have found you out,” said the raindrop to the tiny grain of wheat, “though you are dead, and in your grave. God has sent me to raise you up.”

Well, there is nothing impossible with Him; so when the raindrop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stalk grow strong; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with everything that is good? Should we like another way better?—Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say,

“I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done.”

But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch? I asked, taking a long one from her basket, and holding it up.

“Yes.”

“Well, that is done.”

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting, her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? “Poor man,” impatience would say; “what an undertaking, to start from the earth and go on so far towards the sky, bricking by brick?” Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who looking back upon a day gone by, can say, “I have done one thing well,” may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom.

NAKED ARMS AND NECKS.—A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared, “I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked.”

I have often thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arms be bare, and the evening cold, the mercury will sink 40 degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through those arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart.

Need I say when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affection of the tongue, throat, or stomach?

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely or permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunity to witness the same cure.

[Lewis' Gymnastics.]

SUCCESS.—I have heard it said that if we expect to get on in the world we must be suspicious of our neighbors. “Treat every man as if he were a rogue.” Now if this were a condition of success, success would not be worth having—nay, indeed it would be wholly intolerable; commend me to a life of failure. But it is not a condition of success. To know an honest man from a rogue and act accordingly, is doubtless a great thing; but if we are to treat all mankind on our journey through life as rogues or honest men, why, I throw up my cap for the latter. We may be cheated, it is true, tricked, cozened, defrauded, and we may throw away that which worthily bestowed might have really contributed to our success. It is a serious matter to waste our strength—to squander, in this manner, the materials of success. Successful men, it is said, do not make blunders of this kind. I am not quite sure of that; besides, who knows but that the strength may not be wasted after all? A good deed done in a good spirit can never be thrown away. The bread cast upon the waters may return to

pray never to see again. One poor fellow with his leg blown off called me to him and asked me to shake hands with him. He then asked me if I had any ill feelings toward him. I replied, 'No, but I am sorry that brothers should be obliged to slaughter each other in this manner.' The poor fellow burst into tears and said he came from Georgia, and that they would have shot him in his own house if he had not come. I saw many heart-rending scenes, too numerous to mention.

[Providence Journal.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, PAUL R. WING, EDITORS.

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AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

THE RAIN, AND OTHER THINGS.—(Private!) Of course we don't tell our readers what they all knew before; and when we write of fine showers and good crops, it is only for those who are too far away to find it out otherwise—our subscribers away west and in California, and the soldiers who take the 'Mail' or get it from their friends. To all these we say, that at no time since Spring opened have we suffered from drought; and abundant rains have contributed to good crops of all kinds. Even corn, which for a time looked unpromising on account of cold weather, is now coming forward rapidly, and can hardly fail to be a good crop. For potatoes, a better season, thus far, could not be invented by the cutest Yankee. Just in the nick of time came on the warm and wet weather, and just in the nick of time came on the potato blossoms; they seemed to invite and welcome each other, just as though potatoes were to be the result. We guess potatoes will be the result, for good ones are now for sale in our market at moderate prices—even before old ones have become scarce, notwithstanding purchasers have sought them with high prices.

And speaking of high prices, hardly anything but potatoes has borne this desirable complement. Choice butter is plenty at 14 cts, eggs at 12, and all meats and breadstuffs are in proportion. "War prices" are reversed, and while the farmer was promised the most extravagant prices for all he could raise, he finds that "war prices" are only the prices he didn't want. Labor was to be scarce and high, and he finds it plenty and cheap! John works for a dollar a day in haying time, and Sally gets but "four and six" for kitchen work. The disappointed farmer must account for this strange state of things, for we can't. These "civil" wars must differ from the uncivil ones in which our country has had experience. Something may turn up that will reconcile us to the difference, but at present the desirable change is not indicated. Crops promise to be abundant, both east and west, even while flour is quoted at \$4 in New York, corn \$3 to \$6 in Portland, and extra beef at \$6 in Brighton.

