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THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY V. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smiles that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles;
Though heaven alone records the deed,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever drowns the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
And little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent and tender—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle—
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

The Power of Love.

All human hearts are sensitive to real goodness of heart and life, and unvarying kindness will generally overcome even the bitterest prejudice of enmity. Here is a good illustration from a Methodist exchange:—

'I have a dear little story to tell the children. Don't you remember that sweet verse written by the loving disciple John, "Little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth?" This is a jewel of a verse, and makes any one rich who gets the spirit of it into his nature.

A party of men and women once went out from New England. They were all acquainted with each other, for they had been in the habit of meeting at each other's house to talk about religion. In these meetings they read no book but the Bible; indeed, they did not read much of anything else at any time. From this book they learned to 'be diligent in business, to gather up the fragments, to be kind to all, and to keep their hearts void of offence.' With the spirit of these four rules they started West.

They settled themselves down on a spot of nature's uncultivated grounds. They dug, and plowed, and soon gathered in their grain and fruits. But by and by a party of neccals came and settled down upon adjoining grounds. They thought it great fun to annoy their peaceful neighbors. They would slyly get down bars so that cows could run in the cornfields. They would open the barn-doors so that their horses could go in and eat their neighbors' hay, and thought it a wonderfully good joke to let their chickens scratch up their newly-planted seeds. The peaceable neighbors would let the horses eat all night, and in the morning take them home, saying: 'We thought you would like to have them to work with through the day.' At night they would drive the cows up to their own stalls with the quiet remark: 'We let them stay in the pasture through the day, but your children may need the milk to-night.'

There is a verse of Scripture which says, 'Resist not evil.' These people took it to mean exactly that. Once a rude boy threw a stone to break the leg of a chicken belonging to one of them. 'Don't do that, Bill,' said his brother. 'Don't you know that when I killed a chicken the other day, they sent it to mother to make broth for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens.' And so they went on loving in deed and in truth.

There are lands out West belonging to the government of the United States, and any one who chooses can go out there and settle down upon them, and cultivate them as they own until the government chooses to sell them. They are sold at public sale, any one bidding what price he chooses, and the one who bids the most gets them. When these people had been on their lands about ten years, that whole district of country was put up at public sale. There were crowds of people there to bid, and our good friends were almost sore the prices of their farms would be too high for them to pay. So they made up their minds to another removal further West. But the morning their lots were offered for sale not a single person bid against them. Their neighbors, the very ones who had been worrying them, had gone about the crowd urging people not to bid against those lands, telling them the story of their kind and simple life. So these Bible-believing people kept their lands, and continued to live there, to prove that love is the strongest force.

PLAIN TALK. Hon. D. S. Dickinson, in a late speech at Wyoming county, Pa., speaking of the writ of habeas corpus, said:

If I had possession of a traitor, and no other remedy would arrest treason, I would suspend the writ and the individual too.

But what is the true way of putting down what I shall term a rebellion? We can all agree in one thing, that the rebellion is either right or wrong, justifiable or unjustifiable—to be approved or condemned as a whole. If it is right for a portion of this country to take up arms against this government, it is right to sustain such action, and if they are wrong they should be put down by the power of the people. (Applause.) There is no half way house in this matter—no tarrying place between sustaining the government and attempting its overthrow. There is a peace proposition that will suit the case until the rebellion is first put down. (Applause.) And were I in favor of attempting to tamper with this rebellion, or aid or countenance it, I would go and take up arms with them. For if it is right for them to take up arms it is right for them to have armed assistance. If they are wrong—if they are guilty of treason, and murder, and arson, then they should be overthrown by the whole power of the government, (applause, and cries of "God!" and put down, so that no resurrection could follow. (Renewed applause.)

