



11-7-1861

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 18): November 7, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 18): November 7, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 745.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/745](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/745)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

BY A REFORMER.

Children, like other natural productions, are subject to natural laws. One of these laws is, that precocity of development betokens early decay. The tree of slow growth is the one that lasts for centuries. As a rule, vegetables which grow rapidly and come early to maturity, are of a soft fibre, and come soon to decay. Fast-growing animals are not the longest lived. A stimulated precocity, mental or physical, must be worse in its effects than one which is spontaneous. Every gardener knows that forcing plants makes a strong draft upon their vitality. Believe me, it is much worse to force the intellect of children.

A forced precocity, or stimulated growth and activity of the intellectual organs, extends to the sensuous physical system. So we have our little girls, not only in their "ologies," but heart-broken with violent passions, when they ought to be playing with dolls, or driving hoops. I am very sure that the best thing that could be done for the present and future rising generations, would be resolutely to put all our children on a short allowance of intellectual food and mental exercise, with a corresponding increase of the natural and physical. Sound minds and sound bodies are of slow growth. To have a sound mind, we must have a sound body to put it in. A good body is slowly built up of pure food, pure air, exercise, and plenty of rest and sleep. With these you may have good blood; and with good blood you may have good brains.

Don't be troubled, fond parents, if your children are dull and backward in their intellectual developments. The greatest men have been considered very dull and stupid in childhood. Many of the most successful men in science and literature have been slow boys, who have grown up with strong and vigorous constitutions, and have made no successful literary efforts until after they were thirty.

Education, my dear friends, is not a stuffing of the memory with facts, rammed into it by a patent sausage machine. A mind so crammed is really in a very bad condition. "You might as well cram the stomach with all kinds, and the greatest possible quantity, of food, and expect a good digestion. The memory so crammed is sure to break down afterwards, and lose its power. We have plenty of mental dyspepsia. If you want a healthy intellect, don't overlook it. Keep off the safe and prudent side. A few facts, well digested—that is, thoroughly understood and applied—are worth more than whole encyclopedias half understood.

A good, strong, healthy boy or girl, of thirteen, is a wonderful treasure. I would like such a one to be able to read and speak well, to write a good hand, to have a tolerable knowledge of figures, to know something of geography and history. The natural sciences may be easily acquired, if there be taste for them; if not, there is no use in forcing the inclinations. In the five years from thirteen to eighteen, there is time for acquiring languages, mathematics, etc. From eighteen to twenty-three may be given to professional or general studies. Here are ten years, from thirteen to twenty-three, which are ample time for a pretty thorough education, leaving our beautiful childhood to its never returning pleasures, and the healthy growth which Nature requires.

And so my advice to all fathers and mothers is, give your children plenty of sleep, air, light, and play, until they have passed the age of childhood. Let them be children—Don't make men and women of them before they get into their teens. Don't cram them with Latin and Greek, at the expense of pale cheeks, crooked spines, and the hectic of consumption. Your son or daughter may be very happy without Greek or algebra;—can he or she be happy without health?

Even if a child is born with great gifts, and displays an eager desire for knowledge, and that precocity of intellect which is so gratifying to a parent's vanity, my most earnest advice would be, to hold back rather than urge forward. Treat the mind as you would the stomach. You must put a too vigorous appetite upon a moderate allowance. You must check the too free horse, who would wear him self out with his exertions. The best way to ensure the future welfare of such a child, is to make his health and physical development the first consideration, and to discourage and repress all intellectual effort inconsistent with that end.

**RICH WITHOUT MONEY.**—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pocket, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and pretty good head, is rich. Good bones are better than gold—rough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and lands.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as they do among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish, desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care-burdened man—these have all been deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

**THE SIGN OF A POOR MAN.**—The Western Virginia correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who is up among the mountains, speaks as follows of the people.

They are deplorably ignorant, without the pleasant simplicity of ordinary rusticity, and they are poor. Their little farms are pastures and meadows, with patches of corn, wheat and potatoes, not much larger than a tennis alley. They export a few cattle, and considerable quantities of hams and honey. Strange to say, the expanding enterprise of hooped skirts has not yet affected their female vanity. Calico, even, is rare. How can a woman be happy without calico? and the women about Cross Lanes and its neighborhood perspire under cross barred linsey woolens, unassisted by that voluptuous swell of the skirts which imparts so much grace to female apparel. Every family is thronged with its litter of tow-heads, and by the way, a chatty little woman on the hill yonder enlightened me by stating the curious physiological fact that "tow-head young 'uns is a sign of a poor man." I should think so, considering the number to the yard in these mountains.