"X."—In compliance with the request of the *American Agriculturist*, we display an X in our paper as indicative of our desire for a continuance of an exchange with this best of agricultural publications; and if the size of the letter should any way correspond to the strength of the desire, the X would cover a whole page. It is a most excellent paper—handsomely printed, well filled, and very cheap. Published by Orange Judd, New York at \$1 a year.

THE CAUSE.—Among the enumerated causes of the late defeat of the federal forces, (and every man has his own) is Sabbath desecration. The New York Sun says:—"Not a single battle, waged and fought on the Sabbath, was gained by the attacking party during the war of the Revolution. In a public assembly of citizens, that statement was made as a matter of fact, on Sunday, and the lips were expressed that Gen. Scott might be induced to follow the example of General Washington, never to engage the enemy on the Sabbath unless first attacked by him."

EGGS TRAVAGANT!—Our neighbor O. T. Gray shows us a couple of hens eggs that come nearer to the "little end of nothing" than any thing except the Clarion's jokes. The weight of one was 3-16ths and of the other 2-16ths of an ounce—hardly big enough to cackle over. He is going to send them to Dr. Holmes to be hatched.

MR.—CROSBY, OF ALBION, assures us that one of a litter of chickens hatched in his flock in March, commenced laying when just ninety days old, and has reached the good number of twelve eggs, without any indication that she will "give it up so."

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE.—This seasonable medicine, advertised in our columns, is highly spoken of by those who have used it, as a safe and efficient remedy. The editor of the *Farmer* goes so far in his commendation as to say that even the possession of an unopened bottle has warranted off an attack in his case. If he is not deceived, this must be one of those ounces of prevention so much better than a pound of cure. Buy it and try it, ye who are wise.

Chaplain Mines, of the 1st Maine regiment, who was reported killed, is safe at Alexandria. He was taken prisoner, but made his escape.

S. H. LANCEY, of Maine, chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, author of a work entitled "Native Poets of Maine," and whilom a correspondent of the 'Mail,' was wounded, but instead of being taken prisoner, succeeded in capturing a rebel.

Flora Temple is again a winner, having trotted a mile in 2:20½ in harness.

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—We might enumerate the articles in the August number of this popular magazine, but we should thereby give only a faint idea of the richness and variety of its contents, and the beauty of its embellishments. To be properly appreciated, this work must be seen and read; and he who grumbles at either the quantity or quality of the literary feast prepared for its readers every month, must be exceedingly difficult to please. The story on our outside this week is taken from the August number of this work. Published by Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The table of contents of the July number is as follows:—*Books: Archbishop of Canterbury. Judicial Puzzles. Spencer Comper's Case. The Farewell of the Sea. Part 17th of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography. The Book-Hunter, again. The Orleans Manifesto. The Barbarians of Civilization. The Demise of the Indian Army. The Epic of the Budget. The Disruption of the Union.*

The last article has an interest for Americans, inasmuch as it reviews our troubled condition from a Tory standpoint. It is enough to say that it is intensely British, and favors secession. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum (any two) Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to 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.

THREE MORE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—From Henry Hoyt, a well known Boston publisher of Sabbath School books, we have three more pretty volumes for children, with titles as follows:—

Leila among the Mountains—full of pretty pictures and pleasant stories.

Daisy Dean—by C. E. R., author of 'Grace Hall,' 'Our Father's House,' &c. This is the story of a little orphan girl, who amid trouble, trial and temptation, walked faithfully in the path of duty.

Tim, the Scissors Grinder, or Loring Christ and Serving Him. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie, author of 'Heme Hille,' 'Juvenile Stories,' 'The Dermott Family,' or 'the Catechism,' &c. It shows how useful even a humble life may be, and that in all spheres there are abundant opportunities for doing good.

The above, with other publications of this house, are for sale at Matthews.