When my democratic or republican friends, many other men, are disposed to call the president to account, and I am not his defender, I merely beg, when they get through with him, that they will just inquire whether Mr. Jefferson Davis & Co. have gone strictly according to the constitution of the United States?—(Cheers and laughter.) I have the impression that instituting a pretended government within the boundaries of the United States; that stealing the treasures of our government; that fortifications, organizing piracy upon the high seas, and a long list of other and kindred acts—I have the impression, I say, that these are slight infringements upon the constitution, and may require examination. (Laughter.) But I want to have my constitutional friends come along with me, and when they get the administration all regulated, and on the constitutional track, to look at this matter a little, for it seems to me that it requires attention. I know not whether Mr. Lincoln has observed the constitution; indeed, for all the purposes of resisting the rebellion, I care not. It is due to him to say, however, that he has seemed to be in good faith, attempting to put down rebellion. He has not done all things as I would have done them, because I would have multiplied his men by about four, and where he has struck one blow I would have struck a dozen.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1861.

NO. 10.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 12, 1861.

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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.'

Letter from Boston.

Introductory.—The late Victory at Hatteras Inlet—Effect on the public mind and business—Jeff. Davis's death—The probable cause—An important fact—The Grand Army and the Lessons of Experience—Annual State Election—Patriotism in Politics—Laudable Action of Waterville—One of her Citizens.

Boston, Sept. 9, 1861.

DEAR MAIL: As this is the initiatory letter of my correspondence, it will, I hope, be received with kind indulgence by your readers, to a large portion of whom your correspondent, in propria persona, is well known.

The late brilliant exploit of our naval expedition has exercised a potent influence upon the public mind and business; stimulating the doubtful and desponding, encouraging the patriotic, lightening the heart of the impatient soldier, and bringing again the good natured and hopeful smile to the faces of business men. In the elasticity of the step, the energetic shake of the hand as friend meets friend, in the very nod of every true man, hurrying with a light heart, for the honor, to his daily toil, are seen the unmistakable evidences of its cheering power. May it be only the prelude to a greater and finally glorious victory of the immortal Stars and Stripes.

Most likely the cause of Jeff. Davis's death, allowing it to be true—and it is believed by high authorities—may be found in our late victory. The arch traitor, being sick at the time, was in all probability so wrought up by the news—as well he might be—as to bring on a relapse and terminate fatally. But still, "the worst is to be feared."

One fact is strongly presented by the result of the Hatteras victory, which is, that the strength of the dormant loyalty to the federal government in some of the seceded States has been greatly underrated. Those few hundred who have thrown off oppression's chain and manfully taken the oath of allegiance, exulting again in the protection of the national flag, are but a very small portion of the many who only want the opportunity. May they speedily have it.

The grand army is fast becoming proficient. Under the lessons taught by the Bull Run defeat the officers are daily growing wiser, and are giving the benefit of that knowledge to their commands. 'Experience is the best teacher,' was truly said. Gen. McClellan is most emphatically 'the right man in the right place.'

The annual State election engrosses but little attention, only so far that an eminently qualified and patriotic incumbent shall be continued an honor to his State and country, while an opposing clique, under the cloak of patriotism, advocate a change. Their efforts will be futile, however, and the present governor will be re-elected by an appreciating people.

May the following from the Boston Traveler prove true everywhere: 'Drift Wood—political platforms. They are broken up, and are floating off on the waters of oblivion.'

Waterville has done nobly in sending such fine companies to the seat of war; men who will prove themselves equal to any emergency—patriotic every one. May they continue till their country needs them no longer; and when, through their and their compatriots' sacrificing strife, peace and unity dwell triumphant throughout this "great sisterhood of States," may they return with unbroken ranks to their anxious and loving friends. Waterville will be proud of one of her citizens, who has been untiring in raising and sending off those companies, and subsequently carefully looking after their comfort and interest. Always to be found in the front ranks of benevolence and philanthropy, and earnest for the 'enforcement of the laws,' may he long live to do good under their protection.