**CONTENTMENT.**—This is undeniably good logic and good philosophy which reminds us that there are two classes of things which we should never fret about: one is, things which cannot be helped; the other, things which can be helped. But the logic and the philosophy alike fail in the case of a neighbor of ours, (the representative of thousands, we suppose,) who insists that with him the fretting is the very thing which cannot be helped! Much

better than this was the conclusion of the good lady, who remarked that she had been trying for years to get a contented mind, but having failed in the endeavor, she had finally "settled down to be contented without it."

What Kindness Did.

Many years ago a certain minister in the United States of America was going one Sunday morning from his house to the school-room. He walked through a number of back streets, and as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approaching, they began to pick up their marbles and ran away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister had closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were, face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath; don't you deserve to be punished for this breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said,

"Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the boy, "I have not."

"Then I will help you to find them," whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I could beat you; but, added he, 'I never played marbles on Sunday.'"

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said, "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?"

"Where do you live?"

"Why, I live at such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Why, I am the minister, myself, and if you will come with me, I think I can do you some good."

"My hands are dirty; I cannot go."

"Here is a pump—why not wash?"

"I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped, the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean.

"My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

"But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply; but it was made to be dirtied.

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in a street in one of the large cities in America, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago finding a little boy playing at marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"O!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and tell you that it is to your kindness and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time you dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—[J. C. Ryle.]

Small Humbugs—Recipe Peddlers.

Recipe peddlers are the vermin of the humbug tribe. It requires something of a genius to originate and successfully carry on a swindling lottery or gift enterprise, or any scheme requiring extensive advertising and general notoriety; but the recipe peddler can crawl about from house to house, almost unmolested, and like a predatory insect take a bite here and there to the great annoyance of his victims, but without exciting sufficient public notice to make his depredations hazardous. A man will usually suffer from a flea bite rather than be seen hunting for the insect, and in like manner, one who has been taken in by a petty swindler, generally prefers to keep quiet about it, rather than be laughed at; and thus these vermin are allowed to go unmolested. A few illustrations of the habits and practices of the tribe will be sufficient to guard the readers of the *American Agriculturist* from their incursions.

The recipe peddler usually offers for sale the secret of making honey, or ginger, or soap, or some other common household article, with little or no trouble, and at a very trifling cost. Frequently he exhibits professed samples of his manufacture. He goes industriously from house to house, never remaining in a place long enough for his recipes to be put to the test, and the deception exposed. Sometimes the directions given are good, but they could have been found in almost any recipe book, one tenth the price paid to the swindler. Quite often, however, the information imparted is entirely worthless. Here is a case in point: A subscriber lately paid fifty cents for the following soap recipe, which we copy verbatim:

One pound of Ammoniacum, two pounds Rosin, one pint of Alcohol, one quart of Salt, one pound of Cooper's Isinglass, one peck of Corn Meal sifted (!) to eight gallons of Rain-water, boiling when you put the preparation in. Then let it boil for five minutes, then set it off to cool. William Taylor.

hasty pudding. It was good for nothing in the house; the pigs turned up their noses at it and ran away with a derisive squeal, and the whole was thrown on the manure heap. It would not be advisable for a recipe peddler to visit that house again, but the fifty cents was not entirely lost if the experience be heeded by the readers of the *American Agriculturist*.

**A worse Humbug—Silvering Powders.**—To-day (October 1st,) we were followed two blocks by a vagabond, who poured out the foulest profane language imaginable, and we were actually obliged to hand him over to a policeman. Our office was "interfering in his business" in this "free country," where "every man had a right to follow whatever honest calling he chose." The gist of the matter was this: Passing the corner of Pearl and Fulton streets, we saw the fellow taking in the shillings at a rapid rate from a lot of poor women, who evidently had few more left, and for what? Why a little box of clay paste with any article of copper, brass, german silver, etc. And in proof of the assertion, a little of it was rubbed upon a brass stair rod, upon old fashioned copper pennies, and upon brassy spoons, and sure enough they did glisten with a brilliant silver lustre. Indignant at the deception, we ventured to tell the eager purchasers that the quicksilver (mercury) thus applied would last but a brief time, and what was worse, it would eat into and spoil the surface of any kind of metal to which it would give the lustre.