Third Brigade.

The following clear and honest account of the part taken by our folks in the recent unfortunate affair in Virginia, we take from the Boston Journal:—

My letters heretofore have been dated from the 3d Maine Regiment, but as the 3d Brigade is made up of that, together with the 4th and 5th Maine and the 2d Vermont, matters of importance pertaining to the 3d Maine will be mentioned as before.

The third night after leaving our encampment at Clermont—four miles from Alexandria—we bivouacked near Centerville, about one mile this side of the battle ground of that day, Friday. Next morning, when I had ascended a hill before our camp, I saw spread throughout the valley a whole army. In conversing with officers in the engagement of the day before, I found them in good spirits, though blaming General Tyler for his precipitancy. Our division did not arrive till 10 P. M.

Of course we expected a battle immediately. Saturday the order came to march at 6 P. M. The time was afterwards changed to 2:30 next morning. There was a brigade parade that night. Col. Howard invited the Chaplain of the 5th, Mr. Adams, to offer prayer at the close, having first addressed a few words to the officers, as to their conduct in battle, and to the men words fitted to arouse their patriotism and awaken other high and holy motives. He cautioned them against profanity and other vicious habits.

Many of the officers got no sleep that night. All were awakened at 11 A. M. and marched at the appointed time. We were delayed soon after leaving camp for other divisions to pass, and did not leave Centerville till some time after sun rise. As we sat waiting, the thought that it was the Sabbath was impressed upon my mind, and I doubt not many reflected, as some expressed, how different would be the Sabbath in quiet New England.

Just after leaving Centerville we passed Col. Keyes' brigade, containing the Maine 2d. Many of our friends came to take us by the hand as we passed, and said there had been an unbroken column passing them since early dawn. About two miles further on we turned to the right in order to outflank the enemy's position and attack in the rear. Gen. Tyler's division, in which was the 2d Maine, attacked in front. By order of Gen. McDowell, our brigade halted at the turn and allowed Cols. Franklin and Wilcox to pass on. The 11th Vermont Zouaves were the rear regiment of Wilcox's brigade. The guns had now become quiet, frequent, and we saw the red shirted and red capped Zouaves disappear at double quick. We waited till noon, some improving the time to get a little sleep. An order then came to hurry us forward, and we marched at quick step for about four miles—then took a path through the woods—a shorter route than the others had taken. Messengers came back saying we were carrying the day, and at this point an order came from Gen. McDowell to go at double quick. This was unfortunate, for the men were tired and very much heated—but the order came from the scene of conflict and we pressed on. When we came near the battle ground we began to meet ambulances with the wounded and dying. Col. Hunter was the first one severely wounded whom we met. We were then under cover of the woods where was a hospital. As soon as we came out the cannon balls began to fly about us in terrible profusion. Some of the officers left their horses here, preferring to be on foot. Col. Howard did aside rode at the head of the column—Maine 4th in advance, Vermont 2d next, Maine 5th, Maine 3d in the rear. The first two formed in line in a ravine and marched up a hill where there were some trees, but unfortunately, the battery they were to support retreated before they arrived, and met them as they came up. The 5th and 3d formed and awaited orders, but soon after a body of cavalry came dashing down the hill in retreat, and there a battery of the enemy opened nearly upon the right flank of the ravine. This accelerated the flight of the cavalry, and when the cannon balls began to strike among the ranks of these reserved regiments, they became somewhat scattered. The flight of the cavalry, which indicated a general retreat, operated disastrously upon them; but they afterwards rallied, when Col. Howard returned for them to come up to the support of the two regiments already advanced to the brow of the hill. These two had fired about twenty rounds apiece until their muskets became too hot for use. A part of the Vermont 2d had rifles, and their officers desired to halt, saying they could reach the enemy from that point. Col. Howard consented in this case, and the Vermont 2d were gratified to see a body of the enemy's troops retreating before their fire, and retreat along the road to Ma-