RAIN. After a long drouth, which both the earth and the crops have borne with less apparent suffering than was to be expected, a most refreshing rain commenced here Wednesday noon. Everything was thirsty, and the "dews of mercy" were never more welcome than its gentle drops. The fields are eloquent in unaffected thanksgiving, while their owners rejoice in renewed hopes of corn and potatoes.

POSTPONED. In consequence of the State show of horses, at Bangor, having been set for the same day fixed for the fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, at this place, the trustees of the latter have been compelled to postpone the fair to Monday and Tuesday, October 7th and 8th.

Celebration at Indian Old Point.—The Father Raso monument, piously set up by Catholic hands, in 1833, on the site of the old fort at Indian Old Point, Norridgewock, it will be remembered, was thrown down soon after by some of the Christian vandals, who perhaps felt condemned by its simple record of the bloody doings of their forefathers. The

(Load cheering.) Therefore I do not agree with him in that respect. When the day comes we can have a settlement with him,—for he is to be held, with all other officers, to a strict account. But I would not do even that under the smoke of an enemy's gun.

The Planting Aristocracy.

That the plantation system, as it exists in the Gulf States, is essentially aristocratic, is a truth which could not escape such an observer as Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times. He says on that subject:—

'The inevitable tendency of the system is to create great capitalists, who buy up slaves and lands and extinguish the smaller white proprietors, and it must be admitted there is no far good for the slave in this feature of the system, that, if held completely as a beast of burden and a labor machine by the large proprietor, he is better treated by him, although on a far lower footing, than by the poor white who is struggling to make a few bales of cotton out of ill-fitted and inferior land. The creoles who hold on to their little patches of land by the Mississippi, are regarded by their wealthier neighbors as very bigoted and unreasonable because they will not sell their land, and yet, after acre, it is slipping away from them. In no place does greater objection to universal suffrage—unpopular as it is, in private conversation at least, over most of the States—exist, than in the South.'

'The satraps can bear no rival near the throne. With all their individual charms of manner, easy demeanor, hospitality and good breeding, there is at the bottom of their whole system, as there is at the base of secession, a gross materialism. It may be that the North is equally under the same influence—it may be that all the world is regulated by it—that interest is the sole motive power in politics, and in the actions of men. But in the South alone, in spite of refinement and chivalry, is the doctrine preached, to the exclusion of any other dogma. Nowhere else have I heard so much of the potency of the dollar expressed in acreage, in bales of cotton, and hogheads of sugar. Every white man who is among them takes, or may take, something from them. Their number is minimized to meet the strict requirements of trading in the towns, and of mechanical arts in the country, through all the extreme South. The slaveowner educates his children afar—generally in the North, sometimes in France or England. He affords them every means of luxurious enjoyment, while the Northern youth is toiling in the office or the counting house. They travel like Russians or Milors, go into good society, are acceptable to their pleasant manners and physique, and if they can afford, they avoid the plantations, and fly to them only under pressure. They soon become masters accustomed to the obedience of slaves. If they meet with opposition they can scarce control the passions, and argument is often treated as insult. It is only on their farms and at home that the material view of all things is so fully expressed—often, indeed, in no unpleasant expositions. These gentlemen have power of chastisement with little limit but death, and then I suspect the penalties are not excessive. Each is his own provost marshal. The gang system produces not only uniformity and steadiness of labor, but subservience and obedience. They work as soldiers drill, in companies. The overseers are the captains; the master is the general, who gives orders and expects the thing to be done. The planters are held together by common interests. Each man knows not only his neighbor, but the planters of his State more or less intimately. There is no mob to control them. Thus, they are all-powerful for concerted political action.'