Let us here warn our readers that these silvering powders and fluids so frequently sold about the country by peddlers, and by ignorant or unprincipled merchants, are all of the same class. They will positively spoil the surface of copper, brass, german silver, or silver itself. Rub a few coatings upon a silver coin, and it will become as brittle as a pipe stem. They are either mixtures of quicksilver with colored clay or other material, or they are clear or colored solutions of quicksilver in nitric acid (aqua-fortis) diluted with water. Certain metals, such as copper, brass, silver, etc., reduce the quicksilver to its metallic state, and give a bright silver lustre; but this will quickly tarnish, while the quicksilver will dissolve or eat into the metal itself, just as a drop of water will affect a lump of sugar. Fine emery or clay is useful to brighten surfaces of genuine silver, but there is no preparation that, without the aid of a galvanic battery, or heat, will give a coating of real silver. Strong heat will expel (evaporate) quicksilver, and if the reader has been injudicious enough to use any of these so-called silvering powders or washes, the best thing to do is to at once heat the article strongly to expel the last trace of the noxious mercury.—[Am. Agriculturist.]

**THE ECONOMY OF HEALTH.**—This busy nation of Americans have 12,000,000 working people, whose services may be estimated at \$2 a day, and their annual loss by sickness at an average of ten days each in the year. This gives a total loss of \$240,000,000 a sum three times as large as the whole cost of the General Government, including the Army, Navy, Post-Offices, Legislators, Foreign Ministers and all. The amount weighs over six hundred tons in pure gold.

A large proportion of this costly suffering might be averted by attention to diet, cleanliness, and above all, by the proper use of the right remedy in season. When a 25 cent box of Ayer's Pills will avert an attack of illness which it would take several days to recover from, or a dollar bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, will expel a lurking disorder that would bring the sufferer to his back for weeks or months, does it take any figures to show the good economy of the investment? When Fever and Ague is rankling in your veins, and shaking your life out of you, is it worth the dollar it costs for his *Ayer's Cure* to have the villainous disorder expelled, which it does surely and quickly? When you have taken a cold is it prudent to wait until it has settled on the lungs, when days or weeks or months must be spent in trying to cure it even if it can be cured at all, or is it cheaper to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, costing a few shillings, and remove the trouble before it is serious? It takes no wisdom to decide.

The most of those men in the last Congress who voted against the prosecution of the war, except those from the free States, have connected themselves with the rebels, or expressed sympathy for them. Breckinridge and Burnett of Kentucky are believed to have joined the rebel forces; and Powell of Kentucky, and Johnson and Polk of Missouri, are soon expected to take the same course. At heart these men were traitors while acting as Congressmen.

**FLAX COTTON.**—The Providence Journal says flax cotton is already becoming an article of commerce. Considerable quantities of it are prepared and find a ready market for various purposes, chiefly for mixture with cotton and wool. Although inferior to cotton for most purposes, it is equal to it for many and superior to it for some. It has fairly taken its place among the textile raw materials, and it will grow more important as the supply increases, as the processes for preparation improve, and the uses for it develop.

**SIGNIFICANT.**—The published statement of the first quarter of our postal receipts, since secession, shows a decrease of only about fifty thousand dollars from the receipts of the previous quarter, while the expenses have been eleven hundred thousand dollars less—a saving of over a million dollars in thirteen weeks. This shows where the leak in the Post Office Department has been. That the Southern States have not paid the expenses of their postal service.

**THE WEAK POINT.**—It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.

**CHILBLAINS.**—The *Rural* will please say to that class of its numerous readers, and the world at large, who are troubled with chilblains, that salt-petre dissolved in warm water—make it strong—and applied with a rag to the parts affected, will cure the chilblains and no mistake. Try it.—[Rural New Yorker.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 7, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. H. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

**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."

**DISMISSAL OF FREMONT.**—Groundless and improbable as the predicted enactment of this wicked and foolish measure appeared, it has nevertheless taken place. The schemes of the political assassins who care more for their own little games than for the great stake of the Union, are apparently triumphant. If we had any doubts before that all was found at Washington, we are now doubly fearful that firm and true hands do not completely hold the reins there. So flimsy have been the excuses and so cruel and heartless the circumstances under which the measure has been taken, that in our astonishment we are driven to query whether an enemy, and not a friend, is guilty of this great folly. Had Fremont held the relation of Scott to Bull Run, or McClellan to Ball's Bluff, how much easier to see cause for his dismissal! The evidence would be magnified ten fold.