nassee Junction. Col. Whiting, Vermont 2d, showed great coolness and courage as also did Col. Berry, 4th Maine, who brought away the flag in his hands. The Maine 4th had halted in a line with the Vermont 2d, but the enemy were so sheltered and at such a distance their firing took little effect. The 3d and 5th came up, but advanced no further. No order to that effect had come from Col. H., but undoubtedly their officers supposed such to be the command. Col. H. made a strenuous attempt to move them, riding out in front and urging them on, but once halted it was impossible to advance them further, and they were exposed to a galling fire. Major Staples, commanding the 3d Maine, and Lieut. Burt, Brigade Quartermaster, conducted with great gallantry, leading on the regiment. Col. Howard's horse was shot, and shells were exploding about him. The fire of our musketry seemed so utterly useless and the ranks were so thin that no better course could be taken than to retreat, as all our forces were doing. After we had reached the ravine again the battery began to pour down a most destructive fire. We passed up the opposite hill. Troops were now flying in all directions, and our men started to run. Col. Howard distinctly said at this moment that he would not run away, he would be taken first. He therefore walked his horse with the few who still adhered to him, and a little further on we rallied all that could be found of the 3d brigade. The enemy now began to press upon the rear, and the order came to retreat to Centerville. Brave men, regretted deeply this command, but it was transmitted to our brigade with the additional modification, 'in good order.' A panic seemed to have taken hold of our forces, and there was great confusion in the retreat. There was danger of our being cut off, and just before we entered Centerville another gun opened upon us, but evidently the enemy was too disabled and exhausted to secure the advantage which they might have had from our confused retreat had they been fully aware of our condition.

We found that our reserve had had a battle at Centerville, but had succeeded in driving back the enemy, and now received our mass of flying soldiers in safety. Many kept right on toward Washington. Our brigade returned to their old camp, attended to the wounded we had brought away, made hot coffee, and the men for the most part went to rest. Our officers finding that the other troops were all leaving, were desirous of starting for Washington. There were rumors that the enemy would not retreat further without orders, and sent to headquarters for instructions. The general order for retreat then came, and we set out in perfect order from Centerville. Our baggage had all fallen into the hands of the enemy, the train having attempted, by some misunderstanding, to follow too closely upon the column. The officers lost all except what they were upon their persons.

We halted to rest at Fairfax Court House, but remained there only about an hour. Before daylight we were on our way again. Col. Howard determined to take the brigade back to their old encampment at Clermont, though all the other troops had gone either to Alexandria or Washington. After staying there a few hours, as there were alarming rumors, and many of the officers and men were anxious to come to town, Col. H. procured a train of cars and took them to Alexandria, where he obtained quarters for the four regiments. The 3d Maine returned to Clermont last night, and the others will do so immediately, as it is a healthy location, and much better than the narrow and filthy quarters afforded in the city.

There was an alarm last night, and Gen. Runyon, now in command here, went up to Fort Ellsworth. It was all groundless. The 3d Maine is farther advanced than any other regiment.

The following are missing and wounded of the Third Brigade:

Regiment.	Officers missing.	Wounded.
3d Regiment.	Officers missing 1	Wounded 1
Private	65	7
4th Regiment.	Officers 3	3
Private	119	33
5th Regiment.	Officers 3	3
Private	309	29
2d Vermont.	Officers 8	7
Private	97	21

This report is as accurate as the Colonels could furnish yesterday morning, but many of the missing men have since appeared. Probably not one hundred men were killed in any regiment. Lieut. Bird and Lieut. Clark, 4th Maine, are reported killed. C. H. H.

A FRATRICIDAL WAR, TRULY.—Col. W. E. Drummond, of Winslow, has a son in each of the opposing armies in Virginia. Of the one in the Southern ranks he has heard nothing for a long while; but we learn that since the recent battle, he has received a letter from his loyal son, in Capt. Hesselstine's company, informing him that a bible was found at Centerville and put into his hands, on the blank leaves of which his brother's name was inscribed in three or four places. Whether this brother is in the Southern ranks willingly is not known.