'Let Mr. ALONE.' The courtesies of our grandfathers, worthy to be praised and imitated in many respects, were yet too ceremonious. In those good old times, the man who entered another's house as its guest, was from that moment under strict surveillance of some member of the family. Ordinarily he was in custody of the dame of the household. In her necessary absence from the parlor the eldest daughter sat sentry over him. In no case was he permitted to be left in solitude, till he was safely tucked away in his narrow but cosy bed room. This officious hospitality is a good deal relaxed by the etiquette of our day; but something of it yet remains in many an excellent, but rather old-fashioned household in the New England States. How irksome it often is to all parties, it is easy to guess, when we consider what a pleasure it is to every one, especially to the weary traveller, to be a part of the time alone and unobserved. Not long ago Washington Irving, who by-the-by (though a gentleman of the old school, appears to have taken lessons in the new, received at his house on the Hudson a young gentleman who, at the instance of Mr. Irving had come to spend several days at Sunnyside. Having shown the visitor his room, with many kind words made him welcome, the host remarked, as he was about to leave the room, 'I can only add, what I know you will be glad to hear, that in my house you will be well let alone.' An anecdote of Horace Greeley, if it does not present as fine an instance of good manners, is strikingly declaratory of the feelings of many a man when he is threatened with an officious and meddling hospitality. The white-coated and shocking bad-hatted philosopher, in one of his lecture trips, visited a town where he was met by an admiring reader of the Tribune and its founder, who rushed up to the stranger in the white coat, and mouth agape with wonder and delight, 'Ah, Mr. Greeley, I am rejoiced to see you! Can we do anything for you while you remain in our village?' 'Yes,' said the Diogenes of the Tribune, 'with a decision of manner approaching to vehemence.' 'Yes, you can; go instantly and appoint a committee of thirteen to let me alone!' The droolery of the reply prevented it from giving offence, though it was certainly rather rough. (Boston Post.)

ANECDOTE OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.—They tell the following story of the amiable Quaker poet:—On a recent occasion he was travelling with a friend over a New Hampshire Railroad, and during conversation Mr. Whittier's friend, who is also a member of the Society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building the gun boats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consist-

ence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculated to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand, said:—'Moses, if these does furnish any of that oak timber these spoke of, be sure that it is all sound.'

FIGHTING.—After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business—the real, highest, homeliest business of every son of man.—Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil 'thots and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border ruffians, or Bill, Tom or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them. It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world, and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I'm as sorry as any man to see folks fighting the wrong people and the wrong things, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them. [Tom Brown's School Days.]

PAY OF VOLUNTEERS, BOUNTIES, &c.—The acts of the late session in reference to bounties, pay, &c., of soldiers, appear not to be generally understood. A gentleman versed in the law furnishes the following facts:—

1. By acts of the late Congress all bounties for enlistment were abolished, as well as the two dollar fee for bringing recruits to the rendezvous for enlistment.

2. For the first re-enlistment in the regular army, the soldier is to receive two dollars per month in addition to his former pay, and one for every subsequent enlistment.

3. Soldiers who now enter the service, either as regulars or volunteers, 'for the war,' and serve out their enlistments, shall, with their discharge, receive \$100 bounty, or that amount will be paid to the legal representative of such as die or are killed in the service.

4. After the 6th of August, 1861, privates who received eleven dollars will receive thirteen, and those who formerly received twelve will also receive thirteen; privates and corporals receive the same pay, but no other change is made in the pay of non-commissioned officers, musicians, or artificers.

5. By the increase in the privates' pay, the allowance of every officer who has a servant is increased thereby, either twelve or twenty-four dollars per year for each servant he is entitled to.—[National Intelligencer.]

THE DEFERENCE.—Gen. Fremont

declares martial law in Missouri, where a fierce war is raging, and confiscates the property of men found in arms against the United States; while in Tennessee, where there is no war, Gen. Polk, as the Memphis papers allege, sets all national, State and municipal laws aside and sends out his press gangs to catch men wherever they can for impressment into his ranks. Is not Gen. Polk's policy as much harsher than Gen. Fremont's as persons are more sacred than property? Yet what one of those secessionists that are shocked at Fremont's course will ever breathe so much as a whisper against Polk? What outrage or series of outrages can possibly be perpetrated under the Southern despotism that the secessionists will not approve.