We tremble for the effect of this measure upon the public mind;—it looks so blind in its foresight, so suspicious in its integrity, and so cold in its patriotism. Who can have faith in men whose measures do such violence to wisdom or justice! The government should at once give to the public all the circumstances which can contribute to its justification. Nothing less will convince them that fearless integrity holds stern rule at the head of our distracted councils, and that the selfish and slippery policy of the Blairs and Greelys who have cursed us so long, are not destined to curse us still.

**ARMY TRAITORS.**—Capt. Chase, now recruiting at this place for the regular army, gives us the following summary of the officers of the U. S. army who have gone over to secession. He gets the statistics from the Army Register.

Brigadier Generals, 2; Colonels, 7; Lieut. Colonels, 4; Majors, 15; Captains, 82; 1st Lieutenants, 83; 2d Lieutenants, 75; Sergeants, 24; Paymasters, 10; Military Storekeepers, 5. Total 305.

**MAINE STATE SEMINARY.**—The catalogue of this flourishing Free Will Baptist institution, located at Lewiston, shows that during the year ending Oct. 31, 1861, there have been in attendance upon the institution as pupils, Gentleman, 171; Ladies, 109. Rev. O. B. Cheney is the Principal of the Board of Instruction, and he proves himself a very efficient and popular officer.

**LEWISTON.**—The friends of temperance are arousing in Lewiston. Meetings are held often, and vigorous measures advocated. Rev. Mr. Wood recently delivered an address there, which from what we hear of it, we think our citizens would be pleased to have him repeat here. Let the good work go on, and let every good citizen come up to his duty like a man. There are promising signs of a speedy victory over rum and its allies.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—Charles W. Town, son of Mr. Orin Town, of this place, was instantly killed on Tuesday morning, at the depot of the A. & K. Railroad. He was employed upon the wood train, and fell from a car just as the train was starting out. Six or eight wheels passed over him just above the hips, so that death was immediate. He was about 16 years old, and a lad of unusual promise; and the accident has elicited his deep sympathy of this community for the afflicted family.

**THE STORM.**—The gale of Saturday and Sunday last was very severe all along the New England coast, and the loss of life and property is extensive. The loss of the ship *Maritima*, in Boston Bay, with twenty-four of her crew and passengers, is one of the leading calamities. She struck upon Egg Rock and broke to pieces. She was owned in Providence, and was from Liverpool for Boston, with a cargo of coal and wool.

There was considerable other damage to the shipping at Boston, and elsewhere; and the railroads in all directions were more or less injured.

At Portland the tide rose higher than for thirty years—filling cellars on Commercial street, and doing great damage. Long wharf was badly damaged, a portion washing away, lifting the stores and floating away the contents.

**MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.**—Gov. Andrew is re-elected over Davis by a majority of about two to one. Legislature strongly Republican. In Barlingame's old district, Hooper, rep., is elected over Upton, dem., by 900 majority.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have considered original poetry on hand, for some of which we shall find room, soon. Let correspondents be patient.

The jury, in the Savannah pirate case, failed to agree and were discharged.

Our Boston Letter.

Federal Loss at Ball's Bluff—Massachusetts 15th—Who is to blame?—Fremont's Body Guard—Retirement of Gen. Scott.

Boston, Nov. 4, 1861.

**Dear Mail:**—Official reports increase rather than lessen the event at Ball's Bluff. Correct reports at the office of the Adjutant General, show the loss of the Mass. 15th to have been 14—as I stated last week: wounded, 44 instead of 63, last week's figures; and missing, 220 which greatly exceeds my last report (23) which was then considered reliable. The terrible responsibility is augmented greatly by those returns, and the responsible one must have passed a bitter week in contemplation of the result of his premature execution of a half formed plan. Who that one is the public is left to conjecture, as the explanation of Gen. McClellan, attached to Gen. Stone's report, does not fasten the responsibility upon any particular one. It is said that a subordinate officer is accountable. If so, why should he be exempt from just desert—a public exposure? That course in former instances has been productive of permanent good, both to the incompetent officer and the country, and would not fail to be as beneficial now. But dear is such experience, and however beneficial it may be, the last drop of precious blood, animating the hearts of our noble soldiers would be spilled ere our officers yet unlearned become equally experienced. God forbid that our yet inexperienced officers' wisdom be bought with such a price.