We learn from the *Lewiston Journal*, that Mr. Frank Simmons, our talented young sculptor, has an imaginative work in hand, which he entitles 'The Newsboy.' Those who know what he has already achieved in another department of his art, will impatiently wait to see this first ideal conception of his embodied in marble.

An Italian officer of some distinction has come over to offer his services in the war of freedom, and it is said that Garibaldi is coming to this country on the same errand.

CAUCUS.—A caucus of the Republican voters of Waterville is called for Saturday afternoon, at the Town Hall, to meet at 4 o'clock, to nominate Delegates to the State and County Convention. You'll be there, of course.

THE QUINCE IN MAINE.—One of the editors of the *Farmington Record* says he has a quince tree in fruit this year. He says:—"We have become satisfied that there is little difficulty in raising quinces in Franklin county. Plant the bushes where the snow will cover them and let them bush out near the ground like bunches of hardback." He adds that they have also a walnut tree in fruit there.

Numerous theories of the cause of the panic at the late battle, have been advanced. Capt. Ellis, of the New York 71st, who was wounded and placed out of danger on an eminence in the neighborhood of the field, from whence he could overlook the scene, represents that the flight of our troops occurred in this wise:—"One of the regiments of Maine were gallantly charging the enemy, who vacated the ground, and as the Maine boys pursued, suddenly the most terrific sheets of flame and

smoke burst out immediately upon them, either from some concealed mine or huge masked battery, tearing the regiment apart in wild confusion, killing some and wounding others, and as the dense clouds of smoke and dust enveloped and obscured all, they fled indiscriminately. The panic was thus communicated to other regiments, who followed them, and the rout in time became general."

From Our Boys.

For some ten days past our village, town, and vicinity, have suffered most intense excitement from the news that came from the seat of war, and from anxiety to hear from particular friends. As was feared, the telegram "Waterville boys all safe," was a little too broad, and was probably the result of a desire to relieve the anxiety of those who were waiting.

The following letter from Capt. Hesselstine, of Co. G, 3d regiment, was received here Saturday night, and circulated in an extra from our office Monday morning. It is reliable so far as relates to his company, which was composed largely of students and Waterville boys.

Alexandria, July 23, '61.

JOSHUA NYE, ESQ.
Dear Bro:—As you already know, we have had a terrible conflict; how terrible you do not know, nor have I power to paint it. It lasted for more than eight hours, during which a constant cannonading was kept up. Our regiment was engaged in it. It was marched down through the "valley of death," where three of my men fell by my side, and there formed and marched by the flank up on a hill opposite the masked battery of the enemy, and there exposed to a deadly fire of rifled cannon, shell, grape and canister. No enemy could be seen; but we loaded and fired into the woods where they were concealed. The loss of my company is greater than that of any other in the regiment, for the reason that they went up to a man, and to a man stood in the very jaws of death, till the order to retreat was given, and some few till all had left the field, resolved to kill some more of the rebels. They acted nobly, and I feel proud of them. Those who fell, bore themselves like heroes. I give you an account of the lost, wounded and missing, which you will please, in some way, publish for the information of friends:

KILLED ON THE SPOT.

C. C. GRIFLIN.
WOUNDED, AND LEFT ON THE FIELD.
David Bates, W. Waterville—leg shot off. Probably dead.

Horace Hunter, Clinton—shot through the thigh. I assisted to carry him, till the poor fellow could stand it no longer.

Augustine Crosby, Albion—shot in the side; perhaps alive. His brother, Atwood Crosby, remained with him, and is a prisoner.

WOUNDED AND BROUGHT OFF.