[Louisville Journal.]

'SWEAR HIM AND LET HIM GO.'—The best piece of advice upon the leniency observed by the authorities, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is in the shape of a story, which is told, we believe, by Governor Pierpont. As the story goes, some of the soldiers in General Cox's camp, down in Kanawha, recently caught a large rattlesnake. The snake manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out its forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose, 'what shall we do with him?' This question was propounded several times, without an answer, when a half drunken soldier, who was lying near upon his back, rolled over upon his side, and relieved his companions by quietly remarking:—'Swear him and let him go.'

'MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO DO IT.'—The Philadelphia Presbyterian, under the above head, thus expresses its views on the 'peace propositions.'

A gentleman not much distinguished for ardent patriotism, declaiming against the war as having in a large measure arrested the wheels of business, and interfered with his usual prosperity, a friend very properly rebuked him in terms like these:

'This war has been forced upon us; it must necessarily produce distress. As a citizen, you may as well make up your mind to bear a portion of the burden. You have been accustomed to look exclusively after your personal interests; now you must enlarge your views and aid the public cause. The very existence of the government, under the shadow of which you have prospered, is in peril. If it falls you fall; if it prospers you prosper. If, to escape temporary sacrifice, you would patch up a factitious, dishonorable and false peace, you are unworthy of the name of an American and a freeman.'

The answer was a just one. The mercenary cry of many is, the war is ruining us—and the selfishness it betrays is the very ground upon which it is attempted to form a party to frown down the war at all hazards. What is to be done of our confederacy, our government, if our future freedom does not enter into the calculation? Surely American virtue is at a low ebb if we are not willing to make sacrifices, and to bring down our high aspirations after fortune, for the sake of our country! There are times when every good citizen should be willing to bring down his notions to a war standard. He must willingly suffer, as the people of our old revolution did, for the sake of the country. Those who cry out for peace on any terms, little dream of the sad inheritance they would leave their children in a land divided into factions and rent by interminable future wars. No: the sacrifice is nothing compared with the miseries which would be

brought upon us by splitting our country into a number of contending communities. If such an evil is to befall us, which may God in his mercy prevent! let it not at least come through our recreant, our low selfishness, and our base betrayal of the trust reposed in us.'

No one but a physician knows how much a reliable alternative is needed by the people. On all sides of us, in all communities everywhere, there are multitudes that suffer from complaints that nothing but an alternative cures. Hence a great many of them have been made and put abroad with the assurance of being effectual. But they fail to accomplish what they promise because they have not the intrinsic virtues they claim. In this state of the case, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, have supplied us with a compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, which does prove to be the long desired remedy. Its peculiar difference from other kindred preparations in market is that it cures the diseases for which it is recommended, while they do not. We are assured of this fact by more than one of our intelligent Physicians in this neighborhood, and have the further evidence of our own experience of its truth.—[Tennessee Farmer, Nashville, Tenn.]

TO CLEAN PRINTED PAPER AND PICTURE PRINTS.—Fasten the paper to a board with button drawing pins, then wash it with water, in which is dissolved an ounce of carbonate of ammonia to every pint of water. This do with care, employing a camel's hair brush for the purpose. Then rinse the paper well with plenty of fresh water. When dry, repeat the same process for the reverse side of the paper. Now wet the paper with water made sour with white vinegar. Finally, wet the paper with water containing a little bleaching powder, and again rinse with clean water; then dry it by exposure to air and sunshine. It will become white, excepting where printed. To stiffen the print, give it a coat of parchment size. Most valuable prints have been thus restored.—[Scientific American.]