The brilliant charge of Gen. Fremont's body guard cost them 15 lives, 23 wounded and 26 missing. Col. Mulligan is released by the rebels for a like "consideration." Fremont is hot after Price, and is to be decapitated if he don't get him—an incentive which would be well, if not much better, to apply to some of our officers on the Potomac. We should seldom hear of "blunders" then. The notes published by Adj. Gen. Thomas, taken from the general second in command under Fremont and the unfeigned testimony of men who, in giving it only study their selfish gains—how they shall obtain their "thirty pieces of silver"—does not seem to have had its intended effect.

October 31, 1861, will ever be memorable as the day on which the second Washington of America took leave of the command of the armies of the United States. How dissimilar and yet how similar are those two occasions! Washington taking that touching leave of his army and staff, after having earned for himself that immortal title, "Father of his country," through victories over a foreign oppression; carrying with him a vigorous mind and strong constitution to a more extended sphere of usefulness and honor. SCOTT taking a leave no less touching of his army and the chief Magistrate and his counsellors, of the Nation, after having gloriously fought his country's battles on many an immortal battle field; whose declining years were blessed with happiness in seeing his country peaceful and prosperous, but old age, with its attendant infirmities doubled by wounds received in battle years before, comes upon him in the midst of his usefulness—a time when his country, proudly remembering that which has passed, looks upon him as her deliverer from the horrors of civil war and its inevitable results—compelling him to retire from his high position with a shattered body and embittered spirit to seek repose in a foreign clime. What a commentary on civil contention and political strife! So great a benefactor to his country and posterity, fleeing that country to obtain that rest requisite to a peaceful and happy termination to a life so honorable, already prolonged beyond the allotted time of man! God grant that such may not be the poor requital of such a life of sacrifice, when millions are so anxious to render peaceful and happy the declining days of him whom his countrymen delight to honor. Ere he shall go to his reward may he see his country again enjoying peace and uninterrupted unity and prosperity—the horn of Plenty filled to the brim, scattering with its usual blessings, brotherly love and "good will among men."

SENECA.

The following is a list of the officers of Rising Star Lodge No. 7, I. O. of G. T., for the ensuing quarter, commencing Nov. 5, 1861:

J. L. Town, W. C. T.  
Miss Clara Maxwell, W. V. T.  
H. B. Whit, W. S.  
G. E. Mayo, W. F. S.  
G. C. Lowe, W. T.  
W. Lowe, W. M.  
Mrs. S. M. Millett, W. D. M.  
M. Baker Millett, W. I. G.  
Joseph Hill, W. O. G.  
Edwin P. Stevens, W. C.  
Arba P. Davis, P. W. C. T.  
E. Hodges, W. R. H. S.  
Mrs. E. C. Lowe, W. L. H. S.  
William A. Stevens, D. G. W. C. T.

Our Cavalry Regiment, it is said, has received orders to march from Augusta to New York. Twelve hundred strong, it will extend over a mile of ground, and spectators will be plenty along the line of march.

Late foreign advices afford no comfort to the rebels.

The death of Sam. Houston is reported; but he may be alive and well for all that. As he had joined the secessionists, however, it is more than probable that his treason struck to his heart and it refused to beat to any but the music of the Union.

Gen. Scott, it is said, is going to Europe with Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes.

**WAR OF REDEMPTION.**—Gen. Scott having retired, Gen. McClellan has assumed command of the army of the United States. The cry of "onward," has been again raised in Washington; and although the President leaves the whole matter in Gen. McClellan's hands, and he says he shall make no movement until he is ready, still, the indications are that not many weeks will elapse without an important demonstration in some direction. The rebels have fallen back on Centerville, not leaving even a guard for the protection of Fairfax Court House. Their hope evidently is, to draw our forces into another fight on the old battle ground at Manassas.

The blockade of the Potomac, by the rebel batteries, still continues.

The rebels now have possession of Harrison's Island.

From Western Virginia we learn that Floyd had attacked Rosecrans, at Ganley Bridge, but the rebel force was repulsed with great loss. At last accounts Floyd's force was the 't to be in a tight place. We await further advices with anxiety.