Charles Bacon, Waterville—shot in the shoulder. In the hospital, doing well.
A. P. Smiley, Sidney—slight bullet wound upon the scalp. He acted like a hero, and bore his gun from the field.
Wm. W. Wymann, W. Waterville—finger shot off.
Asher Hinds, Benton—shot through the calf of his leg; slight flesh wound, with little loss of blood. I fulfilled the promise I made his mother to take care of her boy, and did not leave him till I saw him safely in the hospital, at Alexandria. He will soon be out.

MISSING.

Atwood Crosby, Albion.
J. G. Shirley.
Geo. Lashus, Waterville—who was not with the company, but the surgeon.
A. D. Foss.
J. W. Curtis.
J. A. Philbrook, Kendall's Mills—not with the company. Left our camp near Alexandria the day before the battle, to get the mail. No doubt safe.
G. W. Griffin.
C. A. Hendrickson, Waterville.
A. H. Brown, Sidney.
S. McCausland, Winslow.
C. C. Grover, Skowhegan—was lame, and did not go into the battle. Will probably come in.

Of the missing, I expect most if not all are alive, and as the soldiers are still arriving I hope to see them soon.
We were on the march for more than thirty hours and travelled in all over forty miles, part of it double quick. This is written in great haste. I will give the particulars soon. I am myself entirely exhausted, but the friends may be assured that all I can do shall be done for the comfort of the men.

I can not here name especially, who proved worthy of honor; among so many heroes, it would be wrong to name less than all. When the report is published, Waterville will not be ashamed of Co. "G."

In haste,

Frank S. Hesselstine.

Let the friends of those missing not feel much concern, till they hear from me again. Take good courage, we shall rise superior to this, and prove our right to be rulers and free. Let Maine do her duty, and come up nobly in this hour of her country's need. Let her send forth her sons to bear their part in a glorious victory that awaits us. We must and will be free.

F. S. H.

Of the persons above mentioned, several have since been heard from, among whom Lashus, Philbrook and McCausland are reported safe. Augustine and Atwood Crosby are reported in the hospital at Sudley Church. C. C. and G. W. Griffin were brothers, from N. Wayne, and one was killed and the other wounded by the same ball.

The soldiers from this vicinity, nearly all of whom were in the battle, are daily reporting themselves by letters to their friends. All speak of that terrible "double quick" march, as more trying than the balls of the enemy; but all seem full of courage, and ready for another battle.

Homer Proctor, son of Jeremiah Proctor of Winslow, a private and one of the "good boys" in Capt. Hesselstine's Co., after speaking in high terms of his captain, and giving some incidents of the battle, adds:—

"We are going to try them again after we've rested a little. I am good for another battle—we shall whip them the next time."

Charles Shorey, son of Mr. David Shorey, was one of the first to report by name several of the dead and wounded, as well as others who were safe, thus sending joy to many families. He says, "I am well, and good for another fight."

Geo. N. Maxham, "our boy" (the Senior's) more particularly, was in the 5th regiment,

and gives a sad account of the "double quick," without food or drink, having thrown away their haversacks before it commenced. He says:—

The 4th Maine and second Vermont made the best stand. When the 5th went up they stood three or four minutes and then retreated in confusion. At this moment our 2d sergeant was trying to rally the men. I stood near him, hesitating whether to run or not; and on turning to speak to him, put my hand upon his right shoulder at the instant a cannon ball struck him upon the left. I helped carry him from the field, and then fell in with a portion of the 4th, finally falling in the tumult into the 2d Vermont. But the worst trial was when we were retreating; they blew up the bridge so that the men had to jump into the water, when they poured in the grape shot and shells. It was sickening to hear the groans of the wounded and dying. I shall not be able to march for a month, for my hip was badly jammed between an artillery and baggage wagon during our retreat.

We were promised a letter from Capt. Heath, of Co. H, but as it has not arrived we give only the following facts from letters received by his family:—

Killed.—C. H. Preston.
Wounded.—Sergeant Geo. W. Pillsbury, by Ballard, and Wm. Judkins.
Missing.—Shepherd Eldridge, Nathan Taber, John F. Goodwin, Martin Foss.