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. A writer in the N. York Tribune thus forcibly illustrates the constitutional provision for liberty of speech and of the press:

'When you speak of a free press in these United States, you don't mean a free French press in the United States, or a free British press, or a free American press. And I suppose if a Frenchman should attempt in New York the publication of a paper devoted to the French Government, at a time when that Government was making war upon ours, and besieging our National Capital, or if an Englishman should publish an English war journal, while the red coats were warring upon us by land and sea, his forcible suspension would cause no wallings about the "freedom of the press." The public voice would be unanimous in favor of any rigor the Government might use upon such journals. Those who did not approve would gladly keep silent. Yet an English paper in time of war with England, or a French paper while the French were bombarding the Capital, would be tolerable in comparison with such sheets as the New York News, Day Book, Journal of Commerce, &c., under present circumstances.'

A WOMAN'S HEART. The most precious possession that comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. Why some most graceful and amiable women whom I know persist in loving some man whom I also know, is more than I can tell. I will not call their love an exhibition of perverseness, though it looks like it; but why these men, with their rich, sweet hearts in their hands, grow sour and snappish, and early and tyrannical, and exasperated, is the most unaccountable thing in the world.

If a pig will not allow himself to be driven, he will follow a man who offers him corn; and he will eat the corn, even though he put his feet in the trough; but there are men—some of them of Christian professions—who take every tenderness their wives bring them, and every expression of affection, and trample them under feet without tasting them, and without a look of gratitude in their eyes.—Hard, cold, thin blooded, white livered, contemptible curmudgeons—they think their wives weak, foolish, and themselves wise and dignified! I beg my readers to assist me in despising them. I do not feel adequate to the task of doing them justice.

AUTOGRAPHS ON SHIPBOARD. Some months ago the British ship 'Star of the East,' on her passage from Bombay, for Liverpool, was lost while beating through Mozambique Channel. The ship and cargo were valued at \$200,000, and in accordance with law and usage, an official inquiry was instituted as to the facts connected with her loss, at which the government, through an agent of the Board of Trade, was represented. The first witness examined was the sailmaker of the ship, who described the voyage and stated that when she struck she was about a mile off the shore. Whereupon Mr. Tyndall, the Board of Trade attorney, says to him, 'Didn't you think it strange that the ship should be so close in shore?' Witness.—'We're not allowed to think: there's only the cook and the captain allowed to think on board a ship.' The answer was a sockdolager, and the representative of their lordships, after this brief exposition of sea law, made no more interruptions.

The privateer 'Jeff. Davis,' whose career upon the ocean has so much annoyed our commerce, was wrecked on the Florida coast, while attempting to enter the harbor of St. Augustine, on the 18th ult. She struck upon the bar, and after throwing overboard her entire armament, she failed to get off and went to pieces. The officers and crew were all saved, but the loss of the vessel is a disastrous blow to the rebels, who will find it difficult to replace her.

A most atrocious and fiendish act of war, far as was committed by the rebels of Missouri on Tuesday of last week. The timbers of the railroad bridge over Platte River, on the Hamilton and St. Joseph Railroad, nine miles east of St. Joseph, were nearly burned thro', and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered upon that bridge at night, the track gave way, and a whole passenger train, containing nearly one hundred innocent people, men, women and children—was precipitated into the river, and more than twenty killed and over sixty wounded—many of them horribly mangled. The latest accounts bring no news of the capture of the fiends who perpetrated this horrible crime.

act was condemned, however, by all the better portion of the surrounding community; and we are gratified to notice that the monument is to be restored to its original position, with appropriate ceremonies, to-day.

VOTE OF WATERVILLE.—The following record shows how 'the cat jumped' politically in our town, on Monday last:—

Representation.—D. L. Milliken, 426; T. W. Harriek, 10; scattering, 10.

Governor.—Washburn, rep., 399; Jameson, dem., 142; Dana, copperhead, 30.

Senators.—Percival, regular republican, 377; Pike, do., 160; Woods, do., 376; Lang, Union rep., 151; Sanborn, do., 341; Thompson, Union dem., 187; Wells, copperhead, 31; Bean, do., 31.

County Commissioner.—Graves, rep., 388; Sawtelle, Union dem., 166.

County Treasurer.—Pike, rep., 389; Watson, Union dem., 165.