The *Chicago Tribune* says Federal troops are pouring into Kentucky in a steady stream, and are marched into the interior in quest of the rebels. There cannot be less than 40,000 national troops in that State, and in a fortnight there will not be far from 60,000.

Major White, who gallantly recaptured Lexington, Mo., the other day, was compelled to evacuate the place thirty-six hours afterwards by the gathering of the rebels in large force to surround him.

Gen. Fremont was at Springfield on the 5th, in hourly expectation of a battle, when a peremptory order came for his removal from his command! Great indignation was manifested by the soldiers, and many of the officers threatened to resign. Fremont, however, like a patriot and true man, counselled cheerful subordination, and exhorted all to stand by their country and their duty—not flinching in this dark hour of trial. His body guard, however, disbanded. Hunter succeeds Fremont.

Our fleet was reported all safe within 30 miles of Bull Bay, on the coast of South Carolina, on Saturday morning. Its destination is said to be Port Royal.

**THE LOCALITIES OF THE REBELLION.**—The Louisville (Ky.) correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writing under date of October 9, says:

"The invasion of Kentucky has brought out some results which have not failed to impress most profoundly the reflecting members of the genuine and unyielding Union party. While from the central counties, where the great mass of wealth and of slaves live, many recruits have gone off to join Buckner, scarcely a handful have enlisted to repel the foe. The extent of the loyalty of those nominally loyal counties leads them no further than an unmanly inactivity between the State and the nation, and those who seek the life of both. On the other hand, in the mountain district, where there are no slaves, old and young, all calling and conditions, all grades and dispositions of men, are pouring from the valleys and the mountain sides to fight beneath the banner of the Union."

The same thing is true of Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee. Where slaves abound, treason is most rampant, and it is only where slaves are few, that there is any reliable loyalty.

**ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A STOCK CARPETS.**—John H. Osgood, Auctioneer, sold, on the 23d ult., by order of the Assignee, the stock of Carpets contained in the warehouse 124 Hanover Street. The entire stock was sold in one lot, and brought *fifty-nine and one-half* per cent. on the cost. The terms were cash. The New England Carpet Co. were the purchasers.—[Boston Journal.]

The stock referred to above, is advertised in our paper to day, to which the attention of purchasers is directed.

We hope no editor will jest us about that large pumpkin left at our office, or institute any comparison wherein our head shall suffer.

[Hallowell Courier.]

O, the conceit of the fellow! Surely his risk was nothing to that of the pumpkin.

The stories of inhuman treatment of our wounded at Edwards's Ferry, by the rebels, we are glad to see contradicted.

**ONE CHANCE MORE!**—The ladies of this place forwarded a nice box of blankets and other comforts to the soldiers on Tuesday. Another is partly filled, at Mr. Caffrey's warehouse, to which contributions are solicited. A box of socks, in the care of Mrs. C. M. Morse, on Elm st., lacks a few pairs of 300, its complement. Bring them in, and let the box go where cold and weary feet are waiting for it.

A laughable incident is told of a nervous man, who imagined himself very sick; reports were in the neighborhood that he was menaced by the doctor. He was observed early in the day making rapid strides through the streets. His alarmed neighbors met him. "How are you, friend?" "Sick, very sick." "Where now?" "After some one will sit up with me tonight. I am so plagued for watchers that there is no one I can depend upon."

Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others. They are willing to reap the benefit of a lie, without incurring its responsibility.

A man is in no danger, as long as he only talks love, to a lady, but to write it is to impute himself on his own pathos.

A rigidly pious old lady down east says: "This civil war is a judgment upon the nation for permitting the women to wear hoops."

"Annie, give I penny?" "What do you want penny for, Gude?" "Buy candy." "Candy make Gude sick." "No, Annie." "Gude got the penny, and on his return, Annie said, 'Gude, give Annie candy?' "No, Annie, candy make Annie sick; mos make I sick, Annie!"

Probably all the other days of the week put together do not exhibit so large an amount of feeble health as Sunday, and yet this Sunday sickness has two peculiarities, to wit: it seldom requires a physician's treatment, and it seldom lasts longer than the close of church service. So says the Bath Times.

"Mama," says Dick, as he sits playing with an old penknife, "you may as well give me this knife."

"Give it to you, child! I promised to lend it you."

"Yes