The War of Redemption.

No stirring events have occurred during the past week, but our folks have been busy at all points, in strengthening our defenses and preparing for future operations. Gen. McClellan has taken command of the army of the Potomac; Gen. Banks has taken the place of Gen. Patterson at Harper's Ferry, Fremont has assumed the direction of affairs in Missouri, and each, in his own sphere, is infusing new life and energy into the department under his control.

The aspect of things at the Capitol is every day growing more cheerful, and our estimated loss has been constantly decreasing in the light of later revelations. Our pickets are again extended to Clermont, about four and a half miles beyond Alexandria, and the Maine troops are in the front rank. The idea of any immediate attack upon Washington is scouted as preposterous.

An attack on Newport News has been feared, but our troops there will not be driven out without great sacrifice on the part of the rebels. A number of buildings were fired at Hampton, recently, by our troops, in anticipation of the occupation of the place by the rebels. A part of Hampton bridge has been destroyed.

From Clarksville we have a rumor that Col. Tyler, with a Union force of 3000 has just routed Wise with 7000 rebels at Bull Town, with a loss of 600 Unionists and 1200 rebels. It is thought that Wool and Harney will both be assigned to active duty.

Brigadier Gen. Rosenkrantz, the successor of Gen. McClellan in this department, is a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and subsequently a professor at that institution. He has taken an active part in all the duty since the Union troops entered this district. He was the leader and conductor of the victory over the rebels at Rich Mountain, where our troops achieved so signal a victory, and for which he has now the esteem of all his soldiers in his command. He is a gentleman of high moral worth, unassuming in his manners, and a cool, skilful soldier. There is no doubt in his ability to hold the vantage.

All the muskets stored in the Arsenal at Augusta, Me., some 12,000 in number—were forwarded to Washington on Tuesday, a dispatch having been received to that effect.

AXES!—One of our absent Waterville boys orders the *Mail* for a year, having, as he says, "a natural desire to be kept 'posted' on the 'course' which 'human events' are taking (which I am very much pained to see is a sad one) in my native town." He adds, "May the result of the 'Temperance Mass Meeting' be the total extermination of every vestige of a rum-seller in the town; that Waterville may again be rid of the greatest of curses, that her sons may walk upright in the way they should go."

The arrival of Gen. McClellan at Washington was hailed as a great relief, not from any impending danger, but as a harbinger of victory, such as followed this commander in Western Virginia. The confidence of the soldiers in their General cannot be too highly estimated. The New York *Tribune's* correspondent says of Gen. McClellan:—"We understand that Gen. McClellan is in the habit of seeing to everything himself, and making sure that all is right, and that his officers are doing their duty and executing his orders. A reconnaissance in force would not be likely to be made unless he were near enough to be consulted. He is a rigid disciplinarian, because he knows how to 'organize victory.' His arrival will be equivalent to 10,000 men."

RECRUITS WANTED.—Recruiting offices have been opened at various points in the State for the purpose of raising men to fill the two additional regiments called for. Men to fill up the Washburn Zouaves, of China, will be received at the office of the A. & K. Railroad Co., and fifty recruits are wanted by J. W. Channing, at Kendall's Mills, to fill up the Company forming at that place.

Don't overlook our last page, which contains telegraphic items and other interesting reading.

Gen. Patterson is just now the best abused man in the country, and is quite likely, under the present excitement, to get more than justice belongs to him. This last is true of some others whom we will not name.

Our little Johnny, going to dine with his grandmother on his birthday, partook so freely of the good things on the table that a second piece of pudding became an utter impossibility. The old lady, seeing his eye dwelling on the tempting object, said, "Johnny, don't you think you could manage another piece?" Johnny looked doubtful for a moment, but a light breaking over his face, immediately exclaimed, "Perhaps if I stood up I might eat another!"