County Attorney.—Danforth, rep., 524; Lancaster, copperhead, 30.

BETTER. A Waterville boy writes to his father from the 4th regiment, "I see a great change for the better in the management of affairs since Gen. McClellan has taken command of the troops. There is system and regularity now, and all the machinery moves like clock work. . . . Last evening our cook

was ordered to have two days' rations cooked, ready for this morning; and we are ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. I have no idea as to where we shall go or what we shall have to do. Perhaps it will be to work on the batteries, or chopping down the woods; and it may be to go on picket duty, or on the field of battle; and it may be we shall not leave the ground for some time to come. We non-commissioned officers and privates can surmise as much as we please, but as a general thing we have to wait patiently and see for ourselves."

'YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR.'—For lack of support, Brother Vose, of Rockland has been compelled to suspend the publication of his nice little juvenile temperance paper, and has transferred his subscription list to the proprietors of the 'Youth's Temperance Advocate,' at N. York, a publication of similar character, and one that has a large circulation.

QUEER, ISN'T IT? While the bogus peace party, hypocritically whining over the present condition of the country, are ready to submit to any terms, however disgraceful, that may be demanded by armed and insolent rebels, for the sake of patching up a temporary truce—flippantly prating 'peace, peace, when there is no peace' and from the nature of the case can be none, true and lasting, until it is conquered—the real friends of peace, Quakers and that old organization the American Peace Society, advocate a vigorous prosecution of this second War of Independence.

HORSE TRAIT. A match has been made between the horses Fidelity and Nelly Baker, the trot to take place on the Skowhegan track, next Saturday.

A second Volunteer Company has been organized at Calais. It numbers about 75 members, all enlisted within a week, and is under the command of Captain Sabine Emery, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '58.

The Muster at Anson will be held on the 24th inst., instead of the 25th, as at first announced—so as not to intrude upon the National Fast.

An Independent Military Company has been organized in Norridgewock, and the following officers chosen: James M. Boardman, Capt.; Alonzo P. Tobey, 1st Lieut.; Loring Jones Addition, 2d do.; Charles A. Bates, Clerk.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—But little of importance has transpired during the past week. That big battle at Washington has not yet been fought, and the chances for its occurring immediately may be said to diminish every day. Both sides are busy, however, and the rebels are boldly pushing their forces up to our lines, and fortifying all available points. Pickets and strays men are captured and shot, every day, on both sides.

Another naval expedition is planned, it is said, and Butler was hastily recalled from home to join it.

Gen. McClellan is doing wonders, in introducing order and discipline in the army of the Potomac. He has issued an order for the better observance of the Sabbath.

Eight hundred troops have been sent to Hatteras. Fort Maccos, at Ocracoke Inlet, has been abandoned by the rebels, and our forces have taken possession.

The neutrality of Kentucky is about at an end. Federal troops occupy Paducah, and the Confederate forces have taken possession of Columbus.

A battle is expected immediately in Western Virginia.

Gen. Lane is said to have routed the rebels under Rains, recently, in Missouri, taking the rebel General prisoner.

The Mobile Tribune of the 2d states that while men were employed in getting the dry dock ready to be raised at Pensacola, they were fired upon from Fort Pickens. The first was a blank shot, the second solid, and the third a shell. The last came near doing damage, and the men left speedily. The Tribune asks, indignantly, 'Is not this an outrageous act of war?'

Business is reviving all over the country, and the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia begin to resume their wonted activity.

Bob Elliott, the notorious Freedom secessionist, was quietly taken prisoner at Freedom last week, by the government authorities, and is now at Fort Lafayette. Let others like him take warning in time.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Fall term commenced yesterday—the Freshman Class numbering 34.

more Byron.

In Albion, 23d ult., Mrs. Eunice Frost, wife of Henry S. Frost, aged 54 years.

giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate requested to make immediate payment to

August 12, 1861 HIRSH BLAKE.

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