CAUSES OF THE LATE DEFEAT.—There are as plenty as blackberries, each one placing the blame at this or that door, according to his previous prejudices or predilections. Under the circumstances, all now see that it was a premature movement, Scott yielding to the pressure and taking a step which his judgment failed to approve. A full investigation is promised, which perhaps it is as well to wait for, before denouncing anybody. In the meantime the N. Y. World makes the following enumeration of minor causes:—

First—Our forces were sent into the field in the morning almost on an empty stomach, and fought until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Second—Very many officers failed greatly, showing not only a lack of military knowledge, but of that force of character which inspires confidence. Instead of endeavoring to rally the men against the panic, they actually in very many instances were the very first to plunge to the rear.

Third—At many important points during the engagement there was a lack of ammunition, of which there was an abundance near the field. This was a serious fault, easily preventable and utterly inexcusable.

Fourth—It was a great mistake to crowd the enormous baggage train so near the scene of action. There was no occasion for it, and it was contrary to all military rules. These incumbrances should have been at least four or five miles in the rear.

Fifth—No reserves were brought up to give fresh force to our troops when worn by protracted effort, or to support them when falling back. The small force that finally came to the relief did it only after the stampede had commenced, and their only service was in some measure to protect the rear of the flying crowd. Colonel Miles, who had the command of eight regiments, with a company of regular artillery, is, it is probable, responsible for the failure to bring up that reserve force in due season. It is said that he received the proper orders, but was too drunk to heed them. The charge will undergo investigation in court martial. If it be sustained, the sentence, it is to be hoped, will be death. The officer entrusted with such responsibilities who will stately his reason with liquor on such an awful occasion, should suffer a penalty that should stand as an eternal warning. Severity to the one will only be mercy to the many.

CROPS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—With the exception of fruit, which will be light, the crops in Pennsylvania are all promising well.

A correspondent of The Philadelphia Press says:—

"I have heard many stories of the bravery of some regiments and the inefficiency of others. But if we can make any such distinction, it is with the officers, who commanded, and not with the men, who obeyed. The material of our army is of an extraordinary character, and this disastrous battle has shown it; for the men who could fight double their number behind masked batteries, for ten hours, in a country where water could not be found, under the torrid rays of a southern summer's sun, and make that fight a victory until their endurance had been overtaxed, and the ranks of the enemy had been filled up by fresh men, are capable of anything which may be demanded of the soldier. And this is the story of the battle at Manassas; this is the substance of every rumor—the logical result from every fact the contest furnishes."

It is suggested in several quarters that the Bangor Convention be squelched out. This would be wrong. That Convention, if holden, will subserve a useful purpose. There must be beacons to warn as well as lights to guide. The best mode of teaching grammar is by false syntax, and why may not true patriotism be inculcated by a similar method? "Let us palpitate!"—I Bath Times.

Capt. Thomas Francis Meagher was slightly wounded in the leg. His conduct was truly brave. He marched at the head of his company. When near the enemy, he shouted, "Frishten, remember Fontenoy." With hurrah the men followed, and wherever the fight was the thickest there Capt. Meagher was found.

FUNERAL OF A DRUMMER-BOY.—There was a military funeral at Camp Kalorama, Washington, on Saturday. On Friday, Joseph Winters, one of the drummers of the N. Y. Nineteenth, was drowned while in bathing. An army correspondent thus refers to the event:—

"He was a pleasant, good boy, and his sudden death made a deep impression in the encampment. His body was brought up from the creek and laid beneath a new tent pitched to receive it, under the trees on the north side of the parade ground. The men stood in silent rows in front of the tent till sundown, while a guard detailed for the purpose paced slowly back and forth. A letter was found in Joseph's pocket from 'cousin Lizzie,' and his comrades thought that he had no parents, or brothers, or sisters living, his captain wrote to her."

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